

## Easter Morning.

BY BELLA M. SWAIL.

The hills and plains of Palestine  
Are wrapped in moonlight's glittering sheen;  
The crystal waves of Chinnoreth  
Lie in sad silence like the hush of death.  
On star-browed Olivos see a misty halo fall,  
On dark Gethsemane the shadow of a pall;  
The low-hushed winds that over Calvary  
Seem mournfully to echo the Sabaothani.

Now in the garden's shadowed gloom  
The Crucified sleeps in His guarded tomb;  
A crownless king of a royal stem,  
The Prince of Peace and Star of Bethlehem;  
Like adamant barring the gates of death,  
A great stone is laid like a mighty Shibboleth;  
O'er it a radiance like an aureole shone,  
Or glory of Sholkinah from Jewish altars  
down.

And there unseen by mortal eyes,  
Where the celestial ladders pierce the skies,  
Shining and pure ones come and go  
On their sweet ministries to Him below.  
No sound is borne upon the midnight air  
Save the tender cadence of low-breathed  
prayer.  
Reverently from their eternal space  
The still stars are watching o'er that thrice-  
hallow'd place.

Ere the faint flush of the coming day  
Had given its gold to the dawnlight gray,  
They that of all had loved Him best  
Came earnestly seeking His place of rest.  
And lo! when morn unbarred the gates of  
day,  
Angels from heaven had rolled the stone  
away;  
And white-robed ones in joyful accents said,  
"Christ is triumphant; He is risen from the  
dead."

O then upon a thousand hills  
Resplendent glory beams and sweetly thrills  
The pulseless earth to fuller life,  
And Love sits crowned in the place of strife.  
Crimsoning o'er the battlements of gray,  
See, in the rosy east the oriflammes of day.  
Glowing incarnadine where morn has dawned,  
Then slowly fading in the sapphire depths  
beyond.

Flung wide open are the gates of gold,  
Far and wide the morning splendour rolled,  
Burst the bonds of death and prison,  
The grave is vanquished and Christ is risen.  
O Christ Incarnate! how the life-giving sun  
Rejoiced, and tremulous lilies one by one  
Upheld their snowy chalices to greet  
With voiceless carolings the coming of Thy  
feet.

Christ has risen! O morn so sweet,  
Love's mighty sacrifice is now complete.  
Ye angel choirs, rejoice and sing,  
Through all the earth let the glad tidings  
ring!  
Swell thou the tide of song, my ransomed  
soul,  
This everlasting song, that as the ages roll  
Shall sweeter grow till every tongue and  
creed  
Proclaim from sea to sea, "Christ is risen  
indeed."

Infinite One! who that same day,  
When thy few followers were wont to pray,  
Stood in the midst, and sweet and true  
Thy tender greeting, "Peace be unto you!"  
O let Thine unseen presence make this day  
bright!  
Fill all our waiting souls with Thine effulgent  
light;  
And grant, Thou dear Redeemer, that o'er  
souls new-born  
Angels in heaven may rejoice this golden  
morn!

## The Prize Easter Card.

BY MARY C. BALLARD.

THERE was quite a commotion in  
Prof. Bail's art-class the morning he  
announced that a prize would be given  
for the finest design for an Easter  
card. "It must be original in design,  
and express a perfect thought of the  
resurrection," was his special charge to  
them; and he would give them three  
months' time.

For weeks afterwards there were  
busy workers among the pupils, each  
working out with pencil or brush her  
thought of the resurrection. Prof.

Bail with thoughtful kindness remem-  
bered the unfortunate one of his class,  
one who a year ago was one of his  
most successful pupils; but she had  
been crippled by a fall, and for months  
had lain on a couch of pain. When  
Prof. Bail looked in upon her to tell  
her that a prize had been offered for the  
best Easter card designed by his pupils,  
his heart shrank with pity as he saw  
how deeply she grieved because she  
was cut off from a life of study and  
art. Hard as it was for her to bear  
her ever-present pain, harder yet was  
the cross of "keeping still," and being  
shut out from the beautiful life of art  
she had dreamed was opening before  
her. Her eyes were full of tears, but  
she said, "I am glad for your pupils,  
but sorry for myself."

As she turned away to hide her  
sadness, her eyes rested upon a branch  
of shrub that her brother had placed  
over a picture a few weeks before.  
Attached to the branch was a cocoon;  
a brown, homely thing, but the young  
girl had hugged to her heart the spirit  
that it had embodied, thinking that it  
was a simile of her own life—alive, yet  
a prisoner.

With a pitiful look she turned to  
Prof. Bail and said, "That ugly worm  
shut up in a shell and wrapped around  
with grave-clothes is an emblem of  
myself. Don't ever tell me anything  
more of the beautiful things of life;  
they are not for me!"

Seeing it was useless to reason with  
the sad-hearted girl, Prof. Bail examined  
the cocoon, which to him was a thing  
of beauty, and noticing something un-  
seen by others, said, "Wait a little;  
perhaps there will come to you a pic-  
ture of the resurrection. Good-by,  
and may bright days dawn upon you."

Two mornings after, as Agnes Sage  
turned her face to the morning light,  
she saw on the window-sill a gorgeous  
butterfly. It was lazily fanning its  
wings in the sunlight, showing its  
graceful form and rich colouring.  
Never in her life had anything seemed  
more beautiful to her than this insect,  
coming to her as a friend, displaying  
its beauty to her as a morning saluta-  
tion.

She rang her bell and when her  
nurse came said, "Oh, quick! call  
father, mother, and Will." They  
speedily came with frightened faces,  
but were greeted by a smile from the  
invalid and the word, "Look!" All  
admired the beautiful butterfly; but  
where did it come from? The cocoon  
was examined, and at one end was  
discovered a small hole seeming only  
large enough for the passage of a tiny  
fly; and without teeth, how could the  
butterfly have eaten its way out of the  
shell and through the silken cocoon?  
Mr. Sage solved the mystery by telling  
them that some butterflies used their  
eyes as files, and others exuded a liquid  
that softened the silk, and thus the  
door was easily opened for them to  
pass into a world of freedom and  
light. He also told them that the  
mothers of the butterflies seldom  
wrapped themselves in cocoons; they  
were usually content with a chrysalis,  
leaving it for the more pains-taking  
moth-mothers to wrap themselves in  
silken shrouds. But this insect seemed  
to come for Agnes's special entertain-  
ment, and thus displayed the whole  
category of its accomplishments.

Agnes's pain was so much easier to  
bear that day as she studied the beau-  
ties of her new treasure. She watched  
its graceful flights, she observed its

long, oval body composed of rings, its  
globular eyes with numerous facets,  
its pretty clubs on the antennae that  
served them as ears. She saw it un-  
curl its long tongue, usually coiled in  
a small spiral between its eyes, and  
gather honey from the heliotrope; and  
above all she studied the wondrous  
colouring of its wings. Agnes had a  
new art teacher that day—one who  
long ago had taught the eminent Eng-  
lish artist Stothard his rare knowledge  
of mixing colours.

At last it was decided that the spirit  
of the butterfly must pass on the wings  
of ether to the Beyond, while its beau-  
tiful form should be carefully pre-  
served. In due time it was set up as  
a perfect specimen, and was a great de-  
light to the young sufferer.

One day Prof. Bail's words recurred  
to her, "Perhaps there will come to  
you a picture of the resurrection." Here  
it was before her—the butterfly  
—an object used for ages as the type of  
immortality. The Greeks had called it  
Psyche—the soul. The beauty of the  
thought gradually dawned upon  
her, both in its outer and inner mean-  
ing. The risen Christ came to her and  
comforted her, and made her content  
with her chrysalis state, knowing that  
at last His love would open the door  
and she would arise in His likeness.

She begged for her artist's materials,  
and when they were placed on the bed  
beside her, she tried to transfer to a  
panel her lovely thought of the resur-  
rection. It was not an easy way to  
paint, lying flat on her back, but in  
this way Michael Angelo painted some  
of his most wonderful frescoes. Day after  
day the brave sufferer persisted in her  
work, her weakness allowing her to use  
the brush only a short time, but after  
many days and weeks the Easter card  
was completed.

In the lower right-hand corner was  
the branch with the cocoon; a bar of  
gilt across the panel kept it as a minor,  
separate thought. In the centre of the  
panel, was a cluster of Easter lilies,  
and poised above them was the butter-  
fly, copied so perfectly that you almost  
expected to see the fluttering insect  
soar away. Near the butterfly, in  
shining letters was "Arise," while  
close to the cocoon were the words  
"Not dead, but sleepeth."

At last the day came when the pictures  
were sent in and the prize awarded.  
The pupils were to be the first judges,  
but a committee of three artists were  
to award the prize. With eager eyes  
and beating hearts the art-pupils  
scanned the pictures, each hoping great  
things for her own design, but, loyal to  
their sense of beauty and truth, they  
each cast in their vote for the butterfly  
design; and when they found the artists'  
judgment coincided with their own,  
they burst into a ladylike shout of  
approval.

Both artists and pupils wondered  
who was the successful designer. Prof.  
Bail was the most astonished of all, for  
he did not dream that one among his  
pupils had the power of such exquisite  
touch, or such skill in colouring.

Among the pupils, each seemed  
watching the other, thinking the de-  
signer would not dare to clap her hands  
with pleasure, but there was not one  
among them who shrank from express-  
ing her joy.

The mystery only deepened until the  
sealed envelopes were opened, and  
Agnes Sage was announced the success-  
ful designer. This was so unthought-  
of a climax that their rejoicing knew

no bounds. Every tinge of envy faded  
from their hearts as they realized that  
to this poor, suffering girl, whom they  
had so pitied and loved, had been un-  
folded the most beautiful thought of  
the resurrection. They recognized too  
the wise Hand that holds the balances,  
and when He deals out sorrow sends a  
compensating blessing.

The prize Easter card was voted a  
great success, not only as it had in-  
spired the pupils to their best en-  
deavours in art, but it had unfolded a  
new experience to many of the gay  
girls, who hitherto had thought only of  
dancing through life on the winged  
feet of pleasure. The picture com-  
menced only with a desire of showing  
skill in design and beauty of colouring  
ended in the fair worker catching  
something of the spirit that she sought  
to embody in her design, and on her  
heart was painted a fair picture of the  
risen Christ than the highest art could  
portray with pencil or brush.

What was the prize? The most  
complete set of artist's materials that  
money could purchase. The boxes of  
beautifully polished wood, inlaid so  
exquisitely that they seemed just  
pretty enough to hold the rich and  
costly colours, of every conceivable tint,  
that rested each in its cosy home, with  
a tiny door-plate bearing its name;  
the palette, the water-cups, the nest of  
cabinet saucers, of the clearest and  
most beautiful china; the sable brushes  
in all sizes; the porcelain plaques, the  
panels and cards of delicate tints, and  
the artist's adjustable table—an outfit  
that the English Princess Louise would  
be proud to accept.

The table, that seemed at first a use-  
less gift to the invalid, was soon trans-  
formed into a most convenient desk,  
resting upon a light frame, that could  
be placed over the invalid on the bed,  
and thus make it much easier for her  
to use her brush.

Soon after Prof. Bail went to Agnes  
Sage's room to offer his congratulations  
and tender the rich, artistic outfit to  
the gifted sufferer. At the same time  
the art-pupils quietly entered the room,  
and through the open doors  
there floated up the joyous strains of  
the Easter hymn; and Agnes Sage  
chanted a *Te Deum* in her heart,  
knowing that through the Easter card  
"Christ had risen indeed" in her soul.

"I REGARD the use of beer as the  
true temperance principle. When I  
work all day and am exhausted, noth-  
ing helps me like a glass of beer. It  
assists nature, you understand." "It  
makes a fool of me," the friend replied.  
"That's what I say. It assists nature."

SIR JAMES BROOKE, the enterprising  
colonizer of Borneo, speaks in his  
"Journal" of habitual abstinence from  
alcoholic liquors "as decidedly condu-  
cive to the maintenance of health, and  
of the power of sustained exertion in  
the equatorial regions in which he had  
established himself."

THE conquest of England by the  
Normans under William was owing  
more to the fact that the English were  
under the influence of fermented drinks  
than to the prowess of Norman arms.  
Though inferior to the English in  
point of numbers, the Normans had the  
advantage of being temperate in eating  
and drinking. Fuller, the Church  
historian, states that "the English,  
being revellers just before the battle of  
Hastings, were no better than drunk  
when they came to fight."