

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EASTER

Awhile ago, we followed Him Amid the rabble crowd— A cross upon His shoulders laid, His thorn-crowned head low bowed. We heard the blow as fell the lash, And saw the red blood flow; And oh, our hearts in pity sobbed, A little while ago.

A little while ago, my God! How sad a sight to see, The Saviour on Golgotha's height Nailed fast unto the tree; And how our hearts sank in despair 'Neath grief's unfathomed woe, As on the cross we saw Him die A little while ago.

Awhile ago, the cold grave yawned And like the sons of men, We saw His lifeless body borne To silent gloom within; And waning faith sank in our hearts 'Til faint the cinder's glow, And Death's hand hovered over hope A little while ago.

But now, from agonizing grief We lift our weeping eyes, And o'er the hills we see the glow On Easter morning's skies. The sepulchre stands open wide, Christ threw aside Death's pall, Proclaiming a doubting world That He is Lord of all!

THE JOYS OF EASTER

As a wise and prudent mother, the Church teaches her children by means of the impressive and touching moving pictures of her ritual during Holy Week the solemn significance for every soul of the sufferings and death of Christ on the cross for the salvation of the world. Our Lord being in the form of God emptied Himself of His glory and became man and died for our sins that He might redeem us from iniquity and open to us the gates of heaven.

Meditation on this great manifestation of God's love and mercy for poor, sinful humanity is sufficient to melt even the most proud, indifferent and sin-hardened heart. In the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son our Lord teaches us that all He requires to restore us to His grace and love is sorrow for sin, a true repentance and a firm resolution to be faithful in His service.

How consoling this teaching of our Divine Lord is to us poor sinners. As in a family when a child has done wrong or has been disobedient, the father and mother look for some sign of sorrow and repentance before they will forgive the child, so our Heavenly Father only looks for evidences of true contrition on the part of the sinner as a prelude to forgiveness.

God has made the return of the soul to His service very easy. All we have to do is to be sorry and to desire to return to our Father's home—to our Saviour, our Church and the practice of our religion that we had neglected for the husks of swine, and He will receive us with joy and gladness. There will be no rebuke, no punishment, but kind words of welcome and restoration to God's friendship, love and service.

But the first move must be made by the sinner. He must have sorrow and give up his evil ways and make the first step to return home. He must feel that he has lost all rights, and yet God's love and mercy will receive him and restore to him his former sonship and robe of grace.

Many souls who were once happy in their Father's house, but have wandered far away in the toils of Satan and sin, are moved to penance and inspired to return to God by the touching ceremonies and ancient truths presented in the devotions of the Church during Holy Week, especially by the service of the Three Hour's Agony on the Cross on Good Friday. Sooner or later they discover that there is no true or lasting happiness without obedience to the laws of God.

The divine pathos of the Crucifixion of Christ on Mount Calvary dying for the redemption and salvation of souls and pouring out His Precious Blood for sinners must move to repentance even the most hardened heart. The Good Shepherd gives His life for His sheep, even in His search for the lost sheep who have gone astray. What greater love could Our Lord show for us sinners than to offer Himself up on the cross as a sacrifice for the sins of the world?

HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT YOUR WORK?

It is not the number of hours which you put in or the amount of noise which you make, but rather the intensity with which you work, which makes for accomplishment. We are all acquainted with the "Hear me work" type of individual who bustles about, impressing on

us how busy he is and how hard he works. He always seems to be rushing to catch up with his job and we soon gain the impression that his job is too big for him. He boasts that hours mean nothing to him and is apt to pose as a martyr to his own career. He is a busy, bustling, important individual who really accomplishes little and arrives nowhere. His mind is on himself and not on his job. He is an actor, not a performer.

Real performance comes through concentration, not on yourself, but on your work. One hour of intense concentration will produce more in the way of results than a week of unpurposeful endeavor.

When you work, do one thing at a time and give your whole mind to the thing you are doing. It may take a little time and practice to acquire the habit, but it is well worth it and the result will prove surprising. It is the road to success.—Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

He spake, the Lord of all the earth, From out the glowing skies; He bade the grave its victim yield, And called the dead to rise.

An angel rolled the stone away And from the grave's deep gloom The risen Lord in glory came Triumphant from the tomb.

The lilies sprang to meet him Along the sunlit way, And nature donned her floral robes That golden Easter Day.

The birds flew forth on joyous wing, God's message of peace, To bid all weeping eyes look up And hopeless sorrow cease.

And hence for aye the Easter-tide This message sweet shall bring, "The Grave no more hath victory, And death hath lost its sting!"

THE FIRST EASTER

Jesus of Nazareth was dead, and His bruised body had been laid in the new-cut tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Joseph was a rich man who believed in Jesus; when the word came from the hill called Golgotha that Christ was dead, Joseph had gone to Pilate, the Roman judge, who had found no fault in this Just Man, and begged Christ's body. He had wrapped the body in fresh linen and laid it in a new sepulchre, where no man's body had ever been. And a great stone was rolled in front of the entrance of the sepulchre, and it was sealed.

All was over, the disciples told each other; their Master was dead, and the dream ended. There was black despair among these humble, loving followers.

Now, early in the morning of the first day of the Jewish week, two days after the crucifixion, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, mother of James, went to the sepulchre, taking with them spices and ointments bought out of their scanty savings, wherewith to anoint the body of Jesus. It was the last service they might do Him. And as they went along they wondered how they would roll back the heavy stone from the door of the sepulchre, that they might enter in.

But when they came to the sepulchre, behold, the stone was rolled away and, entering, they found the Body of Jesus was not there; the linen clothes lay there, wherein Joseph had wrapped his Lord, and the linen cloth that had been bound around His head, folded and laid aside. And they began to weep. Then they saw two men, with garments of light, sitting one at the foot and the other at the head, where the body of Jesus had been, and the men said:

BELLS OF EASTER

WRITTEN BY FATHER FABER BEFORE HIS CONVERSION

After the silence of Good Friday and Easter-eve I shall never forget the hour when Easter dawned on Venice. The sun was just rising, and there rose such a bewildering and multitudinous harmony of bells from every steeple in the city, that they raised the feelings almost into excitement. It was an Easter hymn such as I never heard before. It reminded me of a description of the bells of Paris:

Ascend on the morning of a high festival, at sunrise, on Easter or Whit-Sunday, to some elevated point, from which you may overlook the whole capital, and listen to the awakening of the bells. Behold, at a signal proceeding from heaven, for it is the sun himself that gives it, those thousand churches trembling all at once. At first solitary tinkles pass from church to church, as when musicians give notice that they are going to begin. Then see, at certain times the ear too seems to be endued with sight, see how, all of a sudden, at the same moment, there rises from each steeple, as it were a column of sound, a cloud of harmony.

At first, the vibration of each bell rises straight, pure, and in manner separate from the others, into the splendid morning sky; then, swelling by degrees, they blend, melt, mingle into a magnificent concert. It is now but one mass of sonorous vibrations, issuing incessantly from the innumerable steeples, which floats, undulates, bounds, whirls over the city, and expands far beyond the horizon the deafening circles of its oscillations.

That sea of harmony, however, is not a chaos. Vast and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you see it in each group of notes that has flown from the bellies, winding along apart; you may follow the dialogue, by turns low and shrill; you may see the octaves skipping from steeple to steeple; you watch them springing, light, mingled, sonorous, from the silver bell; dropping dull, faint and feeble from the wooden; you admire the rich gamut incessantly running up and down the seven bells of St. Eustache; you see clear and rapid notes dart about in all directions, make three or four luminous zigzags, and vanish like lightning.

Down yonder the abbey of St. Martin sends forth its harsh, sharp tones; here the battle raises its sinister and husky voice; at the other extremity, it is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chiming of the palace throw out incessantly on all sides, resplendent thrills upon which falls, at measured intervals, the heavy toll from the belfry of Notre Dame, which makes them sparkle like the anvil under the hammer. From time to time you see tones of all shape proceeding from the triple peal of St. Germain des Pres passing before you.

Then again, at intervals, this mass of sublime sound opens and makes way for the stette of the Ave Maria, which glistens like an agrette of stars. Beneath, in the deepest part of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the singing within the churches, which transpires through the vibrating pores of their vaults.

Verily, this is an opera which is well worth listening to. In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; in this case it is the singing of the city. Lend yourself then to this tumult of steeples; diffuse over the whole the buzz of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartet of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down, as with a dim-tint, all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of the sound, and say, if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than the tumult of bells; than that furnace of music; than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high; than that city which is but one orchestra; than that symphony rushing and roaring like a tempest.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE LITTLE FLOWER

After the reading of the decree approving the miracles brought out during the inquiry into the cause of the beatification of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus, His Holiness Pope Pius XI. paid the following beautiful and touching tribute to the Little Flower: "The same God who called those giants of saintliness and apostolic life, Saint Ignatius and Saint Francis Xavier, behind whom stand resplendent on the horizon of the spiritual life the incomparable figure of Peter and Paul, of Athanasius, of Chrysostom, of Ambrose, and of Charles Borromeo; the same God is revealed to us this moment as the One who with infinite love, formed in secret, like an exquisitely fine miniature, this very humble, very little, and so virginal child. You recognize here in the supernatural order the same process which God was pleased to follow in the natural order, and which is so well described by the Christian poet whose quaintness we are soon to celebrate: 'God brings from our fields the nourish-

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ing grain and the flax to clothe us; He provides the medical essences of the plants. It is He who created the pine which braves the winds and the willow which bows its head, the fir tree which resists the cold of winter and the poplar which fears not the downpour, and it is He who also gives life to the flower whose fine tissue displays for Him alone the magnificence of its colors, which exhales toward Heaven the perfumes of its chalice and which dies in silence. This silent flower, this tissue of splendid colors, this beauty displayed to the eye of God alone, is not this little Therese of the Child Jesus?"—The Pilot.

Disease Germs Doomed

Many have lost terrors for the Scientist

The progress of recent years in medical research is little short of marvellous. Daily, science kills germs by the million. Daily, new ones are being discovered, isolated and exterminated by the march of medicine.

Science is winning. What were once regarded as serious diseases are now laughed out of countenance by the doctors. Fearlessly they plunge naked hands into swarms of them, their only precaution being to rinse their hands afterwards with a reliable germicidal preparation. We are witnessing the birth of an era when the world will have little to fear from microbes.

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WORLD-CIRCLING MISSIONARY

NATIONAL FEELING STRONG IN CEYLON

Colombo, Ceylon, Jan. 5.—During our four days in Ceylon we spent one at Kandy the principal centre of the Island's Buddhism. Here we were the guests of Bishop Beckmeyer and his Italian Benedictine confreres. The Bishop himself was born in Ceylon of Dutch parentage and speaks English like an American and Singalese like a native. Of all the gracious hospitalities shown us everywhere in the Orient none was more wholesome than that of the Bishop of Kandy. As our time was limited he personally arranged and accompanied us on our visits to the places of interest in Kandy vicinity.

The Italian Benedictines of St. Sylvester have the care of the Kandy Mission. After Colombo it is the second mission from the point of view of number of converts. Besides fighting in their Kandy stronghold, the Benedictines conduct the College whose powerful good is limited only by the scanty means at its disposal.

The Nationalist movement has produced a very strange Religious situation in Ceylon. The Buddhists have seized upon it as a means of reviving the once popular faith of the Singhalese in Buddhism and at the same time of fighting Christianity, which has made such serious inroads among the Buddha's followers.

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