The Alleluia Plant

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

woods. But her trail the day before had led along a dozen winding paths, through brier patches and across a swift stream, the search was really hopeless from the start. A needle in a haystack would have been easy by comparison.

Bu Nancy Byrd Turner

wild not carry her resentments are placed by far. Still, Uncle Adrian had been farystack would have been easy by far. Still, Uncle Adrian had been farystack would have been easy by far. Still, Uncle Adrian had been far still, uncle Adrian had been for the brown in twas time to go. The journey back to the farsh in Molly's blue eyes, and her heart suck to the traysta dismal. Beside her on the seat sheathed in protecting stiff paper, was the itrouble. Margaret turned her back on it and watched the flying had been for the sock. She remembered is cape. Every time she caught sight of a gold autumn leaf lying solitary she gold piece was at the bottom of the switt woods brook. She remembered distinctly having picked up a muddy stone just there; of course she had stone just there; of course she had stone just there; of course she had for seare in the whole amount by Christmas, and the sum grew slowit. Margaret found that the task would be harder than she had thought. Her
We are the wole amount by Christmas, and the sum grew slowit. Margaret found that the task would be harder than she had thought. Her



One day in February Uncle Adrian Shaw appeared suddenly from no-where. Margaret was dismayed when the found him, genial and travel-shab-by, in her room. The sight of him "cucht up hard associations; but she iv.naged to give him a welcome." "Where's Molly?" he demanded. Margare sushed. "Molly?" Uncle Advin explained. When he had dropped in at Barnesfield a fort-night before. Molly was about to come to towa: "The child was about to energy worth the price of a calf to give her a change, and so they packed her off. She'll be hunting you up soon as ever she gets her bearings." Margaret was silent while her visit-

she gets her bearings." Margaret was silent while her visi-tor talked on. Molly in the city with-out letting her know! Surely she would not carry her reseminent so far. Still, Uncle Adrian had been cheerfully certain of his information. She did not want to question him on that subject, anyway.



"We call it allehuia in England, where I came from," Mrs. Avery answered. "It blooms at Easter there." When she had left the room Mar-garet put the plant back in the win-dow and stood gazing at it for a while. Somehow its brave beauty made her glad in spite of herself. She sat down to her weekly darning with a lighter heart.

lily stood.

The Easter Lily

T HIS is the tale of a lify bud that would Ititle girl gave it her kindest care, the wanted it so for Easter Day; but ever the flower seemed to stay stiffly wrapped in its little green hood. On Easter Even the the green hood. On Easter Even the truned away. She didn't have even a word to say, but she cried herself softly. The welve o'clock, or a quarter of, fairy Fandrop and fairy Loye (the four good fairies that set things right) came and worked in the dark of the night. They clined the leaves and polished them; they slowly opened the tight green stem and dusted the leaves and polished them; they slowly opened the tight green bud they slowly opened they slowly opened the tight green bud they slowly opened they slowly opened they slowly opened they slowly they slowly opened they slowly they slowly opened they slowly

deep with shining gold. The little girl stirred in her sleep to say, "I wanted my flower for Easter Day." Then her eyelids moved, for she dreamed she heard tinkling laughter and whispered

sne neard tinking laughter and whispered word, flutter of wings and silver cries,— "Quick, be quick, or she'll open her eyes!" And deep in her dreams again she stirred. The fairies fluttered around the room, and hid themselves in the fireplace, and clung in the gauzy curtain's lace, waiting for days to come: and the little

for dawn of day to come; and the little girl slept with a smile on her face, and the tall white flower was fair in the gloom.

tall white flower was fair in the gloom. At peep of daylight she wakened wide. "Easter is here," I think," she said. She sat up straight in her little bed and thought of the lily plant, and sighed. Then day broke over the edge of the wood, and the support supplies came penning.

and a ray of sunshine came peeping through and shone on the spot where the

"Oh, most beautiful-look !" she cried.

A Russian Easter Service

Dramatic and awe inspiring was the mandrite that the coffin was empty. idnight Easter mass at the cathed. The archimandrite ordered them to midnight Easter mass at the cathed-ral of St. Isaac in Petrograd. There was in it even perhaps a touch of the barbaric. In his reminiscences Lord Frederic Hamilton, formerly of the British diplomatic service, gives a striking account of the splendid spec-tacle: We were always requested to come fu full uniform and we stood inside

we were always requested to come ordered them to make a turner search in full uniform, and we stood inside the rails of the iconostasis, behind the choir. The time to arrive was about half past eleven at night, when utes before midnight. the church was wrapped in almost total darkness. Under the dome stood a catafalque boaine artikleon and the stood a catafalque boaine artikleon articleon and a catafalque boaine artikleon articleon articleo

Under the dome stood a catafalque bearing a glit coffin. The open lid showed a strip of silk on which was painted an effigy of the dead Christ, for it should be remembered that no carved or graven image is allowed in a church of the Eastern Rite. As the eye grew accustomed to the shadows, tens of thousands of unlighted candles, outlining the archetes, the cornices and the other architectural features of the cathedral were just visible. The wick of each of these candles had been touched with kerosene and was suriconostasis were thrown open, and as the choir burst into the beautiful Rus-At half past eleven the only light where black-robed priests were chant. touched with kerosene and was sur-

At half past eleven the only light was from the candles round the bier, where black-robed priests were chant-ing the mourful Russian office for the dead. At about twenty minutes to tweive the blind was drawn over the dead Christ, and the priests, feigning surprise, advanced to the ralls of the isonordasis and ann ounced to an archi-

O lily, lifting up your fragrant breath Where snowflakes spread themselves but yesterday, You softly cry: "Where is thy sting, O death? O grave, where is thy boasted victory?"