

## AMONG EASTER LILIES



O Easter! full of healing, no longer dim with tears,  
Our eyes may glimpse the beauty of the eternal years—  
O Day of Resurrection: what promises you hold!  
The joy of life immortal each flower doth enfold!

Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Matthew 6:28

THE lily is the Easter flower because it is the glorious bloom of Christ's country. It is abundant on the hills of Nazareth, and in the later winter the regions over which he walked glowed and radiated with entrancing color, while the air was fragrant with perfume. The Hebrew word for the flower is shushan, shoshan or shoshannah, and though there is little doubt the word denotes some plant of the lily species, it is by no means certain what class it specially designates. In the Holy Land there are lilies that hold the purpling blue of eastern skies; that glow with the blood-red fire of the desert's dusty sunset; that have the pure white of spiritual appeal and the grace in curve and line that touch the senses like a strain of exquisite music.

As we of the West know the lily, the more cultivated species are the white or Madonna lily, the tiger or tiger-spotted lily, and the golden lily. A white lily in art and heraldry symbolizes purity, and in the pictures of the Annunciation is often placed in the hands of the Angel Gabriel. "Lilies choir the golden way to Paradise," says a medieval writer; which, in the values of the present, is given in the appreciation of a Canadian woman on first beholding the soul-stirring bloom of a Bermuda field—"This is simply heavenly!"

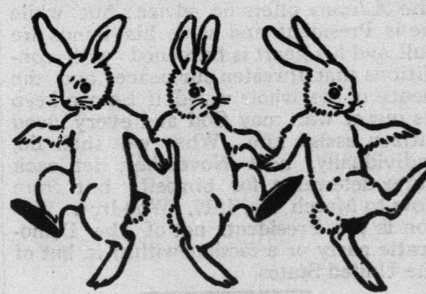
It is very probable that the term lily as used in the Holy Land was general, not referring to any particular species, but to a large class of flowers growing in Palestine, and resembling the lily, as the tulip, iris, gladiolus and the like. Thompson, for instance, in his "Land of the Book," describes a magnificent iris, which he calls the Huleh lily, a view of which gives salient point to the passage: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."  
"This Huleh lily," says the writer, "is very large, and three of the inner petals meet above and form a gorgeous canopy such as art never ap-

proached and the king never sat under even in his utmost glory. When I met this incomparable flower in all its loveliness, among the oak woods around the north base of Tabor and on the hills of Nazareth where our Lord spent his youth, I felt assured that it was to this he referred."

That the lily must have been a conspicuous plant along the shores of the Lake of Gennesaret is indicated in Matthew, 6:28: "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and Luke 12:27, which bears the same admonition. It flourished in the broad, deep valleys of Palestine. The Song of Songs tells: "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," and also among the thorny shrubs, for the same book has it, "As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters;" and among the pastures of the desert, as is shown by this passage from the inspiration of Solomon: "My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies." In many other passages of the Bible the flower is mentioned.

And that the lily must have been remarkable for its rapid and luxuriant growth is evidenced in Hosea 14:5: "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." And that the flower was brilliant in color is indicated in Matthew, where it has familiar comparison with the gorgeous robes of Solomon. And that the colors of the royal investiture were purple and scarlet is also implied in the Song of Songs.

There were many species of liliaceous blossoms in Palestine, some exceedingly gorgeous in color and some exceedingly fragrant. It is Dr. Isaac Hall who noted the late winter carpeting of Christ's way by this widespread color and entrancing fragrance. "Most conspicuous, perhaps, are the great red and blue flowers of the order Ranunculaceae, where the anemone and the ranunculus grow together," says he. "They are not small things, like our buttercups, but great wide flowers of two inches or more in diameter, carpeting the ground with patches as gorgeous as masses of our brilliant verbenas. They grow everywhere; and, like the other herbs, are glorious one day and the next day literally cast into the oven to bake the peasant's bread."



### Easter Sermon.

Love your enemies. Understand them. See their burdens, their bewilderment, their perplexities, their obstacles and handicaps and thwartings. Let the Christ of you strike with pity upon the locked gates of their souls of their ignorance, and cry Lazarus, come forth! to the sleeping souls of them within. Let the Moses in you, the Pioneer, the Darer, the Adventurer, the All-Believer, strike with love upon the rock of their hardness and asperity; let him will that living water, kindness, shall gush forth, crystalline, sparkling. And this day, so shall it be.—Nautilus.

## Easter's Message of Hope

THREE days have passed since the death of Jesus on Calvary. "Gray dawn is streaking the sky as they who so lovingly watched him to his burying are making their lonely way to the rock-hewn tomb in the garden." All is still as their sandaled feet sweep through the dew-wet grass, the sweet spices in their arms perfuming the chill air. As they go they say one to the other: "Who shall roll the stone from the sepulcher?"

That question many hearts in every age since have asked. Sooner or later we all make the pilgrimage these loving women made to the place where rests all that is mortal of our loved ones, and there arise in our hearts the great questions about what is beyond the tomb. These questions lie like heavy stones between us and our departed dear ones, and we say: "Who shall roll away the stone?"

The message of Easter is an answer. The inspiration of Easter is that we, too, find the stone rolled away. We are often told that we err to sorrow for our loved ones gone, but this is not true. Jesus sorrowed greatly with those who had met such losses as ours. He would not have us sorrow as those who have no hope, but he recognized that it would be unnatural to grieve, and unkind not to remember. Let us remind ourselves that Jesus would not have us put away all signs of those gone out of sight; that he would not have us live as though they had never been with us. "They are not dead; they are just away." This is one stone rolled away from our sepulchers.

Here we desire to do many things which the limitations of the flesh prevent. But when the fleshly limitation is removed our love, our memory, our aspiration, our results of rich experience, all those real qualities which make us ourselves, are free to do and to be. One of the highest inducements to a spiritual life now is

thou be with me in paradise," he was opening the door of heaven to all the wide, storm-tossed world; and as the angel of God came and rolled away the stone on that Easter morning of long ago, so he comes to every worn, bodily casket and sets the soul free to find glory, perfect life, perfect happiness in some fair haven of God.

And we vex our souls with wondering where that haven may be. We reach out eager hands and cry: "What is immortal life?"

Friend, it is that live, vital spark that spells life to you and to me; that, when the angel rolls away the stone for us, shall rise, free and untrammelled, to enter the city of God.

We are living in eternity today—you and I. We are so close to heaven that at times faint echoes of its music reach us—faint, far-off, wafted by some close, sweet vibration between our heart and the heart of the eternal God—faint, but sure! And we still our souls in wonder and in awe, for we understand with a knowledge born of God that we have caught a tune from the heavenly choir, and have for a holy instant, verily felt the touch of God. And as the lily, pure and spotless, pushes its way from the dark earth and unfolds into glorious life, so one day, from out all these earth environments, shall the soul unfold itself into broader life.

"For the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone"—rolled it back friend, for you—me—that light might burst from the darkness which holds us, pointing the way to a clearer vision and a truer faith; and the music that started in heaven and in earth when Christ came forth—victor over sin, death and the grave—has never ceased, and will never cease, but go rolling on, grandly triumphant, as long as earth shall last.

L. D. Stearns.

### Message of Easter.

EASTER again proclaims its message to the world. Nature lends her enchantment to the day, and makes all things bright with her unfolding promise of the resurrection. The wooded hills, the mystic canyons, the flowered meadows, the home-building birds, the sparkling dewdrops on grass and flower awaken, under the warming rays of the rising sun, into a world beautiful, made sweeter by the presence of

## THE ETERNAL YEARS



TRANSCENDENT light, with Easter born,  
Fill with thy glow the battle-torn;  
"Seek the living among the dead,"  
Awaken those whose blood was shed;  
Dim with thy glory cannon's flame,  
Cleanse humankind of all its shame  
Ere day is done.

—T. Elliott Hines in New York Saturday Evening Mail.

AWAKE, O nations of the earth!  
Comes morn of hope, of life,  
new birth.

Heed ye the Resurrection call,  
Rulers of kingdoms, foemen—all;  
Let strife be o'er, the tumult cease,  
Crown Him anew the Prince of Peace  
Ere day is done.

## SACRIFICE MUST PRECEDE SOUL'S EASTER TRIUMPH

H. C. TOLLMAN, D. D., LL. D.

A DIVINE Father near to each human soul, acting in and through the events of daily life, and a risen Christ revealing God's nature to us through our personal communion with him! This is the Easter triumph.

Modern Christian criticism may discuss, as it is now doing, the historical and quasi-physiological problems as to whether the risen Christ had a "material body spiritualized" or a "spiritual body materialized," whether his actual flesh and blood came forth from the grave, as the Gospel narrative most distinctly gives us to understand, or whether he bore that celestial and incorruptible body which St. Paul declares is the body of the resurrection. Yet we need have no fear that the conclusion—if one be ever reached in the future—will affect that vital truth on which our Christian faith has been grounded for nineteen centuries.

The lesson of the Resurrection is purely a personal and individual one. We do well to ask ourselves soberly and seriously what that lesson is. Like all divine truths, it is wondrously simple, yet deeply significant and full of transcendent responsibility. It means nothing less than such life union with Christ as to effect in us a participation in his immortal and divine character—assuredly no easy process, but the struggle and achievement of a life in constant touch and fellowship with him.

The lesson of Easter plainly tells us that we must die to our selfish selves, to our littleness, narrowness, pride and hate, and rise to the eternal life of service.

No Easter triumph can come to any soul without first a Golgotha of individual sacrifice and self-renunciation. Heaven is no fit place or condition for

a man who knows not what service is. The risen Christ reveals the immortality of love realized in the soul of man, a conception briefly summarized by our Lord in the seeming paradox, "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life, the same shall save it."

The risen Christ reveals the immortality of truth. The self-opinionated whose prejudices and preconceptions shut out honest inquiry cannot commune with a God of truth. The revelation of Christ was the revelation of truth, and intellectual integrity is the liberty of every son of God: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The risen Christ reveals the immortality of service. The divine activity is continually self-giving. God is forever showing the divineness of service. This is the life of God and it is a uniform, inflexible and eternal law that we must enter into such a life before we can approach the infinite ideal of humanity which reveals God. The flowers and starry heavens sing together because there is between them the affinity of showing God's beauty. But between a selfish soul and God there can be no communion.

The risen Christ reveals what was central in the mind of God from eternity. This darling thought in divine evolution was the perfect humanity revealed in the Son of Man. We call Christ our Lord, our King, our Master and our God, and justly so, but the dearest title to him and the one oftenest upon his lips is that of the Son of Man, because it shows what man can be in him and through him. To that humanity we link our hopes of immortality, and we are confident they will not disappoint us.

The lesson of Easter is simply this, that we live the immortal life here, the life of love, sacrifice, truth, beauty and hope as revealed in Christ; that we enter into such individual fellowship with our Lord as to enable us to realize in him the life of God, for he has said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"; that we appropriate his divine life expressed in the joy of self-denial, though it leads us to Calvary.

### EASTER MILLINERY



The Fried Egg. The Lily.



The Hen Coop. The Egg Shell.

### Great Mystery Is His.

All the mysteries of land, and water, and air are being solved one by one; but the mystery of life and death are his. Know that, of a surety, had he wished us to break the seal which binds them in his grasp, he would have made the way clear. Heaven is with him. Let that suffice, until God's time to make it plain.

## Easter Bells

Ring happy bells of Easter time!  
The world takes up your chant sublime:

"The Lord has risen!" The night of fear Has passed away, and heaven draws near;  
We breathe the air of that best clime At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!  
Our happy hearts give back your chime:

"The Lord is risen!" We die no more!  
He opens wide the heavenly door;  
He meets us, while to Him we climb At Easter time.

—Lucy Larcom

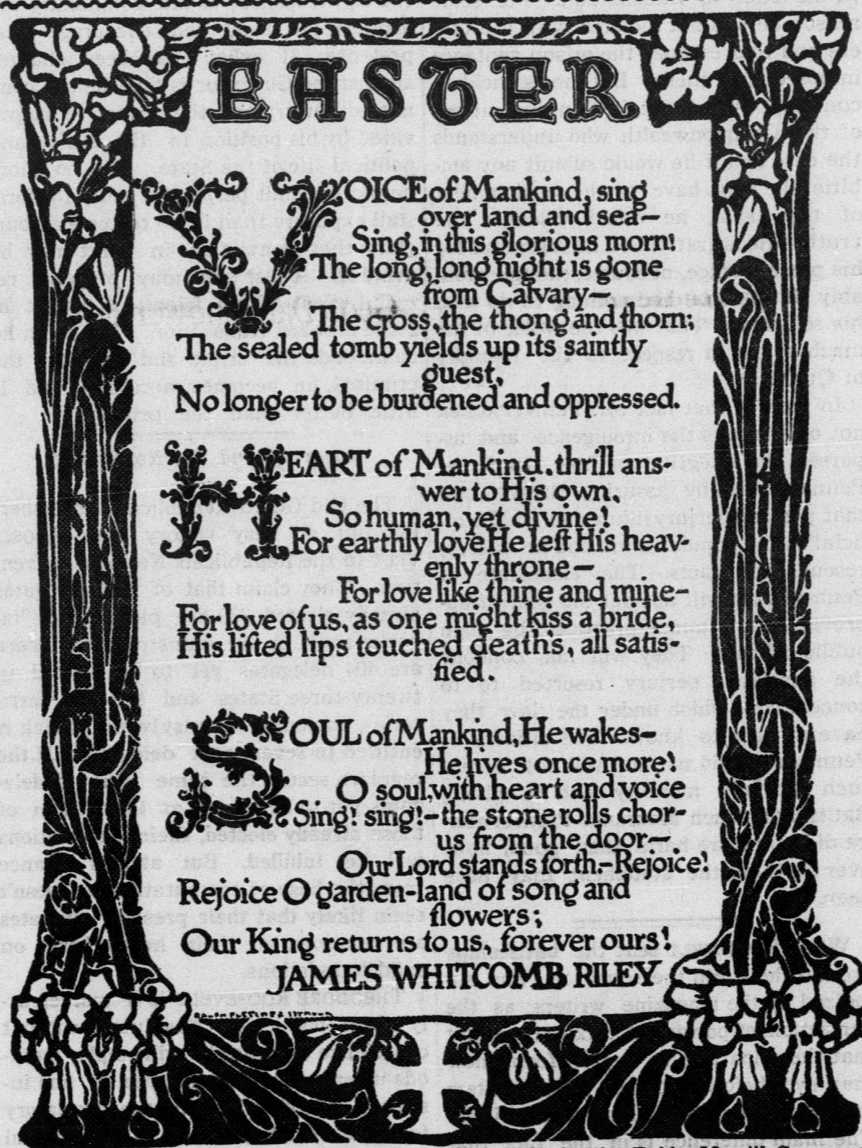
him who is risen from the dead. And man, looking up from his work, rejoices.

In city and country; in art-domed cathedral and isolated church; in mansion and cabin is sung in harmonious cadence, sometimes soft and low, and then again, in accelerated movement, the glad tidings of Easter-tide, with its message of the day and to the day's toilers, "Christ is risen!"

So man must ever seek to rise superior to the destructive forces around him. He must measure up to his ideal if he would escape the debasement wrought by the dominance of his lower self. In no other way can he expect to live the ideal life. His inspiration and ideal are found in Christ. His entrance as an amateur into the Christian life is but indicative of his growth into that of an artist. And in this progressive cumulative ascendancy he is conscious of the leadership of One, who, by one decisive stroke of matchless power, in the resurrection from the death, proved his Sonship, authority, superiority and divinity.

Therefore, however wild and steep your path may be; however mighty the sweep of sinful propensities and habits; however dark and threatening the clouds that cross your path, take heart and press on! Easter's message is for the world. It puts a song in the individual heart. So as nature responds to the touch of spring, may mankind everywhere enter into the spirit of Easter.

Albert M. Ewert.



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this fact that we are making here our status there. Death is the commencement of greater effectiveness for life. That stone is rolled away from our sepulchers.

It is also true that Christ gave ground for believing that our loved ones gone are still with us. He told his disciples that where they were, there he would be in the midst of them. He spoke of a home he had gone to prepare and of coming to take them to it. Enframe this as one may, the picture is the same—reunion with the loved ones gone. You come home from a trip abroad. As you draw near the pier the hands of loved ones wave to you, the steamer ties up to her wharf and you are again in the arms of those so dear. So it is at death. You have been long away from those at home, but the vessel that has carried you—your body—ties up some day to the little green wharf on some quiet hillside and you again are with your dear ones.

There rolls the last stone away.  
Rev. John Brittan Clark.

### The Easter-tide.

WHEN this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—for when the Christ, nailed to the Cross on that far distant day, turning to the thief beside him cried: "Today shalt