



THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Our American Holidays

E A S T E R

OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

EDITED BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

FLAG DAY

CHRISTMAS

ARBOR DAY

MOTHERS' DAY

THANKSGIVING

MEMORIAL DAY

INDEPENDENCE DAY

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

**For brief description of each volume see
advertisement facing last page of text.**

E A S T E R

ITS HISTORY, CELEBRATION,
SPIRIT, AND SIGNIFICANCE AS
RELATED IN PROSE AND VERSE

COMPILED BY
SUSAN TRACY RICE

EDITED BY
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

*"Somehow Easter always carries with it
more of heaven than any other of the great
anniversaries of the Christian year."*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY
1917

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY
MOFFATT, YARD AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

Reprinted December, 1917

NOTE

The Editor, Compiler and Publishers wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to

Little, Brown & Company, Houghton Mifflin Company, The Century Company, Brentano's, The Bible House, George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., Funk & Wagnalls Co., Harper & Brothers, The Independent, The Chautauquan, Charles Scribner's Sons, The Macmillan Company, Frederick A. Stokes Company, and others who have very kindly granted permission to reprint selections from works bearing their copyright.

The poems by R. W. Gilder, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom and Edith M. Thomas are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of their works.

INTRODUCTION

Of all the festivals of the Christian year, Easter is the most important and most joyful. From of old it has been known as "the happiest of days," "the bright day," "the Sunday of joy" and "the festival of festivals." The early fathers used to speak of it as "the feast of feasts," "the queen of days," "the desirable festival of our salvation." And Pope Leo I called it "the day alone great."

The names *Easter* and *Ostern*, the English and German names for the feast of the resurrection, were once thought to be derived from *Ostara* (Eostre), an ancient teutonic goddess mentioned by the historian Bede in the seventh century. She was the personification of the Spring, of the rising sun, of all things new and fresh and full of hope. To her the month corresponding to our April, *Eostur-monath*, was supposed to be dedicated.

This is all very romantic and beautiful; but it is not true. Recent research has shown that *Ostara*, the goddess of the vernal equinox, originated nowhere but in the brain of the venerable Bede; and that *Eostur-monath* was named for the old heathen feast of Eostur or Easter which was so-called because the Spring sun had its new birth in the east.

Many of the chief Easter customs and observances

are derived, directly or indirectly, from this festival of spring-gladness in the heart of the ancient Teutonic forest. Such things as Easter-eggs, Easter-fires, Easter-games and Easter-laughter all seem to have a heathen origin.

The French call Easter *pâques*; the Italians, *pasqua*; and the Spanish, *pascua*. These names, through the Chaldee and Latin, come from the Hebrew name of the Passover *pesach* ("be passed over") which commemorates the act of the angel of destruction, who "passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt when he smote the Egyptians." The blood of a sacrificed paschal lamb was sprinkled on the transom and door-posts of the Hebrew houses as a sign of immunity. And thus when, later, the feast of the resurrection of the sacrificed Lamb of God came to be celebrated in apostolic times, it was natural to call it by the name of the earlier feast to which it was so poetically akin. It was, indeed, the old Passover with the new idea added to it of Christ as the real Paschal Lamb. And later still, when Christianity reached the Teutonic peoples, it was natural for them to think of their old heathen festival of the resurrection of the sun in connection with the new festival of the resurrection of the Sun of Righteousness; and to graft upon the latter many of the customs and beliefs of the more ancient celebration which among heathen peoples from time immemorial has taken the form of an outburst of jubilation over the re-awakening of nature after her long, cold, death-like sleep.

There is nothing to be found in the New Testament

about the festival of Easter; yet it is the oldest of Christian festivals, and its observance began in the apostolic age. But as early as the second century A. D. a serious dispute arose between the Christians of Jewish and those of Gentile descent, as to the proper date of Easter. It led to a bitter but uninteresting series of age-long controversies which were waged with twice the zeal and rancor of those mediæval schoolmen who used to fight about how many angels could pirouette simultaneously on the point of a needle.

The history of this quarrel would fill page after page of the dreariest reading. But it shall not be inflicted on my reader. Suffice it to tell the outcome.

It has been decided that Easter-day shall always be the first Sunday after that full moon which happens next after March 21st; and if the full moon occurs on a Sunday, then Easter-day is the Sunday following. *But note* that the full moon above referred to is the fourteenth day of a lunar month, reckoned according to an old ecclesiastical compilation, and not in accordance with the science of modern astronomy. So to relieve all uncertainty, here is a list of EASTER SUNDAY DATES for the next fifty years:

1916	April 23	1923	April 1
1917	April 8	1924	April 20
1918	March 31	1925	April 12
1919	April 20	1926	April 4
1920	April 4	1927	April 17
1921	March 27	1928	April 8
1922	April 16	1929	March 31

1930	April 20	1948	March 28
1931	April 5	1949	April 17
1932	March 27	1950	April 9
1933	April 16	1951	March 25
1934	April 1	1952	April 13
1935	April 21	1953	April 5
1936	April 12	1954	April 18
1937	March 28	1955	April 10
1938	April 17	1956	April 1
1939	April 9	1957	April 21
1940	March 24	1958	April 6
1941	April 13	1959	March 29
1942	April 5	1960	April 17
1943	April 25	1961	April 2
1944	April 9	1962	April 22
1945	April 1	1963	April 14
1946	April 21	1964	March 29
1947	April 6	1965	April 18

In his "Curiosities of Popular Customs," Walsh gives a picturesque account of some old customs and superstitions connected with the celebration of Easter. "It was," he says, "the invariable policy of the early church to give a Christian significance to such of the extant pagan ceremonies as could not be rooted out. In the case of Easter the conversion was peculiarly easy. Joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awakening of nature from the death of winter, became joy at the rising of the sun of righteousness, at the resurrection of Christ from the grave. Some of the pagan observances which took place about the first of

May were also shifted to correspond with the celebration of Easter. Many new features were added. It was a time of exuberant joy. Gregory of Nyssa draws a vivid picture of the joyous crowds who, by their dress (a feature still preserved) and their devout attendance at church, sought to do honor to the festival. All labor ceased, all trades were suspended. It was a favorite time for baptism, the law courts were closed, alms were given to the poor, slaves were freed. Easter Sunday became known as *Dominica Gaudii* ("Sunday of Joy"). In the reaction from the austerities of Lent, people gave themselves up to enjoyment, popular sports, dances, and farcical entertainments. In some places the clergy, to increase the mirth, recited from the pulpit humorous stories and legends for the purpose of exciting the *risus Paschalis*, or "Easter smile." People exchanged the Easter kiss and the salutation "Christ is risen," to which the reply was made, "He is risen indeed,"—a custom kept up to this day in some parts of the world.

One of the oldest and most wide-spread of Easter superstitions is that which makes the sun participate in the general felicity by dancing in the heavens. The question whether the sun really did dance was solemnly discussed and combated by grave old scholars, who took the trouble to demonstrate, by irrefutable arguments and at great length, that while the sun might sometimes shine more brightly on Easter morning than on another, it was simply by accident, and that in any event there was no dancing and could be none. "In some parts of England they call it the lamb playing,"

wrote one, "which they look for, as soon as the sun rises, in some clear spring or water, and is nothing but the pretty reflection it makes from the water, which they may find at any time if the sun rise clear and they themselves early and unprejudiced with fancy."

This idea of the sun dancing on Easter Day may easily be traced back to heathen customs, when the spectators themselves danced at a festival in honor of the sun, after the vernal equinox.

Devonshire maidens still get up early on Easter morning to see not only the dancing sun, but also a lamb and a flag in the center of its disk.

In Scotland the sun was even more active, for there it was expected to whirl round like a mill-wheel and give three leaps. One way of looking at the sun's unusual feat was to watch for its reflection in a pond or a pail of water, when any movements on the surface would materially strengthen the illusion. In a similar way, the credulous would be deceived by the morning vapor through which the rising sun would appear to flicker.

Other superstitions have clustered round this festival, some of which still linger on. It is considered by many unlucky to omit wearing new clothes on Easter Day, and in East Yorkshire young people go to the nearest market town to buy some new article of dress or personal ornament, as otherwise they believe that birds—notably rooks or "crakes"—will spoil their clothes. To see a lamb on first looking out of the window on Easter morning is a good omen, especially if its head be turned in the direction of the house. It

must be remembered, however, that to meet a lamb at any time is lucky, as, according to the popular notion, the devil can take any other form than that of a lamb or a dove.

If the wind is in the east on Easter Day, it is regarded in some places as a wise plan to draw water and wash in it, as by this means one will avoid the various ill effects from the east wind throughout the remaining months of the year. The same superstition exists on the Continent. Thus, in the neighborhood of Mecklenburg, on Easter morning the maidservants fetch Easter water, or on the evening preceding spread out linen clothes in the garden, and in the morning wash themselves with the dew rain or snow that may have fallen on them. This is said to be a preservative against illness for the whole year. In Sachsenburg the peasants ride their horses into the water to ward off sickness from them. The Easter water, however, has a virtue only when while drawing it the wind is due east. Much importance is attached to rain falling on Easter Day, for, according to an old proverb,—

A good deal of rain on Easter Day
Gives a crop of good grass, but little good hay.

Until recently an immemorial custom called “chipping the block” was observed at University College, Oxford. A block in the form of a long wooden pole, decorated with flowers and evergreens, was placed outside the door of the hall, leaning against the wall of the buttery opposite. After dinner on Easter Day the college cook and his attendant, dressed in white paper

caps and white jackets, took their stand on either side of the block, each bearing a pewter dish, one supporting a blunt chopping-ax from the kitchen, the other in readiness for the fees expected on the occasion. As the members of the college came out of the hall, each took the ax and struck the block with it and then placed in the pewter dish the usual fee to the cook. According to one tradition mentioned by Mr. Henderson, any one who could chop the block in two was entitled to lay claim to all the college estates.

In Rome Easter Sunday is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies, though since the fall of the temporal power these have been shorn of much of their magnificence. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo, and about seven o'clock carriages with ladies and gentlemen are beginning to pour towards St. Peter's. That magnificent basilica is richly decorated for the occasion, the altars are freshly ornamented, and the lights around the tomb and figure of St. Peter are blazing after their temporary extinction on Good Friday. Formerly the Pope officiated this day at mass in St. Peter's. From a hall in an adjoining palace of the Vatican he was borne into the church. Seated in his *Sedia Gestatoria*, his vestments blazed with gold; on his head he wore the tiara, a tall round gilded cap representing a triple crown, understood to signify spiritual power, temporal power, and the union of both. Beside him were borne the *flabelli*, or large fans, composed of ostrich feathers, in which were set the eye-like parts of peacocks' feathers to signify the eyes or vigilance of the Church. Over him was car-

ried a silk canopy richly fringed. Thus he was escorted to his throne, which stands far back in the distance behind the altar. Lining the avenue from it to the shrine of the apostles stood the Noble Guards in full uniform, a living hedge of athletic men. The tribunes built up in the transepts contained all those official persons whose duty it was to be present on this occasion, and all wore uniforms. The ladies were in black, and their long lace veils, which were *de rigueur* in their costume for the ceremonies, lent a softening tone to the bright splendor of the uniforms and colored robes of office. The crown of the whole great pageant, however, was the unrivaled Papal choir, which outdid itself in its magnificently calm rendering of the solemn church chant. At the elevation of the sacred host, the word of command was rung out in a clarion-like voice by one of the officers, and the military in the body of the church all presented arms as they suddenly dropped on one knee. The Noble Guards drew their swords and lifted them up in a bristling hedge of steel, while they were also on their knees; and from the lofty tribune under the dome issued the sound of the silver trumpets, the only instrumental music allowed during Papal functions. Again at the moment of the communion the same evolutions were gone through, save that the trumpets no longer sounded, and that in perfect silence a cardinal bore the consecrated host to the foot of the Papal throne, where the Pontiff knelt to receive it.

No sooner was the mass over than the Pope was with the same ceremony and to the sound of music

borne back through the crowded church to the balcony over the central doorway. There, rising from his chair of state and turning first to the east and then to the west, he pronounced a benediction, with indulgences and absolution. The crowd was most dense immediately under the balcony at which the Pope appeared, for there papers were thrown down containing a copy of the prayers that had been uttered, and ordinarily there was a scramble to catch them. "At night," says a spectator of the ancient glories, "civic festivities follow the religious pageant of the morning. St. Peter's is illuminated by means of hundreds of thousands of tiny oil lamps, whose white gleam has given the name of 'silver illumination' to this part of the show. These lamps are placed at short intervals along every prominent line and curve of the colossal building and produce an effect as of a fairy architect's plan. After about half an hour, a gun suddenly booms from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the 'silver' is changed almost instantaneously to a 'golden' illumination. This magical effect is produced by the sudden kindling of large hanging pans full of resinous matter, also disposed along the architectural lines and curves of the basilica, and completely outshining in their strong, fiery glare the more delicate radiance of the little lamps. One man has no more than two or three of these pans to attend to, so that it is easy for him to fire them all almost simultaneously. The numberless dark figures moving aloft with cat-like agility among the massive shadows of the basilica are plainly visible to those stationed in the balconies of the piazza, but a

far more satisfactory way of seeing the illumination is to go to the Monte Pincio, at the opposite side of the town; the great dome of fire stands out in weird magnificence against the sky, and the sudden change, of which no human agency can be seen at that distance, has in consequence a proportionately enhanced effect upon the imagination."

Illuminations like that just described developed from the peasant custom of lighting Easter Fires on the tops of mountains. They are genuine relics of the pagan days when these fires blazed to celebrate the triumph of Spring over Winter. The flame had to be kindled from new fire created by the friction of wood (*nodfyr*). And sometimes a figure representing Winter was cast into the flames. After trying in vain to stop the custom, the Church gave in and incorporated the idea into its Easter ceremonies. This fire, drawn from the apparently fireless, and blazing on the heathen mountain top, thus came to symbolize the fiery pillar gleaming as a guide in the desert. And the new flame struck out of flint on Holy Saturday stood for the reappearance of the Light of the World out of His tomb of stone.

The egg is the symbol of the germinating fertility of Spring and the Easter egg is undoubtedly a relic of heathen days. As it is identified with the Easter observance best known to Americans, the following account of it has been condensed from the quaint pages of Brand:*

"In the north of England it is still the custom to

*Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain.

send reciprocal presents of eggs at Easter to the children of families betwixt whom any intimacy exists.

“The learned Count de Gebelin, in his ‘Religious History of the Calendar,’ informs us that this custom of giving eggs at Easter is to be traced up to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, Romans, etc., among all of whom an egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of the supreme Divinity. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders the Pasch, or Easter Egg, by *Ovum Paschale, croceum, seu luteum*. It is plain, from hence, that he was acquainted with the custom of dyeing or staining eggs at this season.

“Hutchinson, in his ‘History of Northumberland,’ speaking of *Pasche Eggs*, says, ‘Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt, and it was used in the feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the table, with the Paschal Lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on this day, as retaining the elements of future life, for an emblem of the Resurrection. It seems as if the egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy, after the days of mortification and abstinence were over, and festivity had taken place; and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, and certified to us by the Resurrection from the regions of death and the grave.’ The ancient Egyptians, if the resurrection of the body had been a tenet of their faith, would perhaps have thought an egg no improper hiero-

glyphical representation of it. The exclusion of a living creature by incubation after the vital principle has laid a long while dormant, or seemingly extinct, is a process so truly marvelous, that, if it could be disbelieved, would be thought by some a thing as incredible to the full, as that the Author of Life should be able to reanimate the dead.

“Le Brun, in his ‘Voyages,’ tells us that the Persians, on the 20th of March, 1704, kept the Festival of the Solar New Year, which he says lasted several days, when they mutually presented each other, among other things, with colored eggs.

“Easter, says Gebelin, and the New Year, have been marked by similar distinctions. Among the Persians, the New Year is looked upon as the renewal of all things, and is noted for the triumph of the Sun of Nature, as Easter is with the Christians for that of the Sun of Justice, the Saviour of the World, over death, by His Resurrection. The Feast of the New Year, he adds, was celebrated at the Vernal Equinox, that is, at a time when the Christians, removing their New Year to the Winter Solstice, kept only the Festival of Easter. Hence, with the latter, the Feast of Eggs has been attached to Easter, so that eggs are no longer made presents of at the New Year.

“Father Camelli, in his ‘History of Customs,’ tells us, that, during Easter and the following days, hard eggs, painted of different colors, but principally red, are the ordinary food of the season. In Italy, Spain, and in Provence, says he, where almost every ancient superstition is retained, there are in the public places

certain sports with eggs. This custom he derives from the Jews or the Pagans, for he observes it common to both.

“The learned Hyde, in his ‘Oriental Sports,’ tells us of one with eggs among the Christians of Mesopotamia on Easter Day, and forty days afterwards, during which time their children buy themselves as many eggs as they can, and stain them with a red color in memory of the blood of Christ, shed at the time of the Crucifixion. Some tinge them green and yellow. Stained eggs are sold all the while in the market. The sport consists in striking their eggs one against another, and the egg that first breaks is won by the owner of the egg that struck it. Immediately another egg is pitted against the winning egg, and so they go on, till the last remaining egg wins all the others, which respective owners shall before have won. This sport, he observes, is not retained in the midland parts of England, but seems to be alluded to in the old proverb, ‘An egg at Easter,’ because the liberty to eat eggs begins again at that Festival, and thence must have arisen this festive egg-game; for neither the Papists, nor those of the Eastern Church, eat eggs during Lent, but at Easter begin again to eat them. And hence the egg-feast formerly at Oxford, when the scholars took leave of that kind of food on the Saturday after Ash Wednesday, on what is called ‘Cleansing Week.’

“In the North of England, continues Hyde, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, boys beg, on Easter Eve, eggs to play with, and beggars ask for them to eat.

These eggs are hardened by boiling, and tinged with the juice of herbs, broom-flowers, etc. The eggs being prepared, the boys go out and play with them in the fields, rolling them up and down, like bowls upon the ground, or throwing them up, like balls, into the air. Eggs, stained with various colors in boiling, and sometimes covered with leaf-gold, are at Easter presented to children, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and other places in the North, where these young gentry ask for their Paste Eggs at this season. *Paste* is plainly a corruption of *Pasque*, Easter.

“In a curious Roll of the Expenses of the Household of Edward I, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, 1805, is the following item in the Accounts of Easter Sunday: ‘*Four hundred and a half of eggs, eighteen pence*’; highly interesting to the investigator of our ancient manners, not so much on account of the smallness of the sum which purchased them, as for the purpose for which so great a quantity was procured on this day in particular, i. e., in order to have them stained in boiling, or covered with leaf-gold, and to be afterwards distributed to the Royal Household.

“That the Church of Rome has considered eggs as emblematical of the Resurrection, may be gathered from the subsequent prayer, which the reader will find in an extract from the Ritual of Pope Paul the Fifth, for the use of England, Ireland, and Scotland. It contains various other forms of benediction: ‘Bless, O Lord! we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs,

that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the Resurrection of our Lord.'

"The following from Emilianne is much to our purpose: 'On Easter Eve and Easter Day all the heads of families send great chargers, full of hard eggs, to the church to get them blessed, which the priests perform by saying several appointed prayers and making great signs of the cross over them, and sprinkling them with holy water. The priest, having finished the ceremony, demands how many dozen eggs there be in every bason. These blest eggs have the virtue of sanctifying the entrails of the body, and are to be the first fat or fleshy nourishment they take after the abstinence of Lent. The Italians do not only abstain from flesh during Lent, but also from eggs, cheese, butter, and all white meats. As soon as the eggs are blessed, every one carries his portion home, and causeth a large table to be set in the best room in the house, which they cover with their best linen, all bestrewed with flowers, and place round about it a dozen dishes of meat, and the great charger of eggs in the midst. 'Tis a very pleasant sight to see these tables set forth in the houses of great persons, when they expose on side tables (round about the chamber) all the plate they have in the house, and whatever else they have that is rich and curious, in honor of their Easter eggs, which of themselves yield a very fair show, for the shells of them are painted with divers colors, and gilt. Sometimes there are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in the form of a pyramid.

The table continues, in the same posture, covered, all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them in that time are invited to eat an Eastern egg with them, which they must not refuse.'

"Dr. Chandler, in his 'Travels in Asia Minor,' gives the following account of the manner of celebrating Easter among the modern Greeks: 'The Greeks now celebrated Easter. A small bier, prettily decked with orange and citron buds, jasmine, flowers and boughs, was placed in the church, with a Christ crucified, rudely painted on board, for the body. We saw it in the evening, and, before day-break, were suddenly awakened by the blaze and crackling of a large bonfire, with singing and shouting in honor of the Resurrection. They made us presents of *colored eggs* and cakes of Easter bread.'

"Easter Day, says the Abbé d'Auteoroche, in his 'Journey to Siberia,' is set apart for visiting in Russia. A Russian came into my room, offered me his hand, and gave me, at the same time, an egg. Another followed, who also embraced, and gave me an egg. I gave him in return the egg which I had just before received. The men go to each other's houses in the morning and introduce themselves by saying, 'Jesus Christ is risen.' The answer is—'Yes, He is risen.' The people then embrace, give each other eggs, and drink together. This extract from Hakluyt's 'Voyages' is of an older date, and shows how little the custom has varied: 'They (the Russians) have an order at Easter, which they alwaies observe, and that is this: every yeere, against Easter, to die or colour red, with Brazzele

(Brazilwood) a great number of egges, of which every man and woman giveth one unto the priest of the parish upon Easter Day, in the morning. And moreover, the common people use to carrie in their hands one of these red egges, not only upon Easter Day, but also three or foure dayes after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have egges gilded, which they carrie in like manner. They use it, as they say, for a great love, and in token of the Resurrection, whereof they rejoyce. For when two friends meete during the Easter Holydayes they come and take one another by the hand; and one of them saith, "The Lord, our Christ, is risen"; the other answereth, "It is so of a trueth"; and then they kiss and exchange their egges: both men and women, continuing foure dayes together.'"

These scattered facts, dealing with the more material side of the festival, have been printed in the hope of preparing the reader more fully to appreciate the spirit of Easter as expressed in the pages to come. Never before have men had such need of the Easter message. Yesterday the world underwent its Golgotha. To-day it hangs tortured on the cross. Are we to see the powers of darkness prevail, or, in the glow of some ecstatic dawn, see the stone rolled away from the planet's tomb?

R. H. S.

February 21, 1916.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	ix

I

CELEBRATION

THE FIRST EASTER	<i>St. Luke</i>	3
EASTER EVEN	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	7
EASTER DAY IN ROME	<i>Oscar Wilde</i>	8
THE STORY OF EASTER EGGS	<i>Christoph Von Schmid</i>	8
EASTER LILIES	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	12
MARY	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>	13
EASTER SINGERS IN THE VORARLBERG		
	<i>From "Chamber's Book of Days"</i>	15
MARY'S EASTER	<i>Marie Mason</i>	17
MEDÆVAL EASTER PLAYS	<i>Henry Barret Hinckley</i>	18
THE DAY OF VICTORY	<i>Rachel Capen Schaffler</i>	21
THE STONE OF THE SEPULCHER	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	22
AT EASTER TIME	<i>Laura E. Richards</i>	23
EASTER DAWN	<i>Frances Ridley Havergal</i>	24
EASTER ORGAN MUSIC	<i>Harvey B. Gaul</i>	25
SONG OF EASTER	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	28
NATURE'S EASTER MUSIC	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	29
HOW MORAVIANS OBSERVE EASTER	<i>Charles H. Rominger</i>	32
AWAKENING	<i>Rose Terry Cook</i>	36
ON EASTER MORN	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	37
RUSSIAN EASERS	<i>Abridged from The Saturday Review</i>	38

CONTENTS

	PAGE
AN EASTER CAROL	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i> 41
EASTER EVEN	<i>Margaret French Patton</i> 42
THE BARREN EASTER	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> 43
A MADRIGAL	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> 45
THE BELLS OF KREMLIN	<i>Augustus J. G. C. Hare</i> 46
OF THE LORD'S DAY AND EASTER	<i>William Cave</i> 48
COMPENSATION	<i>By an unknown English Poet</i> 53
EASTER WEEK	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 54
THE APPARITION OF CHRIST TO HIS MOTHER	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i> 54
EASTER	<i>Genevieve M. J. Irons</i> 57
EASTER DAY	<i>Josephine Rice Creelman</i> 59
A GLIMPSE OF EASTER IN THE AZORES	<i>Henry Sandham</i> 60
EGG ROLLING	<i>Anonymous</i> 61
EGG ROLLING IN WASHINGTON	<i>Anonymous</i> 62

II

SPIRIT AND SIGNIFICANCE

RELIGION IN RUSSIA TO-DAY	<i>James Y. Simpson</i> 67
EASTER MORNING	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> 73
THE BOY AND THE ANGEL	<i>Robert Browning</i> 73
WHILE IT WAS YET DARK	<i>Charles E. Hesselgrave</i> 77
AN EASTER SONG	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 80
EASTER WINGS	<i>George Herbert</i> 81
AN EASTER GREETING TO EVERY CHILD WHO LOVES "ALICE"	<i>Lewis Carroll</i> 82
THE EASTER MESSAGE	<i>Charles E. Hesselgrave</i> 85
THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i> 87
DAY DAWN—A QUIET TALK ON EASTER	<i>S. D. Gordon</i> 88
WOMAN'S EASTER	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 96
EASTER MORNING	<i>Francis L. Mace</i> 98
SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE	<i>William Newell</i> 101
THE EASTER JOY	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i> 103
EASTER	<i>George Herbert</i> 107
THE RESURRECTION, OR EASTER-DAY	<i>George Herbert</i> 108

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EASTER SACRAMENTS <i>Henry Park Schaufler</i>	110
AN EASTER-TIDE DELIVERANCE . . . <i>Maria H. Bulfinch</i>	111
SABBATH MORN <i>From the Danish of Nicolai Grundtvig</i>	112
EASTER DAY <i>John Keble</i>	113
EARTH'S EASTER <i>Robert Haven Schaufler</i>	116

III

HYMNS AND CAROLS

EASTER DAY <i>Charles Wesley</i>	119
WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING <i>Venatius Fortunatus</i>	119
HE IS RISEN <i>Cecile Frances Alexander</i>	121
THE STRIFE IS O'ER <i>Translated from the Latin by Francis Potts</i>	122
RESURGAM <i>Translated by J. M. Neale</i>	123
PRaise TO THE LAMB <i>Translated by Robert Campbell</i>	124
CHRIST IS ARISEN <i>Arthur Cleveland Coxe</i>	126
EASTER CAROL <i>George Newell Lovejoy</i>	127
EASTER <i>Martin Luther, from the Latin of John Huss</i>	127

IV

IMMORTALITY

AFRAID? OF WHOM AM I AFRAID? . . . <i>Emily Dickinson</i>	131
THE NEW BIRTH <i>Jones Very</i>	131
LINES WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	132
THE VALLEY OF LIFE <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	133
SOUND <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	135
ONE <i>Marion Monks Chase</i>	136
THE SYMBOLISM OF RESURRECTION . . . <i>Anonymous</i>	136
RESURRECTION <i>Sarah H. Bradford</i>	142
VIRTUE <i>George Herbert</i>	143
IN CHANGE UNCHANGING <i>Henry Ward Beecher</i>	144

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THEY ARE ALL GONE	<i>Henry Vaughan</i> 145
THE RETREAT	<i>Henry Vaughan</i> 147
A LETTER	<i>Frederika Bremer</i> 148
LIFE THROUGH DEATH	<i>Richard Chenevix Trench</i> 150
IMMORTALITY	<i>Abridged from the Encyclopedia Britt.</i> 152
THE LILY OF THE RESURRECTION	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 159
THE BIBLE ON IMMORTALITY	160
RESURRECTION	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 163
THRENODY	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 165
QUOTATIONS	171
WINTER SLEEP	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 173
THE LITTLE PLANT	<i>Kate L. Brown</i> 174
"IN A NIGHT OF MIDSUMMER"	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> 174
THE WAKING YEAR	<i>Emily Dickinson</i> 176
FROM IN MEMORIAM	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 176
THE FUTURE	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 183
DEATH	<i>Bishop William Croswell Doane</i> 187
JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 188
CONTINUITIES	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 188
THE EVENING WATCH	<i>Henry Vaughan</i> 189
THREE GREAT THINKERS ON IMMORTALITY	190
"DEATH IS NOT THE END"	<i>Anonymous</i> 191
REAPPEARING	<i>Horatius Bonar</i> 192
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 194
THE DISCOVERER	<i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i> 196
THE BELIEF OF THE EGYPTIANS	<i>Amelia B. Edwards</i> 198
AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA	<i>Edwin Arnold</i> 199
BEYOND THE GRAVE	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 201
TRANSPLANTED	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i> 202
THE HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION	<i>Frances Browne</i> 204
THE RESURRECTION	<i>Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock</i> 206
TERMINUS	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 207
THE PROOF	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 209
AT LAST	<i>Paul Hamilton Hayne</i> 210
THE LIGHTS OF HOME	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 210
CROSSING THE BAR	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 211

CONTENTS

V

FICTION AND DRAMA

	PAGE
AN EASTER JOKE	<i>Katharine McDowell Rice</i> 215
THE FLAX	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> 219
THE LARK	<i>Frederic A. Krummacher</i> 226
OLD AGE	<i>Frederic A. Krummacher</i> 228
RIGHT ABOUT FACE AT THE OLD FIRST .	<i>Haynes Lord</i> 229
A LESSON OF FAITH	<i>Margaret Gatty</i> 236
THE SNOWDROP	<i>Adapted by Carolyn T. Bailey</i> 243
MOTHER HUBBARD'S EASTER LILY .	<i>Madge A. Bigham</i> 245
EASTER BY THE ARNO	<i>Elizabeth K. Hall</i> 247
ANNE-MARIE	<i>Frances S. Dabney</i> 254

I
CELEBRATION

EASTER

THE FIRST EASTER

ST. LUKE

And the Sabbath drew on. And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulcher, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath-day, according to the commandment. Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher, and they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments, and as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen. Remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. And they remembered his words, and returned from the

sepulcher, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles. And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not. Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulcher, and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

And behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about three score furlongs, and they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together, and reasoned Jesus himself drew near, and went with them, but their eyes were holden, that they should not know him.

And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? And one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering, said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God, and all the people, and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to death and have crucified him. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and besides all this, to-day is the

third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulcher, and when they found not his body, they came saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them which were with us, went to the sepulcher, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

And they drew nigh unto the village whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further, but they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them, and their eyes were opened, and they knew him: and he vanished out of their sight.

And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they

told what things were done on the way, and how he was known of them in the breaking of bread.

And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

And when he had thus spoken he showed them his hands and his feet, and while they believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and of a honey-comb. And he took it, and did eat before them.

And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning me.

Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things.

And behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

And he led them out as far as to Bethany: and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.

EASTER EVEN *

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

The tempest over and gone, the calm begun,
Lo, "It is finished," and the Strong Man sleeps:
All stars keep vigil watching for the sun,
The moon her vigil keeps.

A garden full of silence and of dew,
Beside a virgin cave and entrance stone:
Surely a garden full of angels too,
Wondering, on watch, alone.

They who cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy," still,
Veiling their faces round God's throne above,
May well keep vigil on this heavenly hill
And cry their cry of love.

Adoring God in His new mystery
Of love more deep than hell, more strong than
death;
Until the day break and the shadows flee,
The Shaking and the Breath.

* By permission of Little, Brown & Company.

EASTER DAY IN ROME *

BY OSCAR WILDE

The silver trumpets rang across the dome,
The people knelt upon the ground with awe,
And borne upon the necks of men I saw,
Like some great God, the Holy Lord of Rome.

Priest-like he wore a robe more white than foam,
And king-like swathed himself in royal red;
Three crowns of gold rose high above his head,
In splendor and in light the Pope passed home.

My heart stole back across wide wastes of years,
To One who wandered by a lonely sea,
And sought in vain for any place of rest.
Foxes have holes, and every bird its nest,
I, only I, must wander wearily,
And bruise my feet, and drink wine salt with tears.

* By permission of Brentano's.

THE STORY OF EASTER EGGS *

BY CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID

Many hundred years ago, a good and noble lady,
Duchess Rosilinda von Lindenburg, at a time when a
cruel war was devastating the land, was obliged to fly

* By permission of Century Co.

from her beautiful home accompanied only by her two little children and one old manservant.

They found refuge in a small mining village in the mountains, where the simple but contented and happy inhabitants did what they could for their comfort, and placed the best of all they had at the disposal of the wanderers. Nevertheless, their fare was miserable: no meat was ever to be found, seldom fish, and not even an egg; this last for the very good reason that there was not a single hen in the village! These useful domestic fowls, now so common everywhere, were originally brought from the East, and had not yet found their way to this secluded place. The people had not even heard of such "strange birds." This troubled the kind duchess, who well knew the great help they are in housekeeping, and she determined that the women who had been so kind to her should no longer be without them.

Accordingly, the next time she sent forth her faithful old servant to try and gather news of his master and of the progress of the war, she commissioned him to bring back with him a coop full of fowls. This he did, to the great surprise of the simple natives, and the village children were greatly excited a few weeks later at the appearance of a brood of young chickens. They were so pretty and bright, were covered with such a soft down, were so open-eyed, and could run about after their mother to pick up food the very first day, and were altogether such a contrast to the blind, bald, unfledged, helpless, ugly little birds they sometimes saw in nests in the hedges, that they could

not find words enough to express their admiration.

The good lady now saved up eggs for some time, then invited all the housewives of the village to a feast, when she set before them eggs cooked in a variety of ways. She then taught them how to prepare them for themselves, and, distributing a number of fowls among them, sent the dames home grateful and happy.

When Easter approached, she was anxious to arrange some pleasure for the village children, but had nothing to give them, "not even an apple or a nut," only some eggs; but that, she concluded, was, after all, an appropriate offering, "as an egg is the first gift of the reviving spring." And then it occurred to her to boil them with mosses and roots that would give them a variety of brilliant colors, "as the earth," said she, "has just laid aside her white mantle, and decorated herself with many colors; for the dear God makes the fruit and berries not only good to eat, but also pleasant to look upon," and the children's pleasure would be all the greater.

Accordingly, on Easter Sunday, after the church service, all the little ones of about the age of her own met together in a garden; and, when their kind hostess had talked to them awhile, she led them into a small neighboring wood. There she told them to make nests of moss, and advised each to mark well his or her own. All then returned to the garden, where a feast of milk-soup with eggs and egg-cakes had been prepared. Afterward they went back to the wood, and found to their great joy in each nest five

beautiful, colored eggs, and on these a short rhyme was written.

The surprise and delight of the little ones when they discovered a nest of the gayly colored treasures, was very great, and one of them exclaimed: "How wonderful the hens must be that can lay such pretty eggs! How I should like to see them!"

"Oh! no hens could lay such beautiful eggs," answered a little girl, "I think it must have been the little hare that sprang out of the juniper bush when I wanted to build my nest there."

Then all the children laughed together, and said, "The hares lay colored eggs! Yes, yes! the dear little hares lay the beautiful eggs!" And they kept repeating it till they began really to believe it.

Not long afterward the war ended, and the Duke Arno von Lindenburg took his wife and children back to their own palace; but before leaving the Duchess set apart a sum of money to be expended in giving the village children every Easter a feast of eggs. She instituted the custom also in her own duchy, and by degrees it spread over the whole country, the eggs being considered a symbol of redemption or deliverance from sin. The custom has found its way even to America, but nowhere out of the Vaterland are the eggs laid by the timid hare.

To this day children living in the country go to the woods just before Easter, and return with their arms full of twigs and moss, out of which they build nests and houses, each child carefully marking his own with his name. They are then hidden behind stones and

bushes in the garden, or, if the weather be cold, in corners, or under furniture in the house. And on Easter morning what an excitement there is to see what the good little hare has brought! Not only real eggs boiled and colored but sugar ones too, and often wooden ones that open like boxes, disclosing perhaps, a pair of new gloves or a bright ribbon.

EASTER LILIES

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

Darlings of June and brides of summer sun,
 Chill pipes the stormy wind, and the skies are drear;
 Dull and despoiled the gardens every one:
 What do you here?

We looked to see your gracious blooms arise
 'Mid soft and wooing airs in gardens green,
 Where venturesome brown bees and butterflies
 Should hail you queen.

There is no bee nor glancing butterfly;
 They fled on rapid wings before the snow:
 Your sister lilies laid them down to die,
 Long, long ago.

And here, amid the slowly dropping rain,
 We keep our Easter feast, with hearts whose care
 Mars the high cadence of each lofty strain,
 Each thankful prayer.

But not a shadow dims your joyance sweet,
No baffled hope or memory darkly clad;
You lay your whiteness at the Lord's dear feet,
And all are glad.

O coward soul! Arouse thee and draw near,
Led by these fragrant acolytes to-day!
Let their sweet confidence rebuke thy fear,
Thy cold delay.

Come with thy darkness to the healing light,
Come with thy bitter, which shall be made sweet,
And lay thy soil beside the lilies white,
At His dear feet!

MARY *

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

She walked among the lilies
Upstanding straight and tall,
Their silver tapers bright against
The dusky wall;
Gray olives dropped upon her
Their crystal globes of dew,
The while the doors of heaven grew wide
To let the Easter through.

All heaven was rose and golden,
The clouds were reft apart,

* By permission of George M. Sangster.

Earth's holiest dawn in dazzling white
Came forth from heaven's own heart:
And never, since on Eden
Creation's glory lay,
Had ever garden of the Lord
Beheld so fair a day.

Her eyes were blurred with weeping,
Her trailing steps were slow;
The cross she bore within her
Transfixed her soul with woe.
One only goal before her
Loomed through her spirit's gloom,
As in the early morning
She sought the guarded tomb.

But down the liliated pathway
A kingly presence came,
A seamless garment clothed Him,
His face was clear as flame,
And in His hands were nailprints,
And on His brow were scars,
But in His eyes a light of love
Beyond the light of stars.

For tears she could not see Him,
As o'er the path He came,
Till, like remembered music,
He called her by her name;
Then swift her soul to answer,
The Lord of life she knew,

Her breast unbarred its prison gates
 To let the Easter through.

Such light of revelation
 As bathed her being then,
 It comes anew wherever Christ
 Is known indeed of men;
 Such glory on the pathway,
 It falls again on all
 Who hear the King in blessing,
 And hasten at His call.

Rise, King of grace and glory,
 This hallowed Easter-tide,
 Nor from Thy ransomed people
 Let even death divide;
 For yet again doth heaven
 Throw all its gates apart,
 And send the sacred Easter
 Straight from its glowing heart.

EASTER SINGERS IN THE VORARLBURG

FROM CHAMBER'S BOOK OF DAYS

About a league from Lake Constance the mountains assume a wild and savage character; a narrow defile leads to a high hill which must be crossed to reach the valley of Schwartzenberg. I gained the summit of the peak at sunset; the rosy vapor which surrounded it hid the line of the horizon, and gave to the lake the

appearance of a sea; the Rhine flowed through the bottom of the valley and emptied itself into the lake, to recommence its course twelve leagues farther on. On one side were the Swiss mountains; and opposite was Landau, built on an island; on the other side the dark forests of Wurtemberg, and over the side of the hill the chain of the Vorarlburg mountains. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the crests of the glaciers, whilst the valleys were already bathed in the soft moonlight. From this high point the sounds of the bells ringing in the numerous villages scattered over the mountains were distinctly heard, the flocks were being brought home to be housed for the night, and everywhere were sounds of rejoicing.

“It is the evening of Holy Saturday,” said our guide; “the Tyrolese keep the festival with every ceremony.” And so it was; civilization has passed that land by and not left a trace of its unbelieving touch; the resurrection of Christ is still for them the tangible proof of revelation, and they honor the season accordingly. Bands of musicians, for which the Tyrolese have always been noted, traverse every valley, singing the beautiful Easter hymns to their guitars; calling out the people to their doors, who join them in the choruses and together rejoice on this glad anniversary. Their wide-brimmed hats are decorated with bouquets of flowers; crowds of children accompany them, and when the darkness of night comes on, bear lighted torches of the pine wood, which throw grotesque shadows over the spectators and picturesque wooden huts. The Pasch or Paschal eggs, which have

formed a necessary part of all Easter offerings for centuries past, are not forgotten; some are dyed in the brightest colors and boiled hard; others have suitable mottoes written on the shells, and made ineffaceable by a rustic process of chemistry. The good wife has these ready prepared, and when the children bring their baskets they are freely given; at the higher class of the farmers' houses wine is brought out as well as eggs, and the singers are refreshed and regaled in return for their Easter carols.

MARY'S EASTER

BY MARIE MASON

Easter lilies freshly bloom
O'er the open, conquered tomb;
Cups of incense, pure and fair,
Pour oblations on the air.
Easter-glory sudden flows
Through the portal none may close;
Death and darkness flee away,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Shining forms are sitting by
Where the folded garments lie;
Loving Mary knows no fear
While the waiting angels hear
"They have taken my Lord away,
Know ye where he lies to-day?"
Sweet they answer to her cry,
As their pinions pass her by.

See the Master stand to greet
 Her that weepeth at His feet.
 "Mary!" At the tender word
 Well she knows her risen Lord!
 All her love and passion breaks
 In the single word she speaks:—
 Hear the sweet "Rabboni!" tell
 All her woman-heart so well!

"Quickly go and tell it out
 Unto others round about.
 Thou hast been forgiven much;
 Tell it, Mary unto such.
 By thy love within thy heart,
 This my word to them impart;
 Death shall touch thy soul no more,
 Christ thy Lord hath gone before!"

MEDIÆVAL EASTER PLAYS

BY HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY

The modern drama had its origin in the Easter services of the mediæval church. Readers of the New Testament are well acquainted with the supreme importance which Saint Paul attached to the Resurrection. To him it was the demonstration, not merely of the immortality of the soul, but of the truth of the entire Christian religion. Furthermore, the narrative element in the gospels, is nowhere so conspicuous and so sustained as in the account of events from the en-

try into Jerusalem. Even the story of the birth of Jesus, is comparatively meager, and appears moreover in but two of the canonical gospels. Nor has it so fully developed the element of contest so necessary to effective drama. In this respect the persecution of Herod and the flight into Egypt is less adequate, than the repeated efforts of the Jews to entrap Jesus, his arrest, his trial or examination first by the Jews and then by Pilate, the effort of Pilate to save him, his crucifixion, death and burial, the setting of a watch, and the victorious resurrection. To these tradition added a descent into hell. Everywhere we find Christ opposed by all the hostile forces of the world.

At least as early as the fourth century we find, as the most important form of public worship, the mass which is essentially a commemoration of the last acts of Christ. Later it was believed that these events were actually repeated as often as the mass was celebrated. During the ninth century began a process of liturgical elaboration. The desire for more singing was strongly felt. At first there were added melodies without words, simple vowel sounds being uttered. Then texts were written. And the responsive chanting of the two halves of the quire gave the words of scripture. Already there was something in the nature of an oratorio. In a manuscript belonging to the Abbey of Saint Gall, in Switzerland, we find arranged for chanting the dialogue between the three Marias and the angel, at the tomb :

“Whom seek ye at the sepulcher, O worshippers of Christ?”
“Jesus of Nazareth the crucified, O habitants of heaven.”

"He is not here, he has arisen, as he predicted.
Go, proclaim that he has risen from the sepulcher."

"I have risen."

The dialogue was later accompanied by appropriate action. We find in the church something that served for a sepulcher, in which on Good Friday a cross was solemnly buried, and very early on Easter morning one of the priests would privately remove it. Then at the mass, one personating the angel would remove a cloth to show that the sepulcher was empty, and the other priests with spices, personating the Maries, would approach to look in and see. The dialogue and action both grew. The running of John and Peter to the sepulcher was an early addition. And the supper at Emmaus and the conviction of Thomas appear before the drama has yet ceased to be a part of the liturgy.

Once the parts in the ritual were taken by individuals, rather than chanted by portions of the choir, we find the costuming and acting more and more developed. The angel bears an ear of grain, as a symbol of the resurrection; the Maries wear veils; the angel has wings. Account books survive in England, France and Germany, from which details may be gathered. But as a church service "the office of the sepulcher," as the ceremony was called, always remained imperfectly dramatic. As late as 1593 when Shakespeare's plays were already seen at the Globe Theater, we find a detailed description of "the office of the sepulcher" as performed at the Abbey Church of Durham (where, to be sure, the people were more conservative than in the south of England), which shows that the play is

still a ritual, an act of worship. On the continent the "office of the Sepulcher" was performed in certain churches as late as the eighteenth century.

Meanwhile similar ceremonies had developed in celebration of the birth of Christ. When these had become too large for representation in the church they were acted outside of it, in the churchyard or in the public squares. The representations then ceased to be ritualistic and became frankly spectacular. The whole Biblical history was enacted at public festivities. But even so the plays still remained an important source of religious instruction, and there survive the words of a mediæval preacher who refers to them for corroboration of his sermon. The resurrection was now but a detail, and its dramatic possibilities were far less worked out than those of various other parts of the Bible story, for the two most striking figures in these miracle plays or mysteries were Noah's Wife, to whom Chaucer refers, and King Herod who is mentioned even by Hamlet.

THE DAY OF VICTORY

BY RACHEL CAPEN SCHAUFFLER

Rise my soul and break your prison ;
For the Christ, your Lord, is risen !
While His victories avail you,
Death nor terror can assail you ;
Rise with Him and, with Him, risen,
Run to visit souls in prison ;

Show them how your bonds were broken,
Lend them all your keys in token
That you fought your ways from prison
By the help of Jesus Risen.

THE STONE OF THE SEPULCHER

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

“ How shall the stone be rolled away? ”
Thus questioned they, the women three,
Who at dim dawn went forth to see
The sealed and closely guarded cell
Where slept the Lord they loved so well.
First of all Easter sacrifice,
The linen and the burial spice,
They carried, as with anxious speech
They sadly questioned, each to each:
Still, as they near and nearer drew
The puzzle and the terror grew,
And none had word of cheer to say;
But lo, the stone was rolled away!

“ How shall the stone be rolled away? ”
So, like the Marys, question we,
As looking on we dimly see
Some mighty barrier raise its head
To bar the path we needs must tread.
Our little strength seems weakness made,
Our hearts are faint and sore afraid;
Drooping we journey on alone.

We only mark the heavy stone,
We do not see the helping Love
Which moves before us as we move,
Which chides our faithless, vain dismay,
And rolls for us the stone away.

“ How shall the stone be rolled away? ”
Ah, many a heart, with terrors pent,
Has breathed the question as it went,
With faltering feet and failing breath,
In the chill company of death,
Adown the narrow path and straight,
Which all must traverse soon or late,
And nearing thus the dreaded tomb,
Just in the thickest, deepest gloom,
Has heard the stir of angel wings,
Dear voices, sweetest welcomings,
And, as on that first Easter day,
Has found the dread stone rolled away!

AT EASTER TIME*

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

The little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time:
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
“ Good people, bless this holy day,

* By permission of the Bible House.

For Christ is risen, the angels say
At happy Easter time!"

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time.
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.

"We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,
"It's glory shines on us to-day.
Oh! may it shine on us always
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.

And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say
At blessed Easter time!"

EASTER DAWN

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

It is too calm to be a dream,
Too gravely sweet, too full of power,
Prayer changed to praise this very hour.
Yes, heard and answered! though it seem
Beyond the hope of yesterday,
Beyond the faith that dared to pray,

Yet not beyond the love that heard,
And not beyond the faithful word
On which each trembling prayer may rest
And win the answer truly best.

Yes, heard and answered! sought and found!
I breathe a golden atmosphere
Of solemn joy, and seem to hear
 Within, above, and all around,
The chime of deep cathedral bells,
An early herald peal that tells
A glorious Easter tide begun;
While yet are sparkling in the sun
Large raindrops of the night storm passed,
And days of Lent are gone at last.

EASTER ORGAN MUSIC

BY HARVEY B. GAUL

There is one difficulty that Easter brings, and that is the exceeding worry of finding appropriate Easter organ music. Organ music for Christmas is comparatively easy to find — composers have left us a vast heritage relative to the Nativity — but for the Resurrection there seems to be little available literature.

The following compendium of Easter organ music is not all-inclusive. Nor is it intended to include every organ piece with the title or suggestion that *Christus resurrectus est*. It is compiled with the desire —

Baedeker fashion — to lighten the search and point out the advantageous works. Also to encourage organists in the belief that there are other works more appropriate for Easter than Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* and Grieg's *To Spring*, even if Easter is the sapping, budding *printemps*.

In preparing this list it was deemed advisable to catalogue the pieces in four sections, starting with preludes.

The *Prelude to The Resurrection*, Bullard, offers a splendid opportunity for opening the service. In the same capacity the *Prologue to Christ, the Victor*, by Dudley Buck, may be placed. Mozart's *Resurrexit*, also has excellent preludial effects, and with it may be included Springer's *Easter Alleluia*. For melody Parkhurst's *In the Gloom of Easter Morn* is to be recommended.

In the matter of Interludes or Offertories the following pieces are good: *Anthem for the Sunday after Easter*, Guilmant; *Offertoire pour la fête de paques*, Grison; *Easter Hymn*, Oliver; *Air de la Pentecôte*, from Easter cantata, Bach; *Gloria in excelsis*, Burger. These works will supply the needs for Interludes; some of them may be used for Preludes. For the purpose of concluding the service *Easter Recessional*, Flagler; *March on Easter Themes*, Mark Andrews; *Easter March*, Merkl, are all strong virile works, with the march rhythm firmly announced. Also in the class of Postludes may be included, *Hosannah Chorus Magnus*, Dubois; *Hosanna*, Wachs; *Hosanna*, Granier; *Hosannah*, Lemmens. For organ recital pieces — and

Easter is a very good time for organ recitals on account of the vast congregations to be seated — the following works will be found suitable; they are not only more ambitious, and of larger caliber, but offer passages for telling solo effects: *Easter Morning*, Malling; *Old Easter Melody*, John West; *Easter Morn* (a meditation), West; and *Resurrection Morn*, Johnston; commended not only for melodic work, but for varied and interesting structure and passage opportunity.

Also for concert work: *Alleluia! O filii et filiae*, Loret; and *O filii et filiae*, Lizst, and *Paques fleuries*, Mailly. For display purposes requiring full organ effects these works should be considered: *Fantasia on Jesus Christ is Risen To-day*, Peter Lutkin; *Fantasia on an Easter Plain Song*, Wilan; and *Fantasia on a Carol*, West.

For the person who was educated in the English School of church music and who firmly believes no better or more fitting works were ever written than the oratorio choruses, the following transcriptions are advisable. They may be used for Preludes, Interludes, Postludes *ad libitum*, or even *da capo*: *Achieved is the glorious work*, Haydn; the *Hallelujah Chorus*, Handel; the *Hallelujah Chorus* from *Mount of Olives*, Beethoven; *Gloria in excelsis*, Mozart; and *All glory to the Lamb that died*, from *Last Judgment*, Spohr. Really good transcriptions may be found or made, from the following oratorio solos: *The trumpet shall sound*; *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, and *Thou didst not leave His soul in hell*, from Handel's *Messiah*. The last two have the charm of being unhack-

neyed and if good solo stops are employed they are most acceptable pieces.

SONG OF EASTER *

BY CELIA THAXTER

Sing, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking and that Death no
more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brighten-
ing spring;
Sing, children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes
ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the
Sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, little children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her
breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from
pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn
again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smil-
ing grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's
face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things
shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace,—
That winter yields to spring,—
Sing, little children, sing!

NATURE'S EASTER MUSIC*

BY LUCY LARCOM

The flowers from the earth have arisen,
They are singing their Easter-song;
Up the valleys and over the hillsides
They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen! The wild-flowers are singing
Their beautiful songs without words!

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

They are pouring the soul of their music
Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided
The joy of its blossoming birth —
The wonder of its resurrection
From its grave in the frozen earth.

For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
Little Eyebright, Anemone pale!
Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting
Their trumpet-note loud on the gale.

The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
The goldfinch's twitter reveals;
And the violet trills, through the bluebird,
Of the heaven that within her she feels.

The song-sparrow's exquisite warble
Is born in the heart of the rose —
Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,
Afraid of belated snows.

And the melody of the wood-thrush
Floats up from the nameless and shy
White blossoms that stay in the cloister
Of pine-forests, dim and high.

The dust of the roadside is vocal;
There is music from every clod;
Bird and breeze are the wild-flowers' angels,
Their messages bearing to God.

“ We arise and we praise Him together ! ”
With a flutter of petal and wings,
The anthem of spirits immortal
Rings back from created things.

And nothing is left wholly speechless ;
For the dumbest life that we know
May utter itself through another,
And double its gladness so !

The trees have the winds to sing for them ;
The rock and the hill have the streams ;
And the mountain and thunderous torrents
That waken old Earth from her dreams.

She awakes to the Easter-music ;
Her bosom with praise overflows ;
The forest breaks forth into singing,
For the desert has bloomed as the rose.

And whether in trances of silence
We think of our Lord arisen,
Or whether we carol with angels
At the open door of His prison,

He will give us an equal welcome
Whatever the tribute we bring ;
For to Him who can read the heart's music
To blossom with love is to sing.

HOW MORAVIANS OBSERVE EASTER *

BY CHARLES H. ROMINGER

Many unique observances of this season may be found in every quarter of the globe. The forms vary, but one theme inspires them all,— *the Savior returned to earth; Messiah risen from the dead*. There is in our home-land a custom that is tried and true. It is the celebration of Easter by the Moravians, in Bethlehem, Pa., a custom that has been introduced in many lands and accepted wherever it has gone, as one of the cherished possessions of this ancient church.

The Easter in Bethlehem, Pa., begins on Palm Sunday Eve. This service, which is held in the large Moravian Church, consists of readings from the Passion Week Manual, a compilation from the Synoptic Gospels (Matthew, Mark and Luke), interspersed with suitable hymns, a brief address and a prayer. Readings from this manual continue through the whole of Easter Week. As far as possible, the closing scenes of the Savior's earthly ministry are reviewed on the respective days of the week on which they occurred. The simple story of the Passion Week, unembellished and unbroken, is undoubtedly an effective preparation for the celebration of Easter Day. Devout Moravians attend these services in large numbers, while Christians of every name and creed may be found in the crowded church. The children of the Moravian Parochial

* From *The Sunday-School World*. By permission of the American Sunday-School Union.

School attend with their teachers and occupy reserved seats in the front part of the sanctuary. The simplicity of this custom and the ardor of those who read, together with the evident devotion of the auditors, indelibly stamp upon the mind the lessons of the Easter season.

Palm Sunday is a day of rejoicing among Moravians. It is the day when candidates for confirmation, who have been pursuing a rigid course of study under the direction of the pastors of the Moravian Church, make a public confession of their faith and become members. The stately house of worship of the Bethlehem Moravian congregation is decorated with palms and greens in festive profusion. There is a ring of triumph in music and sermon, and there is always a large class of young people to make a public declaration of faith in the essentials of the Christian religion. Occasionally, too, older persons stand for the first time in the circle of the chosen and respond to the impressive service of confirmation, which makes this a memorable day for them.

The services of Maundy Thursday are as solemn as the occasion demands. The cumulative force of the "words of Thursday," as they are read during the two afternoon meetings, cannot be realized in any other way than by setting aside the afternoon of the day before Good Friday to gather with hundreds of fellow believers and hearken to these words as they fell from the lips of the Master two thousands years ago. The evening service of communion brings back the vision of the upper room and the exhortation to the disciples.

The white-gowned ministers bearing trays of bread and wine, the artistic arrangement of the service and the inspiring accumulation of song lend a significance to this eucharist that cannot fail to prepare every participant for the events of the dark days that follow.

On the morning of Good Friday, at 10:30 o'clock, the congregation assembles for a service of reading and song. The dramatic "acts of Friday" are the theme. At 2:30 in the afternoon, the climax of the reading services is held, the closing scenes of the Crucifixion being reviewed. At 3 o'clock, the supposed hour of our Savior's death, the throng of worshipers kneel, while the deep-toned bell in the belfry over the ridge roof of the church tolls a solemn knell. The congregation rises and in reverent silence leaves the sanctuary. The Christ is *dead*. An evening vesper, which begins at 7:30 o'clock, is an exercise of song. It is a vigil for the Paschal Lamb, and, following, as it does, upon the solemn sadness of the morning and afternoon watch, makes a profound impression of the greatness of Christ's sacrifice for sin.

During the afternoon of Saturday, commonly known as Great Sabbath, a love-feast is held. This service, which opens at 3 o'clock, consists of a program of song and prayer. The congregation and choir vie with each other in expressions of praise and adoration to the King who gave them life and brotherly love through death. While this challenge of song is sounding, the *dieners* of the church — men and women dark groomed and practiced in the art of serving throngs of people

— distribute buns and coffee. This friendly breaking of bread is accepted as a symbol of unity with each other and the wounded Lord. At 7:30, the congregation re-assembles for the Easter Eve watch. There is another vigil exercise of song, with a prayer and an interpretative word from the desk. It is a thoughtful preparation for the Resurrection Day.

Many loyal Moravians do not sleep on Great Sabbath night. They remain in the church to decorate for the celebration of Easter Day. At about 3 o'clock in the morning of the day to which the services of the entire week have been leading, the trombone choir starts out on a tour of Bethlehem and South Bethlehem, playing carols to call the sleeping citizens to awake for the early morning watch in the cemetery under the giant tulip-trees. Here lie buried pioneer missionaries of many lands, ministers of the church, citizens of community days and of modern Bethlehem, — a group of men and women in whose presence one must bow his head in reverence and thank the good Father for loyal servants in the vineyard of the world. In such a company one may well await the resurrection hour. Thousands of people from near and far come to this sunrise gathering. They crowd into the church nearby the cemetery and hear the announcement by the choir that the Master has arisen from the dead; listen to the impressive words of the first part of the Moravian Easter liturgy; sing a song of rejoicing; and then slowly depart to the great square under the tulip-trees in the center of the old burying-ground, which has been apportioned for this service. Here, assisted by the

trombone choir, the singing choir, and the ministers of the congregation, they complete the Easter liturgy in the open air, just as the first gleams of sunrise tint the eastern sky. There is in this gathering a rejoicing as pronounced as was the gloom which settled over the services of Friday and the watchful waiting of the Great Sabbath day.

The other services of Easter Day are not dissimilar to those of churches of other names, but there is in them an atmosphere of triumph that would be impossible without the days of careful preparation which have passed. On the eighth day after Easter, the remaining acts set down in the Passion Manual are read. Easter is not, therefore, a transient festival in the Moravian Church. Its influence abides. It reëchoes in the services many days — nay, months — after the season has fled.

AWAKENING

BY ROSE TERRY COOK

With the first bright, slant beam,
Out of the chilling stream
Their cups of fragrant light
Golden and milky white
From folded darkness spring,
To hail their King.

Consider these, my soul!
How the blind buds unroll

Touched with one tranquil ray
Of rising day,
Into the full delight
Of lilies white.

Out of thy streaming tears,
Thy chill and darkening fears,
Oh, sleeping soul, awake!
Lo, on thy lonely lake,
Thy sun begins to shine,
Thy Light and Life divine!

Consider these, my heart!
Dreaming and cold thou art:
Swift from thyself up-spring,
Shine for thy King.
Rise in His light,
With garments white,
Forget the night:
The Lord hath arisen.

ON EASTER MORN*

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I had not known that I was dead,
Until I heard it softly said
By the quick grass above my head,
And the many-budded thorn,
On Easter morn.

*By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

“Yea, thou art dead” (these whispered me),—
“Dead long ago; none seeketh thee;
Thy sealèd eyes shall never see
The Lord of Life put death to scorn
On Easter morn.”

I said, “One thing deny me not:
With all your bloom and verdure plot
To make my grave the fairest spot
That by His footsteps shall be worn
On Easter morn.”

Then in the dim and sighing hour
Ere over the darkness light hath power,
They wrought together — blade and flower —
The mold above me to adorn
For Easter morn.

I felt His footsteps pause and stay,
Felt the sweet searching light of day.
“Rise grateful dust!” I heard Him say:
“For thee have I put death to scorn
On Easter morn.”

RUSSIAN EASTERS

ABRIDGED FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Easter begins with a midnight service; but on the evening before, samples of the principal dishes to be used on the following day are brought into the church or placed on the outside steps, in order that they may

share the blessing. Among these, truncated pyramids of curds and colored eggs are conspicuous. The streets are deserted, except in the neighborhood of the sacred buildings; but these are filled to overflowing on this one occasion in the year, so that in the larger towns late comers must be content to view the ceremonies through the glass screen with which the more important churches are provided. At St. Petersburg all the higher officials are expected to attend the Imperial Chapel, which is not large enough to contain a tenth of their number. The rest walk up and down, and form a kind of *conversazione* outside. All through Passion Week the services have been gloomy, the altar has been denuded of its ornaments, and the priests have appeared only in black robes. Even on Easter Eve only such lamps are lighted as are absolutely necessary to allow the worshipers to take their places in an orderly way. As soon as midnight is past the priests appear in white garments, intoning the Easter hymn; and, when the tones are heard, the altar and the whole building are brilliantly lighted, as suddenly as the means at the disposal of the authorities will permit. The exterior of the building is also illuminated, and where but a few minutes before all was darkness and gloom there is now a little island of light. The men are dressed in their best clothes, the women are all in white. After some ceremonies, the procession of priests passes down the aisle and round the exterior of the building. Everywhere the greeting "Christ hath risen," with the response "Yea, He hath risen," may be heard; and the customary three

kisses are given. Lent is over, and Easter has begun. The service, including the blessing of the food and the first Easter Mass, lasts till between two and three; after it is finished, the families return to their homes to break their long fast, and invite such of their friends as they may meet to accompany them. A large table is spread in the greatest room with all the delicacies and customary dishes of the season. In the good old times it was expected that the higher nobles should keep it fully furnished till Whitsuntide, and every one who entered the house was welcome to eat what he would standing by it; but this custom has fallen into disuse, except perhaps in the most distant districts.

The peasantry, hospitable as they are always, and more especially at this season of the year, cannot, of course, indulge in such excessive display; but they have observances of their own, particularly in Southern Russia. Before he goes to church with all his family, the countryman must take care that some log is left burning in the stove, or some lamp before the image of a saint, at which the Easter candles can be lighted. To forget this is not only to bring ill luck upon the house, but also to show oneself religiously indifferent; in short, to be a most objectionable kind of person. Yet even for this sin there is forgiveness. . . .

Whenever a few compatriots are gathered together, when the Russian Easter comes, whatever their political or religious opinions may be, the old table will be spread, the old greetings will be exchanged, and the old dishes as far as possible reproduced or imitated; for, quite apart from the religious aspect of the fes-

tival, Easter is for the Russian what Christmas is for the German—above all things, a family gathering. Both are celebrated with pomp at Court, both are duly commemorated in church, but it is not in these facts that their attraction consists. They are loved and observed because they recall memories of childhood—and because they furnish a yearly opportunity of renewing old friendships and making up new differences.

AN EASTER CAROL

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Spring bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun.
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.

Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.

Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.

Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a thorn.

Uplift thy head,
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.

Beside your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.

EASTER

All Herds and Flocks
 Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, Creatures, sing,
 Angels and Men and Birds and everything.

EASTER EVEN

BY MARGARET FRENCH PATTON

Our dear Lord now is taken from the cross,
 His bruised body wrapped in linen cool,
 And laid by loving hands in Joseph's tomb;
 Outragèd Nature bows her head and sleeps;
 The guard is set; Jerusalem is still.

Ye sleeping buds, break
 Open your green cerements, and wake
 To fragrant blossoming for His sweet sake;
 To-morrow will be Easter day,
 And I would have my garden gay,
 On Easter day.

Ye home-bound birds, take
 Swift-winged flight, that from my budding brake
 Your joyful hallelujahs ye may make;
 To-morrow will be Easter day,
 And I would have my garden gay
 On Easter day.

Ye strolling winds, shake
Out your drooping sails, and heavenward take
The songs and sweet aromas for His sake;
To-morrow will be Easter day,
And I would have my garden gay
On Easter day.

Early in the morning while 'tis dark,
Like Mary Magdalen, with spices rare,
I, too, shall hasten to my garden fair
To seek, our risen Lord. Who knows? For love
Of birds and buds He may be walking there.

THE BARREN EASTER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

It was the barren Easter,
And o'er Pamello plain,
Where'er the sweeping eye might rove,
From beechen grove to beechen grove,
Greened neither grass nor grain.

It was the barren Easter;
By vale and windy hill,
Where blossoms tossed on yester year,
Now bourgeoned no narcissus spear,
And glowed no daffodil.

It was the barren Easter,
And toward the grinding-floor,

A store of wheat within his pack,
Along the dreary meadow-track
Went good Saint Isadore.

It was the barren Easter,
And when the sweet saint came
To where a mighty live-oak spread,
A host of wrens and starlings red
Seemed crying out his name.

It was the barren Easter,
And to his ears their cry
Rang plaintively, "O Isadore,
Grant us thy pity, we implore!
Give succor, or we die!"

It was the barren Easter
When wide he flung his store,
And all the feathered folk of air
Sped whirring downward for their share
From kind Saint Isadore.

It was the barren Easter
And onward to the mill
Along the dreary meadow-track,
The empty bags within his pack,
The good saint plodded still.

It was the barren Easter ;
He scarce knew why he went,
Save that he did not dare return

To face his master, grim and stern,
Now all his grain was spent.

It was the barren Easter;
When at the miller's feet
He cast the sacks in dull despair,
Behold, he saw them open there
Abrim with golden wheat!

It was the barren Easter;
Oh, meager are men's words
To tell how He that rose that day,
And drove the wraith of Death away,
Helped him who fed the birds!

A MADRIGAL

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Lyric laughter from the stream
That between its banks so long
Murmured such a cheerless song;
Stirrings faint and fine and thin
Every woodsy place within;
Root and tendril, bough and bole,
Rousing with a throb of soul;
The old ecstasy awake
In the briar and the brake;
Blue-bird raptures — dip and run —
And the robin-antiphon;
Tingling air and trembling earth,

And the crystal cup of mirth
Brimmed and lifted to the lip
For each one of us to sip.
Dream!—'tis something more than dream,
Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Prescience 'tis, and prophecy
Of the wonder that shall be
When the spirit leaps to light
After death's heimal night!

THE BELLS OF KREMLIN

BY AUGUSTUS J. G. C. HARE

Though the tower of Ivan Veliki is the finest belfry in Russia, it has no special beauty, but being two hundred and sixty-nine feet high, towers finely above all the other buildings of the Kremlin in the distant views. Halfway up is a gallery, whence the sovereigns from Boris to Peter the Great used to harangue the people. The exquisite bells are only heard in perfection on Easter Eve at midnight. On the preceding Sunday (Palm Sunday) the people have resorted in crowds to the Kremlin to buy branches, artificial flowers, and boughs with waxen fruits to hang before their icons. On Holy Thursday the Metropolitan has washed the feet of twelve men, representing the Apostles, in the cathedral, using the dialogue recorded in John xii. Then at midnight on Easter Eve the great bell sounds, followed by every other bell in Moscow; the whole city blazes into light; the tower of Ivan

Veliki is illuminated from its foundation to the cross on its summit. The square below is filled with a motley throng, and around the churches are piles of Easter cakes, each with a taper stuck in it, waiting for a blessing. The interior of the Church of the Rest of the Virgin is thronged by a vast multitude bearing waxed tapers. The Metropolitan and his clergy, in robes blazing with gold and precious stones, have made the external circuit of the church three times, and then, through the great doors, have advanced towards the throne between myriads of lights. No words can describe the colors, the blaze, the roar of the universal chant. Descending from the throne, the Metropolitan has incensed the clergy and the people, and the clergy have incensed the Metropolitan, whilst the spectators have bowed and crossed themselves incessantly. After a service of two hours the Metropolitan has advanced, holding a cross which the people have thronged to kiss. He has then retired to sanctuary, whence, as Ivan Veliki begins to toll, followed by a peal from a thousand bells announcing the stroke of midnight, he emerges in a plain purple robe, and announces, "Christos voscres!" Christ is risen. Then kisses of love are universally exchanged, and, most remarkable of all the Metropolitan, on his hands and knees, crawls around the church kissing the icons on the walls, the altars, and the tombs, and, through their then opened sepulchers, the incorruptible bodies of the saints. After this no meetings take place without the salutation "Christos voscres," and the answer, "Vostine voscres" (He is risen).

OF THE LORD'S DAY AND EASTER *

BY WILLIAM CAVE

Time is a circumstance no less inseparable from religious actions than place, for man consisting of a soul and body cannot always be actually engaged in the service of God: that is the privilege of angels, and souls freed from the fetters of mortality. So long as we are here, we must worship God with respect to our present state, and consequently of necessity have some definite and particular time to do it in. Now, that a man might not be left to a floating uncertainty in a matter of so great importance, in all ages and nations men have been guided by the very dictates of nature to pitch upon some certain seasons, wherein to assemble and meet together to perform the public offices of religion. The ancient Christians ever had their peculiar seasons, their solemn and stated times of meeting together to perform the common duties of divine worship; of which, the Lord's-day challenges the precedence of all the rest. . . .

The name of this day of public worship is sometimes, especially by Justin Martyr and Tertullian, called Sunday, because it happened upon that day of the week which by the heathens was dedicated to the sun; and therefore, as being best known to them, the Fathers commonly made use of it in their Apologies to the heathen governors. This title continued after the world became Christian, and seldom it is that it

* By permission of George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.

passes under any other name in the imperial edicts of the first Christian emperors. But the more proper and prevailing name was *Dies Dominica*, the Lord's-day, as it was called by St. John himself, as being that day of the week whereon our Lord made his triumphant return from the dead. This, Justin Martyr assures us, was the original of the title. "Upon Sunday," he says, "we all assemble and meet together, as being the first day wherein God, parting the darkness from the rude chaos, created the world, and the same day whereon Jesus Christ our Saviour rose again from the dead; for he was crucified the day before Saturday, and the day after (which is Sunday) he appeared to his apostles and disciples": by this means observing a kind of analogy and proportion with the Jewish Sabbath, which had been instituted by God himself. For as that day was kept as a commemoration of God's Sabbath, or resting from the work of creation, so was this set apart to religious uses, as the solemn memorial of Christ's resting from the work of our redemption in this world, completed upon the day of his resurrection. Which brings into my mind that custom of theirs so universally common in those days, that whereas at other times they kneeled at prayers, on the Lord's-day they always prayed standing, as is expressly affirmed both by Justin Martyr and Tertullian; the reason of which we find in the authors of the Questions and Answers in Justin Martyr. "It is," says he, "that by this means we may be put in mind both of our fall by sin, and our resurrection or restitution by the grace of Christ; that for six days

we pray upon our knees, as in token of our fall by sin; but that on the Lord's-day we do not bow the knee, does symbolically represent our resurrection by which through the grace of Christ we are delivered from our sins, and the power of death." This, he there tells us, was a custom derived from the very times of the apostles, for which he cites Irenæus in his book concerning Easter; and this custom was maintained with so much vigor, that, when some began to neglect it, the great council of Nice took notice of it, and ordained that there should be a constant uniformity in this case, and that on the Lord's-day (and at such times as were usual) men should stand when they made their prayers to God. So fit and reasonable did they think it to do all possible honor to that day on which Christ rose from the dead. Therefore we may observe, all along in the sacred story, that after Christ's resurrection the apostles and the primitive Christians did especially assemble upon the first day of the week: and, whatever they might do at other times, yet there are many passages that intimate that the first day of the week was their most solemn time of meeting. . . .

They looked upon the Lord's-day as a time to be celebrated with great expressions of joy, as being the happy memory of Christ's resurrection, and accordingly restrained whatever might savor of sorrow and sadness. Fasting on that day they prohibited with the greatest severity, accounting it utterly unlawful, as Tertullian informs us. . . . They never fasted on that day, no, not in the time of Lent itself; nay, the Mon-

tanists, though otherwise great pretenders to fasting and mortification, did yet abstain from it on the Lord's-day. And, as they accounted it a joyful and good day, so they did whatever they thought might contribute to the honor of it. No sooner was Constantine come over the church but his principle care was about the Lord's-day. He commanded it to be solemnly observed, and that by all persons whatsoever. He made it to all a day of rest; that men might have nothing to do but to worship God, and be better instructed in the Christian faith, and spend their whole time without anything to hinder them in prayer and devotion, according to the custom and discipline of the church. And for those in his army, who yet remained in their paganism and infidelity, he commanded them upon the Lord's-day to go into the fields, and there pour out their souls in hearty prayers to God; and that none might pretend their own inability to the duty, he himself composed and gave them a short form of prayer, which he enjoined them to make use of every Lord's-day: so careful was he that this day should not be dishonored or misemployed, even by those who were yet strangers and enemies to Christianity. He moreover ordained that there should be no courts of judicature open upon this day, no suits or trials at law; but that for any works of mercy, such as emancipating and setting free of slaves or servants, this might be done. That there should be no suits nor demanding debts upon this day, was confirmed by several laws of succeeding emperors. . . . Theodosius the Great, anno 386, by a second law ratified one he had passed long

before, wherein he expressly prohibited all public shows upon the Lord's-day, that the worship of God might not be confounded with those profane solemnities. This law the younger Theodosius some years after confirmed and enlarged, enacting, that on the Lord's-day not only Christians, but even Jews and heathens, should be restrained from the pleasure of all sights and spectacles, and the theaters be shut up in every place; and whereas it might so happen that the birthday or inauguration of the emperor might fall upon that day, therefore to let the people know how infinitely he preferred the honor of God, before the concerns of his own majesty and greatness, he commanded that the imperial solemnity should be put off till another day.

The early Christians did not think it enough to read and pray and praise God at home, but made conscience of appearing in the public assemblies, from which nothing but sickness and absolute necessity did detain them: and if sick, or in prison, or under banishment, nothing troubled them more than that they could not come to church, and join their devotions to the common services. If persecution at any time forced them to keep a little close, yet no sooner was there the least mitigation, but they presently returned to their open duty, and publicly met all together. No trivial pretenses, no light excuses, were then admitted for any one's absence from the congregation, but, according to the merit of the cause, severe censures were passed upon them. The synod of Illiberis provided that if any man dwelling in a city (where usually churches

were nearest hand) should for three Lord's-days absent himself from the church, he should for some time be suspended the communion, that he might appear to be corrected for his fault.

COMPENSATION

BY AN UNKNOWN ENGLISH POET

The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare,
 As years on years go by:
*Nay, thou hast more green gardens in thy care,
 And more stars in thy sky!*

Behind, hopes turned to grief, and joy to memories,
 Are fading out of sight;
*Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams to cer-
 tainties,
 'Are glowing in God's light.*

Hither come backslidings, defeats, distresses,
 Vexing this mortal strife;
*Thither go progress, victories, successes,
 Crowning immortal life.*

Few jubilees, few gladsome, festive hours,
 Form landmarks for my way;
*But heaven and earth, and saints and friends and
 flowers,
 'Are keeping Easter Day!*

EASTER

EASTER WEEK

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices,
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring —
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

THE APPARITION OF CHRIST TO HIS
MOTHER

BY MRS. JAMESON

The enthusiastic and increasing veneration for the Madonna, the large place she filled in the religious teaching of the ecclesiastics and the religious sentiments of the people, are nowhere more apparent, nor more strikingly exhibited, than in the manner in which

she was associated with the scenes which followed the Passion; — the manner in which some incidents were suggested, and treated with a peculiar reference to her, and to her maternal feelings. It is nowhere said that the Virgin-mother was one of the Maries who visited the tomb on the morning of the resurrection, and nowhere is she so represented. But out of the human sympathy with that bereaved and longing heart, arose the beautiful legend of the interview between Christ and his Mother after he had risen from the dead.

There existed a very ancient tradition (it is mentioned by St. Ambrose in the fourth century, as being then generally accepted by Christians), that Christ, after his return from Hades, visited his Mother even before he appeared to Mary Magdalene in the garden. . . . The reasoning which led to the conclusion was very simple. He whose last earthly thought was for his mother would not leave her without that consolation it was in his power to give; and what, as a son, it was his duty to do (for the *humanity* of Christ is never forgotten by those who most intensely believed in his *divinity*); that, of course, he did do.

The story is thus related: — Mary, when all was “finished,” retired to her chamber, and remained alone with her grief — not wailing, not repining, not hopeless, but waiting for the fulfillment of the promise. Open before her lay the volume of the prophecies; and she prayed earnestly, and she said, “Thou didst promise, O my most dear Son! that thou wouldst rise again on the third day. Before yesterday was the day of darkness and bitterness, and, behold, this is the third

day. Return then to me thy mother; O my Son, tarry not, but come!" And while thus she prayed, lo! a bright company of angels, who entered waving their palms and radiant with joy; and they surrounded her, kneeling and singing the triumphant Easter hymn, *Regina Coeli Laetare, Alleluia!* And then came Christ partly clothed in a white garment, having in his left hand the standard with the cross, as one just returned from the nether world, and victorious over the powers of sin and death. And with him came the patriarchs and prophets, whose long-imprisoned spirits he had released from Hades. All these knelt before the Virgin, and saluted her, and blessed her, and thanked her, because through her had come their deliverance. But, for all this, the Mother was not comforted till she had heard the voice of her Son. Then he, raising his hand in benediction, spoke and said, "I salute thee, O my mother!" and she, weeping tears of joy, responded, "Is it thou indeed, my most dear Son?" and she fell upon his neck, and he embraced her tenderly, and showed her the wounds he had received for sinful man. Then he bade her be comforted and weep no more, for the pain of death had passed away, and the gates of hell had not prevailed against him. And she thanked him meekly on her knees, for that he had been pleased to bring redemption to man, and to make her the humble instrument of his great mercy. And they sat and talked together, until he took leave of her to return to the garden, and to show himself to Mary Magdalene, who, next to his glorious mother, had most need of consolation.

EASTER *

BY GENEVIEVE M. J. IRONS

Deep in yon garden-shade
The life of all is laid
 In death's calm sleep;
Armed soldiers waiting near,
Amazed and full of fear,
 Their vigil keep.

Angels, and stars, and the fair moon above,
Look down in silent awe and reverent love.

Through the dark cypress-trees
The gentle midnight breeze
 Sighs a low wail;
Breath from the dewy ground
O'er the green earth around
 Spreads a soft veil;

Each glade and valley, mountain, dale, and hill,
Echoes the solemn whisper, "Peace, be still."

Hushed Nature sinks to rest,
And on her Maker's breast
 She falls asleep;
Released from human woes,
The Almighty finds repose
 In slumber deep;

But saints are watching through the silent night,
In eager patience waiting for the light.

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The mother undefiled
 Is pondering on her Child,
 Now crucified;
 And through her tearless dreams
 The cross in radiance beams,
 Whereon he died.

Bright visions dawn. Behold! the darkness flies,
 Resplendent from the grave she sees him rise.

John the Beloved stands by,
 Gazing with wondering eye
 At Mary's smile;
 And angels at the sight,
 Pause in their heavenward flight,
 To muse awhile.

Yet the sun hides itself in dim eclipse,
 While he awaits his full apocalypse.

Peter, who thrice denied
 The Master at his side,
 The Lord of all,
 With penitential tears
 And deep heart-searching fears,
 Bewails his fall.

There, as he weeps in bitter grief apart,
 His Savior's look speaks comfort to his heart.

The lowly Magdalene
 (Of penitents the queen)
 Waits for the morn,
 When in that cave so still

Her task she may fulfill
Of love forlorn;
And first to her Christ risen shall appear,
Though in a form unknown he draweth near.

While he who longed to die
With Christ on Calvary,
Whose love devout
His Master proved and tried
By heartfelt prayer denied,
Must wait in doubt;
Eight days of solemn gloom in darkness past,
On trustful Thomas he will shine at last.

But lo, the Sabbath ends!
Nocturn with matins blends,
The morning breaks;
The shadows flee away
Before the rising day,
And Christ awakes!
Angels proclaim the anthem far and near,
"Ye seek your risen Lord; he is not here."

EASTER DAY

BY JOSEPHINE RICE CREELMAN

MORNING

Oh, Easter anthems gladly sing,
Let all the bells from towers ring,
And sun dispel with brightening rays,
The darkness of the Passion days!

Fair lilies with their crystal light
 And eager, joyous greetings bright
 Proclaim the Lord has risen again,
 And put asunder death and pain!

EVENING

Now sweet the sound of Vesper-bells,
 The hour of evening prayer foretells,
 And comes a benediction calm,
 That robs the soul of all alarm,
 The sky has faded in the west,
 The world sinks to its peaceful rest,
 The Vesper Star a taper-light,
 Shines through the dark of Easter night!

A GLIMPSE OF EASTER IN THE AZORES

BY HENRY SANDHAM

Even the gray Lenten season wraps carnival's domino over its sackcloth and ashes for these people whose grace turns all to favor and prettiness; only the inevitable statues of the tortured Christ remind one of the season, and soon wounds and bruises are hidden by violets, heliotrope, and pansies (*amores perfeitos*, they call them). To fast when one may feast is, in Azorean creed, lack of gratitude to a very good God, so Holy Thursday is a beautiful feast called Almond day, when one eats almond-sweets till he positively sickens at the shrill cry of almond-venders, which goes up from dawn till midnight.

Good Friday is supposed to be the day of mourning, and in the churches the closing scenes of the Calvary tragedy are enacted. The three crosses rise on a rocky mound before the veiled high altar, whereon life-sized dummy figures are crucified by aid of pulleys and ropes and mechanical devices. The entombment takes place at a side altar, converted into a garden for the purpose, where life-sized figures in armor represent Roman sentinels. The Saturday continues Friday's gloom and darkness with the aid of much dreary chanting, till just at the hour of noon, when the droning clergy, marching round the church, pause before the chapel of the tomb in an instant's silence, there comes a cry of wonder at the discovery of the empty grave, and simultaneously with the cry the veils fall from the altars, and pictures, and the black curtains from the windows, letting a flood of light pour down on the crowded, excited people. The long-silent organ augmented by choir and orchestra, breaks out in triumph, the half-masted flags of the city run to the mast-head, and all the bells clash out their pæan of joy.

EGG ROLLING

One of the annual sights in the city of Washington is Easter egg rolling on the White House grounds, on Easter Monday, in which several thousand children usually take part. The game is played in pairs, each player having one egg. These are rolled down hill, the unbroken egg taking its rival, if the latter is cracked.

This custom probably came from Germany, where, at Easter-time, egg rolling is practiced on tracks made of sticks, laid side by side. In Germany the sport begins Easter-eve at midnight, and lasts about three hours. Apples and little round cakes are rolled as well as eggs.

In Bohemia, children roll eggs in a row, starting them all at once, and watching to see which will reach the bottom of the hill first.

In the north of England, eggs are used in playing hand ball on Easter-day.

EGG ROLLING IN WASHINGTON

ANONYMOUS

March and April in Washington spell for the adult the perfection of a climate which at its best no capital on earth can surpass. Color, fragrance, and an almost indefinable sense that the appropriate necessary mood is one of languid leisure are pervasive. The spring odors and flowers seem suddenly to flood the gardens and lawns. In the tiny six-by-two bed under a bay-window and in the stretches of living green by the river the daffodils have succeeded the crocus; hyacinths and flaring tulips fill the borders, and even the stems in the hedges are full of color. Over every tree there is a smoky veil where the swelling leaf-buds have blurred the winter tracery of bare twigs against the sky, but are not yet heavy enough to cast a shade.

Only the children seem energetic, especially on Easter

Monday, the great day for Washington babies. Along Pennsylvania Avenue they stream — well dressed, nurse-attended darlings mingling with the raggedest little negroes that ever snatched an egg from a market-basket. The wide street looks as if baby-blossom time had come, for there are hundreds of children who on this special afternoon storm the grounds of the White House for their annual egg-rolling. Long ago the sport took place on the terraces below the Capitol, and a visitor to the city then wrote: —

“ At first the children sit sedately in long rows ; each has brought a basket of gay-colored hard-boiled eggs, and those on the upper terrace send them rolling to the line on the next below, and these pass on the ribbon-like streams to other hundreds at the foot, who scramble for the hopping eggs and hurry panting to the top to start them down again. And as the sport warms those on top who have rolled all the eggs they brought finally roll themselves, shrieking with laughter. Now comes a swirl of curls and ribbons and furlongs, somebody’s dainty maid indifferent to bumps and grass-stains. A set of boys who started in a line of six with joined hands are trying to come down in somersaults without breaking the chain. On all sides the older folk stand by to watch the games of this infant Carnival which comes to an end only when the children are forced away by fatigue to the point of exhaustion, or by parental order.”

When the games proved too hard a test for the grass on the Capitol terraces, Congress stopped the practice, and the President opened the slope back of the White

House. No grown person is admitted unless accompanied by a child, but even under this restriction the annual crowd is great enough to threaten the survival of the event.

II

SPIRIT AND SIGNIFICANCE

RELIGION IN RUSSIA TO-DAY

BY JAMES Y. SIMPSON

. . . If now the question be asked, How is this religious consciousness expressing itself in Russia to-day? I do not think that the answer will be found to differ so very much from the kind of answer that could be truly given in connection with our own England. The religious life of Russia has assuredly been deepened by the war. Men are face to face with the realities of life and death in a degree that compels them to think. The needs of the hour are driving men and women to pray. Far more people are seen in the churches. I recollect in particular a service in the Temple of the Redeemer in Moscow, one of the most beautiful churches in all Russia. It is a church of the people, and was crowded. What impressed me was the very large number of men, particularly of wounded soldiers. They must have outnumbered the women worshipers by nearly ten to one, and it was just an ordinary service. Then again there has been a remarkable development of interest in the consideration of religious questions. Public lectures have been given by men like Professor Prince Eugene Trubetzkoy, Professor Bulgakoff, and Nikolai Berdyaev dealing with various aspects of the political and spiritual present and future of Russia: for the two are one there in

a degree in which that is true of no other country in the world. These lectures have been attended by crowded audiences, and listened to with an almost strained interest. The demand for religious literature has also greatly increased, although it is mainly satisfied by the sale of the older Russian classics. Yet in one quarter I learned that "the translation of a book called *The Ideal Life*, by a Mr. Henry Drummond," was especially treasured by those who knew it. Religious conversation has also become much more frequent and natural in drawing-room and trench alike. Such subjects were never very far at any time from the speculative, questing Russian mind: to-day it is no exaggeration to say that they dominate it. Have we a minister of state who, in discussing the future of a city which was the cradle of Christianity to his people, and therefore regarded with quite a peculiar longing by them, would or could say, "We are a religious people, and I believe that in our branch of the Greek Church there has been preserved a real religious life, whereas the other branches of the Greek Church have become somewhat barren and dogmatic, content with that external crust of things which has been very much for the Greek Church what the Latin theology has been for the Church of the West"? or in discussing the future of a country would say, as part of his political point of view, "Russia does not want Palestine for herself. Such an attitude is really distinctive of Russia. She could not be imagined as wanting it for herself. Christ's redemption is for all the world"? Similarly, at the other end of the social scale, religious and

political thought blend in the peasant mind, with the former element as the determinative one, nor do I know any more exquisite expression of the fact than in an incident related by Prince Trubetzkoj in one of the lectures referred to above. It opens avowedly with a discussion of what Constantinople as expressed in the Church of St. Sophia has meant and means to Russia, but passes quickly into the larger thought of what Sophia, the wisdom of God in His purpose of the redemption of humanity, has meant to the world. The whole theme is developed with the haunting mysticism of the Russian mind, and his endeavor is to show how this thought of the salvation of the world through the power of Christ is, as it always has been, close to the heart of the Russian people. "It is no matter for surprise," he says — and this poor translation can give little impression of the beauty of the original,— "it is no matter for surprise that the soul of our people was from the earliest times united to the idea of St. Sophia with the greatest hope and with the greatest joy, and it would be vain to think that the deepest sense of this idea can be understood only by intelligent and educated people. On the contrary, for the very highly educated this idea is especially hard to understand: it is much nearer to the life-understanding of our people. As proof of this take the following personal reminiscence. Four years ago I returned to Russia from a long foreign journey through Constantinople. In the morning in the mosque of St. Sophia they showed me on the wall the imprint of the bloody hand of the Sultan who spilled the Christian blood in this greatest of the

orthodox cathedrals on the very day of the taking of Constantinople. Having killed the worshipers who came there for safety, he wiped his hand on the column, and this bloody imprint is shown there still. Immediately after this visit I went on board a Russian steamer going to Odessa from Palestine, and at once found myself in a familiar atmosphere. On the deck there was gathered a very large group of Russian peasants—pilgrims returning from the Holy Land to their homes. Tired with the long journey, badly dressed and hungry, they were drinking water with hard bread, they were finishing their simple everyday toilet, they were listening, reclining, to tales about Constantinople. They were listening to tales about its churches and, of course, about the bloody Sultan and about the streams of Christian blood which, during more than five centuries, periodically were spilled in this once Christian kingdom. I cannot convey to you how deeply I was moved by what I saw. I saw my own country in Constantinople. There on the mountain had just disappeared the Holy Sophia lighted by the sun, and here before me on the deck was a real Russian village; and at the moment when our boat gently moved along the Bosphorus with its mosques and minarets, the whole crowd firmly and solemnly but, I do not know why, in a subdued voice, sang 'Christ is Risen' (*i.e.* the Easter hymn of the Greek Church). How deep and long-developed was the instinct which I heard in this singing, and how much of soul understanding there was in it! What other answer could they find in their souls but this to what

they heard about the cathedral, about the Turks who defiled it, and of the long-continued persecutions of the nation over whom they ruled? What other answer could they find in their souls in such a country, except this, except their joy in the thought of a common resurrection for all people and for all nations? I do not know whether they understood their answer. For me it is unimportant whether the peasants thought or not about the cathedral itself — it is of Holy Sophia that they were singing. It is important that in their singing the real Sophia was understood so as no single philosopher or theologian could express it. The peasants who sang 'Christ is Risen' could scarcely interpret very well what they understood. But in their religious feeling there was far more than any deep understanding. They understood the ferocious Turkish power under which the blood of persecuted peoples flowed: they saw (in their soul) the whole humanity joined in the joy of the Holy Resurrection, but at the same time they felt that they could not express this joy, this hope, which always lives in the soul of the people, now, in the center of the Turkish power, except with a subdued voice, because so long as this power exists and the temper produced by it, Sophia is still far from us; she is in a different sphere. But the time will come when heaven will descend to earth, and the eternal idea of humanity will be realized; then this hymn will sound loud and powerful — this hymn which now you hear in a subdued tone. I think no other proof seems necessary that Sophia lives in the soul of our people. But in order to see and to feel her

reality, it is necessary to experience that which these peasants on the steamer felt, and about which they sang."

Is it at all remarkable that amongst such a people there should be signs of a great religious awakening, none the less wonderful that it is going on so quietly that perhaps as yet the mass of the people know little about it? One of the Foreign Bible Societies has distributed over three and a half million portions and gospels amongst the soldiers since the beginning of the war. They were sent by the Imperial supply trains to the front, and on the opening page may be found the following inscription: "This book is given by His Imperial Highness the Tzarevitch Alexis Nikolaevitch, presented by a Sunday School scholar in America." Already those who have concerned themselves with the organization and direction of this distribution have become aware of its issue in a movement which is ultimately due, as one of them said to me, "to no human means: it is nothing less than the Spirit of God moving amongst the people." Through letters from the soldiers they learn how in a hospital one has taught his fellows to sing a grace before meals, whilst in a trench the others have gathered round the only member of their company who happened to get an *Evangelie*, and he reads aloud to them. Yet I do not wish to give any one-sided impression. There is no assemblage in any country to-day, whether camp or commune, where the words of the prophet are not as true as when they were written: "Many shall purify themselves, and make themselves white, and be refined: but the wicked

shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand: but they that be wise shall understand."

EASTER MORNING

BY EDMUND SPENSER

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity:
And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same again:
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Morning, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;"
I doubt not thou art heard my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The greater outer gallery,

With his holy vestments, dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

“ I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell,
I set thee here; I did not well.

“ Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

“ Thy voice’s praise seemed weak; it dropped —
Creation’s chorus stopped!

“ Go back and praise again
The early way while I remain.

“ With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation’s pausing strain.

Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!”

Theocrite grew old at home;
Gabriel dwelt in Peter’s dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

WHILE IT WAS YET DARK*

BY CHARLES E. HESSELGRAVE

Amid the confusion of the early records which tell about the great event which Easter celebrates one thing stands out very clear. No human eye saw the resurrection of Jesus or watched the inscrutable process. The Christian witnesses bore testimony only to the accomplished fact. The change from death to life culminated in the obscurity of the tomb. “While it was yet dark,” there came, according to the most philosophical of the Gospels, anxious watchers who found the transformation already complete and the tomb empty. The darkness which shrouded the event is paralleled by the confusion and uncertainty of the conflicting testimony that has reached us. In fact the whole course of Christian beginnings lies shrouded in

* By permission of Charles E. Hesselgrave and *The Independent*.

the mystery of indefiniteness and the shadows of the unknown.

But all great beginnings are thus conditioned and surrounded. Man becomes conscious of the result long after the causes have apparently ceased to operate. He sees the product after the early stages of the process have receded into the dim past. Only the scantiest remains mark the pathway of early developments, and the highest intelligence is necessary to descry the scraps of evidence and by comparison and imagination reconstruct the methods and movements of these living forces.

Nestled in the darkness of mother earth the seed takes on the new life which is first observed springing in vigor from the soil. Out of the mothering womb of time has come forth the human race through its various stages, progressing through barbarism, primitive civilization, and the historic era.

Since man began to think upon the past he has evolved unnumbered theories of his beginning, and still to the most instructed the early stages in each onward course of development must be approached through a twilight that ends in darkness. The rude beginnings of his culture are buried beneath the rubbish heaps of time. The institutions of religion, home and government we know only in their higher forms. Language, art and thought can be studied in their monuments alone. The keenest and most critical investigations have only partially revealed the successive steps of Hebraism and the founding of Christianity. Those centuries in which directive forces were forming the

incipient movements which have culminated in what we call western civilization are often termed the Dark Ages. On the whole we must conclude that the great forces operating in society and in life conceal their most significant phases, those phases which carry the greatest import for the future, from the contemporary eyes of men. We cannot "look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not." While it is yet dark the great movements of the future are being planned and the first steps toward the realization of the plans are being taken.

Around us at this Easter time the darkness and confusion of human affairs are almost beyond parallel. A crisis in history has, no doubt, been reached. We seem to see not only the disruption of international and national life, but the clashing ideals of races, the spread and deepening of hatred and strife, the failure of human capacity for organization to hold in check the elemental passions and aspirations of mankind, and even the breakdown of Christianity itself.

Nevertheless, the seeds of a new and grander future have doubtless been already sown. The ways of nature and human development lead us to expect that this is so. Life is positive, death is negative. The breakup and sloughing off of the old and outworn may appear as the darkness of dissolution, but the stirrings of a new life to result in a higher order are scarcely to be apprehended until the growth directed by the Unseen Mind has brought some reorganization out of the old chaos. "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking" come the strength and wisdom that shape and advance the

world's destinies. The patient, brooding spirit of man, inspired by hope and faith in the Divine Order, will yet bring to power and dominion the living principles of international brotherhood and service now obscured in the bitterness and darkness of war and racial strife. Future generations will surely say: "While it was yet dark" we discerned the birth throes of a new world order.

AN EASTER SONG

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart!

With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart was wrung,
As lifted high upon his cross
The Lord of Glory hung,
When rocks were rent, ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart;
But Calvary and Easter day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,
Were just one day apart!

EASTER WINGS

81

No hint or whisper stirred the air
To tell what joy should be ;
The sad disciples, grieving there,
Nor help nor hope could see.
Yet all the while the glad, near sun
Made ready its swift dart,
And Calvary and Easter Day,
The darkest day and brightest day,
Were just one day apart !

Oh, when the strife of tongues is loud,
And the heart of hope beats low,
When the prophets prophesy of ill,
And the mourners come and go,
In this sure thought let us abide,
And keep and stay our heart —
That Calvary and Easter Day
Earth's heaviest day and happiest day,
Were but one day apart !

EASTER WINGS

BY GEORGE HERBERT

LORD, WHO CREÁTEST MAN IN WEALTH AND STORE,
THOUGH FOOLISHLY HE LOST THE SAME,
DECAYING MORE AND MORE,
TILL HE BECAME
MOST POOR.

EASTER

WITH THEE
 OH LET ME RISE
 AS LARKS, HARMONIOUSLY,
 AND SING THIS DAY THY VICTORIES:
 THEN SHALL THE FALL FURTHER THE FLIGHT IN ME.

MY TENDER AGE IN SORROW DID BEGIN:
 AND STILL WITH SICKNESS AND SHAME
 THOU DIDST SO PUNISH SIN,
 THAT I BECAME
 MOST THIN.

WITH THEE
 LET ME COMBINE,
 AND FEEL THIS DAY THY VICTORY
 FOR IF I IMP MY WING ON THINE,
 AFFLICTION SHALL ADVANCE THE FLIGHT IN ME.

[AN EASTER GREETING TO EVERY CHILD
 WHO LOVES "Alice"*

(SUPPLEMENT TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND)

Dear Child:

- Please to fancy, if you can, that you are reading a real letter, from a real friend whom you have seen, and whose voice you can seem to yourself to hear,

* By permission of Harper & Brothers. Copyright 1901 by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved. October, 1901.

wishing you, as I do now with all my heart, a happy Easter.

Do you know that delicious, dreamy feeling, when one first wakes on a summer morning, with the twitter of birds in the air, and the fresh breeze coming in at the open window — when, lying lazily with eyes half shut, one sees as in a dream green boughs waving, or waters rippling in a golden light? It is a pleasure very near to sadness, bringing tears to one's eyes like a beautiful picture or poem. And is not that a mother's gentle hand that undraws your curtains, and a mother's sweet voice that summons you to rise? — to rise and forget, in the bright sunlight, the ugly dreams that frightened you so when all was dark — to rise and enjoy another happy day, first kneeling to thank that unseen Friend who sends you the beautiful sun?

Are these strange words from a writer of such tales as Alice? And is this a strange letter to find in a book of nonsense? It may be so. Some perhaps may blame one for thus mixing together things grave and gay; others may smile and think it odd that any one should speak of solemn things at all, except in church and on Sunday; but I think — nay, I am sure — that some children will read this gently and lovingly, and in the spirit in which I have written it.

For I do not believe God means us thus to divide life into two halves — to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week-day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures, and to hear only tones of prayer; and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in

the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from the "dim, religious light" of some solemn cathedral.

And if I have written anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled!) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows.

This Easter sun will rise on you, dear child, feeling your "life in every limb," and eager to rush out into the fresh morning air — and many an Easter-day will come and go before it finds you feeble and gray-headed, creeping wearily out to bask once more in the sunlight; but it is good, even now, to think sometimes of that great morning when the "Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings."

Surely your gladness need not be less for the thought that you will one day see a brighter dawn than this — when lovelier sights will meet your eyes than any waving trees or rippling waters — when angel hands shall undraw your curtains, and sweeter tones than ever loving mother breathed shall wake you to a new and glorious day — and when all the sadness and the sin that darkened this life on this little earth shall be forgotten like the dreams of a night that is past!

Your affectionate friend,

Easter, 1876.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE EASTER MESSAGE*

BY CHARLES E. HESSELGRAVE

Less than a century ago there were growing up in some of the cultured Christian homes of New England many children who later realized with regret that during their childhood days they had never known the symbolism or ever heard the name of Easter. Yet no more significant, spontaneous, or universally attractive festival has ever been instituted than that which celebrates the return of spring, the budding of leaves and flowers, and the triumphant hope that eternally beckons forward the human race.

Older than Christianity and deeply rooted in the love of life itself, the spirit of Easter finds its most perfect expression in the Resurrection story of Jesus. There is, indeed, good cheer in the sight of flowers lifting their faces once more toward the sunlight, after the frosts and storms of winter have spent their force. The swelling seeds and changing tints of green give promise of the coming harvests and assure us of nature's ready response to our physical needs. The songs of the birds and the humming of the bees remind us of the rising tide of life that surrounds us and through countless channels is rushing onward with the pulse beat of recurring years. In all this stir of creative energy, this bursting of winter's fetters and the renewal of life's struggle for undisputed supremacy, we

* By permission of The Independent and Charles E. Hesselgrave.

feel a kindling interest and secret joy, which carry us outside the old limitations and broaden the horizons of our purposes and hopes.

But did the springtime come and go with no other message of inspiration, the world of mankind would grow old and weary and discouraged with its toil and disappointment, its wasting wars and ceaseless oppressions, its heroic attempts and saddening failures, and the oft recurring sight of its shining ideals cast to the earth and trampled upon by the gross feet of selfishness and indifference. Humanity knows but too well its own weakness and defects. Memory as well as science reminds us that one spring is like another, that man's life too is but a coming and a going, as the budding spring bursts into summer and comes at last to rest beneath winter's snow. But Easter adds the everlasting crown to man's hope and inspiration in the Resurrection story. Therein we pass from intimations of nature into the realm of human struggle and aspiration where the organizing forces of life surge to and fro with tragic consequence and man more often questions the worth of the final result.

Back to the Gospel source go those whose faith in human possibilities and courage for unmeasured tasks must needs be renewed in some lifegiving stream. Not only in the buds and blossoms may we see the victory of life, but also in the story of Calvary and the Garden, where we find goodness and righteousness eternally triumphant over villainy and injustice, non-resistance over aggression, humility over pride, holiness over sin, love over hate. We are assured that though

evil may hold the reins for a season, dominion and power belong ultimately to justice and right. However complete may be the temporary defeat of truth, error shall not always abide.

Easter proclaims that man shall overcome all his—foes, including death itself. His pathway may lead him through the sorrows of Gethsemane, the pain and darkness of Calvary, nevertheless his winter of distress will yet turn to the spring of delight, defeat will be forgotten in the joy of final victory, and the life of the spirit will rise in glory from the shadows of the grave.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Kind was my friend who, in the Eastern land,
Remembered me with such a gracious hand,
And sent this Moorish Crescent, which has been
Worn on the haughty bosom of a queen.

No more it sinks and rises in unrest
To the soft music of her heathen breast;
No barbarous chief shall bow before it more,
No turban'd slave shall envy and adore.

I place beside this relic of the Sun
A Cross of cedar brought from Lebanon,
Once borne, perchance, by some pale monk who trod
The desert to Jerusalem — and his God!

Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds,
Each meaning something to our human needs;
Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith,
By tears and prayers, and martyrdom and death.

That for the Moslem is, but this for me!
The waning Crescent lacks divinity:
It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes
Of women shut in dim seraglios.

But when this Cross of simple wood I see,
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
And glorious visions break upon my gloom—
The patient Christ, and Mary at the tomb.

DAY DAWN — A QUIET TALK ON EASTER *

BY S. D. GORDON

Out of the east comes new light after the darkness of night. And we call it morning. Out of the Easter morning came a wondrous new light — the light of life — after the darkness of sin's night. And it has been the first gleam of a morning, the morning of a new day, for all men.

Contrasts make things stand out. Black touching white seems blacker, and the white looks whiter. Sorrow makes joy seem gladder. Joy makes sorrow seem sadder. The deeper the sorrow, the greater is the uplift of joy following, after the first daze is over.

* By permission of *The Congregationalist*.

A NIGHT OF DEATH

That first Easter morning stood in sharpest contrast with what went before. The greatest possible contrast is between life and death. All sorrow and darkness and heaviness brood in the black word — death. All gladness and brightness and lightness gather up at their best in that lightsome word — life.

The Saturday before Easter was filled with deepest gloom. While Jesus still hung on the cross, there was hope. While life remained there was a sort of expectancy that he might yet do something startling. His short life had been full of things that startled men. Surely he is allowing all this shameful treatment that he may do something to completely offset it. But now that last straggling, struggling hope has gone quite out. The life is out of his body. The body is in the sealed-up tomb. What a long day that Saturday was! The longest, darkest, saddest the human heart has known. Those hearts had been lifted to the highest pitch ever experienced. And the depression is as deep down as the other was high up.

That night his disciples slept the heavy sleep of disappointed men, with sore hearts at their sorest. But while they slept something was taking place. The darkest hour was bringing forth brightest light, though they didn't know it. Jesus is always doing more for us than we know. The day always begins a bit earlier than we realize. Night goes sooner than we think. While they slept, Jesus rose. Up through the wrapping cloths, up through the solid rock of the new hewn tomb

Jesus rose. Hate's work was undone. Sin's worst was worsted. The tomb became a birthplace, the birthplace of a new life, a new sort of life. Out of death came forth life. Out of the place of darkest hate shone tenderest love. Out of the poison-house of sin came sweetest purity. Out of what seemed the defeat of Jesus, came the wondrous victory of God.

Then the angels came in garments of light, and rolled away the stone, and did guard only over the tomb that all comers might plainly see that Jesus was no longer there, but had risen.

A MORNING OF LIFE

Then it was morning, a new morning, whose newness has never lost its dewy freshness, the world's new morning. But the light that came was too bright for the eyes it met. It dazzled. Eyes long steeped in darkness were stupefied by it, dazed, until they got used to it. But its overwhelming brilliance gave a certainty that was beyond question. These disciples and women are like children suddenly roused up out of sound sleep by an intense light shining directly into their faces. They blink and stagger, and talk in jerky sentences until they become measurably used to the fact that Jesus has indeed risen. Though the wonder of it, they never do get used to. But they quickly find their feet, and go steadily on, amidst bitterest opposition and sorest persecution. That light still shining in their faces, holds them steady through all the days.

Nobody ever was so completely taken by surprise as were these disciples of Jesus. This of itself is tre-

mendous evidence. Their conduct those first few days makes the best book on Christian evidences ever penned. Their utter lack of expectation, their startled surprise, their apparent inability to believe what had actually occurred, the stubborn doubter holding obstinately out for eight days — then, homely, plain facts that completely removed all of this, and swept the last questioner in.

Mary knew, not only by the voice repeating her name, and by the presence at first mistaken for a gardener, but by being given something to do. That was satisfying evidence to her. The Master was acting in his old way. The women knew by the feel of their fingers upon his feet, and the sound of that never-to-be-mistaken voice. Peter knew when, all alone, the eyes that drew the bitter tears in the courtyard, now looked again into his. You could not befool Peter about those eyes. The Emmaus couple knew by the wondrous talking, by their burning hearts, but the man sitting at the same table, the broken loaf in their hands, and that suddenly recognized face. The upper-room company knew by the fish being taken, and the bit of barley loaf — could there be homelier, saner, simpler evidence? The cautious, square-jawed Thomas knew by the feel of those scarred hands, and the rude-edged hole in the side, and his jaw relaxed into a glad, worshipful recognition of Jesus, his Lord, and his God. Long after, the studious, keenly trained schoolman of Tarsus knew by the blinding light, and the quiet, penetrating voice, that completely reversed the high-pressure engine of his career.

THE GOSPEL OF THE BODY

Jesus' resurrection was a real thing. It was a rising up of His body out of death. Of course it must have been that, for resurrection is only of the body. Resurrection is a *body* word. It cannot be properly used directly except of the body. Other use is rhetorical, figurative and secondary. The spirit of Jesus was not killed nor buried. That which went down, came up again. Resurrection is a truth regarding the body.

A man's body distinguishes him from the higher orders. It is a sacred thing. It is his personality in tangible shape. It comes to be the mold of his spirit. It is his biography. Every man carries about with him his life-story, from birth to death. Though few are skilled in reading it, and none read it fully. His body is the home-spot of his spirit. It is a bit of himself, his identity. So we know the man.

The body bears the brunt of the pain that comes through the breaks in the natural rhythm made by the man living in it. It becomes his scape-goat. It takes much of the punishment that sin brings. It is to share the joy of release from sin, and sin's results. Our bodies are precious to us. They are precious to our loved ones. In them we have lived, on them we have leaned, with them we have companioned, through them we have given expression to all our loves and fears. They are a part of us. We will not be less in the upper, future life than we have been here, but more. We have sadly ignored and abused our bodies. That

is only bad. Some holy men have seemed to think lightly of the body as though a mean thing, or temporary. That too is bad. The resurrection teaches us the worth, the dignity, the sacredness of our bodies. It is through bodily functions that we come into life. It is our bodies coming into being that permits us to come into being. At the touch of God, the new spirit comes into being in a body prepared, slowly, carefully, usually painfully, prepared for it. We should love our bodies, study them, care for them, train them, hold them true to their great service of ministering to the spirit within. They should be kept pure and sweet and sound. It is their due, and the due of the two great spirits living in them. They are temples of our spirits, and of the Spirit of God. The resurrection is the gospel of the body. Thereby Jesus tells us to reverence our bodies.

WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED

But mark keenly that *Jesus' body was changed* in the resurrection. It was a change for the better. It was lifted to a higher plane of life. It became superior to what it had been. We are apt, in thinking of the difficulties of our own resurrection, to keep thinking of the body as we know it. But it will be a changed body. With Jesus the limitations were gone. His body had been limited as is ours. It needed food and rest, air and exercise. It could work only so long; then came fatigue. He got from place to place by effort, walking, or combining his thought and skill and work with nature, as sailing a boat or riding a donkey. He entered

a building through openings made for the purpose. When the new life came, the resurrection life, these limitations are gone. He is free of the need of food and rest. All tiredness is gone. He goes as quickly and easily from place to place as thought can travel. He was free of material obstructions such as walls, going where he would by willing to be there.

The resurrection of Jesus was a natural result of his life of perfect obedience to the will of God. It was the next stage up of his perfect life. Perhaps these bodily limitations simply belong to an apprenticeship period of life. They may be the scaffolding while the life is building. They may belong to the earlier stage of life. The resurrection conditions found in Jesus belong to the next higher stage.

But there are changes for us in addition to these that Jesus experienced. We shall know the change he knew. We are assured of that. But there is more for us. Because there has been more in us, namely sin, there is more for us. Jesus knew one change from the life before death to a new sort of life after resurrection. We shall know two changes. This that he knew, and also a change reversing sin's changes. Our bodies have been changed by sin, as his was not. These changes made by sin shall be changed back, and up. It will be a return to first conditions. Man's body has known bad changes through sin. It will know blessed changes through the removal of sin. Pain, sickness, weakness, immaturity, stunted growth, liability to death — these Jesus never knew in his own person. They are sin's work. They will be removed. We shall all be

changed, and shall be all changed through and through. We shall be like him.

THE WORLD'S SPRINGTIME

Easter comes from East. The one word gives the other. East means the dawn. The original festival of Easter celebrated the spring, the new dawn of the year, and of the earth's life. It is a happy borrowing of a word from our brothers of the earlier ages. Jesus' rising is an Easter, a dawn, the dawn of day for man, and for the earth.

Easter spells out beauty, the rare beauty of new life. Is life ever so sweet and beautiful as when it comes up new and fresh in the spring? The green has a fairer hue, the flower a softer, deeper coloring, the air a new balmy freshness and the dew a sweeter fragrance. Jesus' rising was the beginning of the world's springtime. But it seems to be a slow spring, late in opening up, a retarded spring, held back by some hard frosts, and rough winter storms. But the sun is coming nearer all the while. It will be warmer soon. Winter will all go.

When Jesus comes again the frosts will go. Then comes in fully the world's new spring of life, and then the summer full-fruits. The church is not agreed about when that will be and some see it a long way off, as a sort of great celebration after great victory. Some of us think he may come in any generation, and his coming bring the great victory. But all are practically agreed that he is to come. When he comes — nobody knows when — then comes the full-fruits of

the harvest of life. His coming means release for us up into the resurrection life. It means reunion with those who have slipped from our grasp. They will come back when he comes back. They come with him. A wondrous spring morning that!

“ And in the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since,
And lost awhile.”

And the thought makes the heart beat faster, as it fervently repeats John's Patmos prayer, “ Come, Lord Jesus.”

When it is a bit dark with you, may be a good bit, a deep biting bit of dark, cheer up, there's a dawn coming. When it is winter in your life, snowbound, ice-bound, frozen up and frozen in, pull out the full organ stop of your soul and let the music out, for there's a spring coming. And in its wonder the winter will be sheer forgot. Jesus' springtime of a new life seems to be about due. It may be in your heart now, in your life, like the first crocus up through the snow. It is to be in all the earth. Let us live with our faces turned toward the rising sun — the risen Son.

WOMAN'S EASTER *

BY LUCY LARCOM

With Mary, ere dawn in the garden,
I stand at the tomb of the Lord;

*By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

I share in her sorrowing wonder ;
I hear through the darkness a word,—
The first the dear Master hath spoken,
Since the awful death stillness was broken.

He calleth her tenderly,—“ Mary ”!
Sweet, sweet is His voice in the gloom.
He spake to us first, oh my sisters,
So breathing our lives into bloom!
He lifteth our souls out of prison!
We, earliest, saw Him arisen!

He lives! Read you not the glad tidings
In our eyes, that have gazed into His?
He lives! By His light on our faces
Believe it, and come where He is!
O doubter, and you who denied Him,
Return to your places beside Him!

The message of His resurrection
To man it was woman's to give:
It is fresh in her heart through the ages:
“ He lives, that ye also may live,
Unfolding, as He hath the story
Of manhood's attainable glory.”

O Sun, on our souls first arisen,
Give us light for the spirits that grope!
Make us loving and steadfast and loyal
To bear up humanity's hope!
O Friend, who forsakest us never,
Breathe through us thy errands forever!

EASTER MORNING *

BY FRANCIS L. MACE

I

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,
 Awake from thy slumbers deep!
 Arise! and with hands that are glowing
 Put off the white garments of sleep!
 Make thyself fair, O goddess!
 In new and resplendent array,
 For the footsteps of Him who has risen
 Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
 Low under the forest leaves —
 A sign that the drowsy goddess
 The breath of her Lord perceives.
 While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
 While He slept, she was still with pain,
 But now He awakes — He has risen —
 Her beauty shall bloom again.

O hark! in the budding woodlands,
 Now far, now near, is heard
 The first prelusive warble
 Of rivulet and of bird.
 O listen! the Jubilate
 From every bough is poured,
 And earth in the smile of spring-time
 Arises to greet her Lord!

* By permission of Harper's Magazine.

II

Radiant goddess Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Enrich the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre:
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it paused in the sepulcher's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;

Let not the spirits of nature
 Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
 While Spring from her death-sleep arises
 And joyous His presence awaits,
 While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,
 Open the Beautiful Gates!

He is here! The long watches are over,
 The stone from the grave rolled away.
 "We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
 "We shall rise!" is the song of to-day.
 O Music! no longer lamenting,
 On pinions of tremulous flame
 Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
 And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
 The font is a vase of perfume,
 On pillar and chancel are twining
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,
 And far up the infinite height
 Archangels the pæan reëcho,
 And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE
ABOVE *

"Altior petamus, Christo duce."

BY WILLIAM NEWELL

I saw the mountain oak with towering form
Fall in his pride, the whirlwind's chosen prey,
The lily of the vale outrode the storm,
Shining the lovelier as it passed away.
Friend, seek not happiness in high estate,
To Mary's heart she flies from Herod's palace-gate.

I marked a spendthrift moth, squalid and alone,
With shivering wings; his summer flowers were
dead:
While the blithe bee, making their sweets her own,
Sang in her home of honey, richly fed.
Friend, seek not happiness in fleeting pleasure,
In each good work of life the good God hides her
treasure.

Jeweled with morning dew, the new-blown rose
Brings to the enamored eye her transient dower;
The live sap still runs fresh, the sound root grows,
When all forgotten fades the red-lipped flower.
Friend, seek not happiness in the bloom of beauty,
But in the soil of truth and steadfast life of duty.

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Lo! the red meteor startles with his blaze
The gazing, awe-struck earth, and disappears;
While yon true star, with soft undazzling rays,
Shines in our sky through circling months and years.
Friend, seek not happiness in worldly splendor,
But in the light serene of home-joys, pure and tender.

Power has its thorns; wealth may be joyless glitter;
Belshazzar's feast grows dark with fear and sadness;
Friends die,— and beauty wanes,— and cares embitter
The gilded cup; grief lurks behind our gladness.
Then seek not happiness, in shows of earth,
But learn of Christ betimes the secret of her birth.

Child of the soul, twin-born with Faith and Love
In the clear conscience and the generous heart,
Twin-lived with them, with them she soars above
The earthly names which man from man do part.
Seek thou God's Kingdom; there unsought she's found,
High in a heavenly life, not creeping on the ground.

Hearts set on things above, not things beneath,
Find what they crave around them day by day;
Souls risen with Christ, quick with his Spirit, breathe
The air of heaven, e'en while on earth they stay.
Bearing the cross, the hidden crown they bring,
And at the tomb they hear the Easter angels sing.

THE EASTER JOY*

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

One day at noon during the latter part of Lent, in a cold winter, I found myself in the neighborhood of a church on Broadway, New York, where through open doors a stream of people were passing in to a little service. The invitation to leave the throng and bustle of the street and spend a quiet half-hour in a worshipping assembly could not be resisted, and entering, I found myself one of a large congregation among whom were many men, and young and old women of all ranks, from ladies richly and fashionably attired to women whose clothing marked them as toilers, some of them very poor. It was a pleasant experience to join this sanctuary throng, and as I left the church, comforted and helped by the song, the prayers, the little sermon and the watchword chosen from the Bible, I felt glad that Christians are more and more inclining their hearts to keep with special attention the services of Lent.

I could not agree with an editorial which I read shortly after, in one of the daily papers, in which severe reflections were made on the declining piety of the Church of to-day. We live in a material age; an age of fierce business competition; a time when men struggle to amass money, when the contrasts between rich and poor are more sharply drawn than of old, when the besetting sin of the day is to bring matters

* By permission of George M. Sangster.

to the test of human reason rather than to go in faith to the mercy seat and accept what God gives us there. But I remember the text of that day: "I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" I see pressing in with insistent energy upon the Church a great and increasing throng of young men and women, student volunteers, who are ready and willing to give themselves to serve the Lord in any land where he may want them. I am aware that there is a large and increasing army of men and women who quietly read their Bibles and earnestly pray, and I do not believe that the Church is losing its hold upon the world, nor that Christ is deserting his own people.

After the forty days of Lent comes the dawn of the Easter morning. Once more with flowers and hymns of praise we enter our holy places; once more we hear sounding over every open grave, and hushing every rebellious thought in our hearts and soothing every grief, the words of him who still says to every one of us, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." Because our blessed Captain tasted death for every one of us, and himself took on his pale lips its utmost bitterness, the cup which the death angel holds to our lips is filled with the sweetness and flavor of everlasting life. This is the great joy of Easter. More and more, as we go on traveling the pilgrim road, we are conscious that it is but a road leading to another and an endless home. Along the road there are beautiful surprises. Friendship is ours, and domestic bliss; the dear love of kindred; the sweetness of companionship;

the delight of standing shoulder to shoulder with comrades; the glory of service. But this is not our rest, and we are going on to that place where the beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him and where they go no more out forever.

Somehow Easter always carries with it more of heaven than any other of the great anniversaries of the Christian year. In its first bright dawn the heavens were opened and the angels came down to comfort the weeping women and the disciples, mourning their Lord at the sepulcher, with those ecstatic words, "He is not here; he is risen!" It is more than fancy, it is a precious fact, that the angels still come back to console the mourner, to strengthen the doubting, and to give Christ's own people the blessed assurance that he is with them still.

The festival of Easter comes to us at a propitious time, for lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Winter, with its rigor and cold, its ice and frost and inclement blasts, its tempests on land and sea, is an emblem of warfare; its silence and sternness ally it to grief. Spring comes dancing and fluttering in with flowers and music and the blithe step of childhood. Her signs are evident before she is really here herself. First come the bluebirds, harbingers of a host; a little later there will be wrens and robins and orioles, and all the troop which make the woods musical and build sociably around our country homes.

Then the flowers will come. Happy are they who shall watch their whole procession, from the pussy-willow in March to the last blue gentian in October. We decorate our churches at Easter with the finest spoils of the hot-house — lilies, roses, palms, azaleas; nothing is too costly, nothing too lavish to be brought to the sanctuary or carried to the cemetery. Friend sends to friend the fragrant bouquet or the growing plant with the same tender significance which is evinced in the Christmas gifts, which carry from one heart to another a sweet message of love.

But God is giving us the Easter flowers in little hidden nooks in the forests, down by the corners of fences, in the sheltered places on the edges of the brook, and there we find the violet, the arbutus and other delicate blossoms which lead the van for the great army of nature's efflorescence. The first flowers are more delicately tinted and of shyer look and more ephemeral fragrance than those which come later. They are the Easter flowers. Later on we shall have millions of blossoms and more birds than we can count: now in the garden and the field we have enough to remind us that the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come.

If any of us have been grieving over our own lack, over our sinful departure from God or over the loss of dear ones, let us at Easter forget the past, put our hand in that of our risen Lord, accept the sweetness of his voice and the gladness of his presence as he comes into our homes, and say, thankfully, as we hear his "Peace be unto you:" "Lord, we are thine at

this Easter time; we give ourselves to thee in a fullness which we have never known before. We are thine. Thine to use as thou wilt; thine to fill with blessing; thine to own. Take us, Lord, and so possess us with thyself that our waste places shall be glad, and the wilderness of our lives shall blossom as the rose." Such a prayer will find its way upward, and return to us in wonderful answers of blessing from the Lord.

EASTER

BY GEORGE HERBERT

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him may'st rise:
 That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.
 The cross taught all wood to resound his name
 Who bore the same.
 His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long:
 Or since all music is but three parts vied,
 And multiplied;

O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew thy way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree :
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume ;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor ?
We count three hundred, but we miss :
There is but one, and that one ever.

THE RESURRECTION, OR EASTER-DAY

BY GEORGE HERBERT

Up and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soul? Behold, the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise,
Whose power hath vanquished all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whilst in the grave thou liest :

He that doth give

 Thee life would have thee prize't
 More highly than to keep it buried, where
 Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness,

 And dust so pleasant to thee,
 That happiness,
 And heaven, cannot woo thee,
 To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
 Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou say'st,

 Thou art buried with thy Saviour,
 If thou delay'st,
 To show, by thy behavior,
 That thou art risen with him; Till thou shine
 Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine?

Early he rose,

 And with him brought the day,
 Which all thy foes
 Frighted out of the way:
 And wilt thou sluggard-like turn in thy bed,
 Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowsy head?

Open thine eyes,

 Sin-seizèd soul, and see
 What cobweb-ties
 They are, that trammel thee:
 Not profits, pleasures, honors, as thou thinkest;
 But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good
 Thy Saviour dearly bought
 With his heart's blood:
 And it must there be sought,
 Where he keeps residence, who rose this day:
 Linger no longer then; up, and away.

EASTER SACRAMENTS

BY HENRY PARK SCHAUFFLER

[There is a Soul Gethsemane
 Where I must kneel,
 A prayer which I must pray
 Till I can feel
 That, though the anguish redden on my brow,
 And Calvary's begun,
 From Him I'll take the sacrament of Love:—
 "Thy will, not mine be done."

[There is a Resurrection Life
 That I must share,
 A tomb that I must leave;
 And though I bear
 The wounds which I have won upon my cross,
 Transfigured, they will shine —
 A sacramental pledge of Love with Faith,
 To make His rising mine.

AN EASTER-TIDE DELIVERANCE. A. D. 430

BY MARIA H. BULFINCH

The sun was drowned in the western tide,
The moon shone pale on the mountain side;
The heathen host, by the camp-fire's light,
In feasts and revels passed the night.
They talked of deeds that should be done
At early dawn of the morrow's sun;
They laughed in scorn that the Christian band
Their mighty host should dare withstand.
The Christians prayed through the whole night long,
Their arms were weak, their faith was strong.
Close pressed the foe on every side,
But heaven above was fair and wide.
The sun that sank in the blood-red sea,
An earthly type of their fate might be.
The moon that shone with so cold a light
In vain might seek them another night;
But Christ, their leader, would faithful be,
And death in His cause is victory.
Hours passed — one ray of morning light
Was on the topmost mountain height.
On a lofty crag, sublime and high,
A form stood forth 'gainst the glowing sky.
The Saint Germanus! — he turned his eyes
Where Easter's sun began to rise.
No word of sorrow his lips let fall,
No word of dangers around them all.
He bared to heaven his reverent head,

For Christ this morn arose from the dead.
Then "Alleluia!" aloud he cried,
And "Alleluia!" the rocks replied;
And "Alleluia!" from cliff to cave,
An answering shout the Christians gave.
The echoes sound it again and again,
Like the voice of a host of mighty men.
The heathens start, with strange, vague fear,
"What unseen foes have drawn so near?
Hath the God of the Christians sent in the night
His Bands of Angels to join in the fight?"
Then wild with terror they fled away —
The battle was won that Easter-Day.
Is life so hopeless, brother, to thee,
That naught but death can bring victory?
Rise thou above thine own despair,
Forget thyself and thy pressing care;
Let the voice of praise from thy lips arise,
Thine Alleluia mount to the skies;
And on thy heart's glad Easter-Day,
Thy foes, in terror, shall flee away.

SABBATH MORN *

FROM THE DANISH OF NICOLAI GRUNDTVIG

From death, Christ on the Sabbath morn,
A conqueror arose;
And when each Sabbath dawn is born
For death a healing grows.

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This day proclaims an ended strife,
And Christ's benign and holy life.

By countless lips the wondrous tale
Is told throughout the earth ;
Ye that have ears to hear, oh, hail *
That tale with sacred mirth !
Awake, my soul, rise from the dead,
See life's grand light around thee shed.

Death trembles each sweet Sabbath hour,
Death's brother, Darkness, quakes ;
Christ's word speaks with divinest power,
Christ's truth its silence breaks ;
They vanquish with their valiant breath
The reign of darkness and of death.

EASTER DAY *

BY JOHN KEBLE

O Day of days ! shall hearts set free,
No " minstrel rapture " find for thee ?
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays :

Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shed'st thy light on all the year :
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week :

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

And week days, following in their train,
The fullness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires:
The world some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day:

Or, if she thinks, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

"Where is your Lord?" she scornful asks:
"Where is his hire? we know his tasks;
Sons of a King ye boast to be:
Let us your crowns and treasures see."

We in the words of truth reply
(An angel brought them from the sky),
"Our crown, our treasure is not here,
'Tis stored above the highest sphere:

"Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
To seek on earth a Christian's bliss;
We watch not now the lifeless stone:
Our only Lord is risen and gone."

Yet even the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of him who late lay here ;
And the base world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay —
The imprisoning stone is rolled away.

'Tis now a cell where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
“Come, see the place where Jesus lay”:

'Tis now a fane, where love can find
Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined :
Aye gathering up memorials sweet
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

Oh, joy to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er his shroud,
By his own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name, as still his own !

Joy to the faithful Three renewed,
As their glad errand they pursued !
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That he may meet them on their way !

So is it still: to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears;
In social hours, who would Christ see
Must turn all tasks to charity.

EARTH'S EASTER

(MCMXVI)

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Earth has gone up from its Gethsemane,
And now on Golgotha is crucified;
The spear is twisted in the tortured side;
The thorny crown still works its cruelty.
Hark! while the victim suffers on the tree,
There sound through starry spaces, far and wide,
Such words as by poor souls in hell are cried:
"My God! my God! Thou hast forsaken me!"

But when Earth's members from the cross are drawn,
And all we love into the grave is gone,
This hope shall be a spark within the gloom:
That, in the glow of some stupendous dawn,
We may go forth to find, where lilies bloom,
Two angels bright before an empty tomb.

III

HYMNS AND CAROLS

EASTER DAY

BY CHARLES WESLEY

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him to rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING

BY VENATIUS FORTUNATUS

“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Lo! the dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!

“ Welcome, happy morning! ” age to age shall say.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!

“ Welcome happy morning! ” age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;

HE IS RISEN

121

Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!

“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's
chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;

Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;

Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

HE IS RISEN

BY CECILE FRANCES ALEXANDER

He is risen, He is risen;

Tell it out with joyful voice:

He has burst His three days prison;

Let the whole wide earth rejoice:

Death is conquered, man is free,

Christ has won the victory.

Come ye sad and fearful-hearted,

With glad smile and radiant brow:

Lent's long shadows have departed;

All His woes are over now,

And the passion that He bore:

Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come with high and holy hymning,
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming
 Yonder glorious morning ray,
 Breaking o'er the purple East,
 Symbol of our Easter Feast.

He is risen, He is risen;
 He hath opened heaven's gate:
 We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to an holier state;
 And a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER

TR. FROM THE LATIN BY FRANCIS POTTS

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
 The victory of life is won;
 The song of triumph has begun.
 Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
 But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
 Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
 Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
 He rises glorious from the dead;
 All glory to our risen Head!
 Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
 Let hymns of praise His triumph tell!
 Alleluia!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 Then may we live, and sing to Thee
 Alleluia!

RESURGAM *

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Finita sunt praelia"

LATIN HYMN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY
 TRANSLATED BY J. M. NEALE

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Finished is the battle now;
 [The crown is on the victor's brow!
 Hence with sadness,
 Sing with gladness,
 Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 After sharp death that him befell,
 Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell.
 Earth is singing,
 Heaven is ringing,
 Alleluia!

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
On the third morning he arose,
Bright with victory o'er his foes.
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
He hath closed hell's brazen door,
And heaven is open evermore!
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by thy wounds we call on thee,
So from ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia!

PRAISE TO THE LAMB

AMBROSIAN HYMN TRANSLATED BY ROBERT
CAMPBELL

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine

Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed.
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

CHRIST IS ARISEN *

BY ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Out of his prison,
Forth from its portal!
Christ is not sleeping,
Seek him no longer;
Strong was his keeping,—
Jesus was stronger!

Christ is arisen,
Seek him not here;
Lonely his prison,
Empty his bier;
Vain his entombing,
Spices, and lawn,
Vain the perfuming,
Jesus is gone!

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Empty his prison,
Broken its portal:
Rising, he giveth
His shroud to the sod;
Risen, he liveth,
And liveth to God!

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

EASTER CAROL *

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY

O Earth! throughout thy borders
Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
And Christ is risen to-day!

Let peals of jubilation
Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme Te Deum
Roll round the World's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
And Christ is risen to-day!

* By permission of *The Chautauquan*.

EASTER

BY MARTIN LUTHER

FROM THE LATIN OF JOHN HUSS

Jesus Christ to-day is risen,
And o'er Death triumphant reigns;

He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading Sin herself in chains.
Kyrie eleison.

For our sins the sinless Saviour
Bare the heavy wrath of God;
Reconciling us, that favor
Might be shown us through his blood.
Kyrie eleison.

In his hands he hath forever
Mercy, life, and sin, and death;
Christ his people can deliver,
All who come to him in faith.
Kyrie eleison.

IV
IMMORTALITY

AFRAID? OF WHOM AM I AFRAID?

BY EMILY DICKINSON

Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?
Not death; for who is he?
The porter of my father's lodge
As much abasheth me.

Of life? 'Twere odd I fear a thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or more existences
At Deity's decree.

Of resurrection? Is the east
Afraid to trust the morn
With her fastidious forehead?
As soon impeach my crown!

THE NEW BIRTH*

BY JONES VERY

'Tis a new life; — thoughts move not as they did,
With slow, uncertain steps across my mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

That comes not save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth;—their walls are falling
now.
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders
roar;
And I, a child of God, by Christ made free,
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity!

LINES WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE
HIS EXECUTION

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH

E'en such is time; which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

THE VALLEY OF LIFE *

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

When I was a child joyfully I ran, hand claspt in hand, now with my mother, now with my father, or with younger, blithe companions, now in sunlight, now in shadow and dread, through the strange new Valley of Life.

Sometimes on the high-road, then over the fields and meadows, or through the solemn forests; sometimes along the happy brook-side, listening to its music or the clamor of the falls, as the pleasant waters hurried or grew still, in the winding way down the Valley of Life.

And as we moved along, hand claspt in hand, sometimes the handclasp was broken, and I, a happy child, ran swiftly from the path to gather flower or fruit or get sight of a singing bird; or to lean down and pluck a pearly stone from under the lapping waves; or climbed a tree and swayed, shouting, on its waving boughs — then returning to the clasp of loving hands, and so passing on and on down the opening Valley of Life.

In the bright morning I walked wondering, wondering I walked through the still twilight and many-colored sunset; watching the great stars gather, and lost in the mystery of worlds beyond number, and spaces beyond thought, till, side by side, we lay down

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

to sleep under the stars in the Valley of Life and of Dreams.

Then there came a time when the hands that held me,— the loving hands that guided my steps and drew me gently on,— turned cold, and slipt from my grasp ; I waited, but they came not back, and slowly and alone I plodded on down the Valley of Life and of Death.

“ Where went they ? ” I asked my heart and the whispering waters and the sighing trees. “ Where went my loving and well-belovèd guides ? Did they climb the hills and tarry ; did they, tired, lie down to sleep and forget me forever ; leaving me to journey on without their dear care down the Long Valley of Life ? ”

I could not know, for I heard no answer except my own heart's beating. But other comrades came,— one dearer than all,— and as time went on I felt the little hands of my own children clasping mine while, once more happy and elate, with them I traveled down the miraculous Valley of Life.

But, as on we wander, hearing their bright voices, and seeing their joy upon the way,— their happy chasings here and there, their eager run to hold again our hands,— how soon, I think, shall I feel the slipping away of the clasping fingers while I fall asleep by the wayside, or climb the cloud-enveloped hills, and leave those I love to journey on down the lonely Valley of Life !

And I say : “ Surely the day and the hour hasten ; grief will be theirs for a season : then will they, as did I, with brave hearts journey on the appointed way.”

But where then shall my spirit rest? Will it sink unconscious into endless night? or shall I, in some new dawn, and by some unimagined miracle not less than that which brought me here, wander with those that led me once, and those I led, hand claspt in hand, as of old, by the murmuring waters and under the singing trees of the ever-wonderful, the never-ending Valley of Life?

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I think we are too ready with complaint
 In this fair world of God's. Had we not hope
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon gray bank of sky, we might be faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
 Must widen early, is it well to droop
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
 O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
 And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints? — At least it may be said,
 "Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!"

ONE *

BY MARION MONKS CHASE

Though surrender cut the heart,
Spirit and spirit need not part,
Though their universe be shaken
Soul from soul may not be taken.
Though the temple veil be torn
Love out-lasting earth is born.

* By permission of the author.

THE SYMBOLISM OF RESURRECTION

Has it occurred to us as we have walked through some great Cathedral that the carved beasts and birds everywhere, inside and out, have all a meaning?

It is only within a few years that we have learned that they have symbolic meaning and that religion in the middle ages was taught through these devices to the people who had not the knowledge to read books but who could read through these figures, often most grotesque, the lessons of the Scriptures.

Books that give us full descriptions of these forms have come down to us from the past and are now to be found in many of the libraries of the world. They are called Bestiaries or Physiologus and are found in many languages; the earliest in existence belongs to the fifth century. It is thought that they are of Alexandrine origin and of course the original has perished but the translations into about twelve different lan-

guages have saved the knowledge for us. The writers were not scientific and they had no real comprehension of the habits of animals but surrounded them with all sorts of superstitions.

Among the many figures that represent particular phases in the life of Christ we shall choose those only that tell of the Resurrection.

The Lion typifies the Resurrection in that the young lions are fabled to be born without life. After three days the lion howls over them and vivifies them by his breath; so the Almighty Father recalled to life His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ who on the third day was raised from the dead.

This characteristic of the lion has been a favorite symbol of the resurrection of Christ as well as the general resurrection, and holds a large place in mediæval architecture.

We find representations of it in the principal entrance of St. Lawrence in Nuremberg, in the choir of Augsburg Cathedral, at the foot of a colossal crucifix in St. Nicholas of Stralsund, in the Wurtemberg cloisters Maulbronn and Bebenhausen, and in a large relief, which dates from the latter half of the thirteenth century and doubtless belonged originally to some church or cloister, but which now adorns the façade of a house, Im Thal near the Marienplatz in Munich. So too the stained window of the minster of Freiburg in the Breisgau contains a painting of the Crucifixion, at the top of which is a pelican feeding its young with its own blood; above the pelican stands the lion breathing over three whelps, which are just beginning to

show signs of life. A stained glass window of the thirteenth century in the cathedral of St. Etienne at Bourges represents the pelican below on the left and the lion and the whelps on the right of the Crucified; above, are Jonah delivered from the whale and Elijah restoring life to the son of the widow. In the cathedrals of Mans and Tours are similar symbols of the death and resurrection of Christ, in which the phoenix rising from its ashes takes the place of the pelican. The lion and whelps was often carved on sacramental vessels.

At a somewhat later period the lion, as a symbol of the Resurrection was sculptured on public buildings of a secular character and on private dwellings; it was also engraved on pieces of armor and especially on helmets, often with the legend, *Domine vivifica me secundum verbum tuum*, or some other appropriate words expressing the hope of the warrior that, if slain in battle, he might be raised up on the last day. Durand, in his *Rubrica de Evangelistis* says that St. Mark's type is a roaring lion, "because his aim is chiefly to give a description of the resurrection of Christ, and that for this reason his gospel is read at Easter."

The Peacock comes from Pagan art. There, it was Juno's bird, and was supposed to portray the apotheosis of an empress. On Christian sepulchers in the Catacombs the peacock is symbolic of immortality: either because of the belief of St. Augustine that its flesh was incorruptible, or of the yearly changing of its

brilliant feathers to regain them more gloriously in the spring.

On the coins of Faustina the peacock as the symbol of the soul in glory has its head encircled by the nimbus and on the coins of the Antonines, the phoenix, the symbol of immortality, so appears also.

The Physiologus say that the Phoenix is a native of India and Arabia. When it is five hundred years old, it flies to Lebanon, and fills its wings with the fragrant gum of a tree growing there, and thence hastens to Heliopolis in Egypt, where it burns itself upon the high altar of the Temple of the Sun. When the priest comes the next day to offer sacrifices, he removes the ashes from the altar, and finds therein a small worm of exceeding sweet odor, which in three days develops into a young bird, and on the fourth day attains its full size and plumage, and greeting the priest with reverence returns to its home.

This illustrates the words of Christ "I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it up again."

These perfumes which fill the wings symbolize the good works which the righteous man accumulates and by which he earns eternal life; and as the phoenix kindles the fire which consumes it by the fanning motion of its own wings, so the saint, mounting on the wings of heavenly meditation, has his soul enkindled and renewed by the flames of the Holy Spirit.

Tertullian, in all good faith accepts the phoenix as

a most marked and evident symbol of the resurrection and eternity.

The phoenix is represented in some of the earliest mosaics in the churches of Rome.

Cremation as practiced by the Romans would naturally serve to make the phoenix still more suitable and striking as a symbol of the resurrection and of immortality: and in this sense the bird burning itself was often sculptured on cinerary urns and is also mentioned in Jewish writings as an emblem of renewed life and vigor. The Greek word for date-palm and phoenix is the same, and the tree was said to die and then spring up anew like the bird. The passage in Psalm xcii, 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree" may mean in the Septuagint "like the phoenix," and was so understood by Tertullian and the Physiologus.

The phoenix, like many other symbols was transferred from the Pagan urn to the Christian sarcophagus. Sometimes a date-palm is used to express the same idea: and frequently the tree and the phoenix appear together. Among the mosaics adorning the tribune of the Lateran is a large cross, and beneath it the New Jerusalem, out of the midst of which rises a stately palm-tree with a phoenix perched on its top.

The Bestiaries say that the Pelican is fond of its young, but when the latter grow older, they begin to strike their parents in the face, this enrages the parents, which kill them in anger, but at last the female comes in remorse and smites its breast with its beak so that

the blood may flow and raise the young to life again. The symbolism of the pelican seems to be connected not only with Christ's Passion, but also with the Christian Resurrection, as seen for example, in the window of the Bourges Cathedral.

The Serpent has also been accepted as an emblem of regeneration from the annual casting of its skin. As a symbol of eternity, the serpent may often be seen having its tail in its mouth, thus forming a complete circle, for the circle—never beginning, never ending—typifies the life everlasting.

The Scarab among the Egyptians, when represented with out-spread wings is emblematic of immortality.

The Lotus Flower is also used in Egyptian art as the sign of eternal life.

The Greek name for Butterfly is Psyche and the same word means Soul.

There is no illustration of the human soul so striking and beautiful as the butterfly bursting on brilliant wings from the tomb in which it has lain after a caterpillar existence, to live in the sunlight and feed on the most delicate and fragrant blossoms of the spring. So Psyche treated allegorically is the human soul which is purified by sufferings and misfortunes, and is thus fitted for the life which "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

RESURRECTION *

BY SARAH H. BRADFORD

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth
That man had lived, and toiled, and died;
But even in that far-off time
That flower had shed its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went;
That dead hand kept its treasure well:
Nations were born, and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The senseless hand is robbed at last;
The seed is buried in the earth;
When lo! the life long sleeping there
Into a lovely flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
And died — two thousand years ago.

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

And will not he who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er his buried saints as well?

And will not he, from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sleeps two thousand years,
Yet all this slumbering dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as you now wear,
But oh, more glorious far, shall rise
To meet the Saviour in the air!

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears;
For "in my flesh I shall see God."
E'en though I sleep two thousand years!

VIRTUE

BY GEORGE HERBERT

Sweet Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,—
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave; —
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes; —
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

IN CHANGE UNCHANGING

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

January! Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the frozen ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth white? So hath God wiped out all the past: so hath he spread the earth, like an unwritten page, for a new year! Old sounds are silent in the forest and in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies, white and tranquil, the emblem of newness and purity, the virgin robes of the yet unstained year!

April! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost.

What have ice and snow and storm done unto them?
How did they fall into the earth stripped and bare?
How do they come forth opening and glorified? Is
it then so fearful a thing to lie in a grave?

In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms
through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no
treasures. The hand that governs in April governed
in January. You have not lost what God had only
hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter
distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees shed their
leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart,
as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient.
Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again.
Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers.
Be patient! Wait!

THEY ARE ALL GONE*

BY HENRY VAUGHAN

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit ling'ring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

*From "Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature."

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
— Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shewed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death — the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

THE RETREATE *

BY HENRY VAUGHAN

Happy those early dayes when I
Shined in my angell infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,

* From "Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature."

Or had the black art to dispence
 A severall sinne to every sence,
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse
 Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
 Oh, how I long to travell back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plaine,
 Where first I left my glorious traine;
 From whence th' inlightned spirit sees
 That shady city of palme-trees.
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came — return.

A LETTER

BY FREDERIKA BREMER

Aorsta, Sweden, 1841.

Thank God! my dear Frances, that we shall one day
 get rid of this material body. I think that is a glori-
 ous thing; for I feel often deeply the truth of what
 is written in the Book of wisdom: "The mortal body
 burdens the soul, and the earthly body makes heavy the
 mind;" and I feel that I shall be able to love more
 warmly and to think better, when we are set free from
 the chrysalis, which again and again throws its folds
 round the spirit longing for liberty. I feel it also now

when a lingering cloud of *migraine* in my head presses down my thoughts and words, which fain would reach you, and infolds the mind so that it feels itself fettered. Ah! it will be indeed delightful one day to get rid of this heavy and infirm load. A body (form, organs,) we shall get, for it is the anti-type and indispensable expression of the soul. The resurrection of Christ is the real manifestation hereof. St. Paul explains this in his splendid Epistle to the Corinthians wherein he says: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." . . . "It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory," etc., etc. Raised in glory, in power! Yes, but on condition that we, here in mortality, develop the life, which beyond the grave shall be thus raised also in outward glory. Is there on earth a nourishment, a food that can strengthen and develop man to become heavenly, to become a citizen in the kingdom of glory? Is there on earth a heavenly *bread*, a heavenly *wine*? You long to reach heaven. Look up to the symbol thereof, which arches over our heads. Does not all light come from thence? Light, the cheerful, the warm, the vivifying, which gives to all beings, to all conditions development and beauty; in which all attain their glorification, and which, reflected in millions of rays, gives itself to all beings, gives to all a part of its life. Thus there is in everything from which our soul derives nourishment, a secret, divine power, a heavenly bread and wine given to us for the development and glorification of our being. It is found in the life of loving service; in the work of scientific research; in the beauty of art; in the splendor of Na-

ture; it is found in joy, in sorrow, in suffering, in everything; aye, even in the bustle of every one's business; in the food which we enjoy corporeally. But we must understand this; we must understand the heavenly, which is hidden in the earthly; we must in us receive the eternal, which lives and develops itself in finite temporal circumstances. Only in this way do we prepare our real transformation, and make, already here, the wings grow, which shall be made perfect when the earthly shell breaks.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH *

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

I

A Pagan king tormented fiercely all
 Who would not on his senseless idols call,
 Nor worship them; and him were brought before
 A mother and her child, with many more.
 The child, fast bound, was flung into the flame,
 Her faith the mother did in fear disclaim:
 But when she cried, "O Sweetest, live as I,"
 He answered, "Mother dear, I do not die;
 Come, mother, bliss of heaven is here my gain,
 Although I seem to you in fiery pain.
 This fire serves only for your eyes to cheat,
 Like Jesus' breath of balm 'tis cool and sweet.
 Come, learn what riches with our God are stored,

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

'And how he feeds me at the angelic board.
Come, prove this fire; like water-floods it cools,
While your world's water burns like sulphur pools.
Come, Abraham's secret, when he found alone
Sweet roses in the furnace, here is known.
Into a world of death thou barest me;
O Mother, death, not life, I owed to thee.
Fair world I deemed it once of glorious pride,
Till in this furnace I was deified;
But now I know it for a dungeon-tomb,
Since God has brought me into larger room.
Oh, now at length I live; from my pure heaven
Each cloud, that stained it once, away is driven:
Come, mother, come, and with thee many bring;
Cry, 'Here is spread the banquet of the King';
Come, all ye faithful, come, and dare to prove
The bitter-sweet, the pain and bliss of love."
So cried the child unto that crowd of men;
All hearts with fiery longings kindled then;
Toward the pile they headlong rushing came,
And soon their souls fed sweetly on the flame.

II

A dewdrop falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave";
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvelous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;—
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:

O unbelieving! — so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

III

The seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low have those ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed, before the bread is made;
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh, be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table mayst be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungerèd.

IMMORTALITY

ABRIDGED FROM THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

Immortality, the condition or quality of being exempt from death or annihilation. . . . The belief in human immortality in some form is almost universal; even in early animistic cults the germ of the idea is present, and in all the higher religions it is an important feature. . . .

In the Orphic mysteries "the soul was regarded as a part of the divine, a *particula auræ divinæ*, for which the body in its limited and perishable condition was no fit organ, but a grave or prison. The existence of the soul in the body was its punishment for sins in a previous condition; and the doom of its sins in the

body was its descent into other bodies, and the postponement of its deliverance" (Salmond's *Christian Doctrine of Immortality*, p. 109). This deliverance was what the mysteries promised. A remarkable passage in Pindar (*Thren.* 2) is thus rendered by J. W. Donaldson (*Pindar's Epinician or Triumphal Odes*, p. 372). "By a happy lot, all persons travel to an end free of toil. And the body, indeed, is subject to the powerful influence of death; but a shadow of vitality is still left alive, and this alone is of divine origin; while our limbs are in activity it sleeps; but, when we sleep, it discloses to the mind in many dreams the future judgment with regard to happiness and misery."

The belief of Socrates is uncertain. In the *Apology* he is represented as sure that "no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death," but as not knowing whether "death be a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or a change or migration of the soul from this world to the next" (i. 40, 41). In the *Phædo* a confident expectation is ascribed to him. He is not the body to be buried; he will not remain with his friends after he has drunk the poison, but he will go away to the happiness of the blessed. The silence of the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon must be admitted as an argument to the contrary; but the probability seems to be that Plato did not in the *Phædo* altogether misrepresent the Master. In Plato's thought the belief held a prominent position. "It is noteworthy," says Professor D. G. Ritchie, "that, in the various dialogues in which Plato speaks of immortality, the arguments seem to be of different kinds,

and most of them quite unconnected with one another. In the *Phædrus* (245 C) the argument is, that the soul is self-moving, and, therefore, immortal; and this argument is repeated in the *Laws* (x. 894, 895). It is an argument that Plato probably inherited from Alcæon, the physician of Croton (Arist. *De An.* i. 2, par. 17, 405 A 29), whose views were closely connected with those of the Pythagoreans. In the *Phædo* the main argument up to which all the others lead is that the soul participates in the idea of life. Recollection (*anamnesis*) alone would prove preëxistence, but not existence after death. In the tenth book of the *Republic* we find the curious argument that the soul does not perish like the body, because its characteristic evil, sin or wickedness does not kill it as the diseases of the body wear out the bodily life. In the *Timæus* (41 A) the immortality even of the gods is made dependent on the will of the Supreme Creator; souls are not in their own nature indestructible, but persist because of His goodness. In the *Laws* (xii. 959 A) the notion of a future life seems to be treated as a salutary doctrine which is to be believed because the legislator enacts it (Plato, p. 146). The estimate to be formed of this reasoning has been well stated by Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, "Plato's arguments for immortality, isolated, modernized, may be feeble, even valueless, but allowed to stand where and as he himself puts them, they have an altogether different worth. The ratiocinative parts of the *Phædo* thrown into syllogisms may be easily demolished by a hostile logician; but in the dialogue as a whole there is a subtle spirit and cumulative force

which logic can neither seize nor answer" (*Studies in the Philosophy of Religion*, p. 226, 1876).

Aristotle held that active intelligence alone is immortal. The Stoics were not agreed upon the question. Cleanthes is said to have held that all survive to the great conflagration which closes the cycle, Chrysippus that only the wise will. Marcus Aurelius teaches that even if the spirit survive for a time it is at last "absorbed in the generative principle of the universe." Epicureanism thought that "the wise man fears not death, before which most men tremble; for, if we are, it is not; if it is, we are not." . . . Augustine adopts a Platonic thought when he teaches that the immortality of the soul follows from its participation in the eternal truths. The Apologists themselves welcomed, and commended to others, the Christian revelation as affording a certainty of immortality such as reason could not give. . . .

In stating constructively the doctrine of immortality we must assign altogether secondary importance to the metaphysical arguments from the nature of the soul. It is sufficient to show, as has already been done, that the soul is not so absolutely dependent on the body, that the dissolution of the one must necessarily involve the cessation of the other. Such arguments as the indivisibility of the soul and its persistence can at most indicate the *possibility* of immortality.

The *juridical argument* has some force; the present life does not show that harmony of condition and character which our sense of justice leads us to expect; the wicked prosper and the righteous suffer; there is

ground for the expectation that in the future life the anomalies of this life will be corrected. Although this argument has the support of such great names as Butler and Kant, yet it will repel many minds as an appeal to the motive of self-interest.

The *ethical argument* has greater value. Man's life here is incomplete, and the more lofty his aims, the more worthy his labors, the more incomplete will it appear to be. The man who lives for fame, wealth, power, may be satisfied in this life; but he who lives for the ideals of truth, beauty, goodness, lives not for time but for eternity, for his ideals cannot be realized, and so his life fulfilled on this side of the grave. Unless these ideals are mocking visions, man has a right to expect the continuance of his life for its completion. . . .

More general in its appeal still is the argument from the *affections*, which has been beautifully developed in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The heart protests against the severance of death, and claims the continuance of love's communion after death; and as man feels that love is what is most godlike in his nature, love's claim has supreme authority.

There is a *religious argument* for immortality. The saints of the Hebrew nation were sure that as God had entered into fellowship with them, death could not sever them from his presence. This is the argument in Psalms xvi and xvii, if, as is probable, the closing verses do express the hope of a glorious and blessed immortality. This too is the proof Jesus himself offers when he declares God to be the God of the living

and not of the dead (Matt. xxii, 32). God's companions cannot become death's victims.

Josiah Royce in his lecture on *The Conception of Immortality* (1900) combines this argument of the soul's union with God with the argument of the incompleteness of man's life here:—

“Just because God is One, all our lives have various and unique places in the harmony of the divine life. And just because God attains and wins and finds this uniqueness, all our lives win in our union with Him the individuality which is essential to their true meaning. And just because individuals whose lives have uniqueness of meaning are here only objects of pursuit, the attainment of this very individuality, since it is indeed real, occurs not in our present form of consciousness, but in a life that now we see not, yet in a life whose genuine meaning is continuous with our own human life, however far from our present flickering form of disappointed human consciousness that life of the final individuality may be. Of this our true individual life, our present life is a glimpse, a fragment, a hint, and in its best moments a visible beginning. That this individual life of all of us is not something limited in its temporal expression to the life that now we experience, follows from the very fact that here nothing final or individual is found expressed” (pp, 14–146).

R. W. Emerson declares that “the impulse to seek proof of immortality is itself the strongest proof of all.” We expect immortality not merely because we desire it; but because the desire itself arises from

all that is best and truest and worthiest in ourselves. The desire is reasonable, moral, social, religious; it has the same worth as the loftiest ideals, and worthiest aspirations of the soul of man. The loss of the belief casts a dark shadow over the present life. "No sooner do we try to get rid of the idea of Immortality — than Pessimism raises its head. . . . Human griefs seem little worth assuaging; human happiness too paltry (at best) to be worth increasing. The whole moral world is reduced to a point. Good and evil, right and wrong, become infinitesimal, ephemeral matters. The affections die away — die of their own conscious feebleness and uselessness. A moral paralysis creeps over us" (*Natural Religion*, Postscript). The belief exercises a potent moral influence. "The day," says Ernest Renan, "in which the belief in an after-life shall vanish from the earth will witness a terrific moral and spiritual decadence. Some of us perhaps might do without it, provided only that others held it fast. But there is no lever capable of raising an entire people if once they have lost their faith in the immortality of the soul" (quoted by A. W. Momerie, *Immortality*, p. 9). To this belief, many and good as are the arguments which can be advanced for it, a confident certainty is given by Christian faith in the Risen Lord, and the life and immortality which he has brought to light in his Gospel.

THE LILY OF THE RESURRECTION *

BY LUCY LARCOM

While the lily dwells in the earth,
Walled about with crumbling mold,
She the secret of her birth
Guesses not, nor has been told.

Hides the brown bulb in the ground,
Knowing not she is a flower;
Knowing not she shall be crowned
As a queen, with white-robed power.

Though her whole life is one thrill
Upward, unto skies unseen,
In her husks she wraps her still,
Wondering what her visions mean.

Shivering, while the bursting scales
Leave her heart bare, with a sigh
She her unclad state bewails,
Whispering to herself, "I die."

Die? Then may she welcome death,
Leaving darkness underground,
Breathing out her sweet, free breath
Into the new heavens around.

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

Die? She bathes in ether warm :
 Beautiful without, within,
 See at last the imprisoned form
 All its fair proportions win!

Life it means, this impulse high
 Which through every rootlet stirs :
 Lo! the sunshine and the sky
 She was made for, now are hers!

Soul, thou too art set in earth,
 Heavenward through the dark to grow :
 Dreamest thou of thy royal birth?
 Climb! and thou shalt surely know.

Shuddering Doubt to Nature cries,—
 Nature, though she smiles, is dumb,—
 “How then can the dead arise?
 With what body do they come?”

Lo, the unfolding mystery!
 We shall bloom, some wondrous hour,
 As the lily blooms, when she
 Dies a bulb, to live a flower!

THE BIBLE ON IMMORTALITY

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead and your

life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

ST. PAUL TO THE COLOSSIANS.

Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ST. PAUL TO THE ROMANS.

If in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

ST. PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies

and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

. . . Behold I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

ST. PAUL.

Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto

the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil,
unto the resurrection of damnation.

ST. JOHN.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth
in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and who-
soever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.

ST. JOHN.

RESURRECTION *

BY ALFRED NOYES

Once more I hear the everlasting sea
Breathing beneath the mountain's fragrant breast,
Come unto Me, come unto Me,
And I will give you rest.

We have destroyed the Temple and in three days
He hath rebuilt it — all things are made new:
And hark 'what wild throats pour His praise
Beneath the boundless blue.

We plucked down all His altars, cried aloud
And gashed ourselves for little gods of clay!
Yon floating cloud was but a cloud,
The May no more than May.

We plucked down all His altars, left not one
Save where, perchance (and ah, the joy was fleet),

* By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

We laid our garlands in the sun
At the white Sea-born's feet.

We plucked down all His altars, not to make
The small praise greater, but the great praise less,
We sealed all fountains where the soul could slake
Its thirst and weariness.

"Love" was too small, too human to be found
In that transcendent source where love was born;
We talked of "forces": heaven was crowned
With philosophic thorn.

"Your God is in your image," we cried, but O,
'Twas only man's own deepest heart ye gave,
Knowing that He transcended all ye know,
While we — we dug His grave.

Denied Him even the crown on our own brow,
E'en these poor symbols of His loftier reign,
Leveled His Temple with the dust, and now
He is risen, He is risen again.

Risen, like this resurrection of the year,
This grand ascension of the choral spring,
Which those Harp-crowded heavens bend to hear
And meet upon the wing.

"He is dead," we cried, and even amid that gloom
The wintry veil was rent! The new-born day

Showed us the Angel seated in the tomb
And the stone rolled away.

It is the hour! We challenge heaven above
Now, to deny our slight ephemeral breath
Joy, anguish, and that everlasting love
Which triumphs over death.

THRENODY

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The South-wind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire ;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore ;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,
I see my trees repair their boughs ;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round,—
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,

The gracious boy, who did adorn
 The world whereinto he was born,
 And by his countenance repay
 The favor of the loving Day,—
 Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
 Far and wide she cannot find him;
 My hopes pursue they cannot bind him.
 Returned this day, the south wind searches,
 And finds young pines and budding birches;
 But finds not the budding man;
 Nature who lost, cannot remake him;
 Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;
 Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
 O, whither tend thy feet?
 I had the right, few days ago,
 Thy steps to watch, thy place to know:
 How have I forfeited the right?
 Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
 I hearken for thy household cheer,
 O eloquent child!
 Whose voice, an equal messenger,
 Conveyed thy meaning mild.
 What though the pains and joys
 Whereof it spoke were toys
 Fitting his age and ken.

His daily haunts I well discern,—
 The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,—
 And every inch of garden ground

Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek fowls where erst they ranged;
The wintry garden lies unchanged;
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

.

O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!
The deep Heart answered, "Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before,—
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost?
Taught he not thee — the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf from God to man?
To be alone wilt thou begin
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?"

To-morrow, when the masks shall fall
 That dizen Nature's carnival,
 The pure shall see by their own will,
 Which overflowing Love shall fill,
 'Tis not within the force of fate
 The fate conjoined to separate.
 But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
 I gave thee sight — where is it now?
 I taught thy heart beyond the reach
 Of ritual, Bible, or of speech.

Past utterance, and past belief,
 And past the blasphemy of grief,
 The mysteries of Nature's heart;
 And though no Muse can these impart,
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.

“ I came to thee as to a friend;
 Dearest, to thee I did not send
 Tutors, but a joyful eye,
 Innocence that matched the sky,
 Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
 Laughter rich as woodland thunder,
 That thou might'st entertain apart
 The richest flowering of all art:
 And, as the great all-loving Day
 Through smallest chambers takes it way,
 That thou might'st break thy daily bread
 With prophet, savior and head;
 That thou might'st cherish for thine own

The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
Boy-Rabbi, Israel's paragon.

“ And thoughtest thou such guest
Would in thy hall take up his rest?
Would rushing life forget her laws,
Fate's revolution pause?
High omens ask diviner guess;
Not to be connd to tediousness.
And know my higher gifts unbind
The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail Nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.
Wilt thou freeze love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through nature circling go?
Nail the wild star to its track
On the half-climbed zodiac?
Light is light which radiates,
Blood is blood which circulates,
Life is life which generates,
And many-seeming life is one,—
Wilt thou transfix and make it none?
Its onward force too starkly pent
In figure, bone, and lineament?
Wilt thou uncalled, interrogate,
Talker! the unreplying Fate?
Nor see the genius of the whole

Ascendant in the private soul,
 Beckon it when to go and come,
 Self-announced its hour of doom?
 Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
 Magic-built to last a season;
 Masterpiece of love benign,
 Fairer than expansive reason
 Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
 Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
 What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
 Verdict which accumulates
 From lengthening scroll of human fates,
 Voice of earth to earth returned,
 Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
 Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent:
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
 Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
 Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
 Not of adamant and gold
 Built he heaven stark and cold;
 No, but a nest of bending reeds,
 Flowering grass and scented weeds;
 Or like a traveler's fleeing tent,
 Or bow above the tempest bent;
 Built of tears and sacred flames,
 And virtue reaching to its aims;
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
 Silent rushes the swift Lord

Through ruined systems still restored,
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

QUOTATIONS

The assurance of immortality alone is not enough. For if we are told that we are to live forever and still left without the knowledge of a personal God, eternity stretches before us like a boundless desert, a perpetual and desolate orphanage. It is the Divine companionship that the spirit needs first of all and most deeply.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

A poem like *In Memoriam*, more than all the flowers of the returning spring, more than all the shining wings that flutter above the ruins of the chrysalis, more than all the sculptured tombs and monuments of the beloved dead, is the living evidence and intimation of an endless life.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

And is not the best of all our hopes — the hope of immortality — always before us? How can we be dull and heavy while we have that new experience to

look forward to? It will be the most joyful of all our travels and adventures. It will bring us our best acquaintances and friendships. But there is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life, and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

The great Easter truth is not that we are to live newly after death — that is not the great thing — but that we are to be new here and now by the power of the resurrection; not so much that we are to live forever as that we are to, and may, live nobly now because we are to live forever.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Not another day of the year comes upon the earth with such universal acceptance as this. Although every Sabbath day is now changed to be a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of the Son of God, yet this is the annual and all-inclusive day, and is the Sunday of Sundays, which proclaims the resurrection of Christ from the dead with sounding joy and sympathy of the whole Christian world. Christ is risen! There is life, therefore, after death! His resurrection is the symbol and pledge of universal resurrection!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is startling to us who are so attached to the cross as a symbol of Christianity and its all-conquering power to find no symbolic use of the cross in the Cata-

combs, or elsewhere, for almost three hundred years after Christ's Ascension. When at last it does appear in the Catacombs, it is not the Passion cross nor the cross of the Lord's suffering, but the Resurrection cross, the cross of the Lord's Victory, that we see. Christ is represented as coming forth from his tomb mightily bearing a cross, a picture of the Living Lord who has triumphed over death.

JAMES G. K. McCLURE.

WINTER SLEEP*

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I know it must be winter (though I sleep) —
I know it must be winter, for I dream
I dip my bare feet in the running stream,
And flowers are many and the grass grows deep.

I know I must be old (how age deceives!) —
I know I must be old, for, all unseen,
My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow green
When late rains patter on the falling sheaves.

I know I must be tired (and tired souls err) —
I know I must be tired, for all my soul
To deeds of daring beats a glad, faint roll,
As storms the riven pine to music stir.

* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

I know I must be dying (Death draws near) —
 I know I must be dying, for I crave
 Life — life, strong life, and think not of the grave
 And turf-bound silence in the frosty year.

THE LITTLE PLANT *

BY KATE L. BROWN

In the heart of a seed
 Buried deep, so deep,
 A dear little plant
 Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine
 “And creep to the light,”
 “Wake!” said the voice
 Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
 And it rose to see
 What the wonderful
 Outside world might be.

* From “The Plant Baby and Its Friends”—Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston and New York.

“IN A NIGHT OF MIDSUMMER” *

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

In a night of midsummer, on the still eastern shore
 of the ocean inlet,

In our hearts a sense of the inaudible pulsing of the unseen, infinite sea,

Suddenly through the clear, cool air, arose the voice of a wonderful tenor; soaring and sobbing in the music of “Otello.”

I knew that the singer was long dead; I knew well that it was not his living voice;

And yet truly it was as the voice of a living man; though heard as through a veil, still was it human; still was it living; still was it tragic;

Still felt I the fire of the spirit of a man; I was moved by the passion of his art; I perceived the flower and essence of his person; the exquisite expression of his mind and soul;

His soul it was that seized my soul, through his voice, which was as the very voice of sorrow;

And then I thought: If man, by science and searching, can build a cunning instrument that takes over and keeps, beyond the term of human existence, the essence and flower of a man's art;

If he can recreate that most individual attribute, his articulate and musical voice, and thus the very art and passion which that voice conveys,

Why may not the Supreme Artificer, when the human body is utterly dissolved and dispersed, recover and keep forever, in some new and delicate structure, the living soul itself?

*By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE WAKING YEAR

BY EMILY DICKINSON

A lady red upon the hill
 Her annual secret keeps;
 A lady white within the field
 In placid lily sleeps!

The tidy breezes with their brooms
 Sweep vale, and hill, and tree;
 Prithee, my pretty housewives,
 Who may expected be?

The neighbors do not yet suspect,
 The woods exchange a smile —
 Orchard, and buttercup, and bird —
 In such a little while!

And yet how still the landscape stands,
 How nonchalant the wood,
 As if the resurrection
 Were nothing very odd!

FROM IN MEMORIAM

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drownéd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the sea mew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood : that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colors of the crescent prime ?

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone;
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead;
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this
 To hold me from my proper place,
 A little while from his embrace,
 For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
 And unto meeting when we meet,
 Delight a hundredfold accrue.

For every grain of sand that runs,
 And every span of shade that steals,
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,
 And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
 The giant laboring in his youth;
 Nor dream of human love and truth,
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear the chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine eye;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless ;
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All ; within, without ;
The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice " believe no more "
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled into Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd " I have felt."

Not like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamor made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, molding men.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

.
 No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
 This planet, was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
 That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

THE FUTURE

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

A wanderer is man from his birth,
 He was born in a ship,
 On the breast of the river of time,
 Brimming with wonder and joy.
 He spreads out his arms to the light,
 Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been,
Whether he wakes,
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed,
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream;
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea—
As in the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
Only the tract where he sails
He wots of; only the thoughts,
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plow?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?

What bard
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities and hoarse
With a thousand cries in its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and short as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;

That the din will be more on its banks,
Dense the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time —
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream —
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

DEATH

BY BISHOP WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE

We are so stupid about death. We will not learn
How it is wages paid to those who earn,
How it is gift for which on earth we yearn,
To be set free from bondage to the flesh;
How it is turning seed-corn into grain,
How it is winning Heaven's eternal gain,
How it means freedom evermore from pain,
How it untangles every mortal mesh.

We are so selfish about death: We count our grief
Far more than we consider their relief,
Whom the great Reaper gathers in the sheaf,
No more to know the season's constant change;
And we forget that it means only life,
Life with all joy, peace, rest, and glory rife,
The victory won, and ended all the strife,
And Heaven no longer far away and strange.

Their Lent is over, and their Easter won.
Waiting, till over Paradise, the sun
Shall rise in majesty, and life begun
Shall grow in glory, as the perfect day
Moves on, to hold its endless, deathless sway.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

BY WALT WHITMAN

Joy, shipmate, joy!
 (Pleased to my soul at death I cry,)
 Our life is closed, our life begins,
 The long, long anchorage we leave,
 The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
 She swiftly courses from the shore,
 Joy, shipmate, joy.

CONTINUITIES

BY WALT WHITMAN

Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
 No birth, identity, form, no object of the world.
 Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;
 Appearance must not foil, nor shifted sphere confuse
 thy brain.
 Ample are time and space — ample the fields of Nature.
 The body, sluggish, aged, cold — the embers left from
 earlier fires,
 The light in the eye grown dim, shall duly flame again;
 The sun now low in the west rises for mornings and
 for noons continual;
 To frozen clods ever the spring's invisible law returns,
 With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn.

THE EVENING WATCH

BY HENRY VAUGHAN

BODY

Farewell! I goe to sleep; but when
The day-star springs, I'll wake again.

SOUL

Goe, sleep in peace; and when thou lvest
Unnumbered in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,
Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in His book, who ne'er betrayed man's trust!

BODY

Amen! but hark, ere we two stray,—
How many hours, dost think, 'til day?

SOUL

'Ah, goe; thou'rt weak, and sleepe. Heaven
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up; who drew this circle, even
He fills it; dayes and hours are blinds.
Yet this take with thee: the last gasp of time
Is thy first breath, and man's eternall prime.

THREE GREAT THINKERS ON
IMMORTALITY

The doctrine of immortality in a world to come has not in the teachings of Jesus the appearance of a fresh philosophical theory or of a new truth kindling in him a constant surprise and intensity. It seems rather like unconscious knowledge. He speaks of the great invisible world as if it had always lain before him, and as familiarly as to us stretches out the landscape which we have seen since our birth. The assertion of a future state is scarcely to be met within his teachings; the assumption of it pervades them.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The mere mortal history of Christ would have settled with us the question of futurity. For the great essential to this belief is a sufficiently elevated estimate of human nature: no man will ever deny its immortality who has a deep impression of its capacity for so great a destiny. And this impression is so vividly given by the life of Jesus—he presents an image of the soul so grand, so divine—as utterly to dwarf all the dimensions of its present career, and to necessitate a heaven for its reception.—*James Martineau.*

If death be a transition to another place, and if it be true, as has been said, that all who have died are there—what, O judges, could be a greater good than this? For if a man, being set free from those who call themselves judges here, is to find, on arriving in Hades, these true judges who are said to administer judgment

in the unseen world . . . will his transition thither be for the worse? What would not any one of you give to converse with Orpheus and Musacus and Hesiod and Homer? I would gladly die many times, if this be true. . . . To dwell and converse with them and to question them would indeed be happiness unspeakable!
— *From Socrates Apologia as reported by Plato.*

“DEATH IS NOT THE END”

ANONYMOUS

The *London Times*, the great daily newspaper of Great Britain, recently called attention to the following sentence which appeared in the announcement of the death of an eminent man: “His wife and family will respect his urgent desire that no outward sign of mourning should be worn.” The *Times* called attention to the fact that this announcement indicates a change of view which has silently and almost imperceptibly been taking place regarding this matter.

This is true in the United States as well as in Great Britain. The outward and visible signs of mourning have in recent years been much decreased. Funerals are simpler, mourning where worn is less somber and worn for shorter periods. The reason for this may be found in a changed feeling with reference to death. There is less terror of it and more recognition that it is not the end, but an introduction to a fuller life.

Gloom is out of place in connection with Christian death. Sorrow there must always be because of the

sense of loss, but wherever there is Christian faith there must also be hope and comfort. To do away, therefore, with somber mourning shows no lack of respect for the dead, but only a confident trust in the promises of God and in the reality and blessedness of the future life.

Dr. J. H. Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, has recently suggested that in case of a death in the family, those who are left should wear gray instead of black, since gray is the color of the dawn and death is the dawn of the life everlasting. This is a beautiful suggestion, and where it is thought best to wear mourning at all, may well be followed.

REAPPEARING

BY HORATIUS BONAR

The star is not extinguished when it sets
Upon the dull horizon; but it goes
To shine in other skies, then reappear
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost when o'er the rock
It pours its flood into the abyss below;
Its scattering force regathering from the shock,
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not when the shadowing orb
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray;

It still is shining on, and soon to us
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not when both flower and leaf
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad ground;
Gone back for shelter to its mother earth,
'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dewdrop dies not when it leaves the flower,
And passes upward on the beam of morn;
It does but hide itself in light on high,
To its loved flower at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perished when the flame
Seizes upon it with consuming glow;
In freshened splendor it comes forth anew,
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live,—
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dewdrop, and the gold:
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mold.

So, in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place
We place their wearied limbs, and bid the clay
Press lightly on them, till the night be past,
And the far east give note of coming day.

The day of reappearing, how it speeds!
 He who is true and faithful speaks the word;
 Then shall we ever be with those we love;
 Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

The shout is heard; the archangel's voice goes forth;
 The trumpet sounds; the dead awake and sing;
 The living put on glory; one glad band,
 They hasten up to meet their coming King!

Short death and darkness, endless life and light!
 Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,
 Where all is incorruptible and pure,
 The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
 hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
 While on my ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length are free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE DISCOVERER

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

I have a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Aye, he has traveled whither
A wingèd pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across an unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower.
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.

Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the prick of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
 Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
 But he comes not back.
 And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On scroll of twice three thousand years,
More than in groves is taught,
Or from the furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
 And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers
 told.

THE BELIEF OF THE EGYPTIANS *

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS

There is one central fact which must never be overlooked in any discussion of the old Egyptian people. They were the first in the history of the world who recognized, and held fast by, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Look back as far as we will into the darkness of their past, question as closely as we may the earliest of their monuments, and we find them looking forward to an eternal future.

Their notions of man, the microcosm, were more complex than ours. They conceived him to consist of a Body, a Soul, a Spirit, a Name, a Shadow, and a Ka — that Ka which I have ventured to interpret as the Life, and they held that the perfect reunion of these parts was a necessary condition of the life to come. Hence the care with which they embalmed the Body; hence the food and drink offerings with which they nourished the Ka; hence the funerary texts with which they lined the tomb, and funerary papyri which they buried with the mummy for the instruction of the Soul. But none of these precautions availed, unless the man had lived a pure, and holy life in this world, and came before the judgment-seat of Osiris with clean hands, a clean heart, and a clean conscience.

* From "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," by permission of Harper & Brothers. Copyright 1891 by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.

'AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA *

BY EDWIN ARNOLD

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was mine*, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

* By permission of Little, Brown & Co.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
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,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,

A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep a while, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain:
Only not at death,— for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love always!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

BEYOND THE GRAVE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

It is true the labors which are now laid on us for food, raiment, outward interests, cease at the grave. But far deeper wants than those of the body are developed in heaven. There it is that the spirit first becomes truly conscious of its capacities; that truth

opens before us in its infinity ; that the universe is seen to be a boundless sphere for discovery, for science, for the sense of beauty, for beneficence and for adoration. There new objects to live for, which reduce to nothingness present interests, are constantly unfolded. We must not think of heaven as a stationary community. I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. I think of it as a society passing through successive stages of development, virtue, knowledge, power, by the energy of its own members. Celestial genius is always active to explore the great laws of the creation and the everlasting principles of the mind, to disclose the beautiful in the universe and to discover the means by which every soul may be carried forward. In that world, as in this, there are diversities of intellect ; and the highest minds find their happiness and progress in elevating the less improved. There the work of education, which began here, goes on without end ; and a diviner philosophy than is taught on earth reveals the spirit to itself, and awakens it to earnest, joyful effort for its own perfection.

TRANSPLANTED *

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Then Christ, the Gardener, said, " These many years
Behold how I have waited
For fruit upon this barren tree, which bears
But leaves ! with unabated

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Patience I have nurtured it; have fed
Its roots with choicest juices;
The sweetest suns their tender warmth have shed
On it; still it refuses
Its blossom; all the balmiest summer rain
Has bathed it; unrepaying,
Still, its green glittering leaves, in vain
And empty show arraying,
It flaunts, contented in its uselessness,
Ever my eye offending.
Uproot it! Set it in the wilderness!
There no more gentle tending
Shall it receive; but, pricked by nettle stings
And bruised and hurt, and crowded
By stones, and weeds, and noxious growths of things
That kill, and chilled 'neath shrouded
And sunless skies, from whose black clouds no rain
Shall fall to sooth its anguish,
Bearing the utmost it can feel of pain,
Unsuccored, it shall languish!"

When next across the wilderness Christ came,
Seeking his Royal Garden,
A tree stood in his pathway, all aflame,
And bending with its burden
Of burnished gold. No fruit inside the wall
Had grown to such perfection!
It was the outcast tree! Deprived of all
Kind nurture and protection,
Thrust out among vile things of poisonous growth,
Condemned, disgraced, and banished,

Lonely and scorned, its energies put forth
 Anew. All false show vanished,
 Its roots struck downward with determined hold.
 No more the surface roaming;
 And from the unfriendly soil, a thousand-fold
 Of yield compelled.

The coming

Of the Gardener now in sweet humility
 It waited, trusting, trembling;
 Then Christ, the Gardener, smiled and said:
 "O tree,

This day, in the assembling
 Of mine, in Paradise, shalt thou be found.
 Henceforth in me abiding,
 More golden fruit shalt thou bring forth; and round
 Thy root the living waters gliding
 Shall give the greenness which can never fade.
 While angels, with thy new name sealing
 Thee, shall come, and gather in thy shade
 Leaves for the nations' healing!"

THE HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION*

*Suggested by the Remark of an African Chief to a
 Missionary*

BY FRANCES BROWNE

Thy voice hath filled our forest shades,
 Child of the sunless shore!
 For never heard the ancient glades
 Such wondrous words before.

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Though bards our land of palms have filled
 With tales of joy or dread,
 Yet thou alone our souls hast thrilled
 With tidings of her dead.

The men of old, who slept in death
 Before the forests grew,
 Whose glory faded here beneath,
 While yet the hills were new;
 The warriors famed in battles o'er,
 Of whom our fathers spake;
 The wise, whose wisdom shines no more,—
 Stranger, will they awake?

The foes who fell in thousand fights
 Beneath my conquering brand,—
 Whose bones have strewn the Kaffir's heights
 The Bushman's lonely land,—
 The young, who shared my warrior-way,
 But found an early urn,—
 And the roses of my youth's bright day,—
 Stranger, will they return?

My mother's face was fair to see—
 My father's glance was bright.—
 But long ago the grave from me
 Hath hid their blessed light;
 Still sweeter was the sunshine shed
 By my lost children's eyes,

That beam upon me from the dead,—
Stranger, will they arise?

Was it some green grave's early guest,
Who loved thee long and well,
That left the land of dreamless rest,
Such blessed truths to tell?
For we have had our wise ones, too,
Who feared not death's abyss,—
The strong in hope, in love the true,—
But none that dreamed of this!

Yet, if the grave restore to life
Her ransomed spoils again,
And ever hide the hate and strife
That died with wayward men;—
How hath my spirit missed the star
That guides our steps above;—
Since only earth was given to war,—
That better land, to love!

THE RESURRECTION*

BY FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK

Arise, yes, yes, arise, O thou my dust,
From short repose thou must!
Immortal liveth
The soul the Maker giveth.
Hallelujah!

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

To rise and bloom again my seed he sows ;
The Lord of harvests goes,
And, like unnumbered
Sheaves, gathers us who slumbered.
Hallelujah !

O day of tearful joy !
O grateful day !
O thou my Maker's day !
My days when numbered,
And I enough have slumbered,
Thou'lt wake me up.

Oh, then 'twill seem but like a dream so fair ;
With Jesus we will share
His holy pleasure ;
Then will the pilgrim's measure
Of grief be drained.

Then will my guide be to the holiest land
My Mediator's hand.
On high then living,
I'll praise him with thanksgiving.
Hallelujah !

TERMINUS

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

It is time to be old,
To take in sail : —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,

Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said: "No more!
 No farther shoot
 Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
 Fancy departs: no more invent;
 Contract thy firmament
 To compass of a tent.
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two;
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less revere the Giver,
 Leave the many and hold the few.
 Timely wise accept the terms,
 Soften the fall with wary foot;
 A little while
 Still plan and smile,
 And,— fault of novel germs,—
 Mature the unfallen fruit.
 Curse, if thou wilt thy sires,
 Bad husbands of their fires,
 Who, when they gave thee breath,
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark at once,
 The Baresark marrow to the bones,
 But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
 Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
 Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
 Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
 I trim myself to the storm of time,

I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed:
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

THE PROOF*

BY LUCY LARCOM

Impossible,— the eagle's flight!
A body lift itself in air?
Yet see, he soars away from sight!—
Can mortals with the immortal share?
To argue it were wordy strife;
Life only is the proof of life.

Duration, circumstances, things,—
These measure not the eternal state:
Ah, cease from thy vain questionings
Whether an after-life await!
Rise thou from self to God, and see
That immortality must be!

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

AT LAST *

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

In youth, when blood was warm and fancy high,
 I mocked at Death. How many a quaint conceit
 I wove about his veiled head and feet,
 Vaunting aloud, "*Why need we dread to die?*"
 But now, enthralled by deep solemnity,
 Death's pale, phantasmal shade I darkly greet;
 Ghostlike it haunts the hearth, it haunts the street,
 Or drearier makes drear midnight's mystery.
 Ah, soul-perplexing vision! oft I deem
 That antique myth is true which pictured Death
 A masked and hideous form all shrank to see;
 But at the last slow ebb of mortal breath,
 Death, his mask melting like a nightmare dream,
 Smiled,— heaven's High-Priest of Immortality!

* By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME *

BY ALFRED NOYES

Pilot, how far from home? —
 Not far, not far to-night,
 A flight of spray, a sea-bird's flight,
 A flight of tossing foam,
 And then the lights of home! —

* From "The Golden Hynde," by permission of The Macmillan Company.

And yet again how far?
Seems you the way so brief?
Those lights beyond the roaring reef
Were lights of moon and star,
Far, far, none knows how far!

Pilot, how far from home?—
The great stars pass away
Before Him as a flight of spray,
Moons as a flight of foam!
I see the lights of home.

Let every man and woman count himself immortal. Let him catch the revelation of Jesus in his resurrection. Let him say not merely, "Christ has risen," but "I shall rise." Not merely, "He, underneath all death and change, was unchangeable," but "In me there is something that no stain of earth can tarnish and no stroke of the world can bruise. I, too, am a part of God and have God's immortality in me." Then nobility must come.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

CROSSING THE BAR

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight, and evening bells,—
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewells
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

V

FICTION AND DRAMA

AN EASTER JOKE

BY KATHARINE MCDOWELL RICE

"If you'll promise never to tell," said the little sister.

At which Tom echoed in a deep stage voice "Never to tell" and made with his hand mysterious passes in the region of his heart and throat.

"It's an Easter present." She was holding something behind her.

"Thank you very much," bowed Tom impressively, then put out his hand.

"But it's not for you."

"Not for me!" in feigned astonishment. Then loftily as he took a step backward, "For whom then?"

"The box will tell you," she said gayly as she produced a long narrow box.

Tom bent his ear down to the box and listened. "Nothing doing," he announced.

Hester laughed. She always laughed a great deal over what Tom said and did. She lifted the cover of the box.

"Whew!" said Tom admiringly.

He saw six daintily tinted eggs each with an initial, lying there side by side in the box each in its bed of soft pink cotton. The letters made the word "Mother."

Tom took the box from her for closer inspection.

"Where'd you find them?"

"At the new drug store. They've got them in for Easter."

"They've got taken in for Easter," said Tom with mock solemnity as he returned the box. "That's too bad."

"You're always teasing," she said and turned to go away.

"No, no, don't go," said Tom catching a curl. "Come back and tell me more."

Hester was delighted to return. It was so nice if Tom were really interested. She proceeded to tell him all about it in a rather low voice lest they should be overheard.

"Helen Ward and I saw them in the window yesterday and Helen got some for Susie. She hadn't enough money with her for five eggs so she just got three letters to make 'S. U. E.' and the clerk put them in the cunningest little box you ever saw."

"H'm," said Tom, "I'd like to get into that box and change those letters around before Easter."

"Change them around!"

"Yes. Make them read 'U. S. E.' instead. That would show little Miss Sue that she must get busy and make a cake or something with her three eggs."

"Oh, Tom, you wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't what?"

"Play a joke on her."

"Sure! An Easter joke? Just the thing."

A moment after Tom snapped his fingers and went to the window. He was quietly laughing to himself.

He had discovered that the letters in Hester's box made the words "Her Tom." A plan shot through his mind of changing them about and briefly posing himself as the donor. He came back.

Hester had been occupied in putting the cover on the box.

"How do you plan giving the enclosed to the enclosed?" said Tom as he lightly tapped the cover.

It took her a moment to understand. Then she laughed. How amusing Tom was! No wonder the girls all said she had the nicest brother of all. If only he wouldn't tease her so much!

"I had thought of putting it under mamma's pillow," she confided.

Tom was apparently in deep thought. "Why not have Mary bring it in at breakfast with the Sunday newspapers?" he said.

"Perhaps that would be better," said the unsuspecting Hester.

"Making it more of an Easter joke," said Tom.

Hester looked a little troubled, so Tom hastened to explain, "Something we can all enjoy instead of mother's just finding it by herself. You don't want to keep the day too solemn," Tom went on with affected lightness. "There are lots of amusing things about Easter. There's a joke about the hare, you know. He's always on Easter cards. Some people make a very jolly day of it; didn't you know that?"

"I know that children roll eggs at the White House," said Hester, glad that she could impart some information to her big brother about Easter ceremonies, "but

I remember now that doesn't come till Easter Monday."

"We couldn't do that anyway," said Tom solemnly, "'cause we live in a brown house."

Hester half laughed. She never quite knew whether Tom meant things or not. He was still looking very serious as he regarded the box of Easter eggs. She had to stand on tip-toe to look with him.

"If the box comes in with the newspapers I must put a heavy paper on it, mustn't I? To look as if it had been left at the door?"

Tom brightened. "Let me do that," he said. "I'll fix it up in fine shape for you."

"Oh, Tom, would you?" and she unhesitatingly left the box in his hands. "Thank you ever so much," and she ran away hearing her mother's voice in the distance.

Tom wished she had not said those last words.

When Easter morning came, Mary brought in the newspapers to the family seated at breakfast. She had also in her arms a gayly tied box. She started to hand it to Hester.

"Oh, not to me," said Hester in a low voice; "it's for mamma. Put it at mamma's place," and she motioned Mary away.

"But it's addressed to you," laughed Tom, as he took the box and laid it at her plate. "An Easter joke."

"Oh, Tom, how could you?" and her eyes filled with tears.

"Here is mother's box," said Tom, and from under

the newspapers he brought a second box of the same size and tied in the same way and with a flourish deposited it at his mother's plate.

Hester breathless ran to watch her open it. There lay the six pretty eggs on their pretty beds of cotton making the word "Mother" and Tom had fancifully printed on a card which dropped out from the edge of the box when opened, "Best Easter Wishes from Hester" and now her mother was kissing and thanking her.

"You haven't looked into your own box," said Tom.

"Oh, I know it's filled with sawdust or pebbles or something," said Hester as she ran back to her own place, "but I don't care what Easter joke you've played on me so long as you didn't do anything to mamma's box."

"I never touched mother's box," said Tom, happy that he could say the words.

Hester opened her own. There lay the six letters of her own name, they too in daintiest coloring, they too in their little beds of cotton, and on the inside of the cover were the words "From Her Tom."

"Oh, mamma see!" she cried. Then, "Oh, Tom," and her arms were about his neck, "*My Tom!*"

THE FLAX

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

The Flax was in full bloom; it had pretty little blue flowers, as delicate as the wings of a moth, or even

more so. The sun shone, and the showers watered it; and this was just as good for the Flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother. They look much prettier for it, and so did the Flax.

“People say that I look exceedingly well,” said the Flax, “and that I am so fine and long that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am; it makes me so happy, it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me. How the sunshine cheers me, and how sweet and refreshing is the rain; my happiness overpowers me, no one in the world can feel happier than I am.”

“Ah, yes, no doubt,” said the Fern, “but you do not know the world yet as well as I do, for my sticks are knotty;” and then it sang quite mournfully —

“Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre:
The song is ended.”

“No, it is not ended,” said the Flax. “To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain descend. I feel that I am growing. I feel that I am in full blossom. I am the happiest of all creatures.”

Well, one day some people came, who took hold of the Flax and pulled it up by the roots; this was painful; then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it; and, after that, placed near a fire as if it were to be roasted; all this was very shocking. “We cannot expect to be happy always,” said the Flax; “by experiencing evil, as well as good, we become wise.” And certainly there was plenty of evil in store

for the Flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed, indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it. At last it was put on the spinning wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel so quickly that the Flax could not collect its thoughts. "Well, I have been very happy," he thought in the midst of his pain, "and must be contented with the past;" and contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white Linen. All the Flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "Well, this is quite wonderful; I could not have believed that I should be so favored by fortune. The Fern really was not wrong with its song of

' Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre.'

But the song is not ended yet, I am sure; it is only just beginning. How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last; I am the luckiest person in the world — so strong and fine; and how white, and what a length! This is something different to being a mere plant and bearing flowers. Then, I had no attention, nor any water unless it rained; now, I am watched and taken care of. Every morning the maid turns me over, and I have a shower bath from the watering pot every evening. Yes, and the clergyman's wife noticed me, and said I was the best piece of Linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time, the Linen was taken into the house, placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces,

and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but at last it was made into twelve garments. "See, now, then," said the Flax; "I have become something of importance. This was my destiny; it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be; it is the only way to be happy. I am now divided into twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same in the whole dozen. It is most extraordinary good fortune."

Years passed away; and at last the Linen was so worn it could scarcely hold together. "It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other; "we would gladly have held together a little longer, but it is useless to expect impossibilities." And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water, and made into a pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper. "Well, now, this is a surprise; a glorious surprise, too," said the Paper. "I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me. This is wonderful luck!" And sure enough, the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it, and only once was there a blot, which was very fortunate. Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better; for all that was written had a good and sensible meaning, and a great blessing was contained in the words on this Paper.

"I never imagined anything like this," said the

Paper, "when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so. Heaven knows that I have done nothing myself, but what I was obliged to do with my weak powers for my own preservation; and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time I think that the song is ended; and then something higher and better begins for me. I suppose now I shall be sent on my travels about the world, so that people may read me. It cannot be otherwise; indeed, it is more than probable; for I have more splendid thoughts written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever."

But the Paper did not go on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book, or rather, many hundreds of books; for so many more persons could derive pleasure and profit from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the Paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

"This is certainly the wisest plan," said the written Paper; "I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home, and be held in honor, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They will do some good. I could not have wandered about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me, as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honored of all."

Then the Paper was tied in a bundle with other papers, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

“After work, it is well to rest,” said the Paper, “and a very good opportunity to collect one’s thoughts. Now I am able, for the first time, to think of my real condition; and to know one’s self is true progress. What will be done with me now, I wonder? No doubt I shall still go forward. I have always progressed hitherto, as I know quite well.”

Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out, and laid on the hearth to be burnt. People said it could not be sold at the shop, to wrap up butter and sugar, because it had been written upon. The children in the house stood round the stove; for they wanted to see the paper burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind. They called it seeing the children come out of school, and the last spark was the schoolmaster. They often thought the last spark had come; and one would cry, “There goes the schoolmaster;” but the next moment another spark would appear, shining so beautifully. How they would like to know where the sparks all went to! Perhaps we shall find out some day, but we don’t know now.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire, and was soon alight. “Ugh,” cried the Paper, as it burst into a bright flame; “ugh.” It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning; but when the

whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the air, higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower, and they glistened as the white linen never could have glistened. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned to fire.

“Now I am mounting straight up to the sun,” said a voice in the flames; and it was as if a thousand voices echoed the words; and the flames darted up through the chimney, and went out at the top. Then a number of tiny beings, as many in number as the flowers on the flax had been, and invisible to mortal eyes, floated above them. They were even lighter and more delicate than the flowers from which they were born; and as the flames were extinguished, and nothing remained of the paper but black ashes, these little beings danced upon it; and whenever they touched it, bright red sparks appeared.

“The children are all out of school, and the school-master was the last of all,” said the children. It was good fun, and they sang over the dead ashes —

“Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre:
The song is ended.”

But the little invisible beings said: “The song is never ended; the most beautiful is yet to come.”

But the children could neither hear nor understand this, nor should they; for children must not know everything.

THE LARK

BY FREDERIC A. KRUMMACHER

A countryman walked with his son into the fields during the fresh and balmy hour of a summer's morning. The cool breeze played with the silvery hair of the old man, and wafted the dust of the flowers like a light cloud over the waving grain.

Then said the old man: "Behold, how busy Nature is in our behalf! The same breeze which cools our brow produces the fertility of the field, that our garner may be filled. Eighty times have I seen this, and yet it is as lovely to me as if I saw it to-day for the first time. Perhaps it may be the last time; for have I not reached the fullness of human life?"

Thus the old man said; then his son took his hand, and looked sorrowful.

But the father said: "Why wilt thou mourn? Behold, my day is far spent, and my evening is come. Night must pass before a new day can rise. But it will be to me like a cool and lovely summer night, where the dawn of morning meets the close of the evening twilight."

"Alas, my father," said the son, "how canst thou talk of that so calmly which will be the greatest sorrow to us? Thou gavest me an image of thy death; give me now also an image of thy life, my father."

Then the old man replied: "I can easily do that; for the life of a countryman is simple, like Nature which surrounds him. Dost thou behold the lark,

how it rises warbling from the corn-field? Not in vain does she soar so near to the countryman, for she is the image of his life. Behold, born in the lap of the motherly earth, she keeps to the nourishing furrow. She builds her nest between the waving blades, and hatches and brings up her young ones there, and the animating odor of the green field gives strength to her wing, and to the voice of her bosom. Now she soars up to heaven, looking down from above on the blades and ears, and on the fostering earth, and looking upwards to the light which makes the blades grow, and to the clouds which send down rain and dew. When the morning scarce begins to dawn, she is already on the wing to greet the first messenger of coming day; and when the sun sets, she rises once more, to inhale the last ray of the celestial day-star. Thus she lives a double life: the one a life of calm and silent work under the shade of the nourishing furrow and the verdant blades; the other a life of singing and fluttering in the purer regions of a higher world of light. But both these lives are one, and closely united. The inferior gives her the desire to elevate herself, and the superior inspires her with courage to labor silently and cheerfully."

Thus said the old man. The son pressed the hand of his father fervently, and said: "Yes, my father, thus was thy life! O that we may yet enjoy it long!"

Then the old man answered: "Earth is too heavy for me now! Why will you grudge me the higher life of fulfillment and of unchangeable endless light? The day is growing sultry. Come let us return home."

OLD AGE

BY FREDERIC A. KRUMMACHER

Siegfried, a countryman of ninety winters, sat in his arm-chair, and saw not the light of day, for he was blind. But he was patient, and thought in his heart: "The day of my deliverance will soon appear." It was then the time of spring.

His grandson, Herman, came from the field, and began to speak cheerfully to the old man of the promising year, and the hope of a rich harvest. Now the old man asked: "Have the trees put forth leaves?"

The youth was surprised, and said: "Long ago, dear grandfather: it was but yesterday that I brought you a spray of flowers, and a rose."

Then Siegfried smiled, and said: "Yes, my dear son, *to-day* and *yesterday* are no more for me. The flowers too, have lost their fragrance for me." Then he asked again: "Do the larks and nightingales sing?" And the youth stooped down to him, for his ear was dull, and said: "Yes, dear grandfather; shall I lead you into the garden?"

The old man smiled again, and said: "If, indeed, you could lend me your hearing at the same time. But now what would it profit me if you were to take me there?" Then he said: "You may go out again, Herman; but send little Gertrude here, that some one may be with me in the dark chamber."

Then the youth said, with a voice of sorrow: "Alas, dearest grandfather, she is not at home!"

"Where is the dear child, then?" asked the old man; and the youth answered, sobbing: "She was buried three months ago."

Then the old man smiled and wept at once, and said: "Oh, then she is indeed at home, and it is time that I should follow her."

When the mother of the family, the old man's daughter, who had entered the chamber in the meantime, heard this, she fell on her blind father's neck, and her tears flowed, and Herman wept too, and took the hand of the old man.

Then he lifted up his voice and said: "Mourn not, dear children, and let it not trouble you that time and the world have vanished from me, and that I am become a child again, and standing on the threshold of eternity, and my face is turned towards home. The fashion of earthly things and this pilgrim's path have vanished from my sight. Yonder I shall see once more, and with purer eyes."

RIGHT ABOUT FACE AT THE OLD FIRST*

BY HAYNES LORD

The meeting of the Trustees that evening at Deacon Gray's — held at his suggestion — was quite informal. A few days before, as he chanced to meet one and another of his associates on the Board, the Deacon had remarked, "It is my opinion that we should come together soon for a quiet conference; questions relative

* By permission of *The Congregationalist*.

to the business and welfare of the Society should be thoroughly discussed; we may find that certain matters call for full inquiry and prompt attention; what is your view?"

Apparently all his fellow-members sympathized with the suggestions made, for not one was absent when the gathering took place.

"Well, gentlemen," broke in Judge Prindle, when time had elapsed for first greetings and commonplace exchanges, "we are here this evening, of course, for a definite purpose. Our coming together is strictly informal. Yet, in fact—ahem!—if I may be permitted to say so—we are somewhat irregular in holding what might pass as a stated meeting of our Board without due notification of the same, through the Secretary, to the pastor and to each member individually. However, perhaps no harm will come of it. Suppose we take up any business in hand."

At this juncture all eyes were turned upon Deacon Gray as the one from whom an explanatory statement might naturally be expected. Pausing a moment to collect his thoughts, and with some slight hesitation, the good deacon began.

"You are aware, my friends, that besides having deeply at heart the best interests of old First Church we all feel strongly the responsible obligation of our official connection. Am I not right? Then without mincing words I venture to say we share just now a common anxiety and regret as to the existing state of affairs in our Society. For some time, things as they have transpired—perhaps I should say as they have

not transpired — have given us cause for dissatisfaction. You know as well as I that the attendance on the Sabbath services and at prayer meeting has fallen off. Hearty interest in the Sabbath school and the weekly Bible class has been steadily waning. Also many have entered complaints about receiving so few pastoral calls. And only yesterday the Treasurer brought his books to my office to point out the large decrease in our financial receipts this fiscal year, from all sources, asking what he could do about it. Do not think for a moment that I wish to reflect unkindly upon our pastor whom we respect highly for many estimable qualities and a certain persistent effort; yet as the head of the Society and our leader I suppose he must be held mainly responsible for the present situation. As you have thrown the initiative upon me I feel compelled to speak in all plainness. Now I have had my say; will you not on your part make an equally frank expression of your sentiments?"

After a brief silence an animated and general discussion ensued, shared by all but one in the room. At times one voice commanding general attention would review, in still fuller detail, what evidently seemed the downward trend of church affairs and the discouraging outlook. Or again — of such absorbing concern were the matters under consideration — a hum of voices rendered it quite impossible to distinguish individual expressions. There was a lull, however, and close attention when Dr. Rowley, who was always listened to with deference, touched upon a point of a quite different nature.

“I am really ashamed to speak of such things, and yet I was much distressed last week when I happened to meet our pastor and noticed how shabbily he was dressed. To be sure we are not in the fashion ourselves—at least we men are not—but the Society must maintain its good old traditions; and, for one, I want to see our minister dressed always as a gentleman and a clergyman. How can he hold up his head and maintain his influence, with a certain class at least, if he allows himself to be neglectful in proper, everyday amenities?”

“Mr. Carlington,” said Deacon Gray suddenly, turning in his chair to address a quiet, keen-eyed man on his right, “I do believe you have not said a word to-night. In the warmth of our conversation I had failed till now to realize this. You have always been one of our hard workers, one of the Society’s men always to be depended upon; do not hesitate to speak your mind freely.”

There was something in the unassuming yet dignified, self-possessed bearing of the man addressed that led all eyes in his direction. Evidently, too, Mr. Carlington had been quietly awaiting his opportunity to be heard. And before beginning he glanced from one to another as though asking unprejudiced attention.

“Gentleman”—clearing his voice—“thus far I have been a listener only, yet let me say I am in full sympathy with this meeting of the Board if I clearly understand its true purpose. I agree with you that matters and affairs in the Society are not as prosperous and encouraging as we could wish. It would seem

our plain present duty to face the situation planning if possible remedial action. Now if this gathering had been held a week ago I should doubtless have joined voice, in a like spirit, in the criticism so freely expressed, pointing it, too, in a like direction. For certain reasons, however, I have come to another view of the whole subject. Next Sunday is Easter, you know, and if you will not be shocked I should like, here and now, to make my Easter Confession."

A smile on more than one face, and a humorous gesture of deprecation from Deacon Gray.

"You see, gentlemen," Mr. Carlington resumed, "Rev. Mr. Brown, our pastor, and I were college classmates. This fact has no doubt unconsciously strengthened, on personal grounds, our otherwise close ties in the society. Yet latterly I fear I had begun to entertain towards him and towards his apparent lack of success very much such feelings as you have expressed. But now everything appears to me in a changed light. Many circumstances have brought me to reflection and this Easter Confession. As one matter — last Friday George Erman, one of our railroad members who has just come through a hard pull of pneumonia, wanted to borrow \$50. Why, do you suppose? To return this sum to Mr. Brown, who had generously befriended him in his sore straits some weeks ago.

"Like Dr. Rowley I had more than once made an inward comment about our pastor's need of an early visit to the tailor; now I knew why perhaps this visit had been postponed. Further reflection led to the conclusion that \$1,000 a year with our large parsonage

— a parson's many extra demands considered — is certainly not a sinecure to a man with a wife and four children. It shamed me, too, to admit that one member of First Church — and a trustee at that — would do well to send a check for arrears to the treasurer. Added to the rest, I recalled the fact of a last summer's interview in which Mr. Brown, troubled by the Superintendent's unexpected resignation, had begged earnestly for my help in the Sabbath school. I told him I was too busy, and that he must excuse me. So putting two and two together — I don't speak of certain sharp inward prickings — I felt a good full frank confession to somebody was what I first needed, then a change of base. New light dawned upon me, about the condition of our society and about our pastor."

Another silence; this time prolonged and even more significant! It was broken at length by the Deacon.

"Easter Confessions," he began, "not to speak lightly, seem to be in order this evening. As a member of the Board, and the one mainly responsible for this meeting, I, too, confess to some hard thinking and self-searchings over Mr. Carlington's manly statement. Yet so far from regretting the gathering this evening, its inspiration I believe finds a higher source than my brain. Whatever our first purpose, my feeling now is that we shall justify happily this frank conference. First of all, I shall see Mr. Brown to-morrow and tell him I hope I shall not need any more gentle reminders about absences from prayer meeting, that he may count on one man more anyway; also that he may look to me hereafter in all ways to uphold his hands. And

before going to business in the morning, I purpose calling on our treasurer, requesting him to open his books once more, and this time at my name. What have I been thinking about this long time, I wonder, one of the oldest members and senior deacon of the society! I know one thing that has been out of joint in the old First!" A look of poignant regret swept over the speaker's face. He had truly made his confession and he meant it.

What followed proved that there were twelve good men and true on the Board of First Church. Judge Prindle, Mr. Redmoor, Mr. Horton and others vied with each other in haste to take his turn on the penitent's stool. They saw now, they said, how greatly remiss they had been in personal effort in many directions; no wonder a society can run down hill in a short time if one man is left to work alone. It was plain, too, that the society's treasurer would be kept busy the next day. If all that was said with such a ring of genuine sincerity could have been graphophoned to the parsonage study it would assuredly have carried a store of cheer to its down-hearted occupant.

"May I claim the last word?" said Dr. Rowley. "How a little wholesome common sense with a touch of the true leaven clears one's mental and moral atmosphere. I know I am a better man for this meeting. I know the old First is all at once in a wonderfully better condition. And just to think I could be so blind at the time as not to see that Mr. Brown sacrificed more than half of his last summer's vacation because he would not leave those Wentner children

during the scarlet fever scare! Now I see this and a good deal besides. . . . If they are in order, gentlemen, I shall be glad to offer two resolutions.

“Resolved, That the Trustees of First Church, sensible of his proper claim upon them, do hereby heartily tender their pastor any assistance he may need in the general work of the society.

“Resolved, That Deacon Gray and Judge Prindle be and hereby are a committee to provide and present to Rev. Mr. Brown, on Easter morning, a generous purse of money as a token of the society’s esteem and affectionate appreciation.”

Every member gave a cordial affirmative.

That Easter Sunday, as so many afterwards remarked, was a day long to be remembered in its brightness and blessedness in old First Church.

A LESSON OF FAITH

BY MARGARET GATTY

“Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children,” said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage leaf in her odd, lumbering way. “See these little eggs,” continued the Butterfly; “I don’t know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby Butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Cater-

pillar! — they cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage leaf! What a place for young Butterflies to be born upon! Still you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food"—

And with these words the Butterfly drooped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying yes or no to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor, crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best.

But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning, says she to herself: "Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor, crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty — whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy Dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough! — he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage leaf with one brush of his tail, if she called him near to talk to her, and then she would never forgive herself. There was the Tom Cat, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent! — there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about Butterflies' eggs. "I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know," sighed the Caterpillar in great distress; and then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought of the Lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must must be very clever and know a great deal; for to go up very high (which she could never do) was the Caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now in the neighboring cornfield there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to

do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

“Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high,” observed the Caterpillar, timidly.

The Lark said, “Perhaps he should;” but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully, which she did now; but it was of no use, so she dropped upon her legs again, and resumed her walk round the Butterfly’s eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage leaf now and then as she moved along.

“What a time the Lark has been gone!” she cried at last. “I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown up higher than usual this time, I do think. How I should like to know where it is that he goes to and what he hears in that curious blue sky! He always sings in going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!”

And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly’s eggs.

At last the Lark’s voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

“News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!” sang the Lark; “but the worst of it is, you won’t believe me.”

“I believe everything I am told,” observed the Caterpillar, hastily.

“Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat,” and the Lark nodded his beak towards the eggs. “What do you think it is to be? Guess!”

“Dew, and honey out of flowers, I am afraid,” sighed the Caterpillar.

“No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that. Something that you can get at quite easily.”

“I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage leaves,” murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

“Excellent! my good friend,” cried the Lark, exultingly; “you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage leaves.”

“Never!” cried the Caterpillar, indignantly. “It was their dying mother’s last request that I should do no such thing.”

“Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter,” persisted the Lark; “but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust.”

“Oh! I believe everything I am told,” said the Caterpillar.

“Nay, but you do not,” replied the Lark; “you won’t believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why,

Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild, green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," persisted the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark; "for the best of my news remains behind: You will one day be a Butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar, "you jest with my inferiority. Now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—"everything that is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that Butterflies' eggs are Caterpillars, and that Caterpillars

leave off crawling and get wings, and become Butterflies!—Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, you know it is impossible!”

“I know no such thing,” said the Lark, warmly. “Whether I hover over the cornfields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. O Caterpillar; it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage leaf, that you call any thing impossible.”

“Nonsense!” shouted the Caterpillar. “I know what’s possible, and what’s not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long, green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat. Fool!”—

“And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!” cried the indignant Lark. “Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? O Caterpillar; what comes to you from thence, receive, as I do, upon trust.”

“That is what you call”—

“Faith,” interrupted the Lark.

“How am I to learn faith?” asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green Caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly’s eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so, too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said: "I shall be a Butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a Butterfly, and was going to die again, she said: "I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next."

THE SNOWDROP *

ADAPTED FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN BY
CAROLYN T. BAILEY

The snow lay deep, for it was winter time. The winter winds blew cold, but there was one house where all was snug and warm. And in the house lay a little flower; in its bulb it lay, under the earth and the snow.

One day the rain fell and it trickled through the

* By permission of Milton, Bradley Company.

ice and snow down into the ground. And presently a sunbeam, pointed and slender, pierced down through the ground and tapped on the bulb.

“Come in,” said the flower.

“I can’t do that,” said the sunbeam; “I’m not strong enough to lift the latch. I shall be stronger when the springtime comes.”

“When will it come spring?” asked the flower of every little sunbeam that rapped on its door, but for a long time it was winter. The ground was still covered with snow, and every night there was ice in the water. The flower grew quite tired of waiting.

“How long it is!” it said. “I feel quite cramped, I must stretch myself and rise up a little. I must lift the latch, and look out, and say ‘good morning’ to the spring.”

So the flower pushed and pushed. The walls were softened by the rain and warmed by the little sunbeams, so the flower shot up from under the snow, with a pale green bud on its stalk and some long, narrow leaves on either side. It was biting cold.

“You are a little too early,” said the wind and the weather, but every sunbeam sang “Welcome,” and the flower raised its head from the snow, and unfolded itself — pure and white, and decked with green stripes. It was weather to freeze it to pieces — such a delicate little flower — but it was stronger than any one knew. It stood in its white dress in the white snow, bowing its head when the snowflakes fell and raising it again to smile at the sunbeams. And every day it grew sweeter.

“Oh,” shouted the children, as they ran into the garden, “see the snowdrop! There it stands so pretty, so beautiful — the first, the only one!”

MOTHER HUBBARD'S EASTER LILY

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM

“Why doesn't Mary Contrary plant me, I wonder?” said a lily bulb, one cold, drizzly day. “Last year I had such beautiful blossoms, and I should like so much to have them ready again by Easter. Surely she has not forgotten me!”

“Stop fretting and go to sleep,” said a blade of grass near by. “Do you not know that lily bulbs never bloom well the second year? I heard Mary Contrary say so. That is why you were thrown away. So go to sleep and keep quiet.”

“Dear me,” said the lily bulb, “that is too bad. I'm sure I could grow if some one would only plant me. I shall send out my rootlets anyway, and maybe when Mary Contrary sees how hard I try she will plant me.”

And so she tried her very best. But just then Old Mother Hubbard's dog Fido came scampering through the grass, his cold, black nose sniffing the ground as he ran. He was hunting a bone, you know, and when he saw the fresh lily bulb, he stopped right still and wagged his tail. Fido looked at it very hard, turning it over and over with his shaggy paw. Then he tossed his head and said: “A potato! A potato! I have found

a fine fat potato! Mother Hubbard likes potatoes, so I'll just carry her this one."

And before the lily bulb could say one word, she was galloping down the street in Fido's mouth, frightened almost to death. At last he dropped her at Mother Hubbard's feet, wagged his tail and barked with joy. He knew how much she liked potatoes.

"Where did you get that lily bulb, Fido?" said Mother Hubbard. "I hope you haven't been scratching up Mary Contrary's garden. Where did you get it, sir?"

Fido only wagged his tail more quickly, sat on his hind legs and crossed his front paws.

That meant, "Upon my word and honor I have been good. Please give me a bone."

So Mother Hubbard patted Fido on the head and went to the cupboard to get him a bone, but there wasn't any, so the poor dog had none. And Mother Hubbard went back and picked up the lily bulb, looking at it closely to see if Fido's sharp teeth had hurt it.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "it is all right. Poor little thing! it is trying its best to grow. I shall plant it and have it for my Easter lily. Maybe it will bloom."

Trotting off to the cupboard again she got a pretty glass bowl and placed a handful of sand and rocks in the bottom. Then she planted the bulb carefully on them, covering it with fresh water, and placing it on the sunny window-seat to grow. And now the lily bulb was very, very happy.

I only wish you could have seen her grow. Even

Fido was surprised. He thought that a very queer way for Mother Hubbard to bake a potato. He wanted it covered in the ashes, and when done to have it for his supper.

So every time Mother Hubbard brought fresh water to the lily bulb, Fido would catch her by the apron, bark and pull. Then he would run to the fireplace and scratch in the ashes, trying his very best to say, "Cook it, cook it!" But Mother Hubbard would only laugh and say, "Down, sir! Fido, you haven't one grain of sense. This is no potato."

When Easter morning came, the first thing Mother Hubbard did was to open her eyes. The next thing she did was to look at her bulb, and the next thing she did was to smile and smile.

Of course you know the reason why. Peeping from the rich, green leaves of the lily bulb was a most beautiful Easter lily.

And that is what made Mother Hubbard smile.

EASTER BY THE ARNO *

BY ELIZABETH K. HALL

A forlorn little figure stood at the window, and eyes that would not see any beauty looked out on the sunny street and river. Yet it was quite worth looking at, for the street was in old Florence, and the river was the Arno just at the point where the quaint old bridge called the Ponte Vecchio crosses it.

*By permission of *The Congregationalist*.

A lady came quietly behind and put an arm about the little girl.

“Doris, dear,” she said, “I know you are disappointed, but try and make the best of it. We are in a beautiful city —”

“Don’t care!” tearfully. “I don’t want to see Florence or any other old place over here. I’m tired of it all. I thought Father and Mother would surely be here to meet us; and I want to see Millbury, Massachusetts, and no other place in the wide world. O Miss May, just think! To-morrow’s Easter, and at home to-day they are trimming the church, and the children are practicing their carols, and —” a burst of tears came, and the homesick little maid hid her face on her governess’s shoulder.

Miss May patted the brown braids gently. It *was* a little hard for the child.

When, six months before, word had come to the home in Millbury that Doris’s father, who had been traveling in Southern Europe, had been stricken with fever in Rome, there were but two thoughts: one, Mother must go to him at once; the other, What was to be done with Doris?

Now it happily chanced that an English auntie of Doris’s was visiting in Millbury just before returning to her own home.

“I’ll take Doris and Miss May home with me,” she said promptly. “She’s old enough to enjoy traveling, and it will be a good chance for her to see a little of England. When her father is better she can meet you somewhere.” And so it had been arranged.

At first the novelty of travel had diverted the little girl so that she forgot to be homesick. In her aunt's pleasant English home during the winter she had been fairly content. But when news came that Father was better, and that he and Mother would meet their little daughter in Florence in April, spend Easter there, and then sail home from Leghorn, it seemed to Doris that the days would not move fast enough.

On the journey from England it had been planned that Miss May and her charge should stop for a brief glimpse of some of the continental cities, but I fear much that this opportunity was quite wasted upon Doris, for her cry all along was:

"O Miss May, hurry, hurry! Don't stop here! We shall soon be in Italy, and then I shall see Father and Mother and go home."

And here they were in Italy, having arrived the evening before, and instead of Father and Mother a disappointing little note had been awaiting them, saying that Father had not been quite so well, and it was thought best to wait in Rome a week longer; but rooms at the pension (as boarding houses are called in Europe) were engaged, and Miss May and Doris were to take possession of them and wait for the others.

"If ever I get back to Millbury I'll never — never — never leave it, even to go to Boston for a day," declared Doris, raising her tear-stained face from Miss May's shoulder.

They had been the only occupants of the drawing-room of the pension during this little scene, but now Doris realized that others were in the room, and that

they were all talking of something they were going to see. Among them was a young girl, a little older than Doris, who now and then glanced at our little girl in a friendly and rather pitying way. Suddenly she turned to the lady with her and held a whispered consultation; then came straight across the room to Miss May and Doris.

“Aren’t you going to see the Flight of the Dove?” she said. “I know you’ve just come, and perhaps Florence is new to you. We’d like, my mother and I, to have you come with us, if you will.”

Doris brightened. “What is the flight of the Dove?” she queried.

“Oh, it is one of the queerest and loveliest of the old Florentine customs to be seen to-day. I’ll tell you about it as we go along.”

Soon the four were on their way to the scene of the ceremony, and the young girl told Doris that her name was Helen Morris, that her home was in Pittsburg, and that she was here in Florence to study singing. She laughed and chatted in the friendliest way as she led her new acquaintance through the narrow streets.

“Isn’t it lovely to be here for Easter,” she cried, “in the flower of cities and the city of flowers? Why, the very sign of the city is a lily, you know, and it is everywhere. Look at that!”

A workman was passing with his spade under his arm, and graven on it was the lovely Florentine lily.

“And see the flowers!” cried the girl.

They were passing a stately old palace. Heaped on its shelving foundation were banks of lilies, roses, great

star-eyed anemones and hyacinths; and a dark-eyed peasant girl offered Doris a big bunch for a sum which Helen told her was about five cents in United States money.

It was impossible not to catch the spirit of the girl beside her, and no one would have recognized in this happy-faced Doris the forlorn little maid of a few minutes before. Crowds of people were in the streets, all hurrying in the same direction, towards the Cathedral square. It was not a long walk, and soon they found themselves before that remarkable group of buildings — the Cathedral, the beautiful Campanile, or bell tower, and just across, the Baptistery.

Doris drew a long breath of delight, for few little girls of twelve years had a keener love of the beautiful, and here was beauty such as she had never seen.

“Come, come,” urged Helen, for the crowd was increasing. “We have a window engaged over there where we can see everything nicely, and you can study the buildings from there.”

“It is a great crowd,” said Miss May, “but a wonderfully quiet and sober one.”

“It is a religious ceremony,” explained Mrs. Morris, “and means much more to these people than a mere merrymaking or show. Shall I tell you the story while we wait?”

Both Miss May and Doris eagerly assented, and the lady went on:

“Many years ago — so an old legend tells us — a Florentine journeying in the Holy Land visited the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, and vowed to bring back

to his dear Florence a flame from the light that always burns there. He lighted his torch and started home-wards, but met with various disasters so that he was forced to turn back several times to relight the flame. Finally he carried it sheltered from wind and rain under his coat, and rode backwards on his horse still further to protect it. Along the way he presented such a curious figure that the people shouted 'Pazzo! Pazzo!' which means 'fool.' And the name seems to have stayed by, for his descendants in Florence to-day are still called the Pazzi. He persevered and reached Florence with his sacred fire, which he deposited in the Cathedral, where it still burns."

"Does it really?" said Doris, with big eyes.

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Morris, "I've told you the legend. I never saw the sacred fire. But every year on the day before Easter a white dove (not a live one, Miss Doris) with a spark of fire in its beak is started from the high altar of the Cathedral, comes spinning along a wire, out through the door, and then across to the Baptistery; and then it turns and shoots back. If the flame goes out in its passage, the superstitious peasants believe that the crops will be poor, so it is watched with great anxiety. Now keep your eyes on the Cathedral doorway, for it is near the time."

Sounds of music had been heard from the interior of the great church, but now these stopped; a hush came over the waiting people. Doris found herself holding her breath as everybody else did, and then — out from the church whizzed the dove midst a shower of sparks,

across the square to where a great car hung with flowers and fireworks and drawn by snow-white oxen had been drawn up near the Baptistery. As the dove in its passage shot by this car the fireworks were ignited and with a flash and a bang the whole car seemed to be going up in fire. Back flew the dove to the high altar, and the people breathed freely, because the flame had not died out.

Mrs. Morris explained that the flame which the dove carried was given to the Pazzi family after the ceremony and was carried in this great car to their little family chapel. Neither car nor oxen are ever used for any but this sacred purpose. After waiting to see the great car drawn away, the little party started homewards. At each step — so it seemed to Doris — her new friend had something interesting to tell or some beautiful thing to point out. Surely this old Florence was the most story-ful city she had ever been in. And it was a much brighter faced little girl who followed Miss May into the room they had left a few hours before.

Only two people were in it, standing as she had at one of the windows — a lady and a tall, thin, rather pale gentleman, who turned as the others came in, and with a cry of "My little girl!" held out his arms.

"I felt better," he explained, "and I couldn't bear to think of my Doris spending a lonely Easter here."

The next day the American church was full of people, "our own kind of people," whispered Doris to Miss May; the lilies bloomed around the altar, and when the

processional came, lo! it was the very Easter hymn the children had sung last year in the little church at Millbury:

“Breaks the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer.”

And as she listened, with her hand in her father's, Doris felt that her Easter, although so far from home, was one of the happiest in her life.

ANNE-MARIE

BY FRANCES S. DABNEY

CHARACTERS

ANNE-MARIE

OLD CURE

LUCILLE

6 LITTLE CHILDREN

SCENE:—*A kitchen in a peasant's cottage. At right a bedroom. Both rooms to be seen at the same time by the audience. Kitchen contains a high hearth under wide chimney cap, center back. A cupboard on either side in the niches. Outside door at left, with a small window on one side and a dark oak table on the other, near cupboard. One or two dark heavy chairs. Much worn tile floor. Door in partition on the right leading into the bedroom which is bare but for a cot covered with a white sheet in upper left hand corner, another ditto in right hand corner and a third in lower right.*

A table between the first two, covered with a white towel on which stands a crucifix and two lighted candles. Lighted candles at head and foot of each cot.

[TIME: Very early morning.]

Curtain rising discloses Anne-Marie standing in the middle of the room looking at the cots with glazed eyes as if she saw nothing.

ANNE-MARIE

Yes — all is ready.

[*Silence. The kitchen door is opened quietly and the old Curé enters, crosses the kitchen to the bedroom, bows his head and makes the sign of the cross.*]

CURÉ

Thou art alone my child? How is this? Where are the women?

ANNE-MARIE

They were here all night; they left but just now, but will return soon.

CURÉ

They should not have left thee alone poor little one.

ANNE-MARIE

I wished it, Father. It is better so — I *am* alone.

CURÉ

Nay, nay, my child thou hast friends. All is not lost. The good God is with you still and loves you — but what — what is this — the third cot?

ANNE-MARIE

It is Anne-Marie.

CURÉ

[Looking at her anxiously.]

Thine, Anne-Marie? What art thou saying? This is sacrilege. May God pardon thee. Come help me remove it before the women come back. *[He moves toward one of the cots.]*

ANNE-MARIE

[Placing herself in his way with outstretched arms.]

No, no, Father, disturb her not, there lies the father, poor old man; he is at rest. There lies little Jean, the twin brother; he died for his country. And here lies poor Anne-Marie. Let them rest, let me do for her as for the others, the last services; no one is left to do them for her, and then I will go forth alone, far far away.

CURÉ

[Agitatedly.]

My child, my poor child, sorrow has turned thine head, thou knowest not what thou sayest.

ANNE-MARIE

[Quietly.]

Yes, Father, I know. Listen, for twenty years poor Anne-Marie has worked day and night and the big brother Louis worked and the little twin brother Jean.

The mother died when the twins were born. The father loved them perhaps in his own way but he was hard, hard. The little ones worked when they could only toddle, they fed the chickens and the pigs and the cows; they fetched wood from the forest and dug in the fields and when late at night they tumbled into their straw beds, they were too tired even to pray. Then Louis drew his number and went away to be a soldier. When his two years were over he never came back. They said he went to Paris, but no one ever heard from him. Then Jean must do his soldiering and that almost broke the old father's heart for Louis was his pride but Jean was his favorite. He became more sour and crabbed; and each time one had gone, Anne-Marie must work the harder. Jean came home in two years and all seemed well, for the twins loved each other as few love. But the war came and Jean was called. Ah! but that was hard, for none knew where he was going and for five months no word from him. Ah, the misery of it — then he was brought home, blind, a cripple and queer in his head; he seemed to remember nothing. But he always knew Anne-Marie. Friday, Good Friday he died here in this little room and the old father fell dead on the floor when they told him; he loved Jean. Anne-Marie died that night too. She had lost all, what had she to live for, and here she lies. [*Anne-Marie lifts the white sheet from the foremost cot, showing the working clothes of Anne-Marie neatly laid out.*] Let her be, let her rest at last with her dear ones, she was so tired, Father, she could no more, so she died.

CURÉ

My poor child, how thou hast suffered; weep, my child; let tears refresh thy soul. To-day is the beautiful Easter Day when all must rejoice.

ANNE-MARIE

[Interrupting him eagerly.]

Yes, Father, I rejoice, I rejoice for them all, for they can rest. No bells, no candles, no holy water the day they died, but it was a good day to die, the day our Lord died, and to-day He rises to Heaven and He will take them with Him. He is good, He is kind. The bells ring and the candles are lighted.

[A rapt look comes into her face. The priest with a troubled look takes her hand and leads her to the table on which stands the crucifix and candles, and together they kneel in prayer, he with his head bowed, she with head uplifted, her hands clasped over her rosary on her breast.]

[Silence. A knock at the outer kitchen door. Both rise slowly and enter the kitchen just as the door opens and Lucille in black enters with several children, a baby in her arms.]

LUCILLE

[In a weak voice, as if almost exhausted.]

Does père Gibert live here?

CURÉ

[Pointing to the door of the bedroom.]

He is dead.

LUCILLE

[Staggers to a chair.]

Dead! Oh, my God! what am I to do? And Jean and Anne-Marie?

ANNE-MARIE

Dead too. Who are you that know these names?

LUCILLE

Louis' wife, Lucille. He was killed in battle. Victor whose motherless children I had been tending when he was sent to the front, was killed first and Louis promised to care for them like his own (and we already had three), but Louis hoped to return himself [*she adds hastily*] and together we should have managed. When he was wounded he bade me come here to his father and the twins. He said they would forgive him now perhaps, and they are all dead. My God it is terrible, it is terrible.

[Rocks back and forth holding the baby close. Anne-Marie has been looking at the children.]

CURÉ

[Steps forward.]

My poor woman, it would be hard if true, but Anne-Marie is here and the good God has sent her these little human beings to love and care for.

[The baby in Lucille's arms begins to cry and the other children are clustered round her as if half afraid.]

LUCILLE

He is hungry, my poor little Jean; they are all hungry and tired, oh, so tired. We have been walking five days, sleeping where we could, begging for food. Hush Jean, little Jean.

ANNE-MARIE

[Kneeling by her side, reaches out her arms for the baby, her eyes shining.]

He is called Jean?

LUCILLE

Yes, for the little brother. Louis loved them all at home but he was afraid to return; he said it was so *triste*, so *triste* that life. This boy is called Louis and this little one is Anne-Marie . . . your goddaughter.

[The old Curé after watching them a moment slips away unnoticed; he raises his hand as if in blessing as he goes out through the doorway and smiles well pleased.]

ANNE-MARIE

Louis, Jean, Anne-Marie — and they are mine too? I may love them? I may work for them? I may make them happy?

LUCILLE

Yes, yes, my sister, they are yours. Ah, love them a little, they have lost so much.

[Anne-Marie lays her head on Lucille's knee and sobs as if her heart would break.]

The church bells begin a joyful pealing for the early mass.]

ANNE-MARIE

[Lifts her head, clasping her arms about them all.]

Ah, God is good! To-day he has taken her dear ones to Heaven with Him and to-day He makes Anne-Marie live again. He gives her some one to love, some one to work for and she will be working for Louis, for Jean while serving thee my sister and these little ones. Yes, truly she lives again on this beautiful Easter Day.

THE END

