CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EASTER

Easter comes once more to urge young men to arise from the death of

the soul caused by sin.
All during Lent the Church has stretched out its arms to them and has called them to return to the state of grace and to practice self-denial. It points to the model of young men, to Jesus Christ, God incarnate, who lived a service of service, who chose to be poor, who despised the vanities of this world, and who gave up His life in His thirty-third year.

The yoke of Christ is light and His service sweet. A man who lives clean, who avoids evil companions, who refuses intoxicating drink, who steers clear of the occasions of base sin, is happier, more respected, and has a better chance for success in business and society, than has a man who gives himself up to his passions, a slave to gluttony, drunk-enness, laziness and immorality.

Look at the fine young men that you know, prominent members of the Knights of Columbus, or other Catholic societies, pure, bright-eyed, pleasant, nice-mannered, neatly-dressed young fellows. Their parents are proud of them. Their pastor thinks the world and all of Their girl friends are openly fond of them, because the young women know that they are decent, pure-minded, and trustworthy; because they like innocent fun; because they are merry, good com pany, chivalrous, considerate, kind, and honorable; because, in a word. they are Catholic young men of the right type.

Are they not better off in every

way than the "boozers," the frequenters of low burlesque dives, the haunters of saloons, the visitors to evil resorts ?

The yoke of Christ is light. It can be borne. Virtue is possible. Purity is practicable. Continency is an aid to health in youth and a guarantee of a long life. The young man who treasures his virility and who safeguards his integrity by exercise, by regular hours, by abstemiousness, by long walks, by frequenting pleasant company, by cultivating erful thoughts, by reading good books, and by other means, will get along better in the world, will most likely have a happier marriage, and will be better liked and more esteemed than the vicious and the dissipated.

Lent calls for self-denial of the lower nature in order that man's higher nature may prevail. Easter calls for self-denial. The Church calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial, and, first, sets the example. A man's highest interests, noblest motives, and brightest prospects call for sobriety, purity, uprightness, honor, reverence for womanhood, and respect for the power, dignity and responsibility of one's own manhood.—Catholic Columbian.

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

You will be kind.

You will not use slang. You will try to make others happy. You will not be shy or self-conscious.

You will never indulge in illnatured gossip.
You will never forget the respect

due to age. You will not swagger or boast of

your achievements. think of yourself.

ink of yourself.

You will not measure your civility your dress.'

"Begar, 1 am no beggar,' said

regard for the rights of others

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

You will never make the of the You will never make fun of the

You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you

can help it. You will not think that "good

You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and

You will not have two sets of manners; one for "company" and one for home use.

You will never remind a cripple of his deformity, or probe the sore spots of a sensitive soul.—St. Paul Bulletin.

ANGRY LETTERS

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing worldthat no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule of saying the alphabet when you are Trash. Sit down and write your letter: write it with all the enom in your power; spit on your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with your poisoned eloquence, and you will then have a double gratification.—Antony Trollope,

A man who has never had any

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE STREET SINGER

Billy and Betty had the mumps Betty took them the evening of the very day mother and father went. Father had to go to San Francisco on a business trip, and persuaded mother to take a well-earned vacation. Grandpa and Aunt Patty, together with nurse, could take care of the family for a month. So off they went by the early train, Billy promising mother to take good care of Betty and run the errands for the family Toward evening Betty had a high fever and was so sick that Aunt Patty put her to bed and telephoned for the doctor.

'Just a case of mumps, I think," said Dr. Gray, "they are all over Summit just now. Don't worry. Keep her in bed, and as the board of health will not let Billy go to school, he might as well play with her during the day, so that if he is to get the mumps he will get them now." And the second day after, Billy came down with the mumps, too.

Betty was very sick for a week, but Billy was only sick enough to be fidgety. He had promised mother to do errands for every one and to take care of Betty, and study hard. And oh! the choir-practice! How could he ever be well enough to sing his solo in the boy-choir for Easter! And Father Philip was so anxious that all the boys should do well, for this was to be their first Easter music, and they were to chant the Tenebrae, too, in Holy Week, and now he, Billy, was in the house for two weeks, Billy confided rather peevishly to Aunt Patty, while she was giving him his breakfast one

Never mind, Billy, I guess Father Philip understands. I saw him this morning after Mass, and he said he would drop in to see you to-day.' Scarcely had she spoken when the door bell rang, and Father Philip's cheery voice, as he entered Billy's room, said :

Well, my little Palestrina, so this is the way you intend to sing

Billy smiled in answer, as much as the mumps would let him, and then asked, "Who is Palestrina, another

No, not sick, but another boy, Billy, who had a voice like yours, but he was very poor and had to work hard at farming. Promise not to fidget and worry any more, and I'll tell you about him." Billy readily promised and then leaned back conentedly on his pillows to listen to

Father Philip's story.
"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. He had trudged three miles that morning from his mother's farm in the little village of Palestrina, carrying, suspended by a cord around his neck a basket of small fruits and flowers to sell. Twice a week he came in to try to earn a little money for his sick mother. The day I am telling you about, no one seemed to buy. Gio vanni sang his little songs, as usual, to attract customers to his wares, but no one stopped.

"Oh, see the pretty flowers, nurse,' exclaimed little Caterina, who was passing with her maid. 'Won't you let me buy some from the poor little

boy?'
"'No, no, Miss Caterina, you have a garden full at home. You are always speaking to dirty beggars, and You will think of others before you away from the beggar, you'll spoil

by people's bank accounts.
You will be scrupulous in your Giovanni, while his little crimson with shame. Giovanni, while his little face grew

peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of and crowds were now hurrying into the church to listen to a famous preacher. With tears in his eyes, little Giovanni, flower basket and all. stole into the church to one of the side chapels, where the crowd was intentions" compensate for rude or not so great. It was a little chapel of Our Lady, and as she stood there, holding her Divine Son in her arms, the poor lad knelt down, and looked up at her in his disappointment and shame and miserv.

> 'Oh, dear Mother of the blessed Jesus,' he said, folding his hands. 'My mother has told me about your holy life, and all about your Son who died to take away our sins and troubles. Have pity on me. Make some one buy my flowers so that I can take home some money to my poor, sick mother. Holy Mother Mary, take pity on me.' Soon the child, so lonely in the midst of the crowd, thinking only of his mother's poverty and sickness, forgot the people about him, and carried away with the thought that the Blessed Mother could help him, began to sing aloud the hymn to the Virgin he

and his mother sang every evening. "'Hush!' said the bystanders, for just then the preacher was about to mount the pulpit. Unconscious of all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk, and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me, that you will then have a double greating as the reathless. fearing to lose one sat breathless, fearing to lose one tone of that sweet song of prayer.

patron, St. Philip Neri, stopped to listen as he entered the pulpit. Sudfailure, whose course has been one of unbroken prosperity, has not the of unbroken prosperity, has not the resources of strength and endurance stored away in his life that he has who has suffered defeats and then has risen again and pressed forward has risen again and pressed forw

'Thank you, thank you, for my mother, said the lad as he turned to leave the church. But St. Philip led him into the vestry, and seeing how faint with hunger Giovanni was, gave him a good meal, and bade him come back the next day. Overjoyed, the boy ran home to his mother and poured his treasure into her hands. I sang quite loud in church, and this is how the Blessed Mother helped

"The next day when Giovanni went again to Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Philip was waiting for him, and there beside him stood the choirmaster of the little church in Pales St. Philip arranged that Giovanni should sing in the choir of his village church. When the boy became a famous musician he was called Palestrina and was the leader of the world in church music, com-posing many hymns and Masses."

And Father Philip went to his next patient leaving Billy to think over the story.—New World.

THE LILY'S HEART OF GOLD

By Anna C. Minogue What is the burden of that dear

story? Poetry, sorrow, pain, and loss, Patiently borne, and for all the glory, The thorny Crown, and the bitter

Easter all over the land — a glad, bright, beautiful Easter. The hyacinth with leaves of flame adorned earth's mantle; the fragile snowdrops decked her breast, and a wreath lilies crowned her head. deep, unfathomable blue of the sky was flecked with fleecy clouds, and the sun, rejoicing with all nature, smiled from his high seat on earth

and sky's adorning.
Bells from lofty towers pealed forth glad alleluias. Silver-throated song-sters, swaying on budding branches, told o'er and o'er the joyful tidings of Christ's resurrection. The breeze whispered it softly among the trees, and the splashing water added its voice of praise

The great altar was a mass of lilies, and the many lights showed among them, like stars peeping through clouds of snow. In the sanctuary, around the statues, were grouped stands of flowers; brilliant hyacinths, modest violets, stately roses, vivid tulips, until one would think all earth's blossoms had crowned the

The body of the church was a beauty garden. Every shade, from the first, faint touch of Aurora's fingers on the eastern sky, to the shimmer of moonlight on sleeping lakes, was there represented; while every flower in earth's great conservatory, from the happy-faced daisy to the flaming poppy, showed, in beautiful imitation, gainst backgrounds of lace and rib-

Adornment had been added to religion, art and nature joined hands celebrating the gracious Day. Youth and beauty, wealth and fash ion, holidayness and virtue, filled the pews; the fragrance of the flowers, the pealing of the bells, chased from heart and face any lingering shadow.

Into that great church where the very air breathed of sinlessness and peace she stole, the woman who had bartered her faith for fame, who in imson with shame.

"'Come, no more of this,' said the genius, had cried, "I will not!" when service meant sacrifice, who had not scrupled to deride what she had once held holy in her insatiable desire to show life as she had elected to translate it. Her rich, but sombre dress contrasted strangely with the airy, springlike garbs around her, as did her hunted, shrinking expression with the tranquility of the faces turned so confidingly to the altar She sank on her knees and hid her face in her hands The one short glimpse of the altar, of the untroubled

Why had she ventured in? What place had she amid this crowd of worshippers? What prayer could she send forth to the risen Christ? She looked into her heart and what she saw there appalled her. She wondered those around her did not it also and cry upon her, or that

to meet some glance of recognition.
But there was none. Her entrance that day. Many feet had trampled it, had not been noticed. The eager its green leaves were bruised, its eyes swept the place, but the lilies stem broken, its white pedals soiled on the altar held her gaze the longest. (h!those pallid, waxen masses,

The torture in her heart was intense. Every sound was a reproach. passed away. eyes gazing on her. The innocent faces of the flowers were, to her over-"The priest, none other than my wrought fancy, as a frown on the escape from this calm, fragrance

him. St. Philip dropped a piece of money into the cap, and turning to the people said:

"My brethren, this is my sermon to-day. Do as I have done, and my sermon is not in vain."

"In a few moments the boy's cap was full."

attended by his servitors, came up the aisle, while the choir began the anthem. The few drops of holy water falling on her seemed to burn through the rich garment and the words sounded like a mockery. What could make her whiter than spow?

"In a few moments the boy's cap was full."

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When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angels were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts. Why was she there, whose lips could frame no prayer, from whose anguished soul came forth no sound of gladness? The almost heavenly music floating over her, the clear, sweet alleluias did not touch her heart, Oh! if a little of the rapture thrilling the hearts around were only hers to-day!

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti," heard, clear and strong, from the bowed form before the altar. She glanced up. Every head was bent low over gold-bound prayerbooks, or clasped hands. What had they to confess? What had the girl beside her, with eyes of limpid innocence done, that she should bow so humbly? And the man, with the good, brave face — was there some hidden sin in his soul, for which he was asking pardon? Ah! for them, indeed, it might be "mea culpa," but

for her it was "mea maxima culpa." "Kyrie Eleison," cried out the young voice, and its undertone of sadness touched her, but she could not call with him for mercy. But her eyes were riveted on him. Wha majesty in his bearing! what uncon scious grace in his gestures, and what richness on the vibrant voice! he walked from the Epistle side to the middle of the altar, she caught a glimpse of his face, lofty, pure, ascetic, a reflex of the soul within. when, after the Gospel, he turned toward the people and she saw it in full, she thought not unfitting was the snowy white robe, the back ground of lilies.

"Brethren, purge out the old leaven," he began, and for her the familiar words held another meaning, the while he let his gaze wander over that sea of upturned faces. those keen eyes pierce all that outward show? Did that mind, well versed in humanity's * book, read between the lines and realize the applicability of the injunction, "Purge out the old leaven?" Or did happen fortuitously, that the words falling from his lips, clear and silvery as a stream of water, should show one hungry listener human nature as it really is, frail and erring, prone to evil, but capable of rising from the deepest depths to the sublimest

heights? Was it imagination only that made her think his eyes singled her out as he explained the two fold meaning of the day's Gospel, the resurrection of the body from the grave, and the rising of the soul from The hundreds of men and women around her seemed to fade away, and it was as if he and she stood alone in that great church while he

poured out his passionate pleadings

that she purge out the old leaven, that she rise to-day with Christ. Her soul was like an instrument drawn to its highest tention, and his words, the master-hand bringing out the sweetest music from the trem bling strings. He laid the past before her shrinking eyes, showed her its blackness, but so tenderly, so touching, excusing her, as it were for her frailty; showed her in graphic, trembling tones, her soul striving to break the chains enslaving it, its pitiful yearning for its native beauty and holiness; then, stretching forth his hands, he begged her to free this breath of the living God from its Christ.

And then the woman buried her face in her hands and wept. When again the alleluias broke from the choir, she raised her tear-drenched face. The woman and man gazed at her wonderingly, but she did not heed them. The joy, the meaning of the day had pierced her soul. She too, was singing alleluias. She glanced at the people around her. A slight, but perceptible, change had come over them. The air of conaces of the people, blinded her; the air, freighted with redolence, stifled her; and the misery in her heart sent a cry to he lips, where it died unuttered.

The air of conscious perfectness that had galled her was gone. Many faces were troubled that before were calm; many eyes were downcast that were confidently lifted. Were there others to whom the words were sent?

last one had departed, she rose from their places and point her out.

She raised her head, half expecting

her place and walked slowly to the door. Near it, right in her path, lay her place and walked slowly to the and wilted, but its fragrance, as she est. ch! those pallid, waxen masses, white as the snow falling from the clouds, white as the eternal stars clouds, white as the eternal stars heart of gold was still beautiful and unharmed, and with a little sob of the clouds white the clouds w joy, she pressed it to her lips; then, she clasped it over her breast and

HOME TRAINING

It would be hard to say which deserved chastisement more, two boys, ten and twelve years of age, or fainting, his little empty cap beside they entered, the white-robed priest, them. Incorrigible, and not yet in their teens! If the judge said noth

among boys and criminals among

The essence of true humility is serenity of the soul.



roduction and hrift

CANADA from her abundance can help supply the Empire's needs, and this must be a comforting thought for those upon whom the heavy burden of directing the Empire's affairs has been laid. Gain or no gain the course before the farmers of Canada is as clear as it was last year—they must produce abundantly in order to meet the demands that may be made, and I believe this to be especially true in regard to live stock, the world's supply of which must be particularly affected in this vast struggle. Stress and strain may yet be in store for us all before this tragic conflict is over, but not one of us doubts the issue, and Canadians will do their duty in the highest sense of that great word."—HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture.

MODERN war is made by resources, by money, by foodstuffs, as well as by men and by munitions. While war is our first business, it is the imperative duty of every man in Canada to produce all that he can, to work doubly hard while our soldiers are in the trenches, in order that the resources of the country may not only be conserved, but increased, for the great struggle that lies before us. 'Work and Save' is a good motto for War-time."—SIR THOMAS WHITE, Minister of Finance

THE CALL OF EMPIRE COMES AGAIN IN 1916

TO CANADIAN FARMERS, DAIRYMEN, FRUIT GROWERS, GARDENERS

WHAT IS NEEDED? THESE IN PARTICULAR-

WHEAT, OATS, HAY, BEEF, PORK, BACON, CHEESE, EGGS, BUTTER, POULTRY,

CANNED FRUITS, FRUIT JAMS, SUGAR, HONEY, WOOL, FLAX FIBRE, BEANS, PEAS, DRIED VEGETABLES

We must feed ourselves, feed our soldiers, and help feed the Allies. The need is greater in 1916 than it was in 1915. The difficulties are greater, the task is heavier, the need is more urgent, the call to patriotism is louder—therefore be thrifty and produce to the limit.

"THE AGRICULTURAL WAR BOOK FOR 1916" is now in the press. To be had from The Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

2

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE