

ing in with wide-open eyes the beauty of the nodding lilies. And presently Jack was sure he had forgotten about the sermon, for he began to speak to the little ones, without any text, just as if he were talking to them, and it was all about the lilies.

"Consider the lilies," he said, and Jack listened, for he loved the lilies, and the minister was talking of them, of their beauty and wonderful life, how the bulbs must be placed in earth before they can give us their fragrance and whiteness, and so why we fill churches and homes with them on Easter Day.

"But these are not your offering to God, children. How can they be that? They are his own flowers, made by his hand. What will you offer to him on Easter Day?"

"Lift up your little white hands to God, my children, your little white hands that have done so little wrong, and pray God that you may bring them here next Easter as pure from wrong as the lilies. But let them not be idle hands. The lilies are fragrant; your hands must be busy. Every day they must do kindly things, little things that only you can do, for this shall be the fragrance of our Easter lilies."

There were more words said that morning, there were sweet Easter songs, and Jack sat so still and walked home so quietly that Aunt Laura wondered if he had enjoyed no part of the service. But Jack was thinking of Easter lilies.

Aunt Laura wondered a good many times after that, but wisely kept silence. Not that there was any great change in her rollicking nephew. Easter lilies do not bud and blossom in a single day. But many a little thing might have been noticed if one were a keen observer of boys. The fact was that the simple sermon had found its way into Jack's heart, and though he had said nothing about it, he had sturdily resolved upon cultivating Easter lilies himself.

And the best of all was that he did it, too. Not in any very great way; often his efforts were very odd; sometimes the only thing he could think of doing for his lilies in a whole day was to keep his hands clean.

But in the course of the year, Jack never knew exactly how it came about, he found himself in the habit of thinking how the risen Christ would like his Easter offering, and of talking with him a little about it every morning before the day was fairly begun. And when another Easter dawned bright and clear, Jack would have curtailed the time for waffles rather than to miss the morning service.

God the Father's only Son,
Yet with him in glory one,
Jesus! I believe in thee,
Thou art Christ the Lord, to me.

THE TASK.

BY RIDGELY ROBINSON.

Let us work with a will, my lad,
With a will that's tried and true;
For there's many a man, if he only can,
Who'll do a deal more than you.

Let us work with a cheer, my lad,
With a cheer that paints a smile,
Though the way be rough, there are tears
enough;
Then laugh, and the tears beguile.

Let us work with a hope, my lad,
With a hope that's born of heaven,
For the Father above, whose heart is love,
Forgives "till seventy times seven."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1905.

A LITTLE SERMON ABOUT EASTER.

Text: "Consider the lilies."—Matt. 6, 26.

Most of you know the rest of this verse. Christ took the "lilies of the field" for his text, and preached from them a most tender and comforting sermon.

On this glad morning, when we look at the beautiful flowers in our homes and in our churches, let them be to us also a text for an Easter sermon. I was quite sure you would like this text, because children as a general thing are fond of flowers.

Easter, you will say, means that Christ rose from the dead; how can lilies teach anything about coming to life from the dead. When we have considered,—that is, studied and thought a little more carefully about them,—I think you will see for yourselves.

I knew a little girl who was very much afraid of death, especially of being "put away in the cold, dark ground." One day

(in the fall), her mother, who knew that she was very fond of gardening, said to her: "Bessie, I am going to plant my hyacinths and tulips (they are a kind of lily, you know), and I would like you to come with me and hear something I have to say." Bessie was only too glad to go, so when they reached the flower-beds, her mother took up a handful of bulbs and said: "Just look at these, Bessie; suppose they should say, 'We don't want to go in the cold, dark ground,' do you think we could have any beautiful hyacinths next spring?" And after the homely little brown bulb has lain under the frozen ground so many months, what makes that spirit-like blossom spring up with such exquisite colors, and such sweet perfume? Is it not like a resurrection, a new life out of death?

Bessie saw all of the bulbs buried in their little graves, and the next spring when she beheld with delight the beautiful flowers, she said: "O mamma, it isn't such a dreadful thing to be buried after all. God must have been all this time watching and taking care of those little bulbs in the ground, to change them into something so beautiful and so different."

I seldom see a beautiful white lily that I do not think of the soul and the body. What does that flower spring from? Why, from the earth; the "dirt," as the children call it. Do you see anything in that ugly, dirty root that gives you the slightest hint of the lovely flower that is to come and breathe in the bright sunshine? So I think how wonderfully different from this body is the spirit that leaves it when we die. Let us pray that our souls, like the lilies, may be pure and white.

EASTER DAY.

Awake, pretty flowers,
Asleep in the snows,
For this is the morning
When Jesus arose.
Each lily he loved
In the meadows of old,
Will welcome the Master
With blossoms of gold.

Ye violets sweet, with
The breath of the south;
Anemone blushing,
With rosy-lipped mouth,
Arbutus half hiding
Your delicate grace—
The Saviour has risen,
Behold ye his face!

The types of his death
And his rising are ye,
Fair gems of the meadow,
Bright buds of the lea,
"Messiah is living!"
The cherubim say,
Shine forth in your beauty
To greet him to-day!