



#### AN EASTER ANTHEM.



#### DUKE OF LEEDS.

Will succeed Lord Aberdeen as Governor General of Canada.

The Duke of Leeds, who will succeed Lord Aberdeen as Governor General of Canada, assumed the title and the estate of the family about a year ago on the death of his father, the ninth duke. The present duke's name is George Godolphin Osborne, and he is a second son. His elder brother died in 1861. The future Governor General is only 34 years old, but has already won a prominent name for himself in politics. He has been in parliament, where he sat for Lambeth. He was formally honored with the post of treasurer of the household, which he gave up, according to custom, when he retired from parliament. In 1884 he married Lady Katherine Francis Lambeth, a daughter of the second earl of Durham, and they have four pretty little girls. The duke, when he was in parliament as the Marquis of Carmarthen, was the youngest member in the commons and the youngest looking until he grew a beard. It is told of him that on the day of his election some one asked him: "Say, boy, does your mother know you're out?" "Yes," promptly replied the youthful politician, "and when the votes are counted to-night she will know I am in." The family of the duke—the Osbornes—is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in all the peerage. They were seated centuries ago in Kent and were distinguished lords in ancient times. The late duke had several brothers, two of whom were famous churchmen, Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin-Osborne earned a reputation as a working philanthropist, while Rev. Lord Francis Godolphin-Osborne was noted for his extreme leaning toward ritualism. He



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**CHAPTER I.**  
"And, indeed!" says Nurse Crotty from her seat by the fire, "though I'm not one of those as holds with 'cossetin' and fussin', yet I do say, Miss Joan, as you oughtn't to be excitin' of your mother so much. She's that flushed and feverish, and not a wink has she slept these two nights, and this blessed infant a-wantin' all the attention it can get."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, nurse, shut up, and don't bother!"

It was I who said that—I, Joan, the eldest of that family of six of whom Nurse Crotty had been discoursing. I lay there on the bed beside that quiet figure with the flushed face and feverish eyes—lay there with a broken heart and passing-away thoughts, for I had the interloper whose fretful voice sounded over and anon in the quiet of the fire-lit room—hated her with jealous, resentful pain for breaking in upon the completeness of the circle—for disturbing its usages and arrangements, for being of the same sex as myself, the eldest and the spoilt darling of this gentle, fragile mother, whom I had at once loved, and idolized and tyrannized over for fourteen years.

"I don't disturb you, do I?" I asked my mother softly, laying my cheek beside the dear changed face, that for months and months had been growing so pale and wan.

"No, my darling," she answered pleadingly. "But I am so sorry you are not pleased about it, Joan," she went on presently. "I thought you would have liked a little sister—something to pet, and protect, and play with."

"I had the boys, and I had you," I answered rebelliously. "That was quite enough."

"It was God's will, my child—you should try and remember that."

But I was silent. I could not and would not remember anything except that the interloper was an interloper; that none of us had wanted her; that none of us cared for her; that my mother was ill, my father more stern and aggressive than his wont; that Nurse Crotty was a nuisance; that the whole contents of the house were upset and disorganized; that I was a sulky temper, and altogether an ill-used and suffering individual.

"Don't talk about it," I said at length. "Nurse says you are feverish, and ought to rest and sleep. Do try and get well soon, mother! If you only knew how we all miss you!"

With a swelling heart and clouded brow I descended the stairs from my mother's room, and proceeding along the hall, opened a swinging door at the end of it, and in another moment found myself in the midst of the noise and hubbub which generally associated itself in my mind, and every one else's, as part and parcel of "the boys."

Here they were, the whole four, making noise enough for eight.

Teddy and Toddy were playing leap-frog. Hughe was jumping over the forms—those notched, and inked, and long-suffering pieces of furniture that we had dubbed "seats of learning"—and Alfred, the eldest of the four, was kneeling on the rug, a book in one hand and a toasting fork in the other.

"Enter the tragic muse!" cried Ted, pausing in the act of accepting Toddy's "kick," and waving his hand towards me as I entered. "Doesn't she look like it? What's the news, Jo, and how's the kid?"

"Jo's nose is out of joint," cried Hughe, vaulting out on to the table instead of the chair, and facing me with a broad grin, which by no means beautified a naturally wide mouth. "She's had a tussle with the nurse. Did you get the best of it, Jo?"

"'Yess'" I answered curiously, "I've just left her. Is she tea ready? It's fire o'clock."

"King Alfred is doing his best to burn the toast as per usual," said Ted. "And Trotter brought in the teapot some time ago, so I suppose it's ready. I know I'm jolly hungry, and quite ready for it."

I walked to the fireplace.

"Here, I'll help with the toast," I said, taking up another fork and quietly dislodging the book from the student's hand. "Alfy, I do wish you'd give up trying to do two things at once."

"Does nurse say it's the most beautiful child as ever she nussed?" asked King Alfred; "you know she's told each of us that in turn."

"I don't know," I said, rising from my knees and carrying the huge pile of toast to the table, "and don't care," I added, ill-temperedly.

"Our sweet sister's usually placid nature is ruffled," remarked King Alfred, following me and taking his seat at the well-spread board. "Don't you mind?" he added, patting me on the back, a process I hated; "we'll stand by you to a man. The nurse must be relegated to the nursery, her musical voice will not penetrate these sacred rooms, and we'll promise you to forget we ever had another sister."

"It doesn't matter to me," I said; "I shall be grown up while she's still in the nursery."

"And married and settled. Who knows?" chimed in King Alfred.

"Pass the toast to Toddy," I said with dignity, waving aside these kindly suggestions. "The child hasn't had half enough. How greedy you and Hughe are!"

"He's younger and smaller; he ought not to eat as much as we do," said Teddy loftily. "We're only acting for his digestive welfare."

"Hush!" cried King Alfred warningly. "I hear the tramp of feet. Listen! They come nearer. It is—"

"Be quiet!" I cried, raising a white, scared face from the tea tray, and springing involuntarily to my feet as the door opened.

"Father!" came in a muffled chorus from the four laughing boyish faces followed the direction of my own.

"Joan!" said the parental voice, which had never been over and above welcome to our ears in that upward passage from childhood to indiscretion—"Joan, nurse says your mother is asking for you, and—

and—the boys."

"Asking for me?"

There was no mirth now on the young white faces.

There was nothing in my heart save one sharp pang of agonized dread, as without another word or look, I rushed from the room, and up the stairs to the dear loved presence, which, alas—alas, dear heaven!—would soon be a presence no longer—

(To be continued.)

#### A RESURRECTION THOUGHT.

The bulbs that were hid in the darkness Through the winter time and the snow Have been kept by the sun of the morning, Their hour to bloom when they know. Purple and gold and scarlet And white as the robes of a king, To the glory of love at Easter Their beautiful wealth they bring.

The grass that was brown and withered And cold on the stony plain Has been used in the golden sunshine, Caressed by the crystal rain, And its bright green lances quiver, Lo! twice ten millions strong. And the birds, with her nest among them, Fly up with a sudden song.

And we, who have seen our darlings Fly from our side away: Who have we, still anguish Over the cold and pulseless clay, Take heart in the Easter gladness, A parable all may read. For the Lord who cares for the flowers cares well for our greater need.

He knows of the loss and anguish, Of the strength of the broken clay. He will bring again our dear ones, By his touch of life made whole. We shall need and know and love them in the spring beyond the sea. The Easter lily, dried and white, Is coming to you and me.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

#### THE EASTER LILY.

**E**ASTER was but a fortnight off and two little girls, Lulu and Fanny, were watching with great interest mamma's calla, which at last was "budded. Every morning they came early to the windows, where a few house plants were strung, giving for existence, and although

time they hoped to find a flower and every time were so sadly disappointed, still the next morning found them at their post, hoping, in their childish faith, that some little blossom might be found for them.

All winter long they had watched the tiny leaflets unfolding, and these few plants had been carried back and forth, from one window to another, to catch every gleam of sunshine that strayed into the little room they called home. Every night these little loving hands had carefully covered the delicate leaves for protection from the chilling winds that would creep through the cracks and crevices, for old Boreas is a cold-hearted fellow, who shows little mercy for the poor, and worries his way into their chimney corners as if he were a welcome visitor.

But I don't think he had caught sight of this little bit of summer or he would have curled up the leaves with his cold fingers, and blown with his icy breath, until the tiny stalks became limp and lifeless, and the soil itself stiffened around the poor little roots. The little girls knew all this, and had covered their treasures so carefully at night, and cared for them so tenderly by day, that at last they were to be rewarded for all their labor—the lily had budded.

Long years ago—in fact, so many that it seemed to Lulu and Fanny a beautiful dream—there was a dear little home, where plants bloomed in the windows, and a warm fire gleamed in the grate; and in the springtime birds sang in the trees, and the lawn was covered with the greenest grass, where the bright spring flowers opened their eyes. And then, somehow, for the little girls could not tell how, all these beautiful things had faded away, only they and mamma were left, and mamma had to sew all the time, and sometimes she cried, too. Now these plants were all the garden they had; and only to think of it, the lily had budded; they were so happy; they must look oftener than before to see if the flower were almost there.

So the days crept by, and it seemed as if the lily would never unfold. To be sure, the weather was long and cold, and some days so dark and cloudy that the sun forgot to look into their windows, and some nights were so cold that the lily itself became near being chilled, so the bud was not very strong.

However, the days were getting warmer, for Easter was almost there.

At Sunday school the teacher had told the children that on that day Christ had risen from the dead, and how beautiful the Easter morn would become to them if Christ indeed had risen in their hearts, and she went on to tell how some Christians, during the forty days before Easter, would deny themselves some known pleasure and strive to consecrate themselves anew to Christ.

"My dear girls," she added, "are not we all willing to deny ourselves something for the sake of Christ? to give up some amusement, or habit, or treasure, that perhaps may be crowding us out of the kingdom?"

"Is there not some object dear to us we are willing to give up for him? He gave his all for us—life, kingdom and heaven itself; his precious blood was shed, that we might live; and what have we done for him? Is there not something we can lay upon the altar as a sacrifice, so we may be prepared to receive his love into our hearts?"

All the way home from Sunday school, Lulu and Fanny were talking about what they could do for Christ; and perhaps, because they did not quite understand what was meant, or else had so little to give, they were a long time wondering what they could give to Christ; at last Fanny said: "I know what it is—the lily, we can give the lily to Christ; you know the teacher said it must be something we thought a great deal of, something dear to us, and I believe we care more for the lily than anything else." "But how will we send the lily to him?" asked Lulu. "I don't know," said Fanny, "but I guess God will show us how." And now that the lily was to be given to God, they bestowed more care than ever upon it; each day the bud grew larger, and you could begin to see a rim of white above the green.

The days sped on, and there were only four days till Easter, but in the meantime a malignant disease had settled over part of the city, and little children were rapidly falling at its approach; each mother trembled as she held her loved ones, for who knew how near the angel of death might be; he hovered around the homes of wealth and comfort, and of poverty and want, until at last the shadow fell across the street and into the room where the little lily was.

Fanny lay there unconscious of the sadness and gloom that had settled upon their little home; sometimes in the delirium of fever she would talk about the lily—God's lily, as they called it now. Each day the shadow deepened, so dark, so sad, and to-morrow was Easter.

All night mamma and Lulu watched the little sufferer, hoping for some word or look of recognition; morning was slowly dawning. Easter Sunday, when so many ages ago Christ had risen from the dead, and brought with him light and life to the waiting soul.

Away off in the distance you might catch the chime of the old cathedral bell as they rang in the joyous morn—perhaps some of the music reached Fanny's ears, for half opening her eyes she stretched her hand toward Lulu and whispered: "I will take the lily to him." Just then the sunburst burst into the room, Lulu turned to the window, and there unfolded in all its beauty was the lovely lily.

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