

tion from the dead is the great foundation stone on which the Christian religion is built, and when you are older you will realize that it is this great thing that has made possible all that is best and noblest in the world. The ideals of honor, of freedom and humanity that the civilized world are fighting for today have all risen as the result of what happened on that first Easter morning. Our brave men have gone into exile and battle and terrible death; our brave women have given up all that is most dear to them in order to defend the beautiful things of life, ideals that we, like the Knights of the

Holy Grail, follow at a distance, trying always to reach them.

We think that while we are talking about that first Easter and the great rock hewn tomb that we have read about we would like to give you a little poem that was written by a young Englishman, a university man, Rupert Brookes. He was a brave lad who joined the army and fought in the dreadful Dardanelles, and there lost his life. Before he left England he wrote this very beautiful poem which all the teachers and older girls and boys will appreciate:

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me—
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust who England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke.

THE ROBIN

To enter into a detailed description of the "pious bird with the scarlet breast" would be the veriest pedantry. For is not

"The bird which, by some name or other,
All men know and call him brother"?

From our earliest nursery days he has been before us, as a special favorite of the Deity and mankind in general. Probably no other bird has such a halo of romance and legendary lore woven around it as the Ruddock, as Shakespeare calls him. In verse and legend

the emblem of all the virtues, to hurt or destroy him, or rob his nest, is to bring just retribution, if not eternal punishment, upon the unfortunate head of the culprit. He is another avian minister to the Man of Sorrows, which fanciful fable saith derived his red breast as a reward for his sympathetic efforts to extract the nails from the Cross of Calvary. One of the most beautiful Welsh legends concerning it is thus happily expressed by Whittier in relating how an old dame chides her grandson for throwing stones at the "holy bird."