

THE EASTER KISS.

HERE is a beautiful story Of pilgrims in the East, 'ho gather, with the opening year, To keep the Easter feast.

Stands in the holy city A chapel fair to see, Built where our dearest Lord was slain, On cruel Calvary;

And in the open chapel, Midway the marble floor, ises the rock where stood the cross That Christ the Saviour bore. Rise

All Easter day the pilgrims Move slowly on their knees, With streaming eyes, across the floor, The sacred rock to kiss.

The stone, once rough and broken, Is now worn smooth and round, Pressed by the lips of those who come From earth's remotest bound.

SEALING THE SEPULCHRE.



E see here the chief. priests sealing the sepulchre, having rolled a great stone to its

mouth to prevent the resurrection of Jesus. How intent and eager they seem. And notice the one in the background who is giving directions to the guard who come with sword and spear to keep watch at the tomb. But

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the getes of hell; Death in vain forbids Him rise, Christ hath opened Paradise.

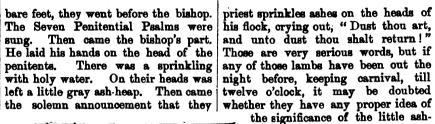
The very precautions of the priests to prevent the resurrection but made its demonstration the more glorious. Even the lie which they Put in the mouth of the soldiers "while we slept his disciples came and stole him away"--reflects itself. For if they slept how did they know that the disciples came? And would any Roman soldier dare to sleep at his post-much less a whole com-Pany of soldiers-when the penalty was death ? This crowning miracle of our Lord's life is the best attested of all. For forty days he appeared over and over to his disciples, and once to five hundred brethren at once, and proved himself the risen Ohrist, the Lord of death and hell.

An Irish judge had the habit of begging pardon on every occasion. One day as he was about to leave the ench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence on a prisoner as he had intended. "Dfar me!" said his lordship, "I eg his pardon-bring him up."

OLD LENTEN CUSTOMS.

CROSS the days from Good Friday back to Ash Wednesday falls the shadow of the cross, and in the course of the centuries how many interesting customs have developed allong the line of that

bare feet, they went before the bishop. The Seven Penitential Psalms were sung. Then came the bishop's p He laid his hands on the head of Then came the bishop's part. penitents. There was a sprinkling with holy water. On their heads was left a little gray ash-heap. Then came



heap on their heads, and the meaning of the words from Scripture. The Mardi-Gras celebration of New Orleans, when the city burst into an ante Lenten blaze, attracts the attention of the whole country by that sharp glare in the Southwest. People who do not keep Lent will not be disturbed by the dazzle huzzah of this Mardi-Gras demonstration, and others will reasonably wish for a quiet night and a devout Wednesday-rising. This Mardi Gras is only "Fat Tuesday" when translated, or the "Shrove Tuesday," in other cir cles, when the people shrive or confess their sins to the priest of the Roman communion.

"Get you to the church and shrive yourself," is a line in Besumont and Fletcher. After confession came a season of merri-ment. The pancake of England was a favourite dish. Pancake Tuesday can scarcely be called a Lenten shadow, and yet a reference has been made to the Tuesday before Lent, and not inappropriate will be an allusion here to the way in which Mother England put a preface to the thin lean season of Lent. Taylor, the water-poet, refers to "Shrove Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is in quiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, there is a bell rung called Pancake Bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted and forgetful either of manners or humanity. Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, flour which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical, magical enchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a fryingpan of boiling suet, where it makes

a confused dismal hissing (like the Lernian snakes in the reeds of Acheron) until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flipjack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant peo-ple do devour very greedily." At Westminster School, the follow-



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shadow. Ash Wednesday itself, the were cast out of this shadow, has its peculiar out of Paradise. Ash Wednesday itself, the were cast out of the Church as Adam memories. Dies cinerum—day of this proclamation, the disgraced peni-ashes—was a name given to this tents were shown the door of the gateway of Lent. That penitents in church and left without. The Thursthe Church should show their contrition day before Easter they were back

In harmony with by wearing sackcloth and ashes, is a very old custom. Ash Wednesday them at the church-porch for reconcili-has had its peculiar discipline for ation. At Rome, that is an impressive offenders. Robed in sackcloth, with custom on Ash Wednesday when the down to the present times. At eleven