

## GRANDMOTHER'S EASTER HYMN.

By Mrs. Fidelity Braden.

VERY year she softly sang it, bending 'bove the lilies there,  
With the sunlight dancing, glancing, resting on her silvery hair;  
And her voice still sweet, though quav'ring, mingling with the bells' clear chime,  
Is a memory most precious, of our earliest Easter time.

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,  
Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Alleluia!  
Who did once upon the Cross,  
Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss,  
Alleluia!"

And at church one Easter morning, I remember how she sang,  
In her pew so feebly sitting, loudly the responses rang;  
Hymn-book grasped by trembling fingers, dim blue eyes upraised in prayer,  
Every word so long consulting, rounded out with tender care.

"Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
Alleluia!  
Unto Christ our Heavenly King,  
Alleluia!  
Who endured the Cross and Grave,  
Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save,  
Alleluia!"

How we children loved to listen, while she sang for us alone,  
Sitting in the Easter twilight, even when far older grown!  
She would speak of Christ's great suffering, death, and resurrection too,  
Ending with these Easter hymn-words, all so wonderful and true:

"But the pain which He endured,  
Alleluia!  
Our salvation hath procured,  
Alleluia!  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Alleluia!  
Where the angels ever sing,  
Alleluia!"

Long she'd sung with myriad angels, round the shining throne above,  
Seeing too the risen Saviour, whom she ever knew to love;  
And perhaps this hymn inspiring, she so treasured here below,  
Is repeated in remembrance of their dear Lord's earthly woes:

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Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Alleluia!  
Who did once upon the Cross,  
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Suffer to redeem our loss,  
Alleluia!"

—N. Y. Observer.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES

By I. McRoss.

W H Y, yes, Mrs. Barr, of course we must have the church decorated Easter; we always do.

Mrs. Barr could not restrain a smile as she said: "I have heard that Miss Prescott had a great many handsome plants; perhaps—"

"Land of freedom!" interrupted Mrs. Saunders. "You don't think of asking her for any, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" scornfully; "because she never gives nor does anything for anybody but herself, an' hasn't for more'n fifteen years!"

"Did anything happen—"

"Yes, I suppose there did," Mrs. Saunders again interrupted. "Olivia Prescott wa'n't more'n seventeen or so when she an' Philip Eustis was keepin' company, in spite of the Squire who did his best to stop it. 'Livia's mother was dead, an' the Squire brought his girl up awful strict; wouldn't listen to an engagement between such children, as he called 'em. But the trouble all come over religion; beats all how folks will quarrel over religion!"

"Over beliefs," Mrs. Barr quickly corrected her. "It is difference of belief that often kindles quarrels which true religion must heal."

"Religion never healed that one. You see, Phil was strong Episcopal, an' Squire Prescott was just the unist kind of a Unitarian, an' I s'pose there is some difference between the two. Well, just this same day, the Saturday before Easter, Phil went to get 'Livia to help decorate the church, 'cause sometimes she used to go with him to the Episcopal. He an' the Squire got to arguin', just as they always did when they met, an' got to quarrellin', just as they always did when they argued. Somehow 'Livia got drawn into the jangle, an' at last the Squire brought his fist down an' says: 'Olivia Prescott, don't you ever dare set foot inside that Episcopal church ag'n; if you do I'll—' but he never finished, for 'Livia spoke up: 'You needn't be afraid that I will go into that or any other church again as long as I live! If religion can breed such angry words and hard feelings I don't want it! As for you, Philip Eustis, before I speak to you again you will have time to get that temper of yours under better control!'"

"By the time she was through talking both men had cooled off some and tried to make her take back what she had said; but 'twan't in her to take back, any more'n 'twas in the Squire,

She's never been to church since and she and Phil never made up."

"What has become of Philip Eustis?"

"He went off out west somewhere. The old Squire died a few years ago, an' late years 'Livia doesn't go hardly anywheres."

"At any rate, I think I shall call upon her," decided Mrs. Barr, as she at last rose to go.

"You won't get any further than her doorstep if you try," answered Mrs. Saunders, laughing indulgently.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sure. When you ring, 'Livia'll come to the door; she won't ask you in, but just stand there and freeze you with her cold looks until you'll be glad to go home."

"Mrs. Saunders was not far wrong," Mrs. Barr thought, as she was confronted by Olivia, standing tall and straight in the doorway, a look of inquiry upon her cold, handsome face.

"I am Mrs. Barr, the minister's wife," she introduced herself, with an embarrassed smile. "May I come in and talk to you a few moments?"

In silence Olivia led the way to the sitting-room. It was a chilly April day, but the wood fire blazing upon the hearth made the room warm and cheerful. Soft carpets, rich hangings, well-filled book-cases and a table piled high with the latest books and periodicals spoke of the occupant's luxurious tastes.

Olivia made no effort to break the silence, and at last Mrs. Barr said:

"Ever since I came here I have been hoping to meet you, Miss—"

"I am not a member of any church; it has been many years since I was in a church, and I never intend to go again."

She spoke decidedly, but without anger, and Mrs. Barr looked perplexed.

"I am sorry, not alone for ourselves, though with your abilities you might do a great deal for us, but I am sorry for you, too, because you are losing

telling their story. She threw down her book and sprang angrily to her feet.

"Consider the lilies! Consider the lilies!" she cried. "It seems to me I am considering them whether I want to or not! I'll try repeating the words a hundred times; they say that is the way to lay such haunts!"

Back and forth she walked, repeating the words over and over; but the charm failed. The perfume of the lilies stole into her room, and their message surged through her brain as she lay awake through the long night. She rose in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, but with mind at rest. After breakfast she said to Jane Simmons her old housekeeper, "Jane, can you harness Prince into the open wagon?"

"Why, yes, of course I kin; but what are you going to do with him on a Sunday?" asked Jane, with the familiarity born of 20 years' faithful service.

"You'll see," was the smiling answer. The smile was as rare as the flushed face and elated manner. Jane stared a few moments, then went reluctantly to the stable.

"Now help me put these lilies into the wagon," was Olivia's next command. The lilies were followed by the palms, ferns and flowering plants until the wagon was full; then Olivia drove away, and Jane gazed after her, muttering:

"She's either gone clear out of her senses, or else," Jane paused, "she's come into them; nox, which is it?"

There was more astonishment than reverence in the faces of the congregation assembled in the old meeting-house that Easter morning. Olivia sitting in the Prescott pew! Olivia's lilies perfuming the air, her flowers making the dingy room beautiful! What could have worked the miracle?

Olivia was outwardly calm and attentive; in reality she was thinking of the little cripple who had that morning

clashed in his arms a pot of her choicest lilies; she could see him as he touched the flowers with his lips, laid his thin cheeks against them, and hugged them in an ecstasy of enjoyment. She thought, too, of Auntie Cooper, bedridden for many years, and of how the tears had run down the old woman's cheeks as she clasped the lilies in her arms. And as she thought of these things she closed her eyes and murmured:

"I thank Thee, Lord, not alone for these lilies, the emblem of His resurrection, but also that I, Olivia, have at last come out of the grave of selfishness, where I have lain buried by pride and stubbornness."

The sermon was ended and the benediction spoken, yet not one of the congregation moved; they stood, almost breathlessly watching Olivia until the minister stepped from the pulpit and walked toward her pew; then old friends surged around her, with kind faces and cheery voices. She met them with outstretched hand and friendly smile and led them to the lilies.

"I have never before had so many nor so fine lilies. I want to give them to you." The hardness and coldness had left her face; instead there shone a warmth of tenderness and glow of kindness.

"You see I have 'considered the lilies,'" she said, as she handed a pot of them to Mrs. Barr.

"Seems as if you an' the lilies must be related," 'Livia, you look so much alike," said old Mrs. Price, as she looked first at Olivia and then at the lilies.

A flash of color swept over Olivia's face, leaving it deadly pale. Philip Eustis had once told her that she was like the pale, slender lilies, and that he loved them for the likeness!

Reaction from her excited feelings was fast taking place, fatigue and depression of spirits settled upon her. With a weary smile she said good-by. As she stepped into the church vestibule a man came forward to greet her, "Olivia!" he said, and held out his hand.

Pale, trembling, bewildered, she put her hand in his and looked into his face.

"Philip!"

"Olivia, I came back here just to get a glimpse of you; I didn't expect that you would care to see me after all this time; but something in your face this morning, while I watched you giving away your lilies, gave me courage to wait and speak to you."

"You did right," she said, as they turned together and walked slowly down the path from the church.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness."



"I HAVE COME TO ASK YOUR FORGIVENESS."

the happiness that comes from doing and giving."

Olivia gave no sign of interest, and Mrs. Barr did not have the courage to pursue such a one-sided conversation. She looked toward the large bay window filled with blooming plants; conspicuous among them was a tier of Easter lilies, a mass of snowy, fragrant bloom.

"Consider the lilies," quoted Mrs. Barr, reverently. "Do you consider them?"

"I have taken all the care of them since I put the bulbs into the soil, so I suppose that I have considered them more or less every day."

"I do not mean their manner of growth alone, nor the beautiful taint; have you thought of the pleasure that the sight of them would give to those who never see a flower during the long, cold winter?"

"I suppose you mean that I ought to send them to the church to-morrow," said Olivia, contemptuously.

"We certainly would like them there, but you can do good with them by sending them to other places. You can put them into the homes of the poor and sick, and every lily-bell will ring out a message of love and gladness."

There was another long silence; and finally the discouraged Mrs. Barr rose and took her leave.

As soon as she had gone Olivia took up a book and read a page or two mechanically; but the only words that she saw were: "Consider the lilies; consider the lilies." And the air of the room was heavy with their perfume.

"I've been staying in the house too closely," she thought. "I'll go to the woods and get rid of this mental fuzz."

On her way she passed a little cottage; at the window was a crippled boy caressing the leaves of a sickly flowerless geranium.

"Consider the lilies; consider the lilies." The words rang in her ears, whistled through the leafless branches and vibrated in the air.

She filled her hands with twigs of budding willows, partridge vine and princess pine, and hurried nervously home. When she opened the door the lily-scented air rushed upon her with sickening force; she sank into a chair, and looked at the lilies long and steadily until the beautiful waxen bells changed to reproachful faces. Old memories crowded upon her—of that quarrel years ago; of Philip Eustis, her father and old schoolmate. Somehow she felt that she had not done altogether well. The past years seemed so barren and useless; the future loomed before her dreary and desolate.

She went upstairs, shut the door to keep out the scent of the lilies, and again tried to read, but the lilies kept

claiming; and the old name sounded good from her lips. "It is I who should ask yours, for it was I who did the wrong, not you. I had shut you out; I had determined to forget you, and I had almost succeeded. And all these days my heart has been hardened against the good. I have been selfish, so selfish. But it is over now; the flowers, Phil, my Easter lilies, they made me see and understand. I have asked God to forgive me, too?"

He smiled at her without answering, but she understood.

"We must both forgive," she said.

"And with your forgiving you must also give."

She looked up.

"Will you give me—yourself?" he questioned.

There was a glow in her eyes as she put out her hand to touch his sleeve.

"Yes, Phil," she said, quietly, "though I don't deserve it. I should have been punished more. Instead, I am made happy."

They drove home together in the wagon, and Olivia laughed over it.

"See," she said, suddenly, as they passed a small house at the end of the village, "it is the little cripple to whom I took some flowers!"

The boy in the window waved his hand and laughed to them, and the blossoms by his side seemed to nod, too.

"They have done so much good—the lilies," said Olivia, looking up into her companion's face. "We must have them every year, Phil, you and I."—Woman's Home Companion.

"My forgiveness, Phil!" she exclaimed; and the old name sounded good from her lips. "It is I who should ask yours, for it was I who did the wrong, not you. I had shut you out; I had determined to forget you, and I had almost succeeded. And all these days my heart has been hardened against the good. I have been selfish, so selfish. But it is over now; the flowers, Phil, my Easter lilies, they made me see and understand. I have asked God to forgive me, too?"

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"They have done so much good—the lilies," said Olivia, looking up into her companion's face. "We must have them every year, Phil, you and I."—Woman's Home Companion.

My forgiveness, Phil!" she exclaimed; and the old name sounded good from her lips. "It is I who should ask yours, for it was I who did the wrong, not you. I had shut you out; I had determined to forget you, and I had almost succeeded. And all these days my heart has been hardened against the good. I have been selfish, so selfish. But it is over now; the flowers, Phil, my Easter lilies, they made me see and understand. I have asked God to forgive me, too?"

He smiled at her without answering, but she understood.

"We must both forgive," she said.

"And with your forgiving you must also give."

She looked up.

"Will you give me—yourself?" he questioned.

There was a glow in her eyes as she put out her hand to touch his sleeve.

"Yes, Phil," she said, quietly, "though I don't deserve it. I should have been punished more. Instead, I am made happy."

They drove home together in the wagon, and Olivia laughed over it.

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DISTRESS IN HAWAII.  
An Englishman Claims that Annexation Has Been a Bad Thing for the Islanders.  
London, March 22.—The Saturday Review, continuing its anti-American campaign, publishes a long communication from Alfred Stead, son of William T. Stead, the editor, picturing the alleged deplorable condition of Hawaii as a result of annexation to the United States.

Mr. Stead says that unvarying lament is heard from every class, whether planter, merchant or member of the government, to the effect that Hawaii has reaped no good from annexation. The foremost advocates of annexation in 1898 are now the most bitter and outspoken in bewailing its accomplishment. Mr. Stead says that the application of the American coastwise navigation laws has deprived the islands of the use of 371,863 tons of shipping annually, thus crippling trade and raising freight rates.

The wealthy inhabitants of the islands, continues Mr. Stead, when they are in a hurry to reach the Pacific coast are frequently forced to take passage on a foreign vessel and pay a fine of \$200 in addition to their fare.

The frequent calls of transports are disliked, since they almost always bring smallpox or some other contagion requiring quarantine, and the exclusion of the Chinese is ruining the labor market.

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