

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## MY CRUCIFIX.

Lonely and stark within my little room,  
It hangs upon the white unpapered wall,  
No garish sunshine ever melts the gloom,  
That spreads around it like a mourning pall,  
Fit covering for this recurrent funeral;  
No pictures shine in gaudy colours bright,  
No haunting tapestries in festoons fall,  
In naked majesty it thrones on high,  
Claiming one only homage from the heart—a sigh.

And often in my sad or pensive mood,  
I gaze upon the Man-God hanging there,  
The Christ suspended on the bloody rood,  
With his resigned and sweetly patient air;  
Standing or kneeling in my silent prayer,  
I fix those haggard features in my soul,  
Till I in all their deep repentance share,  
Studying their tragic history, role by role,  
And pinning o'er their record of intensest dole.

O Crucifix! thou picture of sublimest woe,  
O dread conception of a pang divine,  
The clotted hair—ha down-cast eyes which glow  
With a last look of love on me and mine—  
The blistered lips sore drenched with gall and brine,  
The hands and feet which spike of iron tear,  
With e'er re-opening gashes—and that spine  
Arched inward so a l that the ribs appear,  
And that great throbbing heart cleft by the soldier's spear.

Thy sacred Heart, Soterion, broken less  
By the centurion's brand than by the wound  
Which all my sins have made in that recess  
Of pardoning love.—O Heart! from which resound  
The godly cries of mercy—whence rebound  
The heavenly streams whose sanguine waves  
Refresh and fructify the barren ground  
Of unrepentant hearts, and even save  
Unwilling, obdurate souls from bleak, unshriven graves.

Alas! what history of transcendent pain  
Is there concentrated on this barren wood,  
What depths of mental anguish—what a train  
Of sufferings in the flesh—one trail of blood  
Follows his steps from out the solitude  
Of Olivet, even to the craggy side  
Of Golgotha—here on the fatal road  
They nailed His, there with His every pang intensified  
By knowing that His death was all but vain—He died.

Behold the man of sorrows! for our sin  
He hath all suffered, and our grievance borne,  
O, that when he is his anguish would begin  
Our grateful love and penitence return;  
Behold the Man neglected and forgotten!  
Aye! not a man—a worm of earth—a clown—  
A by-word—the outcast of the nations—shorn  
Of all his comeliness and strength—bowed down  
In utter shame and unsound from sole to crown.

Thou art the central point of all the world,  
O Cross, and all men's hearts converge to thee;  
High over earth's proud banners is unfurled  
The saving standard of eternally  
At birth, in infancy it shielded me,  
In grief, in illness it has soothed my pain,  
And when death comes, O, by my sweet fate be,  
To hold thee in my hand, while of my brain  
Is stamped the hope that I have loved thee not in vain.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

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## THE LOSE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. IV.—EASTER DAY.

It used to be a common custom among the rural populations of England to rise before the sun on Easter Day, and walk into the fields to see the sun dance, according to an old tradition with which they were familiar. In the book of Joshua we read that the sun stood still, but whether the sun danced upon the very day of our Saviour's resurrection, we have no testimony. If the tradition has any meaning it must be a metaphorical one; that when the morning is bright, and the sky clear and blue, there is a seeming smile over the face of nature, and heaven and earth show tokens of joy. For as the earth and her valleys, by standing thick with corn, are said to laugh and sing; so, on account of the resurrection, the sun may be said to dance for joy, according to the 96th Psalm, "Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar and the fullness thereof. Let the field be joyful and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice."

Damascen, (in *Dominicum Pasche*) in his paschal hymn, commends the ancient custom of rising early on Easter morn. Let us watch very early in the morning; and, instead of ointment, let us bring an hymn to our Lord, and let us see our Christ the Sun of Righteousness, who is the life that rises to all men.

A learned author has left us his thoughts concerning the sun-dancing on Easter morn:—"We shall not, I hope," says he, "disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter Day. And though we would willingly assent unto any sympathetical exultation, yet cannot conceive therein any thing more than a tropical expression."

Brand, in his *Antiquities Vulgares*, says:—"I have heard of, when a boy, and cannot say whether I have positively seen tried, an ingenious method of making an artificial sun-dance on Easter Sunday; a vessel full of water was set in the open air, in which the reflected sun seemed to dance from the tremulous motion of the water."

It reminds us of a beautiful simile in the Loves of Medea and Jason, in the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius: It is there applied to the wavering resolves of a love-sick maiden,

"Reflected from the sun's far cooler ray,  
As quivering beams from tossing water play."

The primitive Christians spent the night preceding Easter Day in prayers and praises till the time of cock-crow, the supposed hour of our Saviour's rising. For, as Durant tells us, it is universally assented to by the Latin church, that after our Saviour had conquered death, and broken the gates of hell, he arose from the dead, not at midnight, but in the morning at the time of cock-crow; which not the cocks, but the angels themselves proclaimed.

The Primitive church set apart the whole week after Easter, for to praise and glorify God, for our Saviour's resurrection; in which time all labour ceased, that servants, as well as others, might be present at the devotions of the season. All public shows and games were forbidden as being foreign to the holiness of the season. In after-ages when the Church fell into corruption, and the substance of religion decayed in the shadow of ceremonies the praises and devotions of the season were either much neglected or but superficially ob-

served; for Bellthms, a ritualist, tells us that it was customary for the bishops and archbishops themselves to play with the inferior clergy, even at hand-ball, and this also as Durant witnesseth even on Easter Day itself. This was called the liberty of December, according to Belithus, because that formerly it was customary among the heathens in that month to indulge their servants with a certain time of liberty; when they were on the level with their masters.

The custom of this hand-ball playing is doubtless the original of our present recreations and diversions on Easter holidays, and in particular in playing for *tanzey cakes*, which at this season was generally practised.

We find in the writings of J. Boëmus Anbanus a description of ancient rites in his country (Franconia,) that there were foot courses in the meadows in which the victors carried off a cake given to be run for, as we say, by some rich person in the neighbourhood.

In the north of England, more particularly at Newcastle, there was an ancient custom for the Mayor and Corporation and the Sheriff, accompanied by a large number of the burghesses, every year, at the feast of Easter and Whitsuntide, to go out into an open place to play at hand-ball—the Mayor and Sheriff unbending the bow of authority and partaking with their happy and contented townsmen the puerile pleasures of the festival season.

Selden, in his most delightful table-talk quaintly says:—"Our meats and our sports have much of them relation to church works. The coffin of our Christmas pies, in shape long is in imitation of the *cratch* (a rack or manger); our chosing Kings and Queens on Twelfth Night have reference to the three Kings; so likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, juck of lents, &c., they are all imitations of church-works, emblems of martyrdom. Our tanzies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs, though at the same time 'twas always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew."

Tanzey cakes and tanzey puddings are still favourite dishes at Easter in many parts of England, more particularly in the western counties. In some parishes the clerk carries round to every house a few white cakes as an Easter offering. In return for these cakes, which are always distributed after divine service on Good Friday, the clerk receives a gratuity according to the circumstances or generosity of the household.

Eggs, stained with various colours in boiling, sometimes covered with gold leaf, and also with illuminated devices on them, are regularly sold in the streets in some parts of England and France.

Eggs were evidently considered emblematic of the resurrection, as may be gathered from an extract from the ritual of Pope Paul the Vth, made for the use of England, Ireland, and Scotland: "*S. benedict, quæsumus, Domine, tuæ benedictionis gratia, hæc ovorum creaturæ, &c., ob resurrectionem Domini nostri Jesu Christi.*"

The Abbé d'Auteroche, in his journey to Siberia, says Easter Day is set apart for visiting in Russia. "The men go to each other's houses in the morning, and introduce themselves into the houses by saying, 'Jesus Christ is risen.' The answer is 'Yes, he is risen.' The people then embrace, give each other eggs and drink a great deal of brandy."

Hakluyt, one of the fathers of voyages and travel, in whose works (1589) will be found an inexhaustible fund of amusement, says: "The Russians, every year, against Easter, die or colour red a great number of eggs, of which every man or woman giveth one to the priest of the parish upon Easter Day in the morning. They use these eggs, as they say, for a great love, and in token of the resurrection, whereof they rejoice."

Ray has an old English proverb on the subject:—

"I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter."

The ancient Egyptians, if the resurrection of the body had been a text of their faith, would perhaps have thought an egg no improper hieroglyphical representation of it. The exclusion of a living creature by incubation, after the vital principle has laid a long while dormant, is a process so truly marvellous that if it could be disbelieved, would be thought by some a thing as incredible as that the Author of Life should be able to reanimate the dead.

It is very probable that the Roman and Greek churches borrowed this custom from the Jews, who, in celebrating their Passover, set on the table two unleavened cakes, and two pieces of the lamb; to this they added some small fishes, because of the leviathan; a hard egg because of the bird's egg; some meal because of the behemoth; these three animals being, according to their Rabbinical doctors, appointed for the feast of the elect in the other life.

## Our Illustrations.

THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC."

The sad catastrophe which occurred last week off the coast of Nova Scotia furnishes us with a subject for two illustrations. We have neither the space nor the inclination to go over the story of the wreck of the steamer "Atlantic," which, with all its attendant horrors, has been fully reported in the daily press. The vessel left Liverpool on the 29th of March with upwards of 800 steerage passengers and about 50 cabin passengers; they experienced boisterous weather, but all went well till noon on Monday, the 31st ult., when the supply of coal being nearly exhausted the captain determined to put into Halifax. About three o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst. the steamer struck on Meagher's Island, off Prospect, 22 miles west of Halifax, where she now lies a total wreck. The loss of life was something fearful. Nearly 550 souls perished on that awful morning, and the scenes as described in the public accounts are heart-rending. One of them forms the subject of our first page illustration. Mr. Frith, the chief officer and the hero of the scene, who had taken refuge in the mizzen-mast rigging, gives the following description:—"When daylight came I counted 32 persons in the mizzen-mast rigging with me, including one woman. When these saw that there were lines between the ship and the shore many of them attempted to go forward to the lines, and in doing so were washed overboard and drowned. Many reached the shore by aid of the lines, and the fishermen's boats rescued many more. At last all had either been washed off or rescued except me, the woman, and a boy. The sea had become so rough that the boats could not venture near us. Soon the boy was washed off, but he swam gallantly and reached one of the boats in safety. I got a firm hold of the woman and secured her in the

rigging. I could see the people on shore, and in the boats, and hailed them, but they were unable to help us. At two o'clock in the afternoon, after we had been in the rigging ten hours, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, Church of England clergyman, whose noble conduct I can never forget while I live, got a crew of four men to row him out to the wreck. He got into the main rigging and procured a line, then advanced as far as he could towards me and threw it to me. I caught it, made it fast around my body, and then jumped clear. A sea swept me off the wreck, but Mr Ancient held fast to the line, pulled me back, and got me safely in the boat. I was then so exhausted and benumbed that I was hardly able to do anything for myself, and but for the clergyman's gallant conduct I must have perished soon. The woman, after bearing up with remarkable strength under her great trials, had died two hours before Mr Ancient arrived. Her half-naked body was still fast in the rigging, her eyes protruding, the mouth foaming, a terribly ghastly spectacle, rendered more ghastly by the contrast with the numerous jewels which sparkled on her hands. We had to leave her body there, and it is probably there yet. The scene at the wreck was an awful one, such as I had never before witnessed, and hope never to witness again."

The White Star and Ocean Company, to which the ill-fated vessel belonged, is the most recently established company sailing vessels between Liverpool and New York. The steamers of the line have only been running a little over eighteen months, but have gained a high reputation for comfort, speed and regularity. The fittings for the passengers are luxurious to the highest degree. One of the peculiarities of the appointments is that the saloon is in the centre of the vessel, extending from side to side, so as to give the advantage of the full width of the ship. This company were the first to introduce gas on their vessels. Like all the steamers of the line the "Atlantic" was built at Belfast, and was launched in 1871. She was 420 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 23 feet depth of hold, and registered 3,723 tons; was constructed of iron, had four masts and six water-tight bulkheads, and was fitted with eleven boilers and four cylinders on the compound principle. The interior decorations were on a most magnificent scale. The saloon was 80 feet long, and extended entirely across for a width of 40 feet. The lounges and fixed seats were upholstered in crimson velvet; the panels were damasked with white and pink, and the pilasters, brackets, and cornices were of teak, picked out with gold. The bed-hangings of the state-rooms and sleeping-berths, which were large and commodious, were of green rep, and the apartments were in all respects elegant and complete. The "Atlantic" arrived at Halifax on her first outward voyage from Liverpool, June, 1871; and left, on her first return voyage, the first of July following. This was her nineteenth trip. She was valued at \$500,000, and was insured in London companies for \$150,000. There were 760 steerage passengers in the ill-fated vessel. The passengers and crew, as she sailed from Liverpool, were classified as follows:—English, 198 men, 74 women, 28 male children, 121 female children; Scotch, 7 men, 14 women; Irish, 43 men, 18 women, 3 children; other nationalities, 150 adult males, 32 women, 19 male children, and 18 female children. A large number of emigrants embarked at Queenstown, making the total number of souls upon the steamer when she sailed from that point 976. Of these 546 have perished, not a single woman being saved.

A WINTER FIELD DAY, HALIFAX, N. S.

The above sketch represents a Winter Field Day near Halifax, under Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Doyle, Commanding B. M. Troops. Intelligence having been received that an enemy would attempt a landing in force at the "North-West Arm," His Excellency has taken up his position—the Garrison, consisting of two Infantry Battalions, three Batteries of Artillery, and a party of the Royal Engineers, being in ambush on both sides of the Arm, with the guns entrenched near the bridges at its head. On the appearance of the fleet of boats the troops emerge from this cover and pour in such a terrific cross-fire that, had the invaders only been in the flesh, the result must have been somewhat as depicted in our drawing.

LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS IN USE BY THE CARLSRUHE FIRE BRIGADE.

The German fire brigade system is treated of elsewhere editorially, so we content ourselves in this place with merely describing the apparatus shown in our illustration. The small ladders to the left are lightly constructed, from twelve to eighteen feet long, and furnished at one end with strong iron hooks. Of these hooks but a poor idea is given in the print from which we have copied. They form a curve large enough to allow of their grasping an ordinary sized window-sill. The manner of using these ladders is very simple. Standing on the ground-floor window and supported by a comrade, the fireman with the hooked end of the ladder breaks the first story window, affixes the ladder to the sill and mounts. A second ladder is handed him, his comrade mounts, the operation is repeated again, fresh ladders being sent up as required, until the top story is reached. With a single ladder a pair of firemen could reach the top of the house, and as each one carries a long rope they are enabled to haul up the escape, or let down any persons whose retreat has been cut off. Of course it is not everyone that could manage to run up and down a perpendicular and somewhat shaky ladder. But it should be borne in mind that the German firemen pass through a regular course of gymnastic drill, and are trained to such perfection that they perform most difficult manoeuvres with incredible rapidity. A ladder of a lighter construction is shown to the left of the illustration. The fire-escape which resembles the English fire-escape without the frame, is made of leather, or, better still, sail cloth, with strong rope netting in front. One end is fitted with a slight frame and wheels (not given in the print). When the escape has been securely fastened to the window the lower end is wheeled out as far as possible towards the opposite side of the street, to give as gradual a descent as possible. When this is impracticable—as it would be here in many cases on account of the telegraph wires—the frame and wheels are taken off, and a gentle descent is obtained by stretching the escape diagonally from the window to which it is fastened. As to the rest, the illustration speaks sufficiently for itself.

THE SHIPWRECK.

In this fine picture Turner's great genius is fully exerted; and his power of representing the sea and sky, in their most tempestuous as well as in their tranquil moods, with unequalled force and truth, may be fairly appreciated from this example. The dismantled and foundering hulk of a wrecked vessel is dimly seen at no great distance, amidst the lowering