

is so, too. The spirit of it all is expressed in their litany, to be read at the dawn service:—

"And keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole Church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors."

The whole feeling is that these people have for their loved guests those of their friends who now dwell in the quiet country near by.

Then it is that the wonder happens—There is throughout the church an atmosphere inexplicable but mighty, intangible but poignantly real. One may never have met in the world before the people sitting beside one, yet there is no stranger there, for the heart is freed and knows—knows that all there are friends, fellows, brothers, born in a union mightier than power of difference of family, creed or race to break. And that this is real and not a thing of tense nerves or hysteria is shown by the fact that there is no break, no jar, only the full and perfect feeling that what follows is the suitable thing.

For as Christ took the bread and wine that happened to be on the table, of which He and the twelve had been eating and drinking but a moment before, to institute His holy communion, so do these people take the food of their daily table for this, their feast of love. Not with mystically consecrated wafers, not with sacramental wine, but with the simplest things of their common food do they symbolize love.

The door of the vestry room opens and there enter a dozen women in cap and apron, each carrying a great basket brimming over with hot, light rolls, which they begin to distribute. In their own simple households they have made the bread; now, as simply serving, they give it out. They have no special uniform, but the aprons and caps are all white, as is meet for dainty housewives. Sometimes a young woman will have hers decorated with bows of ribbon and will have elbow sleeves, making herself attractive as she would in her own home for those she loves. They are just those of the great family who in loving graciousness wait upon the others.

When all in the church have been supplied the vestry doors again open and the deacons appear with huge trays laden with mugs of hot, fragrant coffee, with the cream and sugar already in it. When this is passed to all the Bishop is served. He asks the clergymen who are seated near him to eat with him at the table before him, but there is no ceremony, no consecration, not even is the food blessed. But all partake together in love, these living children sharing in their hearts their food with their sisters and brothers who are no longer bound by the flesh, and that love is the feast's blessing and consecration.

The silence in the church is utter, yet those who have been to these love feasts speak in words wondering and hard to find of the sense of communion, of the sense of at last speaking that deep thing which lies in all hearts unutterable. Sometimes a rare strain of music will bring in a small degree this feeling, but at this feast one feels that at last the whole heart has been poured out. And they say, these gentle Moravians, that the transcendent thing, this wonder that

fills eyes with tears, that holds the tongue speechless, that makes one not dare lift the eyes, is love, simply love, brother to brother, child to its father's other children. The mystery, the miracle, the strange attraction that draws thousands each year is this, that they are moved to obey for a little while the simplest of all commandments, "Love one another."

When it is over there is not a morsel left, for it is known that the Moravians are hurt by any slight on the feast they give so freely. Moreover, among the Moravians many believe that if the ill eat of this bread made holy, not by formula of words, but by the love of the brethren, they will be healed, so treasured morsels of it are carried away. Thus the love which has been freed in the hearts in that church is carried out to those who could not come within its portals, for it is love that is not held behind walls or in metes and bounds.

That night the town retires early, for it knows what is ahead of it. One may sleep till one o'clock, maybe, but not later, for not long after midnight, with the very earliest hours of Easter, every band of which the town boasts takes to the streets. Then bursting through the darkness, in triumph, in splendor, in the might of trumpet and horn, comes the hymn:—"Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Savior!" and thenceforward through the night the jubilation, the rejoicing, goes on in all the well known hymns of Easter-tide.

Long before dawn a strange procession begins. Into the streets of the ancient town, silent and deserted every night in the year but this, pour the people, hurrying, silent shadows in the darkness. One almost hopes—and would not find it unnatural or even startling—that if one would but stop one of these ghostly shapes one might discern, however, the features of some friend or kinsman who has crossed the bounds of the flesh—one of those, maybe, for whom the feast was given that afternoon, and whose presence had been felt as surely, as dearly, as ever strong handclasp had made it felt in life.

Where streets cross throngs meet and swell till when the avenue leading to the church is reached a solid mass of quietly moving people fills it. That is one of the wonders of the thing, the silence of the people these two days. In spite of the fact that there is nothing awesome to oppress them, an utter reverence holds them; though there is no mystery save love, yet do they worship, and because that elemental love that should be about us as the air we breathe is freed for a while in each locked up breast and wells up from its secret depths, because for once heart speaks to heart without the medium of language, the tongue is numbed and refuses utterance.

There is a large space before the little church where streets meet, and this is packed, but without pushing or shoving. These thousands wait in the darkness for what will happen before the dimly seen little church that is the centre, the pulse beat of this transported Moravia.

Then, as the first radiance glows from under the slowly lifted lids of dawn, as the breeze with a quick sigh she turns from her slumber, the door of the church opens and on the threshold appears the Bishop. A figure seen grayly in the lumin-

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