

My Vicar

By John H. Finley.

And now, O kneeling One, to Thee
This crimson-crowned twig of thorn,
Hurtling, through Passion-week I've worn,
I give it for a rosary;
For crucifix its rose, deep-red,
For beads its thorns—the prayers I've said,
Out of the fierceness of the strife,
Out of the bitterness of life,
Out of the groping in the night,
Out of the struggle for the light.

Bind thou this cross upon thy breast.
My old transgressions, new confessed,
Shall be forgiven through thy grace;
Who pure in heart dost see His face;
Tell thou these poignant beads again,
Press thou these thorns of penance pain,
And, learning all my prayers, pray
Their answer on this Easter Day.
—From Collier's.

An Easter Message

by Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters

"Consider the lilies, how they grow." This divine injunction means that we are not simply to look at them admiringly, but to look into them, expend thought upon them and explore their spiritual meanings.

The lily in its beginning is a very unpromising plant. It starts from an ugly bulb, in size and shape like an onion. Treasured in its bulbs is a reserve of nutriment. Its root is in itself.

It can grow in hard places. So the best people, who have the real stuff and stamina in them, will bloom on in the world though not set in an Eden garden.

The lilies of the field are not idle; they grow and grow in trustful grace. They trustfully lay hold of the sun and air. The nourishment of the soil spreads about their roots and the gentle night mist brought upon the wings of God's winds wrap them with coolness and refreshment.

These lilies trustfully lay hold of these things and grow and so fulfill the meaning of their lives. The Master's argument is this: What does not belong to the lilies belongs to us. The lily's mission is to stand still and grow. To us it is given to fill our lives with industry. There is no comfort for idleness here.

Babies, sick and infirm persons may live as the lilies do and be cared for as they are, but hearty people, with active brains and strong hands, will be poorly cared for if they live the lily's way.

The lilies are satisfied with the place in which God has put them. Though there are flowers out in the middle of the garden, the lilies do not fret at their lot. Though some are larger, the lily is satisfied with being a little plant that can grow in the shade and, though the roses have their marvelous red, the lily is satisfied with the pure white. And so we have another lesson the lily teaches—Don't worry.

He was a wise traveler, who, when his horse died, said: "Well, I must walk now," and trudged on cheerfully. Yet a great many people would have sat down beside the dead horse and spent days in bemoaning their loss. Sadness unfits us for duty. Regret never restores what has been taken away. James Whitcomb Riley sweetly sings:

"Oh heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you know.
What we've met of stormy pain, And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again, If it blow."

We have err'd in that dark hour We have known;
When our tears fell with the shower, All alone,
Were not shine and shadow blunt As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content With His own.

Our worst misfortunes never befall us. They exist only in a diseased imagination. It is easy to see through one pane of glass, but through ten pieces placed one on the other we cannot see. This does not prove that each one is not transparent, nor are we called upon to look through more than one at a time.

The lilies love to grow in retired places—they stay in the background. You will find them all alone in the seclusion of their shady retreat.

When the lily grows, it hangs its head as though it wanted to hide itself, and when its beautiful flowers have reached their full growth they hang their heads as if ashamed of their beauty, and feel as though they had nothing to be proud of—as though God had meant the form and attitude of this flower to teach us humility—that low, sweet root from which all heavenly virtues shoot.

The lilies of the field grow casting benignant shadow: they create around them, by the shade of their leaves and blossoms and by the moisture which they attract, conditions suitable for the growth of other plants less richly endowed.

know of its presence. There is no need of argument to prove that there is a lily about.

The great want of to-day is not so much argument sustaining Christianity, as living Christians illustrating it. Not what men say, but what men do weighs in the minds of the world. What the world wants to-day is upright and down square honest dealing and after dark virtue.

One day of good living is worth more than a whole ton of tall talk.

Easter Salad.

Cook the tough stalks of celery in one quart of clear soup stock and when tender remove them; add to the liquor two tablespoonsfuls tarragon vinegar, one-half teaspoonful piquant sauce and two tablespoonsfuls of gelatine, softened in cold water; stir slowly until the gelatine is dissolved; then turn into a border mold and set on ice to become firm, says the Housekeeper. In the meantime boil six eggs for twenty minutes; let them become cold and then cut them in two crosswise; remove the yolks, mash them fine and allow one sweet red pepper for every six eggs; these peppers can be purchased in cans. Add six stoned olives, and run all through the meat-mincer; add enough mayonnaise to moisten; then refill the cavities in the whites; press two together and set, small end up, inside the ring of jelly, which has been slipped out of its mold after dipping an instant in hot water. Wreath with crisp lettuce or celery foliage. When serving, place a spoonful of the jelly and an egg on the garnish for each guest.

Calla Lily Popular.

A revival of the calla lily popularity is among the incidents of the Easter season worth mentioning. There was a time, some years ago, when this flower grew and blossomed in every florist's shop and in every dwelling house where the raising of plants was undertaken. Then it passed from favor. Now it returns to find so many admirers that it is said there will hardly be enough calla lilies to meet the demand. Florists have not cultivated the calla into strange shapes. It has just the same serene, stately, pure and unbending presence that always characterized it, and for this alone it receives a renewed admiration. — Boston Transcript.

PASSION WEEK.

I.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

My neighbor passes with unseeing eye
Like twilight waters of a pool. Her face
Gleams with the pale flame of her ecstasy.
She walks our street as though 'twere holy
place.

Here is the rapture of that sacred pain
Ordained of God, through God transfused
again
Into the world's salvation. She can know
None sweeter than the rapture of that woe.

II.

AT THE ALTAR.

Not by Thy will, O God, but through our
scorn,
Our blindness, was He set between two
thieves,
The Friend to all mankind. Stung by that
thorn,
Pierced by that pitiless spear, the world
still grieves,
Pacing in penance, the journey of the Cross.
Ours was the sacrifice, the bitterest loss!
Teach us to render love for love, to praise
And save our saviours unto earthly woes!

AMEN.

—Lucy Head.

Good Friday Customs.

All through Christendom there prevail many curious customs and beliefs in regard to Good Friday. In Florida it is thought that if three loaves of bread baked on that day be placed in the corncrib mice will be prevented from nibbling the corn, nor will the crib be invaded by rats, weasles or worms.

In many European countries on Good Friday there are eaten cakes marked with a cross. In England they consist of a sort of spice cake, with a sugared top, and are called Hot Cross Buns.

Many charities take place on the day. One of the most curious is held at the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. After sermon the rector places on a gravestone twenty-one sixpences, which are to be picked up by as many poor widows, who have heard the sermon. The custom originated in the will of a certain lady, who left funds to pay for the sermon and provide the sixpences.

If any of the widows have fingers too stiff to pick up the money, they forfeit it. At the Church of All Hallows, London, buns are distributed to the children of the Sunday-school and the ward school. In the Church of Glenham, Lincolnshire, there used to take place an odd performance known as "Washing Molly Grimes." The church contains an old stone image, popularly spoken of as Molly Grimes, and every Good Friday the figure was washed by seven old maids of

"I've Shovelled the Money Out—How Shall I Get Out Myself?"



Cartoon by W. A. Rogers, in the New York Herald.

Prisons Everywhere Are Overcrowded

More Criminals and Paupers Are Now Confined in State and County Institutions Than Ever Before—Hard Times and Undesirable Aliens Are Chiefly Blamed.

New York City.—Never before in the history of the State of New York have there been so many criminals behind prison bars as there are at present. The State prisons are overcrowded, the penitentiaries filled to overflowing and the workhouses so congested that the inmates are in each other's way.

Prison officials and criminologists assign two reasons for the crowded condition of the penal institutions—the hard times prevalent for the last two years and the influx of undesirable aliens to the big cities of the State. Unable to obtain work these men drift to crime and eventually land in prison.

Sing Sing Overcrowded.

There are more than 2000 convicts in Sing Sing Prison, originally built to house but 1600; the prisoners are doubled up in cells, lodged in out-houses and the chapels and some are said to sleep in the main office of the prison. In order to accommodate the horde of convicted men recently sent from this city—and they have been going in weekly batches of a score or more—Warden Frost has been compelled to place cots in the beautifully decorated Protestant and Catholic chapels.

A batch of sixty-five was transferred to Clinton Prison against the protest of the officials of that institution, who say they have no room to spare. Numbers of Sing Sing convicts—short term men—in order to make room for the new arrivals, are sent daily to the site of the new prison now being constructed on the west bank of the Hudson, near Iona Island, and kept there in shacks under the watch of keepers. These men are employed in the building of the new structure.

The same condition is reported by the warden of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. The census there recently showed 1119 men and eighty-three women in cells. This is far above the average census, and the rate at which the courts are sending prisoners there has alarmed the penitentiary officials. They are in a quandary where to confine the prisoners.

As in Sing Sing, the problem of employing all the convicts is puzzling the officials of the penitentiary, and steps are being taken to put a number of them at work erecting new buildings on the various islands owned by the city and used for city purposes.

Reports from the Elmira Reformatory state that that institution is overcrowded, and transfers are being made daily to the up-state penal institutions in order to relieve the over-crowding.

Most of the Elmira recruits come from this city, and with the six Courts of General Sessions working daily the number of youths committed to the reformatory weekly from this county averages twenty-five. An average of ten a week are committed there from the Brooklyn criminal courts. A batch of seventeen was transferred from the Tombs recently to Elmira, making a total of 110 sentenced from this county during the month of March.

Workhouses Are Congested.

It is in the workhouses on Blackwell's, Hart's and Randall's Islands that the increase of poverty is apparent. Hundreds of prisoners—men and women—are housed in these institutions, all committed from the police courts of this city and Brooklyn, *habeas corpus*.

The conditions prevailing there.

Kentucky Mobs Resist Collector and Governor Will Use Militia.

Frankfort, Ky.—On receipt of word from Tax Collector J. W. Peck that he has been prevented by mobs and organizations from collecting railroad taxes in the counties of Carter, Boyd and Elliott, Governor Wilson announced that he would use the State militia to assist the official.

The railroad taxes, which a number of the counties in the State owe, are heavy, and have been unpaid for many years. Trouble is anticipated when the trains enter the mountains.

African Explorer Sees Tame Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt.

New York City.—"Mr. Roosevelt, in my opinion, will find hunting in Africa like shooting cows in the back yard," said Diana Estes, publisher and traveler, from Boston, who arrived here after eight months spent on the other side of the world. "Of course, lions, tigers and other savage beasts will be met, but most of the other species appear to be comparatively tame," he added.

During his trip abroad he covered the ground Roosevelt will visit.

Curious Good Friday Observances.

In the Isle of Man it is reckoned unlucky to put iron in the fire on Good Friday, and, instead of tongs and poker, one has to use a stick cut from a rowan tree.

In Croatia and Slavonia the people take whips to church with them, and after service they beat each other "fresh and healthy." They may have some notion that the beating drives out the demons of disease, or else it is done in memory of the flagellation of Christ.

In many places Judas Iscariot it is flogged or burnt in effigy. The Portuguese and South American ships in the port of London usually have a celebration of this sort. At daybreak a wooden figure, rudely carved to represent Judas and clothed in ordinary sailor's clothes and red worsted cap, is hoisted by a rope around its neck to the forerigging. The crews of the various vessels then go to chapel. On their return the figure is lowered and ducked in the dock three times. Raised aboard again, it is dragged around the deck and lashed till its garments are in shreds. The ship's bells keep ringing meanwhile and the captain distributes grog. The crews work themselves up into paroxysms of fury. Judas is cursed and denounced, and finally the image is set on fire and consumed amid cheers.

Hot Cross Bun Passing.

Only 5,000,000 "hot cross-buns" were consumed in London on last Good Friday, indicating the dying out of the custom. The cross bun is the modern equivalent of the cakes eaten in honor of the Saxon goddess Eostre, from whose name the word Easter comes. Her worshippers became Christians, but, unwilling to give up the buns, compromised by making them with a cross.

Hot Cross Bun Passing.

Up to the year 1854 the newspapers of England labored under the handicap of a special government tax.

Glenham, who were paid a shilling apiece for their trouble. This came to an end about 1832, when some property which was charged with the payment was sold without the custom being mentioned in the deed.

Symbols of the Resurrection.

All the spring flowers are, fitly, symbols of the Resurrection, the renewal of life after the killing frosts, and commerce has made the Bermuda lily a spring flower. There are sweeter flowers and lovelier. The lately developed Easter lily resembles somewhat the blossom of the despised Jimson weed, though it seems not nearly so beautiful to the artist's eye. —New York Times.



"ALL FOR CHRIST."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

Up to the year 1854 the newspapers of England labored under the handicap of a special government tax.