

THE EASTER LILY—A SYMBOL

Beauty exquisite to the eye
Is the Lily of Eastertide;
No tint of blemish to deface
Its cool appearance and its grace.

Of loveliness supreme is it
So beauteous and infinite,
So fragile and so pure and fair,
Essence that is beyond compare.

—B. F. '52

TOMORROW, THE FEAST OF THE RESURRECTION

A cold wet mist beat against my unshaven face and seeped into my threadbare suit coat as I trudged wearily through the muddy field. Some little distance ahead of me a bright light darted through a thick hedge. As I approached the hedge, I could see the outline of a large house behind it. Could I get a cup of hot tea to expel the cold and dampness which was penetrating my very bones? Perhaps a soft mound of hay awaited me in the adjoining barn. Or would there be the same old oft-repeated answer, "We don't cater to bums?"

As I entered the porch I tramped heavily to unburden my soggy boots. My first knock brought no response. The hullabaloo of children laughing and squabbling reigned supreme. A second and louder knock brought a hush to the household, and a deep voice boomed out, "Come right in, the door's open."

I pushed the door half way in and stood surveying the many upturned faces. Little chins sagged and big eyes protruded. My hand remained on the doorknob as I awaited that old rebuff. For a moment the silence was deafening, then the mother, seated at one end of the long table helping a little tot with his lessons, rose, and very quietly placed her chair before the fire. "You must be frozen. Sit up to the fire and get dried off a bit," she said. Was I dreaming, or was it really true that someone cared whether I was cold?

"Yes, please, I would like to feel a little heat. Would you be kind enough to make me a cup of hot tea, and I'll be on my way?"