

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

We look for the resurrection of the dead. This cheers us when our hearts are sad for friends who have gone away, and we are lonely, longing for the silent void. This cheers us as our own strength fails, and we are warned by many signs that our spirits must put off the tabernacle in which they dwell on earth.

We shall be changed, and yet we shall know ourselves and shall be known. We change day by day while we live here. There is a ceaseless work of decay and renewal going on in our bodies, yet still the old features and marks remain; and each of us can say as we look back through a long course of years, "It is I, myself."

We are taught of a spiritual resurrection, a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness. The old evil nature dies, perishes till it is gone. A new nature takes its place. God sees what we cannot see, and in the whole inward spiritual being, we are called to take care that this change does indeed go on till it is finished in us.

Christ was growing to His spiritual perfection, inasmuch as He had a human soul, becoming day by day glorious in His spirit—in His true self, even while His body wore out under its hard toil and suffering. He gave to His disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration a glimpse of what saw Him. After His resurrection, when He appeared on earth, that glory was still veiled. But St. John in his vision saw what the risen and glorified Son of Man has become. So may we grow like Him while we use His Grace to purify ourselves even as He is pure.

The failing, sickly, dying body of the weakest and least honored among men may be the veil of such glory as angels love to look upon. When the last remains of that form under which God has been working is stripped away, then in the Divine

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The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKED BY "TERESA"

Presence, seeing Him as He is, and not as we must ever see Him now. With the crown of thorns and the bloodstained robe, our spirit shall take on Christ's full likeness. Then there is the redemption of the body, the manifestation of the Son of God. The spirit shall be given a body which shall be for it the partner in the glorified and endless life.

Because Christ, though He died yet lives, dying, we shall live also. From Him we gain that which changes and renews and builds up our spiritual being into the likeness of His own. Made members of Him we have a part of His eternal life. His resurrection is the pledge that if we suffer with Him now, and are like Him obedient to God's will even unto death, we shall appear with Him in glory, with body, soul, and spirit fit for the life of Heaven.

"Sorrow may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." The joy is coming. The joy of Easter dawn, when, heralded by the soft hues of the rose and the brightness of silver the Sun of Righteousness shall arise in His glory. On Good Friday, our special devotion, the hour that most appealed to us was the terrible ninth hour when the sun was darkened, and the Heavenly Sun was setting in a sea of blood. But on Easter Day we look not at the Sun as He is setting, but we look for Him as He rises. We read the record of every Evangelist, and we hear what the Church tells us, and they all unite in saying how very early He arose from the dead. Even "before it was yet light," before the earthly sun had arisen, the Sun of the earth arose. We, too, rise betimes and ask: "What will Thou have me to do?"

The precept of Easter communion is not to be disobeyed. It sounds clear and loud in our ears. As surely as Easter Day is the great Feast of the Christian year, so surely is Easter communion the greatest blessing of Easter Day. Easter without a communion is not Easter to him who so neglects the feast. Decorated churches, glorious services, sweet singing—all these are nothing if we leave out the true meaning and promise of Easter. "Whoso eateth this bread shall live for ever, and the Bread that I will give is My Flesh of the life of the world." Glorious words, and still more glorious promise! We arise "before dawn," and seek the Lord. He is there; we are not left desolate, even before we came He had risen, risen to complete His victory over death and the grave, and to renew to us the promise that He would not leave us: "Yet a little while, and I come again," and the Tabernacle, empty on Good Friday, once more receives the Victim of Love, who enters into our breasts to raise our souls from sin and our bodies from corruption. Truly on Easter Day may we echo St. Paul's exultant cry: "I know that in my flesh I shall see God."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Cynthia—I am sorry your verses are not up to the standard; both rhyme and metre are weak, and though the sentiments are good, there is very little in them. You have arrived at the poetical stage of existence, my dear, I know what it is, you have there myself, and got lots of hard knocks, too. I assure you. A Happy Easter.

TERESA. SIR ROBERT STEWART MISTAKEN FOR JAMES STEPHENS.

The memoir of the late Sir Robert Stewart, by Mr. Vignoles, recently published, tells a good story of the famous musician who bore a remarkable resemblance to James Stephens, the Fenian chief, upon whose head there was a price. Sir Robert was returning to Dublin from the performance of "Elijah" in Belfast, in a first-class carriage, when he found himself in the company of a man who afterwards proved himself to be a detective. The following conversation took place:—"And, pray, why do you think I am James Stephens?" "You have been watched, I tell ye," replied the man. "Can you prove ye're not?" "I tell you I visit Belfast every week, and I am conductor of the Philharmonic

Society there. 'No,' said he, 'with a long whistle.' 'Yes,' said I, 'they had a concert in the Ulster Hall last night. You might have seen me there.' 'Eh?' 'Who ye playin' or singin'?' 'Neither the one or the other; I was beating time, conducting they call it, with a white stick in my hand.' 'Hooh, then, it's leek the back o' yer head was tu'nd to me?' 'Exactly,' said I. 'Why, noh, it was there, an' I must have minutes he asked. 'But he ye soe no paper or book about ye with yer name on it?' 'A daurna go back on yer word only!"

ST. NICHOLAS. "Lost in Russia" is a good story of a boy's adventures while, canoeing on the German-Russian border, and Pontney Bigelow, who writes it in the April St. Nicholas, knows pretty much everything about canoeing and a good deal about Germany and Russia; he also knows how to write. "The Rabbit Woman," of whom George A. Williams tells the boys and girls, is a familiar figure in Broadway, New York, where she has followed her calling, on the sidewalk for twenty-three years, for many years. The popular serials of Mr. Henry, Miss Carolyn Wells, and Mr. House are continued, and as usual the magazine abounds in pictures and verse, including the amusing "Gossip" of Gelett Burgess. We take these suggestions for young readers from the "Books and Reading" department of the same number of St. Nicholas:

An old reader recommends that young folks should for the habit of acquainting themselves with the life-history of authors whose books attract them. Even the brief notes given in a biographical dictionary will lend fresh interest to an author's work, and it will often be found that new light is thrown upon a favorite book when the reader has learned why and how it was written. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" is a well-known example, and Gray's "Elegy" is another.

If you must mark a book—and the practice has its uses as well as its abuses—mark it lightly in pencil, so that the mark may be taken out. A note of any part that one may wish to refer may be made faintly on a fly-leaf. A neat book-plate, no matter how unpretentious, is a better sign of ownership than a scrawled signature. It makes a difference where and how for book is read, and often it is well worth while to wait for the fitting season. The effect of reading a book through in a hurry, and at one sitting is far different from the result of reading the same book slowly and considerably. When at leisure for long spaces of time, the great writings will be found most satisfying; less arduous works may be taken up when recreation is the chief purpose. Many a good book suffers from being read out of its right surroundings. For instance, who could fairly judge "Hilfswatha," reading it in a street car? An enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare once boasted that any general thought found in the works of another writer could be found better expressed by Shakespeare. "This seems overstated, certainly. Yet in these days of many, many books, it is well to remember that a few great books contain nearly all that human wisdom, wit and knowledge have brought forth. It may not be all in Shakespeare, but a very small shelf of well-selected books can hold very nearly the whole treasure of literature; or, if not the whole treasure, all that one reader can truly possess.

In an age like this—an age of popular literature, and lectures, and self-culture, too often random and capricious, however earnest—cannot be content in asking ourselves, in asking others, the meaning of every word which they use, of every word which they read; in assuring them that the moral as well as the intellectual culture acquired by translating accurately one thing, by making out thoroughly the sense of one chapter of a standard author, is greater than they will get from skimming whole flocks, or attending seven lectures on the same subject. It is the development of the intellect, the development of the intellect, which is the development of the intellect. Professor See's discovery is as interesting to all readers in general as it is vitally important scientifically and astronomically. W. Alveyne Ireland describes the "Growth of the British Colonial Conception," giving the earlier history of the colonies, and showing the origin of the modern spirit of empire and expansion. It is one of the greatest national ideas of unity which was so extraordinarily manifested at the Queen's Jubilee two years ago.

Charles Mulford Robinson discusses the "Progress of Philanthropic Improvement in City Life," describing vividly the systematic work that is now going on in our great cities, showing the development, methods, and operation, the significance of the movement, and the nature of the spirit and conviction which underlie it. Rolin Lynde Harris, in his New England Hill Town," pictures graphically

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and humorously the conditions in New England. "The Church of the Future" says Hollis Hunt, in the April Atlantic: "We realize that all things are moving together for good to them that attend divinely there. There, better than elsewhere, one receives welcome tidings of one's neighbors. To remain at home is to know nothing. To go is perchance to learn that Jim Aas meditates slandering his barn, or that Inebriated's Alderney is stricken with the garret, or that Deacon Abraham has slain his fatted Chester-writes.

In church, too, one gets close and familiar glimpses of one's fellows. Isolated all the week upon scattered farms, our people become monstrously gregarious on Sunday. In short, the church is the club, and there is no other. Our reverence is, as Mr. Cable would say, "remarkable." "Damn that Bill White!" roared Captain Anthony; "I'll whip him, God know I'll whip him, snapped apples at me, right in church, right in God's house!" Sentiment halloes the church. It also flings an aura of sanctity round the person of the Little Giant," the minister.

WHAT ROBIN SAID. A little robin came too soon, From summer land away; He must have thought that it was June When 'twas so warm a day. "O Robin! press your scarlet vest More closely to your throat, Or do the snows you love the best You cannot sing a note.

"There is no other bird about, And, in their coats of fur, The pussy-willows are not cut— They dare not even purr. And you will freeze to death, But as if the cold were but a joke, And sang this song to me:—"O Apple-tree, the while 't is snowing, How your pinky buds are glowing— Growing—blowing—growing! On everything I see! And somewhere in your branches hiding One small nest in safe abiding, Waiting—waiting—waiting My little love and me.

"O Brook! because the ice is near you, Do you think I cannot hear you, Singing—blowing—growing! Of daisies and the spring? O Meadows white! with snow-drifts O Meadows white! with snow-drifts Don't you know I smell the clove— Coming—coming—coming White lode the bluebells bring?

"O frozen Pines! that cling together, You are every one a feather Flaking—blowing—growing! To line the world's great nest. O Night and Darkness! downward Pressing, You are wings spread out caressing, Brooding—brooding—brooding All tired things to rest."

And then my robin spread his wings And flew across the snow; His song is in my ears, as always sings This little song, I know— "Harriet F. Blodgett, in April St. Nicholas.

FRIGHTFUL AGONY. Endured by Victims of Stone in the Bladder. No Hope of Escape Except by Using Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Remove the Stone Quickly, Easily and Permanently. Montreal, P. Q., March 27.—No agony that falls to the lot of suffering humanity, is greater, more terrible, nor harder to bear than is that caused by the formation of a stone in the bladder. The complaint is so common, and so frequently spoken of that the terrible significance of the name itself is lost. If we were to speak of a "stone in the brain," or a "stone in the heart," the terrible nature of the disease would be apparent at once, because we are not used to the expression, and its meaning forces itself upon us instantly. Now, a "stone in the brain," would not be more out of place than a "stone in the bladder." Nor would it cause near so much suffering, as the nerve centres would become paralyzed and feeling would die. But stone in the bladder is alarmingly common. Thousands suffer the most horrible tortures from it. Thousands die from it. And yet it is very easily cured. There is a remedy—Dodd's "Kidney Pills"—that cures it quickly, easily and painlessly. In proof of this statement, it is necessary only to quote the following letter written by Madame Campagne, of 187 St. Urbain street: "I have suffered with stone in the bladder, and though I underwent different treatments, and used various remedies, I got no relief till I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. Five boxes removed the stone, built up my health, strength and flesh, and made a new woman of me." Dodd's Kidney Pills are a positive cure for stone in the bladder, and every other form of Kidney Disease.

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