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IN EASTER LAND.

Dawn—it is dawn in the Easter Land!
Far have our caravans come, and we
Here at the edge of the desert stand,
Looking away to the joys to be.
Aye, it is dawn, and we've journeyed far
Led by the glow of the Easter star.

Who at the gates of the Easter Land
Bid us good morning and lead us in?
Children, a world of them, hand in hand,
Palms and processions of lily-kin.
Enter! Oh, sad was the march, and long—
Join in the triumphs of Easter song.

All is forgotten on Easter day—
Shadows and fears of the wintry path.
Here at the end of a troubled way
Fragrant the welcomes the Easter hath.
This is the haven the pilgrims scanned:
Dawn—it is dawn in the Easter Land.

Bells in the steeples your sweetest ring!
Children, your chorusing voices raise!
Lilies, your multitude censers swing!
Hearts reunited, exult in praise!
Swing jubilates! Faith's loyal band
Enters the gates of the Easter Land.

Frederick Walcott Hutt.

AN EASTER WOING.

"It is Easter to-morrow," she sorrowfully sighed,
A poor but a beautiful maid,
"And I've nothing to wear but a jacket threadbare,
And a bonnet all crumpled and frayed!"
But she went to the garret, and under the eaves,
Where a spider was weaving a veil,
Great grandmother's best she unearthed from a
chest
That was new when the Mayflower set sail.

The daintiest figure that ever stepped forth
From a miniature studded with pearls,
Was a slender young maid in the Easter parade,
With a "coal-scuttle" hat on her curls,
For the deep Tuscan brim, with its lining of pink,
Was a frame to a face like a rose.
And the silver-brocaded silk gown, though 't was
faded,
Gave a glimpse of a breast like the snows.

A man who was handsome, wealthy and proud,
And crowned with the laurels of fame,
Beheld her arrayed in the ancient brocade,
Like a picture stepped out of a frame.
"Oh, there is a girl with a soul above clothes,
Who would shine in her beauty amid
The queens in their crowns and their ermine-lined
gowns!
I will make her my wife," and he did.

Minna Irving.



From the painting by Frederick Shield.

"Blessed art Thou among Women"

THE MEANING OF EASTER.

After the blight of winter,
Its frost and its biting cold,
To greet the violet's incense,
And watch the lily unfold;
To hear in the budding branches
The twitter of nesting birds,
And feel in the heart, long saddened,
A gladness too deep for words.

This is the Easter message,
This is the seal divine,
As if God said, I will give them
Each year a wonderful sign,
That earth in her resurrection
May say to the hearts of men:
"After the grave's dark shadows,
Ye, too, shall blossom again."

Christ is risen! O listen
The sound of the Easter bells,
Christ is risen! the music
Rises, and deepens, and swells,
Till earth breaks out into music,
And the air is set with wings,
As if the angels were bending
To hear what the glad world sings.

Margaret Waters.

EASTERTIDE.

Where the brown earth lifeless lay,
Lo, the stone is rolled away!
And, through all her pulses wide
Throbs the joy of Eastertide.
Life from death returns again
Over valley, hill and plain;
Field and meadow smile anew
Under gracious skies of blue.

Greening oaks and grasses feel
Mighty forces through them steal;
Root and fibre thrill below
With a life the sunbeams know;
Bud and blossom are a sign
Of the energies divine
Flushing vale and woodland wide
With the April Eastertide.

Nature thus repeats anew,
With an accent always true,
Sign and symbol often told
In the ages dim and old,
Lo, the weary watch is done
In the dawning of the sun,
While the glad earth far and wide
Thrills with Life at Eastertide.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

THE EASTER GUEST. By Mary Lowe Dickinson.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine;
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky and the sea, and the throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew thou wert coming, O Love divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward, I could not see,
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me,
And my heart o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber to take Thee in.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.
While thou art in me, and in Thee I abide,
What end can there be to the Eastertide.