

# The First Easter.

By Emma Herrick Weed.

WEEP, weep, O world! World that He came to save!  
 He is slain—He came in vain—His head is low in the grave!  
 His sun has gone down in blood; and the awful shock of defeat  
 Hath stirred the sepulchred dead, and they walk the city's street  
 Slowly, with halting tread, and eyes unused to the light;  
 And "Where is He?" they cry, in their wild and vague affright!  
 Then a voice, that is not a voice, but an echo lost in the gloom,  
 Maketh lament: "Ay, where? He is dead in Joseph's tomb!"  
 Weep, weep, my soul! With the sorrowing women thine aims!  
 Bring Him thine alms of tears—the Martyr of Calvary!  
 For the mob hath wreaked its will and the nailed hands and feet  
 Are wrapped in the linen white, for the slumber of silence meet!  
 Night o'er the city broods, and the heavens are black and grim;  
 With never a Star of Hope for those who have followed Him!  
 Mournful the plaint and deep, of the lost world's final doom:  
 "He is dead—the Christ is dead and laid in Joseph's tomb!"  
 List, list, my soul! There's a stir in that rock-hewn prison—  
 And the seraph scribe cries: "He is not here—He is risen!"  
 Then the first glad Easter breaks, in a marvelous splendor white,  
 And the world from its sorrow wakes and turns its face to the light!  
 The vassals of Rome retreat; and the great stone moves at the breath  
 Of Him, at whose girle sway the keys of the jailer, Death!  
 Sing, shout and sing, while the skies with morning bloom  
 He liveth—Who once was dead and laid in Joseph's tomb!  
 —Youth's Companion.

# A Joyous Easter A True Story

By Isabel Gordon Curtis.

THE conductor smiled as he rang up 20 fares on the Ross Park car. He would have been a churlish conductor who would not have smiled. It was balmy outdoors, as if the very approach of Easter had put to rout the long, dreary winter. All along the river bank on well kept lawns there were patches of soft, tender green. Inside the car there was more green. The 20 passengers hailed from the Lady Lindsay school, and 19 pairs of arms were tucked about pots wound in green crepe paper. Each pot held a tall stalk of Easter lilies.

The car stopped before the hospital and the 20 girls climbed the long flight of steps leading to the low brick building that straggled over the hill-top. At the end came Miss Mary, the principal's daughter, and Honor Wesley. Miss Mary's lilies brushed Honor's hair occasionally. She was the only girl in the party who had brought no flowers. She had excused herself by saying she needed all her money for her Easter visit to New York.

"All right," said Miss Mary, cheerfully, "probably there will be lilies enough to go around. There are seldom more than 18 or 19 beds occupied in the long white ward."

Honor was left alone while her schoolmates tiptoed about among the patients. She had not imagined she could feel lonely here. She was—she was lonelier than any of the women in the narrow beds. The nurses were bustling here and there among the girls, there were low bursts of laughter and greeting as if everybody knew one another. On the small table beside each bed stood a pot of lilies. A delicate fragrance was already wafted about the long room. There were smiles on pinched faces that lay on the white pillows, and there were wan faces that flushed rosily. Honor began to feel terribly alone and awkward and ashamed; then Miss Mary came hurrying to her.

"Honor," she said, "I'm so sorry. We are short just one pot of lilies. It is for a poor old lady at the end of the ward. Nobody seemed to notice her at first; there was a screen by her bed. She lies there gazing down the ward with such a pathetic look in her eyes. I'm going to telephone for another pot to Farlow's."

"Let me go for it, Miss Mary—let me give it to her."

Miss Mary looked at Honor keenly. "Are you sure you can afford it? Won't it break in on your trip to New York?"

"No, it won't," and the girl's face grew scarlet. "I don't believe I knew what doing things like this means. I am so glad there was one bed too many."

"So am I, Honor," said Miss Mary, heartily.

The girls were waiting in a knot by the hospital door when Honor jumped off the car with her arms about a green wrapped pot. The tall, slender stalk

with its snowy blossoms almost hid the girl's radiant face.

"I believe she has grown during her ride up from town," thought Miss Mary, but she said: "Honor, I've arranged with the matron to let you visit with the old lady till five o'clock. I think it will do you good to know her. I'll send Miss Brown for you."

When Miss Mary reached the school she went to her mother's room and shut the door. "Mamma," she said, while she pulled off her gloves, "I believe I have found somebody in the hospital who will teach Honor Wesley more than we can."

"I'm terribly disappointed in the girl," said the sweet-faced old lady, who sat by the window, sewing. "I've just had a letter from Honor's guardian about her New York trip. He sent her a check last week for \$100 for the two weeks' holiday, yet she could not afford a pot of lilies. This thought of the sick whom others don't remember meant Mary Lindon going home in the day coach instead of the parlor car, and Lucy Craig giving up a pair of kid gloves to afford the lilies. That is the sort of thing I love to see my girls do. It could scarcely have meant a bit of self-denial to Honor."

"I have great hopes for Honor," said Miss Mary, cheerily.

Every girl at the round table glanced curiously at Honor when she took her seat. Her face was flushed rosily. It may have been the effect of her walk in the bracing spring air, but to Miss Mary's keen eye it came from something in the heart of the girl. The old listlessness was gone, a new purpose and enthusiasm shone in the dark eyes. Honor was one of the quiet girls of the school; to-night she seemed more silent than usual.

The constant stream of chatter dealt with the visit to the hospital and the people there, and tears came into girlish eyes as they told pitiful stories of the sick. Then the chatter leaped to the Easter vacation. A group of the girls were going with Miss Mary as chaperon to Old Point Comfort, others

The lady gathered the sobbing girl into her arms as if she had been a little child, and the room was still. The merry laughter of the girls in the library came faintly down the hall.

Honor lifted her head and dried her eyes.

"That happened three years ago," she said. "I was just 13. My guardian came to see me. He told me I had plenty of money and he was kind enough. He let me choose where I would go. I did not care. I wanted to go away from Santa Barbara. I have been in two or three schools. I did not like any of them. This has seemed more like home than anywhere I have been—and yet I'm not a bit like the other girls; they know it and I know it."

"I am very glad you have told me all this," said the principal, gently; "it is hard trying to be mother to girls into whose hearts I cannot look."

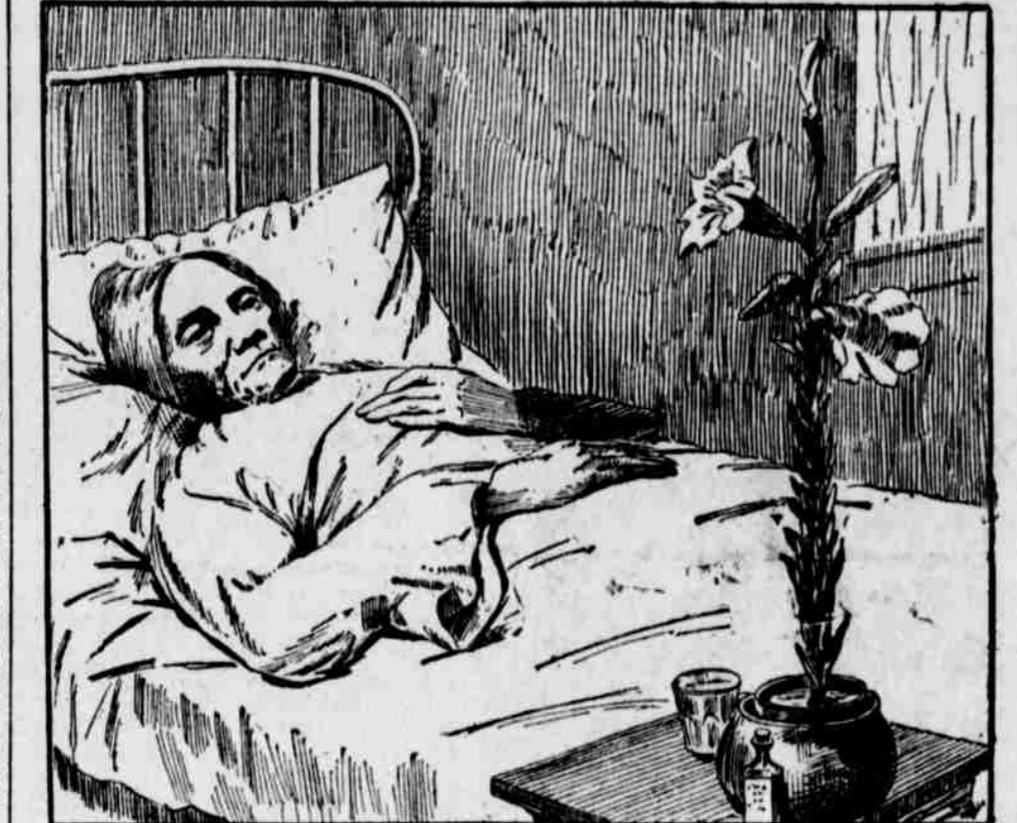
"I did not know I had a heart, the sort of heart grandmother used to live in, till to-day. When I stood there alone in the long white ward, without a blossom to give to anybody and watching the girls move about among the narrow beds, I saw myself in one minute as I am, selfish and hard and rebellious. I would have given every penny I had in the world to give my grandmother a happy half-hour, and yet I would not spend a dollar on these poor sick people. I stood with a great choking lump in my throat, when Miss Mary came to tell me there was somebody who had no lilies. It made me happy all at once. When I saw the old lady at the end of the long white ward—I don't know when I had done such a thing—I bent down and kissed her. She had a sweet, patient old face, and white hair, like grandmother. We had a long, long talk while she sat holding my hand. She has no relatives, and for a week she was all alone. She did not tell me this, the doctor did. She was alone and they found her nearly dying with pneumonia. The doctor says he had a hard pull bringing her through. She told me of one thing

blossom. The sweetness of spring and the peace bequeathed by Christ to earth filled the church as radiantly as the sunshine itself. There seemed to be a new joy in the very peal of the bells, and one felt the glory of the resurrection in the music that echoed and reechoed within the walls. A famous organist who was once a barefoot boy in the village had found a substitute to fill his place in a New York church. He was putting his heart and the innermost thought of it into the music that breathed the soul of the Easter time. The chancel held sheaves of snowy lilies, but even rarer than this fragrance came a spicy, delicious sweetness from long wreaths that swept from pillar to pillar. They were woven from the green of the cedar and rosy mayflowers, from which somebody had called the village Arbutus.

The Easter service was a beautiful and solemn one. A gray-haired rector, who preached the first sermon in the new church, aided the young pastor. After the doxology had been sung there was a short after service, informal and memorable. The old rector's voice came brokenly, most of all when he led to the place of honor in the choir an old, snowy-haired woman with the eager flush of youth in her face. "Mrs. Truitt," he said to the congregation, "whom a few of my people will remember. Hers was the sweetest voice that led the choir at our first service. Again she will sing for us the hymn we listened to that Easter morning fifty years ago."

There was a solemn hush in the little church and all eyes turned to the old lady, dressed in delicate gray, who held a hymn book in her trembling hands. The notes of the great organ swelled in a splendid prelude, then they changed to a simple thread of music, the harmony of an old hymn tune. A quavering voice took up the melody; it sounded old-fashioned and the words came haltingly, but the famous organist waited humbly on the trembling voice. It gained strength line by line, and presently there returned something of the sweetness and strength of youth. The congregation held its breath; there was almost a note of triumph as she sang:

"To this temple, where we call Thee,  
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;  
 With Thy wonted loving kindness,  
 Hear Thy servants, as they pray;  
 And Thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls away."



SHE HAD A SWEET, PATIENT OLD FACE AND WHITE HAIR.

to spend their two weeks' holiday in New York. The girls with homes not too far distant were wild with delight at the thought of seeing fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters. Honor was the only girl who did not join in the general anticipation. Her neighbor, roguish Mollie Cable, rallied her on being tongue-tied.

In the Lady Lindsay school there is a half-hour every evening after tea when the principal is to be found in her room for a chat inside a closed door. Honor was the first to claim her to-night, and the old lady led her to the large chair by the window. The girl did not sit down, she stood over a vase of daffodils, touching them with tender fingers. She turned when the principal spoke to her and burst into an agony of tears. The old lady rose and drew her to a low chair beside her own, and the girl hid her face in the tender arm that encircled her. She did not interrupt the tears; she smoothed the soft brown curls softly and waited till the sobs grew fainter. The girl raised her head and kissed the lovely, wrinkled hand that lay on her shoulder.

"I never really loved anybody in my life, except my grandmother," said Honor, in a choked voice. "When I was a little thing—four years old—I was left alone in the world. Mother and father were lost at sea. I remember being told how the great ship went down and that they would never come back. I don't believe I understood what it meant. Grandmother came for me from California to Connecticut and took me home with her. There was never anybody quite like my grandmother. We had nobody in the world but each other. One morning I went to call her and she did not answer; she lay with her eyes closed; she was smiling and her snowy curls straggling over the white pillow. The birds were singing and the sweetness of the roses was coming in at the open window and down on the beach I could see the fluttering sail of the little boat we were going out in that morning—me and I—and I could not believe it—that she had left me quite alone."

she wants more than anything else in this world. She was born and brought up in Arbutus. On Easter Sunday they celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a little church there. Her father built it. When she was a girl she sang the dedicatory hymn and helped to decorate the church with flowers. She was married there. She told me all about her wedding day. She wore a wreath of lily of the valley and a white muslin frock. I asked to see the doctor before I came home. He thinks on Saturday she will be well enough to travel. He said she would soon grow strong with a change of air and rest, and—if she was happy."

The girl turned away and touched the golden daffodils caressingly.

"Well, Honor, dear, what can we do for her?" asked the principal.

The girl's face flamed with scarlet. "That is what I wanted to ask you. I would rather go to Arbutus than New York. I have plenty of money to take good care of Mrs. Truitt, and I would like to have you be my guest. I heard Miss Mary say she was looking for a place in the country where you could go for a vacation. They say Arbutus is lovely."

The principal drew the girl to her and kissed her. "I will be very happy to go with you, Honor. I have old friends in Arbutus and cannot think of anywhere I could have such a peaceful two weeks."

What an Easter Sunday that was in Arbutus! There was scarcely room in the homely little hostelry for the throng who had gathered from far and near. Every house in the village had its guests, men and women to whom the memories of childhood were sweet, and they brought their boys and girls, eager to see father and mother's old home. Easter was late that year, and spring was forward. The maples along the street had flung out blood red tassels, and the lilac bushes sported tiny green tufts. Every dooryard was gay with hyacinths and tulips and daffodils. Even in the dark woods, which clothed the mountain side, there were outbursts of golden green willow and snowy shade

It is four years since that Easter Sabbath. I saw Honor Wesley yesterday. She was the last girl among a line of fair young graduates in snowy gowns and white mortar boards with blue tassels. Honor's face had gained something more than girlish beauty. There was a certain womanly steadfastness of purpose in the brown eyes and a rare sweetness and tenderness about the delicate mouth. The tears dropped silently into the pink roses that filled her lap when the principal rose to make her farewell speech to her girls. "Oftentimes," she said, "I hear it said, and oftener I feel it, that one just learns to live in this world—that is, learns how to adjust oneself to it, when the summons comes to leave it. So that really every stage of life is a commencement. All the intervening periods are only preparations for the commencement. We have not attempted heretofore to teach bare facts. We have tried to give you a broad culture that shall make you love and cultivate in yourselves, in the world about you and in humanity, all that is fair and good and gracious. We have tried to make you gentlewomen, earnest women, unselfish and considerate of all about you. In giving you away from our household I do it with my blessing and my Godspeed, but with a heartache."

The gentle principal spoke a few words of farewell individually to each girl. When she came to the last name she choked for a moment. There were tears in her voice as she said: "And Honor Wesley, in giving her to the world, I am giving up a dear, dear daughter. I am most proud to number her among my alumnae, for she goes to take up a great work. She leaves next week, with her adopted grandmother, whom we all love and honor, to make her home in New York. She has chosen as her calling, to share her life and wealth, her sweet womanliness, gentleness and spirituality, with the sick, the helpless, the hopeless, the forsaken of a great city. God speed you, my Honor."—Good Housekeeping.

**No Fatalities.**  
 Mrs. Gooph—I told my husband I should simply die if he did not get me a new Easter bonnet.  
 Mrs. Wooph—And did he get it?  
 Mrs. Gooph—Well, you haven't seen any funerals leaving our house, have you?—Baltimore American.

**A Peril Gone By.**  
 "Thank goodness, Easter is over!"  
 "Why so grateful?"  
 "Oh, Harry and I always go to church cross Easter morning; he never likes my hat and I never like his necktie."—Brooklyn Life.

**No Joy in His Cup.**  
 Wylid—The paper says Easter will be pleasant.  
 Mack—Not for me. I refused to buy my wife a new bonnet.—Harlem Life.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Methodists of Indianapolis have raised \$50,000 toward the erection of a hospital.

The pope's daily average of letters and papers reaches the enormous number of 22,000 to 23,000. Thirty-five secretaries are kept fully employed with his holiness' correspondence.

Rev. Henry A. Sullivan, rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, in Boston, administers to the spiritual wants of the largest congregation in New England, his parishioners numbering between 8,000 and 9,000.

The students of Cornell have evidently been doing some extraordinary good work this year, as the midwinter examinations showed that only 79 students in the entire university failed to pass up to the requisite number of hours.

The Interior would have the next general assembly formally declare the American revision of the Bible the standard for the instruction of the young, directing the board of publication "to use the revised text and no other in all Sunday-school helps."

The oldest piece of writing in the world has recently been given to the University of Pennsylvania. It consists of an inscription on a fragment of vase which was smashed in a raid by the Elamites of Nipper. It is 6,500 years old, dating back to the time of a king who lived 4,500 years before Christ. The characters are not incuneiform, but in picture writing.

In the high school in Sioux City, Ia., the school board has undertaken what is proving to be a very successful experiment in serving hot lunch to the pupils at cheap prices. A lunch-room has been fitted up, and there the pupils can purchase many hot dishes at low prices. Everything is sold for cents, which can be obtained in lots of ten and 25 cents' worth. Much time is saved in this way, and it is possible to serve 90 boys and girls in ten minutes.

### CORONATION COMPLEXIONS.

Experts Employed by English Aristocrats to Make Them Beautiful.

The coming coronation festivities are being eagerly looked forward to by women of all ages who move in what is known as the "smart set." It is anticipated that there will be a tremendous influx of wealthy Americans and "distinguished foreigners" and members of our aristocracy who are blessed with marriageable daughters regard the forthcoming ceremony in the light of a huge marriage fair in which, owing to the multitude of buyers, they hope to obtain high prices for their wares, says Reynolds' Newspaper.

In consequence, every possible means to enhance their own and their daughters' beauty is being employed by the female scions of "our old nobility." A walk through the West End thoroughfares or a glance at the advertisement columns of the society journals will reveal that a large number of professional beauty doctors have come over from the United States and France for the purpose of replenishing their purses by adding to, or pretending to add to, existing charms or by restoring those that are faded and gone.

Those practitioners can only be consulted by very wealthy women, as the meanness of them would scorn a fee of less than five guineas for advice and treatment. Six months' treatment usually costs £500. Vanity is always prepared to pay a large fee.

They occupy as a rule, flats in aristocratic streets—in Belgravia and Mayfair—which are furnished sumptuously and fitted up with curious and expensive electric machines. These people—mostly impostors—boast that, with the scientific methods at their command, they can make any woman of 55, or even older, appear as young and good looking as the average well-preserved woman of 30, providing they submit themselves to their treatment for six months or so.

At present, it is no exaggeration to state that their rooms are crowded with peereesses and their daughters, who are paying enormous blackmail and are submitting cheerfully to operations which remind one of the tortures of the Spanish inquisition.

### Churches in Rome.

The guide books are responsible for the popular impression that there are 365 churches in Rome, one for every day in the year, but that is a mistake. The exact number is 352, including the four great basilicas outside the walls. Besides these there are about 918 chapels connected with monasteries, nunneries, schools and private palaces, and a large number of shrines erected by individuals in different parts of the city to fulfill vows or show gratitude for deliverance from peril or sickness. There are 68 monastery establishments, 42 for monks and 26 for nuns. The number of inmates varies from time to time with the season, and averages about 4,000.—N. Y. Sun.

**A Bolo.**  
 Gilhooly—An' phwat is one av thim Filipino bolos, anyway?  
 Foley—Whoy, the bolo is a shillaly made out av a knife.—Puck.