

THE EASTER LILIES.

"Young ladies," began Miss Sanders. Several of the younger girls, always giggled when their Sunday school teacher began this way. Partly because the humor of being called "young ladies" struck them; partly because they were pleased by the compliment; partly because they were young and couldn't help it.

Miss Sanders went on to explain to the "young ladies" that the church would be decorated next Saturday for the Easter celebration, and that if each pupil brought a pot of lilies, the class would be well represented. "I have a lovely pot of lilies at home, Miss Sanders," said Esther Shaw, eagerly, when the class was dismissed. "It has six lilies on it, and it is so tall—taller than any in the florist's."

"That is very nice, Esther," smiled Miss Sanders. "Bring it early. If it is so pretty you shall have a good place for it." Esther went home with springing feet. She had watched and tended that lily so carefully all winter. How glad she was now! Mr. Leamer, the florist, had none prettier than that. Mrs. Shaw had always encouraged Esther in her love for flowers. It seemed as if the little girl was to be rewarded for her work.

The next morning Esther had an errand to do before school. "I can't wait, she said hastily, when two of the girls stopped her to ask about the church decorations. "Yes, my lily is splendid! I'll tell you a recess!" She knocked at Mrs. Morgan's door—up one flight, back—and opened it, scarcely waiting for a "Come in."

"I'm in such a hurry, Mrs. Morgan," she began, "but mother wants to know if you can't let her have the aprons to-day?" Mrs. Morgan, a thin woman in black, rose from the bed beside which she was sitting.

and by Mrs. Shaw, coming in, found Esther still staring at the lily, with red cheeks and suspiciously bright eyes. "What is it, little girl?" So she told her mother all about it, and somehow the question seemed to clear as she talked it out. "But yet it did not seem right to take it to church," she said, in a slightly puzzled tone. "Eddie, that depends! Perhaps it wasn't so much taking it to church that you liked, as the fact that it was a bigger lily than the others."

Esther's cheeks flushed. "You see, girlie, the flowers in church mean something more than just a lovely flower growing out of the dark earth. They mean life coming out of death and good out of evil." "Yes, mamma—I know." "You mean to give your flower in church because every one would admire its beauty. You can make your gift still more beautiful if you decide to give it to a little child who has no other flower to make his Easter happy."

"Yes," responded Esther. "She did spend a few more sighs over the matter. Esther was only a little girl. But, after all, it is braver to do what one thinks is right, when it is hard work, than when one is excited by a feeling of one's goodness. She carried the flowers to Freddy the next day. "Cause, you see, mamma," she exclaimed, "he might as well begin right away to keep Easter, if my lily is going to help him do it."

"It is very good of you, I am sure," said the tired mother, when Esther presented the flower. "Your other flowers have done him much good." The sick boy was propped up in a chair. He smiled and brightened, looking at the wonderful white flowers, and put out his fingers to touch the waxen leaves. Esther stood and looked at him, and as she saw his admiration for her lily, a little feeling of satisfaction that she had decided rightly began to grow in her heart.

"I hope you will water it, Mrs. Morgan," she said. "I will," answered Freddy, nodding. "Mother will give me the water." "There! It's made me feel better already," exclaimed the mother, looking fondly from the lily to the boy. "I do not think the Easter lilies looked less lovely to Esther because her own was not among them. Sometimes there are lilies that grow in our hearts."

Descartes, Galileo, Leibnitz, Pascal, Bossuet, Gerde, Malebranche. In oratory what a galaxy of French and Italian geniuses! In science, three-fourths of the world's inventions sprang from the children of the Church—from the discovery of gunpowder to the discovery of dynamic electricity. All the world's sacred orators were Catholics. We conquer the world and bow before its idols; we lead the world and suffer ourselves to be harassed to its triumphal car; we give the world the example of our genius, our self-sacrifice, our zeal, and then cry 'I triumph!' when it parades its own little detestables.

THE DOVE OF THE CHURCH.

Work of St. Columba in Ireland and Scotland. St. Columba, popularly known as St. Columcille, or "Dove of the Church," was one of the most illustrious and zealous missionaries whom Ireland in the sixth century sent forth to preach the gospel in heathen lands and to spread broadcast a knowledge of the faith transmitted to them by the great apostle, St. Patrick. The date of his birth, which took place in Gartry in the present county of Donegal, is said by the best authorities to have been the 7th of December, A. D. 521, says the Irish World.

Being of the royal house of Niall, which then held sway over the northern half of the island and not infrequently furnished monarchs to the entire country, his education, from the beginning, was an object of special solicitude. He was, therefore, at an early age sent to the celebrated school of Clonard and placed under the care of St. Finnian. Here he distinguished himself for his great application to study, intense devotion and wonderful powers of divination.

Having arrived at the proper canonical age, he was ordained priest and was forthwith sent through the country to teach and preach the truths of Christianity. This he did with such marvelous success that before he had attained the age of twenty-five years he had founded no less than thirty-seven monasteries in various parts of the island and formed them into a regular order under his personal government. At the age of forty-two he, with twelve companions, set sail from Derry in a coriack, or open boat made of wickerwork covered with leather, and landed at Iona, an island on the west coast of Scotland. This island, which has ever been remarkable for its barrenness and gloomy aspect, was found to be uninhabited, and here St. Columba undertook to establish the base of operations for his mission—the conversion of Scotland.

He therefore erected huts of boughs for the shelter of himself and companions and commenced that series of acts of devotion, study and discipline which were to make his name so famous in all succeeding generations and his country so illustrious in imparting to the barbarians of North Britain the beautiful truths of Catholicity. But this did not satisfy the ardent spirit of St. Columba. As soon as he had established his spiritual colony on Iona he passed to the other islands of the Hebridean group and to the mainland, everywhere attracting the attention of natives, everywhere making converts and breaking down the superstitions of the Druidish religion. Wherever he went he gained souls to God and left behind him pious and trusted men to continue his good work. After eleven years spent in converting the Scots St. Columba turned his attention to the original inhabitants of Caledonia. In his time, as for centuries previous, the people of Scotland were divided into two classes, or races. The primitive inhabitants occupying the north and east, known as Picts, were a fierce, warlike and uncouth race, utterly ignorant of the arts of civilization and thoroughly pagan. Though not acquainted at first with the Pictish language, he contrived to make himself understood by the rude mountaineers and in every instance gained their adherents to the faith.

In this manner our saint victoriously carried out the object of his mission to Caledonia, shedding the blessings of civilization and the light of the gospel wherever he went. About one hundred churches, with monastic institutions attached, were founded by him, of which the ruins of fifty-three still remain. But he soon returned to Iona and the scenes of his early labors, organizing new institutions, making converts everywhere and consolidating and perfecting the work he had formerly initiated. He died there June 9, 597.

"What about the Boers?" This rather nettled the Rev. Presbyterian, but collecting his rather dismantled thought he said: "Well—er—ah—the Boers pray to God and ah—er—they also read the Bible, but—ah—they don't do it intelligently—(Don't you know?)"

YOUR DAILY JOURNAL.

When preparing to go into town, do you not make a note of the pure chases and the visits you have to make? Do you not take pains with your toilet, and endeavor by gracious bearing to leave a good impression behind you? And all this you should do. Is it not St. Faustus de Sales who says he would have his devout people the most agreeable, the best dressed, provided they were the least pompous and the least affected? Now, each day, as it opens before you with its d'fleur hours, is the city through which you journey to execute your various commissions and visits. You are brought forcibly into relations with a variety of people; you know their characters, their opinions; their idiosyncrasies and whims why not make a mental note of the attention such a person expects, of another's sensitive points, in order to avoid wounding him?

When evening comes you may be a little fatigued, as one is after a laborious day, but how happy you will be at the thought of the good you have done and the pleasure you have given! Your day is gone, but it is not lost. I think that one of the most essential duties, one in which we fail most because we do not understand its importance, is the duty of making those about us happy.—Golden Sands.

AN AIM TO GRACE.

The Apostleship of Prayer has so many helps to devotion that anyone who will observe them all will be kept in a good spiritual condition all the time. First, the morning consecration, if well made, will sanctify the whole day, and will increase the love and devotion to the Sacred Heart. Secondly, the decade of the Rosary will increase our devotion to our Blessed Mother and will obtain for us her assistance in our trials. Thirdly, the monthly confession and Communion, will cleanse us of all our sins and give us renewed strength so we can fight the good fight.

FRIVOLOUS WOMEN.

We kept, last week, two feasts of the Blessed Virgin, whom the Church holds up to women as their example in their service of their Divine Redeemer. Those feasts are the Annunciation on Monday, and that of the Seven Dolours on Friday. Their lessons are evident, and the patient bearing of sorrows and trials as part of our daily life, in union with Christ's cross. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to Thy word."

How are the women of to-day following the example given them by this perfect handmaid of the Lord? Historians tell us that, through her example and the reverence offered to her, the condition of women has been, we may say, radically altered from that in other days; from a slave and chattel she has become a queen, man's equal, revered, honored, crowned. Will these conditions last? Are the women of to-day following their pattern? Very distinct indications of unwholesome social conditions in this regard are only too patent in our country; and, this Lent, from a non-Catholic source, and from an unseasonable preacher, there have come, in the form of some very searching questions, such remarks as these:

"Is it true that young women, reputed to be of good family and honest bringing up, exhibit with pride the jewels bought out of the profits of the gaming-table? Is it true that hostesses are found in fashionable life who will let young men, whose honesty is their capital, depart impoverished, by closing at cards, out of drawing rooms into which they have been invited as guests? Of what avail, then, is a crusade against public shops and pool-rooms, whether by five, fifteen, or fifty?" Commenting on this matter, a very well known New York daily remarks, "We hear of young men who have lost hundreds and even thousands of dollars at the game, as provided by hostesses of social distinction; and some of them are put to dire straits to raise the money, and save themselves from the social ruin which would be the penalty of their default."

This is only one indication of a dark side of society and of fashionable women's life to-day, a side that illuminates in the darkest shades of family dishonor, social corruption, and intricate depths of frequent divorce and so-called re-marriages, that are a disgrace to civilization. From it—of course—Catholic women shrink back aghast. But do they?

The old saying is that a man is known by the company he keeps; and the company we keep is not always precisely of flesh and blood. Our minds keep company with the things we read; and are raised or lowered, refined or tainted, thereby. Into our Catholic households come the daily newspaper with its detailed, abhorrent accounts of scandals in high life and low life, and the Sunday newspaper (!) with columns of social gossip, to attract the frivolous woman's eye. The extravagant dresses of a multi-millionaire bride, the engagement gifts of a city belle, the social triumphs of a young debutante or of a theatrical star, possess a fascination for the frivolous woman that is absolutely appalling, when one finds how little time there is also on Sunday for ennobling things. And oh! the contagion of it! the distaste that follows for one's everyday, commonplace life, the aching of the rich, the living beyond one's means, the pitiful endeavor to appear like Solomon, instead of being one's true honest self, the failures that too often follow in business, the shame, the family skeleton discovered—perhaps the suicide. This frivolous reading, on Sunday especially, is no sign of strength of mind or elevation of soul. We sound this little note of warning, simply to remind our Catholic women of the far better, brighter and more beautiful things that are their inalienable possession in the for the frivolous woman that is absolutely appalling, when one finds how little time there is also on Sunday for ennobling things.

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AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

Rev. Father Brannan, the famous Texas missionary, recently gave a course of lectures in Las Cruces, New Mexico, under the auspices of the local Catholic Truth Society. The meetings were largely attended, standing room only being the order of the day. All of the local preachers were there, and Father Brannan courteously allowed them to state their objections. Most active among them was the Rev. Mr. Moody, of the Presbyterian mission, whose chief stock in trade on these occasions was made up of old boomerang and worn out tales of the "chained Bible and bad priest" variety. He started that in the war with Spain the Spaniards at Manila were praying to all the saints in the calendar and the Americans were praying to God, and thus the victory. At this moment some one in the audience called out,

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