

incubated eggs when one considers in the month of March when the sun starts in a new day's journey, according to our calendar...

Another species of Easter is light. It is said of the Spaniards that they have established death and brought life and immortality to light. He is called the Sun of Righteousness, the Light...

Around such a day as Easter many social customs would naturally gather. Old England illustrates this. On the Monday after Easter, or Easter Monday, men would "lift" the woman in a horizontal position...

In some of the Greek cities, the joy that Easter brings is said to be of a very noisy nature; that firearms are employed to express the feelings of the people, and are discharged with great enthusiasm.

and guide to the happy, joyous Easter now welcomed by the crowds in the streets.

From four white Easter Day how ransomly it blooms in various lands, yet always pure and fair and white. How and a flower also, and yet when we think of the customs that will cherish it, how young it still is.

Easter.

Swart numbers are weaving their soft web of beauty's dimming to my brain. As Easter glad hope-bringing Easter, comes fragrant with daffodils again.

I think of that other race mourning. Of the friends of Jesus who wept, Of the angels waiting to attend, At Joseph's new tomb where He slept.

I see the light flash of the dawn of day, in the east creeping low, And soon, with its banners of beauty, The sun sets the horizon aglow.

And I soon, through years that turn backward, To see Mary of Bethany go With spices and perfumes most precious, A tribute of love to bestow.

But the tomb had yielded its treasure, Dignity burst every band, And He who has bought my redemption, Sits now at the Father's right hand.

The crucified Christ now is risen, No more will He suffer for men; He breathes, He breathes forever, Oh, tell the glad tidings again!

O earth, in your green budding spring-time, O childhood, the emblem of spring, O manhood and age, all existing, Your homage and gratitude bring!

Crown Him who has risen, your Saviour, For He lives our crowning to see; Christ breathes! O mortals adore Him, He has risen for you and for me!

Easter.

WEARY man once rested from his labours on the last day of the week. Now on its first day he seeks strength wherewith to face the work of life.

From the dawn of Christianity one day in the year has commemorated the resurrection of the Lord. There is no satisfactory statement of the origin of Easter except that which admits that on that festival the early Church affirmed in triumphant song its creed:

An intelligent skeptic may assert that it is impossible that one should rise from the dead. But he must be silent in the presence of the stupendous fact that for nineteen centuries Christianity has rested upon an empty tomb.

One of the most striking facts in the history of the resurrection is that the disciples' faith found them and not they it. The event was so antagonistic to their thoughts that not until they had seen the risen Lord again and again, had eaten and talked with Him, had touched and handled Him, did they accept the evidence of their senses.

wonder. Forty days did they verify what their eyes saw and their ears heard. Only when they were possessed by the mystery of the fact did they proclaim that their Master had risen from the dead.

Easter is the festival of exultation. It commemorates not a spectacular incident of the Master's life, but the divine revelation that He was what He claimed to be—a teacher sent from God. Those who sympathize with this "Queen of days," as the ancient Church called it, exult with mind and heart, as they recall the exact which brought life and immortality to light, and hear again those amazing words, "Blessed be they that live also."

Their exultation is rational. It is the joyous expression of men who, convinced of the truth of the Lord's resurrection and words, have been quickened by the love which elevates conviction into personal trust in Him who came, suffered, died and rose again that they might have life and immortality.

Ancient paganism gave no helpful response to the soul's cry, "If a man die, shall he live again?" One of its poets expresses the common faith: "Hope goes with life—all hopeless are the dead." "Once dead there is no resurrection more," mournfully echoes the Greek tragedy.

Here and there were to be found those who admitted the possibility of a future life. Some went so far as to think it probable that the souls of heroes, slain for their country, survived death, though their spirits were not themselves, but the ghosts of what they had been.

Themselves were their bodies left on the battle-field to be devoured by dogs and vultures. But in that probability few found consolation—none the inspiration of hope. On no pagan tomb was inscribed "He sleeps."

But the resurrection of Jesus so flooded that ancient world with the light of the life beyond death, that even the bondman believed in the soul's immortality, and the peasant beheld the beatific vision. Then followed a spiritual upheaval such as the world had never seen. Common life was dignified, and drudgery became a service of love.

The slave, conscious of his immortality, went about as a freeman. The patrician, knowing that he was an heir of the eternal life, became the servant of those who were joint-heirs with him. No life was insignificant. The accidents of birth, or station, or income, neither enhanced nor lessened it. A hut might be a temple, and the lowliest task a spiritual vocation.

In the light of our Lord's resurrection, the intellect sees and is satisfied that whatever may be the changes which await us in the unclothing of death, there will be no distraction of consciousness and no loss of personal identity.

We, ourselves, shall be clothed upon. Our graves shall be emptied; our bodies shall be changed, yet our personality will continue. Death has no sting for those whose eyes are aglow with the Easter hope.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN says: "The ale jug robs the cupboard and the table, starves the wife, and strips the children; it is a great thief, house-breaker and heart-breaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces, or keep it on the shelf bottom upward."

Easter.

Loose a mistow might and thought, Fell a golden hour of light In the heart of Christmas again When our Lord was born.

Then from my heart in gloom I'll above the sky send forth Plumes of everlasting truth— Flow of Easter morn.

The Easter Lesson.

A GOOD sermon belonging to a country church gave, one summer in opinion of the observance of Good Friday, Easter, Christmas, etc., rather sharply to a city minister.

"It is all a revival of formalism," he declared. "What is the difference between Easter Sunday and any other Sunday? Your gifts and crosses and wands are nothing but rank superstition."

The next day, the deacon, passing through the streets, found the banks and places of business closed, and a quiet like that of the Sabbath in the most crowded thoroughfares.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "It is the day of the Saviour's crucifixion. In this State it is legally observed."

He went to church and listened to a solemn sermon on the sacrifice upon Calvary. "I do not know, after all," he said, "why we should keep the Battle of New Orleans as an anniversary, and not that of Christ's birth and death."

When Easter morning came the sun was shining; a soft spring air whispered of life beneath the snow-covered ground. The windows of the houses, as he went down the street, were filled with white flowers; rejoicing anthems pealed from every church-door. His friend met him with outstretched hand.

"Surely we can be glad together that Christ has arisen!" he said. "Come here," opening the gate of the church-yard. Upon many of the graves were laid fresh flowers. "They are only a sign, but they are the sign of the resurrection," he said. "Think of the comfort to the poor, mourning mothers and wives that brought them here to remember that, as Christ rose from the dead, their loved ones shall live again."

The objector said nothing, but his friend noticed that in church he joined promptly in singing, "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and when he came out among the happy throng, his eyes were dim. "I will never grudge to any Christian his Easter-day again," he said.

The old prejudice against the festival among certain denominations of excellent and fruitful people, which grew out of the fear that formalism would take the place of inward devotion, as in the Middle Ages, is fast disappearing, and Easter is now celebrated by nearly all Christians as in the early days of the Church. It may be that in time the festival of the resurrection will become universal, and that the world itself will literally keep Easter Day.

LAST year the women of the United States gave \$500,000 toward Christianizing the heathen. Of this large sum Presbyterian women gave nearly \$200,000; Baptist women, \$156,000; Congregational women, \$130,000; Northern Methodist women, \$108,000, and Southern Methodist women, over \$25,000.