

## Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

### EASTER LILIES.

Like sweet white brides that kneel a-row  
 Each folded in her veil,  
 They stood, the Easter lily-buds,  
 Beside the altar rail.  
 On slender stems of clearest green,  
 Divinely pure and fair,  
 Each folded flower its secret kept,  
 Nor breathed it to the air.

Through purple panes with crimson crossed  
 A shaft of sunlight came,  
 And lit the gilded organ-pipes,  
 And touched the buds with flame.  
 And *then* the waxen lips unclosed,  
 The petals burst apart,  
 A shadowy form angelic rose  
 From every creamy heart!

Above me in a shining throng,  
 With rainbow colors kissed,  
 I saw their faces faintly gleam  
 Like moonbeams in a mist;  
 And through the open door they went,  
 And o'er the fields and fells,  
 For, lo! in every lily-bud  
 An Easter angel dwells.

When lay the dead, the holy dead,  
 Within the rocky tomb  
 Long centuries since, the angels found  
 The earth was bare of bloom,  
 And watching in the silver dawn,  
 Though chilly were the hours,  
 They took their shining mantles off,  
 And changed them into flowers.—*Ex.*

WE welcome to our exchange list during the past month, "*The Quill*," of Bowdoin College, the "*Sacred Heart Collegian*," of Watertown, Wisconsin, and the "*High School Record*," of Buenos Aires.

*Acadia Athenæum* has a very interesting biographical sketch of our much respected Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, D. M. Welton, Ph.D. The April number, in which this photogravure and sketch appear, is a very creditable issue.

It is proposed to consolidate Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology into one University, which would be among the largest in the world.—*Ex.*