Article written for the Independent
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Suspict
"The Lord is gracious"
"The Lord is risien."
Matt 25/90.
For "The Independent"
of Beauty, Hope & Gladness, and make her name everlasting. The Beauty of a Person Lord. The hope that he introduced into the world and the joy from his living again brings to every other brother soul.

One cannot deny the other name so well his schemes enough to win. Several dangers. Papers - Magazines - less resources. Few words merely translate the Hebrew Passage. The Blood sprinkled on the door posts saved the house from the first-born.

From blood sprinkled - shed in human to the Salvation. But how does it connect with the Resurrection?

The festival of Easter is growing upon the world. Gentiles gather together almost with us.
Perhaps to some minds which cannot forget the things that are behind. The reaper, redemption, always reminds us of the shedding of blood at the death. In the old prayer book in his chapel a large number of pictures were all around on the walls representing our Lord on the cross coming to, on the cross, being taken down from the cross wrapped for the tomb. Being asked why he did not have some more joyous, more up-lifting-like pictures. The resurrection. The apostle said: 

"The Church is too poor!" Let us rejoice that the Church is getting richer.
Knowing how it comes about, we use the day to garner hope and
furnish new joy, new gladness, new hope. Christ is risen, a man,
or rather brother, a man from the dead. As he is now, so shall we
be. He has his spiritual body. He has prepared places for his children
and will come to them. Bring them
surely unto himself. What a
gift to men and women and children.
A Resin Releaser! Let them
Now give emblematic gifts one
unto another. And in this
mote shall be left out. Carry his
glad tidings of hope and joy to dark corners
and sick beds. We, professing Christians,
can now rest knowing that the Roman, Greek
and American brethren have not been allowed to monopolize

able of these Church festivals

Christians or Easter.

What a strange thing under the

swim was that old controversy between

the Christians of Jerusalem and those

of Palestine about Jesus

caring the time when the

Easter-day would come. The

Jerusalemites held tenaciously to the day of the

month according to the Paschal reckoning

while the Hellenistic Gentile-descended

Christians as strenuously insisted that

the festival must come on a Sunday.

Naturally men did little drink, arise

on Christmas and neglect the worship

parts of the law. They did that still.
They will divide on a question of whether to go among the sick and
afflicted in their homes, in sickness and poverty, to
meet their needs and minister to them. Thousands
raise a watch during the night.

They could gain them. But at last
common sense has prevailed—and
all Christmas morning people agreed to celebrate this Russian
festival on a Day of Our
Lord. The Greek & the Russian
have a different Sunday.

If following a Calendar of the
Old Style—They have a day—all
night. We Westerners have a day
all night. It is to the Lord we
all look while we remain ourselves.
of this Resurrection — and of what
this means to all humanity.

People are brought into
close contact with one another. Old days,
when communication was so
rare and so difficult, are
long gone. The news, now,
can go around the world almost at once.

The newspapers,
offering reports of your living
friends. And the newspapers
broach the issues with their daily recitals
of revenge and murder,
assassinations, and other crimes. Again and
again, I hear the sad lament: "The
world is growing worse; surely crime
and sin are on the increase!"

As a harbinger of hope, a hope that
things are not really as bad as
They seem, we have the festivities of Easter and Christmas. They preach a Cheaper Gospel — and millions are listening to this Gospel.

Yes, sin abounds, but grace abounds much more abundantly for an all-sufficient Savior has risen from the dead, and sits there. We may be a people of mercy, forgiveness, mercy, kindness, and great solemn gladness. Let us all lift up our eyes and behold Him.
Boys who lived in the interior of Maine fifty years ago knew little or nothing of Christmas or Easter.

The writer recalled years to December first in the old kitchen meeting house which lifted its spire as a landmark for the whole township. There were few said anything concerning a Christmas festival, and in fact the minister, Elder Wilson, the Deacon and the mother believed that the new year in the town did not properly include festivals or saint days. Boys there did take a holyday some times in April. This day was an apprized "fast day" and marked in our memories as a token.
The youth met somewhere in
the neighborhood for sports as
all sports besides ball or to hunt,
as round ball. The smaller animals
looked on or played along in "tree
old entie" or "ham-tiek," so
sum "fast-day." That is, any
day appointed by the master of the
stock as a "day for fasting and
prayer." It became, especially in
country places, a great occasion
to a "brassade muster" or an
"independence day." After this
old time, feel "fast," what one abstains
from eating cannot well be enforced.
But growing boys, somebody who
must do the double duty of eating to live
and eating to grow, seem much hungrier.
After this delightful fast there was no
"Easter festival." The writer was thirteen.
[Handwritten text not legible due to quality of the image]
Mama, only before the entrance, I
saw an Episcopal Church. The first thing
I noticed were accessories, especially the
rosebushes with white roses. The
Episcopalians kept Christmas on
Easter. What a change has come! The
birthday of our Blessed Lord, whether
we have hit on the right day or the
wrong who can tell, is so marked
that the child must be poor indeed
who does not receive a Christmas
gift. How the little hearts flitler with
blessed joy as now comes triple and
snow-kissing, the other elders for
weakened to properly celebrate that another
first, Easter has not yet come up
to Christmas. The nurse, times for
me to be in the Bible, does
me not forget The Resurrection. Still
her Easter eggs, her Easter flowers, her
Easter gifts, cards, are all appropriate.
gifts. dreaming of common so
marchindures in the cities.
 Villages are giving meaning to
the old Roman word “Easter” and
connecting it with “The Risen Savior.”
“Easter” comes like so many other
precious English words straight from
Teutonic myths. Easter is the Goddess
de of Spring. She whose hypersensitive
month, April, was some time
set apart to imagine the teutonic
shape in those old wild times, before
the Serenissim were over the Roman
Empire. They had built for an ethos
but they had crafts. These jurists and those
medically young men. The Goddess
de of Spring in her dutiful months brought
the gladdest of occasions. That was the time
of bright hopes, of building promise.
It was need to take this being, the Victor...
[Handwritten text not legible]