

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Easter has come again. The awakening spring, arising out of the torpor of winter, symbolizes the renewal of life.

So when the God-man resolved to conquer death, after apparently being conquered by it and lying, cold and rigid, in a tomb for three days...

What thou? Shall they now return to their old ways? Shall they not avoid the occasions of sin?

And how long shall they go on in this way—spending fifty one week in the service of the devil and one week in the service of God?

Men, if you don't purpose to sin no more, don't go to the altar, at least, for to go there without repentance and with a resolution to resist temptation...

But if you do intend to sin no more and have at least attrition for your past offenses, go, in God's name, and go soon.

Do not tell your troubles this year, because the fewer people who know of the things that have handicapped you...

Then, again, every time you repeat the story of your misfortunes, your troubles, your trials, your failures...

Many people hang on to their old troubles; they cling to their old sorrows and misfortunes, and their failures...

The only thing to do with a bad piece of work, with an unfortunate mistake, with a sad experience is to let it go, wipe it out, get rid of it forever.

It is a good time to resolve that whatever has happened to you in the past, which has caused you unhappiness, which has disgraced you...

Why will people insist upon clinging to those disagreeable, the unfortunate; upon dragging along with them such loads of fear, of worry, of anxiety?

No matter what slips you have made, no matter if you have made a fool of yourself this last year, forget it, blot it all out of your mind.

It is wonderful what a strange fascination one's mistakes, failures and unfortunate experiences have for most people. I know people who seem to

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield. CHAPTER XVI, CONTINUED.

And flogged he was, and well. "Don't flog until the boy makes you," was the Thornbury maxim...

Michael Popwich had known that the flogging was to be. "I give him up to your Reverence," he said.

He was a weak man, was poor Michael, and obeyed his wife like a good dutiful husband...

Johnny felt the flogging, but he felt more the many gibes and jeers of his young companions.

"Hello, Poppy, back from the holidays," said one.

"You little fool!" said Hardwin, "if you want away you should have kept away; you are a muff."

"Welcome back!" cried Jagers in oratorical attitude, and with out stretched hand, "thrice welcome, unhappy wanderer, to your sorrowful country."

"Hello Johnny," cried Mrs. Reddill the matron, "why! what brings you in here again? Back like a bad penny! What is it? Bernouisey had oranges? Why! you goose!"

"Here," said she catching the boy in her arms, for he was on the point of fainting, here, Thompson, air that pair of sheets, quite warm, and come along after me—the bed in the inner room, and upstairs he hurried with the big boy in her arms as if he were a feather's weight.

But a few minutes had not passed before a bright fire was blazing in his bedroom and he snuggled in a warm and comfortable bed...

But it was not only from his school fellows that the kindness came. Many were the enquiries made from without for the poor little blue-eyed boy...

"Please, Father," whispered poor Johnny to Father McReady, after he had received the last Sacrament, "please, Father, do you think I shall die?"

"My poor little son," said Father McReady, smoothing the hair from the boy's forehead, "you are very ill, and this is a sorry road to be lying in for long days after day."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

had received the last Sacrament, "please, Father, do you think I shall die?"

"I don't think you mean it all quite," said the priest, soothing him, "and our dear Lord has forgiven it all."

"No, it didn't mean it," said Johnny, "I don't know how it was; and the priest said some familiar prayers with him and left him quiet, with a happy look upon his white waxed face."

That night Johnny was restless and could find no posture in which to lie. "Mother," he said at last, for he had got into the way of calling the matron, Mrs. Reddill's arm be dropped off to sleep.

"Mother," all thinking that she was his real mother in his wandering, and half conscious that she was playing a mother's part, "mother, put your arm round me, and so leaning back on Mrs. Reddill's arm be dropped off to sleep.

On one such afternoon—a bright day of the early year—"when sunny Miss Spring," as Jagers remarked in a peevish outburst which he considered fine, was plucking the icicles of winter's beard.

"So, my boy, you've missed heaven have you? Better luck next time." What sight more innocently gay, more like the blithe, sweet spring itself, than to see an entire Catholic congregation emerging from Church on Palm Sun day...

"Changed; Johnny! What do you mean?" "Oh! I know I you used always to be in trouble with the matron, and Father McReady used to shake his head at you, and every row that came up Corneilus Wrangle was always the first name called out; but now you are quite different."

"Well, you know I'm a Church student now—I want to be a priest." "As I know; but what made you want to be a priest? you didn't use to seem the sort of stuff they made cassocks out of."

"Well! I know where I live," said Corney, "down by the sea, about half a mile from where I am, with a great sand bank at the mouth that makes it always rough."

"It is a little kind of harbor; ships come into it—but not big ones—their bows over the sand bank when the tide comes in; and full of eggs and oranges."

"Oh! jolly!" murmured Johnny. "I've told you about that harbor and the bells, haven't I?" "Bells! no," said Johnny.

"Well! you know you can't go up the river very far, it's only a little bit of a thing, and when you've gone about six miles up there's no more room for your boat."

"Oh! I jolly!" said Johnny, "how's that?" "TO BE CONTINUED."

A remarkable contrast exists between the celebration of Holy Week in Protestant communities and in the Catholic Church. Among Protestants who keep that week, whether in greater or less degree, it is a week of gloom, of continual commemoration of the crucifixion and its precedent events, and of the burial of the Saviour...



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