

## Family Department.

### O Happy Easter Day!

BY MARTHA A. KIDDER.

O happy Easter Day!  
The stone is rolled away;  
The Saviour lives, who died to set us free!  
From earth's remotest bound  
Rings out the joyous sound,  
The song of triumph and of victory!

O happy Easter Day!  
At Jesus' feet we lay  
Our fondest hope, the treasures of our love.  
In majesty adored,  
Oh make us Thine, dear Lord!  
And set our hearts on holy things above.

O happy Easter Day!  
Now teach our souls to say  
The words our lips so gladly would repeat.  
Till peace through all the year  
Shall calm each anxious fear,  
And love at last shall make our lives complete.  
—Living Church.

### The Tomb at Morn.

BY WM. B. CHISHOLM.

At the garden tomb we meet Him;  
Lo, the rock is rolled away,  
Lo, the holy mourners greet Him  
As the night dissolves in day!  
Oh, the happy Lenten ending; hear the Easter song  
ascending  
In the morning gray!

Oh, with pomp and jubilation!  
Oh, with organ's grandest ring!  
O'er the seas, to every nation,  
Hail the rising King!  
Night is vanished, Death is banished;  
Slug, ye ransomed, sing!

See the Easter blooms surrounding  
Font, and arch, and rail, at morn,  
Timbrels, cymbals, cornets sounding,  
Wake the lute, and trumpet, and horn.  
He is risen from His prison  
And the day is born!

—Living Church.

## THE STORY OF EASTER.

### As the Flowers Told It.

BY E. A. B. S.

(The Churchman, N.Y.)—Continued from last week.

"Even the tiny brook sings an Easter carol as it rushes on, on, on; what a happy world this is!" little Cyril cried, rising from the bank of the sparkling stream, and walking up the little sloping path. But less than half way up the hill he came to a bed of bulbous plants, brilliant in their spring colors. The boy knelt down by them, whispering—"Can you, dear, beautiful creatures, tell me about your life, and will you?" "Gladly we will tell you all we can; we know you, for we have often watched you at your play in the garden, and you have many times made us happy. Last Spring you sang a little song to us," said the bright yellow flowers. "Do you mean 'Daffy down dilly,' and could you understand it?" cried Cyril.

"Yes, we did," said the daffodils, "we are buried away down in the dark earth, ugly brown things, that seem to have no life, any more than the body of our dear Lord when He was laid away in the tomb. We are like Him, too, in His resurrection; we tell all the birds and beasts that the Lord who was dead, like us, is now risen, as we have done, from the earth, and they look at us and see we are really alive, and they believe and understand, and praise our risen Lord with us."

"Dear daffodils, I believe and understand now better than I ever did before; thank you for your Easter story," said the boy, and he gathered several of the blossoms. As he did so, a beautiful white, waxy flower lifted up its head, saying:

"We, too, tell the story of our Master's resurrection; we try to be pure, as He was without stain—the Pure and Holy One."

The soft voice of the narcissus had hardly ceased when a much louder one cried out—"Little child, look at us; we are like our cousins, the daffodils and the narcissus; we also tell of our Master's rising from the grave on that Easter morning long years ago. He has given us tulips our beautiful color, that we may show forth the glory of the great King."

"How gorgeous the tulips are," said a tiny flower growing close to the earth. "God must love them very much; but He is so good that He loves us too, though we are so small, and grow so low, that we cannot leave the warm earth and stand up very high. Little Cyril, you are like us poor little snow drops; you are so tiny and so white, yet I am sure the dear Lord loves you quite as much as if you were tall and strong."

"Quite as well," called out a rose-colored hyacinth in the same flower bed. "I am sure in the eyes of our Master the child is more beautiful than if he were tall like a cedar, and straight as I am."

"He is like you, dear little snow drop, beautiful and pure." A little crocus bent its graceful head and whispered something to the hyacinth. Cyril didn't hear what it said, but I know, and I will tell you. It said—"You are right, the child is not like other boys; his face is like that of the flower-angel. I think that is why our Master sent him among us, and lets us talk to him."

As Cyril walked wonderingly away up the little path, an anemone that had once been brought from Palestine, said to the blossoms that turned to watch the little figure with its arms full of flowers—"Ages ago, in my own warm land, a strangely beautiful child bent over me and kissed me. I was growing in a carpenter's garden in Nazareth. Since then I have been bright and beautiful; I was small and white before. This tiny boy, with his lovely face, his halo of curls, has in his strange, deep eyes the likeness of that Holy Child that played in the garden at Nazareth."

"On the north side of the vicarage was an orchard of gnarled old trees that had seen many a winter's frost and summer's sun. The warm Spring sunshine had found its way to the branches, and kissing the buds had awakened them to life and beauty; but underneath the snow still lay in patches in the hollows."

"It is like winter and summer both together," Cyril thought, as he climbed up into one of the great trees, and seated himself upon a broad spreading branch where he could gather clusters of the lovely pink and white blossoms.

"Don't you feel as if you had come too soon, with all this snow at your feet?"

"Oh, no," replied the fragrant blossoms, looking smilingly at him, "you know, 'if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we must also be in the likeness of His resurrection.' The snow lies far beneath us, but above us and around us is the warm, life-giving sun."

Just then a robin, on the branch over Cyril's head, thrilled out such a joyous Easter carol that he exclaimed—"Do you also know that it is Easter morning?"

"We, robins, have special parts in the joy of our dear Master's resurrection, for we were near Him in His hours of suffering. When He hung upon the cross we hovered over Him, longing to ease His bitter pain; but what could we poor little birds do to lighten such grief as His? At last one of us fluttered down and plucked out a thorn that had been pressed deep into His bleeding brows, and a bright drop of blood fell upon the feathers of his breast. So, through all time since then, our dear Master has let us carry this mark of His precious blood on our crimson breasts."

And the little robin went on still more joy-

ously with his Easter carol, as he hopped from one branch to another, while Cyril, looking down once more on his flowers, saw a beautiful brown-and-gold butterfly resting on the fragrant blossoms.

"And are you rejoicing in the resurrection?" said Cyril, very softly, for fear of frightening the butterfly away. But it only flew to another flower, saying—"I have been wrpped in my dark chrysalis as in a tomb, until to-day, when I have burst my prison and come out with wings, and so unlike the poor worm I went in I can hardly believe it is myself; and so you, little boy, who now have a weak and feeble body, that can only walk slowly on the ground, will one day soar through the air like me, when you come forth on the morning of your resurrection."

Cyril's heart was filled with joy; his weak and tiny frame were always a sad trial, and the one longing of his life was to be free of motion, like the birds, and beautiful like the flowers he lived among, and who were his friends; now he was almost glad of his poor little withered frame when he thought of the joy that the new life, the resurrection of life, would bring. He saw his father coming down the garden path, and went to meet him, almost hidden among his flowers.

"Oh, papa," he cried, "the robin up in the old apple tree, and all the flowers, have been telling me such beautiful stories about the resurrection. Come and ask them to tell you."

The vicar smiled as he lifted his little son, flowers and all, into his arms, and they walked slowly down the path into the midst of all the beauty and fragrance.

"Listen," said Cyril, softly: but the deep stillness of the early morning was unbroken, except for the murmuring of the little stream and the sweet note of a bird here and there in the bushes.

"They do not tell you anything," said Cyril, looking up at his father, sadly disappointed.

"The flowers keep their secrets," said the vicar, "for the ear of little innocent children, and especially for little children who have been purified by much suffering and pain; but even in their silence they tell me a beautiful resurrection story. What are you going to do with all these blossoms?"

"They are for the church, papa; the dear flowers all love our Lord so much, and are so happy that He has risen. I wanted to bring them so that they could praise and honor Him still more by making His church beautiful."

The vicar stroked his little son's soft curls, and smiled upon him fondly as they passed together out of the garden. The flowers nestled against the child's white cheek, and those that were left behind nodded to each other as they heard the clear, childish voice singing:

I know, I know,  
Where blossoms blow,  
The earliest of the year:  
Where the passion-flower,  
With a mystic power,  
Its thorny crown doth rear.  
Where crocus wreaths,  
And fragrant breathes,  
Like a censer fill the gale;  
Where cowslips burst,  
To beauty first,  
And the lily of the vale.

And the altar's lawn,  
At morning's dawn,  
We deck at Easter tide;  
And the font's fair brim,  
To tell of Him  
Who liveth, though He died!  
Of flowers He spake,  
And for His sake,  
Whose text was the lilies bloom,  
We search abroad  
For the flowers of God  
To give Him their sweet perfume.