

Ste. Rose du Lac Notes

The phonograph, after being raffled and making \$185 towards paying for the new organ, came back to its old home, for Mr. Ashdown, of Winnipeg, who won it, kindly returned it to Fr. Lecoq, who is very grateful to all who gave so liberally.

We learn that there is going to be a retreat in all the parishes, and we hope the English speaking here will not be overlooked in the choice of a preacher; we have a dozen or more English speaking families who hardly ever hear a good English sermon. All the prayers and instructions being in French, it is very hard for those who do not understand that language.

We have lately had the honor of a visit from the venerable mitred Abbot of Bellefontaine Abbey in France, head of all the Trappists in that country and Canada. One seemed to feel in his grand and saintly presence the glamour and poetry of the middle ages, and looking back to the sun-kissed hills of the past forgot, for awhile, the shadows that lie in the valleys between them. We had the privilege of receiving him in our home, kissing his ring and obtaining his blessing for our little ones. Our old friend, formerly Vt. d'Aubigny, now Father Anthony, accompanied him, looking so bright and happy all robed in spotless white. He has sold his ranch and lands to a French nobleman, Vt. de la Chevannerie, a cousin of M. de la Rue du Can, whose house in the village is nearing completion, and who is expected out in May.

M. Y. Sourette, of St. Pie Letellier, who came here looking for land in the fall, has also bought some at St. Rose.

We are looking like a lumber yard on account of the building going on, including an ice-house.

Some of us felt hurt in reading the account of the death of the Venerable Archbishop Machray, that any comparison should be drawn between him and his old time friend, Archbishop Tache, nothing invited this, no honor was added to our own illustrious dead, and yet the remark seemed designed to dim the wreath of fair renown of the late deceased and lamented prelate. Come, let us be generous towards our separated brethren; see how good they are to us, they are always giving of their best and brightest into the lap of Holy Mother church, we cannot but be grateful. I am afraid Catholics do not always remember that faith is a pure gift of God, unmerited by us, we should do our very best to ornament her holy mantle with the lovely violets of humility. In the garden of the Lord whiffs of their delicious perfume mingle with the aromatic odor of charity. It is related of Aaron how honey dropped down from his beard, but it was never said of him that he kept the sting of the bee between his lips.

EASTER.

How gladly dawns the Easter Sun!
The wide world thrills with prayer and praise—
Gone by are all Lent's mournful days
And hope and joy seem now begun.

—L. C. M.

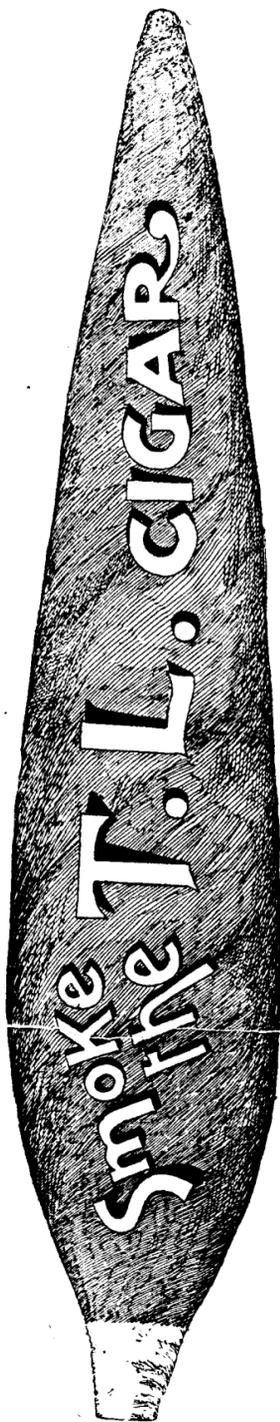
In our dear Mother Nature we have, after all, the most faithful and satisfying of earthly friends and comforters. Who can resist the influence of the brilliant sunshine or the delicious freshness of the soft air? It is the season of growth and repair; of fresh efforts and hopeful experiments. Easter is here! Spring is coming. The time, too, when Nature puts forth new buds and leaves, to sing new songs, to re-create our world which was cold and dead, in the light and warmth of the glorious Resurrection. This opportunity is offered to every human being as well as to the trees and flowers. Shall any of us let it pass? "We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,

If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs

On our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,

If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do."

If we had but a day! Standing on the threshold of eternity, with what piercing insight, we should see through the shams and delusions which surround us in ordinary life, and of which, in the expectation of a long term of existence, we are only too willing to become the dupes. With ears alert for the fast approaching summons how eagerly we would seek to fill our last moments on earth with deeds of mercy! How tenderly we would look upon those near and dear to us, how gently we would speak to them, gladly overlooking such slight offences as they might have committed. It would not be difficult at all. Yet, consider. There is no day that, but for the providence of God, would not be the last for each one of us. The thought is not,



or should not be, one to terrify or sadden us.

It need not shut out the sunshine from our hearts. Rather should it urge us to diffuse what light and warmth is in us while we may.

"To fill our hearts with the sweetest things"

And
"To love with a lifetime's love in an hour."

Thus making every passing moment an occasion for laying up the treasure in that home to which we are so rapidly journeying. We are all so constituted, however, that the majority of us would prove unequal to the strain involved by constant fidelity to such a high ideal. It is a humiliating confession this, of the average human being, that he or she cannot maintain the maximum of virtuous living for any considerable period of time. The occasional lapses into selfishness, indolence, materialism, appear to be inevitable. But our Divine Father knowing this has, through His church, given us this glorious feast of Easter to awaken us from the spiritual apathy which seems to be largely our normal condition. Let us, then, resolve to take advantage of the present time of grace and to exert ourselves for the future to live the hours between one sunrise and sunset as if, indeed, it was the only day remaining to us on earth. "If you wish for kindness, be kind. If you wish for the truth, be true. All that you give of yourself, you find, Your world is a reflex of you."

The season of Easter is upon us with its hopes of a glorious resurrection. Poets and musicians, age after age, have been linked together in placing upon the shrine of praise and adoration a lasting tribute to its radiant charms. Yet as each succeeding Easter-tide approaches a deeper, calmer peace than the last fills the soul and a new hymn of praise wells up within the heart.

Of all seasons Easter is the most joyful, not only mankind but nature, one of God's grandest creations feels and shows a new, delightful life. The tiny Prairie bud opens modestly while the lovely Easter Lily unfolds and blooms upon the Altar; sending forth a message of sweetest purity to glorify the "Risen Christ." Trees also begin to don their tinted robes and Earth's Verdant Carpet assumes a brighter shade, while the firmament like a

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beautiful canopy supplies the missing note of harmony. All the earth is happy and the tiny choristers of God's creation thrill their sweetest melody.

It is the time of resurrection. The time when man feels within him a deeper, more soul-stirring love and gratitude to an Almighty God and loving Saviour.

The dark shadow of Holy week with its flood of sad, heart rending memories is dispersed by all this effulgent light. The true joy of Easter is felt only by those who have followed Christ step by step in his awful agony and up the steep sorrowful way of Calvary, meditating upon the most sublime sacrifice ever made thereby beginning that glorious renewal which is consummated "Easter Morn."

Deep down in the recesses of the heart are those sweet communings of the soul with its Creator by one who is truly risen. Then to the world at large would we impart this joy and like another Hagdalen bear tidings of the resurrection.

"There was a task of glory all thine own,

All thine own. Nobler than e'er the still small voice assigned,

To lips, in awful music, making known The stormy splendors of some prophet's mind. Christ is arisen!"

A FAMOUS CATHOLIC

This present confidence with regard to the successful treatment of pulmonary consumption is due to the fact that it can now be so early recognized. The glory of this early recognition depends entirely on two men—Auenbrugger, of

Vienna, and Laennec, of Paris. To Auenbrugger, whose work was done nearly half a century before that of Laennec, must be given the credit of having first approached the problem of differentiating diseases of the lungs from one another by methods that were so objectively practical that every practitioner of medicine could, after having become expert in their employment, use them with absolute confidence in his diagnosis.—Auenbrugger, in the April Messenger.

HOW THEY HAVE SETTLED THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN SAVANNAH.

A. V. D. Waterson, writing to the Pittsburg Observer from South Carolina, mentions the interesting fact that Savannah has, to some extent, solved the school question. Savannah is the only city in the United States which, he says, has done justice to Catholics by a distribution of the school fund. Two large schools, one of twelve rooms and one of eight rooms, are maintained, in every respect, out of the public school funds. There are twenty-two lay teachers, all Catholics, who teach in these schools, giving Catholic instruction from 8.30 to 9 in the morning, and secular instruction during the remainder of the day. This system has been in vogue for thirty-four years, and has proved quite satisfactory. There is an unwritten law that no Catholic teacher shall apply for per-



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mission to teach in any other public school, and non-Catholics never apply for the Catholic public school positions. Of the school directors, three are Catholics, and the entire number have always acted with the utmost harmony, there never having arisen any serious difference of opinion since the system was inaugurated.