

The MESSAGE OF EASTER.

STER!



The Easter Season is the most active season of the year at this Shoe Store.

The Good Dresser comes here for shoes, knowing that the Swellest and the Smartest Shoes are to be had here.

The Conservative buyer comes here for shoes, knowing that the best Shoes for the money are to be had here.

The Parent comes here for Children's Shoes, knowing that the Shoes best adapted to Children's feet are to be had here.

They all come here for Shoes, knowing that we're the Shoe Store of the town.

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The Rt. Rev. M. F. Power,
D. D.

Bishop of St. George's.

St. Paul's (Col. III. 2) Easter Message appeals to me as the most enlightening and most consoling ever delivered. It runs: "Mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon Earth." It directs man to his immortal destiny and securely bridges the grave. Though agnosticism ancient and modern has strenuously striven, it has laboured in vain to find a better solution of the riddle of life. Filling man with the pleasures of a magnificent Hope, it reduces the poignant agony of life's fitful fever; and teaching the fleeting vanities of temporalities, it creates unselfish social effort here, and donates the reward of individual glory hereafter.

Rev. H. J. Read,
Channel.

Yster. Oh glorious news—"Christ is risen from the dead." To-day has been well called the glad "To-day" since more has the circling year brought round the morning of the Resurrection. Once more we are hidden to celebrate our Easter festival. The sadness of Lent has now passed away. It has disappeared before the rising Sun of Righteousness, like the morning mist.

We now put off our mourning of cold, dark "yesterday" because gone are the days of sorrow. We now rise up from the bed of penitence, because our salvation has been brought near. We adore ourselves with "To-day's" garments of gladness, because the light is come and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon us. Christendom joins to-day in that Easter shout of triumph, which has echoed and re-echoed down the ages. It is more than a shout of triumph. It is a shout of a full and complete victory which has conquered and taken away forever the power of the enemy. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Rev. John T. Newman,
Botwood.

The Easter Season, whilst it reminds us that through sin death has passed upon all men, also leads us to rejoice in One who endured the Cross, tasted death for every man, and then rose to ascend to the right hand of the throne of God. We are assured of spiritual and eternal life through his death and rising again. He now lives and reigns crowned with glory and honour that all may live in Him, and crown Him in their hearts and lives.

Blessed with the vision of Jesus before us to have the faith of Thomas and say "My Lord, and my God."

Rev. William Jas. Lockyer,
Trinity.

The Message of Easter should conduce to greater nobility in the formation of individual Christian character, teaching us in daily life to rise from the confines of falsehood, wrong, and selfishness, to the freedom of the principles of truth, right, and unselfishness; reminding us that, in order to live such a life it is not necessary to leave the world, but by a deeper spirituality in the world, to find ourselves like the Master during the great forty days—unhindered by those material things that once limited our powers of action.

Rev. T. W. Atkinson,
Green's Hr.

The Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ surpasses all our thoughts and reasonings! There was a wonderful stillness on the Sabbath that Christ lay in the sepulchre. The disciples rested. The Marys waited the glad morn with weeping eyes. Joseph and Nicodemus waited with awe and amazement. Within twenty-five years of the death of Christ, every Christian community and every Christian teacher believed in, and proclaimed the fact of the Resurrection.

"Christ the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain,
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing ever more on high
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

Rev. C. Jeffrey,
Pouch Cove.

The Resurrection of Christ from the dead has altered for every man the whole constitution and the whole conduct of his life. All things are changed for him.—Bishop S. Wilberforce.

Easter assures us of the reality of spiritual things, and of God's Truth, answering as it does the scoffing ques-

tion What is Truth? It is life, eternal Life.

Easter is God's greeting to us, this Jesus Christ His dear Son our Lord, and comforts us with the cheerful, hopeful thought that there is Victory after War, Peace after strife, and that death puts us into certain possession of a Life intelligent, free, abundant and for ever.

Rev. W. Henry Thomas,
St. John's.

The aspect of the Easter Message which is seasonable to so many bereaved ones amongst us to-day is given by St. John. In his vision of the last and general Resurrection, he says—"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death delivered up the dead which were in it." Let us truly believe that the Apostle's vision is destined to be fully realized, through Him who is Himself the Risen Resurrection.

Very Rev. H. Renouf,
Trepassey.

"Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world."

Rev. A. A. Holmes,
Freshwater.

Easter is inevitable because Christ lives. To John in Patmos, He declared: I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen.

Because Christ lives the Christian religion lives. The risen Lord leads the world in her wakened quest for truth. Final victory is the goal. He shall have dominion from sea to sea and from pole to pole.

Rev. R. H. Maddock,
Brigus.

The message of Easter is the message of hope, the message of immortality. There is no sublimer fact in the spiritual history of man, than his steady unwavering belief in his own immortality. Among nations and people unenlightened by special revelation, this great belief has been held in some or less shadowy form, all down through the ages since the creation; but to us, God hath spoken by His Son; and given us not merely a fond expectation, but a sure and certain hope of the resurrection and Eternal Life. Christ has brought "Life and immortality to light by the Gospel."

"Because He lives we shall live also." The Poet says: "There is no death! What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call death."

The tomb, therefore, to us is dark no longer. The message of Easter has made it luminous. It is filled with the presence of Angels. "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Rev. C. M. Stickings,
Exploits.

Think of Christ's Resurrection as a Victory. Cp. 1 Cor. xv. 57. Looking back over the suffering life of Christ; a long slow battle; but here is the Victory. So nothing our enemies do can finally harm us. This is the hope in death that we can understand, a bodily life restored, yet a life painless, and sinless, and immortal. Christ said truly, "Fear not them that kill the body."

Rev. Wm. H. Dotchon,
Pouch Cove.

Easter comes with life and gladness. A death's cold wave of sadness; Sorrow sweetens into song: T horns—and nails—and spear—and after.

Endless love and happy laughter Reaching through the ages long.

Take this message home to thee:
Happy may thy Easter be!

Rev. T. B. Darby, B.A.,
Harbor Grace.

A Message of Hope.

Easter is the spring-tide prophecy of Divine quickening. Many are despairing of humanity. "All this petty world is full of spoiled and spoiling;" but when we look away, from the empty grave up to the throne of God, where, clothed in our humanity, the risen Christ sits in power, our faith beholds the time when sin shall be

One Day Apart.

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary Day and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart.

No hint or whisper stirred the air

To tell what joy should be;
The poor disciples grieving there,
Nor help nor hope could see.
Yet all the while, the glad, near sun
Made ready its swift dart,
And Calvary Day and Easter Day,
And darkest day and brightest day,
Were just one day apart.

—Susan Coolidge.

destroyed and man redeemed from its slavery, shall lift his transfigured brow, on which is stamped again, and sent forever the sign-manual of divinity. It brings Hope for our Future, and that of the dear ones "who have trod the common road into the great darkness." Christ died and lives again, therefore they live. He lives, therefore we shall never die.

Rev. G. H. Feild,
Brigus.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the Feast."

Heaviness and gloom, sadness and sorrow flee before the Rising of the Sun of Righteousness. The empty tomb is radiant with Hope and Immortality as the angel delivers the Easter Message: He is not here—He is risen, as He said.

Rev. D. O'Callaghan,
St. Bride's.

Mercy, sweet, enduring, infinite, divine!
The pallid cheek, the saddened eye,
The Thorny Crown, the softening sigh,
The arms outstretched on Calvary high,
To a world whose hearts nigh all enshrine
Within their portals all but what is Thine,
To all who beneath it for a moment stay
Whilst pressing forward on Life's highway,
Mercy is "The message of the Crucifixion to us to-day."

Easter's Message Of Hope.

"Christ is Risen!" is the regular salutation all over Eastern Christendom on Easter Sunday morning. It is the rejoicing of the wonder cry of the first Christmas—as the realization of a last forced itself upon them, that the impossible had happened: Christ is Risen! They had found His sacred Master dead in the grave. Death always is bitter, usually almost impossible to bear up against.

Of His death the Disciples were certain; of their grief there could be no doubt. Everyone of us who owns a little plot of holy ground, consecrated to us by what we could see through tears, of an open grave, of falling clods of earth going to earth, can sympathize with them. We know what the blackness of that darkness is, from whence there comes no response to our cry.

"Christ is Risen!" The message came on the first day of the week, with the risen Saviour Himself as its proof. Sorrow fled, the blackness of the grave was changed into brightness of joy unspokeable; "Christ is Risen!" The grave had not imprisoned Him! Death had not conquered Him! His own pierced body was there again, endowed with thrilling life—once more. Ask His Mother, She knows her Son, even to wonder, hear Her answer—"He is Risen, indeed!"

"Ay, Christ is Risen! And the grave has not hurt Him. Nay, he is the more glorious for it! His body is now superior to time and space, or to any of our laws; just as the Easter Lily is

superior to the bulb you hid in the ground; or, as the waving corn field is better than the bare grain in the sack.

And the loved ones, even the little ones we all, who each sorrow in the grave, they, too, will rise in like manner, all the better; ay, ever so much better for the death which makes the resurrection possible! Just as we too taken apart, bit by bit, by the tender alchemy of the grave, as the watchmaker takes apart a watch, shall be put together again, purified, glorified, to go on for ever, and for evermore. "Christ is risen!" and we shall rise, too, since we also are men, as He was man. Death is an episode which befalls us, in the course of a long and unending life. Sixty or seventy, even ninety years we may spend here. There is an eternity to be spent somewhere!

How it changes the outlook on life, this Easter message! How differently we look upon the inhumanities of this life, the unfairness, the indignity, the sorrow of it all. It is for such a tiny part of our life, just the schooling period! All the evidence shows, there will be a balancing of accounts and a better state of things for those who wish for it, on the other side of the grave.

Easter Superstitions.

Easter superstitions are as numerous as Easter customs. One of the oldest and most widespread is that which makes the sun participate in the general felicity by dancing in the heavens on Easter Day. Devonshire maidens still get up early on Easter to see not only the dancing sun, but also a lamb and flag in the centre of its disk. In Scotland, the sun is even more active, for there it is expected to whirl around like a mill wheel and give three leaps. One way of looking at the sun's unusual feat was to watch for its reflections in a pond or a pool of water, where any movement on the surface would materially strengthen the illusion. In imitation of the sun, supposed to rise on Easter Monday in these leaps, the curious custom of lifting in a chair still exists in some parts of England and Ireland. The men lift the women on Easter Monday, the women on Easter Tuesday return the compliment, the victim being lifted three times and then kissed.

It is considered by many unlucky to omit wearing new clothes on Easter Day. To see a lamb out of the window on Easter morning is a good omen, especially if its head be turned in the direction of the house. To meet a lamb is lucky, as, according to the popular notion, the devil can take any other form than that of a lamb or a dove. If the wind is in the east on Easter, it is regarded in some places as a wise plan to draw water and to wash in it, as by this means one will avoid the various ill effects from the east wind throughout the remaining months of the year. This superstition exists on the European continent. It is said to be a preservative against illness for the whole year to wash one's self in snow or rain-water fallen on Easter. In Saxony the peasants also bring their horses into the water to ward off sickness from them. The Easter swastika, however, has virtue only when, while drawing in the water is in progress, it is carried out in the northern parts of Europe, that, when carrying it backward, and the Easter waters still ice-bound, the pious folk break through the ice in order to bathe in the streams. Often great numbers

gather on the banks and encourage the bathers with shouts and cheers. It would seem tolerably certain that a man sturdy enough to resist the shock and exposure of this icy bath would not be likely to die from pneumonia or heart disease, at least, for several years.

Fulness of Life.

The spring does not fall; no matter how long and severe the winter, the time of the singing of birds comes back again. The sunrise does not fail; no matter how long and dark the night, the light scatters the shadows at last. God's promise does not fail; life is to triumph eternally. The hope of immortality is inborn in the human heart. In all ages, and among all races men have looked forward to a life beyond death. But philosophers like Plato, demonstrating the logic of a future existence, and the poor savage who places food and drink by the grave of his dead, that the spirit may have something to sustain it on its way to the Happy Hunting Grounds, are alike both in their hope and in their uncertainty. "What the race has longed for, Christ came to declare. What was a hope He made a certainty. The broken Roman seal and the empty tomb are the convincing proof of that which up to that time had been only a hope and a longing.

But Easter means more than continued existence. It means fulness of life. Physically the majority of us are only half alive. Our senses are dulled. We neither see nor hear one thousandth part of the beautiful things that are waiting to be seen and heard. Our mental life is even less full. Not one person in a thousand is living mentally to the limit of his possibilities. And unless aspiration and endeavour enter into each day's work, our spiritual life, too, is inadequate.

Christ's ideal for us is fulness of life. Physically our senses should be sharpened to the point of appreciating and enjoying the beauties which fill our world. Mentally we should be alive, with brains alert and active. Spiritually we should be growing, reaching up and out, aspiring for ourselves and for others, helping where we can. It is the life that is warped and narrow which is a doubtful blessing. Life full and complete is the greatest of all good gifts.

How To Find Easter.

Even the youngest knows by this time that Easter does not come on the same day of the month year after year, like Christmas. Here is a rule for finding when it will come:—

"Thirty days hath September,"
Every day can remember;
But to know when Easter comes,
Puzzles even scholars, some.

When March, the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon;
And when you see it full and round,
Easter will be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

Comfort In Sorrow.

How can comfort come to those who have been separated from husband, brother, son, father and friend by the terrible disaster by which seventy-seven of the Newfoundlanders have passed from this life to another life and to those who anxiously await tidings of the "Southern Cross"? Like Rachel, they "weep and will not be comforted, because they are not." Why do they weep? They weep because they are separated from an object of Love. Love: the highest impulse of our nature; the root of creation; God's essence. They think of the sufferings on the ice, when they were safe and sheltered. They think of the long hours on the ice without much food, when they had their kettle singing on the stoves. They think of their prayers that stormy night and how they wished their loved ones were home in comfort. It is no wonder that their hearts break and they cry "Why—Oh! Why?" It will be no comfort to them to know that next year laws will be passed compelling owners to put a greater value on human lives. Why should laws be needed, they ask, to protect my husband, my son, my brother at the ice? Is not one of them of greater value than a ship-load of seals? And all the help you give them, all the messages of sympathy you send them, can not bring back for an in-

stant a husband to his wife's arms. The first relief must come through tears, "the safety-valves of the heart," and then the Love which bridges Death must be the comfort still.

Huxley once challenged the statement that Christianity as preached by the Churches was a message of glad tidings. It had, he contended, cast a shadow over human life by investing death with horrors too awful to be contemplated. Infringe misery had been declared to follow the errors and sins of our finite life, or even departure from an accepted creed. Heathenism, he said, taught nothing so hopeless and appalling. While there is force in his statement it applies less to the present than to the past. One shudders to think of the agonies that sensitive minds have endured in the contemplation of death and its possible consequences. It may be replied that the message of doom is only for the evil, and that for the good there is promised an eternity of bliss. But the question arises, who are the good? Is it not written, "None is good save one, even God?" Are we not, all made of the same human nature, some a little better, others a little worse; some deficient in one virtue, others lacking in another? In the words of Coleridge, "to be the best is but the fewest faults to have." The noblest idea of human destiny is that which regards the whole human family as at present at school in various stages of growth, learning slowly and painfully to do well, and which conceives of immortality as the continuous unfolding through stress and conflict of those God-like qualities which we know to be the truest part of our nature. Goethe wrote "The thought of death leaves me in perfect peace, for I have a firm conviction that our spirit is a being of indestructible nature; it works on from eternity to eternity; it is like the sun which, though it seems to set to our earthly eyes, does not really set, but shines on perpetually." In the catacombs at Rome, the Christians of the first three centuries recorded their thoughts of death in symbols of gladness and hope and triumph. In contrast with Eastern nations, who array themselves in white on the occasion of death, our ceremonial is clothed in blackness and gloom. All the incidents combine to concentrate attention upon the physical remains as the one important fact. Now, in its true sense, it is not the physical body of a friend that we love. We are really souls possessing a physical body, and not physical beings having a soul, but we continue to speak of our departed friends as buried, as lying in yonder cemetery. This false sentiment is perpetuated in our hymns, and one which is most frequently sung expresses the hope that when "a few more years shall roll . . . we shall be with those that rest asleep within the tomb."

Contrast this mode of thought with the more spiritual views of the Japanese, who regard their departed friends as still with them in their homes. The physical death appears to them to be only the setting free of the spirit, and is so expressed in their familiar speech. During the war with Russia there was found a letter on the body of a fallen Japanese soldier giving instructions for the disposal of his affairs if he should not return home. How significant is the expression which is used. He does not write "If I am killed at Port Arthur, but "If I become a spirit" there.

So the true self, that which rises again, is never buried, and those who are left behind on this earth for a while, may without fear, well imagine that, surrounding them, their loved ones, clothed anew, are with them. Death is the messenger of love and the human love which seems for the moment to be defeated will find its triumph in a higher sphere.

So at this Easter season, let the torn hearts learn to look above, where those they have lost have thrown aside their physical bodies, and learn that still, spirit speaks to spirit, and that they are indeed looking at them when they gaze at the stars, though to their eyes they are as yet invisible.

Love itself, and the desire to meet again our loved ones, inspires in us an instinctive belief in future existence and a contempt of death.

Swing your censers, Hies fair,
Carol birds in songs so rare,
Yes, lend your happy voices,
While man with man rejoices,
From mount and glen,
From field and fen,
Let music glad be swelling,
From wood and plain,
From street and lane
This glorious story telling,
"Christ is risen, He is King,
Gladsome is the news we bring:
Winds blow soft and skies be blue,
Green things stand in beauty new,
For love with us is dwelling!"
—Clare J. Denton.

WINARD'S LINTMENT CURE
HANDSOME.

Easter Services

ST. MARY'S THE VIRGIN.

Celebration of Holy Communion at 6.30, 8, 9.30 a.m., and at noon. Matins—ProceSSIONAL Hymn, 176, "Jesus is Risen To-day"; Easter Anthems and Proper Psalms (Grand Chant); Te Deum Laudamus (Robinson); Jubilate Deo (Hayes); Anthem, "O let your songs be of him," Stimpert; Hymns, 177, 174 and 171; Postlude, "This is the Day," Elvey. Evensong—ProceSSIONAL Hymn 178, "Alleluia"; Proper Psalms and Magnificat, S. Wesley; Nunc Dimittis, Dr. E. G. Monk; Anthem, same as morning; Stimpert; Hymns, 173, 162, 178 and 356; Postlude, "March of the Victors."

GEORGE STREET.

At both services special Easter music will be rendered by the choir. Carols: (1) "Welcome happy morning," (2) "The Crown is on the Victor's Head," T. J. Field; Anthems, (1) As it began to dawn—Chas. Vincent; (2) The first day of the week—Bruce Steane; Solos by Misses Story and Christian and Mr. C. R. Steer; solo, "Be thou faithful unto Death," Mr. H. Courtenay; solo, "God shall wipe away all tears," Sullivan, Miss B. Story. Collections on both occasions will be devoted to the Marine Disaster Fund.

WESLEY.

Anthem, "Risen is our Glorious King," Anthem, "Hallelujah, Christ is Risen." Preacher, Rev. John W. Bartlett at the morning service, Rev. F. R. Matthews, B.A., at the evening service. The official Board decides to open a Fund for offerings to extend over four weeks. The amount will then be paid over to Hon. Treasurer of Disaster Fund, 1914.

ST. ANDREWS.

Musical Programme—Anthems, "As it began to dawn," Martin; "The strife is o'er," Steane; "Open to me the gates," Adlam; solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Handel; "Offering," March on a theme by Handel, Cullman; concluding voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus, Handel.

ADVENTIST.

In the Cookstown Road Church, next Sunday evening, Elder Wm. C. Young will continue his studies from the book of Revelation—taking as his theme: "The last great battle of the Saints of God and their slogan." All seats are free.

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Saints Days—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

Other Days—Matins, 8 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m., with sermon.)

Public Catechising—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street—Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and 12 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Catechising—Second Sunday of the month, 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m. Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 3 p.m. All men invited to attend.

St. Mary's Church—Matins at 11 a.m.; Evensong at 6.30 p.m.

Brookfield School-Chapel—Evensong at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily morning prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday at 3.45 p.m. Public catechising third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quid Vidi)—Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.; other Sundays at 2.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel—Evening prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechising third Sunday in each month.

Sunday Schools—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quid Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.40 p.m.

Gower St.—11, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh; 6.30, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite.

George St.—11, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite; 6.30, Rev. J. W. Bartlett.

Cochrane St. (Methodist College Hall)—11, Rev. F. R. Matthews; 6.30, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh.

Wesley—11, Rev. J. W. Bartlett; 6.30, Rev. F. R. Matthews.

Presbyterian—11 and 6.30; Rev. J. S. Sutherland, 4.4.

Congregational—11 and 6.30; Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m. S. A. Hall, Livingston Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Adventist Church, Cookstown Road—Regular Service, 6.30 p.m. Sunday and Saturday at 3 p.m.