



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

From East to West I've marched beneath
the eagles;
From Pontus unto Gall,
Kept many a watch on which, by death
surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-
echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form un-
shrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar, in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath;
And saw his jewel-eyes gleam: then he
seized me,
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I
buried;
My feet his warm blood dyed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the
morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peace-
ful city
Lies at our feet asleep,
Round us the still more peaceful dead are
lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moanings seem to
muster,
And gather where He lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams
are flying,
That touch this hill alone;

Whence these unearthly lights? and whence
the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But His, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to His feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there
bleeding,
And put my soul to shame,
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was
hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was He the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from His face:
What if He rose again and I should meet
Him!
How awful is this place!

*Preston Tower; or, Will He No' Come
Back Again?* By Jessie M. E.
Saxby. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Ander-
son, & Ferrier; Toronto: William
Briggs.

This is a beautiful 12mo. volume of
378 pp., well bound, fine paper and
good type. The author writes in a
clear, vigorous style, without any namby-
pambyism, of which many of the books
intended for young persons contain an
abundance. The scene of the story is
Preston Tower, near the famous Preston-
pans battlefield, where Prince Charlie
won a short-lived triumph. The
persons of whom the story gives some
graphic portraits are Mr. and Mrs.
Winton, their son and daughter, Dr.
Munro, Kate Mowbray, who afterwards
became Mrs. Overton. The parents
first named were strict Presbyterians;
the son, Sholto, was fond of youthful
sports, and was intended by his father

for mercantile life, which was not
congenial to the tastes of the son. He
was sent to Edinburgh to learn busi-
ness, but soon fell into bad company,
which brought him into disgrace, and
he was enticed to join a company of
smugglers, some of whom were captured
by Her Majesty's officers. To avoid
capture he absconded and became a
soldier, and was sent to India and
served through the Sepoy rebellion.
The young man returned to Scotland,
like the prodigal who went home to
his father. No wonder that the
daughter and he became affianced. The
story is full of good sentiments and
cannot fail to be useful to young people
of both sexes. It is embellished with
several well executed woodcuts.

**A Very Old Lily; or, The Story of
Easter.**

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

THE lily is sure to hang out the pure,
white banners of its blossoms in the
churches on Easter Sunday. The Eas-
ter festival itself is a lily among the
days of the Christian calendar, and as
such is not only a sweet and fragrant
flower, but a very old one. And how
old is this Easter lily? The Easter
festival takes our thoughts back to
the earliest years of the Church of
Christ. The word "Easter" came
over the rough seas from the land of
the Saxons to the shores of Britain,
Easter being a divinity that had a
spring festival; and this name was
finally appropriated to the Christian
spring festival of the resurrection. That
resurrection festival was highly hon-
oured by the early Christians. Let us
transport ourselves in imagination
back among those far-off years. Visit
Rome, and especially those meeting-
places of the early Christians for worship
—the Catacombs of Rome. Come with
me and enter that arched opening in the
earth, its very shape like a doorway
promising to lead somewhere if we will
only step down and partially follow
the shadowy passage-way that beckons
us on. Through the shadows, we cau-
tiously advance, on, on, turning here and
there, winding to the left, and winding
to the right, now entering chambers and
then passing into rambling galleries.
And here the early Christians used to
meet for worship. Here they brought
their dead for burial in the dark walls.
Here they fled when persecution
grew in the streets of Rome. And
here let us think of them as assembled
to honour the great resurrection Sun-
day. They have already been remem-
bering the day when our Lord was
crucified. They have remembered it
in prayer, in fasting also, and through
Saturday we think of them as watchers
in that garden where our Lord was laid
in the tomb. They are watching,
Saturday night, waiting for the morn-
ing of the resurrection-day to dawn.
Dawn? Some one entering the dark
catacombs may bring the tidings that
he heard without a cock crowing,
cheery sign of the approach of morning!
Ah, that is the hour when it was
thought our Lord arose from the dead.
We seem now to hear on every side the
jubilant outcries, "The Lord is risen!
The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen
indeed!" Fasting and night over;
salutations of joy resound. Worship
assumes a jubilant character. We see
those disciples bowing also to receive
the holy communion, or some one pre-
sents himself for baptism. To watch
by the tomb is over and the morning

has brought a risen Saviour. We fol-
low the worshippers out of the cata-
combs. They salute with Easter
greetings the friends they meet, and in
their homes the same joyous outcries
echo when parents and children meet.
When the Church of Christ became
strong, when its sentiments ruled in
the community and its customs were
accepted and practised, then courts of
justice were closed. Some prisoner
was sure to be liberated from his dis-
mal confinement. Were Christians
rich enough to own servants? Some
slave was sure to lose his fetters.
Christian services could not be inter-
rupted by public spectacles of the
heathen, and the places where these
were held were closed. Were there
poor families in the community?
Somebody's hunger was sure to be
relieved.

As Christianity went everywhere
over the great military roads branching
out from Rome, Christian truth and
Christian customs everywhere were re-
ceived. How the Easter lily, that
bowed its head and hid in the cata-
combs, now bloomed before the eyes of
all men, a queen flower everywhere!

Of course, different centuries and
different countries have exhibited
various methods of the observance of
Easter. At one time, Easter was
celebrated for eight days. Then it was
shortened to three and two days. In
our corner of the world, in popular
estimation, Easter lasts through Sun-
day, and Easter-Monday is a very dif-
ferent day. Customs change. Once
the Easter kiss was very popular, and
an accompanying cry was the Latin
"Surrexit" ("He is risen!"). "Vere
Surrexit" ("He is risen indeed") was
the reply. In Russia, to-day, the Eas-
ter kiss is given as friends meet. The
great Czar himself must do his duty,
and on a large scale. He receives in
the chapel of the Winter Palace his
great war-generals, his counsellors, his
senators, his family, the clergy and
others, and the Czar, as well as the
poorest person, must bestow the Easter
kiss.

The Easter egg is a very popular
feature of this festival in some coun-
tries. In St. Petersburg, hundreds of
thousands of eggs are given away at
this time. Germany is a land we as-
sociate with the Easter egg. This is
seen in very fanciful forms. Perhaps
it is a wheelbarrow of little eggs
trundled by a hare, that one sees in
the windows of the shops; or out of
an egg the chicken may be staring at
the new world they have been supposed
to discover. And if eggs and chickens
and hares are all of sugar, what a
sweet, toothsome time a boy must have
in "Fatherland!" In this country,
the Easter egg is better known each
succeeding year, and if folks take to
eating them extensively, and also to
giving them extensively, Mother-Hen
will soon be receiving larger orders
than she can fill with comfort. Another
name for Easter egg is Pasch egg, the
word meaning passover, which is as-
sociated with Easter. On the Scottish
moors, the young people once had the
custom of venturing out at an early
hour on Pasch Sunday. They would
hunt up wild-fowls' eggs for breakfast,
and O lucky lad and lassies that put
their hands on such a smooth, round
souvenir!

The use of the egg is not a Christian
practice only. The Jews at passover-
time found a place for eggs in the feast,
and the Persians are said to exchange