

Sunday Reading.

The First Easter.

Weep, weep, O world! World that He came to save!
He is slain—He came in vain—His head is low in the grave!
His sun has gone down in blood; and the awful shock of defeat
Hath stirred the sepulchred dead, and they walk the city's street
Slowly, with halting tread, and eyes unused to the light;
And 'Where is He?' they cry, in their wild and vague aghast!
Then a voice, that is not a voice, but an echo lost in the gloom.
Maketh lament, 'Ay, where? He is dead in Joseph's tomb!'

Weep, weep, my soul! With the sorrowing women three!
Bring Him thine aims of fears—the Martyr of Calvary!
For the mob hath wreaked its will, and the nailed hands and feet
Are wrapped in the linen white, for the slumber of silence meet!
Night o'er the city broods, and the heavens are black and grim;
With never a Star of Hope for those who have followed him!
Mourning the plaint and deep, of the lost world's final doom:
'He is dead—the Christ is dead and laid in Joseph's tomb!'

List, list, my soul! There's a stir in that rock-hewn prison—
And the seraph sentry cries, 'He is not here—He is risen!'
Then the first glad Easter breaks, in a marvelous splendor white.
And the world from its sorrow wakes and turns its face to the light!
The vessels of Rome retreat; and the great stone moves at the breath
Of Him, at whose girdle sway the keys of the jailer, Death!
Sing, shout and sing, while the skies with morning bloom.
He liveth—Who once was dead and laid in Joseph's tomb!

COMFORT FOR THE UNSEEING.

The "Blind Room" in the Library of Congress at Washington.

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In the Congressional Library at Washington, the large room is set aside for the exclusive use of the blind. This is the best equipped single gathering place for the sightless in this country. This boon to the blind, provided by a thoughtful paternal government, is called by those who use it "the national headquarters of the unseeing."

The room in question is situated on the first floor of the huge building, and is near the entrance as possible. It was opened about two years ago and was instantly popular. All the blind folks of Washington caused themselves to be led there, and from that day to this very few of the local "unseeing," who are able to get about, have missed their daily hour in quarters of which they will never know the real beauties. They have been told over and over again, how the walls and ceiling are covered with decorations by famous American artists; of how the color scheme is the outcome of good taste and of artistic eyes; of how even the colors of the furniture and the hangings are in perfect harmony with the decorations. But these beauties they can never enjoy through the sense of sight. The imaginations only can furnish them pleasure in the art beauties of the rooms, for many of them know not even what red, or blue or color of any sort is like. Said one of them to me: "I know a black light and a white light, that is all, for I know when I am in the glare of the sunlight and when I am in a darkened room. But as for the rainbow and its colors, what like may that be?"

In addition to the local blind, the steady patrons of the blind room, there come yearly a thousand or more visitors from all over the United States. Here they know they will meet others afflicted like themselves, and the natural sympathy of misery draws them here where afflictions can be understood by experience.

During inauguration week 125,000 persons visited the Congressional Library, but not more than a score of these visitors were blind. Of course, Washington at that busy time was no place for the unseeing. The inauguration ceremony is a spectacle, and of what interest is a spectacle to the unseeing, save in an intellectual sense?

Three days after inauguration I visited the blind room. Instead of finding the sightless, I found an assemblage of people, half of whom had two good seeing eyes. It seems that every Thursday afternoon a musical is given in this room for the pleasure of those who cannot see their entertainers, but who can hear. On the afternoon of my visit, a lady possessing a deep rich contralto voice, sang for a most appreciative audience. They said that she was the wife of a representative, that her brother had lost his sight in a railway accident while on his way to Washington, and that since then this lady had gladly devoted several hours each week to help-

ing the blind enjoy their dreary days. She was followed by a young violinist. Then came a pianist, the organist of one of Washington's largest churches. Then all three, the singer, the violinist, and the pianist, co-operated, the lady's singing being accompanied by the other two on their instruments.

All the rear seats were occupied by the seeing, all the front seats by the unseeing. The sightless ones listened, with rapt attention, and applauded spontaneously.

On all other days in the week, except Sunday, the hour between 2.30 and 3.30 is the entertainment hour for the blind. In other words every working day, except Thursday, the day of the musical, there is given here a reading or a talk, on some subject of interest to the blind. Authors, scientists, physicians, lecturers, missionaries, ministers, and army and navy chaplains are in turn asked to address the meetings.

In charge of the Blind Room is Miss Giffen, a gentlewoman of remarkable patience, and endowed by nature with an abundance of sympathy. To her kindly offices and assistance the popularity of the blind room is largely due. The room over which she presides is equipped with everything helpful in the intellectual development of the blind. Here are special typewriters, telegraph instruments, a printing press, a typesetting case, besides the usual books and pictures in relief. After the musical, on the day of my visit, a blind lady kindly gave an exhibition of proficiency in the use of the typewriter. A young man, unseeing, displayed wonderful talent in the use of the telegraph key. Another set up type, and still another used the printing press.

It is these things and this room, put at their disposal in this way, that helps to bring happiness to the blind of Washington. All state governments should try to provide similar rooms for unfortunate ones, and all libraries could bring happiness to the afflicted in their respective cities, by writing to the Librarian of Congress for information concerning the establishment and conduct of a room for the blind.

GILSON WILLETS.

A Single Idle Word.

"I was not a bad young man," said an elderly gentleman lately, "but was given to fun, enjoyed a good time, and while not usually vulgar or low in my conversation, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and could not always resist the temptation to make an apt rejoinder, even when it involved some coarseness.

"A party of us were camping, mostly young fellows, but one or two were middle aged men. We had a good time, and there was only one thing to regret, and that I have regretted all my life. We sat around the fire the first evening telling stories, and a story which one of the older men told suggested an obscene comment, which I uttered before I thought twice.

"I could have bitten my tongue off the next instant. The man looked straight at me for a moment across the fire, and I knew he judged me by that remark. I knew that I did not deserve the opinion which in that instant he formed of me; but I knew also that I had given him just cause to estimate me as he did. That one careless word did not fairly represent me, but I could not deny it was my own.

"All that night I lay looking up at the stars and thinking over what I had said. I could almost have counted on my fingers all the other sentences of like character that I had ever spoken. I was not habitually vulgar, but for that one word, and all like words and thoughts, I despised myself.

"I determined to be so careful during the remainder of the week as to redeem myself in the sight of that man; the others knew me better. But a telegram called him back to the city next morning, and I saw him frequently after that.

"He always treated me civilly when we met, but I never saw him without feeling that he still measured me by that word. I had opportunities to show him that I was not wholly bad, but they were too few to give a comprehensive view of my character or really to influence his opinion of me.

"In a strange way, after a year or two had passed my name was mentioned for a position which was desirable and which I seemed likely to secure, but this man was one of three to decide the matter. Without positively knowing how it came about, I could never doubt that a quiet intimation that he considered me unfit was what defeated me.

"Later I found a situation which, although a good one, was in a very different line of work from what I had chosen, and I have never doubted that my whole life was changed by that idle word.

"Did I learn the lesson? Yes I did! My habit, now almost lifelong, has made impurity even in its milder forms, repulsive. The memory of that incident has stopped many a hasty utterance, and in the years that followed it the warning of

the Divine Teacher has added a sense of responsibility to the sense of shame. 'I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'

"THE COMING RELIGIOUS CENSUS."

Some of the Questions That Are Puzzling the Directors.

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The great number of letters on the subject which have lately reached the director of the census at Washington, offer conclusive evidence that there is not in the country at large a very clear idea of the prospective religious census, which it has been proposed to compile in connection with the general enumeration of the people of the United States, now being made under government auspices. As a matter of fact, it has not yet been definitely determined to make a presentation of the relative strength of the various religious bodies in the country, and even in the event of a favorable decision upon the proposition, it will be impracticable to undertake active work prior to July 1, 1902.

In the regular house-to-house census enumeration made in the summer of 1900, the officials did not concern themselves directly or indirectly with the religious opinions of the people. Not only was the stand taken that any inquiry as to hereditary or personal convictions regarding matters of faith or ecclesiastical relations would be vigorously resented by many of those to whom such questions might be propounded, but it was held that figures thus obtained would in all probability be so incomplete and inaccurate as to be possessed of but slight value.

The prevalent impression that the census office was gathering information relative to the strength of the various religious denominations, may doubtless be attributed to the publication in connection with the census of 1890, of a volume of statistics of churches. These statistics were secured from schedules placed in the hands of competent persons in each of the minor ecclesiastical subdivisions of the various churches.

The schedules which were sent out at that time, and which it is possible will be duplicated a year hence, contained a line for each organization reported, including churches without pastors, missions or stations, chapels, meetings and societies. There were also propounded questions relative to the character of the edifices occupied, their seating capacity, their value, and the number of communicants or church members. In the instructions sent out to guide persons in filling out schedules it was stated that the word 'communicant' was to be interpreted as embracing 'all, without distinction of sex, who are privileged to participate in the ordinance of communion in denominations which observe it, and all members of other denominations.' Some of the faults of such a system were obvious at the time it was adopted, but no better plan presented itself.

Census Director Merriam states frankly that he has not yet been able to determine whether or not to undertake a religious investigation, or, if he does, how extensive the research shall be. Some strong objections have been made to any consideration of the question whatever. For one thing, it is claimed that the conditions of membership in the various bodies calling themselves Christian, vary so indefinitely that comparisons of denominational strength based upon nominal membership in the several churches are almost certain to be misleading.

For instance, there are religious denominations in which children born of parents connected with those organizations are birthright members, without baptism, confirmation or any personal profession of religious faith. Then again, admission to other churches may be by baptism and confirmation; by baptism without confirmation; by confirmation after baptism, or by profession of personal belief in the doctrines contained in a particular creed and a promise of obedience to the authority vested in the ecclesiastical organization. All these make comparisons of computations on a common basis practically impossible.

Dr. Frederick H. Wines, the assistant director of the census, is confident that if the religious statistics are gathered they will show that there has been no diminution of religious interest in the United States during the past ten years, and that they will demonstrate that there has been a heavy increase in the number of churches, membership, aggregate wealth and average attendance. He declared, in the course of a recent conversation, that the people of the United States are, contrary to certain contentions, going to church more regularly and supporting the Gospel more liberally, than they did a decade or two ago.

Let Yourself Go, But Take a Straight Line.

Two or three things regarding ourselves we must be sure of. First we should be

absolutely sincere. A man has a right to claim that for himself. He has a right to know whether the claim is true. A man knows whether he is a liar in word, and he has an equal right to know whether he has mixed motives in his actions. What harm can come to a sincere man who lets himself go on the path of his sincerity? He is simply following out, in practical life, the axiom in geometry,—'A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.' There never was a more false assertion applied to life than the statement,—'The longest way round is the shortest way home.' Even rifles are judged efficient by the flatness of their trajectory. The curve that is allowed for, in the discharge of an arrow at long distance, is dismissed in the discharge of a bullet from a modern weapon of precision.—Rev. T. R. Slicer.

Homesick.

There is nothing more pathetic than a dumb beast suffering from the pangs of homesickness. Human beings in trouble find somewhere a little compensation. The four-footed animal seems hopelessly at the mercy of whatever fate overtakes him. Says a writer in the London Outlook:
I went into Jamrach's, where wild beasts are for sale, and was treading gingerly between tenanted packing-cases and trying to avoid outstretched claws, when I heard the strangest sound that ever proceeded from any creature.

It was between a cry and a groan, with something human about it, and yet remote, as if pertaining to another world.

Then I saw, gazing past me with eyes that seemed to be gazing into the deserts of Mongolia, a goat. It had long, yellow, matted hair, and looked inexpressibly forlorn. From time to time it threw back its head and uttered that strange cry.

'What have you got there?' I asked the dealer. 'Why does it make that strange sound?'

'Ah, said he, with pride, 'that is a very curious animal, and we had no end of trouble to get hold of him. He is a soothsayer's goat, and he has had a remarkable position in life. He lived in the north of Tibet, and belonged to a fakir who used to prophesy to the tribes, and had a great influence among them.

'People came from far and near to consult him about the future, and he had trained this goat to assist him in delivering his oracles. He and the animal lived together up in the mountains, and were held in great veneration by the savage tribes. When the holy man died, his few belongings were scattered and sold, and so the goat was shipped to England.'

And to the poor homesick creature England must have seemed like the infernal regions.

A Century Better Than Ours.

Mrs Sarah Grand, the novelist, is willing to admit that there may have been a time when the world wagged a little more smoothly and pleasantly than at present. A friend asked her which century other than the nineteenth she would have cared to live in, and she replied without hesitation:

'There is only one century in which I should have cared in the least to be born; the century when the little children were all happy, and the birds and beasts and fishes talked to them wisely and lived their own lives in peace and were kind and good; when all the ladies had long hair and many adventures, and all the knights were beautiful—except the bad ones; when virtue invariably triumphed, and the wicked were properly punished without being really hurt; when the right woman invariably married the right man and lived happily ever afterward, and nobody knew anything and everybody believed in ghosts.

'That is the only century besides our own of which I have ever heard that I believe to have been the best worth living in.

This perhaps after all is merely Mrs Grand's way of saying that our own age comes nearest the ideal of wordly perfection.

Fishing With a Steam Pump.

What might be considered the taking of an undue advantage of the fishes, as well as the ruining of the fishing business, is a new method of fishing reported by Cosmos (Paris), and translated for the Literary Digest. The editor says:

Monsieur Mercier, of St. Aubin du Cour-drait, describes one of the most singular fishing devices imaginable. Although extremely simple, the system is revolutionary. It was discovered by chance.

A pond on the farm of La Marlette, bordered by rock shores, was last year

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 50c a box, at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment



Down

the bad, but be just to the good. The Soap Powder which tries your patience isn't PEARLINE—nor "same as." Don't be prejudiced against a good thing because the imitations are disappointing. PEARLINE is the Soap Powder—original, best, safest. It's success is the cause of the many imitations. 633

drained by the aid of a steam pump. Each stroke of the piston drew up twenty five gallons of water, and the pond was emptied in a few hours; and not only was the water drawn off, but all the fishes were also transferred to a new element.

This was a revolution. The owners of ponds in the neighborhood followed suit, and the proprietor of the pump is making a speciality of this sort of work. He lets one of his pumps, modified for this purpose. The peasants of the region call it the 'fish pump.' Each stroke of the piston brings up a torrent of water, in which are fish and craw fish, together with mud and debris. A sort of metal basket receives the whole. The water and slime exude, while a boy collects the fish and sorts them according to species and weight.

Recently one pond of several acres was cleared of fish at an expense of thirty six francs or seven dollars and seventy five cents. The process is ingenious, but as one cannot have the fish and eat them also, such rapid consumption must lead to equally rapid extermination.

A German Picture of the Future.

Scene—A school-room of the twentieth century.

Teacher (to a new scholar)—Jack, are you inoculated against croup?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Have you a written certificate that you are immune as whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?

Pupil—Yes, sir, I have.

'Have you your own drinking cup?'

Yes, sir.

'Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to use no slate pencil but your own?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Will you agree to have your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime?'

'Yes, sir.'

Then, Jack, you possess all that modern hygiene requires; you can step over that wire occupy an isolated seat made of aluminum and begin your arithmetic lesson.

NO SUBSTITUTE for "The D. & L. Menthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, by hospitals, by clergy, by everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, &c. Made Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

What we may soon expect: Mann—When will Grabalisk's new theatre be ready for business?

Hattan—Very soon, I think; he has already advertised for bids for the ticket speculating privilege.

PALATABLE AS CREAM.—"The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from severe coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest benefit. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

A division: Briggs—What do you call your twins?

Diggs—Henrietta.

Briggs—But that's only one name.
Diggs—Yes, but we divided it between them. We call the boy Henri and the girl Etta.

LOCAL OPINION IS STRONG in favor of Pny-Balsam. It cures coughs and colds with absolute certainty. Pleasant to take and sure to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

Football notes:—
Bill Kirkhard—Wot's the matter with the referee? Has he lost 'is 'ead?
Jem Crushem—Oh, no! Only an ear a few teeth and some hair.

YOU MAY NEED Pain Killer at any time in case of accident. Cures cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is only one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 and 50c.

Charity; Employer—I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man.

Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour, sir, I'll fix that! It's easier to get married than to get a job.

'Ladies,' said the speaker at the annual meeting of the Boston Bean-bund, 'I shall in elucidating my subject, give you nothing but the—er—the—that is to say, I shall give you—er—the—the—decollete truth.'