

SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1899.

[No. 6

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
measure,
Sweet lyres, your
song.
Sing, sing, for he
liveth—
He lives, as he said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharm'd from the
dead.

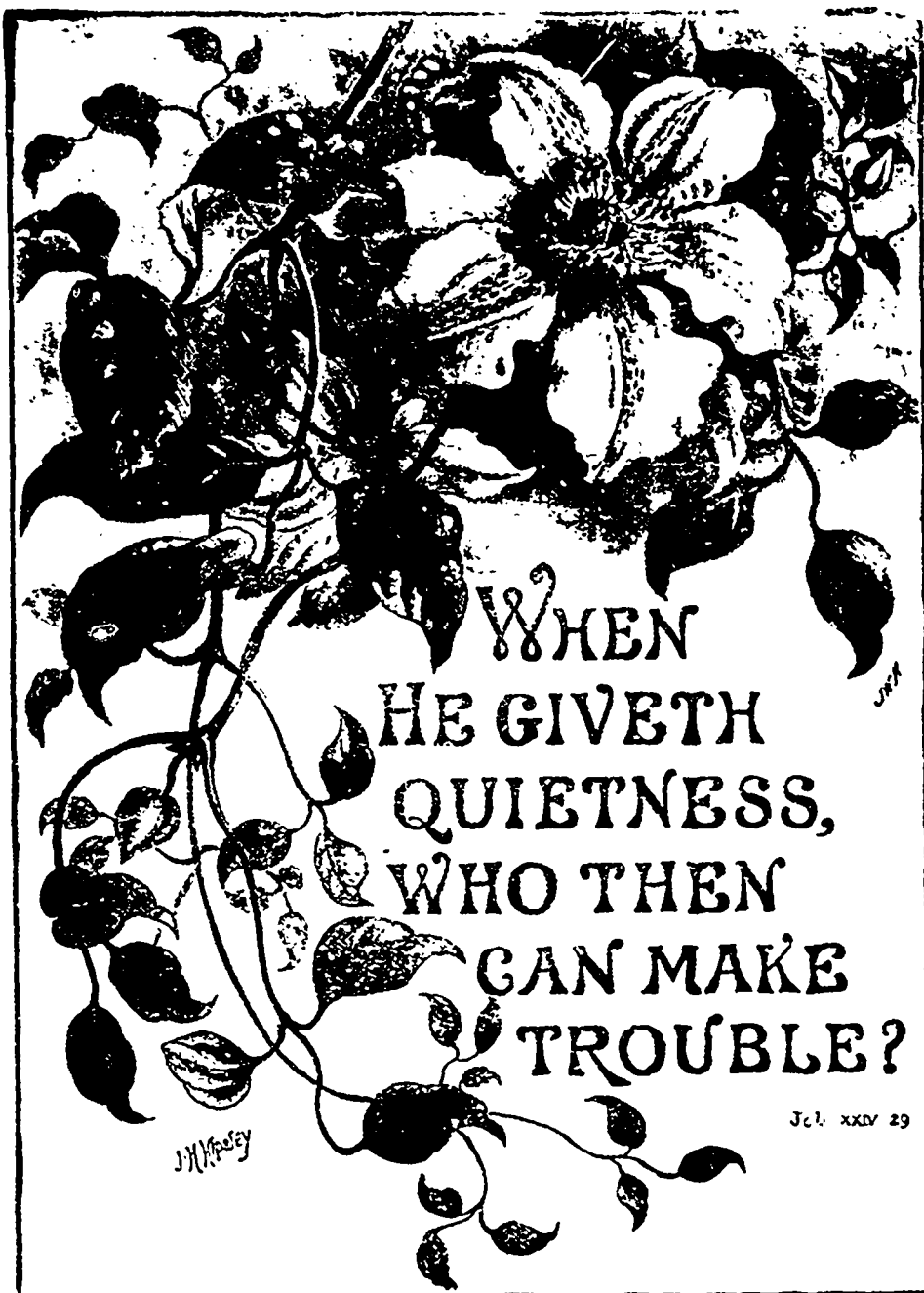
Clap, clap your hands,
mountains!
Ye valleys, resound!
Leap, leap for joy,
fountains!
Ye hills, catch the
sound.

All triumph! He liveth—
He lives, as he said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharm'd from the dead.

EASTER LILIES.

BY DORA DAVIS.

Jack Wardell had all of a boy's love of
fun. His dancing black eyes showed that,



a wonderful Easter
Day that—but I will
tell you the story.

It was a pleasant
morning Aunt Laura
had made Jack's fa-
vorite waffles for
breakfast. He knew
that was especially
for him, and while
eating an amazing
number (it 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

and a hearty dislike of "sermons for grown
people," as he called them. Of course he
went to church. No one could live with
his Aunt Laura and not go to church.
Jack had no other home, and loved his
motherly aunt with all his boyish heart,
trying in his awkward ways to please her.
And she would have liked well to know
that Jack really enjoyed the morning ser-
vice. Because he did not, he sometimes
dreaded the coming of Sunday, always till

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, drinking in with wide-open
eyes the beauty of the nodding lilies. And
presently Jack was sure he had forgotten
about his 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

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