

while the doctor worked over Billy. Once, in the evening, Miss Lovina caught sight of the basket of Easter eggs, set aside in readiness for the morrow; and the quiet, firm woman cried out with an exceeding bitter cry:

'Oh, my boy! my little baby brother! I used to make them for him when he wasn't out of his little short dresses, and it was because of them that I sent him away.'

'Hush!' said the doctor's voice at the door of the other room. 'I may be wrong, but I think he's coming to himself.'

Billy's sister crept up to his bed, and dropped on her knees. The boy stirred, and put out one hand feebly.

'Loviny,' he said.

'He'll be all right,' the doctor told her an hour later. 'You'll have to keep him quiet for a while. You can have him to yourself, and nurse him, and pet him. That will suit you, I know. What in the world are you crying about? Brace up there, and make us a cup of tea. The bishop and I haven't had a bite of supper.'

It was twelve o'clock when the bishop went down the hill again. The paschal moon had come up over the mountains, riding full and glorious above the black tops of the far-off pines. On one arm the bishop carried a basket of blue and crimson Easter eggs; upon the other, a big blossoming geranium wrapped in newspaper.

'If you'll take them now, I'll be certain that you have them in time to-morrow,' Miss Lovina had said, pressing them upon him apologetically. 'I might not have anybody to send them by, and I wouldn't miss their being there, not for worlds. I can't be in church myself to-morrow, but the Lord knows I'll be keeping Easter up here beside Billy's bunk.'

The bishop looked out at the paschal moon, across the top of the big geranium, and smiled peacefully to himself as he trudged along.

'Not with the old leaven of malice,' he thought. 'The good Lord knew how to arrange for Miss Lovina's Easter.'

# EASTER LILIES



Although not their birthplace, Bermuda has been regarded as the home of the Easter lily, the so-called Bermuda lily having been brought from the Orient between two hundred and three hundred years ago by some pirate captains in the islands. Through generations of care and cultivation it has been passed on from father to son until the Bermuda lily has become one of the household gods of the planters.

The lilies grow in small, detached fields, in pleasant hollows of the juniper and oleander clad hills. But although these fields are small they are numerous. A bird's eye view of the islands would present a mass of tiny garden plots, white-walled roads and little white houses and a profusion of semi-tropical growth. Through the advantages of the climate and the readiness of the dark red soil the rose and the lily grow in wild luxuriance. It

requires only a man or woman with ordinary skill to make the ground blossom like the famed pomegranate.

Frosts and extreme heat are unknown. Night has a heavy dew, and in the day showers pass over the islands, being absorbed by the soil and porous coral rock. In the sheltered parts flowers grow all the year round, and it is not unusual for the plants to bear three crops of lilies in a single year.

—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'