

The Walk to Emmaus.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

Down from Jerusalem, on Easter Day,
Went two to Emmaus, six miles away
The long sad hours were drawing to an
end,
And as they walked they talked about
the Friend
Who, they had hoped, would Israel re-
deem,
And how that hope had vanished as a
dream.

But presently a stranger came their way,
And went beside them through the wan-
ing day:
His words were gentle, sympathetic,
kind,
And fell like healing on their anxious
mind:
His tender voice almost their hearts made
glad,
As soft he asked them, "Why are ye so
sad?"

Though wondering, they told him all
their grief,
(And in the very telling found relief),
They listened with astonished, burning
heart,
While he to them true wisdom did im-
part:
Showed how Christ had to suffer death
and pain,
But would henceforth in endless glory
reign.

Then, as they reached their little jour-
ney's end,
Feeling that they indeed had found a
friend,
They urged him, when he would have
further gone,
To tarry with them till the morrow's
morn.
"The day's far spent," they plead,
"evening draws near;
Abide, and share with us our humble
fare."

And so he tarried with them—welcome
Guest!
Sat down to meat, took bread, and
breaking, blessed.
They watching him with ever deepening
awe—
Until their eyes were opened, and they
saw
It was their dearest Lord—O vision
bright!
And instantly he vanished from their
sight.

He vanished, but their sorrow too had
fled;
He was alive! He who had once been
dead!
He was alive! their hope had not been
vain!
As he had promised he had risen again!
Conquered was death! ended the mortal
strife!
Begun the power of that eternal life!

A RUSSIAN EASTER.

BY OLINTON MONTAGUE.

In Russia the Easter season is one of
especial brightness and rejoicing. Here
Easter is celebrated principally as a
church feast; but in the land of the Czar
it is a long, gay holiday, full of merrim-
ent and display.

The Russians are very devout, and
observe all the festivals with scrupulous
fidelity. The forty days of Lent are
kept with religious exactness—neither
flesh, eggs, fowl, milk, or butter being
eaten. The theatres are closed, and
dancing is forbidden. During Passion
Week no business is done, and religious
services are held continually in the
churches.

On Easter Eve the houses are all
scrubbed clean, and every Russian puts
on a new suit of clothes, or part of a
suit, at the least. There is uncommon
stir everywhere, and the churches are
thronged with people. There are no
seats in a Russian church, so the wor-
shippers all stand. A single lamp
blazes in each place of worship; by the
light of this the attendant priests begin
a mass that continues slowly until the
hour of midnight.

The solemnities preparatory to Easter
begin properly on Holy Thursday. On
that day the people repair to the
churches with candles, which they light
and hold in their hands while the priests
read the sorrowful story of the Saviour's
last days upon earth. This is peculiarly
impressive, as often the common people
take the duty upon themselves, after the
priests have ceased their labours; and it
is no uncommon sight to see an aged,
white-bearded labourer reading with
slow, feeble utterance, surrounded by
groups of little children, listening devo-
tly with clasped hands.

On Good Friday occurs the ceremony
called the *procession of the tabernacle*,

The tabernacle is a shrine, raised upon
a platform and covered with a black
cloth, upon the upper side of which is a
representation of Christ. The tabernacle
remains thus until Easter Eve, the
worshippers thronging around it, and
offering their devotions continually.
The ceremonies of the Greek Church are
very formal, and at the Easter time they
are peculiarly long and elaborate.

"Boom! boom! boom!" chime the bells
in the steeples at midnight, and almost
instantly there is a vast transformation
scene. The chandeliers suddenly be-
come glaring circles of brilliant light and
every worshipper becomes a torch bearer.
Peasant and soldier, together with prince
and merchant, each carries a taper,
which is now lighted, and the crowd is
enveloped in a strange and weird splen-
dour. Bells ring out their peals; the
reports of heavy ordnance shake the city,
and amid clouds of incense and strains
of sweetest music, the centre door of the
shrine—which encloses the holy of holies
in all Russian churches—springs open,
and the bishop or archbishop, in his
priestly vestments of many-coloured
satin and cloth of gold, and a high,
jewelled cap upon his head, steps for-
ward, chanting "Christ is risen—Christ
is risen from the dead!"

This joyous chant is taken up by the
attendant priests, who now carry the
cover of the tabernacle back to the altar,
where the bishop stands and blesses all
the people with outstretched arms.
Through the multitude pass other priests
with swinging censers of perfume, pro-
claiming the glad tidings, "Christ is
risen! Christ is risen!" Each wor-
shipper bows his head reverently to re-
ceive the blessings of the holy fathers
as they go by.

After the church service comes the
blessing of the Easter cakes. These
are set in long rows, and each cake
carries its lighted taper. The priests
sprinkle the cakes with holy water, and
the poor people carry them home. The
rich do not appear to think that their
food requires this blessing. But there
is no recognition of rank in the Easter
greetings. Everybody seems to recog-
nize the common brotherhood of men,
and the Easter salutation and the Easter
kiss is passed indiscriminately from
mouth to mouth. "Christ is risen!"
exclaims the peasant. "He is risen in-
deed!" replies the great noble, and
passes on. Friends kiss each other up-
on the cheek. Even the Czar himself
is not exempted from bestowing these
courtesies. In the chapel of the winter
palace he is kept an hour and a half
saluting with affection the clergy, the
council, his guards, and his household.
Every face beams with joy, and the
watchword, "Christ is risen," echoes
everywhere. The merry peals of the
church bells resound through the air;
churches and palaces are brilliant with
illuminations; rockets light up the skies
—and thus the great holiday is ushered
in.

At a Russian Easter breakfast there is
every indication of the joyous festival.
Eggs are, of course, a staple article; and
on most tables a lamb in butter, frizzled
and curled, with currant eyes, appears.
Other dishes are a rich curd, with a
covering of delicious paste; bread made
of long rolls of dough twisted together;
and wheat gruel. Pork is invariably
used; and plenty of vodka (whiskey) is
drunk.

One of the Easter customs is the pre-
sentation of eggs. These eggs are made
of porcelain, glass, wax, sugar, and
sometimes of silver and gold; of all
colours, and of any size, from that of a
tiny sparrow's egg to those of giant
proportions. Some of these Easter eggs
are very valuable; and costly jewels are
often hidden away in a beautiful, golden,
egg-shaped case. Whoever presents one
of these eggs, says at the same time,
"Christ is risen," receiving the usual
response, together with a kiss. In St.
Petersburg alone hundreds of thousands
of eggs change hands at this season.

Wrestling and boxing are common.
The swing is also a grand diversion of
the holidays. At the great squares the
Russian Punch and Judy draw large
crowds. The picturesque groups in the
streets, the variety of the costumes of
the peasants, the rich and showy uni-
forms of the officers, the strangeness of
the language, accompanied by the ex-
pressive gestures, and all the demonstra-
tions of the people, present a picture
that is entirely novel to a visitor from
another country.

The lower classes of the Russians have
their pictures of the saints, which they
call "gods," which are usually suspend-
ed in one corner of their living-room.
These are painted in bright colours, on
pieces of board, and are ornamented
with silver or gold. On Easter Day
there is placed in front of these pictures
a table, on which is set a lamp
that is kept continually burning.

Whenever the owner, or one of his
family, enters the room, he salutes his
"god" by bowing or crossing himself
before it. At the end of the holiday
season the lamp is removed but the
worship of the images continue.

The Russian festival closes with a
mass on the Sunday after Easter. On
this occasion each worshipper is given a
piece of a loaf, with the words, "Christ
is risen," which he keeps as a sacred
relic, together with his Palm Sunday
branch, on the table of his domestic
saint.

**"AND UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT
THOU TRUST."**

We are told that during the storm
cannonading of Nickajack, a small bird
came and perched upon the shoulder of
an artilleryman, designated as "No. 1,"
whose duty it is to ram down the charge
after the ammunition is put in the gun.
The piece was a Napoleon, which makes
a very loud report. The bird, perched
upon the man's shoulder, could not be
driven from its position by the violent
motions of the gunner. When the piece
was discharged, the poor little thing
would run its beak and head up under
the man's hair at the back of the neck,
and when the report died away would
resume its place on his shoulder. Cap-
tain Babbitt took the bird in his hand,
but when he released it, it resumed its
place on the shoulder of the smoke-
begrimed gunner. The scene was wit-
nessed by a large number of officers and
men. Possibly, frightened at the violent
commotion caused by the battle, and not
knowing how to escape or where to go,
some instinct led it to throw itself upon
the gunner as a protector. Was it some-
thing like this the Psalmist was think-
ing of when he wrote the ninety-first
Psalm?

GIVE FREELY.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."
—Matt. 10. 8.

God will have no grudging offering, he
will bless no gift that is not given freely
and heartily. Nothing that the richest
of us can ever offer will in any way
equal his Great Gift to us, of his only
beloved Son. Shall we, then, grudge the
little that it is possible for us to do for
him?

A good but penurious brother once got
a good lesson on this point from an old
minister. A church building was sadly
needed where he lived, and an earnest
effort to obtain one sent the minister to
stingy Brother Jones for his help.

"Here," said the pastor, "you see what
the brethren and sisters have given so
far. Now we are ready to hear what
you will give."

"Well, we do need the church, I
s'pose," replied Brother Jones slowly, and
with a long-drawn sigh; "and I reckon
I'll have to do somethin'; but you see
times are mighty hard, mighty hard,
Brother Gray, and I dunno as I can—"

"Stop right there, Brother Jones!" in-
terrupted the good old minister, putting
the subscription paper back into his
pocket, "stop right there! We don't
want one dollar of your money. Not a
dollar shall go into the Lord's house that
doesn't go freely. When the church is
done, you shall be as welcome as any-
body to come; but we won't have one
of your grudging dollars, not one!"

He rode away, leaving Brother Jones
greatly astonished and severely rebuked.
But a few days later he went to Brother
Gray, and saying, "May the Lord forgive
my stinginess! Here's a free gift,
Brother Gray; and I'll give you more if
it's needed," he laid down a hundred
dollars.

"That's it, Brother Jones," replied the
pastor; "that's it! Now the Lord will
take your money, and bless it to you."

THE RIGHT HEART.

Two little girls were sitting near a
brook in the woods. "Listen to that
noisy brook," said one; "it scolds and
scolds. I wish it would keep quiet."
"Why, sister, it is not scolding, it is
singing," said the other. "The leaves
are falling from the trees. How bare
and ugly they look," cried the first
speaker. "Oh, but it is so pleasant to
gather the leaves," was the reply; "then
we see more of the sky, and the sun
shines on us better." The other frowned
angrily and said, "Your ears and eyes
must be made different from mine." The
difference was not in the ears and eyes,
but in the heart. If the heart is right
the brook will sing, not scold; the sky
will look blue, and through the bare
branches God's love will shine.

"The only way to prevent what's
past," said Mrs. Muldoon, "is to put a
stop to it before it happens."

LILLIAN'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY FANNIS ROPER FEUDOR.

Two little lassies, Lillian and Maude,
had just returned to the Elmwood
boarding-school, after spending the
Easter holidays at their own homes.
They were classmates, nearly of the
same age, and very fond of each other.
As girls do, they had a great deal to talk
about when they first met after their
return to school; the presents they had
given and received and the pleasant
times they had enjoyed at home.

"I liked all my gifts," said Lillian, as
she sat perched on the window-seat in
Maude's room one afternoon; "but I
think the very best of them all was
Uncle Howard's letter written especially
for me."

"A letter the best of all?" asked
Maude. "What kind of a letter was it?"
"Why, you know Uncle Howard is a
missionary in China, said Lillian, "and
he sees what hard times the women and
girls have in that country. First he
told me about two large brick vaults,
built for the purpose, where young chil-
dren can be thrown without any trouble,
and he says that hundreds of little girl-
babies are every year thrown into this
dark, cold place, and left there to die.
Then he spoke of a well-to-do family
where there were already two sons, when
a dear little girl-baby was born. But
the cruel father, instead of being glad,
got angry, and said he could not afford
to take care of girls, and that this new
baby must be either strangled or thrown
into the vault. The poor mother cried,
but she could not save her dear little
daughter, because in China the husband
and father has complete control of the
wife and daughters."

"But just as this wee Chinese baby
was about to be carried off, her old
grandmother, who was a good Christian,
heard of it, and sent and begged to have
the baby for her own. Her son-in-law
laughed at her for wanting a good-for-
nothing girl-baby that is not worth the
bringing up, but said she could do as
she pleased about it."

"So the grandmother took the poor,
despised baby to her own humble home,
and grew very fond of her, and took just
as good care of her as she was able till
little Su-tek was five years old. Then
the old grandmother died, and as she
was so poor that there was not enough
left in her little cottage to pay for the
burial, Su-tek was seized and carried off
to be sold as a slave, when a good mis-
sionary heard of the trouble, paid the
money, and took the poor frightened
child to his own happy home. Now she
is learning to sew and to read, and to
know about Christ, just as we do."

"But," said Maude, "you have not told
me why you liked this story more than
your other gifts."

"It was because hearing of the sad
lives of the poor little children in heathen
countries made me think more than I
had ever done before how much we in
this land owe to our Father in heaven.
Our fathers and mothers love their
daughters instead of killing them, and
they teach us of Christ's great love for
us too. We do not have to burn in-
cense sticks to idols that cannot hear
or help, no matter how much we need
help. As I thought of all this, and who
it was that made my life so much
happier than that of heathen children, I
wanted to tell God how I thank him and
love him for his great goodness to me.
Then I asked him to help me to show
my gratitude by loving and obeying him
more than I had ever done before."

"It was Easter morning, and I was in
my own room, where I always go when
I am at home to read the Bible and have
my little prayer service by myself. I
had been reading of the wise men who,
when they had found the young child
with Mary, his mother, fell down and
worshipped him, and when they had
opened their treasures they presented
unto him gifts, gold, frankincense, and
myrrh. I wanted to bring an offering
also to the loving Saviour who gave him-
self for us, but I did not know what I
had that was worthy. Then there came
into my heart a desire to give my heart
and life to him, and I do want both to
be his forever."

"And so do I," said Maude. "Let us
ask him now to teach us. I never
thought before how much the children
of Christian parents and Christian homes
have to be thankful for, and I want the
Saviour to teach me to give him my
heart and my life, to show him my
gratitude and love."

So these two girl-friends knelt to-
gether and dedicated themselves anew
to the blessed Saviour they had already
learned to love, and this was their
Easter offering to him "who died and
is risen again, and ever liveth to make
intercession for us."