

IN THE EASTER LILY



Consider The Lilies Of the Field

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WHAT has this text to do with Easter day? Let us think awhile. Life and death, life conquered by death and death conquered again by life. Those were the mysteries over which the men of old time thought, often till their hearts were sad.

And because our forefathers were a sad and earnest folk, because they lived in a sad and dreary climate, where winter was far longer and more bitter than it is, thank God, now, therefore, all their thoughts about winter and spring were sad and they grew to despair at last of life ever conquering death or light conquering darkness.

And then—so strangely does God's gift of hope linger in the hearts of men—they saw beyond all that a dim dream of a new heaven and a new earth in which should dwell righteousness, and of a new sun, more beautiful than ours; of a woman called "Life," hid safe while all the world around her was destroyed, fed on the morning dew, preserved to be the mother of a new and happier race of men. And so to them, heathens as they were, God whispered that Christ should some day bring life and immortality to light.

"So it pleased the Father," says St. Paul, "to gather together in Christ all things, whether in heaven or in earth." In him were fulfilled and more than fulfilled the dim longings, the child-like dreams of heathen poets and sages and of our own ancestors from whom we spring.

It is the desire of all nations, for whom all were longing, though they knew it not. And now we may see, it seems to me, what the text has to do with Easter day. Be not anxious, says our Lord, for your life. Is not the life more than meat? There is an eternal life, which depends not on earthly food, but on the will and work of God, your Father, and that life in you will conquer death.

Consider the lilies of the field. All the winter they are dead, unsightly roots, hidden in the earth. What can come of them? But no sooner does the sun of spring shine on their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty as it pleases God, and every seed takes its own peculiar body. Even so is the resurrection of the dead.

Gathering Eggs for Easter



"Christ Is Risen"

An Easter Story

IN the Church of St. Vasily, situated in the fashionable quarter of Moscow, the majority of the Easter worshippers were men and women who belonged to the "gentry." But the servants and artisans and clerks mingled freely among their lords and principals, for on this morning all were brothers and sisters.

A little to one side, at the foot of the coffin containing the image which is always used in the Easter rites, a young girl was supporting on her arm an old woman. The girl's face was pale but radiant with a spiritual adoration. Her large blue eyes were fixed upon space; her lips were slightly parted. Not far away a young man leaning against a pillar stood statue-like with his eyes fixed upon the girl. He, too, was pale, but his eyes shone with adoration of things not altogether spiritual.

Slowly the faint dawn shone through the stained glass windows, dimming the lights of the blinking candles. Suddenly the organ pealed forth a joyous tone, a chorus of voices thundered out the words, "Christ has arisen." There was an instant hush among the worshippers, and then one and all answered joyously:

"Blessed are we! Christ has indeed arisen!"

The young girl at the foot of the coffin turned to her mother, exclaiming joyously, "Mother, Christ has arisen," and with her pretty lips still parted she imparted the triple kiss upon her mother's cheeks and mouth.

The young man approached her timidly.

"Fedora," he said in a soft, pleading voice, "let us rejoice."

She looked up at him with that same impersonal gaze in her eyes and smiled at him as if in blessing. "Yes, let us rejoice, for Christ has indeed arisen," she answered softly, lifting her face to him. He bent over her, and they exchanged the triple kiss mechanically.

"And now that our hearts are purged, Fedora, I ask you to forgive me. Let our quarrel end in peace," he pleaded.

The girl flushed, and for a moment the ardor awakened by her religious transports dimmed, her lips parted. "Ivan," she said, after a moment of indecision, "I do forgive you. Mother wishes it. Is it not so?" She turned to her mother.

Ivan silently exchanged the triple kiss with the mother.

"But, Fedora," he said, turning again to the girl, "it is not only for today you have forgiven me, is it? I cannot bear to think that."

Again the girl's brow clouded. She closed her eyes and crossed herself as if she had not heard him.

Fedora and her mother walked slowly to the end of the sidewalk, where their carriage awaited them. Ivan followed eagerly, as if fearful of losing the opportunity of saying more toward the reconciliation. Before entering the carriage Fedora divided the contents of her purse among the beggars who lined the walk. Her mother smiled.

"Fedora," faltered Ivan, "you are so kind to the beggars, will you not be kind to me too?"

"I have given all my money away," she answered, with a bit of roguishness in her smile.

He flung his purse to the beggars. "You know that I want to know only if we are to be friends again," he said.

"Don't speak of it now," Fedora answered quickly.

"Come home with us to breakfast," said the mother, seeing the look of pain in the young man's eyes.

He questioned the girl with his eyes.

"Yes," she said, "come with us. There is room in the carriage." He entered, dizzy with happiness. They rode on in a silence that was broken only by the remarks of the mother about the service at the church.

When the carriage stopped before her imposing residence Fedora alighted quickly and vanished into the house, leaving her mother to Ivan's care.

"Be of good cheer, Ivan," the mother said. "We breakfast in twenty minutes. Meanwhile make yourself at home either in the house or in the garden. You know the place so well."

As Ivan walked through these old paths all the doubts and fears and hopes played again in his heart. Suddenly he forgot his anxiety. Fedora was beside him, a white lily in her hand. She had changed her gown, and there was a morning's restful freshness and grace about her lithe form and charming face.

"Ivan," she said softly, "I was wicked. Forgive me. Last night I confessed my waywardness and jealousies to the priest, and he absolved me from my sins. I prayed before the Virgin that you should come and forgive me. You did come," she faltered in a sweet tremble. "You did forgive me," she added, pushing him away gently as he tried to embrace her.

"Yes, you are wicked," he whispered, bending over her.

"Only an Easter kiss," she whispered back lightly, pressing her lips to his cheeks and mouth.—Sonia V. Medwedoff in Chicago Tribune.

Their Graceful Heads the Easter Lilies Rear



Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

CHRIST the Lord is risen today, Sons of men and angels say.

Raise your joys and triumphs high! Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won.

Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er! Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal. Christ has burst the gates of hell.

Death in vain forbids His rise. Christ hath opened paradise.

—Charles Wesley.

Behold the Lilies



On Easter Morn

ON Easter morn The softened winds to every quickened ear Breathe music sweet, telling the time of year.

All nature sings, and in glad antiphon,

Blent with the organ's tone, The voice of man in praise to heaven is borne.

WITH April's fairest offerings we adorn Our altars, embleming eternal spring

O'er winter triumphing, And good o'er evil, joyousness o'er gloom—

Yea, life o'er death, Christ risen from the tomb On Easter morn.

MARRIED AND GONE

Ontario Boy and Payette Girl Put One Over on Bride's Parents. Police Calls Too Late.

Allen L. Beagle of Ontario and Miss Lorine M. Scott of Payette came to Weiser yesterday and after procuring a marriage license at the courthouse they went to the office of C. G. Taylor, J. P., and were immediately married. Between the time of securing the license and the time of the wedding there was but a very short space of time. Within ten minutes after the ceremony Chief Glasser received a telephone call from Payette from the parents of the bride asking him to head off the wedding as the girl was only 15 years of age. He called the J. P. and found the damage was already done. The Payette police called a few minutes later asking Glasser to hold the parties and was told to wait a few minutes and they would be back in Payette.

The boy gave his age as 22 and the girl as 18.—Weiser Signal.

Howdy! Here we are again. War's inveterate enemy is a good Sunday dinner.

It seems though, to be something of a springless spring.

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