It is half dramatic, but, taken all together it is wholly interesting to move with a caravan of the Christian world toward the earthly city of David for the keeping of the solemn feast of Easter. For when the light of spring is calling out the destinies of song in ripple of leaf, and throat of bird, and in the longings of the human heart, Easter glows across a world proclaiming that some Jerusalem, "abode of peace," arises forever through the mists of distance on the horizon of human aspiration.

Jaffa is the port of Palestine where the pilgrims land, whose goal is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the facade of the "Holy Fire." Jaffa, oldest among old cities of the world, to whose shores the Greek sent its Perseus, whose harbor has seen the Pharaohs of Egypt, the brave Maccabee, the shadow that shook from the fist of Saladin, the curve of Coeur de Lion's lips, the glint on Baldwin's crown, and the great light in the eyes of Saint Louis, king, as he bore, barefooted through the town, the crown of thorns to his ship—this old, old Jaffa, fez-shaped town set on a hill, looks desolate and presents nothing interesting. But the valley is bright with pomegranates and olive groves. The sky is baptized with beauty, and those long bands of burning fire that thread the Mediterranean off there, seem like dawn streaks of the holy fire which these souls have come to seek — this kaleidoscopic crowd jostling its way on, and elbowing its way out, and surging still forward through Jaffa's long, narrow street; Armenian, Syrian, Greek, Coptic, Latin, Russian, Abyssinian pilgrims who are bound to Jerusalem in these signal days of the Christian year.

Their garments flutter like flame between little Jaffa's dark rugged walls; crimsons and dark reds of Russian garments; the curious, gamboge colored caftans worn by the Armenian peasants; the Syrian yellows, the dull blues of the Abyssinian's cloak; the poor, shredbare brown of the Coptic's raiment, and the broadcloth of the rich Israelite who also is in the throng pressing forward to keep his Passover in Jerusalem.

Through the rich shadows of thought your pilgrim path leads on through spaces of sun in the valley gardens around this little Jaffa. You pass by hundreds of Persian waterwheels, cracking like the shading of the Nile valley. It is the month of April, and the Jaffa gardens are enchanting. The perfume of orange, lemon, apricot is an Araby of attar. Seven miles of blossom—and beyond stretch the plains of Laron, mentioned in the Bible, extending along the sea from Gaza to Mount Carmel on the north. It is a vast and impressive outlook. Across the undulations of plain the crystal shimmer of the mirage flits. Afar, a squad of Arab horsemen, outlines itself on the burning haze. On the northeast rise the mountains around Samaria. At Rama, the ancient Arimathea, we pass an old convent.

Farther on, beyond the sheen of the cascade that forms through the valley of Jeremiah, is the little town of Naplous, the Neopolis of Herod. From this point vegetation disappears completely. You leave behind the palm gardens and the tawny orange trees, the white houses and gypsy sheds. A two hours' ride through a mountainous, desolate looking country brings the pilgrim to an open spot where a long line of wall surmounted by scattered towers comes suddenly into view. A shout shivers down the long file of pilgrims, followed by a profound silence:

JERUSALEM!

The prelude to the first sight of the Holy City is the cry of twenty ages for the manifest God. The Mosque of Omar tops the sacred hill, but the face of God's Son crowns Jerusalem forever. Your own heart beats answer back to the heart beats of that Man who walked the streets off there. Through those highways thread the surging longings of earth, dashing themselves now against Buddha, now against Mahomet, now against the bleak wall of unbelief, now against the varied foam on the seas of the soul that forever must lift white hands of prayer. And as you stand and look toward those narrow highways of Jerusalem beyond the long, solemn line of wall, you hear again a great, broad cry:

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

The atmosphere that envelops Athens is Poetry, the mist that arrays old Rome is Power. But the cloud that rests upon Jerusalem is Veneration.

There seems no rest, however, for the tossing, eager throng that is now passing on through the gate of Jaffa toward the last earthly resting place of Christ. But one does not pause to sum up the tangle of argument, controversy, pros and cons which have raged around the most sacred of all the "Holy Places" in Jerusalem, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the heart that dictates, not the head that disputes, as you stand within its enclosure and witness the grip of the actual wide world upon a great Idea, and the grasp of the soul upon a great Ideal. For, since the third century of the Christian era, this pavement has been worn by the feet of passionate pilgrims, of stately kings and of calm browed philosophers. The twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre rise in majestic grandeur above the buried city of Jerusalem. Between these domes, a Turkish sheikh was, centuries ago, established by Saladin to mount guard over the pilgrim throng within the building. Underneath the domes is the portal of the Crusaders, a Christian facade strangely at variance with the mental imagery around it. In front is the large open court, thronged with relic mongers, who are offering their sacred wares that will soon be borne to every part of the known world. Above the courtyard—bridges, walls, stairs lead in and out to galleries and chambers within the church. The great building is all an odd tattered mass, but laced together with the sigh of all the centuries for Light!

One side is the ultimate splendor of the Greek Church that triumphs in its possession of Constantine's basilica and of the rock of Calvary. Yonder in that deep corner is the squalid poverty of the two Coptic and Syrian chapels. Across these shrines, across the jeweled geometry of the Greek glitter, threading through the great syllables that were first silvered by the voice of Homer, breaks the melodious and dulcet chanting of the Latin Church. Stand still and listen to History in these varied voices that are supplicating the Father of All. It is Easter even. Above the great rotunda of the nave soars the dome of the Holy Sepulchre. The sky is seen through the opening in the centre which, like the Parthenon of Pericles, admits the Orient morning. You are watching, breathlessly, in the gallery on the north side. Below you is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, divided into two parts: the Sepulchre and the "Stone of Angels." It is a forest of white tapers. On its north side is the round aperture from which the Holy Fire is to stream for the great Greek Church. On the south side, the fire outlet for the Armenians, who will light the Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian tapers. This Chapel of the Sepulchre seems to soar, verily, above the packed-in mass of pilgrims around it. Behind this long line gleams the Turkish soldiery—to keep order. Directly behind their scarlet fez another circle, wedged-in of pilgrims.

For fully two hours there is a very awful silence. You hear only the sigh of expectation from the great, gaunt throng around the sacred chapel. Suddenly, the circles reel and sway. A tangled group within the inner zone starts to run in a frenzy of long-sustained suspense. The delirium is communicated. Twenty, thirty, fifty, one hundred men are tossing one another up; they are leaping up to each other's shoulders. The cry, "This is the Tomb of Jesus Christ!" is taken up, voice after voice, by the whole throng, till the swaying, reeling belts of beings begin a torrent, a storm, a whirl around the whole great rotunda. It is a maelstrom of men. It swirls a huge vortex around the Chapel of the Sepulchre. That chapel is in awful silence still; but presently to be the great central syllable of all. Yonder, from out the Greek Church, streams an embroidered procession. Its solemn chant and cadences that have echoed from the Cayster to the Tiber, that have thundered from the throne of Constantine to the Battle of Navarino, mingle with the yelling of the voices of the pilgrim-mob. This mob drives the Turkish soldiers from the church. Its on-seething rush bears the Greek Patriarch Damianos from within the procession toward that still silent Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. And its door is shut.

The rotunda is now an uproar like the oceanic phases and phrases of Homer. Hundreds of bare arms are stretched out toward that silent Chapel of the Sepulchre off there. Still it speaks not. Beside the aperture a Greek priest stands waiting.

Suddenly a bright flame flashes across the tiny window. The sustained excitement of the next few moments will never be forgotten as long as life lasts. The fire is caught by the pale-faced priest. And slowly, grandly, gradually—then quickening as the burning of sunrise on the sea, the sacred fire leaps from wave to wave of humanity, kindling from taper to taper, caught from hand to hand, till the whole Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a sheet of fire, an acreage of flame. Every candle has a voice, and the tremblings of the traveling light are only the shuddering sobs and cries and thanksgivings of the loving, pathetic throng who believe that God Himself has descended upon the holy tomb within the silent darkness of the sepulchre, and once again across a world said, "Let there be Light!"

Amidst the oriental confusion, the clamor, the color, the riot of devotion, the Greek patriarch Damianos is borne out of the church on the shoulders of the pilgrims, in a half-fainting state. And it is at this moment that to a horseman at the gates is given the sacred fire to bear quickly to the lamps around the Silver Star in the midnight cave of the Nativity of Bethlehem—the lamps that are never extinguished. It is at this moment that still another horseman gallops rapidly away from the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre, bearing the lighted taper northwards to Jaffa, to the ships that are swinging at anchor in its harbor, waiting to bear the Holy Fire to Russia, to the shrines afar on her desolate Siberian Steppes, and to the patriarchs Spiridon of Antioch, Konstantinos of Constantinople, and to Sophronius of Alexandria.

When evening comes, the pilgrims throng back into the church, and, like children in a father's home, lie down to sleep within the great rotunda's calm. They are waiting for the midnight service. You, too, return to think and ponder—and to pray. For, strange and barbaric, isolated as is this scene of to-day from any experience in your life, it has stirred the deep consciousness within, that upon this historic pavement is the grip of the actual world upon a great Idea; and the grasp of the soul upon a great Ideal, who said, "I am the Light of the World!"—Lucy Cleveland

JESUS APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE.

From the painting by Burnand.

"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils."

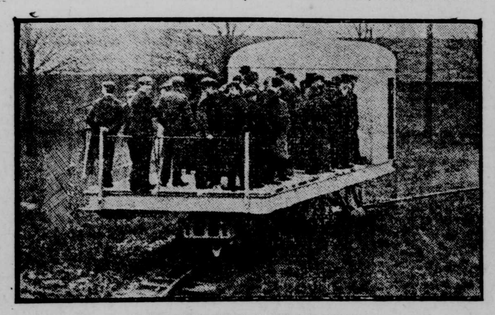
"And she went and told them that had been with Him, as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that He was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not."

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF THE MONO-RAIL ABROAD

Nearly two years have passed since Mr. Louis Brennan displayed before a body of English engineers a working model of a railway car exemplifying the features of the gyroscopic mode of locomotion. He has now demonstrated in a fashion quite conclusive to the scientific press of Europe that all the claims then made for the mono-rail are practically realized. Intense interest has therefore been awakened in the prospect of soon propelling railroad cars on a single line of rail laid on the ground. They will be maintained upright by means of gyroscopic control, and, in the light of the demonstration just made, they will turn sharp curves and ascend steep gradients. Apart from this gyroscopic control, the railroad cars would capsize. Mr. Brennan imparts stability to his vehicles, as London Engineering notes, through the same principle which we see on its grandest scale when Nature steadies the movements of the heavenly bodies in their orbits. The earth revolves on its own axis, our contemporary explains, says, Current Literature, "in the same direction as you deal a hand at cards or pass the port, from right to left." It also moves on its orbit around the sun in the same direction.

"But besides these two movements there is a third, which was discovered by the Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in Bithynia about 160 to 125 B. C. He made several important contributions to scientific knowledge, but by far the most valuable one, which he must have obtained by analyzing the Chaldean observations recorded for the previous 1500 years, was that the axis of the earth has a special top-like motion—known as 'precession'—in the opposite direction to that in which the earth itself rotates. If you mount a gyroscope, or magic top (a flywheel within a ring), upon a long pair of spindle-legs with pointed extremities, which will not hold themselves upright when the flywheel is at rest, you will find that rotating the flywheel keeps the whole structure steady. By degrees, of course, the outer circle increases its precession to a point at which a fall is inevitable; but, as Lord Kelvin pointed out, 'hurry on the precession and the top rises.' That is to say, in this kingdom of anomalies we are investigating, if you increase a movement which would, unaided, have produced a fall, you actually prevent that fall from taking place.

"The peculiar property of 'gyrostatic domination' has been known, therefore, to exist. But Mr. Brennan is the first to investigate fully those stresses which it causes in the spindle-legs of the instrument I have described, and he is the first to discover a practical way of automatically 'hurrying the precession' in a manner which enables a machine containing his invention to keep its own balance under all conditions.



THE MIRACLE OF BALANCE.

Turning a corner with the utmost ease and at considerable speed during the experiments in England a few weeks ago, the Brennan mono-rail demonstrated before a large party of engineers the feasibility, from a commercial standpoint, of this gyroscopic mode of locomotion. The tests were conducted with the greatest ease, owing to the perfection attained in the balancing mechanism, which remains perfectly under the control of the operator. The cost of construction of railroads per mile will be reduced one-half by this invention, and the cost of operation by fully two-thirds.

Criminals and Drink.

Dr. Albert Wilson, the brain specialist, described the results of his recent work in a lecture before the members of the Society for the Study of Inebriety recently.

"Although alcohol is so great a problem in crime, I could fill the platform with criminals who are teetotallers," said Dr. Wilson. "A particularly accomplished criminal told me the other day that he must keep entirely away from drink when planning a crime. Another, however, said that he required a little stimulant just to help him carry out a 'job.'"

Dr. Wilson told a story of Berry, the late executioner. After carrying out five hundred executions he became so sympathetic toward criminals that he gave up hanging and became a temperance missionary. Talking of the magnitude of crime, the lecturer said that a million persons are arrested in this country every year. Three hundred thousand, equal to the population of a large town, are sent to prison, while crime costs us £6,000,000 a year.—London Daily Mail.

Comparisons Are Dangerous.

"A chap told me this morning that I looked the image of you."

"Where is the idiot? I'll pound the life out of him."

"Too late. I killed him."—New York Times.

Not a Boston Expression.

She—"That's Mr. Osborn over there. He married a million."

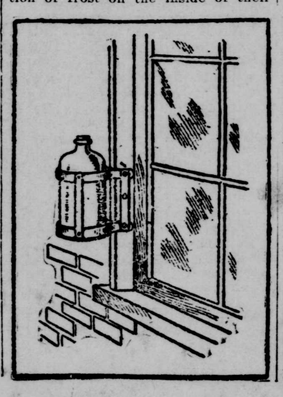
He—"You don't say. Well, that beats Solomon to a frazzle."—Boston Transcript.

CERTAINLY NOT!

Costumer (to customer)—"You must consider, also, madame, that my assistant, being only a poor working girl, cannot give that air of distinction to the dress that you can."

Keeps Windows Clear.

During prolonged cold spells in winter a great deal of annoyance is caused shopkeepers by the accumulation of frost on the inside of their windows, thus obscuring their view. This is the result of the condensation and freezing of the warm air from the store when it comes into contact with the cold window. A Pennsylvania man has invented a ventilating device which solves this difficulty. Holes are bored diagonally through the top sash of the window, slanting downward. Inside is a strip that acts as a deflector, and runs along the length of the window at the top. As the air enters the perforations it strikes this deflector, and following the tendency of cold air to sink is spread along the inner surface of the window pane, thus neutralizing the effect of the warmer air that enters the window from the store. This device detracts in no way from the appearance of a show window. Indeed, the deflector can be made to be ornamental.



The Modern Way.

"Fortune no longer knocks at a man's door," remarked the moralizer.

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "One must have an electric doorbell if he wants to be in the push."—Chicago News.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 27.

Subject: Easter—The Empty Tomb, Mark 16:1-8—Commit Verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forever more." Rev. 1:18.

TIME.—Sunday, April 9, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—I. Saturday Night, v. 1. The Jewish Sabbath ended Saturday at sunset. As soon as the day was over the shops opened, and Mary Magdalene and her friends bought spices that they might come at early break of day the next morning to the tomb with the spices they had prepared and anoint the dead body of Jesus. It seems from Matthew's account that they also made a brief visit to the tomb on Saturday night (Matt. 28:1, R. V.).

II. Early Sunday Morning, 2-8. They started for the tomb while it was yet dark (John 20:1). Mary hurried on a little way ahead of the other women and reached the tomb before the sun had risen (John 20:1). The sun had risen before the other women had reached the tomb at early dawn (Mark 16:2; Luke 14:1). The love of these women for their Lord, whom they fancied dead, brought them thus early to His sepulchre to perform for Him the last services that lay in their power. Part of their faith was gone, but all their love remained. Jesus did not need anointing, and they ought to have known it (Matt. 16:21; 20:19). But their service, though mistaken, was acceptable to Jesus, and He rewarded it by a revelation of a glorious truth by angelic messengers. Mary of Bethany was the one who was on time with her anointing (ch. 26:6-18), and she was not in this company. The reason why they did not know that He had left the sepulchre was that they had not listened to and pondered His own words. This is also the reason why we do not know many things about our Lord that we ought to know. None of the men were at the tomb. It was not their superior knowledge but their inferior love that kept them away. They were at home mourning and weeping, and when they were told that the Lord had risen they did not believe it (Luke 24:10, 11; Mark 16:10, 11). The women appeared in a better light than the men in this story. Mary Magdalene was the leader of the women (cf. Matt. 28:1). She had so much done for her (Luke 8:2) that she became the leader in love and in these ministries. The depth and genuineness and unselfishness of the love of these women is seen in their going to serve Jesus at the time when their faith was blighted and they had nothing more to expect from Him (1 Cor. 13:8, R. V.). The eagerness of their love is seen in the early hour that found them at the tomb. Few people get up at such an early hour to perform service for Christ. As they drew nigh to the tomb they recalled the great stone at its mouth and wondered who would roll it away for them (v. 3). If they had been more "practical" they might have thought of that before. But the practical, cool headed, common sense that foresees all difficulties, and therefore sits down and does nothing, does not accomplish as much in this world as the uncalculating, impetuous love that follows its own impulses and plunges ahead and risks the difficulties. The difficulty in this case was great (v. 4; Matt. 27:66), but they went right on, and when they had reached the place the difficulty was gone. God sent His own messenger to open the door for them (Matt. 28:2; cf. Acts 12:10). All the precautions the Jews and Romans had taken to keep the disciples out of the tomb prove vain when God took a hand in the matter (cf. Rom. 8:31). God did not roll away the stone for Jesus to get out (cf. John 20:26), but for the women to get in. There is good reason for supposing that Jesus had been out for some hours, that He arose and left the tomb just at the beginning of the first day of the week, that is, at sunset Saturday evening. That would make just three days and three nights in the tomb (Wednesday night and Thursday, the yearly Passover Sabbath; Thursday and Friday, the preparation for the weekly Sabbath; Friday night and Saturday, the weekly Sabbath). They did not find what they expected in the tomb, the body of the Lord Jesus was not there (Luke 24:3). On entering the tomb they saw a young man sitting on the right side arrayed in a white robe. Later two men stood by them in dazzling apparel (Luke 23:4). When Mary returned to the tomb from the city, the two angels were sitting, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain (John 20:12). The women were overwhelmed with perplexity. If they had not forgotten Jesus' words, the true solution would have occurred to them at once. The angel soon gives it in one of the gladdest messages this old world ever heard, "He is risen. He is not here." He then bids them see for themselves and then go and tell others. Definite experience must precede effective testimony. The women might naturally have wished to linger around the sepulchre where the Lord's body had so recently rested, and where so great a wonder had been enacted, but they were to go (and go quickly) and tell others (cf. Matt. 28:7). There is a wonderful touch of tenderness in the 7th verse in the two little words, "and Peter." Why "and Peter?" Was he not one of the disciples? Yes, the leader of the company. Why, then, "and Peter?" Because Peter had denied his Lord three times with oaths and curses, and if the message had just come to "the disciples," poor, broken hearted, backslidden Peter would have thought he was not included. But the Lord in His tenderness and compassion bids them through His angel to go and tell His disciples, and who ever you tell, be sure you tell Peter. It is deeply significant that this little touch is found only in the Gospel of Mark, which is, by common consent, Peter's Gospel, Mark acting as amanuensis.

WHERE SHE WOULD FIND HIM.

He (warningly, after curtain lecture)—"Some day you'll say too much, Mary, and I'll get mad and disappear."

She (disdainfully)—"Oh, well, I could find you if I wanted to; you'd be in the fish market."

He (curiously)—"The fish market?"

She (convincingly)—"Yes; that's the place to find lobsters."—Chicago News.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Topic—Getting Ready to Live Forever. Eccl. 12: 1-7. (Easter Meeting.)

Paul's longing. Phil. 1: 21-26.
Our earthly house. 2 Cor. 5. 1-5.
Job's triumphant faith. Job. 19: 25-27.
Hezekiah's view of death. Isa. 38: 1-22.
Paul's view of death. 1 Cor. 15: 42-55.
Christ's own view. John 14: 27, 28.

God is always remembering us, and if he should forget us for an instant, in that instant we should perish; why do we not think more about Him? (v. 1.)

Do we live as if this world were our home, or are we really homesick for heaven? (v. 5.)

Our bodies are of the earth and perish, but we are to have bodies just the same, and they will lack no beauty or power (v. 7.)

God gave us the body as well as the spirit, and we should be with God as well while in the body as when we leave it (v. 7.)

Thoughts.

We are sure of our immortality; the only question is where we are to pass it, and in what condition.

We cannot get ready for eternity if we refuse to think of it and shrink from the very idea.

Only One has come from that eternity into our human life, and we can learn about eternity from Him alone.

Some say that living today is the only preparation for eternity. That is true, but we can live well today only by living in view of eternity.

If we knew that in ten years we should be transported to Mars, how greatly would our plans be changed! But in less than ten years we may be transported to a world that is farther than Mars.

Earth passes as a bubble, but it is solid enough for us to found all our eternity upon it.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MARCH 27.

Christ's Resurrection and the Christian Conception of Life—(Rom. 6. 8-11.)

Verse 8. To have died with Christ is to have separated ourselves from the old sinful life, and to have attached ourselves finally and definitely to him. That separation must be so complete as to be practically a death. By death Christ finally crowned his life's refusal to yield to sin, and he has left us an example, that we should follow in his steps.

Verse 9. The death of Christ ended his struggle with sin, and he needed not to fight the battle over. By that he became perfect as our Teacher and Lord, and his resurrection is at once proof of his triumph and pledge that his power will be given us in our conflict against the old sinful life.

Verse 10. "He liveth unto God." In that phrase is the idea of communion, the idea of service, the idea of holiness. And these ideas are meant for us as well as for our Saviour. We also are to live unto God.

Verse 11. If we reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin, as Christ died unto sin, and alive unto God, through the power of his resurrection, we shall find that the resurrection is at the very heart of all our Christian fellowship, service, and life. As is shown below, everything vital in our religion depends on this. Great Christian fruits grow out of it. Advantage for all life, today and tomorrow, is gained when we, like Christ, are dead to sin and alive to righteousness.

CHEETAH AND CHILD.

It would create a longing in the breast of old Anglo-Indians to be back in India if they knew of the havoc tigers and leopards are playing in some parts of Bengal and the United Provinces.

Near the Terai jungles the tigers seem to have grown very bold, and recently there were reports of three or four men having been killed by a single man-eater. In the Nadia district in Bengal the conditions, according to a correspondent, are worse. The village of Guptipara is infested with tigers, and the villagers are forced to remain indoors after dusk.

This state of affairs is possibly due to the fact that there are very few Anglo-Indian sportsmen, nowadays, who go out after big game. Besides the risks, it is an expensive hobby and takes up too much time. The natives are also inclined to exaggerate in these things, and it is possible that the passing of a tiger through a village has been magnified, in some cases, into a raid.

A curious story comes from Ceylon, for instance, where a "cheetah" had carried away a child, and the mother found it safe in the den. The missing child was, of course, taken home, but the "cheetah" apparently had become attached to the child and visited the house at night. It is stated—and the correspondent vouches for the truth of the story—that the "cheetah" roused the whole neighborhood by his attempts to enter the house.

A true incident is, however, reported from Ajodhyr, where a Hindu priest was made a prisoner, with his family, in a temple by a leopard. The animal entered the priest's house, but the latter took refuge in the temple. The leopard climbed up a tamarind tree near the temple and kept watch. It was shot by a government official.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Safe That Baffled Experts.

A safe that contained records of the Logan County infirmary has been closed fourteen years. Experts from all parts of the country have worked on it and employes from different safe factories have endeavored to get it open, but all gave up and it was finally thought that it would be necessary to break it to secure the records it contained.

D. D. Smucker, a Bellefontaine man, offered to try the job. He turned it over on its back and after a short time opened the rusty door, which had not been locked at all.—Bellefontaine Correspondence Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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