



# The Marvel, The Meaning and The Power of the Resurrection

By William Crowell Doane  
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WHEN the modern mind staggers before the story of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead it falls to realize what its only actual difficulty is. St. Paul's question, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" still has but one answer—namely, that there is no reason why it should be thought incredible; because raising the dead, as the Apostle illustrates in his Epistle to the Corinthians, is the most natural and useful thing in the world under certain conditions. "That which men sow is not quickened except it die."

## Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem.



By E. DEGER.

oned in the shell it is "bare grain," but when its outer covering is dead in the cocoon, or broken in the egg, or rotted in the grain, then the latent life comes forth and God gives it a body, and to every seed its own body." So after death and burial, when the wrappings of this earthly flesh are dissolved and done away, "the body that shall be," "the body

recognized and realized as the immediate practical purpose and result of the great fact of Easter Day.

What is its message to men and women?

It is easy to dream a dream of hope and delight about the far future; easy to have a sentiment and emotion that enable us to face physical death with an outlook beyond the grave and console us in the hour of bereavement. God forbid that there should be any shadowing of this hope. But the practical question concerns our daily life now.

Humanity stands to-day, as it has stood for all these centuries, facing the fact of the wonderful life that our Lord lived here on earth, with the strange and inexplicable combination of fleshly reality without the restraints and hindrances of the flesh. And that means, in the first place, the pattern set, and in the next place the power given to us to live our lives on higher lines.

Translated into plain English, the great Easter thought is that we may not be absorbed and immersed in merely earthly, temporal, carnal thoughts and things. Life, never more than in our day, is crowded with business, with pleasure, even where it is not choked with indulgence and success.

The idlers and loungers, with no thought but amusement, are far too many.

The craze for accumulation of material wealth, is wearing out the strength and dulling all the finer faculties of men and women. And the carelessness and idleness of people who, with opportunities of service to society and the demands of home duties, waste daylight hours and turn night into day with games of chance, accounted too often with the covetousness of gambling, are a reproach

to the best inheritance and instincts of Americans.

"You have no leisure class in America," an Englishman said once to an American girl.

"Yes," she said, "we have, but we call them tramps."

Leisure there ought to be. Men and women there must be who are free from the strain and strenuousness of incessant occupation, but it ought to be a leisure for intellectual cultivation, for philanthropic interest, for the storing of energy, physical, mental and spiritual, which shall benefit mankind.

"Wake 'em up that sleep and arise from the dead!" This is the Easter call, the Easter cry.

It is interesting to note that people in general are inclining more and more to the celebration of church festivals which were formerly observed by but one or two divisions of the Christian body. It is not so long ago that the celebration of Easter was looked upon somewhat askance by many denominations, and yet to-day these denominations give Easter and Easter services a prominent place in their church calendar. The movement is certainly in the right direction; laying aside all prejudices of denomination or creed, it is well that the whole Christian body can find common ground on certain days. It is well that they should celebrate not only spiritually, but out-



wardly, this great day in the Christian year. Even those who profess to be among the faithless may meet, too, on the same ground at this springtime festival, and observe and be thankful for the reawakening of the year—the symbol of new life which one finds in all nature. Whatever his belief or non-

belief, no one should be unmoved or unresponsive to the new season, to the promise of life which he sees every year renewed and reiterated in nature, as well as finds in the tenets of his faith. The Easter-time should be a season of joy, of fresh hope, of new endeavor, of practical faith in humanity and in God—"Woman's Home Companion."

"The power of the country press in Washington surprises me," said a Middle West Congressman last winter. "During my two terms I have been impressed with it constantly. I doubt if there is a single calm utterance in any paper in the United States that does not carry some weight in Washington among the members of Congress. You might think that what some little country editor says does not amount to anything, but it means a great deal more than most people realize. When the country editor who is looking after nothing but the county printing gives expression to some rational idea about a national question, the man off here in Congress knows that it comes from the grass-roots. The lobby, the big railroad lawyers and that class of people realize the power of the press, but they hate it. I have heard them talk about it and shake their heads, and say, 'Too much power there!' The press is more powerful than money."

This was not said in flattery, but because he had seen on Congressmen's desks the heaps of country weeklies, and he knew how closely they were read. The smallest editorial paragraph tells the politician of the condition in that paper's community, for he knows that it is put there because the editor has gathered the idea from some one whom he trusts as a leader, and the politician knows approximately who that leader is. So the country editor often exerts a power of which he knows little.

But politics is only a part of the country editor's life. The social affairs of the community are nearest to him. The proud father who brings in a cigar with a notice of the seventh baby's arrival (why cigars and babies should be associated in men's minds I never understood), the fruit farmer who presents some fine Ben Davis apples in the expectation that he will get a notice, are but types. The editor may have some doubts concerning the need of a seventh child in the family of the proud father, and he may not be particularly fond of Ben Davis apples, but he gives generous notice because he knows that the gifts were prompted by kind hearts and that the givers are his friends.

When joy comes to the household it is but the working of the heart's best impulses to desire that all should share it. The news that the princess of the family has, after many years of waiting, wedded a prosperous merchant of the neighboring county brings the family into prominence in the home paper. Seldom in these busy times does the editor get a piece of wedding cake, but nevertheless he fails not to say that the bride is "one

of glory," shall emerge in the fulness of time. The miracle or marvel of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, like other miracles, lies in the fact that it disregarded the element of time and also did away with the condition of decay. "He saw no corruption."

So much for the marvel of it. Now for the meaning of it.

"Peep! Peep!" said the chick as he turned about.

"A little fat fluff of bright yellow—'If I had been late but a week and a day, I'd be an unfortunate fellow."

"An Easter egg is an excellent feature. If you're not the egg," said the silly creature.

## THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

On the Whole His Lot is a Happy One.  
By Charles Morvan Harger.

Eulogies and laudatory paragraphs, alternating with sneers, ridicule and deprecations, long have been the lot of the country editor. Pictured in the comic papers as an egotistic clown, exalted by the politicians as a mighty "molder of public opinion," occasionally chastised by angry patrons and sometimes remembered by delighted subscribers, he has put his errors where they could be read of all men and has modestly sought a fair credit for his merits.

At times he has rebelled—not at treatment from his constituency, but at patronizing remarks of the city journalist who sits at a mahogany desk and dictates able articles for the sixteen-page daily, instead of writing local items at a pine table in the office of a four-page weekly. Thus did one voice his protest: "When you consider that the country weekly is owned by its editor and that the man who writes the funny things about country papers in the city journals is owned by the corporation for which he writes, it doesn't seem so sad. When you see an item in the city papers poking fun at the country editor for printing news about John Jones' new barn you laugh and laugh—for you know that on one of the pages of that same city daily is a two-column story in regard to the trimmings on the gowns of the Duchess of Whobarrow. And it is all the more amusing because you know that the duchess does not even know of the existence of the aforesaid city paper, while John Jones and many of his neighbors take and pay for the paper which mentioned his new barn. Don't waste your pity on the country newspaper worker. He will get along."

After all, no one man in the community has so large an opportunity to assist the town in advancement as the editor. It is not because he is smarter than others, not because he is wealthy—but because he is the spokesman to the outside world.

He is eager to print all the news in his own paper. Does he do it? Hardly. "This would be a very new paper," explained a frank country editor to his subscribers, "were it not for the fact that each of the four men who work on it has many friends. By the time all the items that might injure some of their friends are omitted very little is left."

"I wish you would print a piece about our schoolteacher," said a farmer's wife to me one afternoon. "Say that she is the best teacher in the county."

"But I can't do that—200 other teachers would be angry. You write the piece, sign it and I'll print it."

"What are you running a newspaper for if you can't please your subscribers?" she demanded—and cancelled her subscription.

So the country editor leaves out certain good things and certain bad things for the very simple reason that the persons most interested are close at hand and can find the individual responsible for the statements. He becomes wise in his generation and avoids chastisements and libel suits. He finds that there is no lasting regard in a sneer, no satisfaction in gratifying the impulse to say things that bring tears to women's eyes, nothing to gloat over in opening a wound in a man's heart. If he does not learn this as he grows older in the service he is a poor country editor.

Three years ago, when the work began, just a few packages of seeds were sold, while this year's statistics show 53,770 packages of seeds delivered to children in this city.

Sixty-seven schools have been supplied, and many out-of-town schools have received seeds. The flowers which seem to be favorites, according to the numbers used, are gladiolus, 8154 packages; asters, 7138 packages with China pinks and nasturtiums following closely.—Detroit News-Tribune.

An illustration of the value of military training in civil pursuits is furnished in a raid on a Binondo gambling house a few evenings ago. Two American plain-clothes men, for months baffled in their efforts to raid the same, hit upon a plan of scaling a blank wall, forming the side of the house in whose upper floor the game, they were satisfied, was progressing. Securing a short ladder, one American mounted to its topmost rung, the other scrambling to his shoulders, while the third detective, a Filipino, was raised to the pinnacle of the human tower, and bolstered into the window, surprising the gamblers, and causing them to flee into the hands of the waiting police at the several exits.—Manila American.

Separated From His Mind. Rufus Choate once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absent-mindedness. "Well," said the witness, who was a typical New England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it outen his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."

Prussian Income Taxes. Since the Prussian income tax was applied, thirteen years ago, the number of persons affected has increased from 2,440,000 to 4,680,000, and the aggregate taxable incomes have increased from \$1,445,390,000 to \$2,608,444,000. These taxes aim to reach all incomes above \$200.—Springfield Republican.

His Definitions. "Faith," said Brother Williams, "is de faculty what kin trua de song ar a sawmill into de hallalulia er de angels."

"An' what is hope?"

"Hope is de faculty what keeps you lookin' for somethin' you never gits."—Atlanta Constitution.

of our loveliest young ladies and the groom is worthy of the prize he has won." The city paper does not do that. Here and there a country editor tries to put on city airs and give the bare facts of "social functions" without a personal touch to the lines. But frequently does he succeed in reaching the hearts of his readers, and somehow he finds that his contemporary across the street, badly printed, sprinkled with typographical errors and halting in its grammar, but profuse in its laudations, is getting an unusual number of new subscribers. Even you, though you may pretend to be unimpressed, are not displeased when on the day after your party you read that the guests "went home feeling that a good time had been had."

An when sorrow comes! Into the home of a city friend of mine death entered, taking the wife and mother. The family had been prominent in social circles, and columns were printed in the city papers, columns of cold, biographical facts—born, married, died. But the news went back to the small country town where in their early married life the husband and wife had spent many happy years, and in the little country weekly was quite another sort of story. It told how much her friends loved her, how saddened they were by her passing away, how sweet and womanly had been her character. The husband did not send the city papers to distant acquaintances; he sent copy after copy of the little country weekly, the only place where, despite his prominence in the world, appeared a sympathetic relation of the loss that had come to him.—Atlantic Monthly.

## BEAUTIFYING THE HOMES.

School Children Taught to Make Flower Gardens.

A few years ago the Twentieth Century Club started school gardens and tried to get the children, as well as their parents, interested in beautifying their homes and schools, with the aim of training the young Americans to have an eye for the beautiful, and to aid the city in bettering its conditions wherever they could. Most of the principal schools have their gardens now where the scholars work diligently, each room vying with the other in having the prettiest bed. Seeds are also sold by the club at a very nominal price to the pupils to take home and grow in their own yards. Many of the children have beautiful beds laid out in artistic designs; others have their flowers planted almost any way, but each child is striving to win a button, which will show they belong to the association.

Every child bringing in a collection of flowers grown by these seeds to be shown at the exhibit this week will be presented with a button showing the possessor to be a member of the Home Gardening Association.

The ladies of the club, who call occasionally to inspect these home gardens of the little folks, say they find most of the young gardeners to be boys, and those between the ages of seven and twelve years. One bright little fellow has a large back yard laid out in perfectly shaped beds, of different designs, the flowers all planted with the best taste so that the colors and shapes blend gracefully. In the centre is a bower over which vines are growing, and climbing flowers reach almost to the top. In this place he has his tools and garden implements, and all his spare time is spent there. The mothers say it is a fine thing for the children, keeping them off the streets, and giving them a pleasant and helpful occupation.

And if sound, rather than spelling be considered, it is well to remember that the Dutch word for sow is "zeug," while the same word in old Irish is "suig." What the word "soil" really means to a scholar happening to overhear it out in Packington is that, no matter how far apart Anglo-Saxon and Slav, Teuton and Latin, may feel themselves to be, they are all close relatives—members of one great race, the Aryan, and heirs to languages that are so many branches of one mother tongue, the Indo-European.

Bootleggers' Scheme. The bootlegger usually gets his share of the blame in Indian Territory, but now he is accused of being in part responsible for congestion of trains on various lines. The bootlegger may appear to be ignorant, but as a rule he is full of schemes and plans. Since the airbrake has been applied to freight cars, he, while riding the rods, takes advantage of the opportunity afforded and stops the train where he pleases.

The man with a quantity of whisky does not care to take chances on losing his liquor by riding clear into the town where he expects to reap a good profit from the sale of the stuff. Consequently he uses the airbrake for the purpose for which it was originally intended. When the train comes to a standstill, he, or they—as the case may be—alight quickly and make for cover. This practice is usually resorted to at night time and the bootlegger has a sure thing on a good getaway. In cases where the train is stopped on a grade it is sometimes half an hour before heavy trains can be moved.—Muskegon Correspondence Kansas City Journal.

No Child of Charity. The home newspaper is in no sense a child of charity. It earns twice over every dollar it receives and is second to no enterprise in contributing to the upbuilding of a community. Its patrons reap far more benefit from its pages than its publisher.—Nyxack (N. Y.) Star.

A Class Too Numerous. There are too many men who expect an editor to slay in defense of their pet notions and hobbies, advocate their views against the strongest opposition and then quietly withhold the business support by which alone a small newspaper can live.—East Hartford Gazette.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Because air is elastic and water is not, a German aeronaut declares that the form of propeller best adapted to the navigation of the latter element would not yield equally happy results in the former.

The connection between sun spot and meteorological disturbances on the earth is a well-established fact, but astronomers only know that it is electrical and they can not tell in any case what the particular result will be.

An earthquake is, as a rule, a very harmless thing. Professor Milne, who is one of the greatest authorities in the world on the subject, says that 30,000 shocks a year are now recorded. According to Dr. Charles Davidson, the British Isles have one earthquake recorded every month.

According to the results of recent experiments the flame of acetylene is perhaps the hottest known except that of the electric arc. The following figures have been given by Mr. Maff: Bunsen burner, 1871 degrees; acetylene flame, 2548 degrees; alcohol flame, 1706 degrees; Denayrouze burner—half alcohol, half petroleum—2653 degrees; hydrogen flame, in air, 1900 degrees; gas-jet flame, with oxygen, 2200 degrees; oxy-hydrogen flame, 2420 degrees. These are all Centigrade degrees.

By way of experiment, an American, who is mentioned as "a sport and an acrobat," made a wager in Vienna with an athlete that the latter could not endure the falling of a pint of water on his hand, drop by drop, in one spot, from a height of only three feet. The athlete had an enormous hand, lined with skin almost as thick and tough as cowhide. But when about 300 drops had fallen there was a change of opinion, and at the 420th drop he gave up, declaring that he could no longer endure the torture.—Tid-Bits.

According to scientists, ptomaines are poisonous products formed in fish, meat, milk and other articles of food by a process of decomposition that leaves little other trace of its action. Bacteria probably promote their formation; but on that point there remains some doubt. The taint develops in consequence of a failure to cook food properly and, if to be kept for some time, sealing airtight. Ptomaine poisoning is quicker in its results, excruciating sickness and often death following close after eating foods improperly cooked or canned.

## CALL FOR THE HOGS.

Cry Used in Chicago Stock Yards the Same That Was Used by Greeks.

According to the Chicago Tribune the stock yards men who are driving hogs to the killing pens use the cry of "soil, soil!" to urge on the unwilling porkers. This very word, the paper says, was once employed in the same way and for the same purpose by the swineherds of classic Greece. From the age and place of Pericles to present day Packington, the distance both in time and space, would seem to be such that nothing but a miracle or a melodramatic coincidence could account for anything found common to those extremes. And yet the connection is a clear one in this case, and one that need not arouse much surprise.

In fact, the same cry is found in England and on the steppes of Russia. There are a score of reasons why it should be heard in Chicago, but the one nearest at hand is that Lithuanians, Slavonians and Poles are plentiful among the workers in the stock yards. In all those languages the words used to designate the hog are closely related to the Latin and Greek "sus" on one side and to the English and Scandinavian "swine" on the other.

Queen Helena's Courage. A little hunting incident of which Queen Helena of Italy was the heroine has leaked out some days after the event. She accompanied the King to Castel Porziano to shoot. The weather was intensely cold, so a big bonfire was built, around which the royal party gathered. Suddenly the Marquis Calabrin, a royal equerry, as a joke jumped over the flaming pile. His garments took fire, and all present lost their heads except the Queen, who threw herself on the Marquis, tore the burning parts of his clothes away, unheeding the danger, and choked the flames with her skirts.

By special order of the Queen this was kept secret, but one person, struck by her courage and coolness, could not forbear expressing his admiration, and thus the incident got out.—Rome Correspondence London Telegraph.

Florists' Frost Bells. An electric bell tinkled sharply beside the florist's desk.

"Frost!" he said, and ran hatless to the greenhouses.

"The fires had sunk," the florist explained on his return. "The watchman had fallen asleep. But for my frost bell I'd have lost hundreds of dollars."

"Frost bells are now pretty generally used by florists and fruit growers," he went on. "An electrical contrivance is connected with a thermometer and when the mercury falls to a certain point—you regulate this danger point to suit yourself—a bell rings a warning in your house or office."

"Many a crop of winter fruit and flowers have been saved in the last year or two by the clever little frost bell."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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## WHY DO MEN MARRY?

Why did I wed my Josephine? Inquire my stertile friends. To her no smile, no Gibson waist, The least enchantment lends. She has a spirit of giant size (Has had, I hear, from birth); But what are captivating eyes Compared with sterling worth?

She isn't very clever. (I Have often told her so!) Her conversation's mainly "Yes." Varied sometimes by "No." Of knowledge on all subjects she Is hampered by a dearth; But what are massive brains to me Compared with sterling worth?

In form she's rather short and stout; Her eyes are small and green; But I shut my own, and set my teeth, And married Josephine. And oh, I value more, far more Than anything on earth, The pages of the pass-book which Reveal her sterling worth.—London Globe.



Pollitician—"We must stand pat." Wife—"Yes, but the question is, will Bridget stand us?"—Harper's Bazar.

She—"Do you think my voice will ever be suitable for opera?" He—"Stage or boxes?"—Yonkers Statesman.

She (to fellow-listener at musical)—"What do you think of his execution?" He—"I'm in favor of it."—Punch.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-jilling, sir," she said.—Life.

Sidney—"Miss Elsie is a lovely girl." Rodney—"Yes; say, she's a regular pink and white peril."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Waitress (handing stodge-looking steak)—"And what will you have to follow, sir?" American Customer—"Indigestion, I guess!"—Punch.

She—"I saw you in the street car the other evening, Mr. Saxby." He—"Did you? Why, I didn't see you." She—"I suppose not. I was standing up."—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Gramercy—"I thought the manufacturer guaranteed your auto free of repairs for one year?" Mrs. Park—"But that doesn't cover the repairs to what we run into."—Puck.

Broadstreet—"How's your company getting on, old man—prospering?" Nassau—"Prospering! My boy, the term is inadequate. Why, we're about to be indicted in thirty States!"—Judge.

A widow, in half-mourning, Doth by that sign confess That she is up to-day, It's up to you to guess.—Puck.

She—"You'll be glad to learn, dear, that I've gotten out of visiting our relatives." He—"Grand! Splendid! It hung over me like a cloud. How did you manage it?" She—"Oh, I asked them here!"—Life.

Husband—"You say this is venison? What induced you to buy it?" Wife—"Well, the butcher said it was cheap and—" Husband—"If he had told you it wasn't deer he would have been nearer the truth."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bum—"Gimme a nickel, missus?" Missus—"I should think a big, strong man like you would be ashamed to ask for money." Bum—"I am, missus, but I ain't got der nerve to take it without askin'."—Philadelphia Record.

"You know," said Gaddie, "the members of his church don't believe in a had at all." "How silly!" exclaimed Know. "What comfort can he possibly get out of that sort of belief? Where does he expect his neighbors to spend their eternity?"—Philadelphia Press.

"I wish," said Hungry Hank, wistfully, "that I was one of dese here Philippener fellers dat likes dot fer dinner." "Wot fer?" inquired Fatigued Philipp. "Jes' think o' havin' a good dinner sicked out yer every day—comin' right over de fence at yer!"—Cleveland Leader.

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