



"The angel opened forth her roll, and sang:
 'Behold! He hath arisen!' and the song
 Swept mountain, moor, and silent sea, and rang
 Within the black tents on the desert sands!
 Then all things beautiful in earth awoke--
 The wayside flower smiled, and loving hands
 Sought, lovingly, to do some loving deed!
 Behold! He hath arisen!--and we know
 There is no death! He calls us, and we go!"

JESSICA'S LILY

Jessica had a dream. Often of a Sunday morning, when she sat in church with her great blue eyes fixed so steadfastly on the minister's face, she was dreaming it.

It was to have a lily to care for and love until it grew to be tall and graceful with a beautiful white blossom on top, then with her own hands take it to church on Easter morning and place it on the pulpit step.

The morning of Jessica's birthday the postman left a little square box addressed to her. Inside, wrapped in many folds of tissue paper, she found an odd looking object, something like an ill-shaped onion in layers of dried brown leaves. Outside the box, these words: "Easter lily bulb." Then she knew it was a gift from the minister, and that he wished her dream to come true.

What a happy girl she was! She went to the florist's and had a pot filled with earth, then with careful, loving hands she patted the bulb down safe in its bed of earth and set it away far back in a dark, cool closet.

By and by four tiny green sacks commenced to grow on top that swelled larger and larger, until the green case began to crack and the very night before Easter Jessica had four beautiful sweet white lilies.

Now all that remained to fulfill the dream was to carry it to church, no easy task for a little girl like Jessica, but early in the morning she started out, hugging it close in two stout, loving little arms, that often ached under their beautiful burden. Once she set it down on the sidewalk to rest her arms. She pulled the paper away from the top and looked into the blossoms. They looked to her like beautiful white, gold-throated bells. She felt sure they were a set of flower chimes, and when the breeze set them swaying gently, she imagined she could hear the music.

But the tapping on the window opposite was not imagination. Jessica was a little frightened. Then she saw the girl.

"Won't you let me look at it, just a minute?" the girl asked, in a thin, high voice.

Jessica lifted the lily and carried it across the street; then she braced it up against the rickety fence.

"You may smell it if I can come in a minute," she said.

There was a cry from the girl. "Oh! granny! hurry! hurry!" and the next minute Jessica found herself in the bare little room, and the lily set on the floor and the poor, misshapen mite of humanity bending in awe over it.

Finally she leaned back in her chair with closed eyes and said: "It must be right from heaven!"

There was a very tender smile on Jessica's lips as she leaned over her beloved lily and kissed each blossom, but a tear trickled down into one golden throated cup.

"I will give it to you," she said, moving it yet nearer the girl. "I guess God will see it here quick as he would in church."

After service Jessica and the minister walked down the street, hand in hand, and she told him about the girl and the lily. He was silent, so silent she thought he was offended.

"I am sorry if I did wrong," Jessica said. "But she was so poor and sick, and--"

The minister looked down at her and there were tears in his eyes, which she thought very strange indeed.

"Wrong?" he said. "Why, my child, you placed that lily on the very topmost step of God's throne!"

Jessica gave his hand a happy little squeeze, and her feet would skip, for the world is such a beautiful place when one's dreams come true.

AN EASTER VISION

It was Easter Sunday. The streets were thronged with well-dressed people on their way to church, and the spring air was full of the joyous sound of bells.

"What a hollow mockery!" thought one sad-faced woman as she stood amid the worshippers in the crowded transept.

The priest stretched out his hands toward the kneeling flock and spoke of the butterfly and the chrysalis, the marvel of revived and blossoming earth. Yet his words were meaningless, cold and empty in the ears of the sad, black-robed woman who sought in vain for consolation.

Were there indeed those mansions of God of which the rector spoke? Had these people found them? Why, then, were they barred to her? Ah, in her bitterness, she doubted if she really cared for such joys. All she yearned for was the one tender, human smile which told her she was forever banished. Her heart rose up in a spasm of rebellion. It could not be true that anything so good was irrevocably gone.

"Christ is risen--is risen from the dead!" sang the choir; but the sad and lonely woman turned and left the church.

That afternoon she walked along country roads, through the delicious odors of the spring-filled air. As she trod the brown meadows the sky was aglow with the dulling gold of the sunshine and the wind bore to her the scent of fresh hyacinths.

Still she wandered on, unheeding, absorbed in the bitterness of her own heart, until she saw before her a country churchyard, where a woman, black-robed, like herself, bent sobbing above a new-made grave. Drawn by some intangible chord of sympathy, she walked over to where the other wept at the tomb.

"It is Easter," said the second woman, mechanically lifting her heavy eyes, "and he is dead." A sudden comprehension came to her glance; she reached out her hand and touched the stranger's gown. "You understand!" she cried. "You too--"

"Yes, I understand," answered the first woman, monotonously. "Your story is also mine. He is dead." "They are gone from us forever," cried the woman at the grave, with a burst of wild weeping. "Ah, for one sign of immortality, for one hope, one dream that it is not forever--that they but sleep to live again!"

And then for both these sorrowing souls was wrought a miracle! Life, for the instant, threw aside its mask of death and revealed itself in its serene majesty of reality. The sky became more vivid and opaline; the wind blew more freshly, bearing a thousand scents; hepaticas were blooming at their feet; a bird soared, singing, from the ground.

For the moment they seemed to feel the swirl of the earth on its axis, the stars revolving in their spheres, the mighty heave of the great oceans of life, and knew that there was nothing in time nor space nor existence, but change, motion and vitality.

And then one brief moment they felt and knew the presence of their dead infinitely near and comforting, and were assured beyond all doubt that there was

The freer step, the fuller breath, the wide horizon's grander view. The sense of life that knows no death, the life that maketh all things new.

And then the vision passed, the scales fell upon their eyes, their ears once more grew dull. And yet its memory remained. They stood together in the world, as they had known it, alone; but forevermore desolate.

BUDS OF EASTER

The florists are looking happy. According to experts, this Easter will create a new record for the flower market.

Last Easter's flower prices indicated that nearly \$1,000,000 was expended in New York city alone for cut flowers and plants, and there are florists who confidently predict that even this sum will be overtopped this season.

The lily, both cut and potted, is queen of the Easter market. This year florists are making a specialty of set pieces made of Japan lilies. In one of the most beautiful of these a shallow basket or tub is lined with moss in which are buried the stems of the lilies.

"Plants," said a florist, "are more in demand at Easter than cut flowers, and next to them in popularity are fancy baskets filled with cut flowers. The baskets are of many shapes.

"A favorite design resembles a small hamper of lilac rough straw, the cover held back with a broad satin ribbon tied in a bow between the hinges. This is filled with roses of the valley standing upright.

"A three-cornered, open-faced basket of white and gold straw finished with a tall, slender handle, is a novelty. The handle is wound with flowers and smilax and the flowers in the basket are arranged to droop gracefully to one side.

"A very beautiful receptacle for violets is a flat tray-like oblong basket suspended by a wide satin ribbon. Wide ribbons of gauze, satin and taffeta are again a distinctive feature alike of the Easter plants and made pieces, preference being given to white, pink and mauve."

If Easter spells prosperity to the flower growers, it is equally a boon to the confectioners. To be strictly up to date, one must send a present of candy enclosed in a handsome Easter box and indeed in many cases the candy is used only as a medium for the bestowal of a gift really worth having.

Among the more noticeable of the boxes is a variety made of a sort of papier mache in imitation cream and of pale ecru leather, which is ornamented with embossed sprays of flowers in their natural tint and the heart of each flower sparkles like a jewel.

Another variety of box is covered with satin--white, pale blue, pink, mauve or yellow--and hand painted with flowers and with birds and foliage.

A third style is of ecru silk embellished with vines and flowers of raised embroidery done with applique segments of s... and gauze in gay colors.

Some of these boxes are quite large and of many shapes, the square perhaps having most admirers. Boxes of finely woven, tinted straw are also included in the display, trimmed on top with artificial flowers.

Although less costly than the silvered, gilded, enameled and jeweled bonbonniers, which are also conspicuous in the confectioner's Easter stock, the boxes are by far the more popular.

The Lesson of the Season.

Ages pass, but each returning Easter brings again its lessons of sacrifice, of unselfishness and of great love for humanity. Great snowy banks of lilies, emblems of purity, are offered in remembrance of the greatest self-abnegation in the history of the world. In vast cathedral and modest chapel vibrates the majestic music of praise for that most wonderful resurrection, upon which is based the faith of the mightiest peoples of the earth.



He is arisen, the God in Man, who strove
 Through the long ages with his bestial past.
 He is arisen, and through the gates of love,
 Hath entered to his heritage at last.
 And Death, the shadow that his footsteps fled,
 In terror of the asphodel and tomb,
 Is robbed of all his panoply of dread,
 And garbed in glory of the lily's bloom.



Oh, long had earth been a Gethsemane,
 Oh, long had man worn red crown of pain,
 And many a soul had fared to Calvary
 Bearing its cross of wretchedness and shame.
 No more, no more, into the voiceless dark
 Sinks he to rest, fearing the dreamless night.
 For Christ is risen, and the immortal spark
 Of God in him hath kindled heavenly light.

The Origin of the Cross

The origin of the cross as a symbol is shrouded in the dim mists of almost prehistoric antiquity. Centuries before the Gallic and Cymric Celts swarmed over England, centuries before the lowly Nazarene began promulgating his doctrines, centuries before the beginning of the Old Testament history, the cross was an important factor in the lives of men. It forms part of the lore of the most ancient of religions. Never is a great excavation made but that many variations of the cross forms are exhumed and under circumstances which prove that they have been religious symbols.

There are many evidences to prove that prior to the time of Christ the Cross was with the Jews a sign of salvation. The brazen serpent was Moses instructed the people of Israel to mark their doorposts with the blood of the sacrificial lamb he told them to make the mark in the form of a cross. The sign of the cross is frequently found on ancient Jewish monuments near Persepolis.

What became of the true cross is one of the greatest miracles of all time. It is true that there are in many Old and New World cathedrals bits of wood purporting to be part of the true cross. In some cases, notably that which concerns the fragment of the tablet placed over the cross by Pilate's order, and which is now in the ancient church of Santa Croce at Rome, their authenticity seems fairly well established; but so minute are the fragments that, according to one ancient writer, if all were collected and put together they would only make a block of wood about twenty inches long, eight inches wide and three inches thick.

It was three centuries after the crucifixion of Christ before the cross was found. Its discovery was due to the devout Helena, wife of the Emperor Constantine, who abolished crucifixion and to whom the Chris-

tian religion owes the original adoption of the cross as a symbol. Over the spot where the cross was discovered a chapel was erected and the sacred wood was retained by Helena in Jerusalem and deposited under the great church or basilica erected by Constantine over the place of crucifixion and burial. For three hundred peaceful years the cross remained in the custody of the Bishop of Jerusalem. Every Easter it was exhibited to the pilgrims who thronged the Holy City. Then came three hundred years of comparative obscurity, from which the cross emerged to become the center of upheavals that convulsed the entire civilized world, arrayed the West against the East, and caused the spilling of oceans of blood--the wars of the Crusades.

The story of the valiant crusaders and their series of attempts to rescue the holy wood from Moslem hands is well known. After a series of vicissitudes, victory finally perched on the banners of the Saracens, who, under the great Saladin, defeated the Christians at Hattin, in a battle of frightful carnage. On that day, the 5th of July, 1187, the cross was lost to the Christians. It was never again recovered. Richard the Lion Hearted and many other warriors went to the rescue, but to no avail. Finally the cross disappeared. Of its fate nothing is known. For hundreds of years a search was maintained, but without success. It is generally believed that the superstitious Moslems, fearing the powers of the cross, destroyed it in order to prevent its possible recapture by the Christians. This, in brief, is all that is known of the history of the true cross itself.

After the crucifixion over three centuries elapsed before the cross as a symbol in any form became a part of the church observance, and seven centuries passed before the crucifix was finally adopted. This prolonged delay proceeded from two main

causes. The early Christians had not fully eradicated the old prejudice against the cross, and they thought the scene of the crucifixion too sacred to be pictured in images.

Prior to the fourth century the holiest of Christian symbols was the monogram of Christ. It was woven into all ecclesiastical vestments and formed a prominent feature of other decorations. About the year 393 the first crucifix was introduced into the church. It was made of dark red wood and at the intersection of the two parts bore the figure of the lamb, the objection to the using of the actual figure of Christ being still strong.

Somewhat later came the Greek crucifix, one of the most beautiful of all the forms, and which many contemporary divines contend would form a more fitting part of church ceremonials than the one in common use. This Greek cross was meant to typify the triumph over death, but in such a manner as to divest as far as possible the entire subject of its gruesome and morbid aspect. It blossomed with flowers of gold and silver and was richly studded with gems. In 692, during the reign of Justinian, the Council of Trullo was held. The object of the famous conference was to devise a means by which to circumvent the mysticism and symbolism that were threatening to undermine the Christian religion and deprive it of its true meaning. It was pointed out that the signs and symbols used in the service were becoming more and more important than the things they stood for, and that to the ignorant mind the story of the life and sufferings of Christ began to be only a sort of myth, an allegory. It was resolved to substitute the actual human figure of the crucified Christ for that of the symbolic lamb. This act resulted in the creation of the orthodox crucifix of to-day.