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Till every fragrant challon Seemed filled to the brim with wine. Distilling there into vapor And rising in clouds divine. Farther and farther the incense Its deligate perfume spread, Like loving thoughts sent carthward By souls of our happy dead

With prayers from our boarts uprising. Through the space twirt earth and heaves

That my soul could feel the presence, The smile and the tender eyes Of one who gathers the lilies In gardens of paradisc.—H. F. Blodgett.

## AN EASTER FLOWER.

BY BENJAMIN BORTHRUP.

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low hills to the sands on the beach. A brackish stream of tide water grosses

the road, which is spanned by a stone feast days. bridge. No one now living was born when this bridge was bullt. It is cracked with age, stained and moss covered, plain and common black, such as other and in the crevices grass, flowers and tiny shrubs grow. On some of the stones a wandering missionary has painted signs praising God and calling upon the brought them to fown from the old stone wloked to repent before it is too late. Over the widest crevice this is painted: for this very Easter altar were only Blessed are the pure in heart, for alive to see them too. they shall see God, 73

violets had grown, snugly sheltered day. From the doors to the chancel rail from the sun and storm.

when she came over the cracked stone bridge on her way to the beach. She had never been in the country before. She had been in the park once, but that was when she was a very small child, and she had forgotten almost how it looked

Under the shades of the old bridge the children of the Fresh Air fund stop. ped for huncheon, and she and the other little girls took off their shoes and stock ings and paddled in the creek. After the sandwiches and apples doughnuts and cakes, she found the violets and dug them out. She had never seen anything so beautiful before. They were prettier than all the Easter flowers in the east. field shop windows, and they smelled sweeter. Besides that, she herself had found them, and they were her own.

All afternoon, while the other children played in the sands, she played with her violets, picking the soft black earth from their roots to see how small and pink they were, and opening and closing the half blown buds to see the fresh blue hid under the green shells. If some older girl who knew all about the country and wild flowers, this being her second summer in the Fund, if this experienced girl had not told her that violets cannot stand such prying treat ment, they never would have lived to for rich and poor alike in this great reach the town.

It is not far from down Bye way at the stone bridge to down Battery way at the sea wall. Two hours. That is all if you take a fast train, and violets will live a long time when you bury their from it. roots in moistened earth and let the blossoms alone. Therefore, when she reached her home in Battle Court, the flowers were as almost freeh and sweet as they were in their grotto in the bridge.

A cracked stone pitcher became their new home, and on pleasant days they stood outside on the kitchen window sill and looked down on the stone flagged



SHE FOUND THE VIOLETS. courtyard. Long before midsummer came they had seen more of life than they and all the other violets along the

Rye road could ever have dreamed of, giving violets imaginations equal even to their fragrance.

They saw Blind Flaherty, the beggar man, beat his lame bor over by the sink | ter day for 30 long years." until the police came in, and after them an ambulance. One awful afternoon they saw the wife of Micky Donovan, dead on Easter day, but before he rose he prizefighter, jump from the fifth he died. Some day we play rise and

white, black and red-and she did not even moan when she was pirked un

They also saw Paddy Keever, Lim that drives the baker's cat meet Bally fust outside the gate in the chadow the night before they ran away and were married. They trked this, and they also liked the hand organ man who some times played in the street outside the court while the children danced to its strains. These things reminded them of the country road, and they were better for seeing and hearing them. It is a are planted in town pota. If you do not believe this, just take your spring flowers back to the brook mendows and see how quickly they will revive at one whist of the fresh, soft air.

In stormy weather she took them inside the room, and when the weather grew oold they stood on a shelf facing the window beside the store, where it was always warm.

That is the way the violets lived from early in May or late in June until the winter had gone and Easter had almost come.

Up town there is a great church I is rich and beautiful. The sunlight that streams through the stained willdows is purple, blue and golden, and sometimes the figure of a saint wondronsly colored is cast across the chancel floor.

The little girl who picked the violets need to go to this great church, and she was welcomed here because it is a great church

Good Friday, with its seven services. had passed, and the Lenten trappings of gloom were being taken away to make place for the Easter flowers. There were lilies roses, orchids, violets, palms and flowering shruhs. There were great wreaths of greens hung from the pulpit. and the baptismal fount was all white and pink. Rare and common, bothouse and wild flowers were massed together. They were all love offerings, and this is the reason that a simple banch of blue wild violets found a place in one corn r of the altar almost hidden by a splendid Just out of the city there is a long, display of roses. Only one person saw winding road which takes you over the them, except the young women of the Altar guild, who, laboring for love, arrange the flowers for Easter and other

> She sat in one of the front powe, and she was dressed in plain black, very washerwomen wear when their children die. She saw the violets, and her one wish was that the little girl who had bridge and had cared for them all year

It was a great congregation befitting Under this in a little grotto some blue a great church and a still greater least



ME PRESENTHEN TO HIS LIPS.

every pew was filled, and there were chairs in the aisles. These were filled. too, and back of them all man and women stood. The front paws in this church are given up on Easter day to the poor of the parish. The children from the orphanage and the caped and bonneted women from the Aged One's bome filled several rows on the right. and on the left were the men and women and children who on ordinary Sundays sit far back under the gallery over the vestibule. They teach that God's Son rose from the dead on Easter day church.

The chimes in the belfry had finished their song the big A bell had given the last of its three taps, and the suborganist in the chairroom had taken his note

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," was the hymn, and the great congregation outside heard it sung behind olosed doors. Then came the "Amen." louder than the melody, richer and fuller.

The choirroom doors opened, and the choristers, robed in white and black, marched out. The great organ in the chancel caught up the air and led the singers. First came the trobles, sweet and high. Then the alton they came next, and made second in the harmony. After them came the tenors, and last of all the basses. Then the harmony was complete:

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as war. With the cross of Jesus going on before.

That is the refrain. That is what the whole oboir sang as they faced each other from the opposite sides of the chancel, and its mighty strains rang through the church like the strain of a band marching at the head of an army into battle.

After the service came the sermon. The prescher was an old man, with white, silken hair. You have seen a skein of silk on a cold day. The threads stand out, one apart from the other. That is the way his fine white hair stood out from his head. It was like a nimbus frosted. His voice was low and soft and sweet. He had sung as a treble in that choir 50 years before. Then he was a tenor, and now for more than 80 years he had been the rector. "I am going to say something to you

today that I have said to you every Eas-

That is the way the sermon began. "Christ, my childeen, rose from th

story without at her room and fall of foin him in availabling glory in parathe payeneut in a sprawling heap. disc but before we shall rise from the dead we must die. We all must die, but summons comes? Are we prepared to great of his brethers, Jeremiah and John die now! You now, Why mos! We know not when our time shall come Every Easter day for one long generation I have repeated this warning as I friends, do today. And smeng those who heard Mr. me there were many who were not alive to bear me on the following year. Some of you must die before next Buster day. When death comes to you, will you be unprepared? Shall the blood of him who great mistake to think that wild flowers | died that we might live alway be sized forget their country homes when they in valuin even one sinige instance! This -is-for-you-along-to-say.

Even the choir listened to this. The boys stopped tidgeting, and the men ent very still. The woman in black look. or as the bunch of violets on the alter. and tears fell apon her gloves.

That was what he said, although he used more words then I have done and Hanlin of Seneca Fells, spant Thursday Brookpart with her sister. Mrs. William took a longer time to say it, and after he left the pulpit and joined the assisted ant ministers back of the chancel rail there were more wet eyes than the That was what he said, although he washerwoman's in that great church, Ms. and Mrs. Michael Murphy, are read there were many promises made for calving the originations of their friends, the coming year that the makers will It is a boy, and arrived in town on March not live to keep.

Early Easter Monday the ladies of the Altar guild were again at work. The flowers which had been lent for the feechancel stairs were thronged with servstalks from the florists, the honquets from the bothouses and the little bunch of wild violets were taken away in a Easter on Monday.

It was in a long white floored ward. Near the end of it stood an iron cot by a window. This was Jim's oot Jim was a newsboy before a street car had Mr. Reilley has the heartfest sympathy of out off one of his legs. Before that he the entire community in his double correspond both the Fresh Air fund, and he imanimate that accreely six weeks ago he loved the country with a love that the laid to rest his dearly beloved wife. real country boy never dreams of until he has grown to be a city man.

They carried down this losse ward these fine flowers from the Easter alter -roses orchids dilies and still more roses. Their fragrance made the air beavy, and the lame boy turned his face toward the window.

After all had been distributed nurse brought to him a spray of wild violets. They were all that was left. He took them in his hands and present them to his line. Then he said something about the country ac low that the murse couldn't cetch it and fell asleep.

A Passets Egg Denve.

There is a pretty account of the manriage of Margnerite of Austria with Mr. Dealel Lynch, Jr., of Friendeville, Philibert, the handsome duke of Savoy, Pa., is the guest of his percent. Mr. and It is called 'Marriage and cours.' She Mrs. Dealel Lynch, who reside on Rise had come to the castle of Bree, in the struct. western slopes of the Alps. Here the rich princess kept open house, and Phillbert, who was hunting in the neighborhood, came to pay his cours to her.

It was Easter Monday, and high and low danced together on the green. A hundred eggs were monitored in

level space, covered with sand, and a lad and lass, holding each other by the band, caine forward to execute a damos of the country. According to the ancient custom, if they succeeded in fluishing the braule without breaking a slugle egg they became affianced.

Then Philibert, radiant with youth and bappiness, appeared upon the scene. He bent his knows before the noble obatelsine and besought her hospitality. He proposed to her to try the egg fortune. She accepted. Their grace and beauty charmed the onlockers, and they succeeded, without a single crash, in threading the perilons mane,

"Sevoy and Apetrial" showted the growd. And she said, "Let us adopt the ountom of Ereme."

They were married and enjoyed a few years of exquisite happiness. Then the beloved husband died. Margnerite sur vived him long, but never forgot him

A Collogo Student or Manksonth. At Cornell all the membersion wert neering andserts have be learn sower trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distanteful to some of the students, but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow, who was unusually averse to suiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather aprop, but the professor took special care that there was nothing lacking in theroughness of lake mand are still ordani training at the forge.

Last fall the student went to the pro- appear to beavident from the dist fessor and thatked him for being com- that the old master, in while the pelled to learn blackmithing. "You thousef the Savious, follow as we see," he said, "I am now superintend. model and are as various in such pushes out of a mine away back in Colorado, turns as were their consections of Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but took off my cost and welded that

The diversity must be apparent to a who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but took off my cost and welded that

The F. Lippi's "Madonna and Child" in

and it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My shill it to mend that shuft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the eyes of every man in the mine, and the eyes of every man in the mine, and the eyes of every man in the mine, and the eyes of every man in the mine, and the eyes of every man in the mine, and the eyes of the shill Christ. They all, however, pay no regard to ethnic consideraposs raised my salary." Pittsburg Dis. thous in their work, and as a result the

Rapoison's Way With Belbe Takers. Napoleon was furious at times with sand once admitted that he had taken World be paturally expected. The \$0,000,000 france from various German princes. Masseons, Angerean, Bruns and Junet were not so colossal in their greed, but they were equally ill disposed, and very successful in lining their coffers. but when he wished to give the others warning he drew a bill for some enormons sum on one or other of them and Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon"

Mr. James Bullivan, of Potsdam, N. Y., when? Shail we be prepared when our after spending a few days is Geneva, the Smillman.

. Miss Mamio Cardwell of Seneca Falls. spent Saterday in Geneva, the guest of

Mrs. Riward De Both of Prospect awante, who has been quite fil, is alousy IMPOTOVINE.

Mr. Robert M. Broadfoot, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Breedlest, of Pulsoner etcost, is the treatworthy and efficient slath at Oulehan's shoe store on Senera street Mr. Broadfoot is a young man highly entermed by his numerous friends in Gencws, who will be delighted to know he has accepted so lucrative a position. We sil wish Rob well.

Mr. and Mrs. Those Manley spent Sun-day in Seneca Pails, the guests of relatives and friends.

James Higgies spent Sunday in Source Palls, the quests of friends.

The fair reason wills soon commence again. The Ogoyage Hose Company are bave the first fair of the season. It is to I to the instructions. tival were returned to their owners. The be held in the month of May, during the week commencing May 11th, and the foling men and maids waiting to carry lowing are the committee having the mains them bome. The other flowers—the cot in charge. Samuel Wyatt, Robert Wyatt, stalks from the florists, the bosomets John Brensan, Edward Relies, Stephen West, Patrick Glean, William Van Gle James Bronnan, Michael Welch, Jennes Pracy, George Stary and William Line Wagon to a hospital. The sick have their This fair should be a success and it is the first feir of the season. We will refer to he egain at a later date.

The funeral of the infant shid of William H. Reilley was hold on Monday offernoon,

James Doyle and Thomas Finishings ab-tended the funeral of the late Frank Audius, in this village, on Monday March mand.

All who can should attend the fair and bearing to be held by the members of \$1. Patrick's church, Seriece Palls, during the all week of April 6th to 11th.

"Old Kantucky" at Smith's Opera Hope Seaturday evening, March asth, was very imagely attended by people from Season Falls, Waterless, and serenal ether adiabaline

This week being Hely Week our Open Hispas has been in darkeous weap nights. John Grooms, a former realizant of the place, but now very plantially loanted to Monte Morrie, N. V., was rare specificly welcomed by his many Genera friends last

Sunday in town, the guest of friends, Mrs. Patriok Dully died at hos he

Mrs. Joseph Campball in a

at her home on Ovid street, The mastriages of Mitt Pressure Burts and Charles Feeley is amoreused to take place the ponts.

Idise Kutherine Rafferty is stiending the someher a institute, which in belog held at Owid this work. Mm. John S. Casey, of Batevia,

visiting her friends and relatives in this village, Michael Dully, of Rechaster, is in ton

called here by the death of his mother.

PORTRAITURES OF CRISET.



Management has no forting them in the

shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's incitance, an exquisite creation, the few of running now.

"If I couldn't have done it, I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and which means smallered in one of precoders intelligence. face is Italian, French, Spanish or Bisch late, as the come may be, rather than low lels, as it should have been.

In paintings of the man Chelet there is the venality of his associates. Talley- a still greater diversity motionable. Is Virgin and Two Angels Weaping Over the Deed Body of Christ," is probably the divirgest conception of it ever traced on eastvas. Though the face is evidently that of the ded, all the emetions of the soul seem With Talleyrand Napoleon never loked, to be mirrored upon it. In Borgognome "Christ Bearing the Cross." Correspin's "Rose Homo," Guido Reni's "Ecos Home," all marvelous creations, as well se In others perhaps qually meritorious deposited it with a banker. There is no however different the, may be, they at syldence that such a draft was ever dis- least convey we ideal Christ, which does honored. On one occasion Massens dis- noe shook Christian sensibilities, as does gorged 2,000,000 france in this way. - Munkacay's representation of the Saviour in his famous painting "Christ Before Pilets," Nam Macon states

## DIOCESAN NEWS

Mr. Thomas Doyle spant Se

Rochester, to join brother Branch 88, C. M. B. A. Salas Point's mileons were closed week, so it has become a tempermiss be-

The ine in Social Bay is ruildly the DOGGERING.

Winfred J. Welah has recovered from severe attack of tonellitis. Miss Grace Boyd, of Syracuse, and Me Archer Ewings, of Etmirs, are visited friende sere.

Mr. Richard Clinton, who has been ill. in slowly improving. Mrs. T. Dunes spent Wednesday in

day equating Rev. Owen Parrow delivered an abayests accepts the Country of Sin.

Mondey evening Rev. J. F. Kirraea previous an appropriate and very moleculer service on the Porty House, Tuesday evaning Rev. Father Brooky apoles on the Value of the Soul. The church was apprehensed each avening to listen

Mrs. John Morgan spept Stirredty in

Rochester.

Mrs. Patrick Kodits, of Rochester, visited for a relative in Passer on Burnley last.

Astungenesis are builty undo for my wife sectod party for the busellt of the chapets for ablie that the busellt of the chapets for ablie the burnley evening. April 6th.

Butter Manday evening. April 6th.

Mire James Franciscopped, who has busell of the burnley for the burnley for the burnley burnley.

Mires Mary and James (Marke at the burnley burnley within the burnley burnley burnley burnley burnley burnley.

We Proved Assess

\$2.00 per gallen.

rives health and the It is the great throspolitical acquainty the board transfer