

Easter Sunday

He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—St. Matthew, xxi, 1. We stand beside the empty tomb on this Easter Sunday morning and listen to the message of the angel. What does it mean for us? Does it simply record a fact in history? Human history is full of things which are to happen rather than in that which has happened. We may consider the resurrection of Christ a well attested, credible fact in history, the keystone of the Christian religion, the supreme witness of the immortality of the soul. But there it stands—unconnected, distinct, apart from our own personal life. We have never thought of it as having any real part in our own life's history; we have never made it the keystone of our own personal faith in Jesus Christ; we have never woven it into the



three of our life as a child of God. It is for us a historical event, an article of the Christian faith, an argument for the life beyond the grave. But we may ask, "What more can be desired?" It would seem as if one had reached the circumference and had grasped the full value of the message of Easter—when such a conclusion had been made. There is something more, however, for on Easter Sunday we are not simply commemorating an event, we are sharing in an experience; we are not simply adding an article to our creed, we are partaking of the power of a new life; we are not simply finding an argument for immortality, we are entering into the joy of the life eternal. The deep significance of this Easter day does not lie in its pointing us back to a certain time and a certain place and reminding us of that time and in that place, Christ rose from the dead. The true meaning of Easter is that to-day and now Christ is gaining the victory for us, and the message of the angel is bringing joy and new life to hearts that are dead in trespasses and sin. Whenever a human soul goes to seek a crucified Jesus and finds instead a risen Saviour, the event of Easter day is repeated and the joy of the angelic message is shared once again. "The real power of the resurrection lies in the spiritual experience, not in the historical fact."

Easter Message.

Something happened nineteen hundred years ago in the gray light of the first Easter morning which transformed and transfigured the face of the earth. History began again. The world's heart beat with new and gladder thrill; henceforth and forever, beneath the all-benighted sun, there is nothing which is "too good to be true." It has not entered into the heart of man to conceive a good which is better than the reality of things. But we are afraid of imagination. It is a vain thing, and must be yoked to a servile mass of matter lest it soar upward and outward, into the blue sky, above the mountain tops, toward the glorious sun, and lose itself in the eternal light and eternal truth of God.

O brother-man or sister-woman, are you afraid of your own prayers? He is God. He is the Father-God, the Mother-God, the God of the buttercups and daisies, of sunshine and spring dawns, of the God who cares for the sparrows and clothes the lilies, who spreads out the heavens as a curtain and calls all the stars by name, who longs for you as the child of his heart, and loves you with an everlasting love; so that sin and death cannot separate you from the miracle of His affection nor quench His love in you. Morning light shames our midnight fears. "And the shame is that in the darkness you were not sure of the coming dawn. You ought to have known that after midnight comes the morning; in the blackest night of the year you ought to have kept God's sun-shine in your soul. Angels have rolled the stones away from the grave of your ascending Lord. Clouds turn to solid rock beneath your feet. And Christ is risen indeed.—Rev. C. F. Aked, Youth's Companion.

The Message of Easter.

By Rev. Dr. Donald C. McLeod, Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

There is variety in truth. There is truth primary and truth secondary; truth fundamental and truth superficial; truth trivial and truth vital. Much of confusion, contention and catastrophe arise from mistaking the trivial, secondary and superficial for the primary, fundamental and vital. What will be the appeal of Easter to us? Shall we approach it upon the plain of the trivial and superficial, or shall it unfold to us the fundamental and eternal? For to the fundamental and eternal life has been laid upon the altar of the possession of the stage upon which the first Easter drama was enacted.

This was the inspiration of the crusades—the most costly and spectacular military campaigns of history. The crusader spirit still lives. I saw pilgrims from far-off Russia and other distant lands who crossed mountain and plain in weary, painful marches, at unspeakable sacrifice, in order to fall down and cover with tears and kisses the traditional holy spot of sacred relation to the nation of our Lord. In the strange irony of fate all these holy places are guarded by the sentinel of the Saracen infidel. But to the Christian heart this is no occasion of despair. For after all, is not the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea a trivial element in the Easter message? The vital idea is the fact of resurrection.

Easter has answered the great burning question of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Easter responds eloquently and triumphantly to this age-long anxious cry: "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep." Even so, then, also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Again, Easter has been the occasion of much speculation and controversy concerning the circumstances and character of the resurrection. Shall resurrection immediately accompany death; or shall it be future and universal? Shall this body be actually raised, or shall a new body be developed from which will be developed the body of the resurrection? Shall God provide a body entirely different in substance but similar in form and expression?

However much we speculate about these and numerous other kindred questions, the way of human thought will always lose itself in mystery; but there are only secondary problems. The vital fact is that as true believers we are now heirs of Christ's resurrection. "God, being rich in mercy," made us alive together with Christ, and raised us up with Him in the heavenly places." This matches the inheritance of grace has its supreme obligation.

We must live the exalted and glorious resurrection life. The joy of the resurrection is shared once again. "The real power of the resurrection lies in the spiritual experience, not in the historical fact."



Easter Dawn.

Breaks the joyful Eastern dawn; Clearer yet and stronger; Winter from the world has gone, "Death shall be no longer!" Far away good angels drive Night and sin and sadness; Earth awakes in smiles, alive With her dear Lord's gladness. Roused by Him from dreary hours Under snow and chilly rain, In His hand He brings the flowers, Brings the rose and lily. Every little buried bud, Into life He raises; Every wildflower, wood Chants the dear Lord's praises. Open, happy flowers of spring, For the Sun has risen! Through the sky glad voices ring, Calling you from prison. Little children, dear, look up! Toward His brightness pressing, Lift up every heart, a cup For the dear Lord's blessing!



The Flower Symbol

The flower symbol for Easter is one of the most beautiful in human imagery; but it is essentially human, and therefore imperfect. It illustrates but one aspect of the Easter theme—the resurrection, and misses entirely the greater attribute of the Easter—the fact of immortality.

For flowers are among the most quickly perishable things with which Nature has beautified the earth. They



die to grow again and die to come again and again, and in so far are they symbolic.

But the faith which is wound around the story of the Cross knows no continuous success of death and life. It knows only the one mortal life, and then mortal death—the long sleep before the happy awakening to a life that never more shall have a period. Firm in that faith the Christian of today is strong through the trials that beset him here. Before him, not only at Easter, but at all other times, also, is the picture of the resurrection of Christ, which means to him no other miracle in opposition to the workings of Nature, but actually a promise, in the act, that the Christian, when his death-sleep is ended, shall arise again and be with God. Beautiful is the flower symbol; but it is incomplete. And this is but right, for what symbol could fully stand for the greatest event in the history of the Universe?



The Easter Vigil.

Lord, let me watch beside Thy silent tomb, 'Tis Easter eve. Thy holy palm is past; Thy cup of life is drained even to the last, Last bitter draught. How still the midnight gloom! Broods on the sleeping garden; bud and bloom Wait for the dawn in slumber fold—A fast. And all is still, save that the sentry passed A moment hence, guarding Thy powerless tomb. In the tense silence of this pregnant hour, With quickened heart I watch the eastern way To catch the first gray trace of morning tide. Lo! as I wait, with resurrection power—A mighty angel rolls the stone! And Thou! "Rabboni!" standest at my side.—George Edward Day in the New York Observer.



The Easter Festival

By Margaret E. Sangster.

Somehow Easter always carries with it more of heaven than any other of the great anniversaries of the Christian year. In its first bright dawn the heavens were opened and the angels came down to comfort the weeping women and disciples, mourning their Lord at the sepulcher, with those ecstatic words, "He is not here; he is risen!"

It is more than a fancy, it is a precious fact, that an angel came back to console the mourner, strengthen the doubting, and to give Christ's own people the blessed assurance that he is with them still.

The festival of Easter comes to us at a propitious time, for, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Winter, with its rigor and cold, its ice and frost and inclement blasts, fits tempests on land and sea, is an emblem of warfare; its silence and sternness ally it to grief.

Spring comes dancing and duttering in with flowers and music and the blithe step of childhood. Her signs are evident before she is really here herself. "First come the bluebirds, harbingers of a host; a little later there will be wrens and robins and orioles, and all the troop which make the woods musical and build sociably around our country homes.

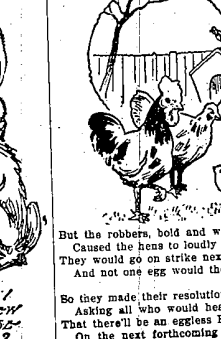
Then the flowers will come. Happy are they who shall watch their whole procession, from the pussy-willow in March to the last blue-gentian in October. We decorate our churches at Easter with the finest spoils of the hothouse—lilies, roses, palms, azaleas; nothing is too costly, nothing too lavish to be brought to the sanctuary or carried to the cemetery. Friend sends to friend the fragrant bouquet or the growing plant with the same tender significance which is evinced in the Christmas gifts, which carry from one heart to another a sweet message of love.

But God is giving us the Easter flowers in little hidden nooks in the forests, down by the corners of fences, in the sheltered places on the edges of the brook, and there we find the violet, the arbutus and other delicate blossoms which lead the van for the great army of nature's efflorescence. The first flowers are more delicately and more fragrant than those which come later. They are the Easter flowers. Later on we shall have millions of blossoms and more birds than we can count; now in the quietude and the field we have enough to remind us that the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds has come.

A Timely Warning. There was trouble in the barnyard, There was old Nick for to play, For the hens, the chickens and roosters Had assembled in the hay. To express great indignation, And to solemnly declare That the morning after Easter There was not found anywhere.



One lone egg to serve as nestling; Every one had stolen been. And the hens, the chickens and roosters Said they thought it was a sin. For, those hens were all industrious, Each one going to her nest, Every morning after breakfast, Where she did her level best.



CATHERINE WINTERS HELD BY GYPSIES.

NEWARK, N. J.—Chief of Police Long has detailed detective to investigate reports that a child resembling Catherine Winters, kidnaped from her home in Newcastle, Ind., a year ago, may be in a gypsy camp near here. Advice from the chief of police of Pueblo, Colo., declare that a band of gypsies headed by Fred and Burt left there a week ago for Newark. With them was a child the Pueblo police suspected was Catherine Winters.

LONDON BUSES DISAPPEAR.

The thousands of horse-drawn omnibuses which were a familiar sight in London a few years ago are now serving as chicken houses as woodsheds, or cottages at the beaches. There are now only about a dozen of the horse-buses left in service, those being used to connect up street car lines which do not cross the bridges over the Thames. The omnibus companies have been disposing of the old vehicles at \$7 apiece, a rate so low that the demand has been greater than the supply.

Frecks of the Weather

The weather has been playing tricks with this great country; unseasonable heat in some sections, unexpected cold in others.

San Francisco for example, which is often a little chilly even in mid-summer, has been sweating under a head of 96 degrees in the shade. On the same day, frosts and snow were reported as far south as Alabama, a state which should be having summerlike weather during the last half of March.

THOUSANDS WHO LIVE UNDERGROUND

During a debate on high rents in the Italian chamber of deputies, Deputy Colajanni, the noted sociologist, stated that the misery of Rome is frightful. With nearly 750,000 population Rome has as many outcasts as London. It is estimated that 100,000 have no homes and that 60,000 live in underground and windowless hovels. Heavy taxes have stopped building in Rome.

Restoring the Bill of Rights

New York World: By a decision of the supreme court of the United States, the fourth amendment, affirming the right of the people to be "secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," has been put back again into the constitution. A judgment by the same court ten years ago had practically nullified it. The case under consideration involved the conviction of a man in Missouri for missing the mails. As he had happened many other times of late, his letters and papers were seized without a warrant and used against him at his trial in spite of his protest. If such things can be done, says the court, "the fourth amendment might as well be stricken from the constitution." Unfortunately, it had been stricken from the constitution partly by reason of a former decision by the court as stated, but largely by the mischievous conduct of postoffice inspectors and others who have acted arbitrarily and unlawfully. There is hardly any misuse of the mails that it more reprehensible than their tyrannical invasion by agents of the government in search of evidence to sustain criminal charges.

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