

EASTER THE WORLD OVER

HOW THE FESTIVAL IS OBSERVED IN THE VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

It Is The Oldest Festival Day Known.—The Christian Easter Signifies A New Birth Into Life, Everlasting.

Easter is one of the oldest festival days known. The name is said to have been derived from that of the goddess of the heathen Saxons, called Ostara, Oster, or Eastre. She was the goddess of the east, the revival of the new day and fresh activity, particularly of the coming of the spring and the revival of nature.

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the holy sepulchre, nineteen hundred years ago.

Easter holiday is scrupulously, nay enthusiastically, observed throughout the Continent from Italy to Norway and from France to Siberia, and the methods of its observance are for the most part quaint and interesting.

In Spain and particularly in Seville, the processions wind through avenues of spectators in stately spectacle. In long lines tableaux which illustrate the story of the Saviour's later days on earth are borne aloft on cars drawn by gaily caparisoned horses.

In Russia the feast of all feasts, the day of all days, is Easter, and high and low, from Czar to serf, from prince to pauper, it is celebrated according to the means of the celebrant.

In the Greek churches all over the world at Easterfest, priests gorgeously arrayed advance from the richly painted altar screen towards an open space under the dome, and one, the archimandrite, carries a lighted candle in his hand, while a sonorous voice proclaims: "All come and take the light that never sets, and embrace Christ, who has risen from the dead."

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THE RESURRECTION HOPE

IT IS BECAUSE HE LIVETH THAT WE SHALL LIVE ALSO.

Our Lord's First Message After He Left The Tomb Was One Of Love And Mercy—Should Have All Serve Him Faithfully.

The resurrection of Jesus is the central fact of Christianity. If Christ be not raised, our faith is vain. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. It is because he liveth that we shall live also. Not the dead Christ, but Christ the risen and glorified, who saith, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive forever more," is the mediator between God and man, is the hope of our souls and the hope of the world.

But it was not with this lofty hope that the faithful women of the Gospel, on the first Easter drew near the sepulchre of our Lord. There was a sense of utter desolation and bereavement. They had "trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." But now all their trust was gone, all their hopes are shattered, all the future is darkness. Forgotten are all the precious promises. Christ, the Lord, is dead. He whom they had loved and worshipped, who had dwelt with them, who had healed their sick and raised their dead, is himself dead. They stood beside his cross and had seen him laid in the dark sepulchre; and now, coming early in the morning, ere it is yet day, in their crushing sorrow and passionate affection, they seek the hillside tomb with balm and myrrh and sweet spices, that they may perform the last sad offices to the crucified body of him they had loved so long and so well. But, lo! at the head and at the foot of the stony couch on which the body of Jesus lay, two shining ones keep watch and ward above the consecrated spot.

As in the inner temple, above the Mercy Seat, the cherubim with outstretched wings did brood, so now above the place which saw this more wonderful exhibition of the Godhead the rapt seraphim. With tender compass as they seek to comfort, the grief-stricken women with the tidings of the resurrection of Jesus—a gladder evangel than even that of his birth.

But not even the words of an angel can assuage the sorrow of Mary of Magdala, who had loved most because she was most forgiven, at her sad bereavement. As she turns away, brooding in the bitterness of her soul over the thought, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him," lo, Jesus meets her, though she knows him not, perhaps because her eyes were dimmed with streaming tears. How often in their hours of bitterest anguish does Jesus appear to his tried and tempted followers; and how often do they cling to their sorrow and refuse to lift their eyes to their divine deliverer. As Jesus, moved with love and pity, in sympathizing tones addresses the mourning one, a strange thing she does not recognize that voice upon whose slightest word she had so often hung, and that familiar face which had so lately looked unutterable love from the cross. But long does Jesus leave her in despair. What thrilling power is in his word as he utters the familiar salutation, "Mary," and what ecstasy of recognition as she exclaims, "Rabboni, Master, Lord." This it is that Jesus ever meets the sorrowing soul that in sincerity is seeking him. Oh, that each heart might hear the Saviour's gracious "Hail." Oh, that each soul might respond with eager recognition, "Rabboni, Master," or with Thomas, when his unbelief gave way before the tender evidence of his Saviour's love, "My Lord and my God."

True to his divine character, our Lord's first message is one of love and mercy. "Go, tell my brethren." Blessed words. He is not ashamed to call them brethren. How reassuring to their hearts, trembling between hope and fear, stricken with grief and remorse, to feel that they betrayed, denied, forsaken, crucified, but now risen Lord, cherishes towards them not feelings of implacable anger, but the yearnings of an intense and undying affection, of a love that many waters cannot quench nor floods of sorrow drown.

As we meditate on these august and glorious themes, as we obey the angel's admonition to come and see the place where the Lord lay, as we dwell in thought upon his life and death and resurrection, do they as profoundly affect us as they ought? Do we rejoice with thanksgiving that life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel? Has the risen Saviour met our sorrowing souls and spoken the thrilling words, "Be of good cheer, ye sinners are forgiven you." Or are our eyes still hidden, our understandings darkened, our hearts unaffected by the tender story of a Saviour's love? Shall we not fall in deepest adoration at his feet and in joyous recognition cry "Rabboni, Master, gracious Lord," and love and serve him faithfully all the days of our life, that we too may be partakers of his resurrection and of his everlasting joy!

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and thoughts of our minds, caused it to be adopted by the earlier masters of art, who placed it in the hands of the saints and angels in their paintings.

In the Madonna pictures of the old masters are frequently three lilies on one stem, typifying either the Trinity or the annunciation, conception and birth of our Saviour. A pot of lilies over doors or windows symbolizes the Virgin, in ecclesiastical art and architecture. St. Joseph's staff that budded, brought forth lilies, and he is thus represented by the early masters.

In some parts of England, in country villages, the "lily of the valley" is called the "Ladder of Heaven," and in floral language of Europe it is emblematic of the return of happiness, doubtless in allusion to the season of the year—the Spring-time—when it opens its blossoms.

The daffodil was once called the "Lent Lily" and the "Lent Rose," coming as it does during the solemn penitential period, the herald of joy and hope. There is a superstition current among the rustic English people that it is very unlucky to bring home the first daffodil of the season.

According to tradition, the brier rose was born of drops of blood that fell from our Saviour's brow, pierced by the crown of thorns. The "passion flower," with its wonderful formation, is emblematic of the crucifixion and is the symbol of faith.

A tale of love and grief is bound up in the legend of the hyacinth. Hyacinthus was a Greek youth beloved by the sun-god Apollo, but as greatly as Apollo loved Hyacinthus, Zephyrus, the west wind, hated him. One day when the god and his favorite were playing upon the quail flung by Apollo that it struck Hyacinthus and killed him. Great was the grief of Apollo, who caused the flower which now bears his name to spring from his blood. The purple hyacinth, especially, signifies sorrow.

BISHOP OF ONTARIO'S ENGAGEMENTS

April. 11. Easter Sunday, St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. 14. Wednesday, 11 a.m., opening of new church, Merrickville. 7.30 p.m., business meeting at Kemptville. 18. Sunday. Cathedral 11 a.m., confirmation. Portsmouth 7 p.m. 20-26. Committee meetings in Toronto.

May. 2. Sunday—Tamworth 10.30; Enterprise 3; Marlbank 7. 5. Amherst Island. Stella 8 p.m. 6. Amherst Island. Emerald 11; Bath 8. 7. Fredericksburg 11; Adolphustown 7.30. 8. Gosport 10.30 a.m. 9. Marysburg, 11; Milford, 3; Pictou 7. 10. Gerow Gore 10.30; Wellington 8. 11. Hillier 10.30; Concession 3; Carrying Place 8 p.m. 12. Glen Miller 3; Trenton 8. 13. Frankfort 10.30; Stirling 8. 14. Lawrence 10.30; Rawdon 8th Line 3; 12th Line 7.30. 15. Marmora—Trinity 3; St. Paul's 7.30. 16. Sunday—Madoc 11; Rockies 3; Queensboro 7. 17. Millbridge 11; Glenmire 3; Bannockburn 7.30. 18. L'Amable 11; Bancroft 7.30. 19. Pevers 11; Maynooth 10.30. 20. White Church 10.30; Monteaigle Valley 3. 21. Faraday 11; Coe Hill 3; Ormsby 7.30. 22. Sunday—Belleville, St. Thomas, 11; St. John's, 3; Christ Church, 7. 23-27. Committee meetings in Kingston.

June. 1. Flinton 7.30. 2. Cloyne 10.30; Harlowe 3; Arden 7.30. 3. Olden 11; Parham 7.30. 4. Harrowsmith 10.30; Murvale 3; Sydenham 7.30. 5. Interview candidates for Orders, Kingston. 6. Trinity Sunday at 11 a.m.—Ordination in Cathedral. 8-11—Diocesan Synod. 13. Sunday—Pleena 11; Ardcoch 3; Ompha 7. 14. Clarendon 3; Osro 7.30. 15. Zealand 10.30; Sharbot Lake 7.30. 17. Wolfe Island—Christ church 11; Trinity church 7.30. 20. Sunday—Gananogue 11; Prescott 7. 21. Westport 7.30 p.m. 22. Bedford Mills 10.30; Fremoy 3; Newboro 7.30. 23. Portland 10.30; Elgin 3; California 7.30. 24. St. John's 10.30; Seeley's Bay 3; Lyndhurst 7.30. 25. Delta 11; Oak Leaf 3; Athens 7.30. 26. Redan 11 a.m. 27. Sunday—Easton's Corners 11; Newbliss 3; Frankville 7. 28. New Boyne 11; Lombardy 3. 30. Belleville—St. Thomas' 10.30; Point Ann 3; Shanbouille 7.30.

July. 1. Tyendinaga—All Saints' 11; Christ church 3; Deseronto 7.30. 2. Kingsford 10.30; Selby 3; Strathcona 7.30. 3. Odessa 10.30; Morven 3; Napanee 8. 4. Sunday—Newburg 11; Camden East 3; Yarker 7. TO JESUS THE NAZARENE. Late Frederic Knapp, in the "Century." Closest to men, thou pitying Son of Man, And furthest from them, to foot with fellowship. Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God—Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate One! Brother of all the world, I come & live!

Gentle as she who nursed thee at her breast (Ox what a last of lightning on thy tongue To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee!)—Nerve thou mine arm, O neck, O mighty One! Champion of all who fail, I fly to thee! O man of sorrows, with the wounded hands—For chafet, thorns; for thorns, a pagan cross; Bow'd with the we and agony of time. Yet loved by children and the teasing guests— I bring my suffering, joyful heart to thee. Chaste as the virgin lily on her stem, Yet in each hot, full pulse, each tropic vein, More filled with feeling than the flower's with sun; No anchorite—bale, street, worn with love—I come in youth's high tide of bliss to thee. O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox, Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony, Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity, And the white splendor of these dark days— I lean, my wondering, yearning heart on thine.

REMEMBER: "The gate of death, and the gate of Heaven are one." Oh, the solace when you come to die, to rest and lean on that last hour of mortal anguish on Him who died! Time goes and you and I are nearing Eternity. Live for that for which life is worth living—the glory of God revealed to us mortals in the glory and hope of the Resurrection.—Knox Little. The chariots of God are thousands of Angels.

RHEUMATISM

There is Hope

I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all treatments, all remedies, all diets, all exercises, all RHEUMATISM REMEDY. It is a matter of fact that your doctor may say, no matter what you do, you will never get better. Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium, morphine, or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act. For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

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FALLING HAIR is the forerunner of baldness. If you wish to prevent it, start in now to use Hay's Hair Health.

IS NOT A DYE. IS AND SOO. BOTTLES, AT DRUGGISTS. Hay's Hairless Soap cures Eczema, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft. 25c. Druggists. Send for free book, "The Care of the Skin," "The Care of the Hair."

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