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SALE WILL BE HELD IN COBALT MAY 3rd, 7 p.m., MAY 4th, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., and MAY 5th, 11 a.m.

The sale will be continued in Toronto at Henderson's Auction Room, 89 King Street East, May 7th and 8th, 8 p.m. Van Every's Special Excursion will leave Toronto 11.30 p.m., May 2nd, reaching Cobalt in time for the first sale, and returns to Toronto May 6th, 7 a.m. Fare for round trip, \$25.00, including sleeper both ways and during stay at Cobalt. For particulars, inquire VAN EVERY'S, King Edward Hotel, or

The North Cobalt Land Corporation, Limited

16 King Street West, Toronto

CHRISTIANITY'S FONT.

Interesting Holy Week and Easter Ceremonies.

Once every year Jerusalem, the Mecca of the Christian world, awakens to some semblance of its former glory. This is at Easter-tide, when the roads leading to the Holy City are thronged with pilgrims from the uttermost parts of the world. The goal of all is the holy sepulchre. The edifice consists of a great rotunda open to Christians of all sects but attached to its sides are a multitude of churches, chapels and shrines belonging to different creeds, in which are no less than thirty-seven "holy places" of more or less doubtful authenticity. In the centre of the rotunda stands the supposed tomb of our Lord, the holy sepulchre. It is a little square chapel, twenty-five feet in length and height, and is covered with votive lamps, vases and incense. Inside is the actual tombstone, a marble slab about five feet long, the chamber containing it being so small that only four or five persons are able to kneel before the tomb at one time.

Every sect celebrates Easter in a different fashion, and many curious ceremonies are observed. One of the most interesting is known as the adoration of the column of the scourging, held in one of the Roman chapels. Here a broken pillar of red granite, believed to be the very pillar to which our Lord was bound when he was scourged, is exposed on the altar for the edification of the faithful. Among the eastern Christians, especially the Russians, this relic is held in great veneration, and as it is uncovered once a year, on Holy Thursday, the crowd to view it is immense, the people struggling and fighting for a foremost place, while the Turkish soldiers, whose duty it is to keep order in the sanctuary, use their long whips on men and women alike. The ceremony of foot washing is performed by two sects—by Roman Catholics and Greeks.

The ceremony connected with the "holy fire" takes place beneath the central dome in and around the holy sepulchre. From Good Friday to Easter eve this part of the edifice is closed. The people, however, who are inside—and some go there two or three days in advance—are not expelled. According to ancient tradition, the sacred fire descends from heaven into the holy sepulchre once every year, on the afternoon of Easter eve, and this fire is supposed to cleanse the faithful from their sins. Every one who wishes to take part in this mysterious rite provides himself with a handle of candles. The people who belong exclusively to the Greek church, crowd the whole interior of the rotunda and the great gallery overlooking the tomb, and as Easter eve wears on they work themselves into a state of intense excitement, calling upon the sacred fire to descend. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a Greek priest, borne on the shoulders of half-naked porters, makes his way into the crowd, and approaching one of the two holes in the wall of the tomb, thrusts a torch into the interior, where the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem and his chief clergy are at prayer. A moment later he withdraws it, and the sacred fire—and is carried by the porters through the crowd in a frenzy towards the priest to light a candle at the sacred torch, and the vast edifice resounds with the cry, "The

fire has come!" To protect the priest the Turkish soldiers are obliged to drive back the people with the butts of their guns, while the police keep them in order with the lash. The only persons who remain calm are the governor of Jerusalem and his principal officers, who, seated on a raised dais, survey the scene with true Turkish imperturbability.

Anniversary, April 23.

St. George, the patron saint of England, was born at Lydda, but brought up in Cappadocia. He was a tribune in the reign of Diocletian, and being of great courage, was a favourite, but as he complained to the emperor of his severities toward the Christians and argued in their defence he was put in prison and beheaded April 23rd, 302. St. Jerome mentions him in one of his Martyrologies, and in the following century were many churches named to his honor. Asmode in his "History of the Order of the Garter," says that King Arthur in the sixth century placed the picture of St. George on his banners, and Selous tells us that he was patron saint of England in Saxon times. It is certain that the Council of Oxford in 1222 commanded his festival to be observed in England as a holiday of lesser rank, and in 1330 he was adopted as the patron of the Order of the Garter. The dragon slain by St. George is simply a common allegory to express the triumph of the Christian hero over evil which St. John pictured. Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," asserts that the patron saint of England was George of Cappadocia, the turbulent Bishop of Alexandria, but this has been disproved by Papebroch, Miller and others.

The Bells of England.

The metal tongue of the big bell rings out many changes to our modern ears. It speaks of disaster and death, of rejoicing and devotion. In England it often tells of old times and quaint customs. Mr. Ditchfield, in a book on old England, gives some of the traditions handed down through the "intimabulation" of the bells.

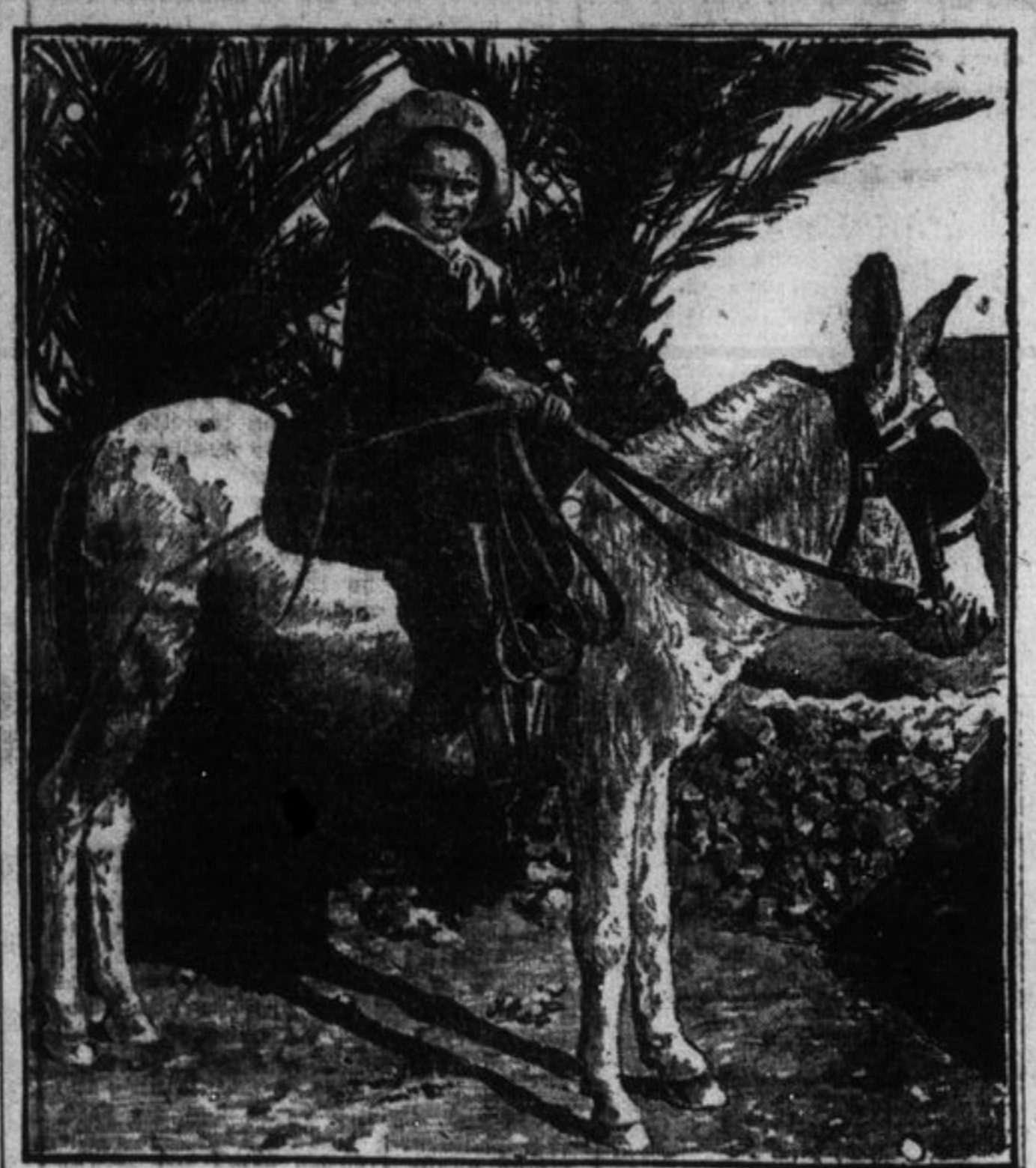
In some parts of the country the bell which tolls the old year out is called the "Old Lad's Passing Bell." In western England the bells peal merrily on "Oak Apple Day," to celebrate the escape of King Charles at Boscomb. Another bell, rung at the beginning of Lent, is known as "Pancake Bell," because, in old time phrase, it "summons people away from their pancakes to confession and fasting."

A lively peal of bells is often rung at the end of the Sunday morning service, and is called "Pudding Bell." Perhaps its purpose is to announce to the stay-at-homes that service is over and that the pudding may come out of the oven. Every night at five minutes past nine "Great Tom," the great bell of Christ Church College at Oxford, booms out its ponderous note of 101 times. This particular number was chosen in accordance with the number of students at the foundation of the college.

The Bishop of Newcastle charges that more is spent in England on football than on foreign missions.

A new line of cigars may appropriately be called "brand new."

Not even a mangled man is bound to be good.



SI AHMED EL BEN S Z, The young heir to the throne of Morocco, is not in the least worried by the complications which have arisen concerning the relations between Morocco and France which came very near precipitating hostilities between France and Germany. His chief amusement is to ride around the neighborhood of Tangier on his little donkey, accompanied by several trusty servants.

THEY ARE FAILURES.

The Non-Christian Religious Are Inadequate.

The need is indescribable. In the Anglo-Saxon world we have one Christian worker for every hundred people; in South America one to over 38,000; in Japan are 100,000 Buddhists and Shintois to every individual Christian. In China are nine hundred walled cities, with a population of ten millions, as yet without a missionary. China has only one medical missionary to 1,000,000 people. Taking every letter in the bible to represent a human soul, it would take sixty-nine bibles to equal the population of the world, and of this only a little more than the letters in the Book of Isaiah would be equal to the number of Protestant Christians. There are two hundred millions of Hindus and six hundred millions of Mohammedans in India. How little statistics can explain the depth of need. In the Levant, where Christ worked, and His disciples labored for so long, there is only one Christian worker to 100,000 people. In Africa, a vast section, including the Sudan, with a population of sixty to ninety millions, is left with only a few scores of Protestant missionaries. An eminent bishop said one day that two hundred millions of people lie down

every night hungry in body. It is believed to have been an understatement, and sociologists accept it. But sadder than that, there will lie down to-night 1,000,000,000 of people without God—without Jesus Christ—and without these the soul is not fed. Think of those people living in darkness, steeped in idolatry and superstition, living under a burden of sin and sorrow, of shame and gloom, as they pass on to the tomb. They do not have the power of resistance that we possess as the result of Christian environment and hereditary Christian ideals. They are fighting a losing battle. Without Christ, they are without hope. Men have asked, "are not the non-Christian religions adequate to bring them home?" I used to think so. I honestly believed that these non-Christian religions had proof that Jesus Christ has given us, by saving power, but having studied these religions at first hand, I have been disillusioned. These religions are losing ground; judging them by the only proof that Jesus Christ has given us, by their fruits, they are a ghastly failure. In Asia, Africa, and in Australasia as I visited many monasteries, shynes, and temples, as I talked with priests and native students, and the devotees of these religions, as I beheld the injustices, the cruelties, the abominations practiced by their adherents, deeper and deeper became the convictions that without Jesus Christ these nations are

without hope. Without the law of God, these religions cannot nourish the soul nor satisfy the mind, therefore they are doomed. Christianity is not a religion; it is the religion. It is not going to share the world with Islamism, Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism; it is destined to prevail from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth.

MORAVIAN EASTER.

Quaint Ceremonies in a Pennsylvania Town.

Whether in the quaint old town of Herrnhut (birthplace of the Moravian Church in Germany) or in the Moravian settlements in America, of which Bethlehem, Pa., is the oldest and best known, the celebration of the Easter-tide is beautiful and impressive, and alike the world over. Several hours before the break of day the trombone choir, starting from the church, marches through the streets, awakening the sleepers with an Easter matin. Soon forms of hurrying people fill the streets, all hastening towards the church. After a brief service, an anthem by the choir, a short litany and one or two hymns, — the procession is formed, the clergy preceded by the choir, and all march to the cemetery, every eye turned toward the east to catch the first glimpse of the rising sun. The clergy take places in the centre of the burial ground, close to an open grave, — fit symbol of the resurrection. Behind them stand the trumpeters. After a moment's hush under the reddening sky, the bishop offers prayer and the choir sings, "The Graves of all His Saints Christ be praised." As the sun clears the eastern hillslopes the assembled throng takes up the hymn:

"Let the last loud trumpet sound
And let our kindred rise;
Awake! we slumber under ground
Ye saints, ascend the skies."

Following are responsive readings, prayer, and hymns, and the apostolic grace. Although later in the morning Easter services are held in the church, with splendid musical accompaniment, this service at the dawn of the day impresses the joyous faith in the resurrection, and the simple reverent devotion of the members of this church as perhaps no other could do.

The Easter celebration in this as in many other churches is preceded by a week of solemn services, during which the "congregation" enter into close sympathy and fellowship with their Lord in His sufferings and death. The most solemn of all these services is that of Good Friday. As the hour of the crucifixion approaches a great hush falls upon the assembled worshippers and all heads are bowed in silent prayer. At three o'clock the bell begins to toll and the low sweet voices of the choir pray in song that God will have mercy for Jesus' sake, and that none may ever lose the comforts of the Saviour's death. The Moravian Church is one of the oldest existing Protestant bodies, having been founded in 1457 in Germany. Three centuries later Count Zinzendorf planned the first mission in America, and the pioneers of the new world settlement in the beautiful Lehigh Valley felled the first trees and built the first log hut in the winter of 1740. The following year Zinzendorf came over to visit the settlement and to celebrate Christmas with his followers. To the visitor one of the most interesting places in Bethlehem is the old cemetery,

with its rows on rows of flat white tablets, bearing only name, date of birth and death of the departed — the brethren on one side and the sisters on the other. They are also separated into groups in accordance with their station in life—married women, married men, single women, single men, widows, widower, young girls and young boys.

The trombone choir is one of the institutions of the Moravian Church. It is heard on many occasions, and never more impressively than when announcing the departed belonged to. The Moravians never speak of the departure of their loved ones as "death," but rather as the "home-going." They think of it, indeed, as the entrance into a more blessed and joyous life, and feel it not right to wear the outward signs of mourning and to grieve too sorely over the loss of their beloved.

True Faith's Real Use.



In a confirmation sermon at St. Mark's, New York, Bishop Greer challenged the assertion that faith took the Christian away from the world. "On the contrary, true faith takes us into the world. It is that faith in God which while it would be lost in commercial and business life, and would, perhaps, be not seen upon the surface, would nevertheless dignify and purify that life. It would not remove our pleasures, but it would take out of them the coarseness sometimes in them. It would not shut the theatres, but it would keep vulgarly out of them. It would not prevent us from talking about our neighbors, but it would tinge such talk with a message of courtesy, kindness and charity, and take out the sting of idle gossip. It would help men and women to avoid things they ought to avoid."

A woman "no" never means "yes" when she is conversing with her husband.

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