

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EASTER
This is the day, when from the dead Our Lord awoke; and everywhere, Out of their darkness and despair, Triumph over fears and foes, The hearts of His disciples rose, When to the women, standing near, The Angel in shining vesture said: "The Lord is risen: He is not here!"

SENTIMENT

No man need blush because his heart beats high and his speech grows warm for his country, his home, or his faith, nor because a tender chord binds him to the mother that made him what he is. True sentiment is not weakness; it is strength. It makes fragrant the commonplace of life; it throws a purple mantle over the humblest occupation, and keeps alive the sacred fires in the temple of pure and genuine manhood.—The Tablet.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

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EASTER LILIES
Though long in winter sleep ye lay, The powers of darkness could not stay Your coming at the Call of May, Proclaiming Spring.

Nay, like the faithful virgins wise, With lamps replenished, ye arise Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes Of Christ the King.

THE STRANGER

In a certain country church the ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out by the two priests of the parish. On Good Friday morning there was a large congregation, including the school children, who were to take part in the procession. The little girls were dressed in white, and the boys wore red scarfs and white gloves.

When the time came for the adoration of the Cross, the people knelt in rows at the altar rails, the children came next, kissed the sacred emblem and returned to their places. The last child to whom the cross was presented was a little girl named Rosie, between three and four years old. She was so small that the priest was obliged to stoop over the altar rails, and when he held the cross before her, she put up both her tiny hands and caught it. He let it go with her, and stood waiting to see what she would do.

She clasped it to her bosom and gently murmured, "Poor, Jesus, I'll take the nails out."

She put her fingers on one of them and pulled and twisted with all her might. Finding her efforts useless, she handed it back saying, pitifully, "They won't come out."

She turned to go away, but perceiving an old man in the front seat close to the altar rails, she fixed her eyes on him for an instant, then stamped her tiny foot and said indignantly: "Bad man, you put the nails in far."

The people who were near gazed in wonder both at the child and the man, for no one seemed to know the latter, and then one of the elder girls came and took Rosie to her place. When the service was concluded the congregation dispersed, but the old man remained with his hands over his face.

About two hours afterwards Father Kelly came into the church, and seeing the figure kneeling motionless in the seat, drew near. Thinking the man had fallen asleep he gently touched him on the shoulder, but such a haggard, miserable face was raised to his, that tears of pity started to the good priest's eyes.

"Excuse me," he said, "I thought you were asleep." The man looked all around, then said in a hoarse whisper: "Father did you hear what that child said?"

"Yes," said the priest, "she is only a baby."

"My God," murmured the man, again covering his face, "I drove the nails in far."

"Come in the sacristy," said Father Kelly. The man obeyed, and when they were seated the priest said: "You are a stranger here. I presume?"

"I was not always one," said he; "forty years ago I belonged to this place; my home was in the Grange yonder."

"Ah!" said the priest, "the residence of Dr. Haslam?"

"Yes," said the man, "he is my brother; but, Father, will you have time to listen to me for a while?"

"Certainly," said he, "and if I can assist you in any way I shall be happy."

"Well, then," began the man, "my name is Patrick Haslam. I am the eldest son of Major Haslam who lived in this parish. All my brothers and sisters died young, except Tim, whom you seem to know. When I was seventeen years old, I came home from college with a fairly good education. My father wished me to choose some profession, but I was glad to be free from masters and professors, and asked my father to let me remain as I was for a year. I was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and spent my time in amusements. At length the year was up and my father insisted on my doing something. My mother advised and implored me to make a choice, so I thought I would study for the bar. I went on for a while and got tired. I next tried medicine and failed, owing to my idle disposition. Nothing had any interest for me but pleasure and sports. I was heir to all my father's property and could afford to be idle (so my companions told me.)

heart-broken, and my father soon followed her to the grave. I felt a kind of remorse, but it was only for a short time. I became reckless, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. "I have travelled in all lands, sometimes working, often starving. The companions of my wealth turned their backs on me in my misfortunes. I met with an accident in New York, and was three months in the hospital. During that time I had leisure to think over all my life and how I had spent it. When I was discharged, and seeing a ship bound for Ireland, a great longing seized me to see once the place of my childhood. I arrived here this morning. I knew that no person would recognize me, so I followed the crowd into the church.

"When the crucifix was unveiled, I dared not raise my eyes, a strange sensation took possession of me, and when that child denounced me publicly, I felt rooted to the spot where I knelt. The rest you know, Father; I only wish now to hide myself somewhere. No one cares what becomes of me."

"You are mistaken," said the priest "there is One Who cares and Who has shown His love for you in a wonderful manner. Have you ever prayed or performed any religious act, during all these years?"

"Religion never troubled me," said the man; "I said no prayers, but—"

and he paused. "My mother made us say ejaculations, as she called them: 'My Jesus Mary; Mary, help; were her favorites. I often found myself saying them, but I did not connect them with prayer, it was more from habit than anything else."

"Well, whatever may have been your motive," said Father Kelly, "God has shown you mercy, and the Blessed Virgin has helped you to repent and be reconciled to her Son. Thank God and prepare to make your peace with Him."

Next day when Patrick Haslam left the sacred tribunal of Penance, surely there was joy in Heaven, and when Easter dawned he no longer felt himself a stranger in God's house. Father Kelly took him to the "Grange," where his brother received him affectionately. When the children were introduced, he recognized amongst the number, no other than little Rosie, his friend of Good Friday.—M. S. E. in The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE RESURRECTION

The feast of our Lord's Resurrection from the dead is the most glorious day in the calendar of religion. The Church rejoices on Easter because her thoughts are centered upon the victory of the Saviour over sin and death, because the miracle of His rising is the supreme triumph of His blessed life of thirty three years on earth, and because all humanity sees in the Lord's Resurrection the model and type of its own. His reappearance from the tomb is assurance beyond doubt that the dead do live again; His glorious life after death on the Cross, the guarantee of our own immortality.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." We may go in spirit to the Holy Sepulchre, we may stand beside it, and looking into the empty space where reposed for a while the sacred body of our Lord, we can learn with certainty that the grave does not close the story of human life. Beyond the range of theory and speculation is placed the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and the existence in another state of being in a certified truth for us when we know that one who bore our humanity, and died on the cross, rose again the third day. "I know that my Redeemer liveth and I shall rise out of the earth, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

Easter Sunday interprets the meaning of the immortality of the soul. It places beyond all doubt the fact of a future state. There are too many in the world at present who look altogether at the things that are seen, that are temporal, and disregard the things that are not seen, that are eternal. So many interesting features belong to life in our days that they engage too much of our attention and monopolize too much of our time. They are enough to fill the minds of those who seldom look beyond the grave who have never sounded the depth of the meaning of the thought of Scripture, that to die is to live, that the fashion of this world passeth, that the eternity and fullness of life remain for the great hereafter. The tomb is for the just, the gateway to life eternal with God.

The Resurrection has made of death no longer a humiliation but a victory. Before our Lord's rising, darkness and despair accompanied the thought of passing away. The fervent Christian may now look upon it as the gate of Paradise, the vestibule of heaven. It is the new birth into another life assured to humanity by Him who is the first begotten of the dead. Christianity's cornerstone, the miracle of the Resurrection, is God's message to mankind that His Son is God, that the human soul is immortal, that all of us will live again, that a life of faith and service will be crowned when we will rise and put on immortality, and be with Christ and see Him as He is.

Never in all the history of the world has an Easter Sunday morning dawned when the great human family needed the consolation of the day more than at the present time. Though war is counting its toll in the hundreds of thousands, and though the anguish and the heart-aches are being multiplied to an in-

conceivable degree in every country of the globe, there can be found some solace in the thought that the dead do live again. Life's battles may end in victory or defeat, according to the shortsighted judgment of this world of strife, but above it all is the law of eternal truth and justice, guaranteeing an eternal reward for a life of service offered for God and country, and an abode of peace forever to all who fall as true soldiers of Christ in the worthy cause of defending a nation's rights.—Providence Visitor.

The most efficacious sermon is good example. Nothing better convinces those spoken to than a practical illustration of the counsel given.—St. Bernard.

Here's a sermon in little: "I'm too old to be hatin' people," says a dear old Irish lady in a book. "And when you're my age you'll not be hatin' people unless your mind's a rotten mind. Your ves hates'll drop off you just like an old shawl that slips from your shoulders when you're not lookin', an' you'll be knowin' well your pleasure is to be goin' about with as good a heart as you can."

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Discretion is necessary in the spiritual life; its office is to moderate the excesses of virtue, so as to make us walk between two extremes.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

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