EASTER IN A MORAVIAN TOWN.

By the Rev. J. Max Hark.

The relentless spirit of modern "improvement" and "adaptation" has well nigh obliterated from the cultus of that ancient church, the Unitas Fratrum, most of those peculiar and distinctive characteristics which once made its whole worship one grand living poem. Only here and there, away from the track of ruthless progress, in some quiet country congregation, do we still occasionally meet with some of those quaint and original forms and customs that once were the every-day garb of the Brethren's church, and clothed her as with a halo of beauty and truth. Of all these, however, none can compare, for touching simplicity, and yet solemn and imposing grandeur, with the celebration of Easter morn in the little Moravian town of Nazareth, some ten miles north of Bethlehem, Pa. The same form of worship, indeed, is observed in Bethlehem, Lititz, and several other places; but in none can it reach the perfection of beauty that it here attains; for in none, as here, does nature lend her sympathy and aid, and help to make of all one glorious harmony.

The services during the whole Passion Week before tend peculiarly to elevate and solemnize the hearts of the congregation. Every evening the worshipers assemble to read the pathetic story of the closing scenes of the Saviour's life in the simple, unadorned language of the sacred Scriptures. Day by day, step by step, they follow him as he nears the final hour. On Maundy Thursday evening, in commemoration of his last meal with the twelve, they too gather with melting hearts in Holy Communion round his table. On Good Friday, at the hour when he is supposed to have given up the ghost, all engage in the beautiful liturgy used only on this occasion. It is a glorious requiem from first to last, sung and chanted in parts by pastor, by choir, by the whole congregation, and then again by the male and female portions separately, responsively comforting exhorting, cheering each other; rising from a plaintive and mournful, dirge like tone, to the joyous, swelling sounds of a victorious hope and triumphant faith. Then all is silent and calmly peaceful again until the close of next day. A solemn stillness rests on the entire community. No business is transacted, no pleasure indulged in. It is the Great Sabbath. The Son of God is resting in the tomb; and around it in spirit all assemble as they come together in love-feast in the afternoon, preparatory to the great event of the following morning. With a mind thoroughly spiritualized and freed from earthly thoughts, the worshiper lays himself at rest, his soul hovering, as it were, between the sorrowful scenes of the past days, and the joyous anticipations with which believing hope awaits the morrow.

Very early on Sunday morning, long before the first pencilings of dawn give outline to the darkness, there mingle strangely with the sleepers' dreams the sounds of far-off soft and sweetest melody. Wafted from a distance through the fresh and fragrant morning air, like angels' whispers from on high they seem, so gently falling on the semi-conscious ear. Near and more near they approach. Slowly the dreamer awakes, and in rapture dwells on the mellow strains. It is the music of the trombone choir that thus early goes forth to usher in the gladsome Easter morn, and with its sweet old chorals gently arouses the slumbering villager, and bids him prepare for the worship of the day. The effect of this ancient custom on the mind surpasses all powers of description. It must be experienced, and then will never be forgotten. The profound stillness of the rural night, unbroken by the clatter of machinery, the roll of wheels, and restless tramp of feet, so absolute and perfect; the clearness and purity of the air at this the most delicious period of the budding spring; the weird and touching sounds of the trombones, so peculiarly adapted to the music of the old chorals; together with the frame of mind induced by the services that have absorbed the attention of the entire previous week, and tended to make the whole soul more exalted and impressible,—all these help to make this part of the Moravian Easter ceremonies striking and beautiful beyond expression.

But it is only the introduction, the fit preparation for the service proper that is to follow.

Scarcely have the last strains of music died softly away ere the venerable old bell, strong and full toned, peals from the church steeple a warning loud and long, that now it is time for all to arise and repair to the house of the Lord. Simple toilets are soon made; the indispensable "coffee and sugar-cake" hastily partaken of, and all assemble for the "Easter Morning Liturgy" promptly forty-five minutes before sunrise. The spacious church is tastefully decorated with the floral offerings of the season, artistically arranged, not by hired florists, but by the loving hands of some of the sisters, to whom the task is an act of true devotion and worship. As the minister enters the chancel, the congregation reverently rises to its feet. Then with joyful voice he chants the glad announcement;

"The Lord is risen!"

to which the full response is made by all, as if it were an echo from their souls,

"The Lord is risen indeed!"

And straightway from the lips of choir and people, sung to the accompaniment of the full orchestra of stringed and wind instruments, ascends the grateful incense of gladsome praise:

"Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bounds of death!"

The rest of the Litany is a simple confession of faith, couched almost wholly in the chaste words of Scripture, interspersed now and then with some old hymns or touching chants, expressive of the deepest feelings of the heart. This ended, the service in the church is closed.

Then the worshipers, with the minister at their head, and preceded by the trombone choir, form in orderly procession, and two by two take up their march to the cemetery, there to continue their devotions. Slowly they move on through the lone and quiet street, up the steep hill beyond the village, on the summit of which lies their beautiful "God's Acre," the tranquil, soothing stillness of the Sabbath morn unbroken, save by the trombonists' dirge-like strains.

According to a custom ever adhered to in the early settlements of the brethren, the most elevated and choicest spot in the vicinity was always set apart for the hallowed repose of the dead. But in none of their communities in this country can there be found a graveyard that, for surpassing beauty in every respect, can compare with that which crowns the lofty hill just west of the ancient town of Nazareth. Almost in the centre of a fertile plain, some twenty miles in diameter, it affords an unbroken view of not less than ten miles in every direction. North and westward the eye ranges along the mountain-bound horizon, resting now on the Delaware Water Gap, then on the Wind Gap, and, finally, on the Lehigh Gap. Southward it follows the course of the Lehigh river, along the base of the like named range of mountains, until it flows into the broader Delaware, whose rising mists veil the Jersey hills, which bound the landscape on the east. On every side, as far as eye can reach, a panorama rich and varied lures the gaze, from dark and shady woodland to bright and teeming farms; from green and velvety meadows to countless little hamlets and larger villages and towns. Just at the foot of the hill nestles, calm and lovely, Nazareth itself, venerable and precious with its ancient buildings and historic associations. Along the eastern slope of the summit, in orderly array, lie the graves of bygone generations, the sexes scrupulously separated even in death, the departed brethren occupying all the space on one side of the middle path, and the sisters that on the other. Simple, oblong slabs of marble, all alike in size and form, and lying flat upon the graves, speak to us eloquently the truth, that death is the great leveler of distinctions; that rich and poor, high and low are terms only of that time that fleeth as a shadow, unknown in the mansions of eternity. On this morning, as on nearly every Sunday, loving hands have been busy adorning the green mounds with blooming fragrant tokens of remembrance, until the whole space resembles one large garden, all aglow with fresh and brightest flowers of every form and hue.

Moving up the main pathway between dense walls of aromatic evergreen, whose branches interlock above and form a natural arched aisle, the procession at length halts and forms a wide semicircle on the central highest point of the area. Above them the gentle zephyrs whisper softest music through the lofty pine and hemlock boughs. Before them them stretches out the grand landscape bounded by the eastern hills. The early twilight's purple, hazy veil rests softly over all the scene. The music is hushed. Then loud and clear the minister raises his voice in this declaration;

"I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption; my flesh shall rest in hope. . . . Keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors. Amen."

Ah, what new meaning and real force these words attain us thus uttered in the very presence, as it were, of all those dead! Standing in the midst of the graves of friends and kindred of more than a century back, how impressive, how comforting, how immutably certain the truth is felt to be, that the body

". . . is sown in corruption,
It is raised in corruption;
It is sown in dishonor,
It is raised in glory;
It is sown in weakness,
It is raised in power;
It is sown a natural body,
It is raised a spiritual body."

Ay, doubt it who will, at that time and in that place, belief is a necessity. Each worshiper hears in his soul the combined testimony of all his honored ancestors and loved ones speaking from their graves. Their spirits bear solemn witness through his mouth. Life from the dead is a fact.

And now, as if in glorious illustration of the divine truth that is celebrated just at this point of the imposing service, there rises majestic over the dark horizon, up from his tomb of the night, the glowing lord of day. In gorgeous splendor he pours forth his golden beams. The fleecy clouds that seemed to hover like angels watching over his grave, now shining, glittering with refulgent glory, float upward on the radiant flood and disappear. In a moment the purple veil is lifted from the wide landscape, and all is bathed in brilliant light. Mountain top and fertile plain, forest, field and humble hamlet, all shine forth revived by the touch of the risen life. The night is vanquished; day reigns supreme. It is nature's Easter. The very trees above, around, are now made vocal with gladsome notes of praise arising from the tiny throats of whole flocks of little feathered warblers that found shelter in the dense green boughs through the long night, and now sing their songs of joy and welcome to the new-born day. At the same instant, as if transported to a higher sphere, and allowed a glimpse into the glories of the life and light beyond the skies, the trombones and choir astonished ask:

"Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?" etc

to which the congregation makes reply:

"These through fiery trials trod,
There from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand."

Like a victor's pæan then strike upon the ear the closing words of this grand liturgy:

"Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life; he was dead, and behold, he is alive forevermore; and he that believeth in him, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"*Glory be to him in the church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.*"

The service is now ended, and all return to their homes, thoroughly prepared by this worthy introduction to the day the better to enjoy its remaining devotions. For who will doubt that the exaltation of soul necessarily induced is healthful and good? The semi-dramatic character of this quaintly beautiful form of worship brings the whole fact of the resurrection so vividly and realistically before the mind as to make an impression too profound ever to be forgotten. In the midst of all its soul-stirring associations and hallowed surroundings, the most hardened heart must soften, the most careless be touched, and none can withstand the awe inspiring, solemnizing influence of the occasion. There is something so peculiar in its strange mingling together of the real and the ideal, of sight and faith, of the material beauties of nature and the spiritual truths of revelation, that it captivates the soul as naught else can. Faith, all glowing with delight, gently folds the spirit in her wings, and unresistingly soars aloft with it to realms which ne'er before it had inhabited, but where, exalted and entranced, it fain would now make its abode forever.

Tight Lacing to be Fashionable Again.

From the Baltimore Sun.

"Is it true," was asked one of our best known modistes, "that tight lacing is coming into fashion again?"

"Yes, it is true. You see it is fashionable for ladies to be broad shouldered and small waisted, and customers of mine, whose clothes I used to make from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches, waist measure, now have them fully five inches smaller. Only a year ago a natural waist, measuring say from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches, was considered graceful and pretty, which it really is, but now it is not fashionable to measure more than from eighteen to twenty-three. Of course the lacing is done by means of the corset, but sometimes I nearly break my fingers trying to fit and close basques that are so tight they will not meet without an effort. While everything must be very light in the waist, breadth and fulness about the shoulders and bust are striven after, as they serve by contrast to intensify the seeming smallness of the waist. Do I use padding? Oh, yes; lots of it. The hollows between the shoulders and under the arms are filled out with it, and in some cases one whole shoulder is made of it, notably where one shoulder is higher than the other. Everything must fit skin tight these days, and if one has not a good figure it must be made good. A favorite method of procedure is to fit first on the figure a lining, on which the figure is built out with cotton wherever needed. Over this is fitted a second lining, and then comes the dress material.

Everything is Lovely, and the Goose Hangs High.

From the St. Nicholas for May.

This expression is a corruption of an old-fashioned saying that originated in the early days of this country.

As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns,—on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beautifully blue,—they seem full of glee, and join in a chorus, "*Honk, honk, honk!*"

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, never could mistake them. And the folks on the earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times, realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under peculiarly favorable circumstances for this or that enterprise, for them to say: "Everything is lovely, and the goose honks high!"

One Act of Heroism.

From the Washington Critic.

He had been courting a West End girl for a long time, but has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Fannie; and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."

"Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me."

"Speak, darling: what is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

The sequel is stated in the preface.

The Garden Ennobling.

From Vick's Magazine for February.

The garden can, in a measure, satisfy the soul longings for the beautiful. The smooth grassy lawn with its handsome trees of varied form and foliage, the climbing vines that embower the porches, the flowers of every type and tint, these gratify wants that are felt by the higher man. As we make our homes beautiful by ornamenting our grounds with trees and plants, we are educating ourselves and our children in a higher life—a life distinct from that of the brute creation, and which is the glory of man, the lord of the earth.

MOURN we our loved and lost no more;
They are not dead;
With Christ their head
They reign in glory on that shore
Beyond the skies,
Where nothing dies,
And songs of triumph ever rise!

DRIFT.

JUST in time for a most appropriate Easter gift comes one of the daintiest and richest-looking books lately issued from the Riverside Press, the little collection of Whittier's latest poems entitled "Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems." It is a delicately proportioned volume, beautifully printed on exquisite hand-made paper, and bound in vellum, on whose ivory-white surface the antique gilt lettering and quaint illuminated border of the side-title have a peculiarly rich and elegant effect. And on the whole the contents of the sixty-six beautiful pages are well worthy of so artistic a dress. Like all of the brave old Quaker-poet's work, however, their quality is unequal. When I read some of the Recent Poems I feel that his well-nigh four-score years are telling on him, obscuring his sight, dulling his fine sense of sound and unsteadying the hand that wields his pen. But then again I come across sweet pieces like "How the Robin Came," "Sweet Fern," "The Reunion," "The Two Loves" and some others, besides the one from which the volume takes its title, and I am forced to reverse my judgment.

WHITTIER never wrote anything stronger and more peacefully clear than "Adjustment," which first appeared in the *Andover Review*, or than the three "Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj." His tribute to the memory of Pennsylvania's great thinker, Elisha Mulford, is fine, equal to the very best the poet ever wrote even in his best days. I know of nothing more appropriate to the subject, more worthy of the author of "The Nation" and "The Republic of God" than this nobly simple tribute, brief as it is:

"Unnoted as the setting of a star
He passed; and sect and party scarcely knew
When from their midst a sage and seer withdrew
To fitter audience, where the great dead are
In God's republic of the heart and mind,
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind."

THERE is neither the strength nor the simplicity of the preceding—the two most characteristic qualities of Whittier's verse—in the poem on another page, entitled

AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT.

"O dearest bloom the seasons know,
Flowers of the Resurrection blow,
Our hope and faith restore;
And through the bitterness of death
And loss and sorrow breathe a breath
Of life forevermore!

"The thought of Love Immortal blends
With fond remembrances of friends;
In you, O sacred flowers,
By human love made doubly sweet,
The heavenly and the earthly meet,
The heart of Christ and ours!"

There is something weak, far-fetched, unspontaneous about this, as characteristic of this poet in his uninspired moods, as is the stanza on Mulford characteristic of his best and most truly inspired. It cannot compare for natural sweetness, for instance, with these charming lines of a young poet of comparatively little renown writing in South Carolina, Miss Lillie E. Barr, daughter of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," which had quite a run last fall. Miss Barr's poem is entitled

EASTER.

"I have no frankincense, no myrrh,
I have no spice, no oil;
But here are snowy Roses, Christ,
Without a stain or soil.
O, fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake,
My Roses take!

"I have no silver and no gem,
No virgin gold for Thee;
But here are Lilies white as light
And sweet with purity.
O, fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake,
My Lilies take!"

WHY is it that in the last few years there has been such a sad dearth of good Easter poetry? The most that has appeared has scarcely been worth printing. Surely a more inspiring and altogether poetical subject than the resurrection of Christ from the tomb does not, cannot, exist. Nor is it a subject that can ever be exhausted by art. Yet, in spite of this, I think everyone will agree with me that the productions of recent art with pen or pencil have been utterly unworthy of the lofty subject, and show a lamentable degeneracy, not only from the art of olden times, but also of comparatively more modern years.

THIS is most strikingly manifest, perhaps, in the decidedly poor quality of even the most ambitious of our Easter cards. They have been getting worse and worse every year; more and more meaningless, far-fetched and fantastic in design, while they have steadily been rising in price to keep pace with their growing elaborateness, variety and general inappropriateness. Look through the mass of stuff displayed in the show-windows of our book stores this season. You see, indeed, some few cards and other designs that in themselves would be right pretty. But these nearly all lack the essential quality of appropriateness. Pleasing in themselves, they become displeasing as soon as they are regarded as Easter offerings; their incongruity with the subject renders them worthless, and is only emphasized by the obtrusive "*Easter Greeting*," with which they are inscribed or labelled. On most of the cards the distinctive Easter idea is wholly ignored—perhaps purposely, so that after the season is over they can be sold for birthday, Thanksgiving or Christmas cards by simply changing their labels! Where they do express some thought pertaining to the glad fact of the Resurrection it is in such a stiff, distorted, conventionalized form as to suggest the petrified ecclesiastical art of the mediæval monastery, with its fossil angels and chipped and chiseled flowers of stone, rather than the joy of life new-born from the grave, instinct with beauty, overflowing with a holy gladness. The various adaptations and developments of the old idea of the Easter egg have likewise departed from the simplicity of the original idea so far as to have taken on a ludicrous character. Impossible birds' nests, containing the eggs of which some poor little songster has been robbed; stuffed chicks and rabbits, and murdered birds and marvellous ducklings, in all imaginable and unimaginable postures and combinations, sitting in baskets, swinging in gypsy kettles, pasted on pictures—a dreadful medley and utter caricature of the Christian idea of Easter.

THE whole trouble seems to be that Art has been driven out of this entire department by Trade. Novelty has been made to take the place of beauty; extravagance of simplicity; and striking oddity of true significance and appropriateness. Easter designs and Easter poetry are made to sell, not to mean or express anything. Love of the divine subject is no longer the inspiring motive, but love of the money to be made out of it. The whole matter has become secularized and degraded. We have literally and characteristically "run it into the ground."

THAT this is true also to a great extent of our Easter poetry will, I think, scarcely be denied by anyone who will go to the trouble of reading some of the rhymes on our Easter cards and in our "Easter booklets," and then compare them with some of the simple and heartful carols, for instance, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. I will give two only, excellently rendered from the Latin by Dr. Alexander R. Thompson, and which, so far as I know, are not easily accessible to the general reader. The first is by Peter of Clugny, and dates back to the early part of the twelfth century:

"Broken is death's portal;
Hail the victory.
For the King Immortal
Stronger is than he.
Now the tyrant cruel
From the throne is torn.
By the mighty duel
Round the cross forlorn.

Down the darkness dreary
Streams the light of day.
Like a morning cheery,
Driving night away.
For our God and maker,
Pitying our pain,
Comes to be the breaker
Of our iron chain.

We in sin were lying,
Helpless under doom,
Given up to dying,
Captive to the tomb;
Then in mercy tender
Came Immanuel down,
Laying by his splendor,
Putting off his crown.

And our nature mortal
Did the King put on,
Standing in the portal,
Our true champion;
Dead the foe lies under
His triumphant feet.
O the joy and wonder!
Sing with praises sweet!"

THE other dates from the thirteenth century, and is more lightsome and bright, making more prominent the witness nature bears to the Resurrection by herself rising from her wintry grave to hail and praise the risen Christ:

"Come forth, O sweet spring-tide,
Come forth, ye fair flowers,
On every bright hill-side
Be beautiful bowers!—
Blue violets tender,
With red roses bold,
And white lilies slender,
Amid marigold.

"Break forth like a river,
O joy burst of praise!
Let every string quiver
In thrill of amaze!
For Jesus is risen,
And comes, as he said,
Unhurt from the prison,
Alive from the dead!

"Exult, O ye mountains,
Ye valleys reply,
Ring back, hills and fountains,
The jubilant cry!
All hail! he is risen,
And comes, as he said,
Unhurt from the prison,
Alive from the dead!"

As early as this same thirteenth century, are found German Easter hymns closely modelled after these, and nearly all in the same style, metre and rhyme corresponding in general to the old Latin models. And it certainly is significant and instructive that when the great Goethe wished to give us an Easter poem, and did give us one of the most perfect in existence, in the First Scene of his Faust, he who of all men could have done so did not attempt to originate anything new in style or novel in form on such a sublime theme, but simply followed the old German and Latin models. It is, I think, worth transcribing here both for its own beauty, and for comparison with the preceding and with some of our current Easter "poetry," as also to note how wonderfully Bayard Taylor has succeeded in faithfully rendering it into English, after the translation of every one before him had been a comparative failure; for it is perhaps the most difficult passage for the translator in the whole of Faust.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the Mortal One,
Whom the unmerited,
Clinging, inherited
Needs did imprison.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices and precious
Balm, we arrayed him;
Faithful and gracious,
We tenderly laid him;
Linen to bind him
Cleanlily wound we—
Ah! when we would find him,
Christ no more found we!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested him,—
Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Has He, victoriously
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all-gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is He in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still we are native here.
We, his aspiring
Followers, Him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, Thy bliss!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Out of Corruption's womb
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom!
Praising and pleading him,
Lovingly needing him,
Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding him,
Thus is the Master near,—
Thus is He here!"

UNCAS.

Queen Victoria's Household.

The personal household of Queen Victoria is composed of over a thousand persons, costing yearly a sum of $1,945,000. It consists of a lord steward, a lord chamberlain, a master of the horse, each with a salary of $10,000; a keeper of the privy purse at $11,000, with three assistants at $3,000 each, a treasurer, a comptroller, a vice chamberlain, a comptroller of accounts, a master of the household, a master of the ceremonies, a master of the buckhounds, each at $6,000 per annum; a grand falconer at $6,000, an usher of the black rod at $10,000, a mistress of the robes at $3,000, eight ladies of the bed chamber at $2,500, ten bed chamber women at $1,500, each, 10 maids of honer at $1,500, 14 equerries at $3,500 eight pages of honor at $750, 8 lords in waiting at $4,000, 14 grooms in waiting at $4,000, 10 gentlemen ushers at $100, 10 sergeants at arms at a similar salary, a poet laureate (Lord Tennyson) at $500 per annum a painter in ordinary, a marine painter, a sculptor in ordinary, a surveyor of pictures at $1,000, an examiner of plays at $5,000, a principal chef de cuisine at $4,000 per annum, a principal cellar master at $2,500, 9 housekeepers, 130 housemaids, and lastly, an official rat catcher at Windsor at a salary of $80, and another for Buckingham palace $60. All these payments, even down to the salary of the official rat catchers have to be submitted every year to the House of Commons.

A London Trick.

A lady who had been selected for charity work, a district at the East End visited a poor tumble-down house, in which she found a wretched woman crying over the corpse of her husband, and lamenting that he would have to be buried by the parish. She seemed to take this so much to heart that the lady's sympathies were touched, and she comforted her by giving her all the change she had in her pocket wherewith to inter the defunct. After the visitor had gone a little way she remembered that she had left her umbrella behind, and returned for it. Walking quietly in, what was her astonishment to see the "corpse" sitting up in bed, busily engaged with his widow in counting up the spoils!

The Flight of the Bells—An Easter Legend.

Among the charming and poetic traditions which have clustered around Holy Week, one of the prettiest is the French legend which tells of the flight of the bells through the air to Rome during that period, when they are not rung between midnight of Holy Thursday and midnight of Easter eve. On these days in all Catholic church countries the bells are hushed, the organ closed and only vocal music is heard.

We are told in the French legend that the bells thus silent on earth are borne by ministering angels through the air to the Eternal City, ringing their alleluias far up into the blue ether, but unheard by mortals, they are brought back to their accustomed places in time for the Easter joy, when once more their triumphant sounds gladden the hearts of earthly worshippers.

The Labor Trouble and the Clergy.

From the May Century.

"In the present crisis of the labor agitation, one of the encouraging signs is the earnestness with which the clergy as a class are taking hold of the matter. Not long ago one of the professional labor reformers made the assertion that there were but one or two clergymen in the country who had given any serious attention to the labor question. The remark was very far from being true at the time when it was made; apart from the professors of political economy, the ministers of the gospel have given the subject more intelligent study than any other class of professional men.

The Dye in Stockings.

Dr. Edson, of the New York Health department, has had the dye of some bright red stockings, which were made in Saxony, examined, and the analysis discovered that it contained arsenic and antimony. Both poison the skin, and what is known as antimony rash is produced by underclothing the dye of which is fixed with antimony. Children are the worst sufferers from antimony rash, as they are the most likely to wear the bright colors which contain the poison.

Insulated Bedsteads.

An Englishman who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken off bottom of a glass bottle, says that he had not been free from rheumatic gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. A local paper quoting the item, wisely adds: "There's many a fellow who could cure his gout if he would break off the bottoms of his glass bottles in time."

Calhoun's Unfinished Poems.

From the Boston Journal.

It is recorded of John C. Calhoun that a pretty girl having asked him to write a poem he made the attempt, but got no further than the time-worn word "whereas."

REJOICE! Rejoice! for
'Tis the spring of souls.
To-day Christ hath burst His prison,
All the winter of our sins
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we gave
Laud and praise undying.

—*Greek Hymn.*

OUTRAGING THE POOR.

HARDSHIPS CAUSED BY THE PRESENT MUNICIPAL LIEN LAWS.

How Small Property Owners, Who Have Been Unable to Pay Their Taxes in Time, Are Hauled Up and Forced to Pay Outrageous Sums to Obtain Their Release.

An instance of peculiar hardship was witnessed in the prothonotary's office the other day. A poor woman, whose face and dress betokened her long struggle against poverty, presented herself to pay some taxes that had been assessed against a small property which she had managed by dint of saving and scraping to keep in her possession. As she stepped forward and gave her name and the amount that was assessed as unpaid, what seemed almost like a smile stole over her careworn features. The thought that her property was to be freed from this annoying lien seemed to be written on her face.

But the cup of joy was dashed from her lips when the prothonotary's clerk announced that there was assessed against the property not only the unpaid tax, which was a little more than $5, but a bill of costs amounting to more than $13. It was too much for the little woman, and she burst into tears. Before the big bill of costs she was prostrate, as the small sum that she had fondly believed would purchase her piece for another year was not sufficient to pay one-half of the accumulation that had grown around the original debt. She paid what she had on account and went away with hot tears of sorrow chasing each other down her cheeks.

Now there is no doubt in the world that this was an outrage.

Why? Listen to the facts.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

It frequently happens, when the assessor's bills for taxes are presented, that small property owners of meagre means are unable to pay them in the required time. Knowing not the rigors of the law, they may perhaps think it will not make much difference if postponed for a time. They are as a rule poor people, and think perhaps that fact will plead for them. But they will discover their error all too soon, when they are hauled up in the style referred to in the above story of the poor woman.

If you will go into the prothonotary's office and ask any of the gentlemanly officials therein to see the Municipal Lien Docket No. 3, you will find the latest cases of liens filed for unpaid city taxes. Beginning on page 11 and ending on page 81 are grouped 68 liens, the sums in question ranging from 96 cents to a little less than $100. On the bigger half of these you will find what seems an insignificant memorandum: "Scire facias—term, No. —." That means that execution has been issued on the judgment. In other words, if the owner of the property does not step up and pay the tax and costs, the sheriff will proceed to sell the property and thus get them.

LOOKS FORMIDABLE.

This looks very formidable, don't it? But as a matter of fact there is no record of a sale of city property having been made for the sole purpose of satisfying city taxes. So that it is not a stretch of the imagination to define the execution process in municipal liens to be largely a "bluff" game. But those who find themselves in this between the devil and deep sea predicament are usually very willing to pay the bill of costs that is run up against them, considering it a cheap way of avoiding the sacrifice of their property. They do not closely scrutinize the itemized cost bill to find if all the charges are legal. They simply ask "how much," pay it and depart, vowing that they will never be similarly caught again.

A reporter of the INTELLIGENCER, of a curious turn of mind, was looking over the Municipal Lien Docket, No. 3, and on page 19 found a claim for $5.82 on a Seventh ward property, that being the amount of city tax assessed against that real estate for 1885. A *sci fa* had been issued to February term 1886. A reference to the common pleas appearance docket showed how the owner of the property paid, in addition to $5.82 taxes, the following bill of costs:

Sheriff	$2.16
Plaintiff's original (writ)	3.10
City solicitor	3.00
Prothonotary	5.20
Total	$13.46

The first amount goes to the sheriff for his inconsequential service. For it can be little or nothing when there has not been a sale of property for unpaid taxes. The second amount goes into the prothonotary's office. The prothonotary is allowed $1.25 for entering the lien and $1.75 for issuing the writ. Where the extra 10 cents comes in no one knows. The city solicitor gobbles up $3 as his share in the oppression. And finally the prothonotary takes $5.20, which, we think, it would be puzzling for him to explain the service that it represents.

And all this comes from poor people.

Besides, the act of March 13, 1879, under which these proceedings are had is totally disregarded in the matter of costs. Here is the full text of the act:

TEXT OF THE ACT.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That all the taxes assessed and levied, and all assessments made for local improvements, by any of the cities of the fourth-class of this commonwealth, upon real estate, in pursuance to the laws and ordinances of said cities, shall be a lien on such real estate from the time of levying such tax and making such assessment for local improvements, for the space of five years; and the lien hereby created shall have priority to and shall be fully paid and satisfied before any recognizance, mortgage, judgment, debt, obligation or responsibility which the said real estate may become charged with or liable to, from and after the passage of this act; nor shall the defendant or defendants or other persons in any writ of *fieri facias, venditioni exponas* or *levari facias*, be entitled to claim any exemption under a levy and sale of any real estate charged with such tax or assessment for local improvements against the allowance or payment of the same: *Provided*, That no assessment for local improvements shall be a lien as aforesaid, unless a municipal lien be filed therefor in pursuance to the laws and ordinances of the cities aforesaid, and not until such lien has been filed: *And provided further*, That no taxes assessed shall remain a lien on any real estate longer than the last day of the year during which the same was assessed, unless the said taxes assessed be duly returned by the receiver or collector of taxes and entered in the books of the commissioners of the county, and a transcript of the said taxes, stating what taxes and the land bound thereby, be duly entered in the prothonotary's office, and indexed as a lien on said land in the judgment index of the county wherein such lands are situated; and no judicial sale on the taxes so assessed and returned, or by virtue of any writ of *venditioni exponas*, shall have the effect of divesting the lien of a first mortgage upon the property upon which such taxes shall have been assessed, when the said mortgage shall be a lien prior to all other liens, except other mortgages, judgments or recognizances of record, but such taxes shall remain a lien and be kept revived against said real estate until the same shall have been sold by virtue of proceedings on said mortgages, judgments and recognizances, when said taxes shall be first paid out of the proceeds of such sale after deducting costs.

SECTION 2. There shall be kept in the office of the prothonotary of every county embracing such city, a docket designated as the tax lien docket, in which shall be entered at or before the last day of each year during which the tax has been assessed, a transcript of the several taxes, with a description of the land on which they are charged and the name of the person owning the same and as whose real estate said lands were assessed, which taxes shall be duly indexed as a lien thereon, the costs thereof to be charged against the said owner and not to exceed in any case one dollar.

APPROVED—The 13th day of March, A. D. 1879.

SOME REFLECTIONS.

It will be noticed that the costs to be charged against the derelict owner are not to exceed one dollar in any case. How that provision is overridden appears from the examples above referred to. But there is another fact that the reader's attention is directed to in this legislation. These unpaid taxes so registered become a lien on the real estate from the time of levying the tax and remain such for five years. So great preference has been given to these liens that they are allowed to crawl in ahead of mortgages and judgments previously existing.

For five years they rejoice in this exceeding great preference over other liens, without the issue of a *scire facias*. The city ordinances duly provide that the collectors of city taxes outstanding after the first day of December in each year shall furnish to the city solicitor on the fifteenth day of February next succeeding the receipt of their duplicates, the names of all these delinquent property tax payers on that day, with amount of tax, description of property, etc.; the solicitor to file the liens for the amounts on or before the first day of March next ensuing. After these liens are filed, there is no need for an immediate rush to execution. The city's safety is provided for beyond peradventure for five years; yet the records of the municipal liens entered show that in nearly all of them *sci fas* are issued, and a wild onset is at once begun to capture a few dollars of costs.

This system is wrong. It oppresses the poor in a manner little dreamed of by those to whose attention it is not brought. City councils should correct it, and the sooner they do it, the more quickly they will earn the reputation of sagacious, philanthropic men. If a non-professional may be permitted to suggest a plan, let councils pass an ordinance that no scire facias be issued on a lien for unpaid municipal taxes until the expiration of four years from the time of its being filed, unless where the special exigencies of the case seem to require it, when the consent of the finance committee of councils should be obtained in writing.

As a matter of fact by far the greater part of these liens, if paid at all, are paid the first year. If no execution were permitted to issue on them at once, the often innocent owners would not be compelled to pay three times the cost of their taxes in fees to officials whose work in the matter consists chiefly in drawing their money out of it.

This is a serious question for many poor men and women in this city, and councils should closely consider it.

EASTER HYMN, 1886.

I.

O Christ, once dead, now living,
Beside Thine empty tomb
We stand with hearts rejoicing;
For death has lost its gloom!
Thy sacrifice accepted,
Thy Son of God with power,
Thy cloud and storm are drifted
In this glad Easter hour!

II.

No more we fear the dying;
Its sting is plucked away:
For Thou, O Christ, arising,
Hast brought the living day!
What though our path descending
Along these mortal years,
From grave at last ascending
Beyond our stormy fears!

III.

Our hallelujahs bringing
For all Thy matchless grave,
We wait with earnest longing
To look upon Thy face;
Our Resurrection Morning,
The pledge of Thy dear word,
From death and sin arising
To be with Christ, our Lord!

"He who is false to present duty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause." A case in point occurs to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that, "I had a large abscess on each leg, that kept continually discharging for twenty years. Nothing did me any good except Dr Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It cured me." Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration. *The Sun.* WS&w

"Dr. Petzold's German Bitters." For promoting Appetite and Indigestion, and for Cramps it is the best medicine.
Miss M. J. SINGISER, at U. S. Mint.

As They Cannot Possibly

Make a porous plaster having anything like the medicinal qualities of Benson's, the camp followers of the pharmaceutical profession produce tons of worthless plasters, and give them names which resemble in print that of the genuine, and, when carelessly spoken, sound like it. For example, Cheap John druggists will offer you trash variously styled "Capsicum," "Capsicin," "Capsicine" or "Capucin" plasters, prefaced sometimes with the name "Benton's" or "Burton's." We earnestly caution the public against the whole tribe of them. They are absolutely useless as remedies for disease. To be sure they are cheap, but plain muslin is cheaper and just as efficacious. Ask for Benson's, watch the spelling, and look for the "Three Seals" trademark, and the word "Capcine," which is cut in the centre of the genuine.
al9-M,W,S,w

Do Not Be Deceived.

Hypocrisy is the compliment vice pays to virtue. Imitation is the compliment failure pays to success. The name—not the character—of Benson's Capcine Plasters is imitated by unscrupulous parties, who make and try to sell plasters variously called "Capsicin," "Capsicum," "Capsicine," "Capucin," plasters, with the manifest intention to deceive. So cunningly and boldly is this done that careless people are doubtless sometimes beguiled into buying such articles in place of the genuine. Happily the number who follow this vocation decreases every year through the refusal of reputable dealers to handle the imitation goods, meanwhile be cautious. In the middle of the genuine is cut or porosed the word "Capcine," and on the face cloth is the "Three Seals" trademark. Ask for Benson's—then examine. One Benson's is worth a dozen of any other kind.
apl-lmdM,W&S

NOTIONS.

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CAMEL'S HAIR UNDERWEAR,
GO TO ERISMAN'S.

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BOILS, PIMPLES.

And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A PERFECT CURE,

And I have not been troubled since.—T. W. Boddy, River street, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Elkins, Editor *Stanley Observer*, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price, $1; six bottles, $5.
apr23to29

FAVORITE REMEDY.

ON THE ENGINE.

Running a Locomotive While Deathly Sick.

TAUNTON, Mass.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I am an engineer on the Old Colony railroad, and run the Fall River boat train between Fall River and Lowell, residing in Taunton. For ten years I suffered everything but death from dyspepsia. Often I had such blinding sick headaches that I could hardly see. I think this was due partly to irregular habits of eating and partly to the jar of the engine.

Remember that I had tried every medicine I heard of and had been treated by some of the best physicians of Taunton and Lowell. At this critical time DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. It was new to me, and with my experience of medicines, you can easily forgive me for saying that I had not a particle of faith in it.

I had taken it but a few days when I began to get better. The raw and sore feeling had left my stomach and the snapping pains left my head, and soon I was all right and have been ever since. It is the only thing that ever did me the least good, and it drove every ache, pain and discomfort completely out of my body. Now I keep KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY with me on my engine, and it goes wherever I go.

Why, I believe FAVORITE REMEDY will cure anything. One night awhile ago John Layton, an engineer, who runs the main line boat train from Boston, came on my engine sick as death. He was worn out with work, had a high fever and was so nervous he almost broke down crying. "Nonsense, John," I said; "cheer up. I've got something on my engine that will set you up in a jiffy." I took out my bottle of "Favorite Remedy," lifted his head and gave him a good dose. He went to bed. Two days after I saw him looking healthy as a butcher. "Dan," he said, "what was that stuff you gave me the other night?" "It was DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, Rondout, N. Y.," said I. "Well, I don't care whose remedy it is, it's the thing for a man on the railroad." So say we all. Yours, etc.,

DANIEL FITTS.

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In White, Blue, Drab, Beige and Ecru, from $1.50 apiece up.
Fine White Merino Cloaks, Handsomely Embroidered, $3.75.
Infants' Embroidered Merino Shawls, 50c., 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50.

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Boys' Pleated Cambric Waists, 25c.
Fine French Percale Waists, 45c.

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Gent's White Unlaundried Shirts,

Reinforced Bosom and Lined Back, at 50c.

CASHMERE SHOULDER SCARFS,

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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN.

Ladies' White Embroidered Suits,

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Elegant White and Beige Oriental Shirtings, 45 inches wide, at $1, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50, $1.65 and $2 a yard.
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