A Story by ESTHER JOYCE.

Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKeon **ୖୖୄ୕୶୶**୶ଡ଼ଡ଼ଡ଼ଡ଼ଡ଼୰୰୰୰୰୰ୠୠଢ଼ୠଢ଼ୠୠୠୠୠୠ

ISS AMY CARTER leaned back in the dull shadows of the boarding house parlor and watched the girl at the piano. The girl had a true but quite untrained voice, and she sang in commonplace, soulless fashion the air of a four part

souliess fashion the air of a four part sacred song. ""Wasn't it shivery and grand where the bass took up the tune?"

The girl's hands came down on the keys with a crash. She had not ureamed that Miss Amy had come into the room. Most of the boarders did not come downstairs until the tea bell had rung. Miss Amy was object as the rung. Miss Amy was almost as star-tled as the girl. She had been in the house five weeks and never exchanged word with any one save the land-

"Were you at St. Augustine's this afternoon?" inquired the girl, swinging around on the piano stool.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Amy simply.
"I've been there every Sunday since I

"I'm sure it is awfully kind of you to say so. I don't do much, you know, just one of the cho-rus, but it's



into Miss Amy's kindling face.
"Oh, they're always looking for good sight readers with fresh, clear voices in the big choirs. Sometimes you get paid—sometimes you don't. I didn't get anything last year. But the easiest way to get in is to take lessons from the choirmaster—private lessons. Then Mr. Weston will put you in the choir to jolly you along, whether you can sing or not. You're new to New York, and you wouldn't believe the graft"-

girl rose abruptly. Miss Amy followed her down to the dining room, but scarcely knew what was spread before them. What mattered food or drink or sordid landladies or gossiping boarders when she had found the key to her paradise at last? Perhaps it was graft

perhaps the girl spoke thoughtiessly.
The next morning very early Miss
Amy went shopping. She told the mil-liner she wanted a brown hat to match her suit. "No, not a toque like she had on; something younger," and she de-scribed quite accurately the hat which the girl had worn to church the after-

"I'll wear this," she said, "and you

"Til wear this," she said, "and you can send the old one home."

Next she went to the nearest drug store and studied the directory. "Weston, Albert, singing teacher, 421 West

spled a florist's window, and she stop-ped for a bouquet of violets. Then ag in she hesitated. The crisis of this her new life was at hand. She al-

her new life was at hand. She allowed three cars to pass, and then, with firmly compressed lips, she signated for a hansom. At the boarding onse every one said that in New York one must keep up appearances. Perhaps if he thought she could afford to ride in hansoms he would overlook her vocal deficiencies.

Albert Weston, warn by his strug-

Albert Weston, worn by his strug-gles with an indifferent pupil, was standing at the window of his studio when the hansom drew up before the building and the brown, wrenlike figare stepped cautiously from the vehi-cle and shot a questioning glance up the brownstone front.

"I'm glad I took the bansom," comnented Miss Amy as she mounted the teps. This was life! An absurd thrill wept over her and brought a delicate and most becoming blush to her face.

Mr. Weston studied her curiously,
hands deep in his pockets, when she asked almost timidly the privilege of studying with him. Prices, hours, everything seemed secondary to the fear that he might not accept her as a pupil. He tried her voice, paced the room few moments and then said gravely

"Yes, I will take you as a pupil, but I want to be quite frank with you. You will never be a great singer. You have a sweet, harmless, drawing room olde, but I don't want you to go into the work with any idea of being a grand opera singer in time. You have egun-too late for that"

Again the delicate flush mounted to

ner face.
"I understand all that—it is just for my own pleasure. I—I could not study sooner. It is just for the joy of being able to sing for myself."

He stopped short in his nervous walk

and looked at her. Such simplicity, fuch humility, such lack of ambition,

almost staggered him. "Perhaps some time-when my voice s a little stronger—you might, that is, f it would be quite right, you might et me join your choir at St. Augus-

"First vacancy there is," he assented heartily. "What our congregation likes a number of sweet, correct voices. the time same one gets tired of re-arsals or marries or moves away I'll ave your voice placed and be glad to

you on." And so commenced the musical caeer of Miss Amy Carter, aged thirty-one, residence a second class boarding couse: occupation, spending the small

#### Life — An Easter leeeeee Poem eeeeeel

By Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale. e by Kev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

THAT is what we try for, hope for and pray for—
That we may think mo , feel more,

love more and be rore; That we may have life more abundantsaid. Nothing -

nothing helps in this seeking as it-

alive again, The saxifrage ED" ARD EVERETT which is

The pussy willow, the crocus, The snowdrop, the violet, The bluebird, the butterfly.

neritaace which had come to her iddenly after a life of narrow drudgand unrelieved sacrifice. At first lessons opened and closed with al-st zonosyllabic conversation, but in the the musician delved beneath the face and found the heart which for ears had almost starved for music, thad been born in her, she thought, ut there had 'een work to do, so eavy that her and had grown too neavy that her sales had grown too rough and stift to play the old fash-loned organ. There were two invalids to nurse when the village choir would have been glad of her services. And so she counted her love as dead and

e, "I thought I'd come to New and hear the best of music while money lasted. I would have a of real life—what I have heard

your tickets for the last concert."

Miss Amy sat HER CUHOUSLY. like one entranced. Here was a girl who did not simply buy admission tickets and listen to others. She was in it all, in the world of music from which Miss Amy had always been excluded by the fron key, marked duty. "How—how do you manage to get into a choir or a league or anything of that sort?"

The girl felt flattered as she looked f that sort?"

The girl felt flattered as she looked atto Miss Amy's kindling face.
"Oh, they're always looking for good interest to her comments on the concerts she attended. Self played so carried to her comments on the concerts she attended. Self played so the same and the concerts she attended. Self played so always not how she felt, but how the music affected the audience, and gradually he discovered that she had a decided gift of criticism which was developing under his guidance.

veloping under his guidance.

Something he knew, too, that '4s
pupil of thirty-one had not discove ed.

Under the magic of indulging the one
great longing of her lifetime she was cheating old Father Time, turning cheating old Father Time, the hing pages back and not forward. The faint color was always in her cheeks these days, and the voice, rising in her bird-like throat, was fresh as a girl's, lilting like a lark's in flowered meadows.

And, watching her development, the tired man began to wonder what hacame over him. He saw his work in

come over him. He saw his work in a new light. The weight of drudgery slipped from his shoulders. The sense of wasted effort yielded to the infec-

tious happiness of his buoyant pupil.
And so dawned Easter morning over
St. Angustine's. Outside the doors the
mob of sightseers swayed while the regular parishioners claimed first right to pews. Then came the inrush of strangers; the organist took his place, Weston raised his hand, and the band of white robed men and women filed into the choir loft. Out to the waiting multitude rolled the waves of perfectly balanced harmonies—a hundred voices admirably selected, thought dred voices admirably selected, thought the congregation, and yet to the man who had trained them there came but a single voice. Her face was uplifted, her eyes dewy and tender, as with flutelike clearness the wonderful words reached him above the heads of the

To the man it came not as a paean of triumph, but a message of peace, and she had shown him the way!

He wanted to tell her now-this minute! The service of him inter-

minably.

His glance caught and held The flutelik

1 her face,

ing, turned HER VOICE FLOATED the leader OUT TO HIM.

hais it was their perfume-something seemed to smother the sound in her throat. Then, as if fascinated, her glance traveled back to meet his, and the tender gravity in his face steadied She raised her book, the color back into her face, and as her voice floated out to him in the final "Alleluia" he knew that his heart's ssage had reached her, and that was

China's Easter Rabbit.

One day, says a Chinese legend, the great god Buddha was very hungry. There were no restaurants in the neigh borhood. A little rabbit perceived the god's plight and, hopping up to him.

"Eat me, O Buddha!"

Touched by such unselfish devotion, the god transported bunny to the moon, where he still sits in the top of a tree pounding in a mortar the herbs that go

to make up the water of life.

At the spring feast in China ever since that time people give each other moon shaped cakes stamped with the

# Pictures of

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1908, by Frank H. Sweet.]

Laster day approaches Jesus, whose resurrection and ascension this day commemorates, is drawn to our attention, and the question is asked, "Did the Saviour leave his likeness on earth while among men?"

This question is best answerent to be the provided of th

Christ and that its history and characteristics fully supply the requisite eleteristics fully supply the requisite element of authenticity.



PORTRAIT FROM THE CATACOMBS.
[One of the earliest pictures of the Savior.]

Of the typical portraiture of Jesus, transmitted to us from an age in which the productions of pictorial art were either venal to inanity or utterly debend. It stands outlink by tiself f based, it stands entirely by itself f purity, for power of conception and or a style of art not belonging and related

Archaic in its grand simplicity, it is yet distinctly individual and portrait-like in its type. Whether portrayed in humility, in suffering or in triumph, though sometimes severe and rugged, it is still always dignified and majestic. It addresses itself by its infinite tenderness and at the same time by its strength of character so directly to the higher sympathies and aspirations of our nature that it is accepted at once with undoubting, almost instinctive, faith as the veritable counterpart of the divine original.

of the most valuable representations of Christ, because admittedly the oldest, has been beset with very great difficulties. The Church of Rome, in whose possession most of them are, has guarded them with extreme care, and, considering their sanctity, no one can wonder at this or even compala of it.

der at this or even complain of it.

There is in the basilica of St. Peter's, at Rome, in the sacristy ov r the gigantic statue of St. Veronica a picture accounted so holy and price so that no layman may ever behold it, ad it is on the authority of Fathers so rucci and Tebay, who were famous as Roman anti-quarians in the reign of Pius IX., that even the s preme pontiff looked upon it only or e a year, and then only after

ommi don.

It consists of a life size her 1 of the Saviou: represented as lying in the sep-ulcher. The ascertained history of the picture reaches to the second century.

Second only to this work is the pic-ture in the sacristy of the Church of St. Bartolomeo, in Genoa. The hair is wet and matted; tears and the blood drops from the crown of thorns, so expressive of the stern realit of death, mark the face, but the calm features resurrection. This portrait is positively known to be 1,800 years old, and tradition says it was painted by St.

ican at Rome is of a date probably gwine out de world naked, cert'n sho'. contemporary with the two just mentioned. Legend declares that this also Deb!" was a production of St. Luke. It is

in the cataco the shoulders and beginning to curl or young. wave from the ears downward; the thin beard, the mustache and the oval face later and the father declined to supcharacteristic and true likeness even

at the early period. town in This type has been followed by all Deb lived. the great painters of Christendom down to the present day. It satisfied Michelangelo. In painting his last picture of Christ he followed the Veronica por-

trait line for line, as if he had traced it. This likeness of Christ is universally recognized, so that now in every country where we see it painted it is well known who it represents. - New Or-

The Happy Sunday.
The early Christians called Easter day Dominica Gaudii, the happy Sunday.

Family Life In France Modern France is the stronghold of the family system. See a French fam-ily at dinner in a restaurant or, for that matter, at home. You will never see a gaver, livelier function. There is such a frank and unassumed sense of community about the whole thing. of community about the whole thing. The boys adore their mother, the girls their father. The parents take a whole hearted delight in their children, and the children are so happy and respectful. It is a sight of which every Frenchman may be proud.-London

A BROWN HAND CLOSED OVER HER SLEN-DER FINGERS.

## chle Ann's Caster Egg

men?"

This question is best answered by referring to the remarkable consistency
with which Christ has been pictured

and Chloe Ann rushed into the room.

"Aunt Deb," she gasped, "dem gals
up ter de schoolhouse"—

"Look yer! I wants ter know w'at

with which Christ has been pictured all through the ages by the world's greatest painters.

Many able and profound students.

Christian art have brought for drd positive arguments to show the this portraiture did exist in the early decades of the Christian era at the time of Christ and that its history and charge.

Christ and that its history and charges.

"Co'se I'd oughter knowed you'd 'spise fer ter year 'bout dem Easter

spise fer fer year boot dem Laster doin's," she said slyly. "Wat dey gwine ter do up dar?" in-quired Aunt Deb eagerly. Chloe grinned. "Dem gals," she said, "dey gwine ter git up a show in de schoolhouse, an' dey gwine ter have

'Aigs!" exclaimed Aunt Deb. "Aigs," repeated Chloe Ann impress "Aigs," repeated Chloe Ann impressively, "an', mo'n dat, dey ain't gwine ter have nothin' cep' aigs. Dey kin make 'em as small as sparrers' algs or dey kin make 'em des as big as dey kin tote. Dey kin stuff 'em or dey kin leave 'em holler, but ev'ry gal's 'bleeged ter invent de aig by her own alone self, an' Mis' Dodd she dope tole

she done us dat de gal w'at make de 'riginal aig sho' ter git a prize o' \$10." Here Chloe

Ann paused an instant to give full import of this announce-"Dat gal wid

"I AIN'T NEBBER LEF"

"I AIN'T NEBBER LEF"

mothin, Chioe Ann.
L'hloeged tor 'gwiss' 'gw'. 'an' I say, 'Den

I 'bleeged ter 'sprise 'em.' Atter dat she axed me ef I reckon I kin make dat prize alg. An' I 'lowed I boun' ter try an' dat I ain't nebber lef' behine! Den she laugh mighty scornful an' toss up her head. I sin't say nothin' mo', but I des stan' roun' dem gals an' watches out an' years der talk. I knows fer sho' now des how I gwine

ter wuk"
"Ain't I allers done tole de folks you was clar grit, honey?" cried Aunt Deb.
"But I dunno zackly w'at you mean
w'en you talk 'bout de 'riginal aig."
"Ho!" ejaculated chloe Ann. "'Rig-

inal's de mos' affuntest from all de res', an' I's boun' ter make dat aig. I gwine make de bigges' aig in all creation!"

"Chloe Ann!" shouted Aunt Deb. switching her niece sharply with the stocking she had just mended. "You oncompunctious chil"! Don' you lemme year no mo' dat kind o' talk! You gwine be took at your wud some day an' struck dead wid a clap o' t'under, like Anerias and S'fira was done struck w'en dey wasn't mindin' w'at dey say. Go 'long an' fetch in a armful o' light ood an' shet de chick'n house do' an' Sook ter Black Jane. I done sot dat dar hen dis mornin'. Atter tea we'll set roun' de stove an' projec' 'bout dat

'riginal aig."

It was after 10 o'clock when Aunt
Deb and her niece rose from their
seats before the fire.

"An' atter all dis 'spectin' an' con-

tendin'," said Aunt Deb despondently, and nearly closed eyes, the gently particled lips, speak not of corruption, but of I kin ax Miss Cole fer de ole boxes—the spirit at that moment in paradise you'll git yo' pas'boa'd outen dem—an' and of the shortly to be accomplished like 'nough she'll gimme de strong w'fte muslin. But I dunno w'at yo

when the sun. But I dame wat yo gwine ter do for de outside." "Don' you be troubled in you' min' 'bout dat, Aunt Deb. Law, I's boun' A picture in the library of the Vat- ter fin' kiverin' fer dat aig. 'Tain't

Aunt Deb spoke truly when she said executed in thick water color on a that the girl was "clar grit." Until the panel of cyprus wood, now almost wholly decayed. Many of the portraits of Christ found ed. When she was eleven years old the catacombs afford sufficient evince that the familiar traits of the invalid, and upon Chloe Ann were laid hair parted in the middle, flowing to the burdens far too heavy for one so

were recognized as the distinguishing port her, Chloe Ann begged ar a worked her way from Georgia in Pennsylvanir where Aunt

The poor child could neither read nor write when she entered the village; but, being "clar grit," she ignored the ridicule of the little children with whom she was obliged to recite and worked with all her might to make up

Mrs. Dodd, a wealthy and benevolent woman, was at this time greatly interested in raising funds for the orphan asylum which she had been the means of starting in the village. She conceived the idea of interesting the schoolgirls in the enterprise and pro-posed that they should have an exhibition of Easter eggs of their own inven-

She would give a prize of \$10 for the most singular and unusual production.

Ten cents ad === mission fe ANT at the door, The ladies should provide refresh-ments, and after the committee had decided there should be a grand sale of

BLACK JANE WAS No one was more thoroughly excited than Chloe Ann. She talked about eggs; she dreamed eggs. Her hope and courage never failed, not even when it lacked four days of the appointed time and her egg was still without an outside.

"Law, Aunt Deb ain't I brung up 'long o' triberlatiots? Ain't I allers made out to fetch up at de head? I's gwine out dis minute ter 'vestergate de store winders. Spec I'll skiver sump'n 'fo' I comes home." So saying, Chloe Ann put on her hat and shawl and started off, singing in a

high key:

"Hump yo'se'f ter de load an' fergit de distress

distress
An' dem w'at stan's by ter scoff,
Fer de harder de pullin' de longer de
res,
An' de bigger de feed in de trough."

In less than half an hour she was back again. There was package in her arms and a look of s lemn joy on

her face.

"Come in de udder root," she said in
a hoarse whisper, and Aunt Deb went
into the other room without a moment's When the two emerged from the lit-tle bedroom they quivered with the aw-

fulness of the secret in their possesit seemed to Chloe Ann the longest day of her life. She was dressed for the evening long before the time, and as soon as the clock struck 7 she ran

to the schoolhouse. to the schoolhouse.
When she opened the door she was dazzled with the sight. The boys had trimmed the large room most tastefully with evergreens and had arranged flags and other draperies with charm-

The Easter eggs were displayed on tables near the wall. There were emerys almost "as small as sparrers' aigs," with a rosette and loop of very narrow ribbon at each end; eggs of dainty satin filled with tempting caniles; eggs covered with swansdown containing bottles of perfumery or waiting to receive a lady's jewel, and eggs resplendent in blue and red velvet or plush large enough to hold com-fortably the large dolls that lay

Chloe Ann smiled cheerfully upon the rival eggs and went her way, os-tentatiously tossing over her shoulder the long scarlet ribbons that depended from a tight braid that stood out at right angles to her head and was ex-actly three inches long An hour later she met Florence

Evans, whom she had described as "dat gal wid de long yaller curls." "Where's your egg?" inquired Flor-

"Reckon you're ashamed to show it,"

said the girl mockingly.

"Like 'nough," replied Chloe Ann, with apparent indifference.

"Why, Chloe Ann, isn't your egg here yet?" exclaimed Mrs. Dodd. "All the eggs were to be here at 5 o'clock." "Dat's a fack," said Chloe Ann very gravely, "but Aunt Deb's mighty special wid dat aig. She's gwine to fetch

Just as the committee who were to award the puzze were about to with-draw for their conference Chloe Ann opened the outside door and thrust a very anxious face out into the dark-

"Here I is!" panted Aunt Deb. "An' you kin praise yo' sta's dat I's come. I ain't nebber on'ertuk no sech skittish job as dis afo'. An' you ain't never year no sech racket as come fum de inside o' dish yer aig! I 'clar' ter goodness, 'twas wuss'n totin' a clock!"
"Here, Judge Carlton," said Mrs.
Dodd, taking the huge bundle from

Aunt Deb's reluctant arms and giving it to a gentleman standing near her.
"It is so late that you will have to exhibit this egg from the platform."

Judge Carlton proceeded to the plat-

form, closely pursued by Aunt Deb.
"Hello!" shouted a small boy. "A
popcorn egg!" A popcorn egg, sure enough, and shin-

When Black Jane, Aunt Deb's favorite hen, was disclosed sitting on a mest of white cotton batting everybody began to clap; then a dozen fluffy little black heads selves out from under the wings



· laughed.

asylum.
"Chloe Ann, how did you ever happen to think of putting that brood of chickens into your egg?" inquired one of the ladies

of the ladies.

"Law!" said Chloe. "I allers 'bserved dat chick'ns was a natchul t'ing ter be inside o' aigs!"

"Chloe Ann," said Aunt Deb as they "Chloe Ann," said Aunt Deb as they were walking rapturously home in the moonlight, "youse de outdoin'est gal in dat dar schoolhouse! I's proud o' you, honey. I cert'nly is."
"Law!" exclaimed Chloe Ann, with a little tremble in her voice. "Ain't I do it, done tol' you I's never lef' behine?"

### Whence Che Gaster festivity?

"Oh, why, mamma, for Eastertide Do people buy the candy rabbit?"
"I do not know, my child," she sighed,
"Unless it be from force of habit."

Oh, whence, mamma, the painted egg We see in windows by the dozens?" 'Ah, do not ask me, child, I beg, But go and ask your country cousins.

"Oh, why, mamma, are hot cross buns So popular at Easter season?" "They may be better than the ones I bake—I reckon that's the reason."

"Oh, why, mamma"— But she forsook Her child and hied her to a college To read a cyclopedic book And freshen up on Easter knowledge. HY is our Easter a time of gifts and new raiment, and how and why is it associated with the egg and the rabbit? What has any of these things

to do with a Christmas religious fes Easter is not a Christian festival merely. It is pagan as well. The early church in its wisdom saw more spiritual profit, a greater harvest of souls, in Christianizing as far as possible the great national festivals of every people among whom it planted the



RAN FROM ONE SIDE OF THE STREET TO THE OTHER.

cross than in taking a hostile attitude toward them. Thus the Roman Saturnalia and the Druidic midwinter orgies and those in honor of Thor were stripped of their grossness and molded into our Christmas. And so it was with

The missionaries who reached Rome from Judea to preach the new dis-pensation fixed the time of the resurrection as being on the Sunday within the week of the Passover, which has gan on the fifteenth day of the firs month of the Jewish year. This was season varying a little year by year according to the Roman calendar, but always occurring about the end of March or early in April, when the south Italian country was decked with the flowers of spring in welcome to the coming guest, sweet summer None of the great national festivals was held at that season, but when the new religion had taken the evil out of the Saturnalia and even surpliced that feast in its own service it worked to continue two other great festivals of pagan Rome and have them held on

the date of Easter.

These festivals were the Lupercalia, held on Feb. 15, and the Arval brotherhood, celebrated about the end of May. The Luperca ia was in honor of Lupercus, the god of purification and fecundity. Goats and dogs were sacroom.

Mrs. Dodd stepped upon the platform and assisted Judge Carlton to raise the upper half of the great egg.

When Black Jane, Aunt Deb's far of the sacrifice a sword was dipped by a priest, and with its point the foreheads of the noble Roman youths were touched. Another priest washed away the blood with milk. The youths stimulated by great Away. hands thongs of the same, followed by a great procession of the priesthood and crowds in hollday attire, ran from thrust them - one side of the street to the other, m striking with the goatskin whips at under the wings of the old hen, for the blows.

and the applause became deafening. At foster brothers of Romulus, gods who this all the lit-continued the fertility of the fields, to this all the little black heads
disappeared,
and everybody
laughed.

Of course
Chloe Ann's
egg took the
run, with eggs for prizes. Eggs were
of the fields, to
Among the Germans the hare as weil
as the egg had a part in the spring
feasts as an emblem of fecundity. So
close was the association that even
now the children there believe that the
hare lays their Easter eggs, and as the
rabbit is a cousin to the hare it is not
strange that the children of English
strange that the children of English
strange that the children of English

egg took the prize. The committee were not absent from the room more than five minute, "How DID YOU THINK and as soon as the sale began Mrs. Dodd was sorely perplexed, for it seemed as if every one wanted to buy Chloe Ann's egg. What a jolly time they all had! How the people laughed and cheered when excited individuals bid against themselves!

At last "dat 'riginal aig" was knocked off at \$15 to old Mr. Clanham who had been very much opposed to the saylum.

"Chloe Ann bow did you ever han the grove that more than likely the wagered, too, and in all there was such an abundance of eggs brought to the grove that more than likely the holday merrymakers gorged them-selves with them after the running and the wagering were done. Whence the Romans got the idea of associating the egg with fertility is seemed as if every one wanted to buy Chloe Ann's egg. What a jolly time they all had! How the people laughed and cheered when excited individuals bid against themselves!

At last "dat 'riginal aig" was knocked off at \$15 to old Mr. Clanham who had been very much opposed to the grove that more than likely the holday merrymakers gorged them-selves with them after the running and the wagering were done.

Whence the Romans got the idea of associating the egg with fertility is an after the deluge. Indeed, almost all peoples has religious ceremonies in which it figured as emblematic of reproduction. It was therefore especially fitting for the great festivals with them after the running and the wagering were done.

Whence the Romans got the idea of associating the egg with fertility is an after the deluge. Indeed, almost all peoples has religious ceremonies in which it figured as emblement of the production. It was therefore especially fitting for the great festivals with them of the provent have a such an abundance of eggs brought the such an abundance of eggs brought the production and the wagering were done. which all the peoples welcomed spring

From the Jewish missionaries to the Christians in Rome had been handed down the tradition that the Hebrew put an egg on the table at the Passover to typify the departure from Egypt. Perhaps this link between the Passover and the games in the grove of Dea Dia had to do with suggesting the merging of the Arval and Lupercal and holding both at the Easter time, a season midway between. However that be, the thing was done when the Christians became powerful enough to

Among the Germans, the Gauls and the people of the present British is-lands the absorption of their ancient Fair Warning.

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kas you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in, Jane—Twouldn't be no use, mum. He promised never to kiss any body but me.—Illustrated Bits.

### Deaf Mute Easter Choir

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

[Copyright, 1908, by James A. Edgerton.] [Copyright, 1998, by James A. Edgerton.]

N Easter service conducted in silence, choir and congregational singing without the making of a sound, an eloquent resurrection sermon preached without the speaking of a word—that is the unique accomplishment of a New York church. To an ordinary man or woman that sort of services man or woman that sort of service man or woman that sort of service would be puzzling and without mean-ing, but if such a one should visit this particular church and should observe the rapt expressions on the faces of the congregation he might gain some inspiration from them, if not from the programme itself.

The church in which this strange

method of observing Easter is prac-



DEAF MUTE EASTER CHOIR.

ticed is St. Ann's Church For Deaf

is given out for congregational singing has a weird but not an unpleasant effect. This is the perfect devotion of silence, music in the heart if not in

The members of the congregation— they can scarcely be called auditors— come not only from the metropolis and its environs, but from cities even as far away as Baltimore and Rochester. There are several hundreds of them gathered together each Easter to renew the acquaintances of school days and to enjoy the soul uplift of attend-ing devotional services all their very

A National Institution.

It was stated in the house of representatives at Washington the other day that mince pie and ice water are as bad as whisky and that the law might as well proceed against the one as the other.]

Law, man, spare that pie!

Touch not a single crust!

At lunch it feedeth me;

I'll stand by it or bust.

What though dyspepsia hides

Behind its contents mixed,

The nation's hungry eye

Upon it still is fixed.

What though most anything
Can go in it disguised,
Its weird, wild mystery
But makes it so more prized.
What though it swims in lakes
Of water iced down poured!
What though with horrid dreams
Its pastry tough is stored!

It is the dish we love,
Dear to the nation's heart.
Ah, what would hap should mince
Ple from our lunch depart?
So, law, man, spare that pie!
For laws are vain, I vow!
That pie I ate when young
I'll keep on eating now.
—Baltimore American.

It will surprise many to learn that ear diseases were studied some 3,400

Among the Germans the hare as well rabbit is a cousin to the hare it is not strange that the children of English speaking people have the same curious

it sacred to Eas WALTON WILLIAMS.

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ticed is St. Ann's Church For Dent Mutes, located on Washington heights. New York city. There is a trained choir of five yogng ladies, who sing by spelling out the words of the hymn in concert, accompanying this operation by a rhythmical motion of the hands and arms, which seemingly has on the audience all the soothing effects of "perfect music set to noble words."

To behold the entire congregation keeping time with their hands and rapidly moving fingers when a hymn is given out for congregational singing

silence, music in the heart if not in the ears, harmony perfect in the mind and unmarred by any chance discord of sound. Just how the deaf mute can imagine music without ever having heard it is a problem for the psychologist. At any rate those in attendance at these services have a musical concept of their own, as their very evident enjoyment of the songs testifies.

The sermon is preached in the same way. Not a word is uttered, yet the nimble hands of the preacher are eloquent and convey an impression to at observer even if he does not know the sign language. As for the mutes themselves, they strain forward eagerly to catch every sentence and enjoy the flights of oratory evidently quite as much as do those who have ears to mear.

The members of the congregation—

A National Institution.

belief about that frisky animal and hold