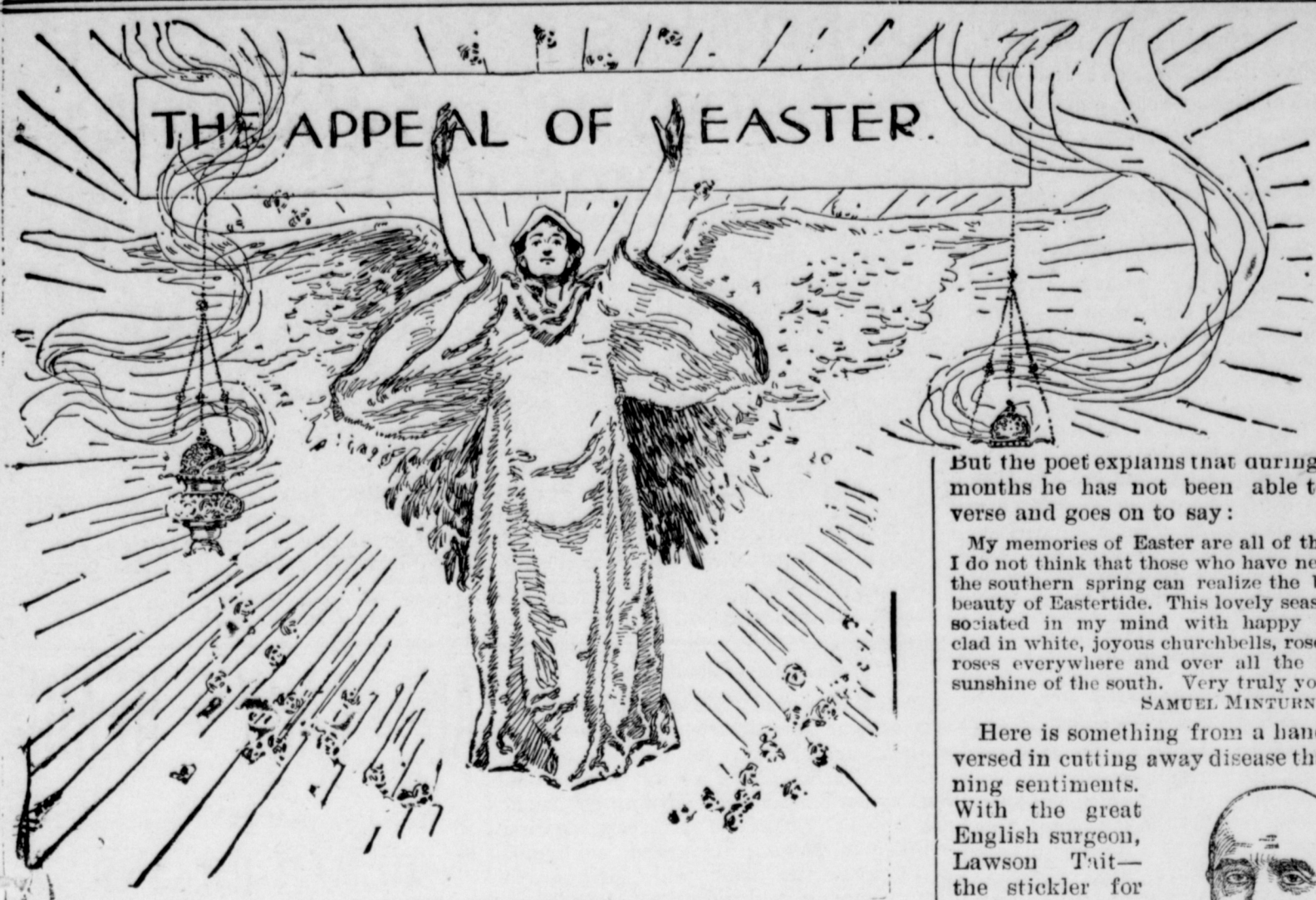


THE APPEAL OF EASTER.



But this is cheerful—the promise of sun and summer is in the blood. We begin to long for the outer air. The birds and the four footed ones, all nature, and the gypsies are up and on the road again.



WILSON BARRETT.

Spring dons her new bonnet, so tender in color, so capricious in creation that no Paris dame may eclipse her. 'Tis Easter. How will you have it? On the blithesome or the serious side? What thought does it ring in your hearts? The birds in yours, buds and primroses in yours, but in yours there is no forgetting the dead and gone winter. So this and that and the other, and never a one alike—thoughts of the great story, souvenirs of the cross, remembrances and expectations which in this season of crosses are no crosses but joys.

Yes, but confess. The east—the far-off Bible country, the land of romance and fairy tales, the scene of the life of Christ—seems to most of you, as to me, more mythical in geography for being so familiar in the book. But there has come to me, like a far-off burning light drawn up by the path of its own reflection, like a distant dream become embodied, a souvenir from Christ's grave—flowers from the way of dolor, found about the holy tomb, so the inscription says. It is a crucifix—a sign of the cross done in pressed flowers, the many colored flowers and leaves of the country—and it came to me even through the medium of the prosaic post from a modern pilgrim in the Holy Land. And the hero of the divine story never seemed so akin to any other martyr to human joys and sorrows as at this time of Christianity turned inside out.

The telling of this has drawn me unconsciously near another subject, one bearing most directly on this offering of Easter sentiment. That religious drama, "The Sign of the Cross," has become the fashion. By it even the pulpit has been seized as an advertisement for the stage. Sun-



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, day texts bear on it. Its greatest admirers and defenders—alas, that the best we have to give needs defending!—are learned divines. I was reading all this in the English press when it occurred to me that a man who had put so much of his ripper experience and thought on a play of this character could give an Easter thought to the public world reading. How apt a response Mr. Barrett made to my suggestion may here be seen:

"What is this world? A little tarrying place, a tiny bridge between two great eternities—that we have traveled from that toward which we go."

WILSON BARRETT.

"The Sign of the Cross." A fitting link to this Easter chain, or so it seems to me, is that added by one of the great English divines. Venerable Frederick William Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., a canon of Westminster and rector of St. Margaret's, is widely known as a writer on Biblical subjects. Canon Farrar dates from Canterbury the following simple text:

I say with Robert Browning, "God, thou art love—I build my faith on that."

F. W. FARRAR.

Following this most happily are these musical lines from the popular pen of Mrs. Wilcox. The verses discover their own beauty. For young people fond of clipping they make a charming autographical souvenir of the season:

A truth that has long lain buried At superstition's door I see in the dawn uprising In all its strength once more.

It stands in the light transfigured; It speaks from the heights above. Each soul is its own redeemer; There is no law but love.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Admirers of that happily edited collection, "Songs of This Century," lovers of good and gone poets and those who have breathed over the freshness and originality of "Earth's Voices" will be glad to listen to the following song from the same pen. Of it Mr. Sharp says in explanation:

The only Easter lines I have ever written. They are from an unpublished and probably never to be finished drama—of a priest self slain through doubt in his faith.

THE BELLS OF EASTER.

(Song of Father Ambrose in "The Priest's Tragedy.")

I hear the bells of Easter Across the windy sands, And the sea waves are the whispers Of the rejoicing lands.

But in my heart is silence, Although the heart commands— Oh, sounding bells of Easter, Would ye were saving hands!

WILLIAM SHARP.

Perhaps because Mrs. Moulton and the English editor William Sharp seem allied by their tributes to the memorable work of poor Marston, I follow with this chanting Easter quatrain fresh from the author's pen. Surely it rings its own message of solace even to the heart of the doubting priest in the foregoing song:

Shall blossoms greet the spring? Shall birds come home and sing? And shall the longing soul Not find its heavenly goal?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Easter could not be expected to arouse religious enthusiasm in Mr. Fawcett. But as a voice of a question is thoroughly aired unless all sides be, and because a sense of the happiness expected of the season at least pervades this writer in common with the rest of us, I avail myself of permission to quote him just here:

Alas, I have no Easter sentiment! All religion is to me superstition, and Easter would scarcely be the proper time at which to say so. Very truly yours, EDGAR FAWCETT.

And in contrast comes these lines from the author of "Helen's Babies":

All men, whether good or bad, are so sure that they could be better and happier in some other state of existence that the doctrine of the resurrection, the central idea of the Easter celebration, is the most comforting promise that modern humanity can cherish.

JOHN HABBERTON.

This religious strain on the sounding harp of the season winds up with a remembrance—a quiet scene in the English midlands; corpses in perspective and great splashes of yellow primroses sitting on cushions of brown moss.

It is Easter Monday. I am abroad betimes to see the children march. At this time every year these white robed pedestrians parade the town at early morn, and as the day wears on find eventual freedom, lunch and joy in scenting

the promise of May or gambling on the velvet lawns of some rich nabob, who, be he ever so exclusive, must abandon his fine demesne to the children on this day at least.

Thus Mr. Peck, in the following, struck a familiar chord. And yet in a great country so lavish of both it is not strange that Easter should provoke memories of flowers and children. From the author of "Cap and Bells" you are expecting rhyme, perhaps in the style of those charming "Rings and Love Knots" of his, or that rhythmic "Knot of Blue," the first college song that has won the honor of being included in that classic collection of verse, "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song."



S. MINTON PECK.

But the poet explains that during recent months he has not been able to write verse and goes on to say:

My memories of Easter are all of the south. I do not think that those who have never seen the southern spring can realize the bliss and beauty of Easter. This lovely season is associated in my mind with happy children clad in white, joyous churchbells, roses, roses, roses everywhere and over all the fragrant sunshine of the south. Very truly yours, SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Here is something from a hand more versed in cutting away disease than penning sentiments.

With the great English surgeon, Lawson Tait—the stickler for plain manners who will not even attend the queen unless he can enter and leave her presence with no more ceremony than he would give to an anti-tubercular lady—Easter, it would seem, is blended with the most cheerful of associations:

With the Easter motto I can do nothing better than Sir John Suckling's well known lines:

"No sun upon an Easter day Is half so fine a sight." Yours ever, LAWSON TAIT.

These two lines are the last of a verse from Suckling's immortal "Ballad Upon a Wedding." The entire familiar stanza runs:

Her feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice, stole in and out, As if they feared the light. But, oh, she dances such a way! No sun upon an Easter day Is half so fine a sight.

Du Chaila began life at the right end—enduring nature in her most primitive lights and suffering hardships that give the proper edge to fame. It is not wonderful that the discoverer of the gorilla and the pygmies should write you in the midst of his well earned enjoyment of civilization a sentiment like this:

Easter—the day for lovely girls, beautiful flowers, sunshine, graceful gowns and charming bonnets.

PAUL DU CHAILLA.

And just here the ever popular novelist, Captain Charles King, U. S. A., who draws in such warm lights the charming young women, for whom one happy side of Easter was surely made, ventures a modest excuse from this list—an excuse which is so much of a sentiment in itself that I am not sure but it is a very clever one.

You must judge.

In response to a suggestion for a word or two from the captain he replies:

Forgive me, but sentiments are beyond me. I am ill—and nothing but a soldier. Yours wistfully, CHARLES KING.

From the novelist to the playwright is a short step nowadays. There are doubtless admirers of Mrs. Kendall's later style of work who will be pleased to read this from the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray":

I rejoice to have this opportunity afforded me of greeting my friends—friends familiar to me and friends who are strangers—across the Atlantic. To those who insist that rejoicings at Easter cannot be too solemn I would say that the thought is surely a solemn one which reminds a man who is greatly dependent upon the solace of friendship of friends to whom he is indebted for much sympathy, many kindnesses, whose hands he may never clasp, whose names even he may never know.

Easter, 1896. ANTHONY W. PINERO.

Thus Pinero, seizing on Easter and these columns for the quaintest of greetings, splashes the canvas with new color and saves a poor draftsman's brush like mine the labor of the finishing touches.

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

Death a Glorious Morning.

As long as the race continues, as long as the moon pursues her silvery course through the heavens, as long as the stars glisten in the diadem of night, so long will Easter morning be unlike any other morning of the year. It is a bridal day which greets us with the assurance of eternal love. The world's great heart no longer resembles a muffled drum, but beats with divinely inspired hopes. With moist eyes we look at the mound where rests the loved one, but with grateful hands we scatter flowers thereon. "He is risen!" And we, too, shall rise. The years may come and go as they will henceforth. They may bring whatever fortune he thinks best—our sojourn is but short, and then the heavens will open.

The grave is no one's home—it is only the resting spot from which the soul takes its flight to other climes.

Tears for the departed will keep the grass of the cemetery green, but behind the tears at separation is the hope of reunion.

Even earthly love may be eternal, for God will not part for long the souls that really belong to each other.

First a toilsome and a burdensome day. Then cometh the night, in which no man can work. After that the new life in the presence of God.—George H. Eppworth.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy? Purest and Best.

HER EASTER ANTHEM

BY VEHIS-SMITHSON.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.] Jeanne Marie leaned against the door of the church and wept.

Jeanne Marie had been a pretty little woman. Her people were Gascons, but she and her husband Tonta lived in a plain white painted house on the roadside near the city limits of New Orleans. They were happily married, for their choice was due to love, and is there anything else in this world that brings more happiness? If there is, neither Jeanne Marie nor Tonta knew of it. But soon they had a great sorrow, and it drew them closer together than all their happiness.

It came about in this way: They had a child, a beautiful boy, and when he was scarcely 3 years old he died. Then there came another one, a weak, tiny babe, to fill the dead one's place. But he was deformed. His hands were shriveled and twisted. They were dreadful to look at. People said this was due to the mother's ceaseless grieving for her firstborn, and the surgeons tried their best to remedy the matter, all in vain.

Yet the child lived and thrived, and the mother hated God for having taken her perfect boy and given her this one. Tonta was more patient. He suffered meekly. Sometimes he tried to comfort his wife. "Jeanne Marie," he whispered, "God is good, though his ways are beyond our understanding. Be sure this child will be a blessing to us yet."

But the little woman was hard. She would not be comforted. "God is not good or just," she said. "Look at those hands! Why should my other boy be taken from me and this wretched creature sent instead?"

"I love him all the more for his misfortune," said the father. "Dearest, have pity on your own flesh and blood."

She laughed in a satirical and unmotherly way.

"He can never work; he cannot earn his living. We shall have to support him all his life," she said.

When the boy was old enough to understand, he soon found out that his mother did not love him. One day he begged her not to be so angry with him, but she paid no heed to his tearful words. When he tried to use his clumsy fingers, she exclaimed bitterly:

"You are no child of mine. My child is dead. He was not maimed like you. Go away. You do not belong to me."

One night the boy sobbed himself to sleep. The next morning he kissed his father lovingly, as usual, then crept out of the house. There were dark circles round his eyes as he hurried away, not knowing where to go. He did not come home, and when after a few days his father went to look for him he could not be found.

"I am glad he is gone," said Jeanne Marie to herself, but she was very kind and gentle to her husband because he was so grieved.

Years passed, and Jeanne Marie was a widow. She lived alone, unloved and desolate. At night she lay awake and thought of her lost ones, her husband and her child. But it was always the first born, not the second.

And the poor outcast whom she had forgotten was living with a good woman who had pitied him and taken him to her home.

Jeanne Marie had gone to church every Sunday morning since her husband's death. But it was merely habit. She never prayed; the preacher's words had no meaning for her, and to the singing of the choir and people her ears were deaf. Her heart seemed turned to stone.

One Easter morning the widow knelt in her usual place in church, her eyes fixed absently upon the altar where the tall candles burned brightly and white flowers shed a soft fragrance.

Jeanne Marie said nothing. Her thoughts were wandering. But gradually a sense of peaceful joy crept over her, and happiness, so long stranger to her, filled her soul. She knelt motionless as if entranced, giving herself up to the new sensation, though she knew not whence it came. Slowly at last she realized that she was in the church and that a voice in the choir was singing the Easter hymn, a tender voice, sweet, high and clear as an angel.

"Resurrexit sicut dixit!" ("He has risen as he said, he is risen—halleluia!" sang the voice, pouring forth triumphant-



"COME HOME, MY SON," CRIED JEANNE MARIE over the kneeling throng. And the people listened devoutly, some with tears in their eyes, some with faces radiant and joyous. They were thinking of the glory of the resurrection and the deep import of the mystery, but Jeanne Marie thought only of that Holy Mother's joy when she saw her son again.

Too soon the sweet voice sank into silence, the organ's peals were hushed, the hymn was finished, and Jeanne Marie clasped her hands together supplicatingly and prayed to God to pardon her rebellion.

Then when all was over and the peo-

TRY SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

He went out of the church the lonely woman still knelt, with her face covered. There was no one else in the church but two figures—a man and a woman kneeling near the door—as Jeanne Marie rose and walked slowly out. On the steps a few persons stood talking.

"A great singer indeed," said one, "and so young. He has a future before him."

"They say his mother is an old friend of our pastor's, and that is why he sang for us today," said another. "She is a widow, and he supports her. Ah, what a good son she has!"

Jeanne Marie was alone on the steps when an elderly, sweet faced woman leaning on a young man's arm came out of the church. They were both smiling,



JEANNE MARIE LEANED AGAINST THE DOOR AND WEPT.

and the other woman looked at them wistfully. They stopped near her, and the man put on his hat. As he did so Jeanne Marie saw that his hands were deformed. There was no mistaking those shriveled, twisted fingers. It was her long forgotten son that stood before her. With a cry of joy she made herself known to him. While she talked the other woman looked at her in terror and clung still closer to the youth, whose pale face flushed as he listened.

A dead silence followed, and then the mother added:

"I was cruel and hard, but you will forgive me. I am so lonely!"

"My father is dead, you say? Poor mother! You are indeed alone." He spoke softly and pityingly, but at the same instant he clasped the thin hand which rested on his arm and with his crippled fingers caressed it lovingly.

"Come home, my son," cried Jeanne Marie. "I have repented and prayed for pardon. I will be a true mother now."

She stopped as he shook his head.

"My home is with her," he said, looking down at the bowed figure beside him. "She found me crying on the roadside and took me to her heart, giving me the place of a child she had just lost. I bear her name. I owe everything to her. She has no one on earth but me, and I must always stay with her."

The mother exclaimed distractedly, "Then I cannot see you again? I am never to see my own child!"

The other woman raised her face and looked at him entreatingly, and as if in reply to her appeal he said gently:

"Yes, mother, of course you shall see me. Next autumn I am to sing in the cathedral. We shall live near you, and I shall go to you often, very often, I promise you."

He left his companion for a minute, and putting his face close to Jeanne Marie's whispered:

"Will you kiss me, mother dear?"

She strained him frantically to her heart without speaking, then watched him put the other woman's arm in his again, lead her carefully down the steps and out of the churchyard.

As he disappeared, his mother murmured hoarsely:

"He is a good man. He will do his duty, but he does not love me, and he never will. It is my punishment. God is just."

And in the glad Easter sunshine the childless mother leaned against the door of the church and wept.

A TYPO'S RELEASE.

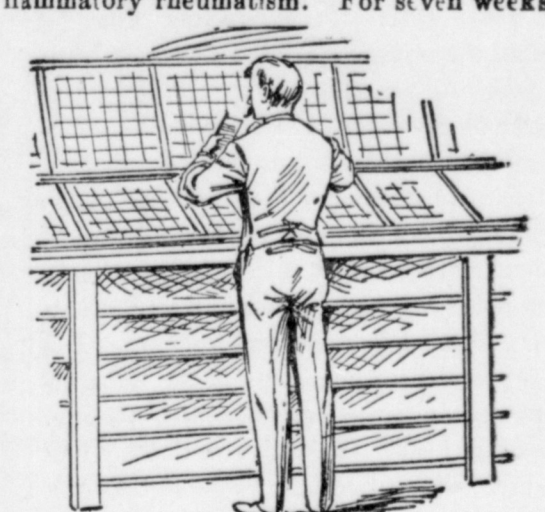
FROM THE AWFUL SUFFERINGS OF RHEUMATISM.

The Case of E. P. Robbins of Welland—A Sufferer for Seventeen Years—His Case Resisted the Treatment of the Best Hospitals and He Had Become a Physical Wreck—His Wonderful Release.

From the Welland Telegraph.

The world to-day is both commercially and scientifically inclined towards system, and news like everything else is gathered systematically. Every newspaper has its staff of reporters to observe and collect the news of its particular locality or district. For some time past a reporter of the Welland Telegraph has been watching the development of a treatment for a serious case of rheumatism on one of the employees of that institution. About eighteen years ago, Mr. E. P. Robbins, while at work in

the Telegraph printing office, was suddenly seized with sharp pains all over his body, accompanied by extreme swellings. He reached home, but a short distance from the office, with difficulty, and on the doctor being called he pronounced it inflammatory rheumatism. For seven weeks



HE LAY IN BED UNDER THE CARE OF THE BEST PHYSICIAN, AND AT THE END OF THAT TIME HE WAS AGAIN ABLE TO RESUME HIS DUTIES.

During the next four years he was subject to frequent slight attacks, and finally thought a change in location might be beneficial. With this idea Mr. Robbins visited the different American cities, sometimes in good health and again unable to get out of bed, until in 1888 he finally settled in New York. Here for about two years, he followed his occupation with comparatively little sickness, when he suffered a severe attack which left him, until a few months ago, a martyr to that kaleidoscopic disease. Mr. Robbins recovered somewhat after weeks of idleness and went back to the type, but again and again he was laid up, working only about six days a month. Gradually he grew worse, and almost discouraged entered the sisters hospital. After spending many weary months within its walls he was discharged with an awful verdict "incurable." More from a sense of duty than of hope he tried other hospitals in the city but with the same result, and resigned to his fate he left for his old home, where he arrived in February, 1893, a crippled resemblance of his former self, and was passed unrecognized by his former friends. Here in the house of his father, James W. Robbins, he was bed-ridden until the summer, and then during the warm days was able to walk about with the aid of a spiked cane for a few minutes at a time. When the cold weather approached, however, he was again confined to the house. Pink Pills were frequently recommended to Mr. Robbins, and in December last he started to take them. The first box was unnoticeable but the second produced a slight change for the better. More were then taken and the improvement was daily hailed with joy by his friends. The rheumatism slowly but surely left and has not since returned. In March last Mr. Robbins was once more at work and has not lost a day since; the cane has long since been discarded and "Ed" is one of the happiest, jolliest employees in the office. Mr. Robbins is well known in the country and indeed throughout the whole district, and although, as he says, he has not got the strength of Hercules yet, Pink Pills have given him for a trifling cost the relief he spent hundreds of dollars in vain trying to secure. He considers the disease completely out of his system and can eat and sleep well, two essential points to good health. Mr. Robbins strongly recommends this wonderful medicine to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

A recent expert estimate of the extent of the anthracite coal fields in the United States places their contents at 11,621,400,000 tons. The annual production averages of 45,000,000 tons, at which rate the supply would last some 265 years.

WORKS ITSELF INTO THE SYSTEM.

The Insidious Nature of Kidney Diseases.

Whilst pain will sometimes accompany kidney trouble, this is not always so. It may obtain a strong grip on the system before the victim knows he is under its spell. What numbers are dying of Bright's disease and diabetes, apparently in good health, and yet the system undermined. Security is found in the use of South American Kidney Cure, which purifies the blood of all poisons, and unlike pills and powders, speedily dissolves the hardened substances that locate themselves in the system, an outcome of kidney diseases. Physicians will sometimes say these can not be removed, but South American Kidney Cure does it. The Rev. Jas. Murdock, of St. John, N. B., was cured of this trouble by taking only four bottles. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.