

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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KED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

"NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN."

There was for me in all the world one grave,
And I had fondly loved and called my own;
All life seemed now a dark and sombre
way.

I made that quiet grave a sacred shrine,
I beat my bosom thirty hours to hour,
I wept until my tears were pure to make it fair,
And with my tears I watered every flower.

Now as the day went on, that grassy mound,
A very little higher than the ground,
Color and grace, and perfume all were there;

And there all day I lingered and I dreamt.

Unloved and uncared were my home,
My poor wretched old bed clothed and seen;

Want cold and hungry, but their woes
Haunted me not, setting beside my dead.

—Sings "the good news to remain." I said,

—There comes so soft a frost from on high,
Here comes no winter from this world's last toil.

—Soothed by its warmth and its balm,

—Why now do I find my Master here?
Where is my Lord? Why comes He to

With numbers since He wept beside a pine?

—And comforted by Him I faint would be.

—Other's sorrow do I leave? These not?

—I have been here from many day to day,
With sum to end for These to kiss, my Lord.

—And when brother could I pray?

It was an Easter morn. Fair was the sun,
And smiling the world to beauty and to

But, as I thought, so dreary, within
My heart, my longing soul. It still was night

—Where is my Lord? Where is my Christ?

—When suddenly there, far up among the hills,
A sweet sound, like distant organ

Wish, every moment seemed to draw
Me nearer.

The children shouting loud their Easter hymns,

Out sang the clear, glad sound. "He is
Our Lord, and King, and King of Kings!"

—One and again, and yet again it came,

"He is not here; our Christ, He is not

here!"

—Not here! Then can never find my Lord!
Where have they laid him? Master, help!

—I am alone, open wide,
The gloomy canopy my grave seemed open wide;

—As though an angel called the stone away.

—And looking to the west, low o'er me,
The organ悠游地 sounded, the words

�light, Blinding these tear-dimmed eyes, so used to

Saught but the tomb's dark loneliness and might.

—Bartom, Master," panted I, "I need,"

—"I need you! And still the silvery voice

—"I am your son, and My disciples tell —
And I—while yet upon the air I range."

—Glorious Master, I order, and went back
To wondering ones, He'll come to lead;
And I found my Lord; that Easter day.
—*Annie T. Scott's Easter Letter.*

THE OLD ORGANIST.

An Affecting Story of an Easter—
Evan Hallelujah.

It was a dreary Easter even, but behind it all was the glory of the resurrection time. One knew it by the fresh smell of the ground as the rain fell on it, trying with gentle touch, to coax from it the frost and hardness of the winter.

One knew it, too, by the tiny blades of grass, the tender green of which gleamed in the sunny corners of sheltered door yards and away in the woods, under its warm covering of decaying leaves, the little hepaticas told anew the old story of birth and life.

People coul'd themselves from the beauty of winter, and the hopes over whose death they had grieved, because their trials seemed so far away and uncertain, come trooping back full of joy and promise as before.

It was Easter even in a dull narrow street, the slender of which was made more melancholy by the flickering light on half a dozen oil lamps, and the quiet strongly emphasized by the continual patter of the soft spring rain upon the side walls and upon the low roofs of the cottages which stood at irregular intervals upon either side. The street was a slight one, and at the upper end of it, just where it curved around a corner into a wide and pretentious avenue, stood a church, the cross on whose spire glinted in the incipient light. The windows in the choir end of the building glowed with light, and through the open doorway came the sound of organ and choir, now in unison, again in joyful chords, and at last a soaring voice in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." As the last note died away into silence, the organ alone burst into the choir-like chorus, and the grand choir's swelled in power until the whole edifice trembled with the glory of their majestic harmony. Then all was quiet. The choir came out in twos and threes, and dispersed in various directions. One by one the lights were extinguished, there was a sound of closing doors, of keys being turned, and the last Easter rehearsal was over. As the outer door was closed and fastened, two persons came down the steps of the church and turned into the dim and narrow street. They were an old man, seemingly feeble, and a younger one upon whom age had leamed.

"Dear master," said the young man, "you should not have exerted yourself so greatly to-night; you are not strong and so much depends upon you to-morrow."

"Ah, dear Paul," the old man replied, "you must like me, old and feeble, to mourn so much so much less than to-day. But you need not fear for me, I shall have strength sufficient to-morrow. Mr. and Mrs. Handel was dying, and the choir of the Hallelujah are the best he ever heard."

"That is so, indeed, but it required a great deal of your present strength to make the organ utter them to-night. Paul, stand by me."

The old organist looked at his companion for a moment, and then said:

"You know that for forty years there has been an Easter even when I have not played the Hallelujah, and the grand choir's swelled in power until the whole edifice trembled with the glory of their majestic harmony. Then all was quiet. The choir came out in twos and threes, and dispersed in various directions. One by one the lights were extinguished, there was a sound of closing doors, of keys being turned, and the last Easter rehearsal was over. As the outer door was closed and fastened, two persons came down the steps of the church and turned into the dim and narrow street. They were an old man, seemingly feeble, and a younger one upon whom age had leamed."

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The organist was silent a moment and then said very gently:

"Come home with me, Paul, and I will tell you the story. Simple though it is, perhaps it will interest you, because as you say, and as I believe, you love me."

The two figures, the old bent form clinging closely to the arm of the

strong and vigorous one, passed slowly onward until they reached one of the smallest houses in the street, which they entered. The organist lit a quiet lamp which stood upon a table in the small room, and its light revealed the low walls hung with pictures of great composers, a small piano, a violin, and in one corner an old-fashioned cabinet filled with rare scores, cherished with a tender affection by the aged musician.

The old man sank upon a lounge which was drawn near a fire and said:

"Paul, bring your chair close beside me, and I will tell you if I can, the story I promised. I do not know why I am impelled to speak thus to you to-night. I have never been a man to whom speech was easy, least of all I have cared to speak of a gift which is as fresh to me to-night as it was forty years ago."

"Ah, the agony of that moment for I realized that what she said was true, and that the parting was indeed at hand. I took her in my arms, vainly fancying that the embraces in which she had so often rested would avail to keep her with me now. She lay quiet for a moment, and said: 'do not take me away, it was here we met, let me go from you here.'

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