

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Welcome Spring.

In autumn winds the leaves were shivered  
From the care of their treely mother  
And left to die unnot'ced and withered,  
Each side by side his brother.

Then the earth in a spotless livery clad,  
For many a weary day;  
But now the waters rushing mad,  
Were then the roof for fishes. Aye  
And even a lifeless lad.

The snow sinks through the earth in shame,  
And fields and meadows turn to green;  
Nothing in nature to take the blame,  
But mortals, where corruption's seen.

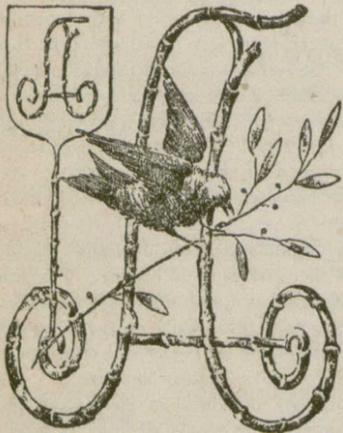
Welcome spring with all thy flowers,  
And little songsters' melodies gay;  
For hours in thy sunny bowers  
I would linger through the day.

E. D.

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## It Is Very Obvious.

A TALE OF WOE.



SHORT time ago, a leading monthly published an interesting account of a surgical operation performed by a New York surgeon. It was a case of apparent Idiocy, and the surgeon gave it as his opinion that the condition of the child was induced by an unusual contraction of the absence of mental power. He announced further that an opening could be safely be made in the

head, and a piece of the skull removed, which would give the brain room to develop. Further he proceeded to make good his words, with the happiest results.

I read this article carefully, thoughtfully. Was that what had been the matter? Like a flash of light I saw it all.

The criminal neglect of my parents, had deprived this world of another Michael Angelo, and me of the fame and renown that was my birthright. Early in life I resolved on my career. I should be the Canadian Artist. Within me I felt the stirrings of Genius; my ideals full of poetic imagery, marvels of coloring, and withal true to nature, should line the Academy walls. No need then of brass bands to draw a crowd to an exhibition of the Art Society. Eminent R. A's need no longer withdraw themselves in sorrow, from this association, finding it impossible for them to remain to admire. My pictures would be there. Prophetically I saw the admiring crowds, heard their lavish encomiums, saw myself erected to a pinnacle of fame.

After mastering a few preliminaries which I considered all that could be necessary in a case like mine, I began my career. Someway the cow under the trees in the field didn't look just right; the more I worked at her, the worse she got.

So I left her and proceeded to my next subject, "a scene in Muskoka." It was pretty good; but I have seen dozens on the Academy walls quite as good and some rather better. About this time a dim suspicion that something was wrong (artistically), began to dawn upon me. The pinnacle of fame seemed dimmer. The lavish encomiums fainter. The admiring crowds preceded by the R. A's were vanishing slowly but alas! surely.

However I should make one more attempt, and this I resolved might be my last. If I failed nevermore should I wield the brush.

With alternating hope and fear I began my "Canyon of the Fraser River." I had always wanted to own a picture of a Canyon of the Fraser River. That night, I went out and bought a ten cent chromo. My career was at an end.

My hopes blighted, and all from the fatal negligence of my poor parents. Why was not an incision made in my cranium and something removed to make room for the growth of the section of skull which is necessary for the successful production of a—Canyon? I could have spared several characteristics. My most partial friends say, there are a few points in my development I could have done without, but alas when too late we see our mistakes!

There is young Jones too. Jones is a member of the Young Liberal Club. Did Jones join that August assembly that he might the better acquaint himself with the principles of free trade? Not at all. Indeed Jones had intended joining the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association, his leaning being in that direction, but was restrained by the remarks of a low beast named Smith, who said.

"Oh yes Jones, we have a lot of dandies up there, and just need you to finish us up." This made Jones mad, he proceeded to join the Young Liberals.

And why?

Because Jones knew he was an orator. Night after night Jones lay awake framing, "Thoughts that breathed, and words that (would) burn" hurled fierce denunciations at his opponents, overwhelmed them with withering sarcasm, anon, charmed them into unwilling admiration of his silvery tongued eloquence. He heard himself talked of in the streets, as that smart young fellow Jones,

read flattering notices of his last speech in THE LADIES' PICTORIAL; saw himself invited to address public meetings with Mr. Laurier, and Sir Richard; even hoped for a chance of displaying his ability in the Legislative Halls of his country.

It was after, a night when the brilliancy of his thoughts surprised Jones himself that he made his maiden speech at the Young Liberals. He began, "Mr. President and gentlemen," then he stopped. Blank silence. Where had it all gone? The graceful exordium, the powerful arguments, the blighting sarcasm the eloquent peroration, where were they? Not vanished, but land locked, shoved out of sight behind some unimportant section of his cranium. Probably self esteem and filial reverence, perfectly useless bumps for which Jones never had any use after that night.

It is probable that Jones' unhappy parents never knew the gravity of their neglect. Jones' mother used to delight Jones, and sometimes their friends by stories of the preternatural cleverness of Jones as a child. So blinded were they by their too partial pride in him that they never observed any deficiency. Jones mother's sister remembers distinctly that she always thought he was a little wanting. It had been brought to her notice by comparing him with her own Johnnie who was the same age. The Jones family didn't see it then.

Now Johnnie is an alderman.

I could mention countless similar instances, but if the misfortunes of Jones and myself serve to draw the notice of parents to the necessity of carefully examining their children's craniums in early youth, while their future could still be made or marred, Jones and I will not have lived in vain.

BEATA.

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## How to Carry a Red Nose Gracefully.

There is no use arguing about it, friends, Romans and countrymen, we cannot go about the streets and "grin like a dog," when our noses are a study in that charming variety of shade known as tomato red. Try as we may—and our endeavors are sometimes pitiful to behold—we cannot appear totally unconscious of the fact. This, I affirm, is far beyond mortal's control. There is a tangible something pervading the whole appearance that betrays the owner's knowledge of the fact. Whether it is the hungry, gaunt, despairing look that the blooming nasal appendage unfaillingly brings with it, or whether it is the "I-am-not-so-sure-of-myself-as-I-was," air, has not yet been decided in my mind. But one does not always meet this type. There are people who assume a falsely hilarious demeanor and walk along with an air that seems to betoken a supreme contempt for anything of such small portent as a glowing nose. Oh! the mockery of it! You divine their innermost sentiments on the subject with unerring accuracy even though so heroically suppressed. Do not look cheerful. It only excites people's sympathy for you. Endeavor to look unconcerned and walk with a quiet, unassuming step. A greater mistake was never made than to hurry along with a buoyant spring and the suspicion of a happy smile on your lips. It only convinces people that you are unutterably miserable and that you would flee up the back streets and to the uttermost parts of the earth were it in your power. Avoid looking in the shop windows. What you may see there might drive you to desperation. Above all, do not carry your head too high, for this is an exploded idea. Carry it artistically, on no account presenting your profile for any one's inspection, unless driven to it. Put on an air of self-respect (which needless to say, you are far from feeling) but do not look pleased with yourself. The resigned air one often sees people wear is very painful. Therefore, be resigned, but hide it and hope for better things when the mild spring breezes visit us once more.

On issuing forth in the morning (or at any other time when the weather is anything but salubrious) the variety and depth of emotion that is experienced by the unhappy expectant wretch, the amount of superfluous feeling wasted, would stock an infant's home for life-long establishment. Before leaving your room, you take a painfully searching glance at the mirror. "Not a particle of color there," you say to yourself proudly, and straighten your hat. As you open the hall door, a gentle though chill breeze salutes you. "Oh!" you say to yourself, with hope springing up in your despondent breast, "This is not extra cold, what a fine morning it is to be sure!" And you throw up your head with a superb gesture and almost float down the steps! You start off at a brisk pace, with a genuinely happy smirk adorning your face. After all, what is jollier than a long tramp in the morning? All at once you slacken speed. Such violent motion may—you anxiously look diagonally down at your nose, causing the small child on the sidewalk food for wonderment as to whether you are cross-eyed from birth or whether you are doing it for a lark. As yet the virgin whiteness of it is undisturbed. It remains perfectly quiet. Vesuvius has not commenced to emit that lurid glow as yet. At this point your spirits begin to rise steadily. After all you are not of the common clay. Hitherto some organic trouble has disturbed the course of your system, but that is all over now. You can take your place among those mortals who are numbered by the whiteness of their nasal appendages. You reach the corner of the block, with your opinion of yourself raised to an enormous standard. Here you meet an unlucky acquaintance, with a meekly dejected appearance and a furiously red, full-blown feature lighting up his face.

You give him a commiserating smile and pass on with a chuckle of unholy joy. "Poor thing!" you think "how dreadful it looks!" and again you flatter yourself that there is nothing to equal you walking on the face of the earth.

Here you reach a very exposed corner of the avenue, the wind comes sweeping round the corner with a sharpness hitherto unfelt and your opinion of the beauty of the morning goes down a peg.

Can it be possible? Alas! it is! A faint but unmistakable red is tingling your highly respectable nostrils. You wildly persuade yourself that it is but a passing inflection and will wear off. You make for the sunny side of the street. It has no effect whatever. Ten minutes more pass. That pleasant nipping sensation sets in. You walk quickly, with your head still well up, but with a disillusioned feeling that intensifies and grows with the developments of Vesuvius. But you are bearing up bravely, still able to return the bows of your friends with some composure. You fancy you see gleeful expectancy in their eyes. As some of them of them are "there" already, you allow a little comfort to creep into your heart.

Five minutes pass, and all is lost. With that last little fiendish zephyr the last morsel of hope falls to the ground. With saddened mien and spiritless tramp you slink along, bearing the now-flaming proboscis before you, with a publicity and prominence that would put the wiles of many an advertising enterpriser to shame.

"TRIX."

Our Weekly Sermons  
By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## The Resurrection.

I COR. 15: 14-20.

On the evening of the crucifixion, a deputation of the chief priests and Pharisees waited upon the Roman governor, begging that the sepulchre might be made sure until third day, lest Christ's disciples should come by night and steal His body away, and then declare that He had risen again as He had before declared that He would do. Pilate said unto them, "Ye have a watch (a body of Roman soldiers stationed to guard the Temple) go your way; make it as sure as you can."

So they went their way, and made the sepulchre sure, as they flattered themselves, using the same ordinary precautions which were observed in the case of Daniel in the lion's den, sealing the stone which was at the mouth of the cave with their own official seal, so that any movement of the stone must break the wax, the impression stamped upon which, none but themselves could restore. "They sealed the stone, and set a watch," generally supposed to be about three-score men. Then they departed proudly confident that on the third day they would be able to drag forth His dead body from the tomb and expose it to all the world. This would have been an unanswerable refutation of all Jesus' claims, an argument as clear and convincing to the learned as to the unlearned, to the simple as to the wise, and which must have held up the claims of Christ to universal and never-ending contempt. All faith in Him must have been forever destroyed. He could not have been the Messiah, nor the Son of God.

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; ye are yet in your sins."

How much depends therefore, upon this fundamental truth that Christ died and rose again from the dead.

Let us glance rapidly at some of the proofs.

It has been well said that no fact in history is more fully attested than the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

On any other supposition, the very establishment of Christianity in the world becomes utterly unaccountable.

That Jesus was really put to death as a common malefactor, the earliest and acutest enemies of Christianity never attempted to deny. This in itself would naturally be a most damaging and crushing blow to the new religion.

How then shall we account for the early triumph of Christianity, beginning from that very spot where he was notoriously executed, if He did not roll off that reproach by rising again from the grave?

Again, I would remind you that their main object in guarding the sepulchre so closely, was that they might be able at the end of three days, to drag forth and publicly exhibit the dead and decaying body of Jesus. But it was just here that their scheme most ignominiously broke down. Jesus burst from the tomb, and so they could not produce the body. That body, I say, was never produced, was never even pretended to be produced. And what is the irresistible conclusion? That Jesus died and rose again according to the Scripture.

And upon this foundation fact the Apostles are most clear and confident. On it they based their preaching of the Saviour. By it they were willing to stand or fall. And no wonder. The evidence was overpowering. Jesus manifested Himself to His disciples eight or ten times, and possibly much oftener. These witnesses saw Him, close at hand; talked with Him, by daylight and for long seasons together; held Him by the feet, and ate and drank with Him after He rose from the dead. They were invited to touch and examine Him; and, in the case of doubting Thomas, one was asked to feel and search the nail-prints in the Saviour's hands and the spear wound in His side.

As for the strange story that the Roman soldiers were hired to tell that the disciples came by night and stole His body away, this carries its own confutation on its face.

How could they testify to what went on when they were asleep?

And, besides, the idea that some scores of soldiers, Roman veterans, renowned for discipline, who knew that to sleep at their posts was death, and who, in this particular case, had been charged to maintain unusual vigilance,—the idea, I say, that all the guards, officers and men, should in the light of a full paschal moon, fall into a deep sleep, at such a time, and in such numbers and all at once—is too incredible to need a serious refutation. Nor would this strange tale, even if believed, remove their difficulty; for how would they account for His coming to life again, and for His many reappearances upon the earth!