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THE EASTER LILY.

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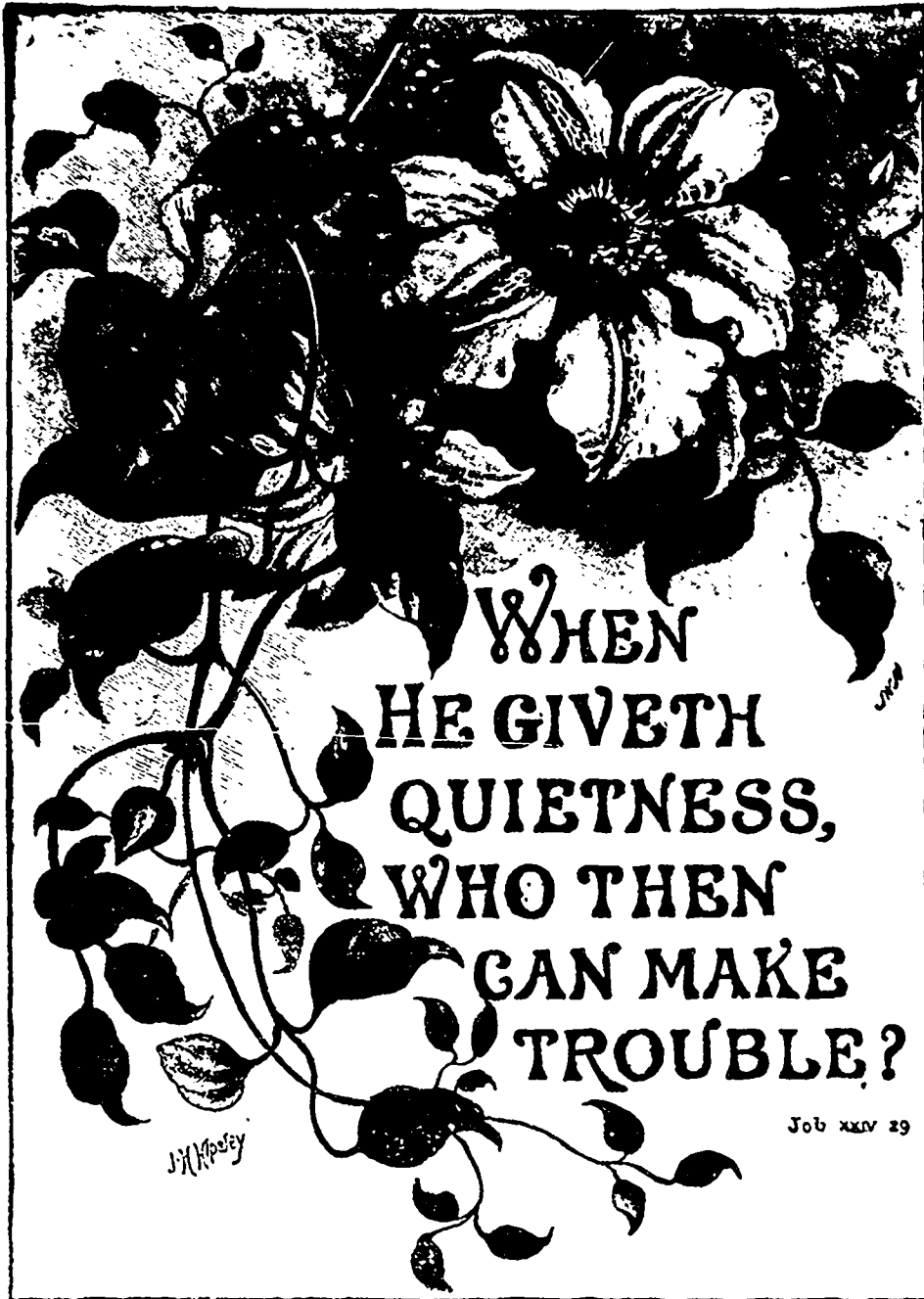
THROUGH all the winter chilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From fresh bud thrust above the bulb,
To soft expanding leaf;
Though scant the sunshine that is felt
Long as the days were brief.

We knew a lovely blossom
Was hid within its bosom,
And that its one green calyx-sheath.
Did tenderly unfold
A snow-white flower,
upon whose breast
Would shine a dust of gold.

We watched, and ah, we waited,
It seemed so long belated;
We gave it freely light and drink,
Though filled with fear and doubt;
Would ever that green prison burst
And let its captive out?

Behold, on Easter morning,
With no unusual warning,
Our lily stood in perfect bloom,
All gloriously white!
And thus our question had reply;
Our doubt became delight.

Out from its folded prison
We felt it had arisen
To prove to us life's narrowing bounds
Will blossom and unclose,
Until the soul is freed and fair
As Christ himself arose,



THE EASTER EGG.

IN Russia as early as 1589 eggs coloured red, typifying the blood of Christ, shed as an atonement for our sins, were the most treasured of exchanges at Easter. Every believer went abroad at this season with his pockets well supplied with Easter eggs. When two Russians met for the first time

during the Easter holidays, if they should not meet on the day itself, the belated Easter compliments were passed, first by solemn shaking hands in silence, then the elder (or the younger, if he outranked the elder) would say, "The Lord is risen" and his companion would reply, "It is true;" then they kissed each other and ceremoniously drew from their respective pockets the Easter emblem, and exchanged eggs.

The Chinese claim that the world was formed of the two parts of an enormous egg. From the yolk of the egg stepped forth the human being, whom they call Poon-koo-Wong, then he waved his hand and the upper part of his late castle, the egg-shell, went upward and became the concave heavens of blue; the lower half fell reversed, making the convex earth; and the white albumen became the seas.

The Syrians believed also that the gods from whom they claimed descent were hatched from mysteriously laid eggs. Hence we infer that our present custom of offering the Easter egg

enblem has the heathen legends for its origin; in fact, all our most precious festivals come down from similar sources, but purified with the light of Christianity.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but grandmother did," was the reply.