

Easter day. And she knew her—that was odd. A blue-eyed girl with rosy cheeks and a cascade of tumbling hair...



Pure white lilies and hyacinths fair, On this Easter morn are all bright...

On this Easter morn are all bright; The creamy hyacinth hangs its hair, Spicy and sweet, in the morning light...

Coronulae pale, coronulae raised, Sing ye in gladness and in praise, Out of the snow the crocus so white...

HER NAME WAS LILY.

HE came from the country. A strange land it was, a strange land it was, the country...

There is only one spot of brightness and purity in all that unpicturesque neighborhood. This, of course, is the mission...

A baby was born on an Easter morning and she called it Lily. Perhaps it was the flowers on the quiet little wooden desk...

This Easter Sunday baby was ill; not very ill, you know, but she had a slight little cough and the mummy was flushed...

Baby was ill—not very ill, you know—and she ran all the way to the cottage and up the worn stairs into the room...

And it seemed as though a strange mist had fallen over the room—a cold, dim mist that was like the odor of dead flowers...

Then she was older; a thin, anxious woman, with hands worn with hard work. Lily was a young girl now—a beautiful, bright-eyed girl...

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A CHARACTERISTIC AND ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

He Takes for His Subject From Conquest to Conquest—Is Christianity Retrograding and the Bible Losing Its Hold?—An Encouraging Discourse.

At the Tabernacle.

In the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday last, Rev. Dr. Talmage presented an eloquent and characteristically vigorous sermon in refutation of the oft-repeated assertion of the enemies of religion that Christianity is retrograding...

Picture of a tropical climate with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the woman from the country buried her face in the pillow.

The mist vanished and she looked up, and the woman from the country buried her face in the pillow.



"God knoweth best."—Vance Thompson, in Chicago Tribune.

EGG DANCE OF THE ALPS.

A Quaint Old Easter Custom Practiced by Affiliated Countries.

On the western slope of the Alps a curious custom prevails. On Easter day a hundred eggs are distributed over a level space covered with sand, and a young man and a young woman execute a dance of the country among the eggs...

The Royal Lady Marguerite of Austria, Gouvernante of Flanders, was sojourning in the charming district of Bresse, lying among the western declivities of the Alps...

It was Easter Monday. All the old men shot at butts with their crossbows for prizes...



EGG DANCE BY MARGUERITE AND PHILIBERT.

As the merry-making grew more enthusiastic, he proposed to his hostess to tread a measure with him in the "brarie" dance of the eggs.

The dance was finished, not an egg was broken, and the blushing Marguerite allowed her hand to remain within that of Philibert as he said, "Let us adopt the custom of Bresse."

Easter in the Soul.

Dead and alive Christians need a new resurrection. They want something more than Easter music and Easter flowers and religious entertainments...

Little crude nonsense has been said and sung abroad, "higher life." But the word of God does not describe such a life, and it is the only sort of Christianity that the apostles preached and practiced.

not day are adopting facts which do not bear observation or have not passed under observation. These men warring with each other—Darwin warring against Lamarck, Wallace against Darwin, even Herschel denouncing Ferguson.

They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology; do not agree on the gradation of the species; do not agree on the earth; Herschel writes a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy. The Place declares that the moon was not put in the right place.

How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the aurora borealis? Two and a half miles, says Lias. One hundred and sixty-eight miles, says Two.

How many millions of miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, says May. The circumference of 28,000,000 miles! All split up among themselves, not agreeing on anything.

Here these infidel scientists have impaled themselves as a jury to decide the question of infidelity. They are the jury, and the defendant, and after being out for centuries they come in to render their verdict.

Christ, instead of falling back, is on the advance. I am certain it is on the advance. I tell you that Christ is on the advance, and the light is on the advance.

I am mightily encouraged because I find among other things that while this Christianity has been bombarded by the capital of the world, it has not destroyed one church, or crippled one minister, or unproved one verse of one chapter of all the Bible.

And then I find another most encouraging thought in the fact that the secular printing press and pulpit seem harassed in the same team for the proclamation of the gospel.

I know that tract societies are doing a grand and glorious work, but I tell you there is no power on earth to-day equal to the fact that the American printing press is taking up the sermons which are being read in the streets, or a few thousand people, and on Monday morning or Monday evening, in the morning and evening papers, scattering that truth to the millions.

Besides that have you noticed that during the past few years every one of the doctrines of the Bible came under discussion in the secular press? Do you not remember a few years ago when every paper in the United States had an editorial on the subject, "Is there such a Thing as Future Punishment?"

Then look at the international series of Sunday school lessons. Do you know that on the Sabbath between 3 and 5 o'clock the children are reading the same lesson—a lesson prepared by the leading ministers of the

country and printed in the papers—and then these subjects are discussed and given over to the teachers, who give them over to the children. Do you mean that the children are to be taught the children's Bible, and there at a story in the Bible, now they are taken through from Genesis to Revelation, and we shall have 6,000,000 children full of exultation. I feel as if I could shout—I will shout, "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

When you notice a more significant fact, if you have talked with people on the subject, that they are getting dissatisfied with philosophy and science as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the house.

You just take your scientific consolation into that room where a mother has lost her child. Try in that case your splendid doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Tell her that child died because it was not worth as much as the other children.

Practical Evidence. Talk about the exact sciences; there is only one exact science. It is not mathematics. Taylor's logarithms have many imperfections. The only exact science is Christianity—the only thing under which you can appropriately write, "Quod erat demonstrandum."

Now, here are some men who say they have never seen Christ crowned in the heart, and they do not believe it is even in the heart. They say that men who say they have never heard the voice of Christ, they have never heard the voice of God.

I feel that I have convinced every man in this house that it is utterly foolish to take the testimony of those who say they have never seen Christ in their own hearts and lives. We have tens of thousands of witnesses. I believe you are ready to take their testimony.

Johnathan Allen was a famous infidel in his day. His wife was a very consecrated woman. His wife was a very devoted Christian. The mother-in-law of the infidel was a very devoted Christian.

GLAS, having unusual fire-resistant properties, has recently been produced in Germany.

Disturb others who you know others have reason to distrust you.

BAD STORM IN TEXAS.

AT LEAST A DOZEN PERSONS ARE KILLED OUTRIGHT.

Cyclone Sweeps Over Longview, Emory and Other Places, Demolishing Houses and Uprooting Trees—Hailstones Weigh Fourteen Ounces—Peculiar Shaped Cloud.

Death in Its Wake.

A destructive storm passed over Longview, Texas, at 1 o'clock Sunday morning. At least six persons were killed outright, three were fatally and many seriously injured.

At Lansing switch, six miles east, a dispatch says, the cyclone struck the graveyard, tearing up large forest trees by the roots and taking them northward.

The cyclone passed over Emory, the county seat of Kalamazoo, thirty miles south of Greenville, totally demolishing the western portion of the town. Six persons were killed outright.

The cloud came from the southwest, and, as described by an eyewitness, it resembled an hour glass, approaching like two funnels together, point to point. The bottom of it was forked, and it was one continual blaze of electricity.

Overflow of News. The old Opera House at Winnebago City, Minn., fell. The damage is \$10,000.

ISAAC L. HILL was chosen as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Des Moines, Iowa.

INDIANA saion men have combined to defeat Judges Daily and Coffey of the Supreme Court at the election this fall.

THREE Poles were killed in No 4 mine of the Kingston Coal Company at Edwardsville, Pa., by a runaway car.

HEAVY rains in Western Tennessee and Arkansas have washed away the growing crops and wrecked a number of houses.

LIGHTNING destroyed a barn at Owensboro, Ky., in which were several fine trotting horses. The loss will reach \$30,000.