

EASTER LILIES.

Bring lilies, Easter lilies,
For those who languish now
On weary beds of sickness,
With fever-throbbing brow,
Oh, bid them breathe their fragrance,
And look with joy above
To God, who sends the lilies,
Pure messengers of love!

Bring lilies, Easter lilies,
And strew their spotless bloom
Where bends some lonely mother
Above a tiny tomb,
That she who weeps in anguish
May find a solace there,
Since He who guards the lilies
Will for her darling care.

Bring lilies, Easter lilies,
Unto God's holy place,
And breathe about His altars
Their sweetness and their grace;
Where kneel His true disciples,
While happy children sing
Of Christ among the lilies,
Our Risen Priest and King.
—Ruth Raymond.



"OVER THERE" AN EASTER MESSAGE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

It was a rather long ferry, and the boat forged steadily onward against the tide. On the forward deck close to the chain stood a lady in deepest mourning, carrying in her hands a splendid sheaf of American Beauty roses. Their glorious color and sweet perfume, their long stems reaching nearly to the hem of her dress, and their lavish number made her a conspicuous object to her fellow passengers. "My! they must have cost a fortune!" exclaimed a thirly clad young girl who stood a little distance off, admiring the magnificent bloom, and secretly wishing that she had only one such rose to carry with her to the bedside of a sick mother. The



"PRESENTLY SHE STOPPED THE CARRIAGE AND WAITED FOR HIM."

home, only one is pale and suffering and cannot sleep at night and may never walk again, while the other is full of health and strength and beauty in the homeland.

"Ten weeks ago," the lady replied, "I was the mother of an only son. He was everything that a mother's heart could wish, an athlete in body and mind. He filled my life with pride and joy. He was taken mysteriously ill, and in three days he was gone. My husband is dead, and I have no other child. I cannot see an inch beyond the grave where they laid him. I cannot think of my Harold sitting still with a golden harp and resting forever. He was not tired, he did not need rest, he had life before him, and death snatched him away."

"Yes," answered the new friend, as the horses walked slowly up the hill and then passed through the cemetery gate into the beautiful God's-acre where so many sleepers lay peacefully beneath the grass and flowers. "Yes, I can understand, but don't you know the word in Revelation where it says that His servants shall serve Him? I can't think of my Mildred as sitting still and singing. She was one that flitted about like a butterfly in the sun, and she loved to wait upon others. I think the dear Lord has set her some task over there that her little hands can do, and he has found a place for your boy. I did not bring all my lilies for Mildred. I have saved some to make Easter Sunday happier for Sophy, and I think that is what Mildred would like. Good-by, dear lady, and may God bless you."



CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

They went on their separate ways, and on the return journey they did not meet, but the man's faith had kindled a little warmth in the woman's heart, and the ice therein began to melt. She left her roses on the mound that covered her boy and hid him from her sight. But that evening she went to a Settlement in which he had been interested, and although the young men were mostly Hebrews, to whom Easter in its Christian significance was a mockery, she bore to them a gift, not merely of fragrant flowers, but of sweet womanly love. She said to the leader of the group with whom Harold had often met, "I want to do something for these boys for Harold's sake, to keep his memory green. You must tell me what to do."

She sent other flowers to a hospital in which there were many crippled children, and the nurses told her a day or two later that she would have been more than repaid had she seen the eager clutch of tiny claw-like hands, and the light on little wizened faces when a flower was laid beside every pillow. Her regret was that she had not asked her fellow passenger his name. She would have been glad to have helped the daughter whom he had mentioned as an invalid in his home. He had said his word in season, and apparently passed altogether out of her sight. This is a little world, however, and in it unlikely things are always happening.

The Easter music in its triumphant cadences had floated up to join the angels' song, the Easter flowers had faded and summer had come. Long rows of great houses on stately New York avenues were closed for the summer, and those who lingered latest were preparing to depart to the seashore or the mountains. Harold's mother had lingered long, but she was going at last, and the express company were taking to the station her trunks and boxes. Stepping out to pay the expressman who had placed her trunks in the wagon, she was struck by something familiar, and suddenly recalled her friend of Passion week. She took his hand and looked into his eyes, her own filling with tears, not wholly sorrowful. "Oh, I am glad to see you!" she said. "You opened the door for me, although you did not know it, into a new world, a world of courage and of good cheer. What you said that day led me to study my Bible, and now I believe that heaven is a reality. I can wait for it. Tell me where you live. I want to get acquainted with your little Sophy and her mother."

"Something like a falling curtain for an instant obscured the steady courage and quiet serenity of the man's strong face. "It will be so good in you," he said. "Sophy has a lonely time of it, poor child. Her mother has been insane for three years." Then the curtain seemed to rise. "It is the will of God," he said. "God knows what is right."

The lady deferred her journey for a day that she might visit the little flat which was the home of her friend, the expressman, where his daughter Sophy sat by the window most of the day. The neighbors were kind and the father was accustomed to doing much woman's work, so that the flat had a homelike aspect. The first visit was one of many continued after the summer had gone, and a skilled physician was found who was able greatly to benefit the invalid girl. So the blessing of Easter made a long path of brightness in the little home as in the large one.

One never knows on what errand he may be sent between sunrise and sunset. One never knows what messenger is coming from the King with a command, a greeting, or a bit of consolation. God's angels come to us sometimes as unseen visitants, breathing into our ears thoughts that vibrate with the melody of heaven. But all the angels do not stand around the throne of God. An angel is a messenger, and the woman who fills your fields, the minister who preaches to you from the pulpit and the friend who writes you a timely letter may do angels' work and bring you angelic cheer. Chief among God's angels dwelling here, or winging their flight to us from over there, are those who teach us to believe that the Lord is risen indeed.—Christian Herald.

The Easter Story.
Tell again the wondrous story,
How one morn at break of day
Weeping women fringing spaces
Came to where the Saviour lay.
How the angel, white and shining,
Said, "The Master is not here;
He is risen!"
Tell the news and do not fear."

Now we call the glad time Easter;
And when Easter comes each year
Every living thing rejoices,
All the bells ring out good cheer.
Blossoms come to trees and flowers
That have slept the winter long,
And all joyous little children
Sing the gladsome Easter song.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw recently performed the ceremony at the wedding of Miriam, adopted daughter of Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, to Arthur Raymond Kinney.

Mrs. Mary Keys was the first woman in our country to take out a patent. She invented a process of weaving straw with silk or thread, and the process was first put into practice in 1809, one hundred years ago. It was only a few years later that the present-day corset was invented, the patent being granted to a woman. The globe for teaching geography was patented by a woman. Many improvements and attachments to machinery have been invented by women. The inventors are usually employes—operatives or clerks, in the establishments where the machinery is used. A woman clerk in a New York department store recently invented a parcel delivery system, and secured the patent in her own name, and the system is now being used in the store where she was employed. A Rhode Island woman has the credit for inventing both an electric alarm clock, and an improved fire escape device. Many of the medical appliances used in hospitals are the inventions of women nurses. A patent was recently granted a woman for a letter-box, to be used on the outside of houses, that shows a signal when there is a letter inside for the postman to collect. This device is already on the market and largely used in some of our Eastern cities.

Singular as it may seem, most of the small inventions for simplifying

WOMAN'S REALM

Against Mothers-in-Law.
The new woman in China instead of following the example of her English and American sisters in railing against the tyranny of men has revolted against her relations-in-law. One of the women's clubs in Shanghai proclaims as its object "rebellion against mothers-in-law."—New York Sun.

Miss Smedley's Work.
Miss Constance Smedley was the founder of the Lyceum Club for women, opened in 1904. Its building is one of the finest club houses in London, and was previously occupied by the Imperial Service and Piccadilly Clubs. Since the inauguration Miss Smedley has acted as honorary secretary, and her resignation from that position on her recent marriage is a great loss to the club. All her time was devoted to its interest, and its progress has been so rapid that the membership now numbers 3000. Through her endeavors the Paris and Berlin branches of the club are well established.—Argonaut.

Good Taste in Dress.
The size and form and coloring of the individual must be considered. White reflects light, making the surface appear larger; dark absorbs light, making the surface appear smaller; smooth but not shiny material produces a smaller appearance. Stripes tend to lengthen the figure, plaids attract attention. The eye follows the plaid, measuring off any inequality. Only a well built person of average size wears plaids well. Stripes running around are tiring. The eye follows the stripe and either large-ness or smallness is exaggerated. It is poor taste for very large or small

Potato Salad.—Two cups of sliced cold boiled potatoes, one teaspoon of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoon of pepper, one tablespoon of vinegar, three tablespoons of olive oil, one teaspoon of chopped parsley, a few drops of onion juice. Cut the potatoes into half-inch squares. Sprinkle over them the salt and pepper. Add the parsley and oil, the vinegar and onion juice, stirring with a fork till absorbed. Serve cold.

Persons to wear stripes or trimming running around.—Helena M. Plumb, Illinois Farmers' Institute.

Feminine Fancies.
The henpecked man is under his wife's finger because she governs him by rule of thumb. When you hear that the average girl has experienced a change of heart it means that she has become engaged to another young man.

The patient wife never regrets not keeping a servant girl so much as when there is chicken for dinner and she has to take the neck herself. The new woman is now seen everywhere, although the old-fashioned clinging kind can still be found hanging to the straps in the street cars. A woman is more sentimental and sympathetic than a man, but only a woman could be consoled for the death of her pet bird by the thought that the wings would make her a hat just too lovely for anything.—Washington Star.

This Woman Made Good.
When, in 1796, Don Carlos Martinez, Marquis d'Urujo, came to America as Spanish minister, Washington wrote of him: "He is a young man, very free and easy in his manners, professes to be well disposed toward the United States, and as far as a judgment can be formed on so slight an acquaintance, appears to be well informed." He married Sally McKean, daughter of the chief justice of Pennsylvania. She was considered a great beauty. D'Urujo was afterward conspicuous in Spanish affairs, and his son, the Duke of Sotomayer, born in Philadelphia, became prime minister. Philadelphia furnished wives for the envoys of France, England and Spain during Washington's administration, and a large number of foreign ministers have since been married to American women.—Washington Star.

Women Inventors.
We are told that, according to the records, five hundred patents have been taken out by women in England in the last decade. But we need not fear that our English consuls will outdo us in this field of endeavor. There is scarcely a page of the official list of patents at Washington that does not record some woman's success in this line. And very often devices for machinery, and the like, invented by women, are not patented in their own name, but are bought out-right by the manufacturer.

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HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Oyster Cocktails.
There is a fancy abroad for serving the oyster cocktails in tomato or green pepper shells. For the dressing use a tablespoonful each of horseradish, vinegar, tomato catsup and table sauce, a saltspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of tobacco sauce. This quantity is sufficient for twenty oysters. Chill shells and sauce in the ice.—New York Sun.

Celery and Oysters.
There is a delicious chafing dish savory that combines celery and oysters. Have ready a big tablespoonful of minced celery. Put it into a blazer with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt and paprika. When the mixture bubbles turn in twenty-four oysters and cook them until they are plump. Then add a cupful of cream and when it is thoroughly heated serve on toast.—New York Sun.

The Toughest Chicken.
Whether the chicken be old and tough or young and tender, it is greatly improved by this treatment: After it is killed let it stand some fifteen minutes, to allow the animal warmth to cool, then submerge in a vessel of cold water; be sure that every part is under. Put a weight over it and leave some ten or twelve hours, then remove, scald, pick off the feathers, and truss. The toughest chicken will be good and juicy after this treatment.—American Cultivator.

Creamed Oysters.
For tasty creamed oysters, plump the oysters in a spoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Then remove the oysters with a skimmer, keep them hot, and add another tablespoonful of butter to the liquid in the pan. When it bubbles stir in a tablespoonful of flour, rub it smooth with a bit of rich milk. When it thickens, stir in the yolks of two eggs and the oysters and beat thoroughly, but do not boil.—New York Sun.

Welsh Rarebit.
Put a pound of fresh American cheese cut in small pieces in the blazer of the chafing dish, and begin to press and stir. When melted and nearly soft, add two butter balls, paprika, salt and mustard to taste. Mix well, add one-half cupful of cream and stir until smooth. Add two well beaten eggs, stir hard just a moment, put on the cover of the dish and let the mixture rest with the flame turned on for two or three seconds longer without stirring, then serve on toast or crackers.—Washington Star.

Orange Marmalade.
There are various rules for making marmalade, but here is one of the easiest. Allow for one dozen oranges, six lemons and eight pounds of sugar. With a very sharp knife slice thin the oranges and lemons, unpeeled, and put in a preserving kettle or stone jar. Cover with three quarts of cold water and soak overnight. The next morning cook in the same water for three hours, keeping at a gentle simmer, then add the sugar, which should have been heated in the oven, and cook for about one hour longer. This may look too thin, but will thicken as it cools. Turn into glasses and cover, when cold, with paraffin.—Washington Star.

Cinnamon Buns.
Scald one cup milk; while hot add two tablespoonfuls sugar and two rounded tablespoonfuls butter. Cool to lukewarm, then add half a compressed yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls warm water and three eggs well beaten without separating. Now add enough flour to make a dough (about two cupfuls). It should be soft and elastic. Knead well, then put into a small pan, cover and stand where it will keep warm until it has doubled in bulk. It will take about four hours. Turn lightly on the moulding board, roll into a sheet, spread the sheet with butter, then cover thickly with sugar, using nearly a cupful. Dust lightly with cinnamon, sprinkle with currants and roll up into a long roll. Cut into biscuits about an inch and a half long and stand up endwise in small round buttered pans. Cover lightly and let rise for an hour and a half, then bake in a moderate, steady oven for an hour.—Washington Star.

Paris says colors are growing crude.
Cream white and biscuit will be smart. There are many new eyes made of shaped solid metal instead of twisted wire. In Paris many of the smartest hats are worn with ties that fasten under the chin. Dainty hand-painted lace blouses are being worn with the dressy tailored suits. With the long sleeves gloves are less in evidence, and rings more on display. Flat net, mounted on soft satin, is still a great favorite as an evening dress material. Pattern robes and ready-to-wear linen frocks show a tendency to tunk effect in trimming. Brown is more popular in children's clothing this season than it has been in many years. Gimpes and sleeves are trimmed abundantly with lace and tucks of allover embroidery. The smartest colors will be taupe, mole, smoke, vapor gray, sulphur, old jade and the cashmere colors. One of the most becoming head ornaments seen lately was a fillet of black velvet embroidered with silver and green thistles. The sleeve that fits tightly at the wrist flares out over the hand and often has a little strap of elastic or the inside through which the thumb is slipped. A novel piece of headgear is the cabriolet with one string only, and that a long one, capable of being wound around the neck and left to flow down the back. There has come about a fashion, not new but a revival, of fastening a light, circular skirt under an ornamented design that runs left to right across the figure from waist to hem.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To bleach faded cotton wash in boiling cream of tartar water. To clean plaster of paris ornaments cover them with a thick coat of Plane keys, as well as all ivory articles, should be cleaned with alcohol. Add some milk to the water with which you wash palms. This causes them to shine. ing of corn starch, and allow this to become perfectly dry. Then it may be brushed off, and the dirt with it. Cauliflower should be turned head downwards in cooking, so that any scum may not by any chance settle on the white portion. The resistance of glass jars that refuse to open can be overcome by setting them, top downward, in an inch or two of hot water. Dirt will instantly disappear from sinks, bath tubs and wash bowls if a woolen cloth dampened in gasoline is rubbed over the places. To keep windows clean rub with a cloth slightly moistened with paraffin, afterward polishing with dry soft dusters or chamols leather. The paraffin prevents flies settling and making marks on the glass. New flannel should be put into clean, cold water and kept there for a day or so, changing the water frequently. Wash well in warm water, using a little soap to remove the oil. Flannel thus washed does not harden or shrink.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS

From the Writings of Great Preachers.

GOLDEN AGE.
Sweet is childhood! How soon 'tis o'er!
We kiss and part;
Then comes youth, the arrant rover,
How like the bear,
Succedeth manhood, toil and duty,
And lurking cares;
Then hoary age, which is the beauty
In which God shares.

The child outgrows his drum and horn—
His laughing eyes;
And youth succeeds to childhood's morn—
Yet oft he sighs;
And man plods on in patient toil,
Midst hopes and fears,
But age, content, eased of turmoil,
Sweet cadence hears.

Age backward turns—sees visions gay,
And manhood blest;
Sees youth rush out into the fray
With eager zest;
And then the child with tangled curls
And cheeks of tan,
Again he sees, The dream unfurls
The Father's plan.

So childhood, youth and manhood meet
In golden age,
And dreams of life are ofttimes sweet
As turns life's page;
Then toil and cares are passing fleet,
For God is nigh,
And sweet the sound of angel feet,
We hear go by.
—T. G. Arden, in Christian Herald.

The Best Retreat.
Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—Psalm 37:7.
We are a bustling people. We are always in a hurry, for time is money, and to make time in the earnest endeavor in all our activities. These conditions have brought our nation into a state of restlessness and inquietude which cannot be found so pronounced in any other nation. And then the child with tangled curls and cheeks of tan, again he sees, The dream unfurls the Father's plan.

If we faithfully seek and find this safe retreat in the grace of the reconciled God then the cause of all our restlessness will be removed and there will be fulfilled what the Saviour says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Has not God Himself recognized the necessity of such a retreat by setting aside one day out of seven to give time and occasion for seeking recreation for the body and rest for the soul? Has not the church recognized it by fixing the Lenten season, which is a retreat into the holiest of holies, full of rest and blessing to the soul? And does not the State recognize it by saying that over a quiet Sunday as essential to the welfare of the people?

Let us thank God that He has given us this retreat, in which even the poorest can partake. Let us rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.—Ernest A. Tappert, in Sunday Herald.

Growth in Grace.
You are not to measure your growth in grace, or holiness, by your advances in knowledge, or zeal, or any other passionate impression of the mind; no, nor by the fervor of devotion alone; but by the habitual determination of the will for God, and by your prevailing disposition to obey His commands, and submit to His disposal, and to promote His cause in the world. * * * Too great a stress is commonly laid on the flow of affections; and for want of this a Christian who is ript in grace, and greatly advanced in his preparation for glory, may sometimes be ready to lament imaginary rather than real decays, and to say, without any just foundation, "Oh, that it were with me as in months past." (Job 29:2.) Therefore you can hardly be too frequently told, that religion consists mainly in the resolute, obing of the will for God, and in a constant care to avoid whatever we are persuaded He would disapprove; to dispatch the work He has assigned us in life, and to promote His glory in the happiness of mankind.

To do this we are principally to attend, looking in all to the simplicity and purity of those motives from which we act, which we know are chiefly regarded by glory, may sometimes be ready to lament imaginary rather than real decays, and to say, without any just foundation, "Oh, that it were with me as in months past." (Job 29:2.) Therefore you can hardly be too frequently told, that religion consists mainly in the resolute, obing of the will for God, and in a constant care to avoid whatever we are persuaded He would disapprove; to dispatch the work He has assigned us in life, and to promote His glory in the happiness of mankind.

To Prove and Strengthen Us.
All providences are doors to trials. Even our mercies, like roses, have their thorns. Our mountains are not too high and our valleys are not too low for temptations; trials lurk on all roads. Everywhere, above and beneath, we are beset and surrounded with dangers. Yet no shower falls unpermitted from the threatening cloud; every drop has its order ere it hastens to the earth. The trials which come from God are sent to prove and strengthen us.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A CLEVER DISTINCTION.
Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.
"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked.
When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained unatended.
At last Miss K. said, "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"
"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child politely. "I only said that I liked it."—Woman's Home Companion.