

Real Lesson of the Empty Tomb In Paul's Words

The Easter thought is thus phrased by St. Paul: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; mortification, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry; for which things sake the wrath of God cometh in the children of disobedience; in the which ye also walked some time, when ye lived in them." Men whom the apostle preached so much about the empty tomb, in their effort to prove the resurrection as to have entirely overlooked the question asked by the angel of the resurrection, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" That has been what many have been doing for twenty centuries, and are still doing. There were those whom the empty tomb did not convince—the women thought the body had been stolen. It is indeed written of one of the disciples that, when he entered the tomb, "he saw and believed."

Of St. Peter it is written: "Then arose Peter, and ran into the sepulcher, and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass"—plainly he was not convinced, but bewildered. What did convince His disciples was communion with Him, a renewal of the old association and fellowship, the happy consciousness of His presence which they knew would be an abiding one, and the tender words that He spoke to them. Then it was that they knew He was alive, alive forevermore, and realized that they were called to follow a living and not a dead leader. They say that "in Him was life, and the light was the life of men." They also realized—and they never lost their grip on the thought—that death and the grave were but the gate opening on a larger, finer, happier and nobler life.

"Because I live, ye shall live also"—such was the assurance given by Christ to His disciples on the eve of His departure from them. It was the assurance of a life unbroken by death, of continued and uninterrupted fellowship with Himself. Argument on the subject is, and ever has been, for the most part futile. The most that has ever been proved was that there was a moral probability of immortality—and that is much. But for the Christian-Easter is the festival of life eternal, and he must feel that the assurance of his Master—"Because I live, ye shall live also"—is as truly for him as for those to whom the words were first spoken. Yet comparatively few Christians, it is feared, give much thought to the subject—perhaps because they shrink from the contemplation of death. And that is to be regretted. There are some doctrines held and preached by the churches which ought to be, and in time will be, abandoned, but the doctrine of immortality is not one of them. On the contrary, it should be more and more stressed, for it may be, as it was in the first days of Christianity, a great power in human life. It will be remembered that St. Paul was sure that there was laid up for him "a crown of righteousness." It might be expected that he would have said "a crown of life." But "a crown of righteousness" is a life itself. So we are privileged to enter into the joy of another Easter, and once more to think of it as the foretaste of an immortality which is in truth—or may be—a present possession. Arnold puts it well, though perhaps somewhat severely:

No, no! the energy of life may be kept on after the grave, but not begun; And he who flung not in the earthly strife, From strength to strength advancing—only he, His soul well-knit, and all his battles won, Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

—Indianapolis News.

Easter Hat
An Easter hat becomes a hallowed thing. As harbinger of flowers in the spring: Lovely lilies clinging to the crown, Or violets to vie, with velvety gown— Crocuses in clusters round the rim, Or darling daffodils about the brim.

—Margaret Clarke Russell.

JOY OF EASTER
Springtime wakens all the earth
From the sleep of seeming death.
Life, new life, has joyful birth
At the gentle south wind's breath.
Where no sign of life was seen,
Where lay deep the drifts of snow,
Now appear the blades of green;
Star-like daisies soon will grow.
Nature wears a lovely face
For the Christian's eyes to see,
For whom bud and leaf bear trace
Of his immortality.
Sorrow may the life o'ertake,
Even death's dire chill and blight;
But with Jesus we shall wake
To a fearless morn of light
—Miss Frazer Jackson.

Easter Household Suggestions

Novelties for Easter Dinner
A large variety of non-fruit jellies can be made from liquid pectin, which can be used to very good advantage, because they can be made to fit into any color scheme. The Easter hostess as well as the housewife in her daily meals will find this liquid pectin a great help in making many delightful jams, jellies and marmalades.

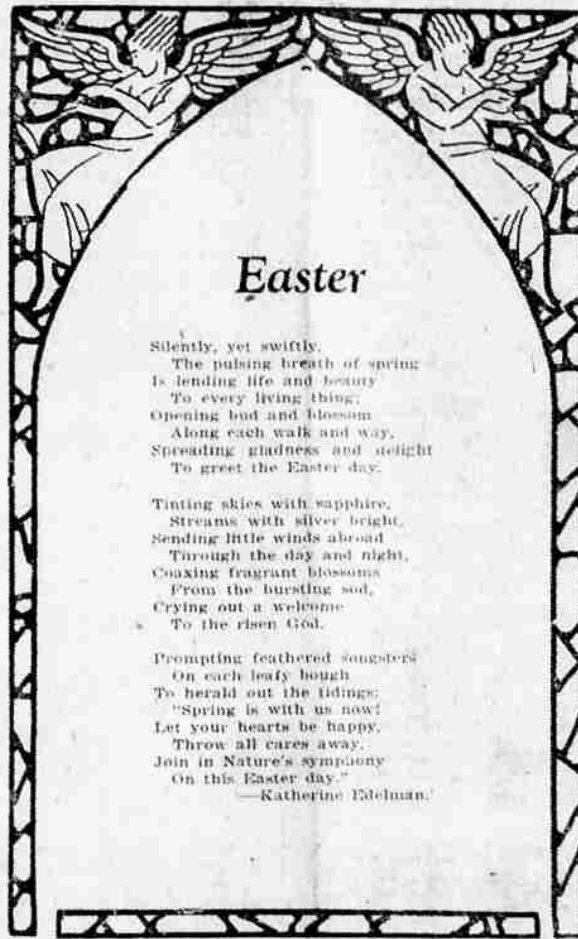
Easter Mint Jelly
One and one-half cups water, 6 1/2 cups sugar, 1 cup vinegar, 1 bottle liquid pectin.
Green coloring and spearmint extract or mint leaves. Mix water and vinegar, add enough coloring to give shade desired and stir until dissolved. Add sugar and bring to boil. At once add liquid pectin, stirring constantly and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for 1/2 minute. Remove from fire and add one teaspoon spearmint extract. Let stand one minute, skim, pour quickly and cover, hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin. Coloring and spearmint extract may be bought of your grocer or druggist. If fresh mint leaves are used for flavor instead of spearmint extract, add about 1 cup to the water and vinegar and remove when skimming the jelly.

Sliced Strawberry Jam
Two pounds halved strawberries, 7 cups sugar, 1/2 cup liquid pectin. Cut in halves lengthwise with stainless knife about 2 quarts of small-sized fully ripe berries. After halving, weigh out 2 pounds berries or measure 4 1/2 level cups packing solidly into the cup until juice and fruit come to top of cup. Add sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and after boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 3 to five minutes. Remove from fire and stir in liquid pectin. Skim and stir constantly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly, which prevents fruit floating. Then pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot melted paraffin.

Orange Cocktail
One cup orange juice, 3 table-spoons honey, 1/4 cup lemon juice, 6 mint cherries.
Mix liquid ingredients thoroughly. Place crushed ice in cocktail glasses, pour in mixture and serve with a mint cherry in each.

Orange and Grapefruit Cocktail
One cup diced orange pulp, 1 cup diced grapefruit pulp, lemon juice, maraschino cherries, sugar.
Mix oranges and grapefruit pulp. Sprinkle with sugar and a little lemon juice. Chill mixture and glasses in which it is served, thoroughly. When ready to serve, fill glasses with fruit and garnish with cherries.

Orange Pecan Salad
One banana, 2 oranges, lettuce, French dressing, 1/2 cup pecan nuts.
Remove skin from bananas, cut in quarters lengthwise and crosswise and roll in finely chopped nut meats. Peel oranges, removing white membrane and slice very thin. Arrange orange slices on lettuce, with one or two pieces of banana on each. Sprinkle with remaining nuts and serve with French dressing.



EASTER WEEK AT JERUSALEM

The Arab festival, which comes during the Christian Easter week, is known as "Nebi Musa," Arabic for "Prophet Moses." It is of comparatively recent origin, and in reality is a political rather than a religious festival started by the Sultan Saladin about the time of the Crusades, because he felt that too many Christians were coming to Jerusalem for Easter who might outnumber the Moslems. He instituted this festival to coincide with the orthodox Easter, which would bring a host of Moslems into Jerusalem. The Arabs pouring into Jerusalem for the "Nebi Musa" festival present a kaleidoscope of color that is quite dazzling. The Bedouin women, in their red and yellow coarsely embroidered finery, are particularly striking. The large body of Hebraic Arabs make their way around the outside of the city walls, dancing and whirling a weird chant, accompanied by the beating of tom-toms and clapping of hands in a measured beat, their leader performing gyrations with a huge curved sword. The banners carried in the procession are blessed and brought from Mecca each year, and they are blessed again by the Mufti on the top of the Mount of Olives, after which the parade moves on. The flutes break into a melancholy wailing this time and the dancing devishes revolve and revolve, their skirts opening out like an umbrella. This performance takes place at frequent intervals and lasts about 20 minutes, and the dancers look like spinning tops as they whirl around until some of them foam at the mouth. The whole pilgrimage is made on foot and lasts about three days, during which time they do not partake of food. When Jerusalem is reached they place the blessed banners on the supposed grave of Moses, in spite of the fact that the exact whereabouts of the burial place of Moses is distinctly disclaimed in the Bible. Deut. chap. 34, v. 6, "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

Beginning Easter Week
The first day of Paschal or Easter week for the Christian starts with Palm Sunday at cock crow. All night long the weary pilgrims have walked up and down the courtyard of the church of the Holy Sepulcher and over the rough cobblestones of the narrow streets in Jerusalem, while the chanting of the great bell on the church continues until daybreak. But in the words of the Psalmist: "Weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." When the sun comes up over the mountains the people, weary and worn with vigils and fastings, march slowly into the church and offer special prayers.

At the seventh hour the clergy, with men, women and children following, climb the Mount of Olives, along paths bordered by anemones and shadowed by silvery olive trees, until they reach the summit, and for two hours hymns are sung and chanted, after which the people proceed to the stone of ascension, from which place it is believed the Christ was seen to have risen. Old and young alike then take a squatting position in the grass, and the children, with branches of olive trees and palms waving gently in rhythmic motion, sing: "Blessed is He That Cometh in the Name of the Lord." The clergy give the signal that the ceremony is over and the people rise and slowly follow. They take the road which leads to the church of the Holy Sepulcher.

During the night, before the crowd begins to assemble, a platform, upon which are two benches, is placed in the courtyard. On each bench is a row of six cushioned seats. On a dais gained by a step and carpeted in red and gold, stands a gilt throne, in front of which are placed a great ewer, a gold tray and a very large white towel. Against the wall of the courtyard, near the platform, there is a flight of wooden steps painted green, which lead to a small pulpit. In the center of the pulpit is a picture of Jesus washing the feet of the 12 Apostles.

By morning the pavements are echoing with ceaselessly tramping feet and everyone and everything has the appearance of the great festive occasion that is about to take place. At nine o'clock comes a crash of bells and, fairly blazing with jewels, the Greek patriarch emerges from the church, attended by his bishops and priests. The procession ascends the dais and in a loud voice a high official reads from the Gospel of St. John the account of Jesus washing His Disciples' feet.

THE EASTER SUN
(An Old Irish Legend)
Oh! Well do we remember
The pretty story told!
How Easter's sun, in splendor,
When night was backward rolled,
Would dance with joy and gladness
At its rising, to proclaim
Christ's triumph over darkness,
And bid heaven to reclaim.
With what eager expectation
We look for that bright day
With what holy exultation
Night and morning did we pray
That good children He might make us,
That God's will on earth be done,
And white angels fill the chorus
We might dance like Easter's sun.
Light was our sleep the night before,
No need for mother's call,
No rapping on the bedroom door
To awake us one and all,
Through sleep our dreams were all on high
And when that sleep was done,
With joy we scanned the eastern sky
To see the dancing sun.
O, holy, sweet delusion,
So inspiring and so mild,
So fit as a conclusion
To the culture of a child,
To fill his heart with feelings
Holy, tender, pure and bright,
That in all his earthly dealings
He may dance in heaven's sight.

German Kiddies Believe Easter Harer Lays Eggs

The Easter "hare" originated in Germany, and there the little children in the German village are taken to the woods the day before Easter and each child makes a nest of twigs and then runs away. Then when he comes back next morning, lo! the nests are all beautifully filled. Who else but the hare could have laid the eggs? For the hares do not lay ordinary eggs. Only large painted, candy eggs. At least that is what every child in Germany is taught to believe.

In certain English provinces there is in vogue the queer "lifting" custom. If a crowd of women meet a man they seize and lift him up three times, and he must pay a forfeit if he would escape. On Easter Tuesday the men recalculate. The woman must beware then. The men will seize her and lift her up and extort a kiss for her freedom.

For several years now there has been an interesting sight in the Good Friday procession in Seville. A gallant society man, much muffled and disguised, walks barefooted and carries a heavy cross. Those who do not know him think, of course, that he must be extremely devout to put himself to so much discomfort. But he is not religious at all. He is only walking to save the family money. The law of inheritance in his family compels him to do it.

It seems that several centuries ago one of his ancestors, also a society man of many love affairs, was carried off by the Corsairs during one of the wars. While he was being in prison he made a vow that if he ever returned to Spain alive he would join the Good Friday procession and barefooted he would carry a heavy cross. This he did, and furthermore, he made a condition that all male inheritants if they wished to inherit the family property, should do the same.

So while the present gentleman in Seville performs his penance, his friends, who have received their property on no such condition stand around and wonder if "his feet will permit him to attend the duke's ball on Monday next." Another interesting feature of the procession is a child of twelve, blind-folded, she wears white robes and feels her way timidly. She symbolizes Faith.

Rabbit and Egg Legend Is Universal

Joyous Easter is here. After Sunday school and church services special Easter Sunday exercises make the day more joyous, thousands of boys and girls will return home and hunt for Easter rabbits and eggs. Then the egg-rolling contests will begin. But this great sport for the youngsters will not stop with the close of the day. Easter Monday is always a great day for the kiddies, if they have any unbroken eggs left for rolling. And there always seems to be a reserve supply. Easter Monday is a gala day for the youngsters of Washington, for on that day they go to the White House grounds where they roll their vari-colored eggs for the president and first lady and, of course, for their own entertainment.

Easter is now a Christian festival in memory of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Savior, but it had a heathen origin. It is a relic of the pagan festival of spring celebrating the rebirth of life after the dormant period of winter. It was not until 325 A. D. that the Council of Nice proclaimed Easter as the time for celebrating the resurrection of Christ. The council also decreed that it should be a movable feast which cannot be earlier than March 22 or later than April 25, and that it be determined by the old paschal or Jewish lunar month, always falling on the first Sunday after the full moon on or next after March 21. Thus, if the full moon falls on Sunday, then Easter day is the next Sunday.

Easter Legends

All youngsters know about the rabbit and eggs and their connection with Easter. The Easter egg and the legend of the rabbit are universal. But how did these symbols of this joyous festival originate? The origin of egg-rolling which most children enjoy so much is supposed to have begun centuries ago from the practice of farmers rolling eggs over their lands to be sure of abundant yields at harvest time. This was because the egg was the pagan emblem of the germinating of life of early spring. The children are told that the rabbits lay the eggs, and for this reason the latter are nearly always hidden away in nests or in flower beds in the yard and garden. The rabbit is another pagan symbol and has always been an emblem of fertility. Modern people have lost knowledge of what these symbols mean, yet they have continued these old pagan customs, perhaps by force of habit, and certainly for the amusement of youngsters at Easter time.

Why Eggs Were Colored

As to the coloring of Easter eggs a religious encyclopedia says: "Because the use of eggs was forbidden during Lent, they were brought to the table on Easter day colored red to symbolize the Easter joy. This custom is found not only in the Latin, but also in the Oriental churches." Christians are supposed to have adopted the egg-rolling custom to symbolize the resurrection, and the eggs were colored red in allusion to the blood of redemption. Yet, other colors were later introduced and now they have no special significance except to make variety.—Pittsfield Magazine.

Palestine Always Holy Land

Whatever form each different creed may adopt in celebrating its Holy week the dominating note is the same—it is the spring of the year, the time for freedom, the true resurrection, the dawn of life and hope. To Christian, Moslem and Jew alike Palestine will ever remain the Holy Land, the cradle of so many faiths, for which so many have faith for the future.—Toledo Blade.

Faith

When my burden grows too heavy
For me,
When my feet stumble and my
eyes grow dim,
When my load seems past endurance,
I can but think of Him
Who carried on His slim brave
shoulders
The sin of all men everywhere;
The Holy cross was far too painful
for Him,
He did not seem to care,
So I shall go with proud head
lifted,
Thy my knees have touched the
dust below;
It seems a small thing to be doing
I can do that, I know.

