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THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED AN EASTER POEM BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

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COME, listen to
the anthem that
we sing!

Listen, and let your
doubts take wing,
take wing.

Listen, and let your
hearts be comforted,
for Christ, your
Lord, is risen from
the dead.

That tomb of stone no
longer is his prison.
The door is open, and
your Lord is risen.

What Easter Should Mean

DOES Easter mean to you only the wearing of a new hat, a new frock and the studying of fashions as worn by others? Do you let it bring to your little ones only the rabbit's nest of colored eggs or the fluffs of yellow chicks? Does it strike no higher chord in your being than the fact that spring is at hand and you must have light and becoming apparel? Easter is more than all these. It is the force in nature that brings the leaf,

the bud and at last the glowing blossom from the clod. It is the resurrection of the life of those things we call inanimate because they cannot talk to us; how much more than the springing into being of the good that may be dormant in our hearts. What the little ones should be told this Easter morning is that the life of the world itself is new; that the grave cannot hold within its confines the mighty spirit of growing things. So I beg of you to not dwell too largely upon the sadness of the cross and the crown of thorns, but rather upon the glorious truth that those were but small in comparison with the glory of Christ's rising. If the remembrance of the freeing from the tomb means anything in

teaching Christianity it means the beauty of the resurrection; it means that the very spirit of "Christ risen from the dead" is to be carried out in real life; that joy and fresh, glowing happiness are to be taught and believed in. Gloom has no place on Easter day. What is past is past; troubles that have come are gone; pain that has been suffered and cured is to be forgotten, and this is the meaning that Easter should bring into every mother's morning greeting to her little ones. "You were ill yesterday, but you are well today." You are to live as if the sun was newly born, the skies newly washed in their sunny blue, the stars but just freshly placed to shine to give you pleasure, the moon sailing like a beautiful round globe for your eyes to

see. All these mean a keener enjoyment, a better understanding, and you will find response in each small body and loving heart if the practice be the teaching of the Golden Rule, not only today, but all the year.—Emma Irene McLagan in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Reading Does.
The profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect or supply something polished and interesting nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him good heart as a radical possession and habit.—Walt Whitman.