

# My Vicar

By John H. Finley.

And now, O kneeling one, to Thee  
This crimson-crowned twig of thorn,  
Hurting, 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 AUNT'S MESSAGE

By Rev. Dr. Madison C. Pefer

"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 erred in that dark hour  
We have known;  
When our tears fell with the shower,  
All alone,  
Were not shade and shadow blent  
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 the other 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 felt 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.

Where the lilies grow in Palestine the herbage is luxurious. Those spots are the favorite feeding places of flocks and birds, and where the lilies grow sweet and tender grass is sure to be found.

We are to be like the lilies in this respect. We are to cast benignant shadows.

In the bitter winter a boy was selling papers. One stopped to buy. As he bought, smiling pleasantly on the child, he asked: "Are you cold?" "I was until you passed by," was his sweet answer.

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Roland Hill once said, "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it."

Whittier sings truly:  
"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken  
And made a friend sincere.  
A word, a look has crushed to earth,  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which had a smile, but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.  
Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thought you bring,  
A heart may heal or break."

The lilies of the field grow through a dual life. The root life of the lily must mine down in the soil, that it may gather nutriment for the lily's growth. So we in this life must take hold of the things about us.

We are to conquer the world, not by withdrawing from the world, as if religion were a harsh and gloomy thing, and shut us out from the ordinary business and enjoyments of life.

The lily's stem, the leaf and the bloom reach up toward and take hold of the shining sun. While we are in this world we must in a certain sense be of it, but the higher and truer life must be kept in vigor by a steady grasping of the Sun of Righteousness.

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 tablespoonfuls tarragon vinegar, one-half teaspoonful piquant sauce and two tablespoonfuls 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.

Glentham, 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.

**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 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 fore rigging. 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.

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

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.  
Hers 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.

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.

**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, weasels 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 Glentham, 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

Every good housewife is interested in the care of sheets, and many of them will like to hear a few suggestions made by an economical and clever woman.

She said: "I never have my sheets made with a small hem on one end. There is always a three-inch hem on both ends—so there is no top or bottom—and the sheets wear just twice as long as they otherwise would. It is not difficult to do, for I always have my sheets made in the house by a seamstress, so they will be the right size. And, speaking of size, do you know what to do when ready-made linen sheets are too short for the beds?"

Of course I did not, so she told me that a false hem might be added and either fagoted or hemstitched to the one already on the sheet. In this way the sheet could be easily made as long as desired, and the embroidery only added to the beauty of the sheet.

This is certainly very useful information, for many a mother has a tall boy who is constantly complaining that the sheets are too short. The addition of the false hem is quickly done, and the extra material required does not form a very large item in the family expense account. — New Haven Register.

**Bacon Dressing.**—Cut one-half pound of bacon into slices, then into small pieces; fry till the oil is a light brown; remove the pan from fire; add the juice of a lemon, a glass of strong vinegar and a saltspoonful of pepper; pour it over the salad with the scraps of bacon.

**Brown Bread Breakfast Pudding.**—To two cups of hot milk, well salted, add one cup of dried brown bread crumbs and one tablespoon butter. Cook and beat steadily the first five minutes to keep free of lumps. Serve hot with milk. Prepare any quantity of crumbs by drying in oven.

**Boiled Pudding.**—One cup of vinegar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, citron and fruit to taste, two and one-half cups flour. Steam three hours. Sauce—Three-quarters cup butter beaten to a cream, then add two cups powdered sugar. Beat well and stir in one tablespoonful corn starch, wet in one-half cup cold water. Cook until thick.

**Stuffed Steak.**—Make a slit four inches long in a thick round steak and make a cavity large enough for stuffing. Fill with bread stuffing and skewer the edges together. Rub the outside with hot pork fat and place in baking pan with a brown gravy. If you have no gravy use beef extract, one-third teaspoonful to one cup of hot water. Bake two and one-half hours, basting frequently.

## 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.  
Hers 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.

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AT THE ALTAR.  
Not by Thy will, O God, but through our  
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## The HOUSE and HOME

**Make Shoes Comfortable.**  
Is there any woman who has not suffered with half shoes and pumps that slip up and down on the heel? In spring the streets seem to be crowded with humanity with pained expressions on their faces, treading as though terra firma were a much more fragile substance than it is. A relief, however, has at last been discovered by some wise person whom necessity transformed into an inventor.

Paste a piece of velvet inside the heel of the shoe, of course, with the side of the nap toward the foot, and this will effectually prevent any slipping or rubbing. It is very easy to do, costs but a very few cents, and that at last an effectual and easy preventative for slipping heels has been found.—Washington Star.

**To Clean Velveteen.**  
The method employed to clean light and dark velveteen is a simple one. A lather of white soap is made, into which the velveteen is dipped, then placed on a board or table and scrubbed the way of the pile with a clean nail brush until all dirt has been removed, when it is rinsed in clean cold water, but not squeezed or wrung, as this would spoil the pile.

It is dried in the air and sometimes the back is drawn over a hot iron, but this is not absolutely necessary. Light velvets are cleaned by gently rubbing with a flannel previously dipped in kerosene; or, if the material is soiled in spots only, by rubbing with a piece of fat bacon or butter, when the wrong side requires drawing over a hot iron in order to raise the pile.—New York Press.

**As to Sheets.**  
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## OLD PEOPLE'S KIDNEYS

**Often Need Helpful Stimulation.**  
The kidneys are the busiest organs of the body, filtering as they do all the blood every three minutes. They show signs of wear through pain in the back and irregular urination.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure kidney-ills in old or young. Mrs. Mary C. Phelps, 4 Spring St., Westfield, Mass., says:  
"I am past 82 years old, and am to-day without a sign of kidney trouble, backache, pain in the sides, etc., which had bothered me. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me so that kidney trouble has never returned."  
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Use for Old Organs.**  
"On my last trip through country towns," said a traveling man, "I met a drummer who was buying up old church organs and was shipping the wood back to a violin manufacturer in New York. He said that the maker of violins thought that wood that had done service in one of these little cabinet organs was the best he could find for the average fiddle and he paid that drummer a small commission on every worn-out organ he could pick up."

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.**  
Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

**In the Dry Zone.**  
"Bottled water is having a big sale now in Georgia."  
"Helps some to drink it out of a bottle, I s'pose?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

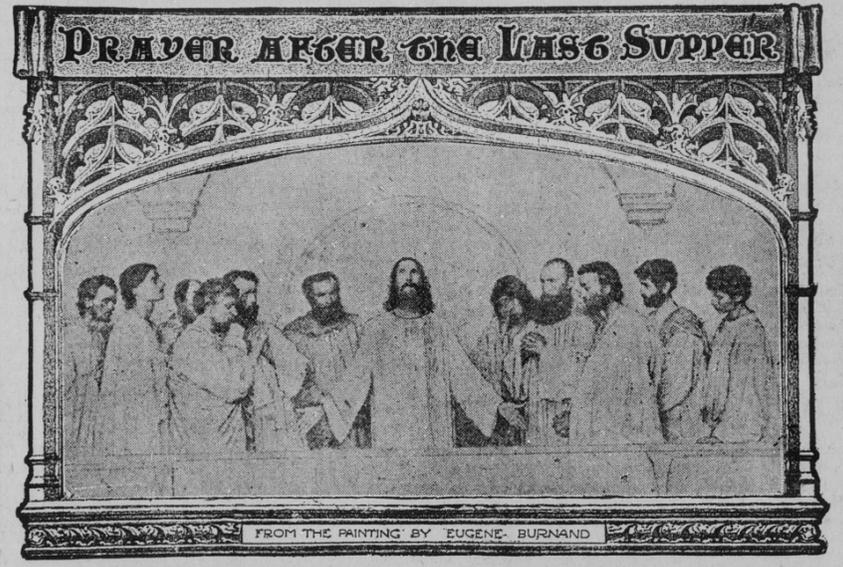
**Don't Be Misled.**  
Many a life has been cut short by a cough that will not be cured. Go into the store and buy a bottle of Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a backache and sideache follows a coughing spell. Many a night is passed in restlessness caused by coughing. Many a cough "cure" that never cures is tried. Do not be misled. If you cough, take the old reliable, Kemp's Balm, the best cough cure. At druggists' and dealers, 25c.

**Horrible.**  
"That was an awful disaster. There was only one survivor—isn't that terrible?"  
"Fearful. What a bore he'll be!"  
—Cleveland Leader.

**Power in the Silences.**  
Here is a hint for the women who fidget and fret and believe. Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayer," said a wise Oriental. But in the silence you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power. Slip away for 10 minutes, and picture your work before your mind's eye as a triumphant and completed whole. Quiet your spirit, holding yourself open to the divine currents, feeling that you are a channel for your measure of the central power, and you will emerge sustained and soothed by the inflow from the central sea. You will go forth to your work able, like the poet's brook, "to make a pastime of each weary step." Withdrawing into the deep silence, there is no surer way to fling off the shadows of fear, to banish the news and bats of the worries and furies.—Edwin Markham, in Red Book.

**Tariff and Business.**  
The argument that business suffers whenever the question of tariff revision is taken up is a very popular one. According to people who take that view, the time for tariff revision will never come. If business is booming, we are told that it would be folly not to let well enough alone. If business is depressed, we are warned that we are likely to check a revival, and if business is rallying, we are told to stand out of the way and let it rally.—Wall Street Journal.

**SISTER'S TRICK**  
But it all came out right.  
How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:  
"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it."  
"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more."  
"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."  
Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a Reason."  
Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGENE BURNAND

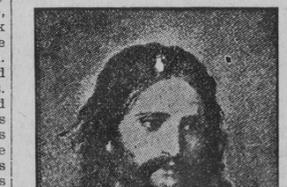
## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

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"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 5:16.)

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