

CHRIST IS RISEN

This Easter morn we worship Thee
Who came to seek and save;
Who came and died for you and me,
But triumphed over the grave.
Secure in rock they sealed our Lord
But all their plans were vain,
For suddenly the conqueror arose
And burst their feeble chain.
Both day and night they watched the
grave
With armed men as guards;
Who can defeat Christ's power to save
Against Jehova, Lord.
To it at morn two Marys ran,
The stone was from the door.
Surprise was great, their Lord was gone,
Their hearts with grief were sore.
In looking in they did behold
Two clothed in white array;
How dull to learn what Christ foretold,
"I'll raise it in three days."
"He is not here," the angel said,
"He is gone on before."
The linen lies where he had laid,
Then Mary weep no more.
But go and tell his chosen few
That him they sure will meet,
That Peter, all his followers too,
May worship at his feet.
Gethsemane it now was passed,
Mount calvary was the same,
Death's sins reward no more can last,
Christ's mission now was home.
Ah, conquering kind, over all his foes
Christ's work on earth was done.
Go tell poor sinners Jesus died
While gospel ages run.

G. Howie

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FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Daring Idea That Was Carried
Out by Johann Comenius.

Some 300 years ago a German
savant had a wonderful vision. At
that time children were taught to
read by force of arms, so to speak,
through hardships and with bitter
toil on the part of teacher and of
child. It seems curious that the
first real step toward lightening the
labor of children as they climb the
ladder of learning was the product
of the imagination not of some fond
mother or gentlewoman teacher,
but of a bewigged and betitled uni-
versity doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, how-
ever, who first conceived the daring
idea that children could be taught
by the aid of the memory and the
imagination working together, "by
means," as he quaintly expressed it,
"of sensuous impressions conveyed
to the eye, so that visual objects
may be made the medium of ex-
pressing moral lessons to the young
mind and of impressing those les-
sons upon the memory." In other
words, the good herr doctor had
the bright idea that picture books
could be useful to children. Comen-
ius made his first picture book and
called it the "Orbis Pictus." It
contains rude woodcuts represent-
ing objects in the natural world, as
trees and animals, with little les-
sons about the pictures. It is a
quaint volume and one that would
cause the average modern child not
a little astonishment were it placed
before him.

As truly, however, as that term
may be applied to any other book
that has since been written, the
"Orbis Pictus" was an epoch mak-
ing book. It is the precursor of all
children's picture books, and mod-
ern childhood has great cause to
bless the name of Comenius.

Whistler Let Them Wait.

Whistler's laxity in the matter of
engagements was notorious. But
his point of view is explained in his
answer to a friend of his who knew
that he had an engagement to dine
with some swells in a distant part
of London and who felt that it was
most impolite for Whistler to offend
them. It was growing late, and yet
Whistler was painting away madly.

"My dear fellow," he said to him
at last, "it is frightfully late, and
you have to dine with Lady Such-a-
one. Don't you think you'd better
stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler.
"Stop, when everything is going
beautifully? Go and stuff myself
with disgusting food when I can
paint like this? Never! Never!
Besides, they can't do anything un-
til I get there! They never do!"

Fastest Moving Thing.

The swiftest moving body known
is perhaps no longer the famous
"runaway star"—the seventh mag-
nitude Groombridge 1830 of the
constellation Ursa Major. The es-
timable average motion in space of
"fixed" stars is about twenty-one
miles per second, but Groombridge
1830 may have a rate as high as
200 miles, and recent careful spec-
trographic determinations at Mount
Wilson observatory indicate that
the 9.2 magnitude star designated as
O. Arg. S. 14,320 may have an ac-
tual velocity in space of more than
350 miles per second. The annual
proper motion of this star is 3.76
seconds of arc, or little more than
half of that of Groombridge 1830.

Trunk of the Elephant.

Naturalists consider an elephant's
trunk the most marvelous miracle
of nature. It contains over 4,000
muscles—a great many more than
are found in the entire human body.
By the aid of these muscles the
trunk will uproot a tree or gather
grass, lift a cannon or a nut, kill a
man or brush off a fly. It is as use-
ful as a hand with all its fingers to
supply the elephant with food, and,
being hollow, is used as a suction
pump. No other animal has a single
member or organ so perfect and so
useful as this.

Saved by Himself.

A distinguished comedian who
tells stories very well was invited to
a dinner, and for the greater part
of the evening entertained the com-
pany.

When he returned to his hotel,
thoroughly tired, his wife said:
"Well, did you have a good
time?"

"No; I can't say that I did. In-
deed, if I had not been there I
should have been very bored."—St.
Louis Post-Dispatch.

Where Doctors Disagree.

Aunt Jemima—That air "total"
must be a terribly unhealthy com-
plaint, Josherva?

Uncle Josh—Total! Gosh, I
reckon I never heard tell o' that
disease afore.

Aunt Jemima—I've jist bin read-
in' the health office report, an' they
figger that ez many dies ur "total"
ez all th' other complaints put to-
gether.—Indianapolis Star.

CURIOUS MEALS.

Elephants Are Gormandizers, and Gi-
raffes Have Queer Tastes.

Elephants, at least captive elephants,
have queer tastes, says Pearson's
Weekly in an entertaining article
about the peculiarities of four legged
gourmets. One memorable day in 1908
Suffa Cull, the mighty and popular
Indian elephant at the zoo, ate his
bed. A thirty-six pound truss of straw
had been put down on the floor for
his comfort, and when the keeper went
round in the morning not even the
bands of the truss remained.

Suffa Cull followed it up during the
day by eating three trusses of hay,
weighing 150 pounds. Finally some
one brought a number of Christmas
puddings into the elephant house. Suffa
Cull swallowed his pudding with-
out even opening the cardboard box
that contained it.

A zoo keeper once kept a tally of the
number of hot cross buns an elephant
took down. For six hours on end one
fine Good Friday it swallowed buns at
the rate of 400 an hour!

The average giraffe loves nothing
better in the world than a good square
meal of flowers. It has not the slight-
est idea, however, of the difference be-
tween artificial and real flowers.

Some years ago when "garden hats"
were all the rage the giraffe at the zoo
made a day of it. In that glorious
twelve hours it accounted for no few-
er than seventeen hats, the majority
of which were chewed beyond recog-
nition before they could be rescued.

One of the funniest mistakes a gi-
raffe ever made—funny for lookers-on,
that is to say—was when a peacock
stroled into its paddock. The peac-
ock's tail caught the giraffe's eye, and
evidently the animal mistook it for a
gigantic and luxuriant species of flow-
er. At any rate, before any one could
interfere down came the giraffe's long
neck, and, seizing the peacock by the
tail, he hoisted it in midair. It was
not long before bird and tail said good-
by to each other, and the peacock flut-
tered away, screaming with indigna-
tion. Although a trifle astonished at
the proceedings of the newly discov-
ered flower, the giraffe chewed the tail
with great gusto.

JAPANESE GARDENS.

Their Aim is Always to Represent Na-
ture in Miniature.

Every Japanese house of any preten-
sions must have a garden. The cost
of one is invariably reckoned with the
estimates for house building, being
usually estimated at one-tenth the cost
of the house. The Japan Magazine
tells of the procedure:

When the niwashi (landscape gar-
dener) gets the contract for a garden
he first makes a model—that is, a mi-
niture garden embodying every feature
that the final product will have. The
first thing to be done in laying out the
garden is to select the place for the
lake or pond and excavate it. The
earth thus obtained is utilized for the
construction of an artificial hill and
also for a small island, both of these
features being considered necessities.
Next in importance is the placing of
the stone lantern; then comes an arti-
cific bridge to the island. Next comes
the placing of trees, rocks and stones
with due consideration for the appear-
ance of the garden as a whole.

Japanese do not place much value
on a new garden, age being of far
greater importance. It is not until a
few years have passed that the garden
is considered at its best, for the stones
and tree trunks must be moss covered
and the whole must give the appear-
ance of nature's rather than man's
work.

The garden is not laid out according
to any scientific plan. It is rather a
matter of instinct and experience, the
aim of the artist being to represent
nature in miniature.

An Odd Turkish Superstition.

An odd Turkish superstition is as fol-
lows: If one finds a piece of bread
lying upon the ground he must pick it
up, kiss it and carry it until he finds a
hole into which the bread can be in-
serted. To step upon a piece of bread
or to leave it lying upon the ground
is one of the unpardonable sins and
dooms the offender to the third hell,
where he is perpetually gored by an
ox that has but a single horn that is
in the center of his forehead.

The Smile.

We talk of a smile of defiance. There
is really no such thing. Such a so called
smile is nothing more nor less than a
snarl, a survival of the way our sav-
age ancestors had of showing their
teeth in order to strike fear into the
hearts of their enemies. The real smile
of pleasure begins with slightly open-
ing the mouth, and is, of course, trace-
able to the joy of those same savage
forefathers of ours at the prospect of
food.

Coffee in Java.

It is said that nowhere in the world
is coffee, the drink, worse than in Java,
where coffee, the bean, is supposed to
be at its very best. Javanese distill
coffee essence of extreme strength, bo-
tle it and pour a few drops into a cup
of hot water when they wish refresh-
ment.—Argonaut.

The Other Way.

"Then you don't want to leave foot-
prints upon the sands of time?"
"Nix," answered the politician guard-
edly. "All I want is to cover up my
tracks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Family Jar.

Mrs. Adipose—A man always wants
his way. Hubby—So would you if you
weren't afraid to get on the scales.—
Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Winter Home of Deer.

The winter home of the Ameri-
can red deer is very interesting.
When the snow begins to fly the
leader of the herd guides them to
some sheltered spot where prov-
ender is plentiful. Here as the snow
falls they pack it down, tramping
out a considerable space, while
about them the snow mounts higher
and higher until they cannot get
out if they would. From the main
opening, or "yard," as it is called,
tramped out paths lead to the near-
by trees and shrubbery which sup-
ply them with food. In this way
they manage to pass the winter in
comparative peace and safety.—St.
Nicholas.

Seismic Waves.

Years before the genius of the
Japanese gave birth to the science
of seismology a very rough record
of a Scotch earthquake was obtain-
ed at Comrie by means of a basin
of treacle. The basin was about
half full of treacle, and by noticing
the magnitude and direction of the
treacle marks made on the inside
when the "quake" disturbed its nor-
mal level a fair approximation was
obtained as to the magnitude and
movement of the seismic waves
which caused the earth disturbance.
—London Chronicle.

Substantial Meal.

The pythons at the zoo are dainty
creatures. Nothing but the young-
est and tenderest of rabbits will
satisfy them. Sometimes, how-
ever, they get a bit sick of rabbit week
in and week out, and then they will
eat anything that strikes their
fancy. One, for instance, suddenly
took a fancy to its blanket, and,
what is more, ate it.—Youth's Com-
panion.

A Pious Wish.

It was in a city hospital that a
man refused to undergo an opera-
tion for appendicitis until his min-
ister could be present.

"What do you want the minister
here for?" asked the surgeon.

"Because I want to be opened
with prayer," was the reply.—New
York Tribune.

CHINESE PORCELAINS.

Wine Cups Like "Tilted Lotus Leaves
Floating Down a Stream."

To look long upon Chinese porce-
lains is likely for numerous causes to
result in falling under their persuasive
spell. If you are interested in the
sculptural stage of art, susceptible to
the beauty of line, you will find it
there in dignified simplicity. In color
the eye is appealed to in a seductive
infinity. In range of decorative mo-
tives the Celestial potter's mind is fer-
tile with an imagery found only in the
east. And there must not be left out
of account the interest and satisfac-
tion awaiting the technical student of
structure that is found in a substance
so quickly responsive to the deft touch
of the artisan.

"The fine white bowls surpass hoar-
frost and snow" is a Chinese descrip-
tion of one of the ancient settle fab-
rics. As the aroma of a delicate wine
is enriched and refined by being served
in a fragile glass, so the tea drinkers
as far back as the days of the Tang,
in the seventh and eighth centuries,
appreciated their bowls, according as
they "enhanced the tint of the infu-
sion." And here comes in another
element in the charm of Chinese porce-
lains. Like the European art of the

middle ages and the Renaissance, they
were so intimately related to life that
they contribute to a human and bet-
ter understanding of a strange and dis-
tant people. No sooner is one interest-
ed in this truly national art of the
Chinese than he finds a certain even if
meager knowledge of them a matter of
concomitant interest, even though not
essential to an appreciation of their
creations.

Wine cups of the Tang were likened
by their poets to "tilted lotus leaves
floating down a stream." There came
into porcelain the hue of "rosy dawn."
Does one not find here a sympathetic
communion with nature in far Cathay?
Those so called "ginger jars" of the
capriciously named "hawthorn pat-
tern"—the most commonly known of
all Chinese porcelains in the occident
—were used for sending presents of
fine tea at the Chinese New Year an-
niversary. Their decoration, which has
nothing to do with the hawthorn, was
made in representation of the blossoms
of the winter blooming wild prunus
tree lying on streams whose ice cover-
ing was disintegrating under the warm-
ing influences of the approaching ver-
nal season.—Dana H. Carroll in Scrib-
ner's.



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