

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AT EASTER TIME

The sunset, like a flaming sword,
Between our sight and Paradise,
Offers its red fire to our eyes—
A symbol of earth's Lord.

The crocus shows above the ground
Its glowing lamp of yellow flame,
It seems a letter of the Name
Which choirs of angels sound.

An altar all this fair earth is,
The Christian mind the priest,
The greatest thinker or the least
Is acolyte of His.

For nature gives us what we bring,
Not more, nor any less;
The meaning of her varied dress
Must in our minds first spring.

Thus Easter glides the opening year,
Because Christ is our joy;
The sunset brave, the crocus coy,
Reflect Him bright and clear.

Nature's a sphinx to those who
know
Not Resurrection time!
We read her wall to every clime
Faith makes her meaning glow.

THE RESURRECTION

Easter dawns radiant and clear
after the gloom and darkness of
Holy Week. He is risen. He is
not here. Behold the place where
they laid Him." The exultant cry
of the Angel of the Resurrection
floats down the ages to greet us
on this Easter morn. It is a day of
joy, of gladness, and of triumph.
With the resurrection of Christ
from the dead comes the strengthening
of our faith, our hope, and our
love. "This is the day which the
Lord hath made. Let us rejoice
and be glad therein."

As the whole of Christ's teaching
rests on the glorious miracle of the
Resurrection, so the very structure
of our Christian faith is built upon
the foundation of the Resurrection.
St. Paul voices this truth in his
masterful fashion, "If Christ be
not risen again, then is our preach-
ing vain, and your faith is also vain.
And we are found false witnesses
against God; because we have given
testimony against God that He hath
raised up Christ;" and he continues
with magnificent faith, "But now
Christ is risen from the dead, the
first fruits of them that sleep, for
by a man came death and by a man
the resurrection from the dead.
And as in Adam all die, so also
in Christ all shall be made alive."

Christmas joy is the unmixed joy
of children; Easter joy is born of
suffering. On Christmas morn we
rejoice that our Redeemer has come.
On Easter Sunday we rejoice that
our Redeemer has conquered.
Easter joy is Christmas joy grown
to man's estate. It is pre-eminently
the day which the Lord hath made
for our rejoicing.

For centuries impious men have
tried to discredit the truth of
Christ's resurrection from the dead.
They have invented every kind of
theory to account for the simple
fact of the miracle; but in vain.
Rationalists and sceptics, material-
ists and scoffers, atheists and
heresiarchs have fulminated against
the historical fact of the empty
tomb and the Risen Saviour, but
they have not succeeded in casting
one scintilla of doubt upon the
unassailable fact which friends and
enemies, contemporary writers both
sacred and profane, a host of wit-
nesses have attested, that Christ
truly died and truly rose again from
the dead. And the verdict of truth
has always agreed with that of the
great philosopher who declared that
you must believe the testimony of
witnesses who are willing to die for
truth of their testimony.

Today the world needs to accept
the truth in the resurrection of its
Saviour and all that it implies.
Before the light of Christ's infalli-
ble teachings, the doubt, anxiety
and despair that are grinding the
souls of men will vanish like mists
before the sun. The picture of the
Risen Christ triumphant over death
and sin and misery is an inspiring
spectacle from which the world
should not avert its gaze. It
preaches to us the truth that we
shall all indeed rise again. For this
corruptible must put on incorrup-
tion, and this mortal must put on
immortality, and when this mortal
hath put on immortality, then shall
come to pass the saying that is
written: Death is swallowed up in
victory. O death where is thy
victory? O death where is thy
sting? Now the sting of death is
sin, and the power of sin is the law.
But thanks be to God who hath
given us the victory through our
Lord Jesus Christ."—The Pilot.

WHY MEN FAIL

There is a cause for everything!
Nothing ever "just happens." If
a man is promoted to a better job
there is a cause. If a man loses his
job there is also a cause.

There are many causes that lead
to failure. Here is a list of the
most common causes:

1. Finding fault with another
but never seeing your own.
2. Doing as little as possible and
trying to get as much as possible
for it.
3. Spending too much time show-
ing up another's weak points and
too little time correcting your own.
4. Slandering those who do not
like.
5. Procrastination—putting off
until tomorrow something that we
should have done day before yester-
day.
6. Deceit—talking in a friendly
manner to another's face and stab-

bing him in the back as soon as he
turns around.

7. False belief that we are smart
enough to reap a harvest of pay
before sewing a crop of honest
service.

8. Disloyalty to those who have
trusted us.

9. Egotism—the belief that we
know it all and no one can teach us
anything.

10. Last, but not least, lack of
necessary training and education to
enable us to stand at the head in our
line of work.

Look this list over and check
yourself up by it. If none of these
causes for failure apply to you, then
you are to be congratulated, because
you are a success.—Selected.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RESURRECTION MORN

Just to listen that's enough,
To the gladness in the air—
Songs of sweetest faith and love
Singing round us everywhere!
Just to know that out of pain
Peace and joy and hope were born,
Just to listen, that's enough,
On this Resurrection morn.

Just to live, Oh, that's enough!
And to look in human eyes
For the peace that penance brought
Touched with glory from the skies.
Oh, to know God's hand hath
touched

Every bruise and every thorn!
Just to live, Oh, that's enough,
On this Resurrection morn!

Just believing, that is all,
Loving, trusting all day long;
Peace and love must conquer hate,
Right subdueth every wrong,
Life's a radiant dream come true,
Not one soul shall be forlorn—
Just believing, that is all,
On this Resurrection morn.

DEATRICE O'HARA

HOW "ROBIN" EARNED HIS
RED BREAST
AN ENGLISH LEGEND
By Frances M. Gibbon

In most of the country gardens,
in Old England, during the winter
months, there may be seen hopping
about upon the lawns or from branch
to branch upon the trees, a small
brown bird, with two bright black
eyes, a saucy tipped up tail, and a
scarlet waistcoat. He is called
"Robin Red Breast."

Nobody would believe, unless they
had heard him, how beautifully we
Robin can sing, but when he does
so it seems as if his little throat
must burst; for it swells so with
his song.

"I am going to tell you how
"Robin" came to have such a
bright Red Breast.

I do not say that the story is
true. It is what is called a
"Legend;" but it is so beautiful,
and English people who know it,
like to think of it, when they see
the little bird which they all love
so dearly.

Once Robin was altogether a
brown bird, and at that time he was
a great deal in Palestine where you
know our dear Lord lived and was
crucified.

Robin built his nest in the Garden
to which the dear Lord went at
times and, as He loved all things
that His Father had made, we
Robin and his little wife were never
disturbed. And so, one night they
saw the cruel men who came to take
away the Lord, and Robin followed
them and saw and heard all the
dreadful things that happened to
Him. Then, one saddest of sad days,
that His Friend brought out and
led along the dusty road, and
watched those cruel men nail Him
to the Cross and then leave Him
there to die!

He flew to one of the nails that held
a hand, and tried to pull it out, and
then to the other, and tried that
one, but his little beak was not
strong enough. Then he went to
the Lord's feet, and tried his very
hardest to do it there, but no, he
could not move the nail one bit.

By that time his little breast was
soaked with the blood from the dear
Lord's wounds, though he did not
know this was so himself. Then
away he flew to the top of the Cross,
and swelling his dear little throat
out, he gave forth his lovely song,
just to show His Friend that he was
there and had done his best to help
Him. And the Lord heard him and
said: "Robin your breast is soaked
with My Blood, and because you
have tried so hard to help Me,
and to cheer Me, when others have
forsaken Me, henceforth your sons
shall have feathers of crimson upon
their breasts that all men shall
know and remember what you have
done."

So this is why we love to think
to be the reason that our English
Robin is called "Red Breast."

A SAGACIOUS NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

At certain seasons of the year the
streams in some parts of North
America, not far from the coast,
are filled with fish. A real New-
foundland dog (which, by the way,
is much slier in build than is
generally thought), belonging to a
farmer who lived near one of these
streams, used to keep the house
well supplied with fish. This is the
way he managed it.

He was absolutely black, with the
exception of a white forefoot, and
for hours together he would stand
almost immovable, on a small rock
which projected into the stream,
keeping his white foot hanging over
the ledge as a lure for the fish. He
remained so still that it acted as a
very attractive lure. Whenever

curiosity or hunger tempted an un-
wary fish to approach too close, the
dog plunged in, seized the fish, and
carried it off to the foot of a neigh-
boring tree. He would do this
again and again. On a successful
day he would catch a great num-
ber.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE GENTLE GIRL

She is still among us, though we
rarely see her picture in the papers.
She does not care for that kind of
thing and possibly she does not earn
a place in the columns of the daily
press. For her ambition is not to
be known as a star swimmer, jumper
or baseball player or movie star.
She shines in the home. Her gentle
word soothes father; her ready
services save mother many a step;
and her wise, kind advice to the
younger children prevents many a
squabble. The big brother thinks
she is second only to mother, and
often her quiet "I wouldn't do it
if I were you," induces him to give
up a project or prank that might
make trouble; or perhaps she sets
him thinking so earnestly that he
sees the right way even before him
and follows it resolutely.

Being gentle does not mean being
weak or uncertain. It is surprising
how firm the quiet, gentle girl can
be when a question of right and
wrong is raised. Her tranquil eyes
see clearly, and her words make
plain that there can be but one
course—the one that conscience
whispers—"follow."

We need the gentle girl today
more than ever. May she be found
in more homes, to give them joy and
content, and to bring a blessing on
all lives that touch hers. The
boisterous girl, the athletic girl, the
social success, have their day, but
if they have no other recommenda-
tions to favor, it is only a day. The
clamorous, boastful girl soon loses
vogue; a better swimmer or jumper
may retire the athletic girl even in
one brief contest; and the social
success may after all be only the
most pitiful kind of a failure. But
the gentle home-girl endures. She
is the type of true womanhood,
whose exemplar is Mary, the Maid
of Nazareth.—Southern Cross.

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EASTER SONG

Easter!—and the amber mold
Feels a kindling thrill of gold—
Gold upon the willow tips,
Gold upon the crocus lips;
Feathery gold of catkin-ore
And the colt's-foot by the shore!

Easter!—and the bluebird's wing
Shows an azure shimmering;
On the robin's breast there glints
Prestige of the rose's tints,
While the grackle's prismatic throat
Glistens with each warbled note.

Easter!—and the lyric stream
Wakens from its wintry slumber;
Every strain the south wind breathes
Some fond prophecy bequeathes;
Every bough, a throbbing lyre,
Voices some aroused desire.

Easter!—and the wondrous clue
To the marvel ever new—
Earth's renaissance, wherein we
See revived mortality,
As in root and branch and bole!
Easter—and the quickened soul!
—CLINTON SOULIARD

THE EASTER LILY

Bathed in the glory of the Easter
morn,
Steep'd in its gladness and its fresh
delight,
The lily lifts its head—a symbol
white

Of Christ, the Risen One! This day,
new-born,
He issues from the sepulchre for-
lorn—
His raiment whiter than the lily's
snow,
His bright head flung, in golden
wealth unshorn,
From radiant brow and gracious
eyes aglow!

In the dark earth the lily's seed
was sown;
In the blue grave the Crucifix was
laid,
From dusky mold the fairest flower
hath grown,
And Christ hath risen from the
tomb's dark shade!
Of Easter lilies let His crown be
made,
Let Easter lilies in His path be
strewn.
—ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY

GOOD FRIDAY

O Heart of Three-in-the-evening,
You nestled the thorn-crowned
head;
He leaned on you in His sorrow,
And rested on you when dead.

Ah! Holy Three-in-the evening
He gave you His richest dower;
He met you afar on Calvary,
And made you "His own last hour."

O Heart of Three-in-the evening,
Mine beats with thine today;
Thou tellest the olden story,
I kneel—and I weep and pray.
—FATHER RYAN

Change of place contributes very
much to calm the excess of pain
either of grief or of love.—Ruskin.

You will always be glad in the
evening, if you have spent the day
profitably.—Thomas a Kempis.

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and do better

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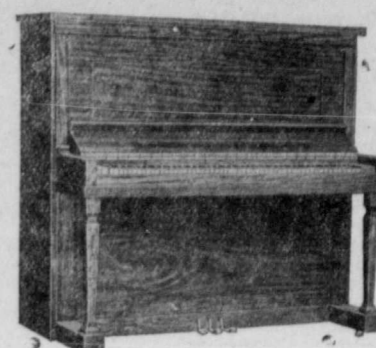
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