He has Risen Indeed.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet.

The muilc pours out like a sea wave, breaking in praise at His feet, Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again.

But we watch for the signs of His living in the light of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe.
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe.
Wherever a soft hand of blessing cutreaches to succor a need.
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and might.
Bursts forto from the errors that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night, wherever in sight of God's legions the army of sayl recede. of evil recede, And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave tollers; bring lilles to altar and shrine; Bing out Easter bells; He has risen, for you is the token and sign.

There's a world moving sunward and God ward; ye are called to the front; ye must lead;

Behind are the grave and the darkness; the leaster is risen indeed.

N. Y. Catholic Review. SHORT SERMONS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y.

"If you have risen with Christ, seek the things which are above." (Col. iii. 1)
Our reflections on Easter morning, dearly beloved, ought above all to be practical. This is the day which the Lord bath made; and while it is right, for we are even bidden to rejoice and be glad in it, we should remember that our joy and we should remember that our joy and gladress are not substantial if we have not risen with Christ. We must not really risen with Christ. We must not forget that it is the glory of Christ we are commemorating. When Christ who is our life shall appear then we too shell appear with Him in glory. Until then we are dead with Him and cur life must had a with Christian Carl. be hidden with Christ in God. The proof of our death will be continued mortifica tion of our members, laying saids all anger, indignation, malice, blasphemy and speech-in a word the seeking of the things which are above where Christ is seated at the right band of God — enjoying them to the exclusion of the thirds of earth That is the practical seeson that St. Paul would have us learn from the Ressurrec-tion. The Resurrection has put the seal to the teaching of Carlet. The white face of the dead Christ gleaming out from the darkness on Calvary brought no encouragement to the fear-stricken Apostles, gathered together in an upper in Jerusalem hiding from the But now they have received the Peace of Christ. They have seen Him in His glorified flesh. They believe He is risen, and so they begin to have confidence despite the dangers that surround them, because they now know that He hath overcome the world. At the Last, Supper their hearts were troubled at the sad tid. them, it was necessary for Him to die and by His death earn the grace that was to give them supernatural life. Now they could calm their troubled hearts. The

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s. co. AGT: their hearts were troubled at the sad tid-ings He proclaimed, that He was the betrayed, that He was about to leave them. Now they saw that He had come back to them, and they began to realize that He was the way, the truth, the life He was the way to the Father because He was the truth and the life. In order that He might be their life, might bring life to them; it was paceages for Him to die and could caim their trouben beautiful clear.

Christ is life. If we live we must live in the life of Christ. Therefore the Aposte tells us that we must put on Christ. When we accept and obey the doctrine of Christ we are on the way. Like the distribute on the way to Emmass we are cipies on the way. Like the disciples on the way to Emmaus we are walking with Christ, and His very presence is warming our hearts within us. But even as they knew Christ only in the breaking of the bread, so shall we know Him and partake of His life only in imitating the example Ha has left as and Him and partake of His life only in imitating the example He has left us, and above all by taking that Bread of Life which is Himself. Unless, then, we have Christ, the Life, within us this Esster morn Christ, the Life, within us this Easter morning, ether by His sanctifying grace or by His real presence, we are dead; we are not hidden with fortunately we are not hidden with Christ in God. Putting on Christ does not mean, dear brethren, a cold and not mean, dear brethren, a cold and formal knowledge of Christ. We may know all about the life of Christ that the inspired or other books may tell us. We may be able to appreciate the beauty, the sublimity of His life and works, the pathos, the deep disgrace of His ignominious end. Our natural symptotics. pathies may even cause us to bewail His untoward end, and rejoice that at He is vindicated and triumphant. Still we may have not put on Christ. 1 Still we may have not put on Christ. If there be mortal sin upon our soul; if the Easter sun finds us traitors as Judss was, and deniers of Christ as Peter, we are yet in the tomb, cold and stark and stiff. If we have not determined to break away from all occasion of sin whose thralis hitherto we have been, the winding sheet and burial linens and bands etill confine us to the sepulcire. But if by the virify ing power of the Grace of Christ we have thrown off our sine by a worthy confession, and in the brightness of the Easter dawn, while we feel the firm grasp of the con-queror of Sin and Death, we have resolved to live with and for Christ, then we have found the way of truth and of life, and we can rejoice and be glad in the day that the Lord hath made. Our lives ought to show just how much of Ohrist we have

A MODERN ELIJAH.

He was small and black—a child of an inferior race. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest the hero, and if you had told him that he was a hero, he would scarcely have known what you meant. An unschooled, illiterate, ugly, bullethealed negro, he had, nevertheless, been haptized by the same spirit which hed caused the face of St. Stephen to shine as the face of an angel. the face of an angel.

One winter day—almost a year before the event which gave him a chance to show the stuff that was in him—he came into the hotel looking for a job. The office was brilliantly lighted and filled with a crowd of handsomely dressed men. There were politicians, club men, men about town, reporters, many members of the sporting fraternity, the usual lougers and handsome and according have deand hangers on, an occasional hayseed— all forming a very startling background for the rags and fith of the poor shivering, half starved little darkey. It was no easy matter for him to steer his course to the desk, and when he got there the splendor of the man behind it dezed him so that his voice almost falled him. He had, however, even at his early age, reached the point where he had to work or starve. So his necessities made bim eloquent. His eloquence prevailed. He was, on the next day, placed on the payroll of the great hotel.

As a bell boy he was not a success. I fear I must confess that he was iszy. People liked him—I do not know why,

People liked him—I do not know why, and for some reason or other, he was a favorite with his employers. If he had not been they would have dismissed him before his first week was out. Instead of doing that, they concluded to find more congenial work for him, so they put him in charge of one of the elevators.

Among the passengers who used to ride up and down with the boy was a little five year old girl, the daughter of a family living in the hotel. She was as perfect a type of her race as he was of his. With her fair white kilo, golden hair, deep blue eyes, and pretty womanly ways, the child eyes, and pretty womanly ways, the child was a general favorite. Every one knew her; every one loved her. Between her and the boy a great friendship had sprung up. He was devotion tasif, and his at-tentions to the little Canasian were so grotesquely chivalrous as to be almost pathetic. She accepted them all with a dignity and grace that were charming. Her family lived on the top floor of the house and as she always rode in his eleva tor when she could manage to do so the

Once she was ill. The medicine that helped her most was a wreched little bouquet sent her by her dusky friend.

It was winter sgain. The evening of which I write was very cold and clear. The trans were diamond-like in their brillesser.

liancy. Everything was frezen up—the wheels creaked on the snow.

The hotel was crowded with guests Not more than two or three of the dreds of rooms were unoccupied. A be lated traveller who had been on a weather bound train came in at 1 o'clock, tired and cold. He ordered a fire in his room and then went to the bar for a drink. A few minutes later he stepped into the boy's elevator and was carried to the top

The great house was quiet. Most of the lights in the office had been extinthe lights in the office had been extinguished. Two night owls were talking in
low tones on one of the settees which lined
the walls of the lobby. The bell-boys
were most of them salesp. The clerk was
drowsing.

Two o'clock! The night owls got up

and walked out into the cold air. A drunken man poked his nose in the door.

drunken man poked his nose in the door.
The elseping porter seemed to scent him,
for he hustled the poor fellow out.
The quiet despened till it became almost
oppressive. The air was heavy with it.
Suddenly, without a note of warning,
the cry of "Fire!" rang through the
house. There was life enough now.
Scantily-clad people were scurrying wildly
through the smoke-filled corridors. They
came plunging down the stairs to the came plunging down the stairs to the office, and so out into the freezing night long halls. Outside, the streets were jammed with people. The engines, with their clanging gongs, hurried to the scene.

Lidders were raised and the work of

rescue began.
It was time, for there was a white figure at almost every one of the multitudinous windows. The awful wall loomed up in windows. The awful wall loomed up in the darkness story on story, dimly seen as to its upper half, for that part of it was wreathed in the blinding smoke. The smoke turned to fiame—fiame bursting through scores of windows. The terror stricken creatures began to jump. The people in the street below were frantic.

"Back! back!" they shrieked, "Wait! we'll save you! don't jump!"

Which is the pleasanter, to be roasted allive or to be mashed out of shape on the stone pavement? If there is to be

alive or to be mashed out of snape on the stone pavement? If there is to be any saving done, it must be done quickly Many people were busy saving themselves. The eleeping clerk and porter and bell-boys had gotten out. But what of the little black fellow in

the elevator? He, too, had been asleep. He had been awakened as the others had been by the first cry of fire. Ualike them he had that "2 o'clock-in-themorning courage" which Napoleon said was the rarest sort. In an instant he decided that it was his duty to stick to his

the Lord hath made. Our lives ought to show just how much of Christ we have put on.

"Every Spring,"

Says one of the best housewives in New England, "We feel the necessity of taking a good medicine to purify the blood, and we all take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the children free from humors, my husband says it gives him a good appetite, and fur myself I am sare I could neves do all my work if it was not for this splendid medicine. It makes me feel strong and cheerful, and I am never troubled with headache or that tired feeling, as I used to be.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery your later. Even then he would bring as one people out of the fire burning above.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery your later. Even then he would be in the sould run his elevator. Trip after trip he made, each worse than the last.

people, and he would take any chance to save a life. The firemen were doing their best outside; death was busy within; and he ficelly made up his mind that it was no use to go back again, till all at once he remembered that he had seen nothing of

remembered that he had seen nothing of his little friend.

Could be weather the storm and fisme once more? He could try. He pulled the rope, and the journey began. It was slow—b, how slow. The smoke was terrible—worse than the fire—but he held his breath and fixed his mind upon the

The flame kindled the woodwork of the car. He fell on his hands and knees — but he kept his hold on the rope. At least he reached her floor. He found her room, and found her. She was asleep and alone.

Wrapping her in the blankets and throw wrapping her in the blankets and throwing about her a rug which he snatched from the floor, he struggled through the flame and smoke back to the burning ear. "Back from the jaws of hell" it was that he brought her, fighting the fire away from her every inch of the way down. He had just strength enough to stop the

The children were taken out and carried to a drugstore across the street—the girl alive and well and the boy seemingly

He was horribly burned. Among the ness norrolly nursed. Among the people who stood around were the parents of the little girl. They had been out to an evening party, and, returning after a long cold drive, found their home on fire. Every effort had been made, in response to the agonizing appeals of the father, to save the child—and now here he was safe and sound, laughing in her she was, safe and sound, laughing in her

mother's arms.

And the hero? He opened his eyes.

"Did I bring her froe all right?" "Yes, yes," raid the father, "and how can we ever thank you for what you have

"Nebber min' 'bout dat, boss. Ef she's safe dat's nuff for me"—and he closed his eyes.

Dead? Yes dead and gone to heaven in a charlot of fire.

BALFOURS FUND.

EDWARD EGGLESTON VISITS GAL-WAY AND SEES THE PEOPLE.

MEN AND WOMEN WORKING FOR TWENTY SIX CENTS A DAY-EVERYBODY UNDER THE EYE OF A POLICEMAN-HOW BAL FOUR KEEPS THE PROPLE WARM-OUT RAGES THEY HAVE TO BEAR FROM THE

dward Egglesworth in New York World. We drove up from Galway a few days ago, passing the wretched villege of Spiddal and so on round the coast through the stoniest land that the eye ever lighted upon. It is a country crowded with people. Women with bare legs in winter weather carrying creels loaded with turf, and lads all the way up to fourteen years of age dressed in frocks of homespun made of undyed white wool, appeared here and there upon the road, the poor little thatched cabins were set down everywhere

among the obsrusive rocks. It is the Irish tradition that precisely here stood the tower of Babel; this illimitable ocean of stones is the debris.

In Carraroe, which is a peninsula ittered everywhere with rocks and boulders, and thick sown with human beings dwelling in amoky hovels, we saw the first of the Government relief works. Roads that for goodness would shame nearly every cross street in Brooklyn and some of the avenues in New York, are in construction through Carraroe. Before the old famine of 1845 there was hardly a decent cartway in the west coast. The people had a strange drag made of two poles, with some kind of a roller instead of wheels. In the famine of 1845, and the following years, roads were built to turnish relief for the starving population, and carts came in fashion at first with truck wheels or

which were the latest news discussed by which were the latest news the course of the latest news the series of the latest news the poor people are breaking stone at 26 cents a day of our money for the able cents a day of our modey for the able bodied. The women get 10 pence, say 20 cents a day, and then little girls, pounding away with all the strength of their slender arms, receive 16 cents. They all work under the eye of a policeman, and, considering the antagon the people to the Royal Irish constabu-lary, one can easily conceive that such a taskmaster, idly overlooking their work, is not grateful to them. But it is one of those felicitous devices by which Mr. Balfour contrives to keep the Irish

warm. IF THE GOVERNMENT SAVED money by using the batonman for the purpose, the thing would be less irritating, but a constable, besides his regular pay, receives 4: extra for the service—about three and a half times the wages of an able bodied man working under him. In some places the working people are not paid in money but in orders on a shop-keeper for Indian meal or oatmeal. The Indian meal here is of the coarse kind

used for feeding horses with us.

The great difficulty about this kind of relief lies in the fact that the men working on the road cannot plant potatoes, and if the potatoes are not set there will be more suffering. Potato planting is a diffarent thing here from what it is with us. One must grovel in the slime to reap sea weed at low tide with a slokle for fertilizing. Sometimes the slokle is tied to a pole to cut the precious weed in the

This weed is carried in creels on the backs of women, or heaped high on the back of a diminutive donkey if the farmer Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you trip he made, each worse than the last. The firemen at the bottom of the shelf, to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says the made him a new man, and he can new man, and he can not say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

but he could run his elevator. Trip after trip he made, each worse than the last. The firemen at the bottom of the shelf, to whom he turned over his living freights, as laborious and pairful as the handling of rare «Notice would be with one of our gardeners. When all is done the potatoes and far up toward the roof the fire could live in beds well trenched and carefully rounded, and the work has all been done rounded, and the work has all been done | Minard's Liniment is the best

Still he kept on, and it did seem that every time he started skyward he was going to certain death. But he knew that the rooms and halls were swarming with people, and he would take any chance to coast. A whole farm in Carrarce or in Coshleen would not afford room to use a save a life. The foregoing the save a life. two horse team.

Besides the relief given by work upon

the roads, there is what is popularly known as Mr. Balfour's fund. Ralief from this has been held back until now. The money is raised by personal contributions under the auspices of "The Castle," as the Government of Ireland is called. Though the distress is quite as great as it has been in distress to quite as great as it has been in any season of searcity since the great famine of 1845 47, the Balfour fund is, I believe, much smaller than the amounts raised on former occasions. A certain dis-like to entrust money to those who have ented Ireland so harshly has something to truied retains so harshiv has something to do with the falling off, no doubt. Un-happlity, the relief of Irleh distress is accounted a political cow in Balfour's hands. By this means the brutal pound-

ing of unoffending people, as at Cork and Tipperary, and the Tipperary, and the LONG, HARSH TERMS OF IMPRISONMENT suffered by members of Parliament, are to be put out of memory.

The fund is comparatively small, and

the castle authorities have to make as much of a penny as possible. How sharp are the limitations put upon this relief are apparent from the instructions given to the police who administer it. No family is eligible to relief if it has an able bodied man, or even a boy over fourteen, or which is in receipt of even a shilling or two a week of out-door relief from the poor law guardians. Even a family eligible for out door relief, though neglected, cannot receive anything, nor can anything be given to a family holding less than a quarter of an acre of ground. There are several other limitations, but these will do No wonder a Government official said on reading the circular: "Who the dickens will they relieve, then ?"

will they relieve, then?"
Some private fands raised for relief
have been used to give a meal a day
to every child in certain schools. This is
an excellent thing to do, for not one in
ten of these children of misery ever tastes a drop of milk, and as the potatoes are out their diet is of the scantiest. No doubt you will hear that a meal a day is given to all school children in the famine smitten district from the Balfour fund. I asked a good parish priest about it the other day and he showed me the remittance to feed the children in his schools, which contain 800 enrolled pupils, but in which the average stiendance is a little less than 300 in this planting season when so many able bodled men are forced to work for \$1.75 a week on the relief works to save the families from perishing, while women and children plant the potatoes. For the chi dren in the potato patches nothing can well be done, and I figured upon the remittance in the priest's hand, about \$14. for feeding nearly 300 children a week It would be less than a half penny a day to a child. What sort of a dinner for a child will one cent buy in a place fifty miles from the railway and where nearly all food must be imported? How will
you get a portion small enough to make
the provisions divisible?

In order to help the good Father out of
his perplexity the castle had sent him the

following notice:
"As in many districts it may be diffi-

cult for the managers to obtain

and other suitable food for their schools, you may be glad to know that biscuits, specially recommended for children's use, made of pure wholemeal flur, with an extra quantity of sugar, may be procured in Dablin at the rate of 25 shillings per hundred weight (about 1000 biscuit.)"

That is to say, after making allowance for railway freight to Galway, and the carting from Galway, eay, to the wretched villages on the south side of Renoyle bay, the remittance will barely enab parish priest to give to every child actually present in the schools one sweetened graham cracker a day for five days in the week. I suppose, however, it will enable Mr. Balfour to declare that his fund has given a meal a day to all the school chli-dren in this parish and to all in the famine district.

enormous. The Government charges the potatoes to the local poor-law guardlans, who sell them on credit to the peasants, and these poor fellows are already over-bardened with debt to the shopkeepers These potatoes in the Clifden union cost the people about two cents a pound, and they are terrified to have this new debt hanging over them A fund collected in England and America, to be distributed by Miss Sturge, who has founded a basket making industry at Letterplack, is administered for her by another philanthropic English lady, Miss Mander. This fund has saved many from starvation during the has saved many from starvation during the winter. At present, what remains of the money is used chiefly to supply necessary food to the sick and to furnish seed potatoes gratuitously to the very poorest in-habitants of some of the most poverty ridden villages in this vicinity, Of course all cannot be relieved, and even while I write poor women who have received no potatoes, some of them barefoot, are standing at the hotel door in a biting north wind clamoring for potatoes after they have all been distributed. One lad, who had walked many long Irish miles with a bag under his arm, said to me with a kind of sob: "If I could only get enough to go to America I wouldn't stay in such a country as this " I am positively ashamed to have money in my pocket

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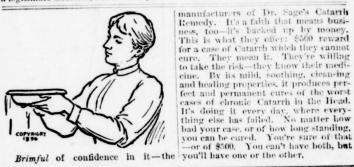
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