



He Is Not Here; He Is Risen

Holy Week in Rome

Wonderful Easter Services Held in Old St. Peter's

By Dora Greenwell McChesney

Inexhaustible in its mystic significance, the Holy Week in Rome, however familiar to the memory or imagination, stirs always a renewed wonder in those who witness it.

Above all else Rome is a city of memories. The walls and arches of imperial days, the Renaissance palaces, and the churches which mark every step in the long march from primitive Christianity to papal supremacy—these stamp themselves on the mind. The incongruous modern elements are as transitory in their impression as is the whirling dust from a motor car blown past the tombs on the Appian Way.

The walls of Aurelian, the statue of Marcus Aurelius, benignant on the capitol, the august disarray of the Forum—these are actual and imperishable. So, too, is the spacious splendor of St. Peter's, with its solemn sequence of ritual, in which, as the Holy Week advances, so mystic and superb a drama of divinity is enacted.

There are many moods in which to approach the great Easter services in the great papal city, from that of the devotee to whom the ever-burning lamps round the apostle's tomb mark a spot only less sacred than that of the casual sight-seer, who flutters his Baedeker unabashed through the awful mystery of the mass. Perhaps those do not see least of the significance who look on the magnificent ceremonies with a haunting consciousness of Rome's twofold greatness, and who never quite lose sight of the city of the Caesars in the city of the saints.

It is impossible even to approach St. Peter's, where most of us choose to see the services, in spite of the rival claims of the Lateran, mother of churches—it is impossible to reach the curving colonnades and mighty front without passing by memorials of an earlier, hostile life and creed. Perhaps in driving thither the wanderer may catch a glimpse of the immortal pair, the Great Twin Brethren, who guard in stone the stairs to the capitol. Or, it may be, the shattered, majestic columns of the temple of Mars Ulpior have lifted for a moment their stern memorial of Caesar's death and Augustus' vengeance.

Once within St. Peter's, however, conflicting memories fall away, lost, as in all sense of minor faults in the building itself, in the impression of vastness, of an all-enfolding and all-reconciling hospitality. That hospitality is taxed by the crowds which gather for the services of Holy Week. Palm Sunday initiates the series of elaborate ceremonies with its beautiful rite of blessing the palms. A motley throng it is which streams up the wide steps and gathers about the altar above which glows in a golden halo the holy dove. There are the foreign sight-seers, of course, made evident by their camp-stools and red guide-

books, but there are also soldiers in picturesque variety of uniform, priests wearing their black draperies in the classic folds which recall the toga, shepherds from the Campagna, bearded and wild-eyed in their sheepskins; pilgrims from far countries with the fixed visionary gaze of those who look on their sacred places after long desire.

Sacred indeed is the spot to those who hold the faith of Rome. In front of the high altar with its baldachino—the twisted bronze columns towering up superbly, yet dwarfed by the firmament of the dome above—burn the golden, never-dying lamps which mark the resting place, so tradition says, of the apostle.

But on Palm Sunday the attention is fixed on the altar in the Cappella Giulia, and the pressure of the eager people increases cruelly as the baskets of palms are set down by the altar stairs and the canons slowly move to their places. The priests are in violet, the Lenten color. The deep hue brightened by wonderful interweaving of gold and silver, and the crucifix on the altar is also violet-veiled. There is no organ music, and the deep notes of the chanting swell with a strange solemnity through the echoing vaults.

At last the solemn final word and gesture of blessing have been given, and one by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches. Then the olive, which is given in their stead to the people, is brought forward in great sheaves, and a priest in gold-embroidered violet robe holds out the silvery branches to the hands which reach and clutch for them, till all the nearest of the throng have received their portion and pass on twigs to those behind. Peace and blessing is that olive to bring to those who reverently receive the gleaming leaves. The distribution completed, the cardinal and canons with their attendant train move in stately procession down the church, out into the portico, and so back to the altar. They bear aloft, with the tall tapered and the shrouded crucifix, the golden palm branches; not simple boughs such as were cast

before Christ by the people of Jerusalem. These are fantastically dipped and twisted till they look more like furled standards, a significant touch in that church which is so ready to turn the martyr symbol into the conquering banner.

DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY.

FRIENDSHIP TRIBUTE.



Mrs. Hitt (trying her gorgeous East-er bonnet)—How do you like the effect?
Mrs. De Witt—Why, it's wonderful. You have the right idea. There's nothing like contrasts, is there?

Famed as Cat Photographer.
A Boston woman photographer makes a feature of her cat photographs and has an exhibition in her studio of the pampered cats of Back Bay that is attracting much attention. There are probably more of these pampered cats in Boston than in any other city in the country.

Quite the Reverse.
"Come into the dining-room, Mary, and get some of the sweets papa brought home."
"Thank you, but I have to go up stairs and take my bitters."

THE CHRIST

By Charles Eugene Banks



Upon a circle of the sands
Chat front the round, desiring sea,
I sit alone with folded hands
Chinking on film of Galilee.
How like a perfect lily grows
His love in this o'er-silfish world,
His glory no distinction knows
But is for all alike unfurled.
You trustful gull that rocking sleeps
Upon the heaving ocean's breast,
His closely in his heart he keeps
As we who have his name confessed.
The tiger in the jungle weaves
A perfect rindure on his coat,
And clear among the budding leaves
The wild bird spheres his liquid note.
The curving mountain ranges grace
The arching azure's magic rim,
And in the dewdrop's form I trace
The same perfection born of Him.
Enwrapped within its seed the rose
Awaitis the word unquestioning
Cill everywhere the toms unclose
In resurrection of the spring.
In Him is all the joy we know,
The way, the life, the final goal,
The fount of Love whose outward flow
Is never-ending birth of Soul.



HORTICULTURE



THE DIBBLE.

Make Quick Work of Transplanting by Its Use.

The transplanting peg is a little known implement. It would be profitable to many to form its acquaintance. By its much profit and pleasure can be derived from the garden. To transplant by making holes in the ground with your finger is as crude as to cultivate with your hand instead of a hoe or plow.

The rapidity of an expert in setting plants with a peg is a surprise to the novice. I have had men peg in 20 plants to the minute or 1,200 in an hour. Steel pegs are for sale, but a wooden one costs nothing and is far better. As plants are of different kinds and sizes, I find different sizes and shapes of pegs necessary, so I whittle the pegs to suit the kind of plants I am setting.

The right use, and the rapid use, of the peg will gradually be learned by practice. If the ground is too wet, dirt will stick to the peg; if too dry, it will fall back into the hole when the peg is removed. In either case, this can be avoided by giving the peg a twist as it is removed from the hole. Sometimes the hole is too small to admit the plant. This can be overcome by wabbling the peg while making the hole.

When the plant is inserted, continue the writer in Farm and Home, the dirt should be pressed firmly about it with the peg. This is done by a movement of the wrist, in which the peg is thrown from an upright position to a sharp slant, so that while the point of the peg has pressed the dirt on the far side of the plant, the side of the peg, by a semi-circular movement of the hand, has pressed the dirt on the right and on the side next to you. This movement is not easily learned.

To gain rapid movement practice by counting four. When you say one, pick up the plant with the left hand; two, make the hole with the right; three, insert plant with the left; four, press the dirt about the plant with the right. Begin very slowly and increase the movement until you are planting as fast as you can count. You will be surprised how quickly you attain this speed.

A HOME PARK.

Suggestions for Laying Out One on Your Farm.

There are at present many neatly kept farmsteads. The attention of the writer is always attracted by their inviting appearance, and, when driving with people who are interested, he usually comments on tenants or owners. A tidy, well-arranged farmstead is evidence of refinement as well as prosperity. The farmer who spends his spare time in town and many of his evenings in company with saloon patrons rather than at home rarely has time to keep the yards and buildings looking tidy. A fat bank account is coveted by many farmers who have struggled for years with a mortgage and its money-consuming interest payments. When the prize is attained they keep it a secret for fear the assessor will list it for taxation. Why not invest some of the surplus money in making the home grounds attractive and enjoyable for the family rather than depositing the same in a bank where even its association is lost to the owner?

A home park or commodious lawn is a thing of beauty and should be a part of many farmsteads where good buildings are located on ranches that contain many acres. A landscape gardener should be employed to lay out the land to be dedicated to this purpose, says the writer in the North western Agriculturist. The expense of his services will be small when compared to the pleasing effect his professional skill can suggest and produce in the arrangement of the drives, walks, trees, shrubs, flowers, etc. Of course this is not entirely necessary, but it will add much to the attractive appearance of large grounds.

A park-like effect may be produced in a small way by constructing a few rustic arbors, mounds for flowers and hedges of evergreens, to define the boundary of the grounds, drives, walks, etc. These spring-like days are suggestive of planting time. We feel quite sure all of our readers are preparing to do more or less re-planting this spring. Why not anticipate a home park and order a generous supply of evergreens, shrubs, flowering roots, bulbs, etc., to plant in the same for a starter?

The material for the rustic arbors can be procured from the wood lot on the farm or in the timber at a distance. One load of poles will make a commodious arbor, which should be located so near the house that when it is covered with vines for shade it will become a resting place for members of the family, especially the women folk when they are preparing vegetables and fruits for the table. A canopy-top swinging lawn chair is also an attractive as well as comfortable piece of furniture for the home park. The same is true of hammocks, rustic chairs, merry-go-rounds, etc., for young and old.

A smooth croquet ground should also be provided for the benefit of the family and visiting neighbors. Lawn tennis is a favorite game for the ladies who are at home in the cities. It is equally good out-of-door exercise for women in the country. Consider the making of a home park as a part of the spring work this year. Don't attempt to complete the proposed improvement in one year, but begin the planning at once.

HIS WHEAT WENT 22 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

HE REALIZED \$18 PER ACRE FROM IT, WHILE OATS GAVE HIM \$17 AN ACRE.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Nov. 18th, 1907. Writing from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Mr. S. K. Rathwall says: "I have much pleasure in saying that on my farm this year I had 500 acres in wheat, and 120 acres in oats. My wheat averaged about 22 bushels per acre, and I had 200 acres cut before the frost, which I sold at 85 cents per bushel, thus realizing on that wheat \$18.00 per acre, not counting cost of twine, seed and labor. With regard to the other 300 acres of wheat, it got touched with frost but is worth 60 cents per bushel. It will net me \$18.00 per acre, but I do not intend to sell it at that price, as I can make more money by feeding it to hogs. "My oats turned out about 50 bushels to the acre, and at 35 cents per bushel will give me \$17.00 to the acre, not counting seed, twine and labor. "On account of the late spring, a percentage of the grain was touched with frost, but on account of good prices, farmers will realize a fair profit on their farms even this year. We are as usual up against a shortage of cars to get our grain removed."

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.



"Pardon my question, but how do you know your wife doesn't wish you to take out insurance?"
"Well, I'll tell you. She's got a notion I'm going to survive her and that it will be collected by No. 2."

HOW TO APPLY PAINT.

Greatest care should be taken when painting buildings or implements which are exposed to the weather, to have the paint applied properly. No excellence of material can make up for carelessness of application, any more than care in applying it can make poor paint wear well.

The surface to be painted should be dry and scraped and sandedpapered hard and smooth. Pure white lead should be mixed with pure linseed oil, fresh for the job, and should be well brushed out, not frowed on thick. When painting is done in this manner with National Lead Company's pure white lead (trade marked with "The Dutch Boy Painter") there is every chance that the job will be satisfactory. White lead is capable of absolute test for purity. National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York, will send a testing outfit free to any one interested.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.



Voice (in a plaintive whisper)—Do! Just one, Maude!

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

First Had Itching Rash—Threatened Later With Blood-Poison in Leg—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

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There isn't much hope for a deaf man who is unable to hear the noise of a paper dollar.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that I am equal partner of the firm of P. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of BAKER'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1907.
[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Baker's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sent by mail for 50 cents. P. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. The "Baker's Catarrh Pills" for constipation.

Virtue is the first quality to be considered in the choice of a friend—Johnson.



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"One ounce Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris Root Compound; half pint high grade whiskey. Mix and use a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time. The bottle must be well shaken each time." Toris Root Compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago.

The good effect of this treatment is said to become apparent after the first few doses and that it is a remarkable system builder and renovator.

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Spot Cash for Your Cream.
Top market prices always. MILTON DAIRY CO., St. Paul.

If better were within, better would come out.—Danish.

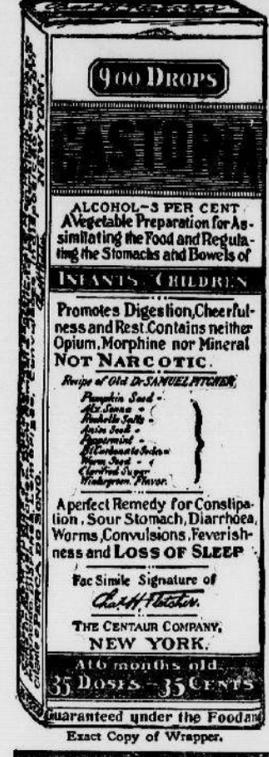
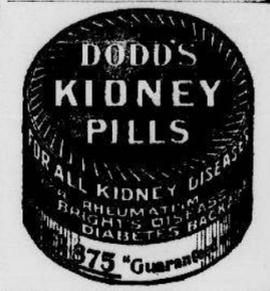
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Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Less Apt to Break.
"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," quoted the moralizer.
"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "it's safer to drink out of a tin bucket."

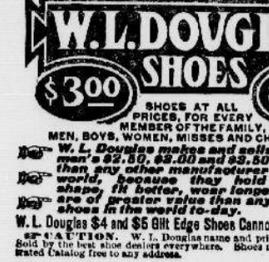
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The ancestor of every action is a thought.—Emerson.



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