

The Significance of Easter

By C. C. GOODWIN

For unknown centuries before the coming of Christ, the nations of the ancient world celebrated the season when winter seemed to have lost his hold upon the earth, and the promise of another spring and another harvest was apparent on the earth and in the softened air.

When the Master arose from the Sepulchre it was natural for Christians to put a new significance upon the day, for to the hope of the spring and the harvest was added the hope of life beyond this life—the breaking of the chains of the grave, the touching and warming to life the palor on the cheek of the dead, the starting to life of the pulses that had ceased to beat. Before, there had been vague dreams of a possible immortal life to men, but they were founded on little evidence except the natural recoil from the thought that a merciful Creator had given life to men and drawn around it wonderful joys and often had crowned it with ineffable glories, only after a brief season, it should crumble back to dust.

But when in immortal radiance the angel had said to the heart-wrung woman: "Him whom you seek is not here; He is risen," then earth and heaven alike were thrilled; then mortals thought they saw it was possible for "this mortal to put on immortality," and realized that the death of winter and resurrection of spring had, through the centuries, been but typical of man's life and death and his awakening from the dead with all life's infirmities left in the deserted grave.

So with a new solemn joy they turned to celebrate the day the coming of which was now more than ever the symbol of a life to be after the chill and the darkness had been passed.

So they went about the streets exclaiming, "The Lord is risen." So there were loving greetings among friends; so enmities were forgotten for that day; so they dressed their altars with spring blooms, and with joyous hearts spread their feasts and pledged their happiness and hopes in brimming cups.

For centuries the day has been increasing in significance; with every year the mystery of an after life seems less and less profound, for science and invention and increasing wisdom but accentuate the hope that took on real substance nearly two thousand years ago.

The miracles of the steam and electric engines; the marvel of printing and the perfecting press; the seizing of a great river, wresting from it its power and transmitting that power for hundreds of miles; the putting of a girdle around about the earth in forty minutes; the transmitting of a human voice for hundreds of miles along a wire, so that above the roar of raging winds and beating storms it can be heard with absolute distinctness, like the "still small voice" which followed the earthquake and the hurricane that swept and rocked the mountain; the latest miracle through which a disabled ship far out to sea can on the viewless air alone send the story of its disaster; the wonder of the anesthetic that can suspend brain and nerves, and make a prostrate form insensible to pain—all these things make the possibility of an awakening from that phenomenon which we call death seem less and less improbable.

More, too, they have given such new ideas of the capacities of the human mind that men feel as they never did before that they are in the very anteroom of that palace of light where light is brewed; that light which our electric light is but a particle stolen from its high source, and which reflects the greater glory even as the sun is reflected where one of his beams turns to gold a drop of dew.

That "man is but a little lower than angels" is becoming a fixed belief, and that our life here is but a link in a chain of endless progression which gathers in splendor as it advances; that its furthest terminal is amid the stars, is crystallizing more and more.

Then for the memories it awakens, for the hope it engenders and emphasizes, Easter should be the most welcome of sacred days; a day to be hailed with joy, on which all that is beautiful in song should be spoken, all that delicious in music should be rendered; organ and choir should respond to it and the hearts of men should be glad.

And if on such a day, in such a spot as this, one material thought crosses our minds, it should be that the more beautiful men can make this earth, the fairer they can make their cities and their habitations, the more acceptable will be their work to that great Architect who framed the universe, and from whose hand satellites and planets and suns fall perfect in the rhythm of the universe, and all lighted with His glory.

his salary than of the best interests of his employer.

This disposition shines out through a man with the result that he is the last one to be promoted; the last one to be considered when there is a chance for bettering some one's condition. We like to see men fight for fair wages and reasonable hours, but these obtained, we hate to see men assume an attitude which set to words would say: "Is there no little grab through which a petty graft on the company can be made?"

NOTHING like the joy-song of Sisyphus in hell was ever heard on earth until the unterrified began to enjoy Jeffersonian banquets on earth.

Sisyphus explained that if he ever hurled the stone over the summit where dawned Elysian Fields, his labors would be finished; if he did not he still would have left him his everlasting hope. The Democracy must have taken on that same hope.

The Cliff Dwellers Country

THE D. & R. G. Railroad company has taken an article from the Denver Times of last August, rearranged it in a folder and is sending it out to explain to people that the best route to

the country of the ancient cliff dwellers is from a point on the D. & R. G. road and thence over the Mesa Park new great boulevard by automobile. The article explains that more than six thousand tourists went over that route last year to visit the park in southwestern Colorado and the cliff dwellers' ancient home.

This is most commendable, but the D. & R. G. road runs through Utah as well as Colorado, and there are more ancient homes of the cliff dwellers in Utah than in Colorado.

Is not the mere statement of the above facts enough to give Utah and her road builders an inspiration? Beside the cliff dwellers, the glory of the great Colorado river canyon is close by the home of Utah's original pioneers. But the state of Colorado has helped to make a smooth road to her ruins and to uncover them so that they can be seen. And private citizens of Colorado have helped, and then to hear Colorado men tell of the wonders they possess is calculated to make the outsider conclude that when Colorado was created the Great Architect had reserved most of what was beautiful and wonderful and grand in His laboratory and had lavished them all on Colorado.

The truth is that a short road, easily built, in

southeastern Utah, would lead to things that would make the grandest of Colorado's scenery look like 30 cents by comparison. It would likewise bring some of the finest fruit and celery land in the world in reach of a market. Some arrangement should be made to have that road built.

Just Common Sense

IF every university and high school in the republic would make arrangements to have military training a part of the regular course for all their male students, beginning with the next term, by the close of next spring's term those students would in the aggregate be a good-sized army, and would be advanced enough to drill a million or two raw recruits in the first duties of soldiers. Could this be done all students coming later would expect like treatment and in five years a partially trained army of a million of men would be distributed through the states, the great majority of whom would be ready at any time to spring to the country's defense. This would not beget militarism, but it would engender a confidence which no foreign bullying would in the least disturb. And the cost would be but a trifle.