

Easter Rapture



"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast."—Hebrews 6:19.

IS BLUSH OF SHAME

Beautiful Legend Concerning the Peculiar Hue of the Tiger Lily.

AMONG the Christian legends of the lily we find the origin of the tiger or turncap lily. All lilies were in the beginning white and all held their fair heads proudly erect, but on the night in which Christ suffered in the garden of Gethsemane some fell from grace. When the other flowers became aware of his agony, they withered away with sorrow and pity. Only one lily was indifferent, and when those three bitter hours had passed, still flaunted her spotless beauty in the light of the moon. The soldiers came and as Jesus was led out from the garden of Olives he paused for a moment beside the tall stem covered with the white flowers; for a moment he gazed on them in pitying reproach for their blindness and their hardness of heart, and touched by the love and mercy in his eyes they hung their heads and blushed; so, to this hour, the descendants of this proud plant look down, and shame dyes their petals.

From the middle ages comes another religious legend of the lily. There was once, we read, a great monastery in the northern Pyrenees where the monks devoted their lives to study and to charity. And it came to pass that one day they found a woman dead on the slope of the hills, with a little baby boy clasped, still sleeping, in her arms. Filled with pity, they took the child home to the abbey and gave him the tenderest care. Years went by and the baby grew to be a big, strong boy, fair of face and form, childlike, innocent and sweet, but no labor, either on his own part or his teachers', could enable him to learn. Even the prayers and psalms which he had heard from his infancy seemed to make no impression on his mind, but ever on his lips were these three ejaculations: "I believe in God! I hope in God! I love God!" Over and over he would repeat the words and the monks smiled indulgently as they heard his voice chanting over his three simple prayers while he lay beneath a tree on the hillside watching his sheep, or toiled, as he loved to toil, among the flowers in the walled garden.

But one day an unusual stillness was noted, and going out to inquire the cause they found the body of the lad lying amid the roses, with a strangely wise smile on his still lips. The monastery seemed very empty and lonely to the monks when the boy was laid to rest in the bare little cemetery, and often one or the other would steal away to pray beside the grass-covered mound, so no one wondered when they saw a lily growing tall and stately. Each one thought that one of the other brethren had planted the flowers and so paid no special heed until, the blossoms opening, they saw in golden letters clear on the petals. "I believe, I hope, I love." Then they knew that it was indeed a flower of Paradise springing from the innocent heart of the lad and bearing for all to see and learn the simple prayer with which he had earned his place in the everlasting garden of God.

Easter's Victory

The Victory of Easter, is the victory of every faithful effort, of every loving deed, of every patient sacrifice of every gallant stroke for the right. They do not die, these precious things, even though they fall to the ground. Like the bulbs, the roots, the seeds, they are kept safe, to arise and bloom and beautify resurrection bodies, when the Hallelujah of the Easter Angel throws open the gates of Spring!



Easter Morning

I saw the darkness of the night in silence pass away,
I saw the first red streaks of dawn behind the mountains play,
While on the valleys and the hills a golden glory lay.
My lips sang, Alleluia!

I saw the sun's ascending sphere in regal glory rise,
The marvel of another day burst on my waiting eyes.

I heard the lark's triumphant song, the mighty eagle's cries,
My heart sang, Alleluia!

The fragrance of the spring was borne upon the wind's warm breath;
I felt the triumph and the truth of what the Scripture saith,
That God is Life, that God is Love, and Love shall outlive death.
My soul sang, Alleluia!

The morning was now fully come. The sky had lost its red.

The white suffusing light of day filled all the earth instead.
And it was Easter Day, and Christ was risen from the dead.
O Earth, sing Alleluia!

ALL SPEAK OF RESURRECTION

Awakening of Buds and Blossoms to New Life Confirms Mankind's Belief in Immortality.

Poets and philosophers had mourned pathetically over the inequality of nature in this, that while other things had another life in store, yet man, who appeared like the lord of creation himself, seemed to have no resurrection. But now, after Christ had been indeed found to have risen from the grave, to them who obtained for the first time any glimpse of the truth, it must indeed have been like a "new creation," "Old things passed away, and all things become new."

... It is the spring of the year. "Rise up, and come away. For, lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing is come." And what is spring after winter but nature speaking of the resurrection of her Lord? It is the season when day is lengthening and mastering the night; light is overcoming darkness, and life springing out of apparent death; as in the returning presence of him who is very life and very light, and maketh all things new. And all this is as the earnest of that great morning wherein it is said, "we shall be like him." "When I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

"Blessing the Food" in Poland.

Poland and her Easter feasts are heralded widely. "Blessing the food" at Easter time is fully as ancient a custom and is more familiar. It is now spoken of as purely a Slavic feature. In the houses of the prosperous, before the war, the tables fairly groaned with viands for the Easter dinner that followed close upon many days of very abstemious fasting. Before the meal was prepared in any household, great or small, the food was brought in baskets to the churches, where priests sprinkled it with holy water, and gave it their blessing. A lamb cooked whole formed the centerpiece of the table, as much as a goose in Germany or a turkey in the United States at a Christmas dinner.

English Practice of "Lifting."

An English custom at Easter, in the country districts, and one which still prevails, is the practice of "lifting" on Easter Monday and Tuesday. In purely a spirit of game and fun, two strong men join hands across each other's wrists, and having thus formed a saddle, from the assembled crowd lift one man after another three times into the air. This custom is supposed to have been intended originally to signify the joy of Christians in the resurrection.

GREAT HUMAN DRAMA

Writings in Wondrous Book of Job Continue to Be Marvel of All the Centuries.

"IF A MAN die shall he live again?" This question is from the book of Job, the oldest specimen of human literature extant. Homer, one of the earliest specimens of Greek literature, dates back to about 800 B. C. The blind Greek epic poet is supposed to have been the contemporary of King David, the poet-king of Israel. The era of Moses is about 1600 years B. C., or about 800 years before David and Homer. When Job was written is a puzzle to all scholars, as is the question who wrote the book.

Whoever wrote it was a genius surely. The book is not only about the earliest specimen of the production of human mind extant, but is in the form of a drama, a way of presenting intellectual thoughts not known elsewhere until many centuries after this earliest mise en scene was put before the world. The writer was not only a genius but a man of broad and varied experience. He must have been "learned in all the wisdom of the Chaldeans," and of the early Zoroastrians of Persia.

It presents a phase of human thought as old as humanity. The book dwells upon the whole subject of evil and good, and presents the author of evil offering himself in consultation in the presence of the author of good. It is the old idea of the Zoroastrians with their Ormuzd and Ahriman. It divides humanity into two classes—one following the good spirit, the other the bad. The drama represents the evil spirit arguing against the virtue of Job and obtaining permission to torture that representative of early religion to his heart's content in order to test his faithfulness to God. To the afflictions of loss of property and health is added the solicitation of his friends, who argue with him to "curse God and die." Job is proof against all temptation, and to these arguments of his friends replies, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

It is many ages since this representation of the struggle between the good and the evil in man was written. Humanity has made huge strides in knowledge and has added much to its comforts in mechanical inventions since then. Huge cities have been built, railroads have been constructed, steamships have been built, one of which would hold practically all the commercial navies of the world in the time of Job. In psychology and all the study of the mind vast strides have been taken, but in the first and great question we remain today exactly where humanity was in this far-off time when this play was penned.

It is not a question of intellectual knowledge of material science. It is a question of faith. Some have this faculty and some have it not, just as it was in the days of Job. It is just a question of which working hypothesis is the best. The materialist who with alchemic and all the paraphernalia of a chemical laboratory or the scalpel of the anatomist fails to find any spirit in man or any God in the world, forms the working hypothesis that matter is eternal and varies in its phases, while as to God there is no such thing. The man with faith in his soul looks out upon the universe and as Napoleon on the desert who stretched his hands above his head and said to the Voltairian French philosophers around him, who were all arguing in favor of atheism: "If you are right, who made all this?" so he forms his work hypothesis that there must be a God, and from this follows the corollary that man has an immortal part in him, too. The least that can be said is that the right to believe in the eternity of matter and the right to deny the existence of a creator involves the right to believe in a spiritual universe and to affirm the existence of God.

Easter Candy!

EGGS! RABBITS! BOXES! BASKETS!

WE are working day and night now to turn out the delicious "Sweets" that Indiana has learned to look to us to supply. We are busy, but not too busy to have our friends visit our candy kitchen and see the expert candy makers at work there -- an increased force using processes that are new and never introduced in this town before.

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CARUSO'S PITTSBURGH PROGRAM A GENEROUS ONE

Favorite Arias From Well Known Operas Included.

Enrico Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, is coming to Pittsburgh for a concert in Shriners' Mosque, Schenley Farms, on Saturday evening, May 5. This announcement is hailed with delight, not only by Pittsburgh music lovers, but special trainloads from the surrounding towns will help to make this the greatest musical event in the



Caruso as Samson in "Samson and Delilah."

history of this district. The name Caruso is a household word, and this is the first time opportunity has been given to hear him in concert, so it is an occasion that no one can afford to miss. Only three cities are to be visited, and the highest fee ever paid a single artist has been guaranteed for these engagements. Caruso will have as accompaniment for his program the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, which will enable him to appear to the best advantage in the arias and songs with which he is identified in opera. The Caruso program will be a generous one, for no other artist knows so well how to please his public, and he has promised to include favorite arias from the well known operas. Owing to the great demand for seats subscription lists for the Caruso concert are now open, and inquiries for reservations should be addressed "Caruso Concert," 119-121 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh where they will receive prompt attention.

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By maiden and youth, penance free, pleasure dreaming,
The child's gleeful quest, success and amaze,
By chaste, stately lilies through softened light gleaming,
Each brief light a rapture of exquisite praise;
By the joy of the chorus in ecstasy swelling
And the vibrating note of the great organ's roll;
Then the silence, the fragrance, the deep calm compelling
An answering peace in each world-weary soul,
I know that Easter is here.

SI,

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