

**LILIES OF
ETERNAL PEACE**

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Lilies of Eternal Peace by Lilian Whiting

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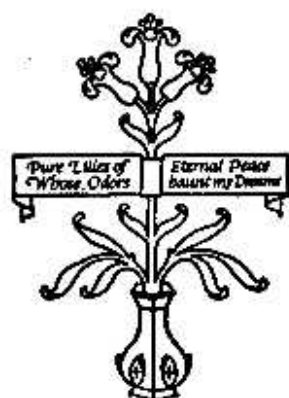
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LILIAN WHITING

**LILIES OF
ETERNAL PEACE**

LILIES
OF ETERNAL PEACE
BY
LILIAN WHITING
AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL"



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D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON

TO
CONSTANTIA A. ELLICOTT

WHO SHARED ALL THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND
LOVE AND NOBLE PURPOSES AND UPLIFTING
WORK OF HER HUSBAND THE LORD BISHOP OF
GLOUCESTER WHOSE INFLUENCE FROM THE
"LIFE MORE ABUNDANT" ON WHICH HE HAS
ENTERED STILL ENFOLDS HER WITH ITS RADI-
ANT POWER THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
WITH THE DEVOTION OF

LILIAN WHITING

Rome, Italy
Mid-Winter Days, 1908

ft.

9.19.08

*Now thy world is understood,
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Loves and loves you: . . .*

*But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
In enlarging Paradise
Lives a life that never dies.*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

*I am come that they might have life, and that they might have
it more abundantly.*

*Let us import new values of power and blessing from the unseen
world of realities.*

REV. DR. CHARLES GORDON AMES

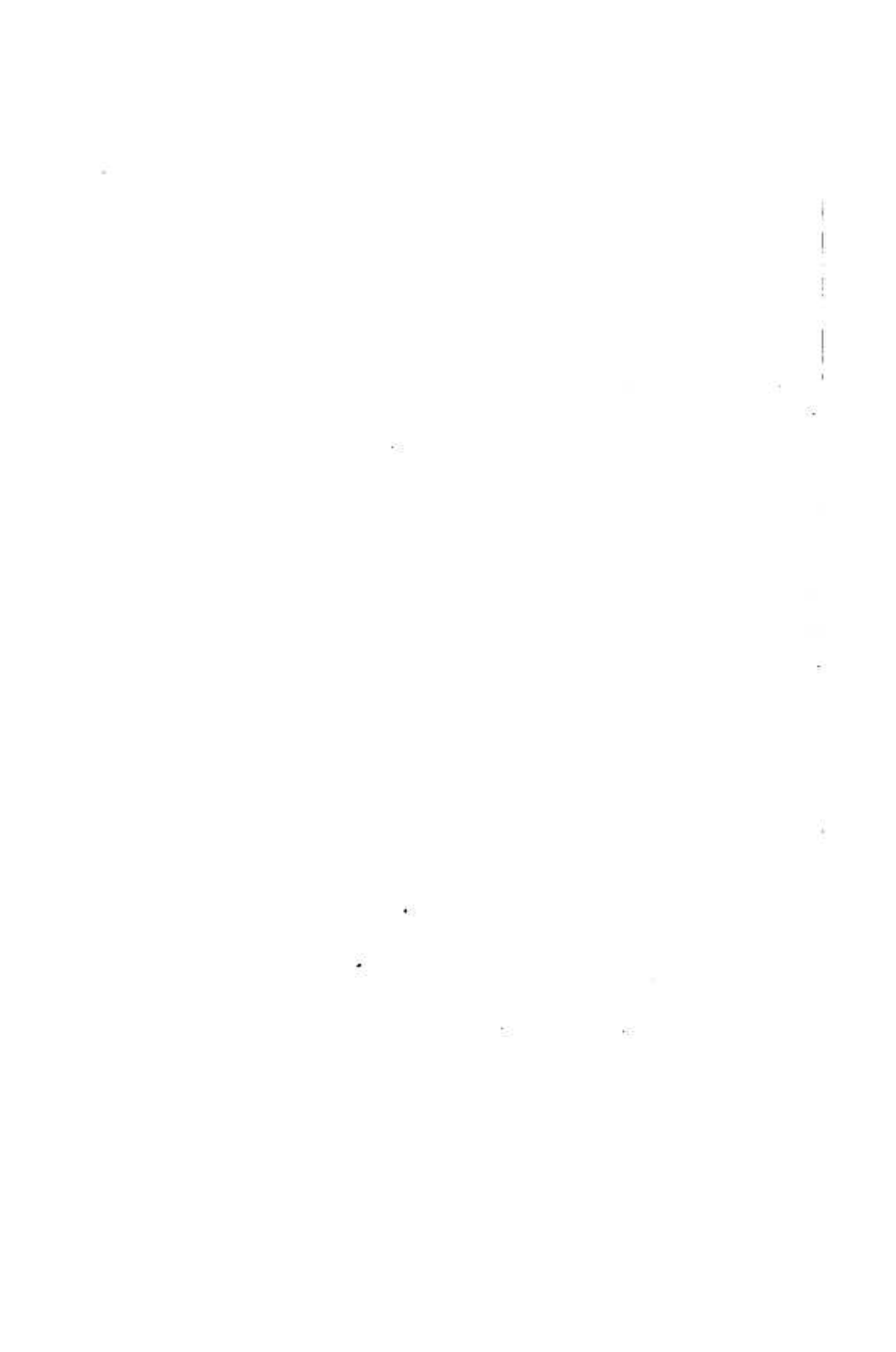
*Is to-day nothing? Is the beginningless past nothing? If the future
is nothing, they are just as surely nothing. . . .*

*. . . There is nothing but immortality! That the exquisite scheme
is for it! And identity is for it! and life and materials are alto-
gether for it!*

WALT WHITMAN in "To Think of Time"

*With what body do they come? . . . It is sown a natural body; it
is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is
a spiritual body. . . . It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory.
It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. . . . Therefore, be
ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the
Lord, inasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the
Lord.*

I CORINTHIANS, XV. 35, 43, 44, 58



LILIES OF ETERNAL PEACE

*I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams.* TENNYSON

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. ST. JOHN, XIV. 27.

THAT interlude when the one who is nearest and most beloved has gone on into the "life more abundant" is, when seen aright, a beautiful period, full of divine uplifting, and it may even be pervaded by joy and by that peace which passeth understanding. Does it seem impossible to think of joy in any relation to a period which is to us all a time that seems so steeped in sadness that one even wonders that life can go on at all? Almost universally it is the time when one turns away from sunshine and light and bloom; a time when all that makes for the beauty and gladness of life thrills with pain every nerve and fibre. To think of the possibility of joy without the most profound realiza-