



OUR EASTER SERVICE.



WE present this month a carefully-prepared Easter Service, planned especially for the use of the Christian Endeavor Societies, but equally well adapted to other organizations of young people, as, for instance, Mission Bands, Epworth Leagues, King's Daughters, etc., or for the entire Sunday-school.

The directions given are, of course, only suggestive. Other selections of songs may be made at pleasure. Those chosen are, with one exception — viz., the one given for little children — from Gospel Hymns No. 6.

It is earnestly hoped that the portions of Scripture marked for recitation may be memorized, and be given by some other than the pastor; for this reason: people are accustomed to hearing him read from the Bible, but they are not accustomed to hearing others recite careful selections from it; therefore the impression will be deepened. For a similar reason, a poem has been selected for the pastor to read. The recitations are chiefly for older persons, and because of this, suggestions have

been made as to who shall take them, subject, of course, to the judgment of the Committee who shall have the exercise in charge. The "Resurrection Plant" has a statement of fact connected with it, concerning the finding of a seed in a mummy's hand. This should be given by the one who is to recite the poem.

PANSY.

AN EASTER SERVICE.

DEDICATED TO THE USE OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES; OR FOR YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIETIES OF WHATEVER NAME.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME.

1. INVOCATION.
2. SONG. "Come into His presence with singing." No. 6. Gospel Hymns, No. 104.
3. THE STORY IN PROSE. Selections from the Gospels.
4. THE STORY IN POETRY. Recitation: Hymn for Easter.
5. THE STORY IN SONG. From the Bethlehem manger-home. No. 6. Gospel Hymns, No. 75.
6. THE STORY IN POETRY. Reading: "Easter."
7. THE STORY IN PROSE. Selections from the Gospels.
8. THE STORY IN SONG. "Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!" No. 6. Gospel Hymns, No. 114.
9. RECITATION. "Easter Joys."
10. THE STORY'S MEANING. Recitation: "The Maple-Tree."
11. RECITATION. "The Easter Message."
12. SONG. "Ring out the glad tidings." From Song and Study — p. 84.

13. THE STORY'S PROMISE. *Recitation*: "The Resurrection Plant."
14. THE PROMISE IN PROSE. *Recitation*: *Selections from the New Testament.*
15. * SOLO. "Only Good-night, Beloved." No. 6. *Gospel Hymns, No. 139. Vs. 6, 3, 4.*
16. THE STORY IN FLOWERS. *Recitation*: "Have you seen the leaves?"
17. THE HEART-STORY. *Recitation*. "For Easter."
18. THE SUM OF IT ALL. *Recitation*: *From the Bible.*
19. THE COMMITTAL. *Recitation*: *Christian Endeavor pledge.*
20. SONG. "True-hearted, whole-hearted." No. 6. *Gospel Hymns, No. 105.*
21. BENEDICTION.

The Story in Prose:

And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith to his disciples, sit ye here, while I shall pray.

And, being in agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow.

And — behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him.

And the soldiers led him away — and they clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head.

And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and, bowing their knees, worshiped him.

And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him.

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished — said, "it is finished:" and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

And behold there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor, and he was a good man, and a just:

* The above arrangement of verses — viz., "6, 3, 4," is suggested on account of the peculiar fitness of verse six to immediately follow the recitation.

This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

And he took it down and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in a stone, wherein never man before was laid.

Now the next day — the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate.

Saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, after three days I will rise again.

Command, therefore, that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first.

Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can.

So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.

The Story in Poetry, by a member of the Look-out Committee:

A HYMN FOR EASTER.

In the garden, crimson sweat,
Sleeping friends, and traitor's kiss;
Later yet, a crown of thorns,
Purple robe our Lord adorns;
Hath He come to earth for this?

On the cross, the cruel nails;
Hell hath wrought its deadly will;
Gall to drink; an anguished sigh;
Then the loud, triumphant cry,
"It is finished!" Victory still!

Laid to rest in Joseph's tomb;
Quiet sleep in rock-hewn grave;
Wrapped in spices like a King,
Stone sealed fast with signet ring —
Where is now His power to save?

Sophie Bronson Titterington.

Song by the society, or choir — "From the Bethlehem manger-home."

No. 6. *Gospel Hymns, No. 75.*

The Story in Poetry. (Reading.) By the Pastor.

EASTER.

'Twas night! still night!

A solemn silence hung upon the scene;

The keen, bright stars shone with unclouded

Calm and serene.

[light,

Hushed was the tomb!
The heavy stone before its entrance lay;
No light broke in upon its silent gloom;
No starry ray.

The moonlight beamed;
It hung upon the garden soft and clear;
Around the guard its radiance gleamed
From helm and spear.

The tomb was sealed;
The watch patrolled before its entrance lone;
The bright night every step revealed:
None near the stone.

An angel there
Descended from the calm and tranquil sky;
The glory of his presence filled the air,
All radiantly.

He rolled away
From the still sepulchre the massive stone,
And watching silent till the risen day
He sat thereon.

At break of day
The Saviour burst that cavern's stillness deep,
Rising in conquest from death's shattered
As from a sleep. [sway

He rose as God,
Rose as a mighty victor, strong to save,
Breaking death's silent chain and unseen rod
There in the grave.

He rose on high,
While angels hovered round on soaring wing,
Wresting from the dark grave its victory,
From death its sting.

J. H. Newman.

*The Story in Prose. Recitation by Chairman
of Missionary Committee.*

And behold, there was a great earthquake:
for the angel of the Lord descended from hea-
ven, and came and rolled back the stone from
the door and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his
raiment white as snow.

And for fear of him the keepers did shake,
and became as dead men.

And — Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the
mother of James, and Salome, had bought

sweet spices, that they might come and anoint
him.

And very early in the morning the first day
of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at
the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, Who shall
roll us away the stone from the door of the
sepulchre?

And when they looked, they saw that the
stone was rolled away.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a
young man sitting on the right side, clothed in
a long white garment.

And the angel said unto the woman, Fear
not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which
was crucified.

He is not here; for he is risen, as he said.
Come see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly and tell his disciples that he
is risen from the dead.

*Song by the choir. "Christ hath risen! Hal-
lelujah!"* No. 6. Gospel Hymns. No. 114.

Recitation by the Secretary of the Society.

EASTER JOYS.

Yesterday was it the snow was here,

The whistling winds, and the frozen rime?
But now in the sweet of the rolling year

We have come again to the blithe spring-
time.

The soft green grasses will cover the hills,

The brooks will dance in the golden sun;
We will gather our hands full of daffodils,

And over the fields of the daisies run.

For after the chill of the wintry sleep

The flowers have awakened, the earth is gay,
And the merry birds have returned to keep
The beautiful festal Easter Day.

The world moves on in the equal round

It has kept since Eden; and here we are,
With golden stars on the greening ground,

And silver stars in the sky afar,

Sowing and reaping; the farmer's plough,

The seed in the furrow, the patient hand,

The blossoms that laugh on the waving bough,

And the fruit that ripens over the land.

So after the chill of the wintry sleep

The flowers awake and the earth is gay,

And the merry birds return to keep
The beautiful festal Easter Day.
A twitter of gladness in every nest,
Where the mother broods and the fledgelings
crowd,
And up from the home that we each love best,
The song of joy that is sweet and loud,
The chime of the swinging lily-bells,
And the peal of bells from the tall church
tower,
And the fervent solemn organ swells,
And the grand *Te Deums* hail the hour.
For after the hush of the wintry sleep
The heart of the earth is glad and gay,
And all earth's children haste to keep
The beautiful festal Easter Day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

*The Story's Meaning. Recitation by Chairman
of Lookout Committee.*

THE MAPLE-TREE.

I will tell you a tale of a maple-tree,
Just as the story came to me;
'Tis a story that grew,
And one that is true,
So I thought 'twas the very one for you.

The tree I took my friend to be,
And a very good friend is a maple-tree;
So I watched it while its leaves were green,
And its winged seed-pods swung between;
I watched it daily, yet couldn't have told
Just when the green turned red-and-gold;
Now there came a savage wind one day,
Which blew them, and blew them, and tossed
them away;

And down came the snow, and I sadly said
"Alas! for my beautiful tree that is dead."

But there happened one day in the early spring
To my maple-friend, a very strange thing —
A stirring of life in its hidden root,
Pulsing at last to the topmost shoot!
A farmer walked out in the thawy weather;
'Twas March and "Sugaring-time" together;
So he proceeded my tree to tap,
And into the bucket trickled the sap.
He brought me a maple-cake and said,
"This comes from the tree that you thought
dead!"

So I knew that the little cake was a sign
That leaves would grow on that tree of mine,
That again would the winged seed-pods swing,
And birds would pause on the boughs to sing;
This is the promise God makes to his trees —
And are not his children dearer than these?

Do you remember the story told
How the stone from the Saviour's tomb was
rolled,

And his friends in joy, and the guards in fear
Said, "Christ is risen, he is not here!"
Whenever one of God's children dies
God calls the soul to its home in the skies,
And gives it an angel's body and wings,
Teaching it songs that an angel sings;
Its breath shall be as an angel's breath.
That never again shall it taste of death.
This is the promise God made unto men,
"Though ye must die, ye shall live again!"

Author Unknown.

Recitation by a little child:

THE EASTER MESSAGE.

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices
tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all
things shall be well.

Celia Thaxter.

Song, by little children. Glad Tidings.

From Song and Study — p. 84.

Ring out the glad tidings of glory,
For Jesus our Saviour, is King!
Ring out, happy bells, the sweet story,
Afar o'er the earth let it ring.

Chorus:

All glory to God in the highest,
All glory and honor proclaim,
The Saviour has come to redeem us,
All honor and praise to his name.

Ring far o'er the land and the ocean,
The tidings of peace and good-will,
Let waves of sweet music arising,
All hearts with the melody thrill.

Chorus:

All glory to God in the highest,
All glory and honor proclaim,
The Saviour has come to redeem us,
All honor and praise to his name.

The Story's Promise. Recitation by the Vice-President of the Society.

THE RESURRECTION PLANT.

Among the pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveler, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

Two thousand years ago a flower
 Bloomed lightly, in a far-off land;
 Two thousand years ago its seed
 Was placed within a dead man's hand.
 Before the Saviour came to earth,
 The man had lived and loved and died.
 And even in that far-off time,
 The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
 The dead hand kept its treasure well;
 Nations were born and turned to dust,
 While life was hidden in that shell.

The shriveled hand is robbed at last,
 The seed is buried in the earth;
 When, lo! the life long hidden there
 Into a glorious flower burst forth.

And will not He who watched the seed
 And kept the life within the shell,
 When those He loves are laid to rest,
 Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,
 Just such a form as here we bear,
 Only more glorious far, will rise,
 To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace
 When called to leave this vale of tears,
 For, "In my flesh shall I see God,"
 E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

Mrs. S. H. Bradley.

The Promise in Prose. Recitation by Chairman of Social Committee.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

For if we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go.

The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words:

"Behold, he standeth in the rock-hewn door!
 Thy children shall not die!
 Peace, peace, thy Lord is by;
 He liveth, they shall live, forevermore."

Solo. "Only 'Good-night, Beloved,' not 'Farewell.'"

No. 6. Gospel Hymns, No. 139. Vs. 6, 3, 4.

The Story in Flowers. Recitation for a Junior with her hands full of lilies; or with a single Easter lily.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE LEAVES?

Have you seen the leaves of the Easter flowers?

Pure and white,

Unfolding their petals, one by one,
 To greet the light?

Christ the Lord is fair to see,
 Seated above in his royalty.

Recitation by Chairman of Flower Committee The Committal:
in response to above.

FOR EASTER.

There is no flower a-blooming
 In all my garden space;
 No violet to the sunshine
 Lifts up its lovely face.
 The little lowly blossoms
 Are hid with one accord;
 No lily in its carven cup
 Holds incense for the Lord.

And yet if I may offer
 Pure thoughts perfumed with love;
 If fragrance from a bruised heart
 Like incense floats above;
 If little flowers of meekness
 Shine all along my way,
 I shall not lack a precious gift
 For holy Easter Day.

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

The Sum of It All. Concluding Recitation.
From the Bible. By the President.

He that loveth pureness of heart, the King
 shall be his friend.

Beloved, seeing that ye look for such things,
 be diligent that ye be found of him in peace,
 without spot and blameless.

What doth the Lord thy God require of thee,
 but — to walk in his ways, and to love him,
 and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy
 heart and with all thy soul?

The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man
 looketh on the outward appearance, but the
 Lord looketh on the heart.

But God be thanked that ye have obeyed
 from the heart that form of doctrine which was
 delivered you.

With good will doing service, as the ser-
 vants of Christ, doing the will of God from the
 heart.

Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter
 into the holiest by the blood of Jesus — let us
 draw near with a true heart; in the full assur-
 ance of faith. Let us hold fast the profession
 of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful
 that promised.

And let us consider one another to provoke
 unto love and to good works.

*Here let the Christian Endeavor pledge be re-
 cited in concert by all the members, and immedi-
 ately followed by the hymn: "True-hearted,
 whole-hearted, faithful and loyal."*

No. 6. Gospel Hymns. No. 105.

Here follows the benediction by the pastor.
