

## Easter Night.

BY ALICE MEYNELL

All night had shout of men and ex-Of word women filled his way, Until that moon of somber sky On Friday, clamor and display Smote him; no solitude had he. No silence, since Gethsemane

Public was Death, but Power, but Might, But Life again, but Victory, Were hushed within the dead of night,

The shuttered dark, the secrecy And all alone, alone, alone, He rose again behind the stone

## An Italian Easter.

BY MRS. JOHN COLBY

It was before the war, and I sometimes wonder how the laughter-loving Italian folk have since celebrated that festival of Easter, which to them, is the greatest event in the ecclesiastical year.

We had landed at Naples; gone from thence to Rome, and Holy Week found us in Florence. Florence, with her wideeaved houses, het fair hill vistas, and her black, experienced looking church bells, which tumbled in and out of the beltries in full view of the beholder.

Over balconies, in and out of lattices, around veranda posts, wisteria poured its purple flood. On the Arno's banks, washerwomen crouched at their eternal task. The Boboli Gardens dreamed, serene, of their own loveliness, and on distant slopes, olive trees teathered the landscape with a soft mist of color like a thought of green, not yet matured.

It was Holy Week. Every little shop in Florence was in gala dress. The butchers' windows were decorated with bright garlands of tissue paper, and pigs, wearing a most beatific expression on their inanimate faces, were strung up, whole, with pink paper roses

stuck into their noses and ears. It was Holy Week!

Italian housewives had cleaned their homes from top to bottom in anticipation of the great event, and of the view of the tiest who would speakly took poom wall Holy Water: The Letter diverse and Sand agro pasquale and egg-web es of a hith processing by the converse to the converse of the conve be lad or dealer to these ... being placed on the total control of the

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Up old stone stans, worn deep in the undelle by the tootsteps of centuries, we groped on way to a room which was a bower of camellas, double anemonies tulips, roses and e perarias. From thence we stepped out upon one of the balconics overlooking the Piazza del Duomo, where, even at that early hour, a heated altereation was going on with regard to some misunderstanding about reserved seats. We had obeyed the injunction to arrive betimes, and had ample opportunity to review in our minds all that we had heard concerning the spectacle which we were about to witness

Many legends were told about the origin of the "Scoppindal Carro", Burning of the Car , or "Dove Spectacle." grew out of the rite of blessing the Holy Fire, on Easter Eve, and although traditions differed from one another in details, all seemed to unite in ascribing to the wealthy and powerful House of Pazzi the distinction of having first brought the sacred flame to Laly, from the Saviour's sepulchie.

Centuries 120, an ancestor of this illustrious Florentine family went on pil-2timage to Jerusalem. He pressed for: ward eagerly in the throng who strove to ignite their torches at the Sacred Fire in the Holy Sepulchie.

"He was a mighty man, and tall, with a torch larger than any other," says an old chromale, and he succeeded in lighting his taper first at the Sacred Flame.

Then, exultant at his success, he tode home all the way to Horence with his face toward his horse's tail ' to prevent the Devil from blowing out his precious

Those who saw him pass, riding in this strange tashion, cried: "Pazzo' pazzo'," amad' mad' and thus, according to some nattatives, the name of the House originated. Be this as it may, the brave Crusader a complished his purpose, arriving home sately with the Holy Flame, and as a reward for his valor, the House of Pazze supered to many years, the beams and boards clamped together, and supported on four low, solid wheels. A stout pole with steps on each side formerly ran up the inside, but at the present day this is superseded by a more convenient rope ladder. A thick coating of paint and varnish has destroyed the pictures commemorating Pazzo's exploits, as well as the colors on the coat of arms

Early on the morning of Holy Satur day, in the old church of S. S. Apostoli, the priest has, with great ceremony, kindled a new fire from the precious flint stones from the Saviour's sepulchre. Now is the time for Italian mothers to obtain a light from the Holy Flame with which to kindle a fire in their own homes, and over which they hasten to heat water to bathe their babies. Others warm their children's clothes over fire kindled in a like manner, or cook their breakfast with it, special blessings being thought to fol-

At the lighting of the taper, Florentine mothers also encourage their babies to take their first steps in the belief that it will make their legs strong.

When the tinder catches from the three sacred flint stones, the taper lighted from it in turn lights the candle in the brazier or partificate -a beautiful. 14th century piece of copper work which is used to convey the new Holy Fire, just struck, from the Church of the Apostle to the great Duomo.

There is always a very long Mass on the morning of Holy Siturday, and even with an early start, it is almost halt past eight before the procession of priests and deacons sets out from the Church of the Apostle, with the press furior. It has an escort of municipal guards, and standard bearers carrying the binners of the Pazzi tamily, together with the red lily of Florence which constitutes the city flag. and the church banner, a red cross on a white field I wo down it of the Commune also form part of the escorting procession, and make a pleasing uppear

lands, it advances by slow degrees toward the Piazza in front of the Duomo, On its arrival there a most imposing structure, bristling with the works) the oxen are unharnessed, and the business of stretching the wire from the car through the great central door of the Duomo, is commenced. Along this taut wire the much-talked of Columbia; (Dove) makes its journey, when, at the proper moment, it speeds to the car to ignite the fire works there.

The Dove is a mechanical device, containing a slow tuse, and is it advances along the wire to perform its mission, great is the suspense of the country folk, for it it travels straight, and sets off the fire works without a hitch, it is a popular superstition that the coming harvest will be good. But if not, it is a bad omen for the crops. In former times, if the Dove did not fly well, it meant imprisonment to the man who manipulated it, but now he merely forfeits his payment.

and Dove, and processions, we of the outer world, wayfarers in Florence, and about to view our first Scoppio del Carro, had been sitting in our balcony seats overlooking the Piazza del Duomo, since ten o'clock, although the Dove was not even scheduled to appear until high noon. However, there was plenty in the scene beneath es to redeem the time from boredom. Peasants from the surrounding hillsides had flocked in by the score until it appeared impossible for the spectators on toot to move. The presence of these picturesque country folk, in their quaint attire, reminded us of old tales told regarding past Scoppios, when the ex-pectancy of the country tolk was said to turnish a theme for jests among the dwellers in the city. Upon one occasion, when a group of the former were standing wide mouthed, having eyes and ears for nothing but the scene before them, some town wags stitched seven or eight men and women together with strong thread, keenly anticipating the moment when they should discover their predicament. This practical joke was known as the encinear (sewing).

At half-past eleven the Archbishop of Horence began to celebrate Mass. Linoughout the forenoon of this particular Holy Saturday, the sky had been overeast, and presently a few scattering drops of rain began to fall. Umbrellas sprang up like mammoth mushrooms in the Piazza beneath. It drizzled intermittently. The country folk were in despair. Then, just as the Dove was about to appeat, the rain stopped. But the tension

the middless, almost oppressive.
It is middless! The great moment has I ived In the Campanile the huge bell peals touth. The choir chants Gloria in as and every church bell, big or terbe, re all Horence, change in with its adhering of sound.

A de sime instant, the Archbishop sterios the the to the Dox; which im-We see test of the state on its journer ln a easis object his along the Another Cought has reached its conf alic altar on trible it speeding bee's -, while " Damme its starting spin we report explosion de d

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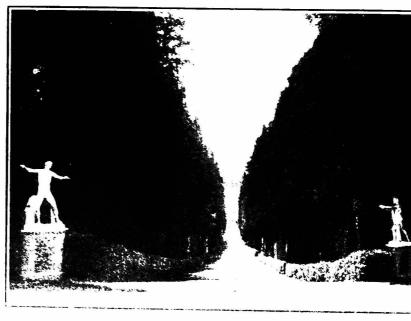
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