

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., April 3, 1931.

EPIC OF THE RESSURRECTION.

By Henry Clarke

Long, long ago, within the Holy City,
The eager throng had gathered for the
paschal feast;
And out beyond the walls the first of
camps were gleaming,
Where, worn with weary leagues, there
rested man and beast.

The city stood in richest glow and splen-
dor.
The shining object of all Jewish pride;
And from its heart there rose the golden-
crowned temple.
To kiss whose marble walls men glad-
ly would have died.

Here, then, in days that ages have made
misty,
Was borne the pain of One who in the
shadows trod,
And here the eyes of men, with gladness
overbrimming,
Beheld the triumph of the risen Son of
God.

Then listen, ye who on this Easter morn-
ing
Find heart and soul athrob in joyous
song,
Oh, listen as this day in gladdest notes
is telling
The story which the ages shall for-
evermore prolong.

THE CRUCIFIXION

One is passing through the city,
Guarded by the soldiers' spears
From the thronging crowd of scoffers,
From the rabble with its sneers.
Over via Dolorosa.

To the hill outside the gate,
Walks the weary Man of Sorrows,
Victims of his people's hate,
Slowly up the hillside toiling,
Followed by the eager throng.

With the cross his vision meeting,
Moves the Christ to suffer wrong.
Lifted is the soldier's hammer!
Nails are driven through hands and
feet!

In the earth the cross is planted!
Shouts of scorn his sufferings greet!
Hands that healed and feet that car-
ried,
Eyes that pitied, heart of love,
Is your ministry forgotten
Oh, have mercy, God above!

See, the noonday sun is hidden,
Darkness reigns, not golden light;
God's own heaven is clothed in mourn-
ing.
Angels cannot bear the sight.

Hark! the earth is loudly groaning,
By its quakings split and rent;
Nature's lamentation mighty
For the King whose life is spent.

Look! the temple's massive curtain,
Glory of the Jewish heart,
Now in fluttering strips is waving,
Torn by unseen hands apart.

THE DEATH

On the breast the head has fallen,
Gazed are now the weary eyes,
Veins no longer scorch with fever,
Ears are deaf to ribald cries.

Broken is the heart of mercy,
Scoffers, have ye now no tear
See! that now the side is pierced
Blood and water meet the spear.

Shame has touched the Lord of Glory!
Shadows claim the Lord of Light!
Helpless seems the Lord of Power!
Death has seized the Lord of Might!

Dead he hangs upon the summit
Of Judea's skull-shaped hill;
When the black tide surged tumultuous,
None could utter, "Peace, be still."

So it ends, this life of godness,
So it ends, upon the tree,
So it ends, oh, Son of Mary,
Wonderous Man of Galilee.

THE BURIAL

From the cross the form is lifted,
Mangled like an earthly clod,
Bruised and broken, stained and bloody,
Body of the Son of God.

Hasten, Joseph, unto Pilate!
Beg the body for thy tomb!
Bathe and cleanse with tender pity!
Let thy love shine through the gloom!

Thou, too, Nicodemus, hasten,
Burdened with the precious spice;
For tis he whose radiant teaching
Gave the truth beyond all price.

In the grave, the battle ended,
Lies the body of the King;
He who came with angel anthems,
Now is slain by death's sharp sting.

"Earth to earth! is this thy portion
Thou whose power, the grave could rob
Dust to dust!" shall ashes claim thee,
Now the pulse has ceased to throb?

THE SORROWING WOMEN

Weeping Galilean women
Mark the tomb which is his bed;
Turn them homeward sorrowing,
For their Lord of Life is dead.

Tenderly they mix the perfumes
Moistened with their tears of grief,
With the love which in his wanderings
Ministered to his relief.

JOSEPH, GUARD OF HONOR.

It would have been a wonderful
day for pleasure outing; but Joseph,
when he opened his eyes and looked
from the tent which he occupied
with several other boys, knew that
there would be little pleasure or joy
for them that day.

Near at hand earnest voices could
be heard, for in the huge tent which
rose above the smaller one, Ahaziah,
king of Judah, and Joram, king of
Israel, were holding counsel with
their generals.

When the boys had been sent to
their tent the night before, all had
been confusion in the great camp
spread in the valley; but this morn-
ing when they looked forth the
tents had disappeared and as far as
they could see were ranks of char-
iots and foot soldiers.

Near at hand were score after
score of war chariots, each drawn
by three lithe horses with bright-

colored plumes in their bridles. Each
team was held in check by muscular
drivers clad only in loin cloths,
whose arms were drawn taut in
their efforts to keep their steeds
from bolting.

In each chariot, behind the driv-
er, stood two silent warriors equip-
ped with spears and javelins, while
beside each, in pockets built into
the chariots, was a supply of bows
and arrows.

Far back, behind the chariots,
were thousands upon thousands of
foot soldiers standing at ease or
seated on the ground, waiting for
the trumpet call that would start a
forward movement of the army.

Many of these soldiers were
Joseph's countrymen from the south-
ern kingdom of Judah, who had ac-
companied their king to aid Joram
in his effort to quell the insurrec-
tion incited by Jehu, who aspired to
the throne of Israel.

Many of Ahaziah's people had mur-
mured when he declared his inten-
tion of aiding his uncle; but he had
persisted in his design and marched
northward with his army, much to
the delight of Joram and his court.

Just before the king had set out
from Jerusalem, his sister, Jeho-
sheba, had called Joseph aside and
had talked very earnestly with him
in private.

"Joseph," she said seriously, gaz-
ing into his clear black eyes, "my
brother, the king, has said that you
are to be one of the pages who will
accompany him on his campaign.
Now, tell me, for I know you love
the cause of Jehovah, and will tell
me truly, will you risk danger, if
it need be, to save our kingdom from
evil?"

"Why, to be sure, madam? But
what danger is there?"
Jeho-sheba walked softly to the
door to look into the corridor.

"Listen, lad!" she drew Joseph
close to her and spoke softly. "I
ten! If it should be that harm il-
l-falls my brother while he is with
the army, what think you would
happen here? What might befall
the kingdom?"

Joseph shook his head, wonder-
ing just what she was trying to get
at.

"You think all will be well? Think
you that our mother will let the
kingdom fall to one of my brother's
sons? Alas! May I be forgiven if I
judge her wrongly; but I fear she is
my own mother!"

"But, madam, what can she do?
Is it not the law that the king's son
inherit his kingdom?"
The woman shook her head at
such innocence.

"You know little of the ways of
ambition, Joseph! And you knew
not my mother's mother, Jezebel!
She was filled with wickedness and
ambition; and I have heard my
mother, who inherited her mad am-
bition, say things that abode no
good for Judah, if ever she has a
chance at the throne."

Impressed by the tone of her
voice more than by her words, Joseph
inquired:

"But what is it you wish me to
do? I shall be far away from the
palace and can do nothing if the
king is killed."

"There is much you can do,
Joseph! If anything happens to my
brother, come to me with the speed
of the wind! Let me know if before
my mother learns of it! The king's
children may need protection from—"

Jeho-sheba stopped abruptly for a
moment, then continued:

"Promise me, Joseph! Let noth-
ing—nothing—stop you until you
reach me with news. Promise!"
"Very well, madam."

"That is well, Now, Joseph, take
this." She pressed a packet into his
hand. "It is gold, you may need it!"
Joseph drew himself up proudly.

"You may trust me. If any harm
befalls my lord, the king, no one
here shall know of it before you."

"May Jehovah make it so!" Jeho-
sheba spoke devoutly. "For if my
mother should be moved to put away
the king's children and seize the
government, we be upon Jehovah's
people. Now, go about your tasks!
I can trust you."

All these things came into Joseph's
mind as he gazed through the early
morning light and saw the war-like
scene below. He turned to listen to
a boy who had come in at the other
end of the tent.

"Joseph! Come! You and I are
to stand in the chariot with the
king! Hurry! You provide water,
and I'll see that everything else is
ready in his chariot. He is about
to leave his tent now."

Elated at the honor bestowed on
him, Joseph hastened to fill a skin
with fresh water from the spring
that bubbled from the hill back of
the tents, then he hurried in to the
tent and thrust into his hand a
long, sharp-edged knife that one
of the soldiers had left there the
night before. It might prove valu-
able if they got into the thick of the
fight.

A blast of trumpets announced to
the waiting army that the kings
were about to mount their chariots.
The hostlers anxiously spoke sooth-
ing words to their horses in an ef-
fort to quiet them as the rulers ap-
peared, and the soldiers who formed
the royal bodyguard glanced over
their equipment to see that all was
as it should be. A moment later
the young rulers stepped into their
chariots and the army began to move.

A runner dashed up beside the
chariot.

"My lord king," he panted, bowing
low, "Jehu's army crept up in the
night and lies around the shoulder
of the hill!"

"Ha! How far distant are they?
So!"

Ahaziah stroked his sleek black
beard thoughtfully for a moment,
his glance roving over the faces be-
low him. He spoke to the runner,
who stood recovering his strength.

"Has word been taken to my un-
cle? No? Let someone hasten to
him. Tell him that we will guard
this side of the valley. Tell him to
swing his force around across the
opening and guard the far side.
Then let us see what this rebel can
do!"

A youth clad only in a tightly fit-
ting breechclout darted away to
carry the message, leaving the run-
ner who had just arrived to recover
his breath in order to take later or-
ders where they might be needed.

The young king stood proudly erect
in his chariot. Lifting his hand to
enjoin silence, he cried to his men:
"Men of Judah! Soon this rebel and
his host will be before us. Let no man
give an inch, or let an enemy pass.
For my sake, and for your own, let
us show them what true soldiers can
do for their land, since fight we
must!"

A cheer answered him, and the
chariots drew in around him as he
motioned to his driver to proceed. On
they went swinging into the position
Ahaziah had said they should take.
Beyond them and to their left the
troops of Israel moved rapidly across
the opening between the hills, ford-
ing a shallow stream, and marched
rapidly forward to block the entrance
of Jehu's force.

Before this was accomplished, how-
ever, a deafening shout arose from
the opposing army and a solid line of
chariots dashed forward through the
valley. Joram's chariots swept up to
meet them, but Ahaziah motioned to
his generals to wait until they might
be needed before joining in the fray.

With rapid beating heart Joseph
watched. Often he had heard battles
described, but never had he witness-
ed one; nor had he dreamed that it
would be like this!

One after another he saw chariots
overturned and the drivers and sol-
diers fall beneath the madly beating
hoofs of the horses. Such men as
were able to rise to their feet were
quickly cut down by the more fortu-
nate ones in the chariots. One char-
iot locked wheels with another which
crashed against it, and the occupants
fought almost breast to breast.

Joseph held his breath, clutching
the side of the chariot tightly in his
excitement. His eyes traveled across
the valley from one fighting mass to
another. He started. What was that
moving on the far hillside?

"My lord!"
The boy respectfully touched the
king's arm.

"Look, my lord—there, on the hill-
side!"
Quickly Ahaziah looked where the
boy pointed; then he shouted in
alarm:

"They are going to attack my un-
cle from the rear! Go, boy, go! Warn
him!"

He turned and motioned for Joseph
to go, but the lad stood irresolutely
beside him.

"Boy! Hear you not?
"May I speak, my lord king?"
Joseph was frightened at his dis-
obedience, but he must explain. The
king nodded haughtily.

"My king, it is not my wish to
disobey, but when I left the palace
your sister, Jeho-sheba, made me
promise to keep near you so that I
could return quickly to her with
word of any mishap that might be-
fall you. If I go to seek your uncle,
who knows whether I may be able to
find you again in the battle?"

The king's eyes had lighted as the
boy spoke, for he realized in a flash
his sister's intentions.

"It is well boy." He turned to
another youth, saying: "You have
heard my words. Hasten to the
king of Israel and warn him, lest
it be too late."

As soon as the boy was gone, the
king turned again to Joseph.

"My sister did well, boy. Now,
give heed to my words. It is like-
ly that in a few moments we shall
be in the thick of the battle, and all
may not go well with me. If it
does not, do you return to Jerusalem
and guard my little one, Joseph!
Stop not to aid in the battle, for it
lies in Jehovah's hands—but make
haste to the city."

The king spoke truly, for, almost
before he ceased speaking, the wing
of the rebel army swung toward him
and a few moments later the body-
guard had all it could do to keep the
enemy from their king.

A runner forced his way through
the press to cling desperately to the
royal chariot. A broken spear pro-
truded from his side and it was
clear that he had but a few more
breaths to take before he expired.

"My king," he gasped through
blood-flecked lips, "fly for your life!
Your uncle—your uncle—"

Joseph opened the mouth of the
water bottle and poured a stream of
the grateful fluid into the parched
and panting lips, giving the poor
runner refreshment enough to finish
his message intelligibly.

"—your uncle, King Joram, is
dead, and his army flees."

As the boy sank to the ground a
flight of arrows whizzed through the
air. Instinctively Joseph dodged
down behind the side of the chariot
and escaped injury, but the king was
not so fortunate. One of the ar-
rows struck with a thud against his
side, pierced the garments and flesh,
and went deep into the body.

With a half-strangled cry the
king sank into the arms of one of
his men, who laid him tenderly be-
side the chariot. With great diffi-
culty the king spoke.

"Away, quickly! Boy!" at his mo-
tion, Joseph stooped so that the
king could whisper in his ear then
he leaped to the ground and sped
away.

Here and there between the fight-
ing groups, dodging blows and
spears, heading always toward the
south, Joseph worked his way to the

open valley behind the army. In
surprise he noticed another person
dodging likewise, and he recognized
the young man he had seen take the
place of one of the bodyguards that
morning.

What could the man mean, follow-
ing him in such a manner? was it
possible that he meant harm? Sud-
denly a suspicion flashed into the
boy's mind. Perhaps it was some-
one sent by the king's mother to
carry her word of the outcome of
the battle! If that was the case, it
would be a race between them, to
see which could reach Jerusalem
first.

Reasoning as he ran, Joseph con-
sidered the matter. It was far, far
to Jerusalem, and much might hap-
pen to him before he could reach
Jeho-sheba with his warning; if he
failed, the king's children might be
murdered; he must find a horse to
ride, and save his strength as long
as he possibly could.

Fortunately for him, many horses,
broken away from their chariots,
dashed across the level valley. Run-
ning rapidly beside one of them,
Joseph grasped its mane and swung
himself upon its back.

A shout behind him caused him to
look back, and at the same instant
a spear shrieked through the air
and cut through his left arm into
the muscles of his side. As he sank
forward on the horse's neck, he had
a glimpse of the man behind him,
his face distorted with anger. He
saw the man fall into easy stride of
the experienced runner, and then he
saw no more for a long time.

When Joseph regained conscious-
ness darkness had fallen, and so had
he! He was lying on the ground
under a tree, whose branches had
evidently brushed him off the horse's
back. He did not move for a mo-
ment, but stared up at the stars,
wondering what had happened.

In a flash he remembered. He
scrambled to his feet, only to utter
a cry of pain as he moved his wound-
ed side. What was to be done? He
tried but could not run because of
the pain; then a thrill of joy passed
through him, for he heard a soft
whisper near at hand.

The horse had remained near
him. Joseph had fallen, and the
boy had no trouble catching him
and mounting, although every move
caused streaks of pain to throb in
his side.

On through the night and the
early morning the boy urged the
horse, not daring to pause lest the
other messenger reach the city first.
Toward noon he saw a tiny figure
far ahead of him, which grew larger
and larger as the horse advanced.
It was the runner.

Joseph could not forbear a shout
of exultation as he passed the man.
He saw the man redouble his efforts
and spurt forward at astonishing
speed; but he was nearly exhausted
from his long run and did not reach
the palace until a few minutes after
Joseph had staggered into the quar-
ters assigned to Jeho-sheba and her
husband, the high priest.

Upon the arrival of the messengers
much confusion arose in the palace.
There were cries of anguish, shouts,
screams from the apartments of the
king's children, which caused Jeho-
sheba to pale as she listened to the
message Joseph brought.

"Your brother, my lord the king,
bade me say that he could not live.
He begs of you to save his babe,
Joash, and to teach him to lead a
better life than his father, who for-
got Jehovah. And my lord the king
said I was to be the little one's
guard!"

His duty finished, Joseph sank at
the woman's feet, unconscious. When
he regained his senses he found
himself in a cool, dark room, out-
side which a perfumed lantern
gleamed. Beside him, in a dim
light shed by the lantern, he saw
Jeho-sheba sitting with a babe in
her arms.

Evidently she knew the first ques-
tion he would ask, for she leaned
forward and said to the eager youth:
"All is well, my lad. We are in
a secret room. The babe is safe,
but his grandmother put all his
brothers to death. See, here he is—
your king!"

For six years thereafter Joseph
helped secrete the little one from
the evil grandmother, who usurped
the throne and gave the kingdom
over to idolatry.

OLD EASTER CUSTOMS

For many centuries past the ob-
servation of Easter has been accom-
panied with many odd customs. The
cause of the eggs at this season
dates back to antiquity. Widely
separated Christian mythologies de-
clare that eggs were used in the
Easter celebrations centuries back,
that it was considered the symbol of
resurrection. In those times, as in
the present day, eggs were given by
one person to another, and were kept
as keepsakes. Another custom of
the Eastertide which has died out
in all countries, with the exception
of Wales, was the lighting of Easter
fires on the mountainsides. It was
in this manner that the ancients
celebrated the triumph of spring over
winter and showed their gladness.

Centuries ago in France many
unique means were used to show the
joy of the populace at the coming
of spring and the Easter day. His-
tory tells us that at many of the
old cathedrals in that country, and,
in fact, at all places of worship, a
solemn game of ball was played on
Easter Sunday. The priests, canons
and other dignitaries of the church
took part in this solemn game,
which was religiously played each
year.

All of the different modes of cele-
bration, however, were for one pur-
pose alone, the expression of joy at
the resurrection of Jesus Christ.
Rites and customs that would, at
this day and time, seem ludicrous,
were performed with the sincerity
and solemn rites with which we at-
tend our churches.

Sky—"I hear you and your wife
had some words."
Hy—"I still have mine. I didn't
get a chance to use them."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

In his best life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his resurrection proof supreme
Of immortality.

—Edward Young.

—Which shall it be—the gaudy
tinsel-decked form filled with candy
of rather questionable value, or the
Easter basket that combines present
with future worth? When planning
the basket for the gift, it is undeni-
able that there should be something
more than a combination of much
money and little taste; indeed, it
is better to have a little less of the
former, and by emphasizing the lat-
ter, make the Easter basket a gift
worthy of the thought.

A stroll through any basket de-
partment will unfold hundreds of
shapes to your eyes—forms so lovel-
y in color and variety and the spe-
cially "seasonable" baskets of greens
and pinks will be relegated to the
past, when beauty was not so much
insisted upon.

From the dull shades that have
the advantage of affording an har-
monious background for any color,
a receptacle for the gift (it may be
a plant, flowers, or candy) can be
involved that will stand for the best
in this line.

With green leaves from the flow-
er counter, and pale yellow satin
ribbon, a spray of tiny rosebuds is
possible to any woman who has the
"knack of tying. The forms are
quite small, three or four loops of
the ribbon being used for each bud.

For those who prefer the undeco-
rated form, a round basket filled
with fresh eggs contains no head-
aches for the fortunate recipient. It
is a gift for an invalid that will
bring the thought of the giver in
tangible form. If for the little boy
or girl, a morning spent in deco-
rating the eggs with faces, or colors,
will fully compensate for the lack
of the sweets that usually result in
vain regrets.

It is hardly necessary to suggest
that each of these baskets will fit
into a niche when the Easter season
is no more. For the porch, the
sewing table or the library shelf
they will supply just the tangible
reminder that we are improving in
the appreciation of the beautiful. A
basket selected and decorated in this
fashion will be received with as
much joy as the coming of the
springtime.

—Before you decide to make over
a garment, examine the fabric to
assure yourself that it is worth it.
It is a pity to waste time and ef-
fort remaking something which will
not give good wear afterward. Con-
sider, too, the cost of new material
and the value of your time.

To test the strength of a piece of
material, pull it lengthwise and cross-
wise to discover its weak spots.
Hold it up between you and the
light and see if it is more worn
than you realized. If it is worth
making over, you have the style in
your favor. This is to be a season
of great combination of goods and
colors.

Take care, in making a garment
over, to change the places of wear.
Use better pieces for parts which
must endure the most strain. Cut
out the weak spots, if you can.
Adapt the style so completely that
the wearer will feel delighted with
the made over garment and not as
though it were second hand or a
substitute. Frequently a made-over
dress may be so attractive that it
gives more joy in its reincarnation
than was ever felt in its first life.

—The room in which a baby sleeps
should contain no upholstered fur-
niture or heavy curtains on which dirt
and germs can find a lodging, and
breeding place. The walls, if pos-
sible, should be so finished as to al-
low frequent wiping with a damp
cloth. The temperature of the
baby's room should be kept not
higher than 68 or 70 degrees in win-
ter and in summer should be kept
cool as possible with awning and
shutters. The windows should be
kept open day and night in summer
and in winter the room should be
aired two or three times a day.

—Dandelion greens—a "mess of
them"—are advanced as the rivals
of spinach and all other vegetables
as containing beneficial vitamins, by
Louise Gibbons Gurnee, New York
dietitian, in an analysis appearing
in the current number of The Coun-
try Home.

Moreover, Mrs. Gurnee attributed
the liking for dandelion greens, curly
docks, horseradish shoots, mustard
tops, sour grass and sheep sorrel
principally to the Hoosier State, of
which she is a native.

"Green peas," she says, "may have
chosen a later date for their spring
debut. But there are the good,
old-fashioned "greens" rich in vi-
tamins, iron and all the other dietetic
virtues, growing in your front yard,
in the fence corners and down by
the "crick". On the Indiana farm
where I grew up, every one of these
herbs or weeds was utilized. A
mess of greens was something to
chortle over.

"If you think watercress as some-
thing only served as a salad in
fashionable restaurants, try cooking
it as you would dandelion greens."
"Dandelions! Ah, there is a dish
for spring!"

"Pick out the stems and wash the
leaves thoroughly. Put them into a
heavy pot or saucepan. Pour
over them enough boiling water to
cover. Cast in a piece of salt pork,
a ham bone or several slices of
bacon. Cook for about 30 minutes
and serve with boiled potatoes."

"Throughout the Middle West
greens are almost always cooked
with a ham bone to which clings
enough meat for the meal. Boiled
potatoes in jackets and corn bread
made from yellow meal are as much
an accompaniment to greens as
meringue is to lemon pie.

"Vinegar is usually served with
greens or a small amount of vinegar
may be added while the greens are
cooking."

FARM NOTES.

—Producers who wish to compete
at the State Farm Show next year
should save 3 or 4 gallons of their
best maple syrup. Your county
agent can give you the details re-
garding the classes for maple pro-
ducts.

—Prune all broken or damaged
roots before replanting trees or
shrubs. Set the individual plants
not more than 2 to 3 inches deeper
than they originally stood in the
nursery row.

Undesirable varieties of apples
can be improved by grafting scions
from good known varieties on them.
Whip-grafting or tongue-grafting is
recommended by Penn State fruit
specialists for top-working young
trees or for root or stock grafting.

Proper ventilation and watering
aid the growth of early vegetable
plants. Protection at night and
ventilation in the day time will
keep the temperature at the right
level. Watering should be done on
only sunny mornings.

—Bees need protection from the
cold spring winds. Locating the
apiary near a woods or behind out-
buildings will give natural protection.
Artificial protection can be obtained
by planting an evergreen hedge or
by building a high board fence.

—The muslin-covered coldframe
has provided growers of canning
tomatoes an economical and satis-
factory way to grow their own
plants. Last year, 100,000 plants
were grown this way in five demon-
strations in Adams county. One
grower produced his plants at a
total cost of 80 cents a thousand,
ready for the field on May 25.

—Reserve June 11 for a trip to
State College. Farmers' Field Day
will be held then.