

## Good Friday.

Go back, my soul, to the sorrowful day  
When thou led thy Lord to be crucified;  
Follow him over the stony way,  
By love betrayed and by love denied;  
Let, through the silence of ages gone,  
The tears that dropped in that desolate  
glow.

When the scarlet robe had a deeper dye  
From the blood that streamed at the Victor's  
stroke,  
When the angels leaned from the frowning  
sky,  
Ere the clouds with their fateful lightnings  
broke.

Go back, my soul, o'er the vanished years,  
List to the ring of the Roman spears.

For Jew and Roman together stood  
On the awesome mount where the nails  
were driven  
Deep to the heart of the shrinking wood,  
Through his hands and feet in the sight of  
heaven,  
And the sun grew pale and refused to shine  
When death drew near to the Man Divine.

O death, that came with the serpent's guile  
Through the gates of Eden long ago,  
Henceforth we, dying, may dare to smile  
Full in thy face, thou relentless foe;  
For the Love on the cross that bowed to thee  
From the power of Death hath set us free.

## Kezzy's Easter.

BY BESSIE PEGG MACLAUGHLIN.

"Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice!  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!"

The voice rang out silvery, sweet,  
and clear. It seemed a part of the  
radiant morning. It did not come  
from Miss Mabel's pretty blue room.  
That young lady was absorbed in the  
new gray suit and delicate bonnet and  
gloves, spread out upon the bed, and  
had no thought of Easter Sunday aside  
from spring clothes.

Neither did the glad tones come from  
the library. There was nobody there  
but Mr. Terry, and he was buried in  
the Sunday *Tribune*. A person can't  
very well sing an Easter anthem and  
read up a law-suit at the same time on  
a Sunday morning.

The singer was not Mabel's brother  
Gerald. He had been out late at the  
theatre the night before, and had not  
finished his morning nap. Somehow  
the play had not fitted him for the  
Sabbath.

Mrs. Terry had been a sweet singer  
when she was young; but it was not  
her voice that floated joyfully up the  
basement stairs, for she was in her own  
room looking over the washing list for  
Monday.

Did that song of praise come from  
the kitchen! Could it be black Kezzy  
singing over the dishes?

The voice was full of life, and sun-  
shine, and victory.

Cousin Ray, who was visiting Mabel,  
slipped down into the kitchen.

"Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice!  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!"

Yes, it was Kezzy.

"What makes you so happy, Kezzy?"  
asked Ray.

"It am Easter, Miss Rachel."

"Yes, but why should that make  
you happy? You have a big dinner

to get to-day, and have to stay home  
from church among the pots and  
kettles."

"Bress your heart, Miss Ray, I's  
happy in my Jesus. He rose from the  
dead dis bressed day. I can't go to  
church like you parlour folks, an' hear  
de music an' de parson, an' see de flow-  
ers, but ebry ting um a-preachin' an'  
singin' to me dis mornin'. De sun  
shine on de wall, an' I hear Jesus say,  
'I am de light ob de worl,' an' as I fill  
up de tea-kettle I tink ob de water ob  
life—free, Miss Ray, free for me. An'  
O! dat white geran'um ob mine done  
blossom out full to-day, an' it say, 'Dey  
shall walk wid him in white.' Dat  
means me, Miss Ray. No more  
kitchen, by-an'-by. Kezzy wont be  
black over dar, chile. Bress de Lord!"  
And Kezzy drew a shining platter  
from the foaming suds, and resumed  
her chorus:

"Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice!  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!"

Ray climbed the stairs thoughtfully.  
It seemed as if the upper part of the  
house was gloomy and cold. There  
was no Easter joy in her own heart.

"It is because I cannot say 'My  
Jesus,'" she whispered to herself.

The Terrys went to church that  
morning, and listened to the anthems  
and the eloquent discourse, and ad-  
mired the lilies; but the humble black  
saint who cooked their dinner saw and  
heard more than they all.

Her kitchen was a temple, her white  
"geran'um" an Easter lily, her anthem  
the joyful praise of a redeemed soul.

## True Easter.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,  
And holdeth her Lenten fast;  
Does she think that Christ still sleepeth  
And night is not overpast?  
Nay, but the word is spoken,  
Nay, but the tomb is broken,  
And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is risen  
indeed!"

Long past is the Lenten morning,  
Long past is the bitter night,  
Long past is the Easter dawning,  
Now it is noonday light.  
Set every song to gladness;  
Why should the Bride have sadness?  
Her "Lord is risen! Her Lord is risen  
indeed!"

He suffered once and forever  
The cross, the smiting, and the pain,  
Once did the sepulchre sever,  
But never, never again.  
Earth nor hell can bereave us,  
Jesus never will leave us,  
For "He hath risen! Yea, he hath risen  
indeed!"

Always so ready to cease us,  
Always so willing to stay,  
Pray, pray that the living Jesus  
May walk with us day by day.  
Always the Easter glory,  
Always the same glad story,  
"The Christ is risen! The Christ is risen  
indeed!"

It is always good to know, if only in  
passing, a charming human being. It  
refreshes one like flowers and woods  
and clear brooks.

## Strange Easter Customs.

In our larger cities the festival of  
Easter grows in interest and beauty  
every year. In some streets of New  
York, at this season, the travelled  
stranger might well ask, "Where am  
I? Is this Paris?"

In the shop windows the egg is the  
leading object. Flowers abound every-  
where—as well in the streets as in the  
churches. Go where we may in the  
world—even beyond the confines of  
Christendom—we shall find that eggs  
and flowers are the favourite emblems  
of the great feast of the spring—the  
season which is itself a wondrous  
resurrection.

It is, indeed, like Paris, for there,  
too, outside of the magnificent cere-  
monial of the churches, the Easter  
egg is the ruling emblem. Everybody  
gives and everybody receives this tra-  
ditionary token, endless in form and  
ingenious in device, as only French-  
men could make it.

In the Russian Easter, also, the egg  
plays a great part. The poorest  
peasants have their red Easter eggs  
on that day; while materials of every  
degree of richness are employed by  
the wealthier classes.

Crystal eggs, engraved with flowers  
and mottoes, were at one time be-  
stowed by the Czar upon his courtiers.  
Other customs are peculiar to the  
country. Persons meeting each other  
make use of a regular formula of  
salutation and reply.

"Christ hath risen!" exclaims one.  
"He hath indeed!" responds the  
other.

Then, if they are friends, they kiss  
each other rapidly three times on the  
right and left cheek alternately.

It is considered perfectly proper for  
gentlemen and ladies who are but  
slightly acquainted to exchange Easter  
greetings of this loving kind. For-  
merly, it was also the custom between  
strangers, as it was intended to signify  
the universal brotherhood of man.

In Moscow, the City of Bellis, the  
Easter ceremonies are especially im-  
pressive. On Easter-eve an immense  
crowd, comprising peasants, Cossacks,  
soldiers, merchants, and nobles, in  
their various picturesque costumes,  
gathers every year within and around  
the cathedral in the Kremlin, each  
person holding a lighted taper, and  
waiting patiently until midnight.  
Then, as the clock strikes twelve, the  
priest announces, "He is risen!"

Immediately the huge deep-toned  
bell in the tower of Ivan the Great  
begins to toll, and all the innumerable  
bells throughout the city break into a  
merry responsive peal, while the can-  
non of the fortresses join the din. Loud  
as the tumult becomes, nothing can  
drown the voice of the great bell,  
which goes on booming solemnly  
through it all.

Later, Easter cakes are blessed by  
the priests and distributed among the  
people.

The use of eggs is one of the most

characteristic of Easter rites. Our  
Saxon ancestors, on celebrating the  
annual festival of Easter, the goddess  
of spring, used eggs to symbolize the  
springing forth of nature's new life in  
the springtide of the year.

This use may have originated in the  
fact, that in pagan cosmogonies the  
mundane egg symbolized the produc-  
tion of a well-ordered world—the  
*cosmos* out of *chaos*.

When the Saxons were christianized,  
their "Feast of Eggs" was given a  
new meaning, and the egg became the  
emblem of the resurrection and of a  
future life. The symbol has not lost  
its sacred signification to the thought-  
ful Christian. It suggests to him not  
only the resurrection, but the long in-  
cubation by which he—to whom a  
thousand years are but as one day—  
has seen fit to develop and diffuse the  
religion of the Risen One.

As the Omnipotent has limited him-  
self to the use of moral suasion in the  
diffusion of Christianity, the process  
requires ages. Long geological epochs  
marked the creation and development  
of the world of matter. The new  
moral creation must also be slow in its  
evolution, seeing that it progresses  
only as it persuades man, as a person,  
to become a disciple of Christ.—*The  
Youth's Companion*.

## Too Dignified by Half.

WRITING lines is the penance Har-  
row boys do for all their sins, in and  
out of school. If a boy is late for  
school, he writes lines; if he misses  
"bill," he writes lines. If the lines  
are not finished at a stated time, their  
number is doubled. There was one  
clever boy who escaped writing half  
the ordered quantity; and the masters  
tell the story of how he did it to this  
day. He was an untidy boy and was  
often taken to task for his carelessness  
and disorder. One day his master,  
who had very dignified and impressive  
manners, and who always said "we"  
instead of "you" when talking to the  
boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he  
said, with much severity. "We have  
not washed our hands this morning.  
Have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was  
the impudent boy's answer, "but I've  
washed mine."

"Ah!" said the master, "we are  
very impertinent to-day. We will have  
to write a hundred lines before the  
next 'bill.'"

When "bill" time came, the master  
sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he  
asked.

"I've written my fifty," the boy  
answered very promptly, handing in  
his paper; "but I don't know whether  
you've done your half!"—*St. Nicholas*.

The man who will break one of  
God's commandments habitually and  
continually, if you will turn him loose,  
will break them all.—*Sam Jones*.