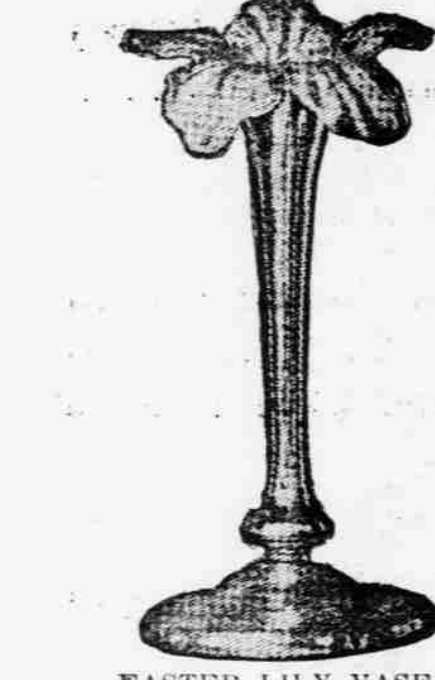


EASTER

HANCE it cannot be that the festival of the resurrection falls together with the spring of the year and the rebirth of the earth.

can forget—who, at any rate, has ever looked upon the keen-eyed pitiless sorrow of the wandering Demeter of Chidus, in the British Museum, can forget the grief of the desolate mother and the resultant sterility of the earth.



EASTER LILY VASE.

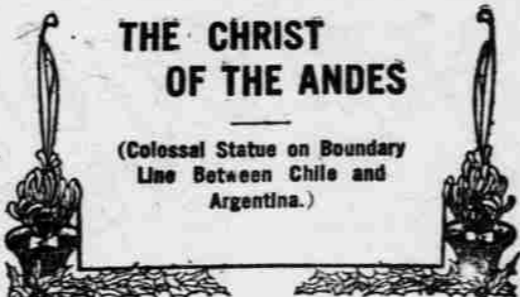
It is in its essence of the intrinsic nature of the human heart, the result of that inevitable preoccupation of man, and that in all ages, all climes, he has reacted in some way or other against the numbing conclusion of a possible ending.

How intimate and familiar, how strangely modern and near, seems the last great fact of resurrection, as we turn to it from the more ancient aspects!

How sonorous and living are the words of the medieval ritual: 'Dic nobis, Maria, quid vidisti in via?'

EASTER PROMISES.

'There is no death!' the flowers say, 'In faith we hide our souls away, While tempests desolate the earth, And patient wait the promised birth.'



See, where it stands in its beauty, Where the earliest sunbeams shine; Tall and stately and splendid; The Christ of the Boundary Line!



As we view this beautiful statue From the mountain paths below, As we see its Face supernal In the sunbeams' latest glow;

AN EASTER GREETING.

'Peace, My peace, be unto you!' Hear, ye valleys! list, ye mountains! God's breath on the streams and fountains,

EASTER'S REDEMPTION.

Let me arise freed from the bonds Of foolish, fettering creeds, Tuned to the holy truth that meets The spirit's needs.



Roused from the torpor of a clod, Remade into Thy image, God.

EASTER.

With heart aflame and eyes in which Yet glowed the wonder of a vision bright, In eager haste she sped to comfort bring To those who sorrowed for their Lord and King.

'He is not dead,' she cried, her voice A thrill with rapturous ecstasy, 'Our Lord is risen, empty is the tomb; Our Lord is risen, past the night of gloom.'

But they, too jealous of their grief And blinding tears, believed her not. To them The story of the Resurrection Morn Seemed but an idle tale in fancy born.

They needs must see and touch and hear Before their doubting hearts could certain be.

That He for whom they mourned in anguish sore Had triumphed over death forevermore.

O Faith that seeing not, believes, How dear to Him who died and rose again! His gift to us was Life, now grant we pray! Our gift to Him be Faith, in Easter Day.

—Josephine Robinson, in the Home Magazine.

THE ANNUNCIATION.



The percentage of foreigners in Holland is one and one-half.



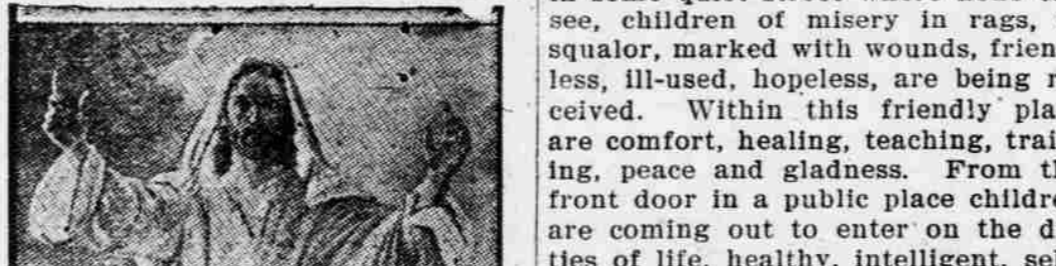
THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

EASTER DAY

AS Christ risen from the dead? If not, then the history of nineteen centuries is an insoluble problem, the Christian Church is a gigantic imposture, the creed of Christianity is a house built on the sand.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

Can we not change the form of the question, and ask it again—has Christ risen? but is Christ alive? Let us turn from the centuries and take the date of this morning's letter; let us forget Palestine and be content with our own land; let us close the books and look at life.



WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE EARLY IN THE MORNING.

list which was never printed—Jesus Christ.

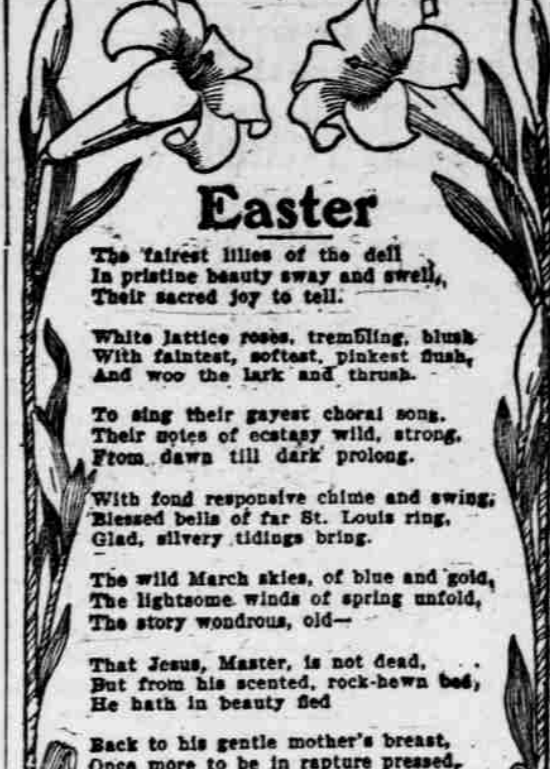
Once more let us visit a characteristic building of our modern city. It is an orphanage, and at its back door in some quiet street where none can see, children of misery in rags, in squalor, marked with wounds, friendless, ill-used, hopeless, are being received.

Better than all the manuscripts, and all the theologians and all the histories are those three evidences of the living Christ. Here is the living Christ, whom no grave on earth and no throne in heaven can hold.

—Ian Maclaren, in Youth's Companion.

AN EASTER DAY.

Stark garden shrubs, still half asleep, In rising pools stand ankle-deep. The strolling path beneath the gate Has turned a river, stern and straight.



Easter

The fairest bloom of the dell In pristine beauty away and sweet, Their sacred joy to tell.

White lattice roses, trembling, blush With faintest, softest, pinkest blush, And woo the look and touch.

To sing their gayest choirs come. Their notes of ecstasy wild, strong, From dawn till dark prolong.

With fond responsive clime and swing, Blessed bells of far St. Louis ring, Glad, silver tidings bring.

The wild March skies, of blue and gold, The lightness winds of spring unfold, The story wondrous, old—

That Jesus, Master, is not dead, But from his scented, rock-hewn bed, He hath in beauty fled.

Back to his gentle mother's breast, Once more to be in rapture pressed, Ecstasically rest.

Back, back to whisp'ring, low and clear, Excellent words of hope and cheer, Dispel the gloom and fear.

Into the ears of those who weep O'er dear ones in deep graves asleep, Where lengthening shadows sweep.

Are, back to lovingly repeat His gospel lessons grand and sweet Of charity complete.

To bid of sin and strife success, Of Easter happiness and peace A thousandfold increase.

—KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

AN EASTER PRAYER.

So many eyes, tear-blinded, scarcely see The gracious hope and promise of the spring; Though leaf and bud are rich in prophecy, They have no vision of the blossoming.

Oh, God of pity! at this Easter-tide, May all the sweet, glad promise of the day Steal into troubled hearts, and there abide— Grant visions unto such as these, we pray.

WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE EARLY IN THE MORNING.

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—Fannie B. Damon, Dexter, Me.

EASTER EGGS.

Humpty Dumpty has country cousins Who come to the city in spring by dozens; They make such a brilliant show in town You'd think that a rainbow had tumbled down—

Blue and yellow and pink and green, The gayest colors that ever were seen. Purple and gold, and old such style, They are all the rage for a little while, But their visit is short, for no one stays After the Easter holidays.



Magazine Verse.

Out of the dark tarn sodden rain Into the night, Faces that tarnish and turn again Amethyst white.

Round me the pulsing, misty years Limitless gloom, Downpour and eddying swirl of tears— Terrible doom!

Reader, picture these awful scenes, Why do you sigh? You don't know what this poem means? Neither do I.

—Washington Herald.

Political Success.

Knicker—"What makes a successful politician?"

Bocker—"The ability to tell a bandwagon from a hearse."—Judge.

What is Oblivion?

Tommy—"Pop, what is oblivion?"

Tommy's Pop—"Getting married to a famous woman, my son."—Philadelphia Record.

A Musical Comedy Phrase.

"This is gay New York." "And who are these sad-faced people?" "They are the gay New Yorkers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wrong Material.

"William is getting up a literary club."

"Hickory is the only kind that will ever bring him to his senses," said the old man.—Atlanta Constitution.

Enthusiasm.

"Do you believe the President really enjoys walking in a storm?" "Believe it? Of course he does. Why, half the time he kicks up the storm himself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Exercising the Dog.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss. "Yes," replied Mr. Wyss. "Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day."—Lippincott's.

Different Then.

"Think of the simple, truth-telling character of George Washington!" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "but there wasn't as much competition in American politics then as there is now."—Washington Star.

After the Engagement.

"Did he get on his knees?" "No, he couldn't; I got there first!"—New York Telegram.

Industry.

Bowery Lady—"Why don't yer look fer work 'stead of beefin' about hard times?"

Bowery Gent—"Work? Gee, don't I work! Don't I stan' three hours out of bed readin' lev'ry night?"—Puck.

His Initiation.

Mr. Hogan—"Where did O'git th' black eye? O'im pastt' after bein' initiated."

Mr. Kelley—"Into what society?"

Mr. Hogan—"Into th' society av me mother-in-law."—Leslie's Weekly.

He is a Wonder.

"Mrs. Rollins has the most accommodating husband I know."

"What has he done now?"

"Why, you know she was growing very stout, and he took to drink just to worry her thin."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

This Earthly Stage.

"The sun," remarked the kindly citizen, "shines for all."

"And that's what worries some people," averred the caustic citizen. "They seem to think the sun ought to be handled as a spotlight."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Drawback.

Olive—"What an improvement it will be if the time ever comes when everybody can get a seat in the street cars."

Violet—"Oh, I don't know. A girl would never be sure then that she was pretty."—Puck.

Foolishness.

"I don't quite get the idea in this article," dimly ventured the ardent admirer.

"You don't?"

"Well," demanded the popular author, "do you suppose a man has an idea every time he writes?"—Kansas City Journal.

Why She Kept Her.

Suburbanite—"It puzzles me how Newsbub can keep a cook so long."

His Neighbor—"Don't you know he married his stenographer?"

Suburbanite—"What's that got to do with it?"

His Neighbor—"Why, his wife can take 150 words a minute from the cook without even a frown."—Puck.