# POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN N. B., APRIL 2, 1902.

## EASTER TIME:::

How observed in many lands Easter and Easter Topics are dealt with entertainingly in Leslie's Weekly. From

the articles the tollowing extracts are

### Strange Easter Customs in Jerusalem.

Easter week in Jerusalem is a time when one may see the city under strange conditions for all sorts of unusual ceremonies take place during Holy Week. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the Mecwell as of curious sightseers. On Holy Thursday the Latins walk in procession around the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and sweetly perfumed, and on looking about then comes the "feet washing." The for the cause of this he discovered that miracle of the Holy Fire is a celebration the crown had been transformed into a in which the Greeks alone participate. wreath of exquisite white flowers, from The Greeks believe this miracle to have taken place during the Apostolic age. All the Greeks carry tapers, and there is a mad and unseemly scramble to be the first particularly of white flowers, at Easter to light one's taper in the Holy Fire, when, time. Nothing could be more appropriate as the Greeks firmly believe, it comes to testify to the immortality of the soul. down from heaven. It is said that some of the worshipers pay large sums to the Easter Eggs by the Million. priest for the privilege of being first to It has become a custom for the grocers light their tapers at the fire.

whiteh on the evening of Good Friday and they remain all night in the church for order to attract buyers. They advertise the purpose of holding the good positions a certain number of dozen for a dollar, they have secured. In fact, they remain and often sell their Easter eggs at a price there until Easter eve, at which time a very much lower than that which they pay procession of the priests marches around for them. But, you can depend upon it, the sepulchre, all lamps having been put they have a deep purpose in this-it is to out and the crowd watching with bated. breath for the appearance of the Holy Wire. The Patriarch finally enters the ing grocer expects to sell them something Chapel of the Sepulchre amid the prayers else upon which, you may be sure, there of the priests, and soon after the Holy is a profit. It is estimated that about Fire, which the waiting people firmly be | twelve million eggs are brought into New lieve to have come from heaven, gleams York city for Easter trade. This would from the sepulchre, while the priests come | be nearly four eggs for every man, woman, forth with lighted tapers, and there is and child in the city. a mad rush on the part of the people to Shipping Easter Flowers to Europe. get their tapers lighted. The scene is one of the utmost lack of decorum, and it is a wonder that the old and the feeble are

### Easter Pomp in Rome.

er celebrated with great pomp and bril- purely a luxury that makes New York the greatest flower centre in the world.

In the castle of St. Angelo is mred, and on this day the pope officiates in mass at St. Peter's. The pope is borne from the Vatican in his magnificent vestryments. On his head is his tiara, which is a very high, round cap of cloth-of-gold surmounted by a triple crown. Above him is borne a canopy of silk with long gold fringe and feeside him are carried the flabelli, which are 'set' the' eye'-like parts of peacoek fear thers, which are supposed to signify the eye of watchfulness of the church. The mass is celebrated with the greatest solemnity, and at its close the pope is carried the flavour of the business of raising and selling flowers it will be interesting to know how I pack the mass is celebrated with the greatest solemnity, and at its close the pope is carried the flavour of the business of raising and selling flowers it will be interesting to know how I pack the mass is celebrated with the greatest solemnity, and at its close the pope is carried the flavour of the business of raising and selling flowers it will be interesting to know how I pack the American Beauties which I send to greatest the expectation. The scene is one of great attar to the balcony over sin and death. It is the glad to london. The grand old flowers receive as much care as a mother would give her sick child.

The Pope of a life beyond, and the wise men welcomed it with a foresight greater than other men. The tropolic flower city. We have begun exporting flowers. The chief exports at present are the American Beauties who are the American Beauties who are not familiar with all the ins and outs of the business of raising and selling flowers the central documary, and here he pronounces the benediction. The scene is one of great than other men. The tropolic flower city. We have begun exporting flowers are present are the American Beauties which I send to the business of raising and selling flowers are sellowed with the greatest solemnity, and at its close the pope is carried.

The Beauties are put int liancy. At dawn of day the great cannon it is one of the greatest days of the year

From almost the very first observance of Easter, eggs have been used in some way in the Easter festival. This is probably because in all ages eggs have been as the origin of life. In the book in which are recorded the household expenses of libdward I. may be seen this item: "450 eggs for Easter stained and covered with gold leaf." The exchanging of bright-colored eggs at Easter time among friends is a custom of very ancient origin. In gold leaf." The exchanging of brightcolored eggs at Easter time among friends
is a custom of very ancient origin. In
some countries the eggs have been of silver
and old, and they have been made hollow
so that they could contain rich gifts of
iewels.

A very old chronicle of central France gives an account of a curious custom that obtained in that part of France. On Easter day a hundred eggs are distributed over a level place and young and merry couples dance around and among the eggs. If they can go through the dance without either of the couple breaking an egg it is a sign that they shall become affianced and that their wedded life will be one of great tharppiness. It is said that the Duke of happiness. It is said that the Duke of Bavoy and the beautiful gouvernante of Flanders became betrothed after executing this dance among the Easter eggs, and that their married life was happy because they did not break any of the eggs.

### The Legend of Easter Flowers.

There are many legends of Easter day in other lands. One of the most beautiand holy monk found the crucifixion a good and holy monk found the cruci crown of thorns that had encircled the Master's brow. The monk picked up the crown and dwelt, and he and his companions gazed on



it with tear-dimmed eyes. On Easter morning he went to the little chapel, on the altar of which the crown had been placed. Upon opening the chapel door he found the room most delicately and which the perfume came.

It may be that belief in this legend gave rise to the profuse use of flowers, and

of New York to sell as many eggs a The crowds begin to assemble at the possible at Easter time. To do this some of them make their prices very low in entice buyers into their stores, and, having them once in his web, the enterpris-

Twenty-two million dollars are spent annually in the city of New York for flowers, writes Joseph Fleischman. That is a month; and it is this enormous expen-Rome is the place in which to see East- diture of money for a commodity which is

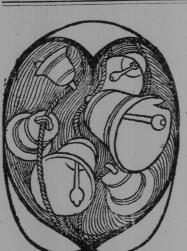
The Beauties are put into long boxes.
Their glorious heads are wrapped first in a covering of oil paper. This is to prevent their losing their moisture. Then comes a coat of tissue paper, which acts something like a cushion to keep the dainty petals from being bruised, and last of all is the covering of tin foil. But the most careful part of the packing is at the other end of the steem, where it has been any from the pacett part

ocean journey; and when the flowers lie in their box, there is a cluster of long,

### Luther's Hymn.

A mighty Fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe:
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of Ged's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.



TWO KINDS OF BELLS.

And there's none I love so dearly as the There's nothing so entrancing as the Easter belles
With their laughing
And their chaffing Easter bells
With their clanging And their banging And their tingling And their jingling And their chatter And their clatter; Peace and happiness a-mingling in the Oh! I love to hear the patter of the bells. JEAN C. HAVEZ.



And the owners of which, As the sermon progressed, Kept their envious eyes On their next neighbor pressed.

There is a note of gladness about East ter which is in keeping with the message that comes to us from old Jerusalem a Messiah risen from the dead. The worl And it is undoubtedly the bigges omes to us that death is pregnant of fact in history since the creation. life; that the crucifixion and the shame were the natural forerunners of the ascen sin-has died, and dying has conquere

removed the sting from death and cheated

the grave of its victory. Whatever be a

Rome set this general belief in a hereafter

down to the universal egotism of mankind.

But that isn't truth and therefore is not

philosophy. It is rather cynicism mask-

of us, and cannot be disposed of by any to humanity appointed from the beginning when God created man in his own like man's professions, lurking beneath them The blessed Easter message, "He i

Saviour born to take away the sins of the world, and the wise men welcomed it ance to life. The higher criticism, the the veil in the temple was rent. Christ longs to His people.

This question is asked in our Chicago ontemporary, the Angelus,, by the Rev.

Can Busy People Keep Lent-

priest proceeds to give his answer, which we reproduce for the benefit of our readers. "Well, if they cannot, we might almost as well give up Lenc altogether. Do you ever consider how large an element of failure there is in every Lent? No doubt many persons are helped by Lent, but how many there are who practically derive no benefit at all from this holy eason. Individuals here and there observe the requirements of Lent, and reare the dead raised up? and with what ceive its blessing, but taking the people as a whole, and leaving out Sundays, which are not reckoned in the forty days, which thou sowest is not quickened, exthe observance of Lent cannot be said to be general. But it ought to be general, cept it die; and that which thou sowest, at least as general as the Easter Comthou sowest not that body that shall be, munion, if Lent is to fulfil its purpose of lifting up the whole church to that devotion of heart and mind requisite for the ome other grain; But God giveth it a proper fulfilment of the Easter duty. body as it hath pleased him, and to every There is a sense, no doubt, in which the church as a whole derives benefit from the devotions practised by any of her It's a fact too big to dodge, this victory children, but clearly the purpose of Lent is that the whole church, as far as possible, should take an active part in these devotions. That is evidently the meaning a crushing directness. God's likeness we of the Scripture selected for the Epistle on Ash Wednesday: 'Sanctify a fast, call are, spite of all our sin and shame, destin-

a solemn assembly, gather the people, ased for eternity. Our refusal to believe semble the congregation." -Church Revon't disturb the fact any more than our failure to prepare for it will change it. To The Story of the Cross. Eighteen hundred years agone
Was that deed of darkness done And Iscarlot's traitor name Blazoned in eternal shame. Thou, disciple of our time, Follower of the faith sublime, Who with high and holy, scorn Of that traitorous deed dost burn Though the years may nevermore Though the years may nevermore
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart he strives.
When pale misery mutely calls,
When thy brother, tempted, talls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate and anger and disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart;
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou mayst be,
The Christ-spirit strives with thee. the idea of an eternity is not a terrifying but a comforting reality. The best we can do is not half good enough, if we believe with Tennyson:

When I have crossed the bar. When he trod the Hoty Land
With his small disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom,
When the man, the human love,
And the God within him strove,
As in Gethsemane he wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept;
While for them he wept and prayed,
One denied and one betrayed! But all our strivings and longings will be known to Him and in His love we can rest our faith of the eternal rest that be-

And I shall see my Pilot face to face

If today thou turn'st eside,
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep;
Or, if waking, thou dost see
Nothing of divinity
In our fallen, struggling race,
If in them thou see'st no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a future to be won,
Of a future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny;
But, if seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet, if thou are bound to sin,
False to the ideal within,
Slave of ease, or slave of gold,
Thoy the Son of God hast sold.

—Anne C. Lynch Botta.

The Awakening. Long, long the days and nights had sorely Their weight on sleepless eyes and aching

Till, hush! one morn a lad cried in the street,
"Fresh violets!" and, as in answer sweet,
A bluebird flung, bouquet-like, clear and strong, Athwart the misty window, his first song

Then the sharp angulah of the patient one Was turned to joy ere came day's benison; And when was drawn aside the curtained lace,
Love's light transfigured all the pain-worn face. -William Struthers.

Future Life. What if there be no tomorrow—
What if all ends with today?
Toiling and paining and sorrow,
Nothing beyond to repay.
Nothing to hope for or pray for—
Only the present's glare light;
What should we live our brief day for,
Quenched in an unending night?
Well do we know a hereafter
Waits our live souls to receive;
Fooling ourselves with vain laughter,
Deeming we doubt, we believe.
Reason itself apprehends it;
Hope in our hearts plants the germs;
Nature, renewing, defends it;
Christ, the re-risen, confirms.
—George Birdseye.

# TRAGEDY OF LIFE ::

### The great drama of the ages

A large portion of the Christian world passes today into a week of somberness. It is the annual commemoration of the Great Tragedy. Its observation has deeply rooted itself in the habits and the emotions of no small part of the human race.

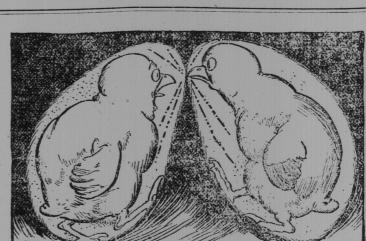
The reason is not far the seek. That the reason for it is valid and sufficient becomes plain by simply redecting upon the difference between the world of Pontius Pilate's time and that of today. In the interval the very constitution of man true even now that evil men live upon earth, that there is cruelty and corruption and hardness, but it is also true things. Evil has learned to be ashamed. In Tiberius' time it was naked and shameless. A few rich and compassionless owner. All the inhabitants of all the villages along its banks were slaves. The slaughter of half a million German tribesmen was hailed as an occasion of rejoicing and no single thought of pity ever entered a citizen's heart. There was not a hospital, an alms house, a reformatory, a home for friendless, a public school in the world

And yet it was a rich and powerful and cultivated world. Labor was held a dishonor. The rabble of the city lived upon largess which their masters flung to them with contempt, and were content if only the public games were lavish enough and rich enough. One can read the old play bills to this day: "If the weather allows, the gladiatorial bands of the Aedile Suetius Certus will fight on the 30th of July in the Arena. There will also be an exhibition of wild animals. There will be awnings for the spectators, and the sands will be well sprinkled." The bands fought to the death. Then burly Saxons and yellow-haired Germans and lithe Dacians were sent into the ring to have turned loose upon them lions, bears and leopards. Cultivation sat in the stalls and enjoyed it all. The world was in the hands of the strong, the ruthless, the pitiless. The habitual emotions of the man of today were wanting. People were not consciously truculent, but there was no place in the accepted scheme of life for the weak, the poor, the feeble,

the unfortunate.

Then came the tragedy of Holy Week, since which human society has been slowly but surely transformed. It matters not whether one be Christian, Jew, Greek or pagan, he will admit the fact, The world has been made new. The Christian provides unpurposely acceptance of the control of the contro Christian peoples unanimously associate that transformation with the pathetic passion of Him who called Himself the Son of Man. Let the theological representation be whatever the theologians may agree upon, the human heart has fastened upon the fact. For them the significant conviction is that cruelty has broken itself against gentle patience and been rendered impotent, that pride wrought its will upon humility, that arrogant force assaulted non-resisting goodness, that in Him the mighty esgoodness, that in Him the mighty essayed to crush the weak, and that in all cases what they counted triumph was in fact defeat. Said Friederich Nietzsche, the most powerful and most bitter enemy of Christianity of our time: "Christianity is the religion of sympathy. It therefore stands in antithesis to the tonic passions which elevate the energy of the feeling of life, it operates depressingly. One loss force by sympathizing. The loss of force which suffering has already brought upon life is still further increased and multiplied by sympathy. It thus thwarts the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for extinction, it resists in favor of life's disinherited ones, it gives to life itself a gloomy and questionable aspect by the abundance of the feeble whom it main-tains in life. The cross is the rallying sign for the most subterranean conspiracy that has ever existed—against healthiness, strength, beauty, courage, intellect, against life itself." Nietzsche saw the alternative clearly.

Nietzsche saw the alternative clearly. Shall the meek inherit the earth or shall the strong? That is, shall life be the prize of the many or of the few? The tragic side of life is, after all, its real side. There are incomparably more poor than there are rich, more who suffer than who live painless more disappointed than who live painless, more disappointed than who realize their fair ideals. Myriads of these the world over find a meaning, a solace and uplift by assisting at the re-production of the great drama of the ages. Even those who enter little into the spirit of it do not grudge to make Good Friday an Holy Day. Even they are more content that worshippers shall listen reverently to the Passion music, that a little Oberammergau shall be set up in every place of worship. For a week busievery place of worship. For a week business may be a little less exigent, politics a little less clamorous, pleasure much less turbulent, so that the tragic side of life may be looked in the face with steadfastness. The simultaneous devotion of millions of people to the contemplation of the sorrow of life is a spectacle which must arrest and hold the attention of those who have the corrective to think or those who have the capacity to think or to feel.—Brooklyn Eagle, March 23.



"Say, Chimmy, how'd you come to uderstand telegraphy?"



From his forty-day rest With a yawn and a stretch Quite tired and depressed.

Said Satan: "By jinks, This is Easter, and now For another year's work, And a hard one, I vow."

With a wink and a smile The Devil arose,
And went up to church
In his very best clothes.

There, taking a seat In a pew at the rear, He calmly awaited The worshippers here.

Then the rector loomed up In his surplice and stole, And the vast congregation

Bowed down as one soul Now the Devil peeped out, Looking this way and that, And saw not one woman

Said the Devil: "Ho! ho! Its the same hoary tale, And, really, the sermon's

"Tomerrow we start
In the old-fashioned wayThe bills will pile in,
And the Devil's to pay."

GEORGE R. BRILL.

While the bell in the spire, With a clamorous peal, Brought the rich and the poor Crowding toe upon heel.