



An Easter Prayer

Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight:
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night!

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

HER EASTER

A Sermon Delivered Out of
Doors by Mother Nature

EASTER in the foothill country, among the low-lying valleys, with the white-capped, blue vastness of the mountains in the background, and all the endless variety of sunshine and shadow! Divine, indeed, with the divinity of spring. The very smallest and sweetest of the early wild flowers bloomed in the sheltered places, and the quail nesting on the hillside, called melodiously across the valleys.

It was a day to revive old loves and longings, and to arouse the fires of old passions—to let slip from you discontent and all uncharitableness. And over all the quiet of the morning the bells pealed their "Christ is risen," and the tremor of their echoes thrilled you to your finger tips.

Mrs. Chester dressed herself slowly and with much deliberation, that Easter morning. The gauzy spring gown lay, in all its dainty fluffiness of laces and ruffles and tucks, upon her bed. Beside it lay the dainty hat and gloves and the creamy parasol which was to cast just the right tinge of white over the piquant face of the pretty little woman who was to carry it.

The bells again rang out their "Christ is risen" as she stepped from the door. She paused a moment, then, turning, walked rapidly around the house, beyond the pepper trees, across the rose garden to where, in a stately row, the great white Easter lilies lifted their heads to drink in the beauty of the morning. A little terrace led up to them, and upon this she stepped daintily, one hand grasping the little niceties of her toilet—the white gloves the bit of lace, the pocketbook where-in were the pieces of gold to be dropped, with a musical jingle, from tiny fingers into the contribution basket; the dainty skirts and the furled parasol. With the other hand she broke off the long-stemmed lilies, raised them caressingly to her cheek, whiffed their fragrance, and stepped back. Her foot slipped and turned on the forgotten terrace, there was a little cry, as she fell, with all the snowiness of her garments about her, and the violets and the Easter lilies upon her breast.

She lay quietly a moment, dazed and sickened by the suddenness and pain of the fall. She tried to move, but warning pangs shot up in the foot doubled under her. Then she called and wailed, and called again; but no body answered. Again she waited, then she became drowsy and a faintness stole upon her. The bells rang out: "I am the resurrection and the life" over and over again. Then all was still. Faint sounds began to force themselves upon her dull ears—the drip, drip, drip of the hydrant into a stone basin, the rippling note or two of a meadow lark, the fainter song of a nicker, as he gave the gossip of the bird world from the topmost tip of a eucalyptus tree; and always the hum of the bees, so persistent that drowsiness came with it. Also she saw the

low, spreading house, with its pillared verandas; rose-embowered, a beautiful home, hers and his. His. Her slow mind stopped again. Hers and his for all time—"till death do us part"—for better, for worse—"in sickness or health . . . to love . . . and honor . . . and cherish." Yes, to cherish. So they had promised—together, in all the solemnity of the marriage rites. But somehow the sweetness had gone out of it all; the love; or was it the comradeship? And who to blame? Not he. No, not he. Herself? She shook her head uncertainly. Mostly it was "duties," she said. Oh, yes, all of one's duties to society—church duties; club duties; social duties; and she shivered. Here they all were, in pointed caps, with little silver spurs on their feet, with which, when she lagged, they prodded her, with these and pointed tongues of uncharitableness. Presently behind them all she saw the figure of her husband, his eyes upon her lovingly; but ever and again they turned sorrowfully upon the group about her, and as often as he would approach her, she was pushed back; he could not reach her for the barrier of Duties which stood between them.

The woman wept, she tried to brush them all aside, for to her terror her husband seemed to recede and recede and she was unable to reach him. In an agony of remorse and grief she stretched out her arms. Then from among the Easter lilies came a fairy shape—a tiny child. A moment it nestled on her breast, then it advanced and as it advanced, the Shapes drew away, grew fainter, and were gone; and the tiny thing, leading the man by one brown finger, brought him to her. Was it only Cupid, the little god of love, or was it the spirit of the little child which some day might come to dwell with them? The woman held out her arms and clasped them both and held them to her.

When Mrs. Chester roused herself from her swoon, or dream, or whatever it was which held her bound, it was to find her heart throbbing with a new hope and joy and longing; and she wondered whether or not she had dreamed, or had been the privileged listener to an Easter sermon preached out of doors by Nature, Nature now in her most blessed mood.

Through the open windows of her home came a low cheery whistle. She pressed the Easter lilies to her lips in a passion of joy. In some way she felt that she owed them something—a deliverance from something, and in the depths of her religious soul she cried: "This is the resurrection and the life," even as the bells had said it—while her face was baptized with tears.

It was so that her husband found her, on that most blessed Easter day, when the sun stood high over the valleys, and spring brooded over the foothill country—Edna Heald McCoy, in Los Angeles Herald.

Originated in Old Festival.

The illuminating of the churches on Easter eve is doubtless a relic of the old festival of Beltain, when fires were built in honor of the god Bel, or Baal. Often the Easter candles lighted on Easter eve have been marvels of the candle-maker's skill, some weighing as much as 300 pounds. In the records of some churches of ancient date there is ample proof that bonfires as well as candles were lighted. In the parish records of St. Mary-at-Hill, in London, there is this entry: "For a quart of Coles for ye halloed Fire on Easter Even, 6d."

Dates of Coming Easters.

In very early times Easter was always spoken of as the "great day," and such it surely is, the very greatest day in the year's calendar—a day that brings with it eternal hope to the sorrowful, a blessed peace to all mankind and crowns the glad springtime with the promise of life everlasting.

Perhaps some readers will be glad to preserve the table given below, showing the date Easter will come on for the next three years. Calculations for Easter bonnets may thus

be made some time in advance: 1909, April 11; 1910, April 27; 1911, April 16.

To Tell Easter Sunday.

Many have been puzzled to know how to tell on what day of the month Easter will fall. The rule was laid down at a council held in the year 714 that Easter day should be always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after.

Something New to Wear.

The idea of having a new frock and hat for Easter Sunday is not altogether flippant. On the contrary, it is of religious origin, an old English rite requiring that every person should wear three new articles on that day and a superstition which declares it unlucky not to do so.

"Feast of Caps."

Good Friday is often called the "Feast of Caps" from an old-time custom which required every lady to appear in a new house cap, while Easter Sunday was known as the "Feast of Hats" for a similar reason.



He Is Not Here; He Is Risen

Holy Week in Rome

Wonderful Easter Services
Held in Old St. Peter's

By
Dora Greenwell McChesney

Inexhaustible in its mystic significance, the Holy Week in Rome, however familiar to the memory or imagination, stirs always a renewed wonder in those who witness it.

Above all else Rome is a city of memories. The walls and arches of imperial days, the Renaissance palaces, and the churches which mark every step in the long march from primitive Christianity to papal supremacy—these stamp themselves on the mind. The incongruous modern elements are as transitory in their impression as is the whirling dust from a motor car blown past the tombs on the Appian Way.

The walls of Aurelian, the statue of Marcus Aurelius, benignant on the capitol, the august disarray of the Forum—these are actual and imperishable. So, too, is the spacious splendor of St. Peter's, with its solemn sequence of ritual, in which, as the Holy Week advances, so mystic and superb a drama of divinity is enacted.

There are many moods in which to approach the great Easter services in the great papal city, from that of the devote to whom the ever-burning lamps round the apostle's tomb mark a spot only less sacred than that of the holy sepulcher itself, to that of the casual sight-seer, who flutters his forehead unashamed through the awful mystery of the mass. Perhaps those do not see least of the significance who look on the magnificent ceremonies with a haunting consciousness of Rome's twofold greatness, and who never quite lose sight of the city of the Caesars in the city of the saints.

It is impossible even to approach St. Peter's, where most of us choose to see the services, in spite of the rival claims of the Lateran, mother of churches—it is impossible to reach the curving colonnades and mighty front without passing by memorials of an earlier, hostile life and creed. Perhaps in driving thither the wanderer may catch a glimpse of the immortal pair, the Great Twin Brethren, who guard in stone the stairs to the capitol. Or, it may be, the shattered, majestic columns of the temple of Mars Ultor have lifted for a moment their stern memorial of Caesar's death and Augustus' vengeance.

Once within St. Peter's, however, conflicting memories fall away, lost, as is all sense of minor faults in the building itself, in the impression of vastness, of an all-enfolding and all-reconciling hospitality. That hospitality is taxed by the crowds which gather for the services of Holy Week. Palm Sunday initiates the series of elaborate ceremonies with its beautiful rite of blessing the palms. A motley throng in which streams up the wide steps and gathers about the altar above which glows in a golden halo the holy dove. There are the foreign sight-seers, of course, made evident by their camp-stools and red guide-

books, but there are also soldiers in picturesque variety of uniform, priests wearing their black draperies in the classic folds which recall the toga, shepherds from the Campagna, bearded and wild-eyed in their sheepskins; pilgrims from far countries with the fixed visionary gaze of those who look on their sacred places after long desire.

Sacred indeed is the spot to those who hold the faith of Rome. In front of the high altar with its baldachino—the twisted bronze columns towering up superbly, yet dwarfed by the firmament of the dome above—burn the golden, never-dying lamps which mark the resting place, so tradition says, of the apostle.

But on Palm Sunday the attention is fixed on the altar in the Cappella Giulia, and the pressure of the eager people increases cruelly as the baskets of palms are set down by the altar stairs and the canons slowly move to their places. The priests are in violet, the Lenten color. The deep hue brightened by wonderful interweaving of gold and silver, and the crucifix on the altar is also violet-veiled. There is no organ music, and the deep notes of the chanting swell with a strange solemnity through the echoing vaults.

At last the solemn final word and gesture of blessing have been given, and one by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches. Then the olive, which is given in their stead to the people, is brought forward in great sheaves, and a priest in gold-embroidered violet robe holds out the silvery branches to the hands which reach and clutch for them, till all the nearest of the throng have received their portion and pass on twigs to those behind. Peace and blessing is that olive to bring to those who reverently receive the gleaming leaves. The distribution completed, the cardinal and canons with their attendant train move in stately procession down the church, out into the portico, and so back to the altar. They bear aloft, with the tall tapers and the shrouded crucifix, the golden palm branches; not simple boughs such as were cast

before Christ by the people of Jerusalem. These are fantastically dipped and twisted till they look more like furled standards, a significant touch in that church which is so ready to turn the martyr symbol into the conquering banner.

DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY.

FRIENDSHIP TRIBUTE.



Mrs. Hitt (trying her gorgeous Easter bonnet)—How do you like the effect?

Mrs. De Witt—Why, it's wonderful. You have the right idea. There's nothing like contrasts, is there?

Famed as Cat Photographer. A Boston woman photographer makes a feature of her cat photographs and has an exhibition in her studio of the pampered cats of Back Bay that is attracting much attention. There are probably more of these pampered cats in Boston than in any other city in the country.

Quite the Reverse.

"Come into the dining-room, Mary, and get some of the sweets papa brought home."
"Thank you, but I have to go upstairs and take my bitter."

THE CHRIST

By Charles Eugene Banks



Upon a circle of the sands
That front the round, desiring sea,
I sit alone with folded hands
Chinking on Him of Galilee.
How like a perfect lily grows
His love in this e'er-selfish world;
His glory no distinction knows
But is for all alike unforded.
You trustful gull that rocking sleeps
Upon the heaving ocean's breast,
As closely in His heart He keeps
As we who have His name confessed.
The tiger in the jungle weaves
A perfect rindure on his coat,
And clear among the budding leaves
The wild bird spherer his liquid note.
The curving mountain ranges grace
The arching azure's magic rim;
And in the dewdrop's form I trace
The same perfection born of Him.
Enwrapped within its seed the rose
Awaits the word unquestioning
Till everywhere the tombs unclose
In resurrection of the spring.
In Him is all the joy we know,
The way, the life, the final goal,
The fount of Love whose outward flow
Is never-ending birth of Soul.



Christ's Risen

Easter Day! The young year pauses on the threshold of the spring,
Stops a moment there, and crosses to a world of blossoming.
Easter Day! The breezes vagrant wander from the South, and set
Loose a flood of odors fragrant-hyacinth and violet.
Easter Day! The Lord is risen—and, with sunlight overpoured,
Nature, bursting from her prison, flies with her risen Lord!
Or, the round of years eternal! It is worth a winter's pain
Just to listen to the vernal wind among the trees again!
It is worth a life of sorrow, just to know, when it is past,
That a glorious To-morrow dawns upon the heart at last.
It is worth the three days' lying in the Sepulchre alone,
Just to hear the angel flying down to roll away the stone!
For the hope of future laughter gives to tears their one excuse—
Just the crown that followed after made the cross of any use.
Lenten sackcloth, Lenten ashes—what have we to do with them,
Only that in contrast flashes brighter Easter's diadem!
It is not the blood of Jesus that releases you and me
But his risen soul, that frees us from the dread of Calvary.
Easter Day! The world expects it—waits the larger Easter dawn
When the "Christus Resurrexit" tells of wrongs forever gone.
When America, victorious o'er a world-old, worn-out lie,
Comes at last, serene and glorious, to her greater destiny—
Turns her back upon the whining cry that gold alone is good,
Turns her eyes up to the shining mountain peaks of Brotherhood!
Hope and trust of all the nations! Thou must burst this guided shell,
Ere unnumbered generations hail thee as Emmanuel.
Thou must lift the curst condition where the many feed the few,
Crucify the Superstition that the Old must needs be true.
Then, when thou hast trampled under foot the ghosts of gold and greed,
Thou mayst burst the tomb asunder—then shall Christ be risen indeed!

The Marvel, The Meaning and The Power of the Resurrection

By William Crosswell Doane
Bishop of Sibang



WHEN the modern mind staggers before the story of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead it fails to realize what its only actual difficulty is. St. Paul's question: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" still has but one answer—namely, that there is no reason why it should be thought incredible; because raising the dead, as the Apostle illustrates it in his Epistle to the Corinthians, is the most natural and usual thing in the world under certain conditions. "That which men sow is not quickened except it die."

Life not only after, but through and by means of death, is the universal law and the universal event. Only there must come first the undoing by decay of the bondage within which the principle of the seed is held. So long as it is imprisoned in the shell it is "bare grain," but when its outer covering is shed in the cocoon, or broken in the egg, or rotted in the grain, then the latent life comes forth and God gives it a body, and "to every seed its own body." So after death and burial, when the wrappings of this earthly flesh are dissolved and done away, "the body that shall be," "the body of glory," shall emerge in the fullness of time.

The miracle or marvel of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, like other miracles, lies in the fact that it disregarded the element of time and also did away with the conditions of decay. "He saw no corruption."

So much for the marvel of it. Now for the meaning of it. First of all, of course, it means that all the dead shall rise and live again. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so they that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." The corollary to the article in the creed, "the third day He rose again," is the article "I believe in the resurrection of the body, I look for the resurrection of the dead" from the dead. "One does not need, one would not dare, to draw away the hearts and hopes of men from this great and blessed revelation of Holy Scripture, this strong and positive assertion of the Christian faith. But it is wrong to postpone the meaning of our Lord's resurrection to this final point of human history. It has a clear and more immediate application of what the Apostle calls "the power of His resurrection," "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." This must be recognized and realized as the immediate practical purpose and result of the great fact of Easter Day.

What is its message to men and women? It is easy to dream a dream of hope and delight about the future; easy to have a sentiment and emotion that enable us to face physical death with an outlook beyond the grave and console us in the hour of bereavement. God forbid that there should be any shadowing of this hope. But the practical question concerns our daily life now. Humanity stands to-day, as it has stood for all these centuries, facing the fact of the wonderful life that our Lord lived here on earth, with the strange and inexplicable combination of fleshly reality without the restraints and hindrances of the flesh. And that means, in the first place, the pattern set, and in the next place the power given to us to live our lives on higher planes.

Translated into plain English, the great Easter thought is that we may not be absorbed and immersed in merely earthly, temporal, carnal thoughts and things. Life, never more than in our day, is crowded with business, with pleasure, even where it is not choked with indulgence and success.

The idlers and loungers, with no thought but amazement, are far too many. The craze for accumulation of material wealth is wearing out the strength and dulling all the finer faculties of men and women. And the carelessness and idleness of people who, with opportunities of service to society and the demands of home duties, waste daylight hours and turn night into day with games of chance, accented too often with the covetousness of gambling, are a reproach to the best inheritances and instincts of Americans.

"You have no leisure class in America," an Englishman said once to an American girl.

"Yes," she said, "we have, but we call them tramps. Leisure there ought to be. Men and women there must be who are free from the strain and strenuousness of incessant occupation, but it ought to be a leisure for intellectual cultivation, for philanthropic interest, for the storing of energy, physical, mental and spiritual, which shall benefit mankind."

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead!" This is the Easter call, the Easter cry. . . . Hiding every one talent in the napkin of refined indolence or self-indulgence or burying it in the dirt of sensuality and sin, either one makes an "unprofitable servant" and lays up against the second coming of the Lord an account of wasted powers and lost opportunities which will then be beyond recall.

Symbol of Christianity. We dare not forget to-day that we venerate an empty cross; that it is empty forever of that Burden which once hung there, tortured, dying, dead; and banished, too, that sad dimness of despair, that sad dismay and disillusion with which it was veiled until the first Easter morning. The Cross—not the Crucifix—is the symbol of Christianity.—Walter Lowrie.

Easter.

This Easter day is one of the two grand festivals of the Christian religion.

One commemorates the birth of Christ who was announced as the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind from the penalties incurred through sin. This, the other, celebrates the resurrection of Christ from death and the grave, and declares his divine immortality and authority.

The overpowering importance and value of the Christian religion in civilizing, enlightening and raising up to better things the human race, are seen in the fact that the nations which profess this faith have reached in every way, morally, physically and socially, a vast superiority over the peoples and races which possess other creeds and reject the God of the Bible.

Easter is always a joyous occasion, and is happily free from the noise, the unseemly behavior and the debauchery with which the Christmas festival is

too often made hideous and horrible. On Easter day even the most disorderly classes regard the occasion with a superior respect if not with reverence.

Coloring Easter Eggs.

There still exist plenty of old-fashioned mothers who spend the day before Easter coloring eggs and staining them with printed calico. If the children are permitted to participate it is a really gloriously mussy event, in which they revel and scream with delight. There is no pastime so charming to the youthful heart as those particularly delicious kinds of plays that cause all sorts of havoc to one's garments and one's countenance. Ink bottles and coal pans have ever been the favored playthings of infancy. These may possibly be considered miserable makeshifts for the delights of digging in mother earth. Anyway the Easter egg dyeing process has qualifications not unlike those of the ink well and the coal bin. After the dyeing there is sure to be a cleaning. But what matters that? The fun is the main thing. The results are nothing.