

order of the universe.



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. In the dead with solace on the long journey, dark and mysterious, upon which ing is lost.—Harper's Weekly. they were supposed to go. Who can look unmoved to-day upon this relic of a past age, in a negro cemetery, and see the toys laid about a little child's grave, the photographs and While tempests desolate the earth, favorite possessions about those of And patient wait the promised birth." the older human child, without being touched by this groping of the mind into the darkness beyond which it Against his falling walls I set

HANCE it cannot be that can forget-who, at any rate, that the festival of the resur- has ever looked upon the keen-eyed rection falls together pitiless sorrow of the wandering with the springing of the Demeter of Cnidus, in the British year and the rebirth of Museum, can forget the grief of the the earth. The strange desolate mother and the resultant fittingness of times and events only sterility of the earth, the sad news strikes us now and then when we handed on by Hecate, who heard the stop to reflect; but this side of life, ravished maiden's cry, and by Helios, the beautiful, undulating order of who saw the theft. Then Zeus, takthe universe, is what gives man his ing pity upon the earth, sent Iris sense of security; it is the root of all | with a message to Hades ordering the the gayety and the buoyancy with redeliverance of Persephone to her which we tread the appointed paths. | mother, that the grief of death might

What! shall the orbit of the star be not be devastating and overpowering. mapped out, and the hip-joint of the | So it has always been in the mind locust's leg be set so that he can of man, this strange anguish and demake music through the hot and spair at the glowing human life sultry nights, and the blows that fall which seemed to suffer sudden eclipse upon the yearning soul of man be in death, and its reaction, till, from meaningless and haphazard? Only the annual reassuring himself that when we are too tired to think do even as the seed falls into the earth we feel the necessity of the existent and darkness, not only to come forth in due season in more glorified as-It is not to detract from the value pect, so the soul of man suffers moof a symbol, therefore, to realize that mentary and partial eclipse to be born more gloriously; but alas! not within the scope of our vision.

The festivals of Demeter were held in the spring and autumn. The 7th of April was the day set apart forthe games of Ceres. Demeter corresponds to Beltus in Bactrian and to Armaiti in Zoroastrian mythology. Armaiti, too, wanders in sorrow from place to place. She caused all growth and pervaded the whole material world, even being said to dwell in the hearts of men, and fructify there into fair activities and noble pursuits.

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: Die nobis, Maria, quid vidisti in via? And the detailed verification of the

antiphonal chant: Sepulchrum Christi viventis et gloriam vide

resurgentis. To know One risen from the dead, to feel the life once reaching only a handful of folk on a strip of land by the Mediterranean, now filling the world and leading men everywhere, is to know that as surely as the spring follows winter, so surely does lowest tribes and the farthest days life follow death, and how little it some care was taken to provide the matters what the forms of that life Working wonders rare and true? be, since at least we know that noth-

## EASTER PROMISES.

"There is no death!" the flowers say, "In faith we hide our souls away,

The south wind chants, "There is no death



THE RISEN CHRIST.

(Hofmann.

cannot yet see clear. In its own | The snowdrop and the violet." way this is a reaffirming of the unity Glad prophets of the life to be, of all life; it, too, is a realization That, like the wind, no thether knows, that it is the same universal life And yet is comrade to the rose. showing a new face. Man himself, myriad-minded, confused by feeling one thing at one time and a wholly new one at another, yet holds ever in some dark chamber of his though. the conviction that all things are one, and that multiformity is but a way of looking, by turns, at the parcelled kingdom of the universe. It is as in the child's song of a new

"What does it take to make a rose, Mother mine?" "The God that died to make it, knows, It takes the world's eternal wars, It takes the moon and all the stars, It takes the might of Heaven and Hell,

And the everlasting Love as well, Little child," No atom of dust, no star-burst nor trailing comet, must fail to the making of the whole perfection which is the thinking body of divinity. All the snows and the storms, the short, cold winter days, go to the making of the sweet and wasteful hours of the long twilights. It is just this faint taste and premonition in the air of what is to come which makes spring the season of deepest gladness; it is a foretaste of desultory wanderings through a warm-breathing earth when the unexpected visitations of the best thoughts fall. such thoughts as can only deign to come in blessed idleness and renewal of all life, could recklessly hazard a doubt of lasting blight? How often, in looking upon Greek vases, we see the flowerlike wilted figure of Persephone falling lax in the arms of the flery charioteer Aidoneus. And who Holland is one and one-half.

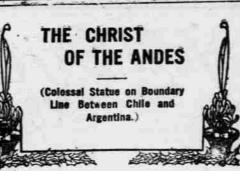
Thus mother earth, thy gracious breast Gives all thy tired children rest, Where, sheltered from the storms, they

The coming of the Eastertide.

-From "Sword and Cross, and Other Poems," by Charles Eugene Banks. THE ANNUNCIATION.



The percentage of foreigners in



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

Forbidden the evil impulse
That leadeth to pain and crime;
United the faith of nations, A compact outlasting Time!
Telling the coming of Man,
Who is born in the Image Divine;
Like a grand, full, chord of music,
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; 'Twixt erstwhile waring nations Of a present peace the sign; A psalm and a prayer in marble; The Christ of the Boundary Line!

AN EASTER GREETING.

'Peace, My peace, be unto you!' Hear, ye valleys! list, ye mountains! God's breath on the streams and fountains, As He maketh all things new. In the tree tops, rustling, pendent, Hear His garments move transcendent, Bush and shrub are trembling, too.

"Peace, My peace, be unto you!"
Hast thou heard, dull world, the greeting? Dost thou rise, the Master meeting, At His footprints falling lowly, Let us kiss His raiment holy Of fresh green impearled with dew

## EASTER'S REDEMPTION.

-From the German of Anges Franz.

Let me arise freed from the bonds Of foolish, fettering creeds, Tuned to the holy truth that meets



Roused from the torpor of a clod, Remade into Thy image, God. -Susie M. Best, in The Independent.

EASTER.

With heart affame 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

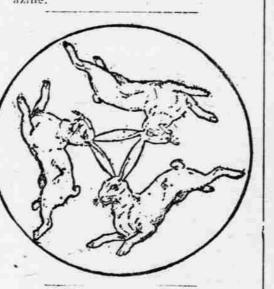
He is not dead," she cried, her voice Athrill with rapturous ecstasy,
"Our Lord is risen, empty is the tomb;
Our Lord is risen, past the night of

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

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 Mag-



Easter Novelties.

All sorts and conditions of rabbits of apparently every age, from the tiniest bunny to the full-grown size with large startled eyes and longpointed ears; chickens, roosters, ducks and pigeons come in the form Browning's poem. It is a place of of boxes, to be filled with dainty bon- worship, where the human soul makin a most realistic manner with rag- the depths of their need unto God, ged moss, and the tiny oaken bucket hung from a silken cord. The top of the box opens to reveal dozens of tiny candy eggs of every color and Through Christ Jesus our Lord. flavor, and when closed a small pompous rooster fastened to the lidkeeps guard over the good things







Christian Church is a is alive.

soul is a fond imagination. The grip adorned with pictures, the sick are of sin has not been loosened, death | lying. They are poor people, who is still the king of terrors, this pres- can pay nothing for this kindness. ent world is our master, innocence Some of them have been useless peohas suffered her irrevocable defeat, ple, who have deserved nothing from Injustice is seated on the throne for- society; some of them are incurable ever. The meek and the lowly, the people, of whom nothing can be holy and the faithful have been de- made. Yet the finest science and the spised; the priests and the Pharisees, most skilful physicians and the most the tyrants and the traitors have con-quered. And the most beneficient Why have they not been left to The gracious hope and promise of the quered. And the most beneficient mirage.

\*Eat, drink and die, for we are souls be-

We are most hopeless, who had once And almost beliefless, that had most believed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, As of the unjust, also of the just-Yea, of that Just One, too! It is the one sad gospel that is true-Christ is not risen.

Once a year this question demands an answer, once a week it stands at the door, every day as we live and work, and suffer and trust it, it is in the background of our minds. We may go to a distant land for the answer to the tomb in Joseph's garden, said to have been open and empty on Easter morning. We may constitute a court of law to decide the question, and take the evidence of the holy women, of the eleven apostles of Christ, of Jewish enemies and a host of other disciples. We can appeal to the tradition of the church unbroken through the centuries and sealed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We can cite the facts of history, the conversion of Saint Paul, the faith of the martyrs, and the miracle of Pentecost many times repeated. But this means a long journey and much reading and intricate argument.

Can we not change the form of the question, and ask it again-not 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 lock at life. Let the scholar come from his cloistered seclusion and the toiler from his workshop, and the mourner from his shadow, and meet where all are equal on the common platform of contemporary fact and human experience. Were one dropped from Mars upon this earth, could be discover that a certain person called Christ had once lived, and now was living, and was likely tc live forever?

Come first to the church-it matters not whether it be St. Peter's at is an orphanage, and at its back door Rome, or "Mounta Zion" Chapel of



bons when the head is removed. One ing its journey from one world to very novel candy box which gives no the next in the midst of the sad myssuggestion of the goodies within is tery of life, unburdens itself of care a miniature well of cardboard pap- and sorrow. So many hundreds or ered to imitate wood, the top covered so many thousands are calling from whom no man hath seen or ever can see, and they are beseeching His mercy and His help through whom?

They lift up their voices in a song of victory between the battle of last week and the coming pattle of this week, unto whom? Unto Him who s loving us and hath washed us from our sins.

The crowd pours through the door,





the dead? If not, then they entered. That beaten man has the history of nineteen straightened himself, that widow has centuries is an inso- peace upon her face, that outcast has luble problem, the obtained a glimpse of hope-Christ gigantic imposture, the | Come again to this other building

creed of Christianity is a house built which rivals a church. Within cool on the sand, the hope of the Christian wards, fragrant with flowers and

and most radiant vision that ever perish, as paganism would have left | Though leaf and bud are rich in prophecy, visited the human soul is only a them? Why should this immense trouble be taken with them who can be no gain to any one? There is another Physician present whom no Of all the creatures under heaven's wide one sees; there is another Hand caring for the sick which no one feels: there was a Name on the subscription CHRIST IS RISEN.



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 success-

ful 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 o a famous woman, my son."-Philadelphia Record.

A Musical Comedy Phrase.

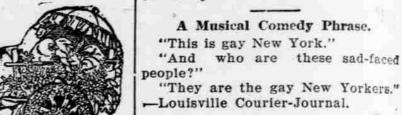
Wrong Material.

"William is getting up a literary

"Hickory is the only kind that will

ever bring him to his senses," said

the old man .- Atlanta Constitution.



club."

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Once more to be in rapture pressed,

Into the ears of those who weep

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

To bid of sin and strife surcease, Of Easter happiness and peace

KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

Back, back to whispet, low and clear, Excellent words of hope and cheer, Dispelling gloom and fear.

O'er dear ones in deep graves asleep, Where lengthening snadows creep.

Seraphicly to rest.

They have no vision of the blossoming.

Oh, God of pity! at this Eastertide, May all the sweet, glad promise of the into troubled hearts, and there iteal Grant visions unto such as these, we

WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE EARLY IN THE MORNING.

HE IS RISEN.

Sweet the chime the bells are ringing,

Sweet the carol angels singing;

Over sin and death victorious

"Risen is our Lord most glorious,

He is risen—tell the story Wafted from His throne of glory;

O, grave, where is thy victory?

Praises to our risen King.

From the bonds of death set free-

EASTER EGGS.

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

Humpty Dumpty has country cousins

Blue and yellow and pink and green,

All that springeth from the sod

Tendeth upwards unto God, All that cometh from the skies

Urging it anon to rise.

The gayest gowns that ever were seen. Purple and gold, and oh! such style,

They are all the rage for a little while; But their visit is short, for no one stays After the Easter holidays.

Welcome, then, Time's thrashing pain,

list which was never printed-Jesus

Once more let us visit a character-

istic building of our modern city. It

in some quiet street where none can

see, children of misery in rags, in

squalor, marked with wounds, friend-

less, ill-used, hopeless, are being re-

ceived. Within this friendly place

are comfort, healing, teaching, train-

ing, peace and gladness. From the

front door in a public place children

are coming out to enter on the du-

ties of life, healthy, intelligent, selfreliant and self-respecting. It is the

utilization of the waste products of

society; it is the most practical phil-

anthropy that ever has been in-

vented; it is the redemption of the

chief woe of life, the sorrow of the

children. And the founder of this

home of joy is the friend of little

Better than all the manuscripts

and all the theologies and all the his-

tories are those three evidences of

the living Christ. Here is the living

Christ, whom no grave on earth and

In the great gospel and true creed, He is yet risen indeed;

AN EASTER DAY.

Stark & irden shrubs, still half asleep,

The strolling path beneath the gate

The Easter rain drives cold and swift;

Has turned a river, stern and strait.

The dark sky hints no mellow rift,

Pours forth his resurrection strain

Across the rushing Easter rain. His notes the old-time faith repeat:

He knows that earth is turning sweet, Is turning warm and fair and kind.

Like miracle who cannot find Within his heart?—come to the pane.

Listen across the Eastern rain!
—Fannie B. Damon, Dexter, Me.

But stretches obstinate and harsh Above a lifeless, leafless marsh.

Oh, joyously one living bit Of all the greyness, hid in it,

In rising pools stand ankle-deep.

-Ian Maclaren, in Youth's Compan-

no throne in heaven can hold.

"Though dead, not dead;

Not gone, though fled; Not lost, though vanished.

Christ is yet risen.

children.

Enthusiastic.

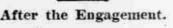
"Do you believe the President really enjoys walking in a storm?" "Believe it? Of course he does. Why, half the time he kicks up the storm himself."-Philadelphia Led-

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.





"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 on

de bread line ev'ry night?"-Puck.

His Initiation. Mr. Hogan-"Where did Oi git th' black oye? O'im pust afther bein' initiated."

Mr. Kelley-"Into what society?" Angels, strike your harps of glory; Waft, ye winds, the joyful story, While with happy voice we sing, Mr. Hogan-"Into th' society av me mother-in-law."-Leslie's Weekly. Emily Houseman Watson, in

He is a Wonder. "Mrs. Rollins has the most accom-

modating 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

Fcolishness.

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

she was pretty."-Puck.

"You don't?" "N-no."

"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 Newsubb 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 eas take 150 words a minute from the cook without even a frown."-Puck

