

The Times-Union is Increasing Its Lead in Rochester

In 5 1-2 Months the Times-Union Has Increased 7486 Daily Readers

TIMES-UNION'S AVERAGE CIRCULATION	
Government Statement October 1, 1926	70,660
Net Paid Circulation March 15, 1927	78,146
Gain	7,486

Nearly 90 per cent of This Increase Has Been Made in This City and Vicinity

The Times-Union
Has More Than 55,000 City
Circulation

The Times-Union
Leads Second Paper by 36%
Rochester

Rochester Times-Union

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See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Master rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter's snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shafts and woodlands ring with
voices.
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted,
Use the reason not your own.
Here, white heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.
—Charles Kingsley.



Spinners Washed Effigy

An exceedingly quaint old Good Friday custom was held up to less than a century ago in the little church of Glenham, Lincolnshire, England. Thither, upon this red-letter day of the year, would seven spinners—then termed in the bluntly, frank phraseology of the times, "old maids"—resort, each bearing her picher of water, brought from Newell well, their joint task being to wash a certain stone effigy of a female placed within the church precincts, for which they were recompensed, somewhat inadequately one would think, by the dote of a shilling. Whom the figure was supposed to represent, or in whose memory it had been reared, history does not record; for the passing years would seem to have stolen her very name from this mute memorial of the past, and only by the untrodden title of "Molly Grime" was she handed down to posterity, and the "washing of Molly Grime" was regarded by at least those seven old Lincolnshire spinners as the great event, if not of the year, at least of one unforgettable day.

EASTER marks the most important milestone in man's upward progress. It signifies the resurrection of nature and the perpetuation of the spirit of man. It opens to man a new heaven, and it promises to make for him a new earth. The day appeals to the poet and the naturalist, the scientist and the man who lives in the realm of the spirit. It rises upon the material universe, and it elevates man toward God.

When Christ Arose at Easter Dawn

Dead hills, slate-faced against a pallid moon,
A brooding sea—
A restless forest whispering a song
Of mystery,
And sorrow cringing at the gates of old
Gethsemane.

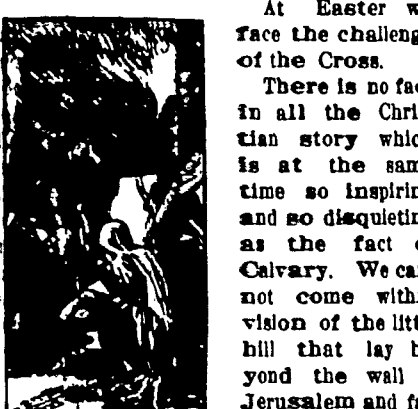
But lo! a gleam lights up the sombre hills,
The dead trees stir,
Across the heavy night steals the sweet scent
Of spice and myrrh.
A golden halo rests above a cold,
White Sepulchre.

And in that glow, an angel robed in white
Stands all alone,
One hand upon a chariot of stars,
One on the stone
That seals the grave of Him the grieving God
Has named His Own.

And, all unseen by man, or beast, or bird
Ere night has spun
Her sable woof across a saddened world,
The sleeping One
Answers the call that floats adown the stars,
"Come, my dear Son!"

Thus Christ arose from His white sepulchre,
And journeyed home,
And where the angels knelt, a lily grew
Beside the tomb,
And those who came saw Christ in its glad face,
And sweet perfume.

Tragedy of Calvary Challenge to Faith



At Easter we face the challenge of the Cross. There is no fact in all the Christian story which is at the same time so inspiring and so disquieting as the fact of Calvary. We cannot come within vision of the little hill that lay beyond the wall of Jerusalem and fail to feel our hearts strongly uplifted and profoundly disturbed. It is the scene of supreme love for humanity, of unflinching loyalty to God. In the former aspect it brings to us hope and consolation; in the latter it challenges us to examine the nature of our faith and the manner of its exercise. Looking at the universe from the standpoint of the Cross we discover the tremendous truth that back of all phenomena is love. No matter how much of surface contradiction there may be; no matter how many things appear in the history of the race, in the experience of the individual, which run counter to love, Calvary, if it has any meaning at all, means that the ultimate, controlling fact is love. God is love—that is what the Cross means. And if the ultimate significance of life and the universe is God, then love is the supreme motive and power, which, in the end, must explain all, must reconcile all, must restore everywhere and in all life the harmony and happiness which our failure to understand and to believe this truth have lost to us for a time.

Faith's Foundation. When faith lays hold upon this fact it gets solid ground beneath its feet. Nor can it be easily confounded by appearances. It has learned that the contradictions of appearance are due to the incompleteness of vision when life is regarded from any other standpoint than that of Calvary. Only at the foot of the Cross, on the summit of the little hill, can we see things in their completeness. We must keep

coming back to it for a renewed realization of the truth that when life is viewed steadily and as a whole, from this focal point of God's purpose, love is seen to be the heart of it. But when faith finds the comfort of this fact it faces, also, the challenge which lies in it. The practical significance of the fact rests in the response which faith makes to it. The fact must be acted upon.

We derive no benefit from the universal atmosphere if we do not breathe it into our lungs. A man with nostrils stopped and mouth closed, dying of suffocation, does not disprove the existence of air. He proves only his own folly in failing to appropriate the essential element abundantly provided for his life. If the room becomes stifling and respiration difficult we throw open the window, acting upon our faith that God's supply of air is ample.

God's Love All Powerful. Calvary is a challenge to faith to act upon its belief that love is the supreme force in the universe—to dare all things and to suffer all things in unhesitating reliance upon the certainty and sufficiency of God's love to conquer where every other power fails.

Jesus, as He turned His steps toward Jerusalem, faced the apparent collapse of His mission. If men were to judge by the surface indications, by the part picture which was visible to them—the picture of Jesus standing alone in the grip of His enemies; Jesus with the organized prejudice of hierarchical Judaism against Him; Jesus with the might of imperial Rome against Him; Jesus without a human friend who had the courage to stand by Him—men could only say that this was catastrophe and defeat. So judging, Jesus Himself could not have felt otherwise.

The failure of religion to conquer the world in the name of Jesus is chiefly due to the fact that, too often, it is thus that its exponents have judged. They wanted immediate, visible results. They have shrunk from apparent failure, with all that it entailed of material loss and physical suffering; they have compromised and resorted to other sources of seeming strength. They have builded up an apparent success, measured in terms of wealth, or prestige, or numbers. But they have sacrificed the only thing worth while—the spiritual regeneration of humanity through the power of love.

Savior Chose Victory. Jesus saw all the gloomy appearances of defeat long before they overwhelmed His disciples and sent them scurrying to cover; but He saw that the only real defeat possible lay in His surrender to appearances, in His losing faith in the love-purpose of God. Had He said, "By a little concession to the Temple authorities, by a small

EASTER is the time of the reveal of the lilies. They are seen in the hats and in the hands of the ladies—real or artificial lilies. They are found at the bedside of pain, in the hospitals and the rooms of the shut-ins. They are held in the hand and cherished in the heart. But they are in the gardens also, or in the windows of homes and held in crystal vases. They are fragrant and royal and sweet, according to the particular type of lily. The rose will have its day after awhile, and it will be a long summer day. But at Easter the lily has away.

yielding to Anna and Pilate, I can prolong My life and My service to My people; I can continue for another ten or twenty years to teach and to heal and to help; I can gather a large following and lay a stronger foundation for the work that must go when I am no longer able to direct it," that would have been tragic, that would have meant utter failure, hopeless defeat.

And yet how wise and commonsensical it all sounds, and how often men who count themselves His followers have shaped their service of Him by just such considerations as these. Jesus went to the cross because He believed that love was mightier than organized prejudice and hatred, mightier than the armies of Rome, mightier than death, and that the way of God's triumph ran like a path of glory through all the midnight darkness which men termed catastrophe.

Call to Christians. And when we turn back to Calvary, and salute with grateful and worshiping hearts the Man who did not flinch from it, we acknowledge that Jesus judged truly.

When will Christians answer the challenge of the Cross, and declare that they are willing to risk everything, to lose everything, in order to demonstrate anew the truth that love is the only redemptive power for life, that love is the only answer to its problems, that love is the only solvent for its ills?

When will Christians courageously and with the heroism of their Master, build all their plans, rest all their hopes, chance everything upon the faith that the significance of life is love, that the controlling impulse of the universe is love?

When that day comes the Cross will return, not as a symbol, but as an experience. There may be another such appearance of failure and defeat as made midnight for the time at Calvary; but beyond it will be the dawn of which Jesus spoke when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me!"