

# EASTER



CHRIST HAS RISEN  
HIS TEACHINGS REMAIN

## THE EASTER CHIMES.

A Tale from the Russian of Kovalenko.

It was the night before the Easter morning. The little village by the murmuring creek was half hidden in the mystical, vapory, starry gloom of a Russian night in springtime. The neighboring wood sung blackest shadows on the fields beside it. All was silent. The village slumbered.

Hours passed, and long before the night was gone its still charm was broken. Lights began to glimmer in the windows of cottages whose wretchedness was disguised in the bewitching springtime gloom of night. A gate creaked. The tread of a foot was heard here and there. Moving figures, darkly outlined, emerged from the shades of the wood. A dog barked, and then another and another.

Then a horseman clattered along the village street. A passing cart groaned and creaked under its early morning burden. The darkly outlined figures increased in number. The villagers began to gather in their church to bid welcome to the spring holiday.

It was a quaint little church. It stood upon a hillock in the middle of the village. All at once its windows glowed dimly among the shadows. Then their brightness increased. The church was all alight.

High into the darkness overhead reached the old belfry tower. Its top was lost in the azure gloom.

Then the rickety belfry stairs began to creak. Old Micheich, the bellringer, was clambering aloft. Soon his lantern hung in the bell window, shining like a new star in the sky.

It was hard for the old man to climb those steep and crooked stairs. His old eyes no longer served him, and he, like they, was worn out.

As he climbed, he pondered. It was time indeed, he thought, that he should rest. But God would not send him death. He had seen his children buried. He had stood by the open graves of his grandchildren. He had followed the old to their last resting place. He had

followed the young there, too. But still he lived and lived. It was hard. Many a time had he welcomed the Easter morning—so many times that he could not recall them all. He had even forgotten how often in later years he had hoped for death in this same old belfry, as now he hoped for it. And yet this early morning God had brought him there once more.

It was not yet time for him to ring the merry peals and the old man tottered to the belfry window and leaned out over the railing. Below him in the darkness he could dimly see the neighboring graves. The white wooden cross-

es at their heads seemed to be guarding them with their widestretched arms. Here and there a few birch trees bent naked branches forlornly over the mounds and the aromatic odors of their young buds arose on the silent air to Micheich's nostrils. They bore to him a tale of tranquil, eternal sleep.

Where would he be a year from that moment? Would he be there again? Would he have once more climbed into that tower under the clamorous copper bells to awaken the slumbering night with their sharp, resounding strokes? Or would he lie out there in a dark corner of the cemetery with a white cross guarding his everlasting sleep?

God alone knew. He was ready to die—but in the meantime God had brought him into the belfry once more to welcome the Easter morning.

"To the glory of God!" His old lips repeated the oft spoken formula, and his old eyes gazed into the deep sky above, burning with its millions upon millions of stars.

"Micheich! Oh, Micheich!" The voice came from below. It was the old sexton, who had come from the church into the graveyard beneath the tower and who was gazing upward, with his hands shading his blinking, tear moistened eyes in vain effort to make out the form of the bellringer in the darkness overhead.

"What do you want?" answered old Micheich, bending over the railing. "I am here. Can't you see me?"

"I do not see," cried the sexton. "Is it not time to ring? What do you think?"

Both gazed upon the stars. Thousands of God's lanterns were blinking at them from the firmament. The night was waning. Micheich thought.

"No, not yet," he said. "Wait awhile. I know when."

But it was time to salute the Easter morning. Old Micheich gazed at the stars once more, and then arose. He removed his hat, crossed himself and gathered up the bell ropes. A moment more and the night air shivered under the first resounding stroke. Then came the second, the third, the fourth. The lightly sleeping Easter air quivered with the joyous music of the shouting, singing bells.

Then the bells ceased. The solemn service began in the church below. In bygone years Micheich had always gone down to the service and stood in a corner near the door, praying and listening to the music. But it was hard for him to do this now. He felt tired. So he sat down on the bench beneath the copper bells and listened to their waning resonance.

He thought. About what? Micheich himself could hardly answer the question. His glimmering lantern scarcely lit up the belfry. He could not make out the droning bells. They were lost in darkness. From the church below his old ears caught the singing now and then. The old man's gray head

sank upon his chest. Disconnected scenes from the past swarmed in his mind like bees in the hive.

"Ah!" he said as the music of the Easter hymn drifted up the tower stairs, "they are singing the troparion." In his imagination he sang that hymn, again a youth, in the old church below. The little old priest, Father Naum, many years dead and buried, once more was intoning the end of a prayer, while children's voices united in the responses. Hundreds of peasants bowed and arose like corn before the wind. Now they crossed themselves devoutly.

The old familiar faces were of those long since dead. There was the stern visage of his father. There stood his elder brother at the old man's side, sighing deeply and crossing himself again and again. There he himself stood, young, healthful, strong, joyful, full of expectation of a life's happiness.

Where was that happiness now? The old man's thoughts flickered up like a dying flame. Recollection illumined all the nooks and corners of his life. And all he saw was endless, ceaseless, merciless labor—labor far beyond his strength. He saw sorrow, too—much sorrow—and suffering unutterable.

Ah, where indeed was that happiness of which he had dreamed? The burdens of life had wrinkled his young face, had bent his powerful back before the time had come. They had made the joyous boy sigh as his elder brother had sighed.

There on the left, among the women of the village, with her head humbly bent, he saw his sweetheart. She was a good woman. May the peace of God be with her soul!

Oh, the pain that she had suffered! Want and work and woman's woes had withered her glowing womanhood. Her eyes had grown dim with years and weeping. The shocks and blights of life had painted a dull fright upon her comely face.

Ah, where was her happiness? God had given them one son, their joy, their very soul, and he was ground to his death by men's injustice.

The picture broadened and grew vivid in the old man's mind. He saw standing in his pew the rich enemy of the family, bowing his head to the very ground, glossing over in his prayers the wrongs of the widows and orphans whose lives he had blighted in his selfish greed. Micheich felt his heart grow hot within him now, as it had done then, while the dark faces of the holy

images on the altar frowned sternly upon man's sorrows and man's injustice.

But all this was long, long passed. All this was far away in the old times. And now all the wide world for him was this dark tower, where the wind sighed gently among the swinging bell ropes.

"Let God judge you! God will judge you!" whispered the old man, thinking of his enemy. Silent tears ran down his cheeks.

"Micheich! Ah, Micheich! What is the matter with you? Are you asleep?"

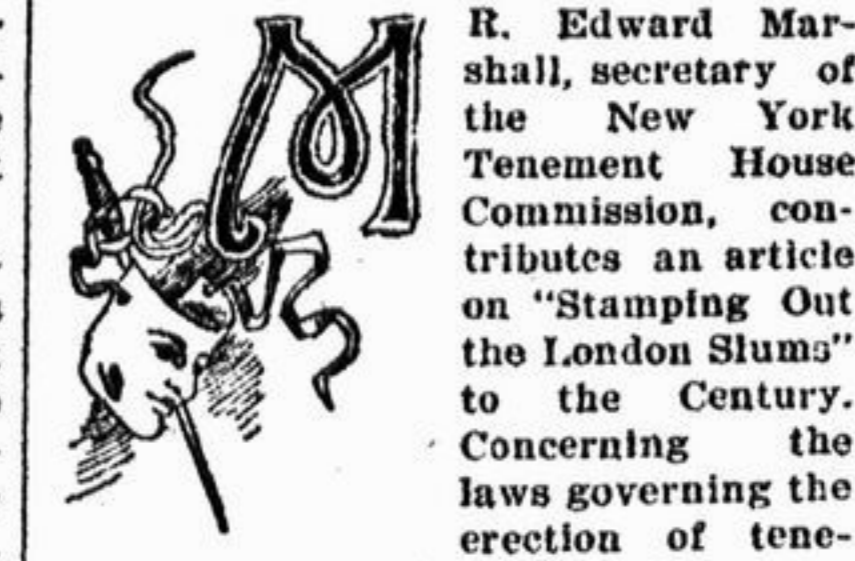
The voice came from the churchyard without. "Good God!" cried the old man, remembering the further duty that awaited him. "Did I really fall asleep?"

He seized the bell ropes and pulled them with skillful hand.

## LONDON TENEMENTS.

### LAWS THAT GOVERN CONSTRUCTION IN THAT CITY.

A Remarkable Provision Made for Light and Air—An Estimated Life for Buildings of Four Hundred and Fifty Years.



R. Edward Marshall, secretary of the New York Tenement House Commission, contributes an article on "Stamping Out the London Slums" to the Century. Concerning the laws governing the erection of tenements in London, Mr. Marshall says:

First of all should be mentioned the provisions for the two great requisites of light and air. The buildings will be four and five stories high, and each building must be separated in all directions from any opposing building by an open space at least equal to its own height. It was with the greatest difficulty that the New York commission secured the passage of an act limiting the ground area covered to seventy-five per cent. These official London tenements will not cover more than fifty-five per cent. of the building-lots.

Habitable rooms must not be less than eight feet six inches in height. Rooms must have efficient ventilation, "the principle on which 'back-to-back' houses are built being carefully avoided." This precludes the construction of a building more than two rooms deep. If such a rule were enforced in New York, the city would be revolutionized. The aim of tenement-house architecture in America is to get at least two, and perhaps four, families on each floor of twenty-five feet width. The London houses, as a matter of fact, will be only one room deep. Living-rooms in them must be of not less than one hundred and forty-four feet superficial floor area. Bed-rooms must be of not less than ninety-six feet superficial floor-area nor less than seven feet nine inches wide. Staircases must have horizontal ventilation direct to the open air; corridors and halls must be lighted day and night. The last-named regulation is with a view to preventing the immorality and frequent accidents which lack of light in such places is known to produce in tenement-houses.

A proposed statute calling for light after 8 a. m. until 10 p. m., aroused much opposition in Albany. After light and air, safety from fire may be regarded as the next essential of model tenement-house construction. The London law provides that all walls shall be of "fire-resisting" material, and that all staircases must be fire-proof, and so separated from apartments that they will not afford a flue for the conduct of fire from one floor to another, as has so often occurred in the tenements of New York. But the county council has learned that it will pay to go beyond the law, and to make the buildings absolutely fire-proof. The first cost will be very little greater, and will be far more than offset by the decreased cost of repairs and the greater permanence of the buildings. Without going into technical details of construction, it may be said that stairways are of iron, stone, and cement; that floors are built with iron girders and brick arches; that the wooden surface is laid on solid cement; that as little woodwork is used in the rooms as possible; and that the plaster, even of the partitions between rooms of the same apartment, is laid on iron or wire instead of on wooden lathing. Of the buildings completed it is no idle boast for the architect to say that a fire might be started in any room without endangering any other rooms. The cost of repairs is thus reduced to a minimum and the life of the buildings is increased until it is estimated at four hundred and fifty years simply because it seems absurd to name a longer period. As a matter of fact, the buildings, if undisturbed, will practically last forever.

His Blooming Mistake. A countryman of Goethe gives another instance of the difficulty a foreigner has with the English language. He was invited out to dinner soon after his arrival in England and was desirous of saying something in a very pleasant way, and made use of the following expression: "Will you have the blooming kindness to," etc. He used it in the sense that the word "blooming" is used in German as being something very charming and beautiful, little knowing what have slang has played with the word in England. He was absolutely at a loss to understand why everybody was so utterly horrified at what he thought was an extremely nice expression.

Spiritual Photography. The human soul is the tablet on which the image of Jesus is to be photographed, as the sensitive plate must be developed in the chemical baths before the image appears, so our hearts must be made clean—cleansed by His blood and anointed by the grace of God. Light is essential in the physical process. So in the spiritual portrait there must be plenty of light.—Rev. M. A. Head.

Science and the Church. Under the guidance of the church the whole universe has joined in the worship of the true God. The church knew that human science was the handmaid of faith, and there is no branch of art or science that does not aid her mission. All great scientists, with a few exceptions, have been deeply religious. The church has always been to science a kind and helpful friend.—Christian Truth.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal.) Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Look Out for Him. In the wild, unfettered west, beware of the man who never carries arms, never gets drunk and always minds his own business. He does not go around shooting out the gas or intimidating a kindergarten school, but when a brave frontiersman, with a revolver in each boot and a bowie down the back of his neck, insults a modest young lady and needs to be thrown through a plate glass window and then walked over by the populace call on the silent man who dares to wear a clean shirt and human clothes.—Exchange.

When Traveling. Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

National Sin. God punishes sin in nations as in individuals. National sins bring national calamities. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The nation must be "established in righteousness" or it will not be established at all.—Rev. E. Humphries.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

Evolution. To-day every intelligent person is an evolutionist in his method of thinking, even if he doesn't accept the evolution theory of the man.—A. W. Martin.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 13, '95.

Twenty millions of meteors are said to fall upon the earth every day, their aggregate weight amounting to several tons.

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