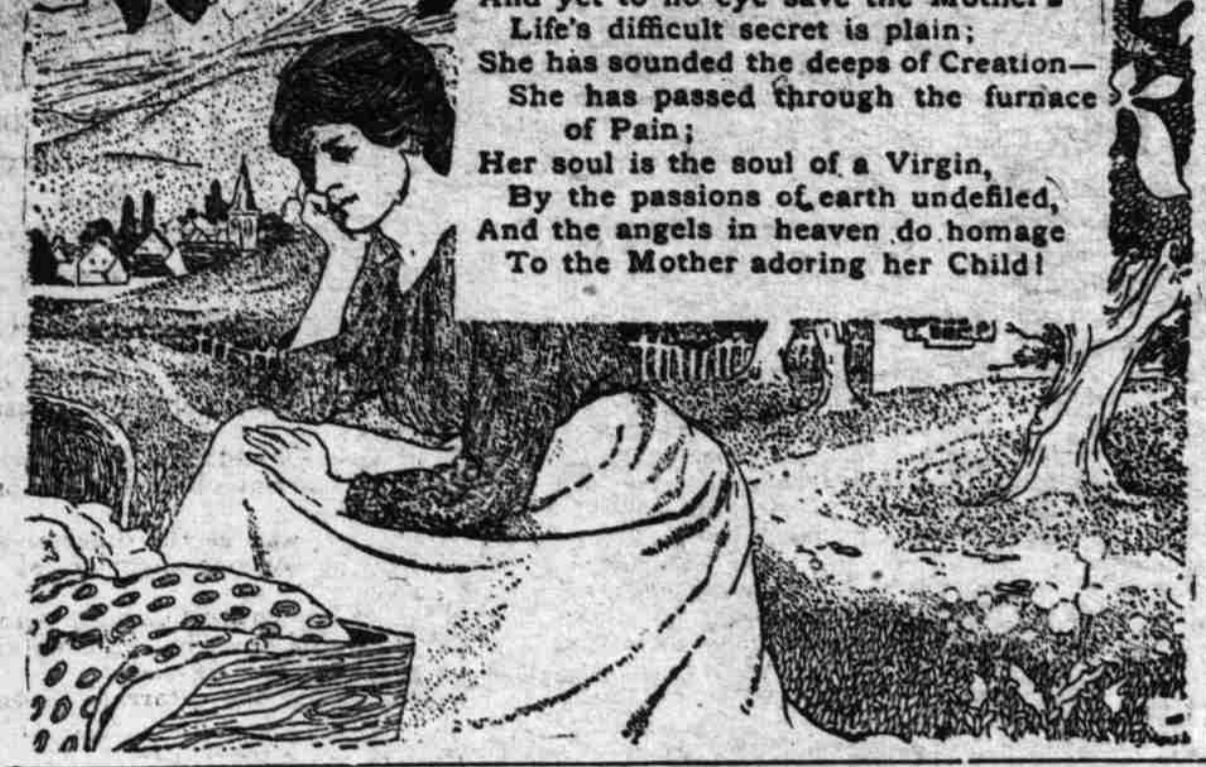


MADONNA
 ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN
 ILLUSTRATED BY SQUIP-MANN

The Child is the Future incarnate—
 A Spirit unfallen and free—
 The spotless forerunner of manhood—
 The type of a race that shall be.
 Oh, white is the soul new-created,
 By the prayer of a mortal beguiled,
 And the holiest thing under heaven
 Is the innocent heart of a Child!

And yet to no eye save the Mother's
 Life's difficult secret is plain;
 She has sounded the deeps of Creation—
 She has passed through the furnace
 of Pain;
 Her soul is the soul of a Virgin,
 By the passions of earth undefiled,
 And the angels in heaven do homage
 To the Mother adoring her Child!



bridesmaid's dress, those white organdies over green."
 It was with some trepidation that Mrs. Lawrence put the finishing touches to her table, but as she arranged the lilies in the green basket, she surveyed with pleasure the artistic effect. The candles shed a soft green light upon the snowy damask of the tablecloth, and were reflected in the glittering silver and cut glass. Doylies and centerpieces were embroidered in green, and even the china bore a design of maidenhair.

The guests, who arrived a few moments later, had donned their daily bridesmaid's gowns of white organdy over green, and wore bunches of lilies of the valley, the flower which they had carried at the wedding.

"Oh, how pretty!" was the exclamation as they were ushered into the dining-room, and caught sight of the table with its decorations.

One attractively served course succeeded another, and the ice-cream in lily molds made a fitting climax.

"Well, Katie, you are a genius!" exclaimed the maid of honor, as she nibbled a bonbon; "for this is certainly the prettiest luncheon I've ever been to. I don't believe you learned how at Vassar."

The hostess smiled.

"Girls, I'll confess," she said; "Mrs. Kirke gave me all the ideas, menu, decorations and everything."

WASSILL
 of the
OLD BELLRINGER
 AN EASTER STORY
 FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KOROLENKO

It is still dark. The little village on the shore of the slow-flowing stream lies hidden in the shadow of the pine forest, under the starry spring night.

A light mist rises slowly from the earth, which has just awakened from its winter sleep, and it makes the shadow of the forest sharper and darker, and covers the surface of the stream with a silvery shimmer. Stillness, a brooding quiet, reigns over all. Most of the inhabitants are still sleeping. The shape of the poor little cottages is hardly distinguishable; only here and there is the faint glimmer of a light. Now and then a door opens and one hears for a moment the bark of a watchful dog, and then the same peaceful stillness. At intervals the figure of a wanderer emerges from the dark rim of the forest, a rider, a peasant's cart with creaking wheels—they are all people of the village hastening to the church there to begin worthily the coming festival.

In the midst of the village, on a solitary hill, stands the church; the windows are bright, and the tower, gray with age, rises high into the mist. The moldering stairs creak; the old bellringer is mounting them with feeble steps, and after a little time a new star appears above, his light—the lantern in the bellringer's hand.

It is hard work for the old man to climb those steep steps; the aged limbs refuse their office; his eyes are dim; old age has done its work on him. It is time for the aged man to go to rest; but death does not come. He has seen children and grandchildren go; for how many, old and young, has he tolled the bell. Death seems to have forgotten him and life is hard.

Often has he rung the Easter peal; he knows no longer how many times he has awaited the appointed hour up here in the tower. And now it is to be done again, if God wills. With heavy step the old man reaches the railing of the tower and leans on it.

Around, in the shadows, he sees dimly the graves in the cemetery; their black crosses seeming like watchers of their dead. Here and there groups of birches, still leafless, wave their slender silvery branches in the wind. The reviving odor of the young buds on the trees, and the peace of the cemetery rise up like a breath of spring to the lonely figure on the tower.

What will this new year bring him? Will he salute next Easter with the joyful music of the bells, or will he be sleeping over there in that distant corner, and will a black cross adorn the little mound? As God will! He is ready. But now he must announce the coming great day. "To God he honor and thanksgiving," his lips murmur the words; he raises his eyes to the starry heavens and crosses himself with simple piety.

"Wassill!" an old, trembling voice calls from below.

He looks down from his post, strains his eyes, but can see nothing.

"What do you want? Here I am," he cries, as he bends over the rail.

"Can you not see me?"

"No. Is it not time to ring the bells? What do you think?"

Wassill reflects. "No, not yet; I know when."

He knows well; he needs no clock; God's stars tell him when the time has come.

Heaven and earth, the white cloud that moves slowly across the face of the sky, the dark forest that moves and murmurs below, the ripple of the invisible stream—all he knows and loves—a whole life is bound up with them. Things long forgotten arise in his memory; how he came up here for the first time with his father—dear God! how long ago that was, and yet it seems so short—he seems himself a little blue-eyed boy with fair, curling hair tossed by the wind. Far, far under him he saw the many little people and the cottages seemed so tiny, and the forest so far off, and the plain so large. And the father laughed and said: "Yet it is so near," as he pointed to the village below.

this is behind him, so far behind him. Now his only world is this old bell-tower, high up, where the wind howls and plays with the bell-ropes. "God will judge, vengeance is His," whispers the old man, and heavy tears roll down his withered cheeks.

"Wassill! Are you asleep?" someone cries from below.

"Who calls me?" asks the old man, and started from his perch. "Dear God! have I really been asleep? Never has this shame come upon me."

Quickly, with practiced hand, he seizes the rope and gives a look below, where, like ants upon their heap, the people are moving about busily. Wassill in his tower rises the joyful cry, "Christ is arisen from the dead!" He rings, and the newly-arisen wind seizes the tones, and, with wide-spreading wings, carries them upward and the echoes, far and wide, repeat the solemn music of the bells.

Never has the old man rung the bells so wonderfully. It seems as if some of his emotion has communicated itself to the cold metal and inspired them to sing in joy and happiness, to laugh and to weep; the living tones rise to heaven, up to the brilliant stars, which appear to shine even more brightly, as the tones peal out again and again, resounding from earth to heaven, in love, and joy, and peace, and heaven and earth re-echo, "Christ is arisen."

Even the old bellry itself seems to share in the joy of mankind, and the wind which fans the cheeks of the old man sings joyously "Christ is arisen."

The old heart forgets its sorrow, a life of care and toil, Wassill has forgotten that his life, his hopes of happiness have been nothing but an empty dream; that he is alone in the world, old and feeble. He hears the

LILY LUNCHEON
 FOR EASTER

AN EASTER MENU.

Small Blue Point, Half Shell, Olives, Sautéed Artichokes, Fried Chicken, Cream of Asparagus, Brook Trout, Fried with Potatoes, Sliced Cucumbers, Roast Spring Lamb, Braised Potatoes, Green Peas, Snow Fritters, Country Sausage, Filled Pigeons, Easter Fludding, Lettuce Salad, Bananas, Fruit, Coffee.

"A dinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence in dismay; "I'll never dare get up a dinner till I know more than I do now. I should be worried sick for a week before, and as for rational conversation while we were at the table, it would simply be out of the question. I should be wondering if everything would go off all right."

tuces with French dressing, and crackers and cheese."

Mrs. Lawrence held up her hands in dismay. "Oh, I never could manage all that! I don't mean the expense, but getting the luncheon up."

Her friend laughed.

"Oh, don't get frightened. I'll

"Well," suggested her friend, "if you would like to entertain, why don't you give a luncheon to some of your girl friends? Luncheons are so much more informal than dinners, and if your luncheon goes off well, it will give you courage to attempt a dinner."

The bride dropped her embroidery suddenly.

"I have it," she cried; "I'll get up an Easter luncheon, and invite my bridesmaid; now you know," she continued, confidentially, as she resumed her work, "I'm a greenhorn, and I wish you'd just advise me how to do it. Between you and me, I'm just aching for a chance to show off my pretty cut glass and silver."

Mrs. Kirke smiled. "Vanity," she remonstrated, "but if you would like to invite your bridesmaids, I think I can help you get up a very pretty affair."

"You're ever so good," replied the other gratefully, "for I'm so stupid about such things. Now, if it were a case of doing some Greek prose, or translating a bit of Horace, I'd feel more at home. And I do wish I'd had a chance to learn housekeeping at college."

"Well," responded her companion, "I'll be only too glad to give you the benefit of my experience, such as it is. In the first place, as long as it is to be an Easter luncheon, your decorations must be lilies, of course, and the color scheme green and white."

"That would be pretty," commented Mrs. Lawrence, "and I have a handsome cut glass vase that would do for the lilies."

Mrs. Kirke shook her head.

"No, I have a newer idea than that. Get one of those pretty green mats from the florist's (with fringed edges), and double it over cornerwise, fastening with a big bow of green ribbon. Then you can lay the lilies in that, so that some come out each end. It gives kind of a basket effect. The silver candelabra that your aunt gave you will be just the thing for the table, with green shaded candles."

"But don't you think green gives a ghastly light?" objected the bride.

"Not if you get the right shade," responded her friend, "and anyway you want it to harmonize with the rest of the luncheon."

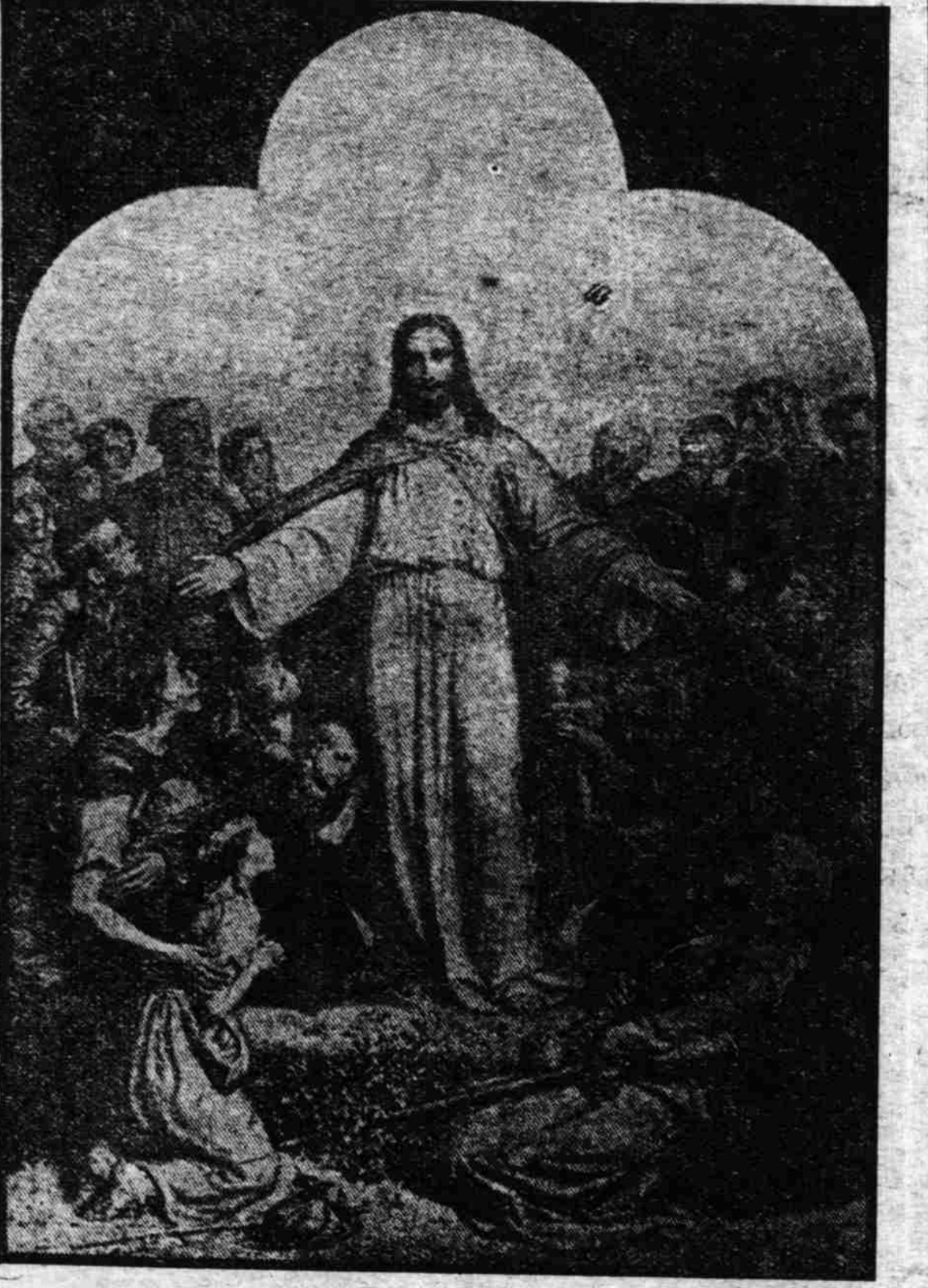
"Now for your menu. I think it is a good idea to let the various courses carry out the color scheme, and you can have great variation in green and white. First of all, have little neck clams served with water cress; there's your green for that course. Then for your soup. Let me see. If I were you, I'd have cream of cucumber. It's dainty and it isn't a very common kind either."

"Is it hard to make?" I have a good cook, you know."

"Oh, not at all. If you can make one kind of cream soup, you can make them all. Now for your fish. Suppose you have boiled halibut with parsley sauce, for that's a good green and white combination. For your meat, braided spring lamb chops with peas, and if you want to do things up nicely, follow this up with a mint sherbet."

"Do you think your husband's pocketbook could stand sweetbreads? Creamed, they would make a lovely outree, and you can make up for it on your salad. Just have plain let-

COME UNTO ME.



By H. Dietrich.

help you out. Now for your last course. If you want something real pretty, have your ice-cream in the form of lilies. They will be just the thing for a lily luncheon."

"I want some candy, don't I?" suggested Mrs. Lawrence.

"Oh, bless me!" exclaimed her friend, "what am I thinking of? Of course you want candy. Green and white, let me see. Suppose you get mint straws and vanilla bonbons, and finish up with black coffee. Salted pecans would be nice to pass between the courses as a change from almonds or peanuts."

Mrs. Lawrence drew a long breath.

"And you really think I can do all that?" she asked skeptically.

"Of course you can," was the reply. "See here, Katie, you are married and settled in a pretty house, and, as you say, you have all your handsome wedding silver and cut glass for the table. Don't set out with the idea that entertaining is a great bugbear, but just be given to hospitality, as the Bible tells you to be. You'll get a good deal of comfort out of your home that way. Why that's the beauty of a home, to let others share it with you."

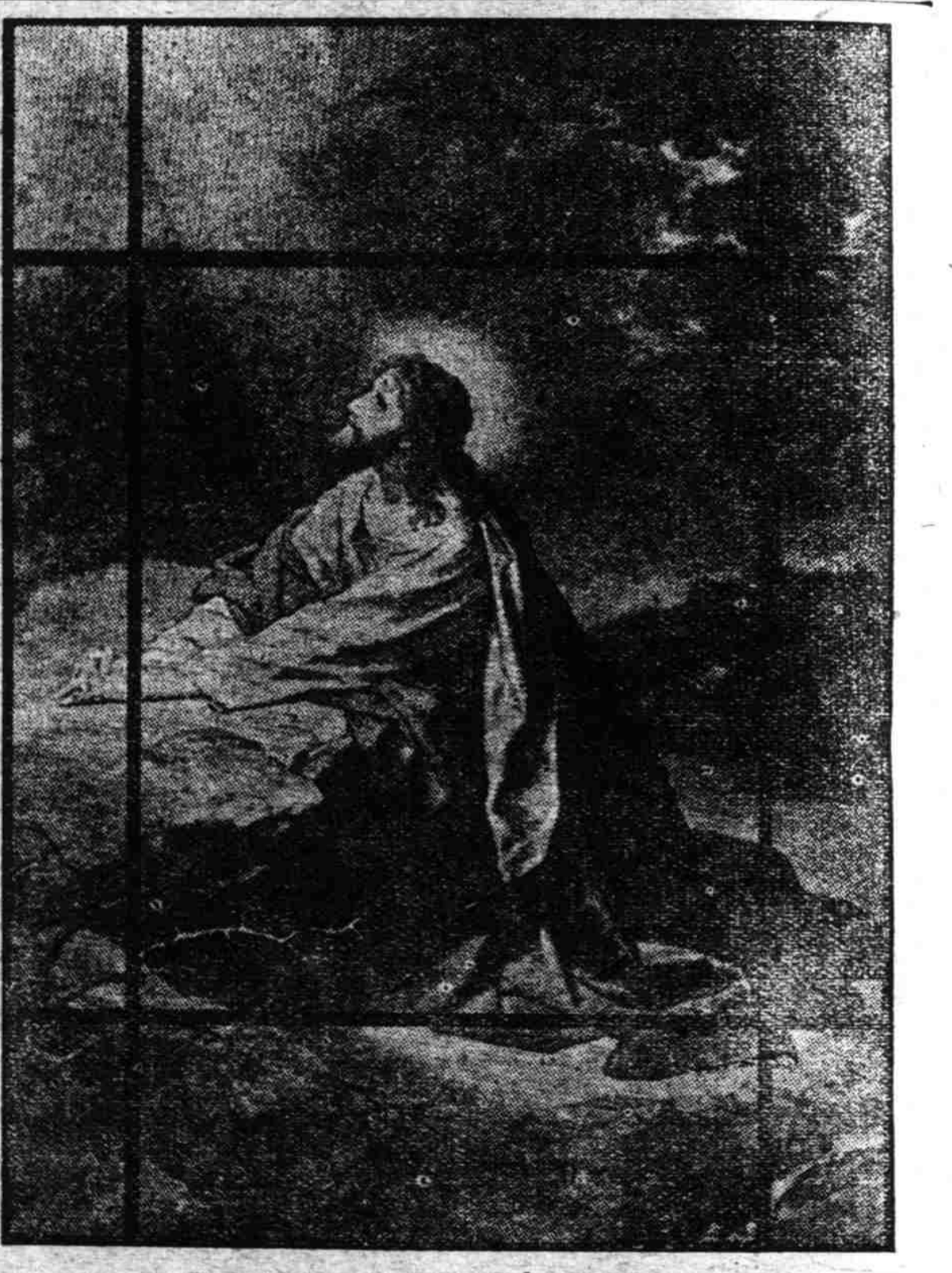
"Now, as for the luncheon. I'll come over and help you with it, and we can decorate together. Even if everything doesn't go off all right, the girls won't be critical. Oh, be sure to tell them to wear their pretty

Lenten Levity.

A pleasantry which belongs to the spring of the year is probably apocryphal, but fifty years ago it was current in circles of the old time. It is the story of Dr. Lunt's visit on Dr. Carpenter in Bristol a little before Easter. It was said that Dr. Lunt cut himself in shaving, and had to ask Dr. Carpenter for a styptic. So it happened that "in Lent Lunt loaned Lunt lint."



Such is life. —As long as we are young it seems endless. Now it lies before us as if it had just happened.



CHRIST AT GETHSEMANE.

bell ropes. The old man's head sinks on his breast as broken visions of the past float through his mind.

"They are singing," he says, and then he sees himself in the church. From the altar come the voices of singing children, and the loud voice of the old priest, Father Gregor, deal long, long ago. Hundreds of peasants raise and bow their heads and make the sign of the cross, all well-known faces, all dead now. There is his stern-faced father, and beside him the elder brother, zealously crossing himself and often sighing; and there he himself stands, young, gay and strong, full of unconscious hope, and ambition of happiness, and joy, and the future. And where is this happiness? The old man's thoughts flame up suddenly, like the flame of an expiring fire, and illumine every nook and corner of a past life. Measureless toil, sorrow and care—where is that expected, hoped-for happiness? Sorrowful fate furrowed that young face, bowed the straight, strong back, and taught him to sigh like the elder brother.

sounds which sing and weep rise through the gloomy space up to the stary heavens, and sink down to the poor earth. He sees himself surrounded by his children and grandchildren; hears the happy voices, voices of young and old uniting in a chorus, and singing to him of that hope, and joy, and happiness which his long, weary life has never offered him. The old man pulls the bell ropes, tears roll down his cheeks and his heart beats fast in his visionary joy.

And there, to the left, among the women of the village, she stands with head devoutly bent in prayer. She was a faithful, loving wife to him. God rest her soul! And she, too, had had many troubles to bear; care and toil and woman's hard lot had aged her very early. The eyes that in youth had been so bright and clear grew dim, and the expression of fear and anxiety at the unexpected strokes of fate, took the place of the earlier pride and confidence of the young wife. And her happiness, where was it? A son had been left them, the joy and pride of their age—but he, too, had been led away by the lies of men.

Before the church the people are standing together and talking; never has the old sexton rung the bells so wonderfully.

Suddenly the big bell gives one mighty stroke and stops; the small bells, confused, end their play with a sharp discord, then a few vibrations and silence.

Step reverently—the old bellringer has rung his last peal.—Translated for the Springfield Republican.

And there stands the rich village usurer and bows himself to the earth, and kisses it piously, and makes the sign of the cross, that by hypocritical worship he may dry the tears of wronged orphans and widows, and so he lies to his God as to men.

Wassill's heart grows hot and even the holy pictures look down in anger on human misery and human lies. All



It is computed that the English language is spoken by 350,000,000.