

**Easter Lilies.**

BY ALICE GARLAND STEELE.

"Gather the lilies," the minister said,  
And little maid Marjorie raised her head.  
"Gather sweet lilies of love, to bring  
And lay at the feet of our risen King!"  
Little maid Marjorie lifted her eyes,  
Bright with the light of a glad surprise,  
To the minister's kind and beaming face,  
As he uttered these words of truth and grace.

'Twas Easter morn, and Marjorie knew,  
As she sat so still in the high-backed pew,  
That Jesus, the Son of God, had risen,  
And entered in glory into heaven.  
And her heart was glad this Easter Day,  
For here she had suddenly found a way  
To honour the Lord who loved her so,  
And had died that she to heaven might go.

So after the last short prayer was said,  
Back to her home she quickly sped,  
And up to her own dear little room,  
Where, by a window, all in bloom,  
Two Easter lilies, white and fair,  
Drank in the sunshine and soft spring air,  
And seemed to be singing a silent song  
To the Lord of heaven this Easter morn.

Little maid Marjorie's eyes grew dim,  
But she softly said: "It is all for him!"  
And she plucked the blossoms, and turned  
away,

Though a tear in one waxen chalice lay,  
Then down the steps to the street she  
went,

On her errand of love and duty bent,  
And the passers-by looked up and smiled  
At sight of the lilies and the child.

Suddenly little maid Marjorie turned,  
And her tender heart with pity burned,  
For a cripple boy stood at her side,  
And with wistful glances the lilies eyed.  
She looked from him to the blossoms  
fair—

"Surely the blessed Christ will spare  
One of those flow'rs for the cripple boy,  
Who knows so little of love and joy."

So, with a smile of tender grace,  
She raised her eyes to the thin, pale face.  
"Here, take this lily; 'tis all for you!"  
Then on her way to the church she flew.  
She softly ascended the old stone steps,  
And entered the building with parted  
lips,  
And two little hands that tightly pressed  
The one white blossom against her breast.

'Twas all so still that the little maid  
Was almost tempted to be afraid,  
When out of the silence deep she heard  
The words, "Be merciful, O Lord."  
And little maid Marjorie saw the form  
Of a woman in garments old and worn,  
Who knelt in tears at the altar rail,  
With lips that murmured a pitiful tale.

Marjorie went to the woman's side:  
"Oh, please be happy this Easter-tide!  
Here, take this lily, and may God bless  
And fill your heart with joyfulness."  
The woman smiled through her tearful  
eyes,  
And gradually hushed her bitter sighs;  
But sweet maid Marjorie's eyes grew  
dim—  
"I have left no lilies to give to Him!"

Oh, dear maid Marjorie, angels sing  
The song of your lilies before the King;  
He knows the love that would fain have  
given,  
And treasures remembrance up in heaven.  
Have you forgotten the words of love  
That he left us before he went above?  
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these," said he,  
"Ye did it, my brethren, unto me!"  
—Christian Advocate.

**A Methodist Soldier**

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE MEET AGAIN.

It may seem strange that the coming of Sir Arthur Wellesley to Cork to take command of the Spanish expedition should bring misfortune in its train for me. But so it fell out, for a time at least, though better things followed. And this was the nature of my misfortune—Michael Erling came with Sir Arthur. Now, whether it was a premonition or not, I cannot say, but on the day of Sir Arthur's arrival I felt sad and sick at heart for the first time since our arrival in Cork. True, it was raining pitilessly, but so it had done on many a day before, and I had not found it any hindrance to my usual good spirits. This day I was affected beyond description, and at first,

as I thought, without reason. Before we left Cork I had reason to know why.

This was the manner in which I met Michael Erling in Cork; for the first time, remember, since we had parted in the lane, a couple of raw, hot-headed country lads, two years before.

Early in that dismal day word was brought from the town that the frigate, with Sir Arthur on board, had been sighted. Two hours later the guard of honour, of which I formed one, marched to the landing-stage to meet our future commander. The frigate lay at anchor when we reached the quay, and, in spite of the pouring rain, a great crowd had gathered to witness the landing. Presently we saw the boats put off from the ship's side. Sir Arthur Wellesley came first—an athletic "figure of a man," as the Irish say—enveloped in a great cloak. He mounted quickly the steps up the quay-side. The crowd cheered.

The fourth boat brought Michael Erling. I recognized him the instant he set foot on the quay, covered though he was by his officer's cloak, and for a moment I thought he had recognized me; but he, too, passed on, talking earnestly with a couple of young officers.

It was the same Michael I had left two years ago, and but slightly altered by association with the world outside the little Hampshire village. If anything, the mouth, which I had last seen set with so hard and ugly a line, was a trifle harder, and the eyes, to my thinking, were keener and more restless. It seemed to me at the moment that Michael Erling had gone his way, even as I had gone mine, and far apart as we were in rank we were yet farther apart in feeling. "Heaven grant we may not meet again as we met two years ago," was the heartfelt wish that flashed through my mind, as I stood in the rain and saw him pass.

All that day I was moody and ill-conditioned. Indeed, to such a degree had the sight of Erling added to my previous discomfort that my big Irish friend, Doyle, now, by the way, a corporal like myself, and with whom I was more intimate than any other man in the regiment, rallied me on the subject.

"And why," said he, "are ye so down-hearted? Is it so sick of fightin' ye are that the sight of Sir Arthur—bless his soul for the Irishman he is!—makes ye as solemn as a four-footed baste I cud name?"

"Doyle," I said, looking at his broad, honest face and twinkling grey eyes, "I never told you how I came to wear a green coat. Pass your word that the story doesn't go any farther, and I'll tell you; and then you'll know why I'm out of sorts to-day."

So he passed his word, and kept it, like an honest Irishman, and I told him the story.

"That's the trouble, is it?" he said, when he had heard me to the end. "If our fine young officer has the black heart, it's no easy time you'll have with him. But, anyway, maybe it's not the Rifle Brigade that he comes to join at all."

"I hope not," said I.  
"I'll find out for you this very minute," said Doyle. "There's a man of my own town—bad luck to her that she sends so many of us into the army!—that's an officer's servant. He can tell me if he kept his ears open at the officers' mess to-night."

With that he left me, only to return, however, in a few minutes with so comic an expression of dolefulness on his face that I could scarcely forbear from laughing, though I knew from all his actions that he brought bad news.

"You may take off your stripes, Corporal Barber, I'm by way of thinkin'," said he, "for your old friend has been gazetted a lieutenant in your own company,—which shows, in a manner," he added, "that the young man has money, or influence with some above you."

"Not so bad as that, Doyle," said I, trying to pass it off lightly.

"Well," said he, "if you're not above takin' my advice, you'll steer clear of him; and if you're not above takin' my help, I'll stand by you, if trouble comes. And there's my hand on it."

CHAPTER XVII.

A ROUGH ENCOUNTER.

Not by word or sign did Michael show that he recognized me for three days. Yet I knew that the story of my enlistment in the brigade was known to him, and I had not greatly changed in appearance. I felt, therefore, that the impassive manner in which he returned my salute on the several occasions when we met and passed each other during those three days could only mean that he still harboured resentment. During this time I learned too that the cause of his transfer to the Rifles from the regiment of

Fusileers in which he had first purchased his lieutenantancy was due to a sudden display of temper against a brother officer, leading to a challenge, according to the code of the times, which he had not been any too ready to accept. The duel, I learned, ended in a harmless interchange of shots, but the manner in which it had been provoked and tardily accepted made Michael so unpopular that he took a broad hint and exchanged as soon as possible. Altogether the prospect did not seem bright, should he find any occasion to exercise his authority as my superior, and I studied to avoid him as much as possible.

Anxious as I was to avoid a conflict it came on the evening of the fourth day.

It was Sunday evening, and I was returning to the barracks from a little gathering of a few Methodists in the private house of one to whom I had carried a letter of introduction from a certain good friend in Hythe, when in passing the end of a narrow street I was suddenly involved in a struggling mob of men and women.

Stones were flying, sticks were whirling, men yelling, and women screaming, until it seemed like pandemonium broken loose. Every one was fighting against his neighbour, like the famous cats of Kilkenny, and whatever might have been the original cause of the row everything seemed to have been forgotten in a wild desire to crack as many heads as possible. It was a frenzy of fighting for which the Irishmen's taste for ardent spirits was doubtless as much responsible as his natural love for a broil.

In the thick of the crowd, as it poured out of the narrow street and swayed around me, I saw the green jackets of riflemen, and the white cross-belts of a regiment quartered with us. Not being allowed to carry arms in the town, the soldiers were having somewhat the worst of the fray, their fists being a poor protection against the shillelaghs of the townsmen, who, from fighting among themselves, now began to combine against the red-coats. I saw that unless the men were got out of the turmoil it might fare badly with them. Without a thought of the possible consequences, I plunged into the fray, and forced my way into the thick of the fighting.

More than one blow was aimed at me, but I avoided them all, and, lunging forward, caught one of the Rifles by the collar and swung him round.

"No more of this business," I shouted. "Get together, boys, and up to the barracks with you."

One called to another and each forced his way to the spot where I stood, until I was the centre of a knot of half a dozen. But we were not to escape so easily. The blood of the townsmen was up, and with their short, thick sticks they pressed us close. Still rougher elements had been added to the crowd as the report of the riot had spread, and some with a special hatred for the soldiery.

The cry of "Old Ireland for ever, and down with the English," was raised, the sound of breaking windows was heard, and the row which had first been a case of a trifle of friendly head-cracking, was fast developing into a serious affair. We were now fighting in good earnest and facing an angry mob, the greater part of which was massed between us and the barracks.

In vain I urged the men to keep cool, hoping to get them out of the riot and avoid the trouble which was bound to come. There had already been several little affrays between soldiers and townsmen, and the patience of the authorities on both sides was getting strained. If the present trouble was laid to the credit of our men, punishment of a pretty severe nature would certainly follow. Sir Arthur Wellesley was known to view with great displeasure any ill behaviour on the part of men under his command towards civilians.

Louder grew the sound of conflict. Every man of our little company was now engaged. In a measure we had succeeded in forming a wedge. By repeated rushes we tried to split the mob and force our way up the hill.

In vain we tried to shake them off. They swung their short sticks with such good effect that not one of us but had a cut and aching head or bruised shoulders.

Just as things were at their worst, and several of our men were too spent to keep up the struggle longer, above the noise of the conflict I heard the welcome sound of troops coming down from the barracks at the double.

The crowd, too, heard the swinging trot over the stones, and swayed ominously as if doubting whether to turn and face the troops or make a final rush against our little band of stalwarts.

Half carried away in the rush we stood our ground as best we could, clinging to the doorposts of a house and warding off

the human torrent as it flowed past. Just as I was hoping that the worst of the rush was over, I felt a hand on the back of my collar, and before I could turn I was thrown violently on the ground. At the same moment the guard of my own regiment, which had been turned out to suppress the riot, closed in around me.

Dazed by the fall, I was yet about to struggle to my feet when I heard a voice behind me say:

"Arrest this man; he has been the leader of all this disturbance," and looking up I saw Michael Erling standing on the step of the house, the open door of which showed how he had thus suddenly and strangely come upon the scene.

(To be continued.)

**Easter Song.**

BY SARAH D. CLARK.

Awaken, O heart, awaken!  
The Easter Day is here,  
With the dew from its leaves unshaken,  
White rose of the circling year.

It comes with the old world story,  
Of light and life in the gloom,  
When the angel, resplendent in glory,  
Rolled away the stone from the tomb.

And the bonds from his cerements riven,  
Christ walked again among men,  
Fulfilling the promise given,  
Writ by the prophet's pen.

Now death hath no more dominion;  
Our life to his life is wed,  
Afar on her snowy pinion,  
Faith follows where Jesus led.

The miracle came unbidden,  
As burst the buds in May,  
And the meaning of life lies hidden  
In the heart of Easter Day!  
—Youth's Companion.

**ALL-FOOLS' DAY EVERYWHERE.**

April the first is the time when children play tricks on one another, and on their elders, too. Some of the tricks are very funny ones. American children are not the only ones who amuse themselves by making "April fools" of one another. In many other countries children play the same games. This April fooling used to be an amusement for grown people, too; indeed, many children's games used to be played by older persons.

Once, many, many years ago, the year began with the twenty-fifth of March, and it was the custom in many countries to hold a New Year's festival of eight days, and the closing day, the first of April, was spent in such capers as are now left for the children only.

The "April fool" is known by different names in different countries. In France he is called "poisson d'Avril," an April fish, a silly creature that allows himself to be caught. In the northern part of England, and in Scotland, he is called a "gowk"—that is, a cuckoo, a bird called silly because it lays its eggs in other birds' nests; and a favourite trick with the Scotch children is "hunting the gowk"—that is, to send somebody on a fool's errand.

One of the most pleasant April fool stories I ever read about was about a prince of Lorraine (in France) many years ago. He and his wife were imprisoned in a great castle by some cruel persons, and were in danger of losing their lives. They managed to get some clothes of a peasant near by, and disguised themselves, hoping to make their escape. They crept softly down the great stairs, and they got out to the great gate of the castle, without anybody seeing them. There they met a servant maid, and she knew them in a moment. She screamed and ran to give the alarm.

It was the evening of the first of April. The people in the castle were at supper, and in all the noise and clatter nobody happened to hear her. She ran into the guard-room, where many of the soldiers were, and screamed out, "They are gone! The prince and princess have escaped!"

"Oh, yes! escaped, have they?" said the men, laughing.

"Yes, yes! Run! you will overtake them."

"Oh, yes!" said the soldiers, "you are going to make fine April fools of us,—but we sha'n't run!"

And they did not; and long before they believed the servant was telling the truth, and not trying an April fool trick at all, the prisoners had escaped, and two innocent persons were safe.

Among the subscribers to The Pacific Christian Advocate is a lady who lives sixty-five miles from a postoffice.