

EASTER PROMPTINGS.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

The tender, pathetic tones of the eloquent divine fell in rhythmic cadences upon the ear, entrancing to the listener. As the fervency of his "I know that we shall be like Him" conveyed its import to the mind a heavenly benediction seemed to hover o'er the assembly. The beauty of his soul, begotten of faith in the resurrected Lord, inspired the speaker with increased longing to impart to others that same knowledge and love, and to fix above their horizon the same star of hope by which his own pathway is irradiated. The dream of the beatific Beyond, becomes a living reality under the glowing zeal of his godly persuasions.

In memory, we mark with special delight those few interviews with souls who make our souls wiser. The faculty of imparting the "message of God" with such vivid penetrativeness as to send its truth into the deepest and most remote recesses of the receptive soul, belongs not to every divine. On this occasion, the speaker seemed fairly electrified by a spark from the altar of God; and the joy that swelled up from his heart and danced in expressive rays about his face, spoke of a peace within that passeth knowledge.

The music, too, was so worshipful in its nature, as well as in its rendering, that its added charm intensified the solemnity of the hour and held the attentive ear enraptured.

Methinks the Sir Knights, in whose honor the masterly discourse was delivered, must preface have carried away such thoughts of lofty resolve as shall later be found all along their pathway budding into richest and rarest bloom—the fruitage of which shall yield even an hundred fold. Such an imposing body of men, having noble aims and worthy objects before it, cannot but be a powerful factor for good. And their appreciation of, and participation in, these annual Easter services prognosticate bountiful harvests of golden grain.

But what shall I say of the flowers—those emblems of God's love to man that breathe on the heart an influence essentially spiritual, and always pleasing, elevating and pure. On this Easter festival, the purity and modesty of the Risen Lord's life were typified in the drooping white lilies so lavishly used in the decoration of the altar. I was particularly impressed with one example of the moulding of nature's deft hand. A climbing geranium—a form of superior elegance—having delicate settings of brilliant hue, stood in the midst of the lilies. As man, reaching up after the highest possibilities of his life, clings to the cross that can sustain against the forces of all the elements, so this graceful plant winds its clinging tendrils around its supporting trellis in its mount toward the skies. To my willing mind it predicated a lesson which may well be translated into a study to acquaint one with the thoughts of an intelligent Creator. In this perfect type I could discern the unity of plan wherein all the diversities of the flower harmonize. I saw nothing of accident or caprice in the form of the leaf or wonderful coloring of petal; but, rather, the evidences of an unerring wisdom. To my heart it spoke of the joyousness of life with all the intensity of hope, eagerness and ambition culminating in the flower cluster which had, day after day, unwearingly toiled upward until it had gained the summit, where it lifted its showy head from among the leafy branchlets—Nature's crown of beauty to plant life. There, in the morning of its career,

its brilliant petals lay expanded to the caressing influences of the sun's most genial rays. With every passing touch of the sweet breath of spring upon its bosom, it nodded to and fro in exhilarating delight. As it absorbed the pure air for a brief hour, and rejoiced in the loveliness of its exalted surroundings, it seemed to look down upon its companions of more lowly birth as if to say: "See, I have gained the limit of happiness and succeeded to the ultimate of life's possibilities."

It spoke, too, of death. Even while rejoicing in life, it is pursued by earth, which finally triumphs. On this holy Easter afternoon, as the minister of God discourses so pleasantly of the Risen Christ, this lovely flower which so vaunted itself in the morning of its pride and glory, is breathing its ephemeral life away. The decaying and detached flames of brilliant design are drooping all around the plant in mournful harmony with the solemn gladness of the hour.

But even as it dies, it speaks of life again. To the seed it has transferred the life principle which is the redemption of the plant. By this divine decree the conquest of death is manifest, while the triumph of life is real. "In the 'grain of mustard' there is literally a faith—an energy which shall raise it from the dust again."

Herein lies a lesson of faith to us. Nature teaches immortality in all her unfolding. And, in the words of our most eminent philosopher: "A life in harmony with Nature, the love of truth and virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text. By degrees we may come to know the primitive objects of Nature, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause."

MYRA E. OLMSTEAD.

A REVERIE.

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