

ate, his conduct all one would desire in even a European dictator. Moreover, few have shown themselves so modest and so merciful. Of course I do not agree with him in everything he does, but, knowing his sincerity, and believing that he makes his spectacular display merely to impress the natives, and so hold their allegiance, I therefore admire him and hope that the Americans will co-operate with him to give us a stable Philippine government. At all events, the man's strong personality, and his large following,

cannot, I believe, well be ignored by the American Government."

An account is also given of the American occupation of Cavite, the capture and occupation of Manila and capitulation of the Philippines. Since then history has been making very fast, and its events will be familiar to all our readers. The volume under review is a most important contribution to the study and solution of one of the gravest problems which has ever confronted the American Republic.

ON EASTER DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We light the Easter fire, and the Easter lamps we trim,
And the lilies rear their chalice cups in churches rich and dim,
And chapel low and minster high the same triumphant strains
In city and in village raise, and on the lonely plains.

"Life" is the strain, and "endless life" the chiming bells repeat,
A word of victory over death, a word of promise sweet,
And as the great good clasps the less, the sun a myriad rays,
So do a hundred thoughts of joy cling round our Easter days.

And one, which seems at times the best and dearest of them all,
Is this: that all the many dead in ages past recall,
With the friends who died so long ago that memory seeks in vain
To call the vanished faces back, and make them live again;

And those so lately gone from us that still they seem to be
Beside our path, beside our board, in viewless company—
A light for all our weary hours, a glory by the way—
All, all the dead, the near, the far, take part in Easter day!

They share the life we hope to share, as once they shared in this;
They hold in fast possession one heritage of bliss;
Theirs is the sure, near Presence toward which we reach and strain.
On Easter Day, on Easter Day, we all are one again.

O fairest of the fair, high thoughts that light the Easter dawn,
O sweet and true companionship which cannot be withdrawn,
"The Lord is risen!" sealed lips repeat out of the shadows dim.
"The Lord is risen," we answer back, "and all shall rise in him!"

The Holy Son of God most high,
For love of Adam's lapsed race,
Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky
To bring us to that happy place.
His robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His majesty adorn,

And the frail state of mortal tried,
In human flesh and figure born.
The Son of God thus man became,
That men the sons of God might be,
And by their second birth regain
A likeness to His deity.