

**Oh! day of days! shall hearts
set free
No minstrel rapture find for
Thee
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays;
Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou sh. d'st thy light on all the
year;
Sundays by thee more
glorious break.
An Easter day in every
week."**



For Him
Across the world his message rings,
And, hearing it, men cease a while
To madly strive for worldly things
Or cling to longings that are vile,
And, having wrought for good or ill,
Pay loving tribute to him still.

Wherever slender stipples rise,
Wherever mellow chimes are heard
The love he taught still sanctifies,
The nobler passions still are stirred;
By every friendly look and thought
We spread the message that he brought.

If by to-morrow men forget
For him the anthems rise to-day;
The cross is sacred, for him, yet,
And still its shadow marks the way.



The Christian Festival of Easter

OF ALL the holidays in the year Christmas and Easter stand more prominently on the page of history than any others. Throughout all the mutations and vicissitudes that have entered into the world's history during the past two thousand years the two festivals that commemorate respectively the birth and the resurrection of the Man of Nazareth still shine with a lustre that remains unfaded after the lapse of two centuries.

The Christian festival of Easter is not only a celebration of great antiquity, but many of its popular observances are clearly of pagan origin. In northern Germany the ancient Teutons were accustomed to celebrate the feast of the Goddess Ostara, who was the personification of morning, or the east, and also of the opening year, or spring. This custom continued to be observed down to the beginning of the present century. The pagan rites instituted by the Germans were brought into England by the Saxons, and under the name of Easter the Teuton divinity was honored by the Anglo-Saxons with joy and feasting about the same season of the year that the Christian Easter festival arrives.

It was about the year 68 A. D. that the formal institution of the celebration of the day by Christians took place. To the followers of the Risen Lord the heathen season of rejoicing at the rising of the natural sun and the awakening of nature at the death of winter was easily suggestive of joy at the rising of the Son of Righteousness—the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. It also followed as a natural result that the devout adherents of the Christ in their reverence for the day upon which was performed the greatest and most sublime of miracles should continue to set it apart each week as a day for divine worship, to the utter exclusion of the Sabbath of the Decalogue.

The rites and ceremonies that characterize the celebration of the Easter festival, although modified somewhat in this age, still retain many of the features that marked it in earlier years. In the early church the ceremonies lasted eight days. Courts of justice were closed and arms were dispensed in the churches to the poor and needy. Popular sports, farcical exhibitions and dancing were indulged in. These latter frivolities, however, were abolished by the reformers of the sixteenth century. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors held daily services in the churches from Palm Sunday to the beginning of the Easter festival. People saluted each other with the Easter kiss and the words "Ex Surrexit" (He has risen), to which greeting the reply "Vere Surrexit" (He is risen indeed). The chief solemnity of the occasion was the celebration of the Lord's supper.

In Russia Easter Sunday is a holiday that exceeds all others. At midnight of Saturday a metropolitan or priest, preceded by a cross-bearer and boy bearing holy water, vessels and candles, and followed by a solemn procession, issues from the church and going round the wall sprinkles it with holy water. He then pronounces a benediction upon thousands of large, round, gilded leaves, pyramids of butter with palms stuck in them, and eggs in great quantities. This ceremony signals the close of Lent, and ushers in Easter Sunday. Joyful voices of the faithful are heard crying out: "Christos vor Chris" (Christ is risen) and the response: "He is risen indeed." The kiss upon either cheek is then given by all; this salute being given and received by emperor and serf alike.

Electric Lighted Easter Eggs.
The very newest thing in Easter eggs is to be seen in the toy shops these days, consisting of an enlarged reproduction of the ordinary hen fruit with a tiny electric light apparatus concealed somewhere inside it. There is a peep-hole at one end, and as you put your eye to it you press a button. Then the interior of the shell is flooded with light, showing a scene of more or less brilliancy and gayety.

Processional
to Calvary
(From Stainer's Oratorio, "Crucifixion.")
Fling wide the gates! for the Savior
wails
To tread in His royal way,
He has come from above; in His
power and love
To die on this Passion day.
His cross is the sign of a love divine.
His crown is the thorn-wreath
of woe.
He bears His load on the sorrowful
road
And bends 'neath the burden low.
How sweet is the grace of His sacred
face
And lovely beyond compare
Though weary and worn, with the
merciless scorn
Of a world He has come to spare.
The burden of wrong that earth
bears along,
Past evil, and evil to be;
All sins of man since the world
began,
They have laid, dear Lord, on Thee.
Then on to the end, my God and my
friend,
With Thy banner lifted high!
Thou art come from above, in Thy
power and love
To endure and suffer and die!

Woman and the Life Festival

IN THE dim childhood of the human race, man, not woman, was made the central figure, it appears, of much that celebrated the triumphs of life over death, the conquests of mankind over the foes that beset and menaced the highest but not the strongest of the animals. Fatherhood was honored more than motherhood, in some parts of the crude, young world, and the patriarchal head of the family quite eclipsed his mate or mates in such distinction as came from obedience to the injunction to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

It is different now. In this stage of the world's development the festival of the renewing and reawakening of life is mainly feminine, notwithstanding the fact that it celebrates the resurrection of the Son of Man. Women, not men, make of Easter the great spectacle and day of rejoicing which it has become in nearly all parts of the Christian world. Women predominate in the churches. Women give the Easter streets their glow of color and wealth of charm. The world understands now, if it did not long ago, that woman is the high priestess of the temple of life. She is the mother, the nurse, the guardian angel of childhood. She is the teacher, the comforter, the home builder. She takes few lives and saves many. She risks her own life that others may live. Woman earns her primacy in the great festival of the year's new birth.

In the realm of the spirit, also, woman is the priestess of life. She is the embodiment, in a higher degree than man, of the hope of the race, the buoyancy and faith of the soul, the optimism of trust in the reign of good and the triumph of life over death. She has more of the resurrection spirit than man.

It is for this reason, quite as much as because of woman's grace and charm and song and laughter, that she fits so pre-eminently the Easter environment. She has the spirit and mental outlook of spring. She responds more sensitively and joyously than man to the re-awakening of life on the earth, the bursting of buds, the unfolding of little leaves, the quickening of forest and orchard, field and garden.

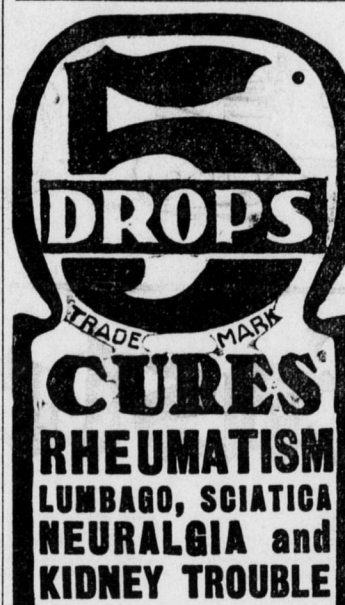
It is easier for woman to believe than for man, easier for her to feel and thrill to the appeal of the resurrection. She enters more intensely than man into the very heart and soul of the Easter story. And the spirit that accepts most unreservedly and gladly Easter's religious and historic meaning is the spirit which is best attuned to the springy glory of the world.

The difference is clearly marked early in life. Easter is far more to the girl than to the boy. The former, not the latter, finds that the day appeals to her strongly before she understands much of its significance. The boy's interest is narrower, less certain, less hearty. He is out of touch with much that his sister feels in the Easter ceremonies and the Easter customs.

From infancy to old age, therefore, the spring festival is distinctively a woman's festival. It is feminine in outward beauty and charm. It is feminine, also, in the inner grace of the heart that feels and the spirit that believes in the reign of good and the unending triumphs of life over death, the cradle over the grave, the new over the old, the soul over the mortal body.

A grateful man never has to look into his pocketbook to see how much he has to be thankful for.

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J. F. PARSONS'



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KIDNEY TROUBLE**

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If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself.
"DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.
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The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

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Daily Delivery. All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

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If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

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Easter Storiette

How a Wife Was Regained at
the Foot of the
Cross.

THE night had crashed through the woods in storm, but the morning broke in sparkling sunshine—like a white burst of spray from a dark, bellowing wave.

The ring of an ax cut through the twitter of birds, and the throbbing notes of a meadow lark's song. On the edge of the clearing where Heathcot had built his log cabin, a young pine had been ripped up by the roots, and in swift flashes, catching the light as it rose and fell, his ax was denuding the trunk of all branches except two upper ones which on either side extended an outstretched arm. Any other settler would have seen in the fallen tree only so many cords of firewood, but in every crude incident of frontier life Heathcot beheld an inner, spiritual meaning—saw in the pine felled by the wind a Heaven-given cross for his Easter standard when he should preach his great revival sermon on the morrow.

had finished speaking, tears swept the cheeks of those who dry-eyed had faced privation, loss, death itself; those who had feared neither God nor devil were on their knees; and out from among them stole a woman of sin and threw her sobbing form at the foot of the cross.

As the others watched her, a hush of awe fell upon them, and breathlessly they waited for Heathcot to hurl the lashes of righteous wrath that should scourge her soul to fuller repentance.

For a moment he stood motionless, his face now white, tense, ablaze with a scathing light from his wonderful eyes. Then as though drawn by a magnet he turned toward the cross, the trunk of the tall straight pine pointing sternly upward, two branches extending like arms outstretched in pleading.

He stooped to the prostrate woman, bent over her, speaking in a low, hurried voice, lifted her to her feet.

"My people," he said in a tone of infinite sweetness, "I have a new word



He Drew the Shrinking Woman to Him.

to give you. God is—love." He drew the shrinking woman to his side. "I cannot preach longer to you to-day, for I have found my wife—who was lost—and we must go home together."



Easter in Italy.

The boys and girls of this sunny land spend Easter morning in church. If they live in or near Rome they will surely go to St. Peter's, the largest church in the world. There they see thousands of lighted candles, altars covered with lovely flowers, and to their ears wonderful music softly floats. After the service is over the whole congregation pours out on to the square facing the church, and turning looks up at a balcony over the middle doorway. Here a figure is seen dressed in beautiful robes. It is the pope. As he rises and lifts his hand thousands of heads bow to receive his solemn Easter blessing.—Exchange.

The blood leaped in his veins as he swung his ax with tireless energy, and thoughts leaped to his brain in a rising torrent of religious fervor. Standing by the compelling form of the cross rough-hewn from their own forests by the hand of their own prophet he would speak to his people a word of power such as he had never spoken before—not even in his old church back in —

A sudden transformation swept over the zealot's face. The angel had fled and left only the man, the primitive man with fierce, elemental love, jealousy, hate. Crimson surged in his cheeks; his eyes blazed.

The ax rose and fell, physical labor beating into repression the stress of his passion. But while he chopped, cut, trimmed, while he and the helpers summoned from the settlement bore the cross through the woods and planted it at the head of the plaza, the sense of disgrace that had ruined his career and driven him into the wilderness still goaded his soul, for his home life had been a house upon the hilltop, its betrayed honor mocked at by every little dweller of the valley.

And on the following day when the settlers from far and near cabins gathered in the plaza, and Heathcot rose from his knees and stood beside the great pine cross to preach his Easter sermon, unconsciously it was the spark of personal anger that lighted his flaming denunciation of evil.

It was a dramatic scene. Above, a dull, gray sky, weighed low with heavy clouds; huddling on both sides and at the lower end of the plaza, the rude shacks of the Settlement high-walled beyond by the trees of the surrounding forest; at the upper end a sweep of open country stretching green to the horizon. The cross of pine planted at this end lifted its clear-cut strength against the background of the sky. Equally strong stood out the frontier preacher in his top boots, his corduroys, his crimson sweater, likewise strong in bearing the men and women of his congregation who had left the male ways of pleasantness and peace to blaze a new trail in history.

Only a man like Heathcot, who lived and labored and fought with them, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, could have touched them, quickened the spiritual within, and the vision of power that had flashed before him while he was hewing the cross the day before was fulfilled. When he