

from her trunk produced a large package of Easter cards. 'I thought you might be able to use them,' she said.

Easter Sabbath dawned drear and chill. Mrs. Goodspeed had enlisted the help of the young people of the neighborhood, and it had been noised abroad that there was to be some sort of 'doin's' at the schoolhouse that morning.

'Suspect we'd better go, Jane,' said Bill Van Port. 'Mrs. Goodspeed was mighty good to us when little Jim was sick; she might me disapp'inted.' And poor Jane looked up with a grateful smile, and got all the little Van Ports ready and bundled them into the big road waggon. It was not often that Jake took her anywhere; he never had time. And she remembered the Easter days of her girlhood.

So it happened that many others came until the little schoolhouse was filled. It seemed transformed. The black walls were draped with an abundance of trailing mosses that Mrs. Goodspeed had received from her home the December before. Each window held a brilliant display of geraniums, and the rude desk was filled with plants whose glowing green the Easter lilies, now in full bloom, wafted sweet perfume from their pure white chalice.

The old, old story of the Saviour's birth and death and surrection was read. The sweet though untrained voices of the children sang an Easter song. There was an earnest prayer, and a song in which all joined. Then each one received an Easter card, and the children were made glad with gayly colored eggs. At the close Helen Shelby sang. Often she held large audiences spellbound, but never before had she felt her power as within the low sod walls. To eyes unused to tears tears came, and harsh, rugged faces softened as she sang song after song.

As a fitting finale to the service the sun burst forth from its gray bank of cloud, illumining the dreary landscape and the homeward-turning faces of many whose hearts had received the sunshine of the Saviour's presence through the blessed mediums of flowers and of song, and who for the first time realized that their daily sacrifices were Easter lilies laid at Jesus' feet.

An-Easter Lily.

(Martha A. Boughton.)

It was Good Friday in 1888. Mrs. White had been preparing Easter eggs during the morning, giving them such bright and varied colors that I am sure the hens that laid them would have cackled a very loud disapproval at their gay appearance, but four bright eyes were sure to sparkle their pleasure when they should discover them. She had finished dressing and was hurrying in order to catch the train which every hour ran from the station near her pretty suburban home to the great city fifteen miles away.

'O wait a minute, mamma,' shouted nine-year-old Ethel, running in from the yard: 'O please, mamma, don't forget to bring home one of those lovely lily plants like Miss Robbins brought to school this morning. Sunday is Easter, you know, and we must have some flowers.'

'No, bring us the scaly bulbs, and let us raise our own flowers,' broke in Fred, three years older. 'It's twice the fun to watch 'em grow than buy 'em all ready potted.' Fred's one year in his country home had made quite a gardener out of him, and he was expecting a world of pleasure from his flower bed under his window.

'But I do want an Easter lily,' persisted Ethel, 'and I want it now.'

'Well, be patient, daughter,' said mamma,

'and I will do my best to please you both. I am glad my children both love flowers so well. Some one has called them "the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." But I must be going. I shall have a busy afternoon.' So kissing the children, who bounded away to school, she hurried to the station.

Mrs. White busied herself in the few minutes on the train planning for the afternoon. There was shopping, calling, a lecture and a business meeting at the foundling's home, of which she was one of the managers. As this last meeting was at two, she found that she must go there at once. Another car at the depot brought her to the doors of the home in plenty of time. The business session finished, she decided to visit the tiny inmates, as she often did. The matron went with her as she made the rounds. From ward to ward they wandered, visiting the tiny babies who lay in their snowy-white cots. But most of the children were all together, in one clean, large, bright room. 'We have the largest number of babies ever here at one time,' suggested the matron, '53. Fewer are adopted than for many years because of the hard times, and more are either born here or are left here by their mothers for the same reason. Mrs. White looked around at the same scene she had often beheld before. How she did long to give every one of the precious, homeless waifs a mother's loving care and the benefit of a pleasant, Christian home!

Babies! babies!! babies!!! Here was one black as night, with sparkling jet eyes, and woolly hair, jabbing his chubby little fist into the eyes of his whiter but no brighter little neighbor; there, a dear little cripple girlie, trying in vain to move with her hands her one poor foot that she could not move alone. In one corner a pair of twins were slinging blocks around them, and on the wrist of one was a blue ribbon and on the other a red, so that nurse could tell them apart and not feed one when the other was hungry—so near alike were they. A chorus of music, which some people might not have thought very sweet, was coming from the throats of some little tots who were perfectly sure that dinner time had come. Several little tots were sweetly sleeping in their little cots as soundly as though a dozen mammas had made it perfectly quiet so they could.

'Nearly all of these children,' the matron said, 'have been left to us by their mothers, and we must keep them till we find homes for them. By the way,' she added, leading the way to the corner of the room, 'here is a new and sad case. This dear little waif here, now two weeks old, I am especially anxious about. Her mother, a lovely, sweet young woman, was deserted by her husband and came to us. Three days after her baby came, she died. She said she had so much trouble that she didn't care to live. I wish so much that I could find a good home for her baby.' As Mrs. White turned back the covers to see more of the child, it opened its bright blue eyes, fixed them on her, and seemed about ready to tell her the whole story itself. She took it up and looked at it steadily and soberly for a long time, and gently laid it back on its pillow. She was thinking. 'Yes, three of my own to care for, educate and start in the world; my own health not very good; the children maybe would not love it; and maybe, in spite of all I could do for it, it would turn out bad, and it might never thank me for all my care.' These thoughts and others ran through her brain quickly, but saying nothing she walked away.

Her afternoon's work in the city was hur-

riedly finished and she returned to her home.

As they saw her coming, empty-handed, two long-faced, disappointed children met her at the door.

'O I'm so sorry,' she tried to explain, 'but I forgot all about the flowers. Mamma will promise that you shall have something by Easter morning, however. I think I shall go to the city again to-morrow.'

That night Mr. and Mrs. White had a long talk in the library together, and papa White promised to give two hours of his time in the city to mamma the next day. Where it was spent, you may guess, but the last words Mrs. White said to the matron at the foundling's home were, 'Yes, send her up with her clothes in the morning.'

The disappointment of the children was even greater that night than before when both returned with no Easter lilies, but mamma knowingly whispered to both, 'Wait till morning, my dears, you shall have something.'

Easter morning broke beautiful and bright. Christ had arisen again. The brook back of the house whispered it; the birds sang it loudly and sweetly. The trees wore their bright, new, green robes and the sun shone with a new reviving power. Early worshippers, in new spring attire, wended their way to God's house to celebrate the glad event. The clouds of disappointment rolled away from the faces of the White children as they broke their Easter eggs at breakfast and afterward sang sweetly at the morning prayer,

'Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus has risen and man shall not die.'

As they rose from their knees and were about to prepare for church, the door-bell rang. 'It is your Easter lily, Ethel,' said mamma, 'go to the door.' She did so. There was a young woman carrying a bundle in her arms under a shawl, and behind her a big boy with a small trunk on his shoulder.

'Here is your baby,' she said. 'Take it so that I can catch the next train.' And without further word of explanation she laid the bundle in the arms of Ethel, who was too astonished to offer resistance. Mamma was soon by her side saying, 'It is all right, Ethel, take it in.' Baby soon said its own 'How do you do' to all in decided sounds if not words.

Mamma took the little mite on her lap, gathered the family together, and explained it all to them, especially to her oldest son, a young man who had just entered college, and who did not take at all kindly to the little intruder, but whom baby soon won like the rest, for very soon her admirers embraced the whole household.

Such an examination of body as there was: eyes, lashes, ears, hair (or rather no-hair), finger nails, and pink toes were all carefully examined and admired.

'What's its name, mamma?' said Ethel.

'Only Baby as yet, I guess, Ethel, but you are to name it just what you want, so think hard.' So as she was dressing she began: 'There's Emma and Mary, Carrie and Della, Jennie, Ella, Flora and Bell.' And so she named over every name in school but none of them seemed in any way to fit or be pretty enough. As she was giving it up a thought of her Easter lily flashed across her mind. 'Why, mamma said baby's my Easter lily,' she thought. 'I shall call her Lily. Lily White,' she repeated over and over. 'Isn't it pretty?'

As she was about ready, she flew to papa with her decision.

'So it shall be,' gravely answered papa. 'And, not so very badly named either. Baby