

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 8.

EASTER LILIES.

Smile praises, O sky!

Soft breathe them,

O air!

Below and on high,

And everywhere

The black troop of
storms

Has yielded to
calm;

Tufted blossoms are
peeping.

And early palm.

Arouse thee, O
spring!

Ye flowers, come
forth

With thousand hues
tinting

The soft green
earth:

Ye violets tender.

And sweet roses
bright.

Gay Lent-lilies
blended

With pure lilies
white.

Sweep, tides of rich
music,

The full veins
along.

And pour in full
measures,

Sweet lyres, your
song.

Sing, sing, for He
liveth—

He lives, as he
said:

The Lord hath arisen
Unharm'd from
the dead.

Clap, clap your
hands, moun-
tains!

Ye valleys, resound!

Leap, leap for joy, fountains!

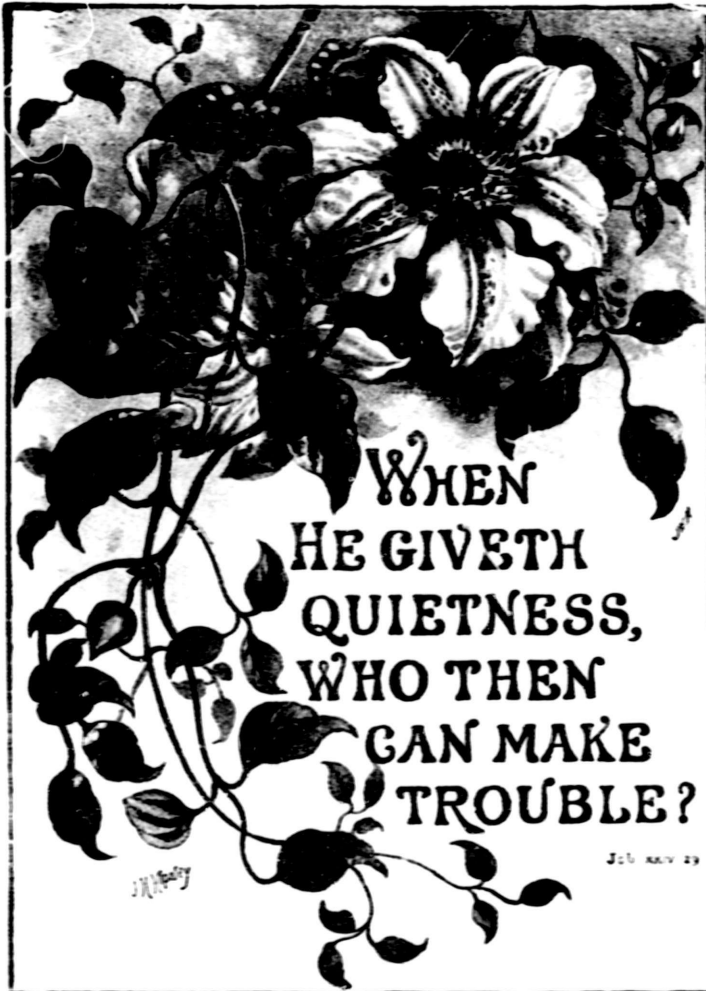
Ye hills, catch the sound.

All triumph! He liveth—

He lives, as he said;

The Lord hath arisen

Unharm'd from the dead.



EASTER LILIES.

Jack Wardell had all of a boy's love of fun. Of course he went to church. No one could live with his Aunt Laura and not go to church. And she would have liked well to know that Jack really enjoyed the service. Because he did not, he

dreaded the coming of Sundays, always till a wonderful Easter Day that—but I will tell you the story.

It was a pleasant morning. Aunt Laura had made Jack's favorite waffles for breakfast. He knew that was especially for him, and while eating an amazing number of them would have amazed any one but Aunt Laura, made up his mind to show his appreciation in some way, and though nothing that he could do for her occurred to him, the waffles must have had some silent power, because he made ready for church very promptly and with unusual care. And that pleased Aunt Laura quite as much.

The church was all aglow with flowers, lovely lilies every where. Jack revelled in their beauty as a boy can, and was glad he could see and think of them till the sermon should be done. But some things seem to go by contraries in this world, and that Easter sermon, which Jack did not intend

even to hear, he never forgot. Perhaps he would not have heard it if he had known it was a sermon. He really thought the good old minister had forgotten, for when the anthem was over he stepped down from the pulpit, right down in front of the seat where a row of little children sat, drink-