



The far spire I see the crescent moon
Is swinging, like a lanthorn in the night,
Dim through the mist, but welcome with its light
To the spent seamen, toiling since the noon.
The winds are like the waves, that softly croon
Along the reedy shore; then turn with might
And shout against the rocks. Before my sight
The swift clouds wing, like birds aroused too soon.
And as the sailor sings and feels no fear,
But trusts the captain's hand, though frail and old,
Their vessel drifteth seaward, like a ship,—
So I to-night laugh at the storm and cold,
On the deserted roadway; for I hear
God's voice direct this tossing world—our ship.

MARCH, 1896.

—LAURA B. DURAND.



JUST YOU AND I.

SPRINGTIME and Easter. It is fit that they should come together, since both tell out the story of the Resurrection. Nature pushes hard against much of the dear old Bible accounting, until we who are neither of the scientists nor theologians are oftentimes sore perplexed at the apparent discrepancies between the two. But here and now, at this bright season, it is easy to believe this greatest, this central truth of the Christian faith, since all the world about us is one Easter song.

A new life! A new life! It is the spring-time cry. The shining streamlets trickling down the roadway, the twittering birds on nesting abent, the swelling buds upon the leafless boughs, the gurgling sap,—all blend in this Easter chant; while in the silence of wood and field, where yet the late snow lingers, we can almost hear the throb of the mother earth in pulsings that presage the new birth. Let him who hath ears to hear hearken to Nature's forth-telling of the Resurrection.

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How many little ways we have of recognizing this brightest festival of the Christian Church,—small unconscious ways whose significance we oftentimes fail to realize.

There is a thrill of vitality within us responsive to the quickening of the nature world. We are conscious of a sense of freshness, we realize the winter is over, that the time of the singing of birds has come; we have a vision of fair possibilities, of a shining, singing summer time stretching through warm sweet-scented days and nights. And it is to accentuate this feeling of newness that we seek for the blossoms and bits of bright-

ness wherewith to adorn our churches, our homes, our garments, for Eastertide.

The Easter blossoms and bonnets are not all vanity;—there is a very real beauty in the thought that lies below.

Being children of the dear old earth, we share her instinct to put forth a new robe in the springtime quickening; being children of a higher life, our hearts leap to like impulse at the Church season that proclaims the putting on of immortality.

Bliss Carman, our richest-veined poet, sings in pretty apostrophe of this wonderful Easter kinship of all created things.

O dwellers in the dust, awake!
My little brothers of the field,
And put the sleep out of your eyes;
Your death doom is repeated.

Lift all your golden faces now,
You dandelions in the ground;
You quince, and thorn, and apple bough,
Your foreheads are unbound.

O dwellers in the frost, awake!
My little brothers of the mold,
It is the time to forth and slake
Your being as of old.

You frogs, and newts, and creatures small,
In the prevailing urge of Spring,
Who taught you in the dreary Fall
To guess so glad a thing.

O dwellers in the desperate dark!
My brother of the mortal birth,
Is there no whisper bids you mark
The Easter of the earth.

Let the great floods of Spring turn
Float every fear away,—and
We are all fellows of the fern,
And children of the snow.

The veriest doubter is caught in the sun-meshes of Easter dawn, and his spirit warms into faith in the glow of it.

* * *

Matthew Arnold makes fine use of this truth of spiritual quickening in his dainty poem, "The Forsaken Merman."

Margaret, the earth maiden, who has lost her soul for love of her sea lover, hears above the waves—

The sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In in the little green church on the shore to-day;
'Twill be Easter time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."

Her sea lover bids her—

"Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves."

She obeys, her heart stirring. She goes up—

To the little gray church on the windy hill,
and there, in the beauty of the Eastertide,
her soul returns to her, and henceforth, in simple womanly content,—

She sits at her wheel, in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings, "O joy, O joy!
For the humming street and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully.

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We all need,—we must have,—this blessed belief in the first Resurrection; but it may be that it is a greater necessity to women than to men, since a woman left groping in the dark is tripped by the very robes of her womanhood.

She cannot walk through the blackness of unbelief without stumbling; she cannot stretch out empty hands into the silence of Death-land without a numbing despair. Her love is her life; and when she lays her dead away in dreary Lenten days, for dear love's sake she must hold fast to that glad revelation of the first Easter dawn.

Believing thus, all the old earth's mysteries are less mysterious, its jangles less harsh; all its sorrows are less sad, its gladness more glad. In remembrance of the rolled stone and empty sepulchre only, life becomes worth the living.

FAITH FENTON.

"He stayed me, saying: 'Touch me not! not yet
Am I ascended to my Father! Go!
Speak to my brethren; say that I ascend
Unto my Father, and to yours,—my God,
And your God.'"

"Was he seen again of men?"

The Buddhist prayed.

"Many whiles!" answered she;
Three times on that First Day, and, afterwards
In his old paths by silver Galilee;
And on the Mountain; where He met His own,
And made their cheer celestial. Last of all
He shewed in full midst of Jerusalem,
Amongst the eleven,—nail-marks on hands and feet

Rose-red, and spear-gash scarring the white side;
And ate of fish and honey from their board;
Then blessed, and led them forth to Olive;
And passed—as if, they said, a waiting clow
Received Him out of sight." —Arnold.