

## Easter Lilies.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

A LITTLE maid walked smiling on her way,  
Bearing white lilies on an Easter day;  
Herself a lily, pure and fair as they.

But as she passed they bore along the mart  
A little child whom death had set apart,  
His small hands lying empty on his heart.

Close to the hier the little maiden pressed,  
And laid her lilies on the pulseless breast,  
Saying, "Take these to light thee to thy rest."

"If to my Lord I bring no lily bell,  
He is so near my heart he knows full well  
I love him more than any tongue can tell."

She heard the organ's solemn voice that  
soared,

As if in heaven to seek the risen Lord,  
Crowned by his angels, by his saints adored.

The little maid knelt down with reverent  
grace,

And a great light fell on her upturned face,  
Bringing a vision of the heavenly place;

Wherein she saw her Lord, with smiling eyes,  
Amid the countless hosts of Paradise,  
Bearing the little child, by death made wise.

Her very heart ran o'er with joy to see  
Her lilies blooming by the Master's knee,  
Grown fair as any deathless flowers might be.

While from the blessed child this message fell:  
"Dear Lord, thy little maid, who loves thee  
well,

Sends these, by me, her faithful love to tell."

Blessed are they whose prayers in deed find  
wing,

Whose hands the gifts of humble service bring,  
And in his lowly children serve their King.

Blessed are they who hear the Master plead  
In every cry of human woe or need;  
Lo! in their hearts the Lord is risen indeed.  
—*Christian Union.*

## Lilies.

"SUNSHINE! Sunshine!" Bessie  
opened her eyes with a smile on the  
brightness of the Easter morning. "I  
wonder if that bud is open yet!"

Very soon she ran into the hall  
where she had for many days carried  
her pot of Easter lilies from east win-  
dow to west window, that they might  
catch the first and last rays of light.

"Just opening! Just turning back  
its leaves—oh-h-h!" She almost held  
her breath as she bent over the plant,  
whose latest unfolding bud seemed  
opening its very heart to the tender  
rays of the sunshine which wrapped  
child and flower, while she drank in  
its sweetness and fragrance.

"Yes, that's just how he says it is,"  
she went on slowly, as if trying to  
recall a lesson. "These white lilies  
mean purity, and they open when the  
sun shines on them. And our hearts  
ought to be pure and white as snow  
when the Sun of Righteousness shines  
on them—yes, I remember it."

Bessie was soon ready for the chil-  
dren's service, which was to take place  
at the church before the usual morn-  
ing worship.

Carefully cutting the precious lily  
at the last moment, she went to grand-  
mother's room, carrying also an egg  
on which she had painted with infinite  
care a bunch of little blue dabs, which  
were meant for forget-me-nots, but

would have stood for any other pretty  
thing touched by the April sky with  
its own colour. Scraggy lettering on  
the other side said,—

"May the peace of Easter dwell in  
your heart."

Grandmother kissed the painstaking  
little fingers and stroked the bonny  
bright hair, with a prayer that the  
peace which belongs to a pure heart  
might never depart from the loving  
child.

The children gathered in the Sun-  
day-school room with faces as blooming  
as the flowers they held, and soon took  
their way to the church close by.

Some of them glanced at the little  
girl, who stood timidly near the door,  
noticing for a moment the pathetic  
wistfulness with which the large soft  
eyes followed the flowers.

As Bessie's class came, last of all,  
she stepped a little further out, and  
Bessie stopped at sight of her earnest  
gaze, not having the heart to pass  
without a word.

"You haven't any flowers, have  
you?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Come, Bessie," said one of her  
friends, impatiently; "don't you see  
we're the last? Don't stop there to  
talk."

Bessie did not stop long; but she  
could not go into the church filled  
with its warmth and brightness, and  
happy faces and music, and the breath  
of flowers, leaving the forlorn little  
thing standing there with her bare  
feet and her scanty clothing, and that  
longing look in her eyes.

"Here," she said, holding out her  
lilies, "you shall have mine."

"Bessie!" But Bessie heeded only  
the surprised look under the old shawl.

"Yes, come with us," she went on,  
as the others hurried through the  
pillared vestibule. "You can give it  
just as well as I."

The bare feet came up the steps  
and over the softly carpeted aisle, as  
their owner followed Bessie to the  
seat assigned to her class.

Many smiled at sight of the queer  
little figure, but as she shrank into  
the corner of the seat, Bessie felt glad  
she was there, although she could not  
help a wish away down in her heart,  
that she had wanted her flowers some  
other day than just on Easter Sunday.

The different classes were bringing  
their offerings of money collected  
during the year, and by turns went up  
to the chancel, each with some pretty  
device in flowers. Crowns, crosses,  
harps, anchors and a ship, were ar-  
ranged in beautiful luxuriance, and  
the little stranger looked on in quiet  
enjoyment, listening intently as an-  
thems were sung, not so closely to the  
short addresses.

She pressed her poor little toes into  
the soft footstools, peered curiously up  
into the arched roof, or shyly stroked  
the plush on Bessie's cuffs, but turned  
again to her flower with ever fresh  
delight, touching caressingly its waxy  
leaves, or laying her lips and cheeks  
lovingly against them.

And when Bessie's class went up,  
carrying the lily branches, which were  
to be placed in a lily shaped vase wait-  
ing for them, she went, too.

But as each willing hand made its  
offering, little Barefoot, brought for-  
ward as others stood aside, hung back  
as one would have taken her lilies.

Bessie's cheeks grew red with dismay  
and confusion.

Whispers and small nudges were all  
no use, and more than a smile went  
around in the moment's pause. For  
the child, though she looked appeal-  
ingly at Bessie as if for forgiveness,  
still held on to her flowers with a posi-  
tive little shake of her head, which  
plainly showed that she did not mean  
to give them up.

The exercises went on and were  
finished. As Bessie walked out think-  
ing earnestly of some things she heard,  
the little lily-bearer came after her,  
looking anxiously up as if wishing to  
speak.

"Where do you live?" Bessie asked.

The other gave an address and then  
came closer.

"Jan sick—so sick!" she said. "Jan  
no laugh, no eat. Jan so"—leaning  
her head pitifully to one side. "Jan  
like these," she pointed to the flowers,  
and Bessie said, heartily,—

"I'm glad you've got them for Jan.  
Good-bye," as the feet turned down a  
side street and she saw the Easter  
lilies no more.

"Yes," (the little lassie went on  
soberly to herself, in a way which had  
grown upon her through having few  
child-companions) "he said that love  
and kindness are like sweet flowers  
growing in our hearts. And that  
when we are kind and loving it is an  
offering to him. I must get grand-  
mother to let me take some nice things  
to Jan, to-morrow. I wonder what  
he'll think of the lilies—poor, sick  
Jan! Oh, I know I've given them to  
the dear Lord just as much as if they  
were in his church.

And when Bessie went to see little  
Barefoot and her brother Jan, she felt  
sure that her sweet lilies she watched  
so long and tended so careful had  
been given to the dear Lord. For she  
remembered the verse, "Inasmuch as  
ye did it unto the least of these, ye did  
it unto me."—*Companion.*

THE north pole continues to be  
popular. This time a party of three  
Canadians will seek its cold and glitter-  
ing hospitality: Alex. MacArthur,  
an old Hudson Bay officer, and one of  
the best-known men in the Canadian  
northwest, accompanied by H. M.  
Young and servant, left Winnipeg,  
Manitoba, recently, on an overland  
journey to the north pole. Mr. Mac-  
Arthur will take an entirely new  
route to the pole. He will go directly  
north from Boothia Felix, keeping  
about 300 miles west of Smith's Sound.  
He expects to escape the hummocks in  
the ice which stopped the Greely and  
Markham expeditions, and hopes to

find smooth ice, admitting of compara-  
tively easy approach to the pole. He  
expects to be away from two to three  
years, and will make extensive ornitho-  
logical collections, but will collect but  
little scientific data. The Dominion  
Government is bearing a portion of  
the expense.

## Fearful Statements.

THE people of the United States are  
caused to bury six thousand of their  
fellow-citizens annually; through this  
[the liquor] traffic; they find it writing  
disorder and shame over every page of  
history, causing nine-tenths of our  
crime, four-fifths of our pauperism, and  
six-tenths of our insanity; it is keep-  
ing nearly one-half of our children  
from public schools; it is the support  
of outlawry, and the friend of prosti-  
tution; it is blasting the hope and joy  
of thousands of wives and mothers;  
it is filling the graveyards with the  
drunken dead, and entailing poverty  
and shame upon their worse than  
orphaned children; it is turning our  
cities into hells, and freighting the  
breezes with unspoken sorrows; it is  
the enemy of the Church and the  
abettor of infidelity; it is opposed to  
all that is good, and even threatens the  
life of our Government. We cannot  
place the blame on the drunkard alone,  
for the evils do not stop there. If he  
were the only sufferer, patience might  
bear with that apology for a moment,  
but he is not. Every other man, and  
woman, and child in the country  
suffers more or less. Our taxes are  
increased to support the courts and  
to maintain the insane and paupers  
created by the traffic. It rots the  
cereals in the land; or turns their God-  
given powers into destructive forces  
to imbrute and destroy all who are  
controlled thereby. It blunts the  
conscience and whets the knife of the  
assassin; it fills the land with mol-  
lenico and misrule; it creates loungers,  
loafers, tramps, thieves—increasing  
the demand for time-locks and doubling  
the police-force, and still leaving honest  
people in dread of the fiends manu-  
factured in the dram-shops. This  
moral pollution not only endangers life  
and property, but taints the very at-  
mosphere with blasphemy, debauchery,  
and social vice; it not only lights the  
torch of the incendiary, but leads  
away our sons and daughters by the  
light of their burning homes into a  
life of infamy, from which they never  
recover.

It is the little things that are the  
most wonderful and difficult; it is pos-  
sible for human enterprise to make a  
mountain, but impossible for it to make  
an oyster.

THE Lutheran Church in the United  
States preaches the Gospel in German,  
English, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish,  
Icelandic, Finnish, Bohemian, Polish,  
French, Siberian (or Serbian), Swa-  
kian (or Hungarian), and the Indian  
dialects.