

SUNBEAM

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THE EASTER LILY.

Through all the winter chilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From fresh bud thrust above the bulb,
To soft expanding
leaf;
Though scant the sun-
shine that it felt,
Long as the days
were brief.

We knew a lovely
blossom
Was hid within its
bosom,
And that its one green
calyx-sheath
Did tenderly enfold
A snow-white flower,
upon whose breast
Would shine a dust
of gold.

We watched, and,
ah, we waited,
It seemed so long
belated;
We gave it freely light
and drink,
Though filled with
fear and doubt;
Would ever that green
prison burst
And let its captive
out?

Behold, on Easter
morning,
With no unusual
warning,
Our lily stood in per-
fect bloom,
All gloriously white!
And thus our question
had reply;
Our doubt became
delight.

Out from its folded
prison
We felt it had
arisen

To prove to us Life's narrowing
bounds
Will blossom and unclose,
Until the soul is freed and fair,
As Christ himself arose.

A GUIDING VOICE.

A touching story came to us last winter
from Minnesota. A farmer living on the
edge of one of the many lakes of that

covered with large masses of floating ice.
The farmer was an expert swimmer,
and struck out boldly toward that part of
the shore where he thought his house
stood; but he grew
confused in the dark-
ness; the ice formed
rapidly over the whole
lake.

He was in a small,
quickly-narrowing cir-
cle, in which he beat
about wildly, the chill
of death creeping over
his body. He gave
up at last, and was
sinking in the freez-
ing water, when he
heard a sound.

It was the voice of
his little girl call-
ing him. "Father!
father!"

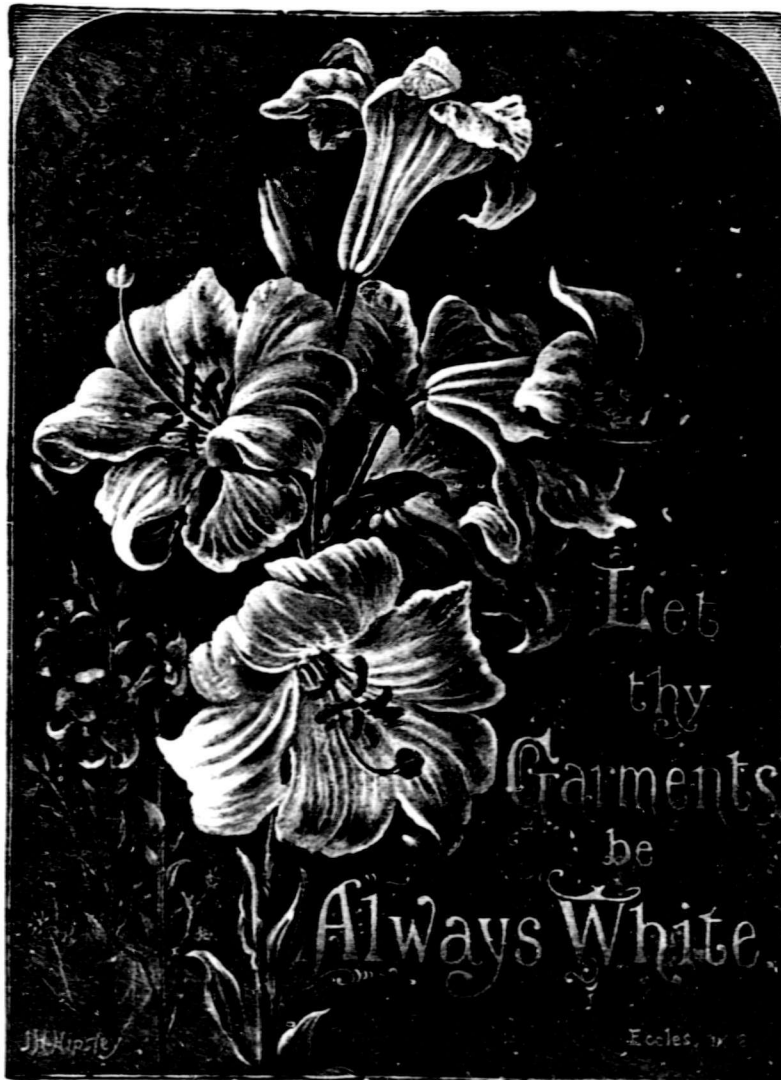
He listened. The
sound of her voice
would tell him which
way home lay. It
put fresh life into
him. He thought, "If
she could only call
once more. But she
will be frightened at
the dark and cold. She
will go in and shut the
door—"

But just then came
the cry, loud and
clear. "Father!"

"I turned," said
the man afterwards
in telling the story,
and struck out in the
opposite direction. I
had been going away
from home. I fought
my way; the ice
broke before me. I
reached the shore and
home at last. But if
my dear little girl
had not persisted in

calling me, though hearing no reply, I
should have died there alone under the
ice."

The story of many a man's life is like
that of this voyage. He sets out, happy



Let
thy
garments
be
Always White.