

THE SPIRIT OF EASTER

BY HELEN KELLER.

He give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever. Sing unto Him a new song, for He causeth the desert to put forth blossoms, and the valleys He covereth with greenness. Out of the night He bringeth day, and out of death life everlasting. On this day a new light is upon the mountains; for life, and the resurrection are proclaimed forever.

He bands of winter are broken in sunder, and the land is made soft with showers. Easter day bringeth the children of men near to the source of all light, for on this day the Lord declareth the permanence of His word, and maketh known the immortality of the soul. He hath revealed the life everlasting, and His goodness, endureth forever.]

EASTER is the promise of the Lord that all the best and noblest in man shall be renewed, even as growth and bloom and ripening shall not cease. The bars of winter are broken, and the iron bands of death are riven. The bird is on the wing, and the flight of the soul shall know no weariness. The lilies lift their holy white grails, brimmed with the sunshine of God's love. For has not the Lord manifested His love in flowers and in the upspringing of green things? They are sweet interpreters of large certainties. Each year the winter cuts them down, and each spring they put forth again. Every spring is a new page in the book of revelation, wherein we read that life is an eternal genesis, and its end is not, for it endureth forever.

The festival of the springtime is as old as the hope of man. The Jews had their feast of the Passover. The Romans celebrated the Megalensia in honor of mother earth. But not the Jews nor the Romans interpreted the whole message of spring. To the regeneration of earth Christ has added the new birth and eternal youth of the soul. We know that our branch grows in the physical life, but in the soul bears fruit that shall endure forever.

BELIEF in eternal life compels us to believe in good deeds and honest thoughts. The good man toils not for to-day, nor for to-morrow alone, but because he knows that his labor shall survive long after his hand has fallen from the plow. The good man pours himself into the world and makes it new. He is among the blessed who win sight out of blindness, order out of chaos and life out of death. Since the first Easter morning the soul of man has shone with unwavering light; for then he looked into the radiant face of the risen Christ, and knew that God's universe shapes itself not to destruction, but to a yet more glorious genesis; yea, it endureth from everlasting to everlasting.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER

BY REV. W. S. SAYRES.

If a man die shall he live again?" has been the question of the ages. Men have tried in vain to answer it. Philosophers have reasoned, poets have dreamed, great souls have hoped, but all without any certainty. The analogies of nature, the requirements of justice, the sense of artistic or scientific unity, have shown the probability of immortality, and that only to the few. But there was no convincing proof of anything beyond the grave. Man was an animal, and like an animal he must cease to exist. The dramatist, indeed, had visions of a dreary, shadowy existence in the underworld, but it was only the life of ghosts, and was not to be compared even with the present life. Most touching, indeed, were the epithets on heathen graves, "Farewell Forever, O Brother." The world was full of those who longed "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still." Difficult, indeed, is it for us to put ourselves in the position of those who knew of no future life. The gloom of a limited existence was unrelieved by any background of light. This world was all. There was no hope. Some few, like the Stoics, proudly made the best of it and when life became too hard ended it by self-destruction. Some, like the Epicureans, adopted the motto, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." A rare few, like Plato, hoped against hope.

The effect of this on morals was terrible, and degrading. The animus of idolatry was either fear, or lust, or both conjoined. The unknown gods were to be placated, at first by offerings, and at last by iniquity.

But when at last, "in the fulness of time," when the world had had time to prove its helplessness and the futility of its systems, and was ready for the truth, the light came.

Beautiful as a vision, sweet as a song, was the story of the resurrection. The glory of the risen Christ bewildered the world with its unspeakable gladness. Men had not looked for this. The golden light streamed all at once through the open gates of Heaven, and in that light the enigmas of life were clearly read. Human life was not a tragedy, but a poem, a drama, where the last act was an endless life of glory and activity. The old faiths were but the broken tomb, the empty grave clothes, that broken bands that had blinded and fettered human life and freedom. What wonder then that the disciples eagerly sped into all the lands preaching the resurrection, carrying the good news of the victory over death into the forests of Europe, the wastes of Africa,

the plains of Asia and the isles of the sea. What wonder that the new belief inspired enthusiasm, extinguished the pains of martyrdom, and converted the empire itself. The knowledge of a future life brought a new force into the world. Modern civilization is the present, but not the final result. Man's horizon was enlarged until it was bounded only by infinity. The expansive power of the resurrection on human thought and life can hardly be measured. Human progress dates from the resurrection. The burdens of life are lightened. In the perspective of eternity, the world assumes its proper size. Present sorrow may be endured "for a night if joy cometh in the morning." Death becomes a mere incident, a passing onward, a new birth, the grave but the gateway of life. The effect was also seen at once in morals. Crime, injustice, wrong, would be judged. Responsibility would be demanded. The new life might be missed through moral unfitness and unrepentent villainess.

The resurrection of Christ was lacking in nothing to make it complete and attractive. It was not only a rising of the spirit, but of the body as well, and the new body was not the natural body, but that body spiritualized, endowed with new powers, independent of earthly forces and restrictions, and yet real and tangible. It was not a phantom, but changed indeed in nature, still recognizable as the same in appearance and feature as before, with the print of the nails and the wounded side. Without this, indeed, the resurrection would have been incomplete. A ghostly existence had no attractiveness for us. The perfect man consists of body and spirit, and with the capacity to realize again the touch of the vanished hand and to hear the sound of the voice that was still. Thus future recognition becomes a certainty and progress a necessity.

It is interesting to conjecture what will be the nature of our future condition and occupations. We can do this only partially. The child cannot comprehend the man's thought, nor the animal, the man's. But we may believe that each soul will find some work that is congenial and in the line of present tastes. The universe is so inconceivably vast that there will be an infinite scope for every man to exercise his genius. There will be no idleness. Nor will men of a practical turn be required to spend an eternity playing on harps. It is reasonable to suppose that men with a talent for leadership and governing will have some field in which to govern and lead. "Ye shall judge angels." The teacher may teach in other worlds. Those who love to minister in works of mercy, to alleviate suffering, may find employment in their special calling.

Music, poetry, art, science, philosophy will not be lost out of that life, and the artistic creator may be employed in fashioning new worlds. In fine, speculation finds no limit to the possible and probable fields of future activity. Powers and capacities that are here felt, but are dormant for want of


opportunity, will doubtless be satisfied. "Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit's yearning For sweet companionship with kindred minds; The silent love that here meets no returning. The inspiration which no language finds."

But will all men have this happy immortality, or will it be restricted by conditions? This is a question for the theologians. Science teaches that the fittest survive, and the teachings of the risen Lord make Him the only source of the resurrection. The only man who has yet arisen makes personal relationship of some sort with Himself to be indispensable, but it may be postulated that the demands of nature and of revelation will be found identical, since both are from the same author. It may also be suggested that to persons who are criminal, vicious, satanic, an infinite prolongation of life, with no change of character, would mean an infinite development of unhappiness.

Good work is never wasted when life is viewed as a preparation for eternity. Nothing we learn is to be lost, but will have its fruitage by and by. Benvenuto Cellini, the famous artist, when asked why he had spent so many weeks making a certain miniature carving on a gem, replied that he expected to live forever, and a few weeks was well spent in preparing himself for the future.

And so the old problem has been solved, and we rejoice at the Easter season, which preserves the historical testimony of the fact of the resurrection. Our bodies may indeed sleep in the grave, but our souls shall rest in consciousness until the perfect consummation of the general resurrection.

"There is no death. What seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath Is but the suburb of the dark elysium Whose portal we call death."



Easter Morning.

I gathered flowers to deck my tomb at night
And strewed where hopes and dreams were locked in sleep;
I felt the veil of shadows round me sweep
And wrap me in its folds; I heard the flight
Of fluttering wings that upward soared to light.

A Jack Horner Pie For Easter.

A Jack Horner pie is something new for Easter, and the little boy or girl who has one will have endless fun with it. It is made in the form of a large egg, all in fluffy tissue paper, a tiny ladder leads up to the top of the



Easter Morning.
This beautiful picture is reproduced from the painting by the well-known artist, Alexander Ender.

I only crouched down in the gloom to weep.
The crescent moon swung up the starry steep.
Tears and weeping blinded all my sight.
The perfume of the lilies soothed each sense.
I slept and dreamed, the hours throbbed on and on.
A song-bird woke me caroling its lay,
The dew-gemmed flowers caught the frankincense.
Of chime and song; it was the Easter dawn
And love had rolled the stone of grief away.
—Emma Playter Seabury.

The Lesson of the Season.

Ages pass, but each returning Easter brings again its lessons of sacrifice, of unselfishness and of great love for humanity. Great snowy banks of lilies, emblems of purity, are offered in remembrance of the greatest self-abnegation in the history of the world. In vast cathedral and modest chapel vibrates the majestic music of praise for the most wonderful resurrection, upon which is based the faith of the mightiest peoples of the earth.

Seasonable.

Customer—"What are the Easter novelties this year?"
Dealer—"Oh, rabbits and eggs—same as last year."


The Careless Rabbits

By H. S. Storer

Hattie took a walk or two
With the hares and rabbits,
And gave them such a talking-to
About their careless habits.

She scolded them for jumping so
Instead of walking proper,
And told them how their noses go
When they eat their supper.

And said, "Now you should never let
Your ears stick up like that,
But you should comb them neatly back
And tuck them in your hat."




How to Make the Mysterious Egg Bag.

Make two bags, about twelve inches long by six wide, of some dark material, and sew the two together, one in each, and the other, and it will appear the same if turned inside out. Next make a number of little pockets, with a cover to each, which may be fastened down by a button and loop. Place these about two inches apart, between the two bags, sewing one side of the pocket to one bag and the other side to the other. Now make slits through both bags about an inch in length just above the pockets, so that the opening is large enough for a hand to go through. Insert your thumb and finger through the slits and open the pockets.

To perform the trick small articles should be put in the pockets, one in each, and the pockets covered over. The bag may now be turned inside out any number of times at pleasure, and it will appear to be empty; indeed, it will thus appear if examined closely by any one of the spectators. You can now cause to appear and disappear any number of articles, much to every one's amusement, as well as amazement. The celebrated egg-bag trick of the magicians who perform in public is done with this kind of a bag.

"I hid My Love."



I hid my love in the heart
Of a rose,
All day to your happy throat 'twas pressed,
From dewy morn till twilight-close
And you never guessed!
—Clifton Bingham.

APPEAL TO THE FARMERS

Issued By Commissioner of Agriculture Patterson.

Hon. S. L. Patterson has sent out the following appeal to the farmers of North Carolina:

"To the Cotton Farmers of North Carolina: So much has been said and done—and wisely—to convince the cotton farmers of the South of the advantage to themselves of growing less cotton in 1905 than was grown in 1904, there seems little necessity of saying more. And yet the subject is of such vast importance, so fraught with weal or woe of their material interests, I beg permission of the North Carolina farmers to make one last appeal to them to stand solidly together in support of the resolutions of the New Orleans convention.

"It has been stated time and again—and this statement is true—that the small crop of cotton brings more money, not only per pound, but in gross amount, than the large crop.

"Last year's record breaking crop may prove an exception to this rule, if prices advance, or even remain at present figures. But if the government report in June shall show no material reduction of acreage, present prices cannot be maintained.

"There are many estimates, differing widely, of amount of American cotton needed for the world's supply. I give what seems to be a conservative one:

"Europe will need at least 7,300,000 bales; United States and Canada, 4,200,000 bales; Japan and Mexico, 300,000 bales. Total consumption, 11,800,000 bales of American cotton.

"Suppose 12,000,000 bales can be handled by spinners, a surplus of one and one-half millions still remains to depress the market, unless it can be protected by the executive committee of the Cotton Growers' Association. Still this one and a half million bales, carried over into next year's crop, if that crop is a large one, will utterly demoralize prices. If the government report shall show another 30,000,000-acre crop, we may expect this panic in prices, and no power on earth can prevent it. The greatest factors now—the only ones, as I see it—maintaining present prices, are the New Orleans resolutions to reduce acreage and the hold of the executive committee on the present surplus.

"The farmers have never been in such an independent position for reducing cotton acreage. Plant corn, peanuts, chufas, cow peas, make for age crops for sale, let the land be idle and save fertilizer bills—anything to prevent such unwieldy cotton surplus. It will be better for the individual farmer it will be better for the farmers at large.

"I make this appeal with all the earnestness of deep conviction, and to all the cotton farmers of the State, whether or not they belong to the Association.

"The greatest obstacle in the way of united action is the apprehension among the farmers themselves that they will not all hold together. If each individual farmer will hold together the whole body will take care of itself. The man who will deliberately seek to take advantage of his fellows in this crisis, and while they are striving for the common good, to advance his selfish interests, is untrue to the cause and unworthy the fellowship of good men.

"It is not worth while to prolong this letter, but in all seriousness and sincerity I appeal to the farmers to cut down their cotton acreage at least 25 per cent., and hereafter to continue to diversify their crops. Such a policy will bring a degree of prosperity to the State such as has not been known since the war.

S. L. PATTERSON,
"Commissioner of Agriculture."

The Royal Arcanum.

Asheville, Special.—The Sixth Annual convention of the State Grand Council, Royal Arcanum, came to a close here last week. The closing convention was represented by 41 of the 44 councils now existing in this State, the attendance being about sixty.

The reports showed that the order was in a flourishing condition. Wilmington was chosen for the next place of meeting.

The newly elected officers are the following:

Grand regent, Dr. E. H. Brooks, Reidsville; past grand regent, D. M. Miller, Salisbury; Grand Vice Regent, S. M. Brinson, Newbern; grand orator, H. E. Bonitz, Wilmington; grand guide, J. T. Hedrick, Lexington; grand chaplain, F. W. Hancock, Oxford; grand secretary, Dr. J. H. Way, Waynesville; grand treasurer, A. M. Powell, Raleigh; grand warden, J. W. Norwood, Raleigh; grand sentry, H. C. Chedester, Asheville; grand trustees, Dr. V. E. Weyer, of Kinston, A. J. Evans of Statesville, T. W. Sloumb of Goldsboro; additional supreme representative, H. C. Dockery, Rockingham; alternate, D. M. Miller, Salisbury.

Tar Heel Topics.

Attorney General Gilmer received Friday morning the famous South Dakota bonds, or rather the North Carolina bonds, for the collection of which South Dakota sued this State and received principal and interest amounting to \$27,400, that was recently paid over to the clerk of the United States Supreme Court. The bonds have been turned over to the State Treasurer.

Dyspepsia of Women

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"As a proof of this theory we call attention to the case of Mrs. Maggie Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after everything else had failed. She writes:

"For two years I suffered with dyspepsia which so degenerated my entire system that I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous, and nothing that I ate tasted good and it caused a disturbance in my stomach. I tried different dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me. I was advised to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a well woman. I have recommended it to many suffering women."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement, or has such a record of cures of female troubles, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE FISH BRAND SLICKER

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"A good many years ago I bought a FISH BRAND Slicker, and it has proven a valued friend for many a stormy day, but now it is getting old and I must have another. Please send me a price-list."

(The name of this worthy doctor, obliged to be out in all sorts of weather, will be given on application.)

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