

THE EASTER LILY

By RUTH HEATH

The sun shone down gloriously on the world beneath, and distributed each ray of brightness and sunshine. The world, in turn, reflected the radiant glow. All nature was worshipping God. The sky was the altar, the birds the choir, and the swaying flowers and trees the congregation. Everything was joyful, triumphant, yet reverent. It was the Awakening! All things were bursting into life! Heaven and Earth breathed—Easter!

The old French cathedral loomed tall and majestic on this new day. Hurrying throngs, eager to live and to learn, approached it, and entered. All their faces seemed happy and content.

Amidst the people, yet aloof in her soul, stood the solitary figure of a young woman. There was no color about her save a lily which she clutched in her hands. It was white—pure white in the contrast against the drab blackness of her gown. Occasionally she raised it to her lips, then to her heart. She looked upon the crowd with melancholy eyes, and without interest.

Presently she lifted her eyes toward heaven. They were filled with tears, and her lips quivered. This day—this beautiful Easter day—was to have been her wedding day. There had been a sweet-heart, and they had met on an Easter day like this.

"I'll be back," he had whispered; "I must go to Paris—and paint. I shall go to Italy, and to the Orient; I must paint—I must, I must! I'm gone, Teresa; you must wear a lily every Easter so I'll know you still love me. I won't be here to see, but somehow I shall know—I shall know. I'll come back five years from now, and that day will be our wedding day, Teresa."

He never did. It was not long before word came that the ship on which he had sailed had been wrecked. There was a list of those saved. His name was not among them.

Tears had never come. Her sorrow had been too deep for that, but today, with only tender, lingering memories of him, she could not control them.

Her vision of yesterday passed as she lowered her head, and entered the church. She came again to the late afternoon service, and listened prayerfully to the beautiful Easter service. When it was over, she lingered—something seemed to draw her nearer the church which had been her only refuge in those dark days.

The day was about ended when Teresa stepped into the open. The sun had just sunk beyond the horizon, and the soft silver clouds of night were gathering. A few stray stars showed their faces, and a silence prevailed. It was twilight.

The girl stopped on the great stone steps and inhaled a few breaths of cool evening air. She looked down at the lily she still carried. Long she looked into the flawless white depths of it. With a sigh she lifted it to her lips.

"Oh, Easter Angel! Easter Angel!" she breathed, "bless this lily—this sacred lily!"

Her hands fell to her sides. The finger relaxed. The lily fell to the ground. She turned away, and walked slowly from it. She did not see the man stoop to pick it up. She did not see him hasten to her. She only heard the gentle voice inquire if she had dropped the lily.

She turned upon him and smiled. "It was mine," she said, "but I dropped it purposely—" She stopped. She fell back against the building. Her face whitened. "Alan! Alan!" she screamed.

The lily from the man's hand fell to the pavement below. His face also had grown white. He took a step towards her and grasped her by the shoulders. "Teresa! It can't be you—Why—!"

They stood facing each other—the sweethearts of five years ago. For a few minutes they stood thus, both fearing to break the silence, and each afraid the other would disappear. When it was broken the eager questions came rapidly. They were united again, and the reunion was sweet.

They went together to the old church's ivy-covered arbor. The man in the moon found them very amusing and when a few stars asked what it was, he pointed to the couple under the arbor. They laughed too, but it was not the first they had seen.

It was long before the girl asked about

the wreck, for they were absorbed in the present.

"I thought you were dead; your name was not among those saved," she told him.

"I know," said Alan thoughtfully, "some natives from an island rescued me. You knew I went by way of the Pacific so I could visit the Orient, didn't you? Anyway, the natives were kind to me, but I was very ill—I had been badly hurt."

"I remember very vaguely of a ship picking me up and I remember the kind captain who took me to a hospital in Shanghai. I was better in a few months, so I sailed for France. It was then, Teresa, that I set out to find you."

"Days of bewilderment followed. You had moved from that part of the country. Everything was in confusion. But I found you, two years from the time I left for Paris; you were going into this church on an Easter Sunday—"

"But why—why didn't you come to me, Alan?" she broke in wildly. "Why did you leave me to suffer—to live in such torture? Oh, you were cruel! I do not understand—Alan, tell me!"

The man bent his head. "You did not wear an Easter lily," he said simply.

There was a pause. Then she said softly: "Did you think I had ceased to love you? Oh, never, Alan, never! I only thought you were dead and nothing mattered then. Everything was useless—impossible; but today, that would have been our wedding day, it seemed—well, I had to!"

"Did you say, 'would have been our wedding day'? It shall be! I'll get a license even if it is Sunday, and we'll be married in this church tonight."

He rose swiftly and caught her hand. "Yes, yes," she rose laughing, flushed with happiness. Suddenly she caught her breath.

"Wait," she exclaimed, "I forgot something! I'll be back in a minute!"

She rushed out to the cathedral gate, passed the great steps to the pavement where the lily had dropped. She pushed her way through the crowd, and searched with care. At last she saw it, and bore it up triumphant. It was the Easter lily. It was no longer pure and stainless, but tarnished, crushed and broken. But that was only its body. Its blessing, its message still lingered—and still was sweet.

The girl held it like some priceless jewel.

"Oh, Easter lily!" she cried, pressing it to her heart, "what happiness you have brought me—what joy!"

Significance of a Flower

By EVELYN RIVES

We think of spring as the time when flowers come to life again, the time that the earth awakes from its slumbering. The sweet flowers go to sleep under their blankets of snow in the winter, to awake again in the spring when the first warm rays of sunlight strike them. They come to bring joy and happiness to all the world and new hope to those who are downcast. Love and faith are born anew in our hearts as we see the dainty flowers spring up all around.

All this symbolizes to us something greater, even more miraculous than the awakening of the green earth. It reminds us that Christ rose from the dead at this season of the year. He rose that he might show his people that life triumphs over death. He taught his followers to love life, but still not to fear death. Indeed, there is no death, for all shall live again. By his own death and rising from the dead all may know that there is life eternal.

And so, as spring comes, with its joy and new life, let us think of it as something holy and wonderful. May we not see Christ Himself coming to earth again in the form of a flower to bring us new hope and to reawaken our love for Him?

Surely we all shall be down for a while, dreading the dark and cold, but as He calls the tulip to life again, shall we not more surely feel the rays of His perfect love calling us to Him? The day of miracles has not yet passed; we are only blind if we ask for more of a sign. For every hard brown bulb laid in winter's earth brings forth its beautiful blossom to proclaim the truth of Immortality.

THE EASTER SONG

By E. RUTH ABBOTT

Little Michael lived in a tumble-down house in Ancona, Italy, with his mother, father, and four brothers. The other children were contented to play in the warm sands of the Mediterranean, but not so little Michael. In his heart burned a great longing. Only last week it was that he had gone to the great city with his parents, and while passing a fine house had heard that wonderful music, the strains from a violin—his violin! How he dreamed of the time when he could play music like that he had heard. He knew he could, if they would only give him a chance; if they would give him that precious instrument and let him try. So he sat on the sands and wondered how he could get a violin. No one that he knew had one; his parents could give him no money, and he possessed not a coin. Could he go to the great city and work? Why could he not help the fishermen in their trade, surely his mother would let him go.

For weeks little Michael labored in mending the fishermen, who seined their nets not far from his home. The work was not to his liking, but constantly he beheld his reward before him. When he had earned enough, he might buy his violin at the little pawn shop; and then, oh joy! At last one day there were five lira, and Michael came away from the pawn shop carrying his beloved instrument. It was a poor violin but to Michael it was all his hopes realized.

Then followed days of vital happiness for the young musician. All his life he had felt the glory of the sunrise, and now he proclaimed it through his music; now he softly sang the sweetness of the evening, and told of the lapping of the white waves of the sea.

One evening as he sat at the door of his home lovingly touching his violin, a strange thing happened. A coach of a wealthy man drove down the street, and as it neared Michael's home the horses took a slower and yet slower pace, and finally stopped. But Michael was singing of the feathery pink clouds of the sunset and did not even know that the coach had come to a standstill. Slowly, he brought his piece to an end, and lowering his instrument, he met the eyes of an older man. Ordinarily he would have been startled, but Michael saw a look in the man's eyes which told him that he, too, understood his music and appreciated it.

The visitor talked to his mother, and Michael noticed tears in her eyes when she called him to her. She told him that the stranger was a great violinist, who, hearing his music, thought Michael should take lessons from the masters and had offered to take him to the great city and teach him. This was beyond all Michael's hopes, and during the next few weeks he lived in constant happiness.

There were many musicians in the city, to whom Michael was content to listen for hours. He was allowed to devote all his time to his music; he had notes to guide him, and the joy of joys!—was given a violin of rare quality for his own. So Michael spent the following weeks; he was happy beyond measure and his heart thrilled with the many songs of spring, the awakening of all the earth. He was not aware that he was a genius, or that critics and musicians considered his music superb; he only thought of the sunrise and sunset, the blue sea with its foamy white waves, the heavy rains or the showers, the flowers in the bud, and all things else which Nature had shown him in his little home at Ancona. He told no one his subjects but they always seemed to understand as he played.

On an evening after Michael had played to an audience in the studio of his friend and teacher, the musicians told him an unexpected thing. He had been asked to play in the great cathedral on Eastern morning! Could it be true that he, little Michael, should send the strains of his violin through the cathedral?

Easter morning dawned in all its sacred glory. Michael awoke with his heart filled with happiness for all the world, the radiant sun, the song of the birds, the trees lifting their lofty arms heavenward, and the pure white Easter lilies. Then as he wondered at all nature, clearly the cathedral bells began to ring, sending the joyous message to the coun-

tryside, telling the world that Jesus, our Saviour, had risen. Michael's heart leapt, for today he was to play in the great cathedral.

Never had Michael realized a church could be so vast, and oh, the altar laden with Easter lilies! Amid the sweet perfume of the flowers and in the glow of the long white tapers stood little Michael clad in a mantle of white and carrying his violin. Slowly he raised his instrument, and caressingly, lovingly, prayerfully touched the first few notes; then suddenly the joy of the awakening of all living things, and the Resurrection of our Lord filled his entire being, and he poured forth all the emotions of his soul in such a song as had never been heard before, his song of Easter.

Spring Dreaming

By MARY JANE WHARTON

Yes, spring has come again, and with it gay, wild fancies. Just as the birds are joyous and happy, so our minds are awakened to new ambitions and realizations. We forget our dull, stolid cares and enter upon new hopes and purposes. Dreams of the impossible bring us joys beyond measure. It is dull to plan only the possible, the dry occupations of life. Think how much fun we have in building air castles and how beautiful they appear to us.

*"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand;*

*Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!"*

One may think it foolish to dream in the springtime, but nothing has ever been accomplished which was not first an impossible dream.

It has been said that madness is an attribute of youth, and sanity of maturity. Particularly is this true in the springtime when we spend our time day-dreaming in class. Our minds are wandering far away; we are thinking of our intended hike across the continent, our trip to California in a Ford to make a fortune, or the new book we will write. When the teacher asks us a question, with a shock we come back to earth, realizing how very little we know. Yet there is a wisdom in this foolishness. Why should we be young if we can't have wild plans? We agree with Stevenson when he says, "Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body."

Easter

By MIRIAM BLOCK

'Tis Easter morn! The huge, bright sun rises up, up, until its golden head can be seen between the big oak trees. The fleecy clouds are crested with an orange rim which gradually spreads out, until the sky seems afire. A chirp is heard; another, and still another, until the air is filled with morning's music. Mother Sun beams down upon the tiny, sleeping flowers. At her touch they lift their smiling faces up as though to bid her good morning. The trees covered with new-born leaves stand erect, their arms held upward, praying and praising Him on High Who has given them another day anew.

A squirrel passes the path, alert, quick, as it scrambles up the tree. The breeze sings through the limbs of the oak; the squirrel chatters back defiantly.

Easter! It brings with it tranquility, reverence, and joy alike to nature and to mankind.

AN EASTER GREETING

By LUCILLE PHILLIPS

*See jonquils here—and violets there,  
And green things budding everywhere;  
As I came walking down the street,  
The maiden Spring I seemed to meet.*

*Like children dancing at their play,  
The tulips blow, so bright and gay;  
And all these glories, smiling, say—  
"Easter's joy is on the way!"*

TELEGRAM

Dear Vio—

Lets elope without poppies consent. He'd crocus anyway. I crave to kiss your red tulips, caress your curly lilacs, and see the roses in your cheeks. I can see the bridal wreath in your hair and hear the golden bells ringing.

Forget me not,  
Sweet-William.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO COLLEGE?

Carolina

Dear Boys:

As the absence here of the weaker sex prevents our fancies from turning to thoughts of the usual harbinger of spring, we are forced to look back about twelve months and satisfy our fancies with mere memories of our last year in High School, when spring meant relaxation from work, and poetry. But we shall try to avoid poetry right now because what we have to say doesn't seem to fit any of the different metres which we have been studying.

It has occurred to us that perhaps all of you do not realize the relations between G. H. S. and the University, and this thought seems to have been confirmed a little by some rumors which have reached us, to the effect that you might let Greensboro's usual percentage of boys entering the University be lowered next fall.

Long before any of us can remember, perhaps even back in the dark ages when our faithful old building was erected, the boys of G. H. S. set a precedent which has been followed up to the present time, and which we hope will be followed up to that time when any green neophyte will require a guide to lead him through the maze of barns, "A to Z," to the original building containing the mutilated statues and the principal's offices. This precedent was that Greensboro Hi should not only send the best of every class to the University in quantity as well as in quality, but that in addition these classes should have such an aspect of unity and should accomplish so much that it could be said that the freshmen from Greensboro excelled those from any other city in the state in every respect. And so our boys have always kept up this standard, not only for Greensboro's advantage, but for each man's advantage individually; because every man knew that he was not only coming to the best school in the state and the South, but that in addition he was to have the privilege of being closely associated with a large group of boys who have maintained and will always maintain a fraternal spirit, which is of the utmost value to every man, whether he be the biggest man in college or just "one of the boys."

THE BOYS OF '24,

By CHARLES LIPSCOMB.

SOPHOMORES CHOOSE MOTTO

At a meeting of the Sophomore class Monday morning, March 30, the class decided, by voting, upon the following motto, "Fit via vi," or "Energy wins the way." A number of mottoes were discussed and voted upon before this one was selected. Nell Thurman, the president, presided.

THE EASTER LILY

By TALLULLAH MATHENEY

*Once, in the springtime's dazzling hue,  
A small white bud breathed and grew.*

*Washed by dew and a sunlit ray,  
It spread its petals day by day.*

*Life did come to teach it duty,  
Love warmed its heart to lend it beauty.*

*Purity came to dwell with it there  
Within the depths of its whiteness fair.*

*And ever the lily to our mind  
Remains a symbol of love divine.*

*And now this lily, with Spirit's dawn,  
Nods full blown to the Easter morn.*

AT EASTER TIME

By EVELYN RIVES

*All the world is now awakening,—  
The crickets and the bees,—  
The flowers have come to life again,  
The birds are in the trees.*

*Sweeter thoughts than these they bring,  
They are sung in every clime,  
That Christ was risen from the dead  
This glorious Easter time.*

*The lilies white awake to tell  
The pureness of His life;  
The tulips red proclaim anew  
The bravery of His strife.*

*So let us all rejoice once more,  
And show His love sublime,  
And start anew to make life true  
This holy Easter time.*