

Easter Joy.

Why look for light in mortal gloom,
Or life in Death's dark prison?
No longer sleeping in the tomb,
The Crucified is risen.

Why, loving, loved ones, at the grave,
Stand ye thus weeping sadly?
He lives, he lives, who died to save;
Proclaim the tidings gladly.

Why to announce it still defer,
Your joyfulness restraining?
Why gaze into the sepulchre?
He is not there remaining.

Why doubt the tidings angels tell,
Down with the skies descending?
They know what to the Lord befel,
Unceasingly attending.

Why linger, loved ones? Haste away,
The news no longer keeping;
Proclaim the resurrection day;
Bid sorrow cease from weeping.

Why trembling now with glad surprise,
Still doubting, hoping, fearing?
He lives, he lives; your longing eyes
Shall witness his appearing.

Why should the tearful eye be dim,
Since Christ, our Life, is living?
Since everlasting life through him
Our God is ever giving.

Why dread the all-consuming grave,
Since Christ hath passed its portal,
And he, who died the world to save,
Shall raise his saints immortal?

Why not come boldly to the throne,
Since Christ for us is pleading?
Who for our sins did once atone,
For us is interceding.

Why not rejoice exultingly
That Jesus hath ascended,
And wait his last epiphany,
By all his saints attended?

Easter at Jerusalem.

At no time is there more to be seen and done in Jerusalem than during the Easter season. Then it is that the old city is crowded with pilgrims from far and near and wears, in consequence, an appearance of varied life and activity. Some of the pilgrims are Moslems returning from their journey to Mecca; others are Jews who have come to see that the massive stones of the old temple are being duly wailed over by their brethren; but by far the greater number are adherents of the Eastern Church.

Their purpose in making the pilgrimage is to anoint themselves with the fire which, according to their belief, is sent down from heaven each year at Easter-time to light the candles on the altar in the tomb of our Saviour in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Can they but ignite their little bundles of wax tapers by the holy flame, and with it bathe their faces and breasts, they believe that all their sin-stains are purged away. The great crowds of devotees become so wrought up with excitement over this divine manifestation that it is safer for those who would witness the ceremony to go to the church under consular protection.

Accordingly we assembled, about eleven o'clock on the morning of one Easter Sunday, at the American Consulate and from thence proceeded, with

a number of fellow-countrymen, to the church under the guidance of the *cavass*, or consular servant, whose heavy staff of office—a veritable drum-major's bâton—inspired respect on the part of the natives and opened a way for us through the dense crowds.

Arriving at the church we were led to one of the galleries which run around the building in three tiers. The main portion of the structure is circular in form, and in the centre of the rotunda is a small chapel which, according to the tradition of the Greek Church, guards within its walls the sepulchre of our Lord. The entrance to this little building is so low that one has almost to crawl on hands and knees to gain admittance; and when once inside there is only a shabby altar worn down by the lips of countless thousands of pilgrims, and shabbier candles which make the atmosphere most disagreeable.

From our vantage-point in the gallery we looked down upon a curious scene. Men, women and children armed with little bundles of tapers covered every foot of the spacious floor, save an aisle which a double line of some two hundred Turkish soldiers kept open around the Holy Sepulchre as best they could. The officers of the guard had difficult work in preserving order. Serious outbreaks were of frequent occurrence among the excited people, which could only be quelled by a vigorous application of the officers' rawhides to the backs of the ringleaders, and, in some instances, a gentle prod from a soldier's bayonet was necessary to remind the individual that he was forgetting his good behaviour.

The space between the inner line of soldiery and the sepulchre seemed to constitute a sort of prison-pen, for here were thrust the most turbulent spirits. In a short time an assortment of these leading rascals was thus gathered together and, as might have been expected, they soon began to make things lively among themselves; the result being a vivid representation of paude monium. In fact, rough-and-tumble fights were now the order of exercises, for all were endeavouring to elbow their way to a position nearer the chapel that they might be the first to secure the coveted fire. Such was the conduct of the adherents to the Greek faith in their holiest sanctuary and at their holiest ceremony!

After waiting for nearly three hours, surveying the hubbub below us, which had been, if possible, increasing, we noticed an unusual stir; and soon from one of the ante-rooms issued a procession made up of priests bearing large banners of various hues, and numerous surpliced boys swinging silver censers of incense, while in the centre of this company walked the Patriarch of the church clad in robes of heavy silk and satin richly embroidered with gold and silver thread as befitted the dignity of the High Father.

Three times this band moved round the sepulchre while the crowds were

awed to silence by the magnificent spectacle. After the procession passed out the pent-up excitement of the people broke out with renewed energy and those in the rear redoubled their efforts to gain a front place, for this pageant of priests seemed to herald the advent of the fire.

Soon two of the priests approached apertures in opposite walls of the chapel and through these received from the Patriarch, who had meanwhile entered the sepulchre alone, the heaven-sent flame. As the priests drew forth handfuls of tapers ignited by the holy fire, the agitation of the multitude knew no bounds. The great surging crowd seemed frenzied in their eagerness to light their own tapers. The women and children in the throng were entirely ignored and, as the stronger pushed them aside, more than one went down and were trampled under feet. But gradually now the divine flame was passed from one to another, those in the galleries letting down their tapers to be lighted until the whole church was soon ablaze.

Strife and wrangling speedily gave way now to smiling good-nature, and all were anointing their faces and breasts with the holy fire. The dark recesses of the old building, which the sunlight could never penetrate through the dingy dome, were lighted up with the flickering glow of the little candles which, with the constant darting to and fro of the flames, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, made up a weird picture never to be forgotten. Soon, however, the smoke and heat rendered the atmosphere intolerable, and we were glad to elbow our way out through the now happy throng to the open air.

Such is the ceremony gone through with each year at Jerusalem. Many of the people try to carry the fire away with them that they may keep a candle which has been lighted with it continually burning, as it is reputed to possess wonderful restorative properties both for the body and the soul.—*Wide Awake*.

Do Something to Stop It.

COMMON-SENSE tells us that when we would arrest an evil, we can do it with least expenditure of energy by stopping the stream at its source. The reformation of one individual is worth any effort, but all humanity may profit if we attack, instead, the evil which has wrought his downfall. At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him.

I said, "This is not your picture!" "Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune

time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said that he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. There was no reply.

"Let me step in," I said.

There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat.

Said I, "Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled.

Said I, "What is the matter?"

He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By-and-by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it and said,—

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it. "Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother?"

"Yes, that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him."

"O God," he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?"—*Christian Mirror*.

Toronto's Sunday.

"I HAVE sent circulars into every city, in every State and Territory in the United States, and into a great many cities outside," said Rev. Dr. Crafts, of New York, at the Metropolitan Church, "to obtain facts about the present state of Sabbath observance; and among the questions I put was this: 'Where in your travels have you seen the Sabbath best observed?' The reply in the great majority of cases was 'Toronto'; Edinburgh came second, and, strange to say, a place in Madagascar, where Christianity has taken deep root, came third in the list. I have enjoyed my visit among you extremely. I came here because my doctor told me to go away to the pleasantest place and among the pleasantest people I could find, and so I came here. Now, I want to say one thing more about your Sunday in Toronto. Good as it is—better, as I believe, than any city of its size in the world—it is not perfect. But I want you to realise that you are a city set on a hill, and cannot be hid; that you are a light to the world in this respect."