

Easter in Russia's Holy City



EASTER festivities, both in the church and the home, last an entire week in Moscow. The principal church service, the most sacred of all the Russian year, begins Saturday night at 11:30, on Easter eve, and lasts throughout the entire night, and, so far as I could perceive, throughout the greater part of Easter. Last year, because of the generous daylight saving in Moscow, this service began at one o'clock Sunday morning and devout worshippers began to assemble long before that hour.

The announcement that the patriarch (the church's highest priest and potentate) was to officiate at the midnight service in the Church of the Redeemer made this church, known as the cathedral, the shrine of the city's religious life for Easter night. The Russian orthodox church was without a patriarch from the time of Peter the Great until 1918, during which time the Czar of All the Russias occupied the leadership of the church. Early in the revolution the patriarch was restored to power, and today he is venerated by the people in Russia as the pope is in Roman Catholic countries.

Patriarch Tichon looks the part that his name signifies—a venerable man with lined, ascetic but benign face, with long, white beard and slender hands. He looks as if he might have stepped out of a Biblical painting and ought to be leaning on a shepherd's crook and leading his spiritual flock. Because of his attitude regarding the government's requisition of the church's treasure of precious metals and jewels during the last year the patriarch was imprisoned, but the power of his position and character is felt and respected by the Russian people. Through him the church still lives and gives life.

Patriarch Tichon celebrated the holy service of Easter eve in Moscow's great cathedral of white marble, bronze and gold, which stands on the left bank of the Moskva river, dominating all the blue, red, green, violet and star-dotted domes of the city with its own massive domes of gold. There are five of these gold domes, the largest 336 feet in height and 100 feet in diameter. This building, designed in the shape of a Greek cross and one of the most beautiful examples of ecclesiastical architecture in the world, was built by Czar Alexander II to commemorate the freeing of Moscow from the invading army of Napoleon. It required from 1838 to 1883 to erect it and it cost 15,000,000 rubles. At the time of its erection this sum of Russian rubles represented \$7,500,000; last year in paper currency it amounted to little more than \$5; today it would be literally worth "30 cents."

Services in the Cathedral.

In company with four other Americans I had been invited to attend service in the cathedral. Nellie B. Gardner relates in the New York Herald-Tribune. We arrived before midnight Saturday and left Sunday morning at five o'clock, and the service was not yet over. But at that hour the choir leader came to us and said that it would be quite proper for us to leave, if we so desired, and that no one would be offended. Whereupon he graciously shook hands and wished us "Happy Easter" and led us down the center aisle.

Throughout those six hours of the night 15,000 devout, prayerful Russians stood on a cold floor participating in the Easter service, led by their patriarch and a dozen long-haired priests, garbed in vestments of red and gold. There are no pews in Russian churches and the great throng was packed in so tightly that women were carried out, fainting. All night long they surged through the great bronze doors, away like a field of grain in the wind or a slow swell on the ocean. Gradually they pushed closer to the altar, to come within range of the blessing of the patriarch and the priests. And always they were bent in devotion, making the sign of the cross three times, and as many as possible of them working their way to the sacred paintings and blessing their lips against the glass. Throughout the watch service of this Easter night the majority of worshippers in the cathedral carried lighted lamps in their fingers—thousands of them.

City Seething With Joy.

We were told to be at the cathedral before midnight, where we would be met and escorted to a place inside. As we clattered in droshkies down the paving of Trezakov boulevard, Mikinski and Prechistenski, we passed a steady stream of people, all bound for church. The streets were lighted better than I had ever seen them in Moscow and the big apartment houses lining the boulevard showed light in every window. Life and cheer about. Laughter, merry voices, and the ringing of bells—it was like the morning in of the New Year on Broadway.

At the cathedral there was a crowd on the great steps which looked like the break from a presidential inauguration. Madison Square Park was a scene of merriment and the city was in a glow of joy. It was the New Year. It was the New Year. We walked through shadows to the cathedral and found a scene of merriment and joy. It was the New Year. It was the New Year. We walked through shadows to the cathedral and found a scene of merriment and joy. It was the New Year. It was the New Year.

Thousands of American pilgrims marched, silently, four abreast, under the trees of the capitol grounds and then filed into the rotunda to pay their hushed, tearful homage to the Unknown Soldier. There was the same spirit of a nation at prayer—pausing in the year's work to take part in a sacred rite.



Sacrifice Called For

Very often, as the good and great have found, it is impossible to be true and sincere and loyal to conviction without undergoing a sort of crucifixion, and never without sacrifice. If Christianity does not teach this it teaches nothing. It is one of the most important lessons taught by Good Friday, and there never has been a time in the long and sad history of the world when it was not needed—perhaps never more needed than now.



Gigantic Easter "Egg"

Some years ago an American millionaire commissioned a London firm to manufacture an Easter egg capable of holding the whole of his bride's trousseau and jewelry. When it was completed the services of seven men were required to carry it to the owner's house.

The Time of Singing

EVERY season of the year has its lessons. There is no time that does not teach us. The universe is as full of wisdom as it is of God. A thousand objects speak to us, a thousand voices call, a thousand influences breathe out the varied and ceaseless revelation of nature.

Every reanimation of a dead world is a resurrection wrought by divine power. Spring breaks forth upon the branches that a little time before were sparkling with frost and all nature laughs into life; timid grasses peep out, climbing vines stretch forth their tendrils, shadows of foliage thicken and weave rarer figures on pavement and roadway, birds fly back, streams freshen and sing, skies soften, the landscape is alive, the unbound earth rejoices.

The first lesson of spring is joyfulness. "The time of the singing has come." Where singing is there is joy, gladness, freedom. Nature now smiles and laughs out in very glee. Christianity is not an unnatural system, a gloomy system. Devils may say so, but a thousand eyes that sparkle with hope, a thousand hearts that beat happily declare it false. To the Christian earth and ocean and stars, birds and blossoms all teach God, the Gospel, the goodness of the Creator. Man should rejoice with a rejoicing universe. "The Time of the Singing" is a time of praise, adoration, gratitude. So the earth teaches us, and so the Great Teacher sent from God.

Another lesson—resurrection. Earth is full of it. The unfolding of spring filled poet and philosopher with vague revelations as they watched the analogies of nature. If God can so care for the plants and insects, why not man? The insect on the grass blade becomes the living air blossom; the coarse tuber blooms forth in the beautiful flower; the lifeless egg becomes the eagle soaring above its broken prison and riveting its eye on the sun. Is not man's destiny as noble, beautiful, sublime? Shall not man's fleshly body go again to the dust and his spirit assume a more glorious body? Is not the death of the day and morning his resurrection? Winter the death of the year and spring its resurrection? "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Another lesson the season teaches is work—preparation for the future. When the time of the spring comes all nature is busy, sprouting, blossoming, growing, getting ready for some future time. The farmer is busy preparing the soil and sowing the seed with an eye to the future. So the seed time of life comes which comes but once, and once lost cannot be regained. The day, the hour, the moment is now. O that men would let the earth teach them! A wider vision comes, a sweet holier hope, as we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are unseen—The Dr. Frederick D. Power.

Ambassador Has Many and High Privileges

The task of being an ambassador is a very pleasant one indeed. This representative possesses some remarkable privileges, and ranks immediately after the royal princes of the country in which he is residing. It might almost be said that an ambassador, like the king, can do no wrong, for he stands above the law of the country in which he is officiating.

The courts have no power over him or his servants, and even a criminal, if he were known to be residing on an embassy, could not be arrested without the permission of the ambassador.

Another interesting fact about an ambassador is that the ground on which his residence stands belongs to the country from which he comes.

We all grumble nowadays about the amount of taxation we have to pay. This is where the ambassador again scores. Ambassadors do not have to pay a single penny in taxes.—London Tit-Bits.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

TUESDAY'S TALK

Back in the Valley of Beautiful Memories, where the years go when they have finished their work in the big world, there is always a great deal of happy talk going on. Often the days go there to talk when they are waiting for their time to come forth before the World people.

And at this time Tuesday was up there. Tuesday was having a little holiday while Monday was on duty.

The years that had gone before were there, for you know when the Old Year dies he always goes to the Valley of Beautiful Memories. There he is always so delighted that he does not feel sad when he welcomes his successor—the little young New Year.

The years tell of the beautiful things that have happened while they were about—and the sad things they leave behind in a great big old bundle to be thrown away, for only the lovely memories can be taken along with them. So it is in Fairyland.

The years had been talking quite a little when Tuesday came along. He was dressed in a rather wild and windy fashion, for he was working now in a rather wild and windy month.

He sat down in a beautiful green moss chair while the years gathered about him.

"What is the news of the big world?" they asked. "Is the New Year doing well? Not such a New Year up now," they added.

"How the little years do grow up," said one old year, just as though he would have liked to add now, "I remember that little year when it was only so high."

But they all listened to what Tuesday was saying.

"Tomorrow," said Tuesday, "when I shall be on duty, is the birthday of little Dolly."

"And I wanted to come here to talk about her with all of you. It seemed only right that I should come here. You know we days have noticed at different times how very lovely and how much loved Dolly is, and we've all, at different times, had the joy of celebrating her birthday."

"Years," Tuesday continued, "I want to talk to you because here, in this



As She Eats Her Breakfast.

Valley of Beautiful Memories, you know so much about the happiness and the beauty and the richness and the joy to be had from happy memories.

"You can throw away ugly memories in your old bundle as you come into this lovely valley, but in the world they can't do that so well. Memories have a way of sticking whether they are good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant."

"And that is why it is so important, so tremendously important that people see that what they do and the way they act and the way their hearts feel will only cause love and happiness in the world."

"That is the way with Dolly. About her are only wonderful memories. She has never caused unhappiness, she has always made happiness and love. There is something in the way she moves, the way she smiles, the way she laughs, the way she talks, that make those around her so happy that their happiness goes deep into their hearts and stays there. Beautiful, beautiful memories are always to be had when those who know Dolly think of her."

"So I have come here, as you see. But not only does Dolly give people happiness when they think about her. All the time she is giving happiness. How? you may ask. Just by being herself. That is the way she is. It is her secret. I only know it is so."

"Yes, I shall go forth on her birthday tomorrow and I shall see her from the moment she opens her eyes until she goes to bed again at night. I shall be there when the earliest bird will sing her a birthday greeting. I shall be there as she eats her breakfast on the pink dishes she always uses. I shall be there right through the whole day until, at night, she gets into her tub and washes with a bright pink wash-cloth and later dries herself with a bright pink bath-towel."

"I shall be there all of tomorrow, and I shall see from the expression in the eyes of those who love her what is in their hearts and how they mean to jolly, jolly wishes of 'many happy returns'."

And as Tuesday left all sang a birthday greeting: Dolly, beloved, so fair and so gay, We wish you so many happy returns of the day.

THIS IS THE SEASON

When the love of the soil is uppermost and home-loving hearts find themselves figuring ways and means of eliminating the landlord once for all.

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Resourceful Mr. Beanpole

Mr. Beanpole was somewhat sensitive about past failures, it being his job to look after the plants and goldfish when Mrs. Beanpole went away. So this time he picked out a rear bathroom, put the fish in the tub, turned on a gentle stream and ranged the plants under the eaves to catch the overflow. Surplus water merely trickled down the back stairs and under the kitchen door into the yard.

Such were the arrangements greeting Mrs. Beanpole upon her return. There was a moderate amount of damage to plaster and linoleums, but the goldfish and the plants were never more flourishing.

Modern Life

Perhaps modern life too much absorbs and fatigues the spirit, insisting that every man, even he of humble circumstances, shall learn and do too many things; so that he has neither the leisure nor the will to test ideals, and, sounding them, to stir his imagination till it transforms them into something more precious and important than the guile in which they first appeared. Modern men are proud of their activity, but the too active life sours the contemplative, atrophies the imagination, habituates the spirit to hearing only concrete things.—Gladius Ferrus.

Joseph J. Snyder

CIGARIST

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18 MAIN STREET EAST