



A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN BRID

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CHAPTER XXIX—CONTINUED

She did not answer; but her memory bore witness for him, testified earnestly in his behalf, that he never had. She remembered how she had even accused him of avoiding her, of being sorry to meet her in the Quebrada Onda. And then she heard his voice speaking again.

fuse was hard, it was rewarded; he told me what I did not know before—that the woman who had ruined both my life and his is dead.

"There was a silence, after his voice fell over the last word, which lasted until Isabel said softly:

"God have mercy on her soul!"

"Amen!" Lloyd answered gravely, yet with the note of sternness with which he had told his story still in his voice.

Armistead returned sarcastically, "but I am inclined to think that if it were true, the Santa Cruz would have quietly awaited the arrival of my party."

entirely they grasped the situation. There was, in fact, not a chance for resistance. They were caught in a trap and commanded by unseen but none the less unmistakably evident forces.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

EASTER SUNDAY

THE EASTER COMMUNION

"Christ our Pasch is sacrificed." (1 Cor. v. 7.) The Pasch, or Passover, of the Jews was the feast celebrated by them in commemoration of their deliverance from the Egyptian bondage...

As the Pasch was most religiously observed by every Jew, so the new Pasch—the Eastern Communion—is an institution ordered by the Church and to be strictly observed by every Catholic. The ceremonial of the ancient rite is typical of much that we have to adhere to carefully.

And if we are thankful for the escape from "malice and wickedness" and the judgment that follows on, let us in "all sincerity and truth" fulfil the precept of the Lord. Christ in His mercy has made Himself the food of the wayfarer.

One more lesson to be learned from the ancient institutions of the Jews. They partook of the Paschal lamb, as their forefathers had done the night of their deliverance; they stood round the table, with staves in their hands and their garments girded round them like men ready for a journey.

Have we these dispositions in our hearts this Easter? Have we really turned out malice and wickedness, manfully got quit of them, broken with bad habits and evil companions or shall we allow them in a few days to take up their old abode in our hearts?

During the forty days of Lent we have tried by penance and mortifications to impress effectually upon ourselves the fact that we are followers of that Man of Sorrows who preached penance and renunciation of self, and chose as the symbol of His faith and teaching the ignominious sign of the cross.

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Where are they? They are not amongst the happy band of those who have risen with Christ. Alas! how many—Catholics in name—stay away from their Easter Communion! Do not judge them; pray for them; ask our Blessed Lord to win them over, to enlighten them, that they may understand that this is not their lasting home, that they are only wayfarers, that this is a land of exile, that the journey to their home is long and toilsome.

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 forlorn—

His raiment whiter than the lily's snow, His bright hair flung in golden wealth unshorn, From radiant brow and gracious eyes aglow! In the dark earth the lily's seed was sown; In the black grave the Crucifix was laid, From dusky mold the fairest flower hath grown, And Christ hath risen from the tomb's dark shade!

To all believers in Christ Easter Sunday is a day of supreme gladness. It is the gladdest day in all the year. For if on Christmas Day our hearts swell with joy when looking upon the infant in the crib, there is always present the haunting thought that He has come to us only to die, and so "blot out the handwriting that is against us."

We fasted because the Man-God fasted. We denied ourselves legitimate joys and pleasures of life, because our Christ has taught us that by such means we can draw closer to Him. We looked long and lovingly upon the world's great Sufferer, reading in every gaping wound the story of His boundless love for us.

And during the last week of His life—the Holy Week par excellence—we followed the Master from the day when he entered Jerusalem amidst the plaudits of the people, until the hour when He expired on Calvary's summit amidst their cries and jeers and jibes. We saw the heartache of the God-man, as, realizing His impending death, He contrived by the institution of the Blessed Sacrament to remain with us to the end. We saw the Great White Lamb betrayed by the black ingratitude of a Judas; we saw Him deserted by Peter, and the rest; from tribunal to tribunal we saw Him led, a thing of pity, scourged,

crowned with thorns, buffeted, spat upon, dragging His own cross to the mountainside, up whose rugged incline, a love divine drove Him. And there we saw Him pierced for our sins, and hanging between heaven and earth, abandoned by His Father, rejected by the world. Never was death more inglorious, more shameful, more bitter, more undeserved, than this death of the Nazarene just outside the Royal City of His fathers. There were, of course, a few loyal hearts—especially the great mother-heart of Mary—that clung to Him unto the end and rendered the last offices of piety and love and humanity to Him after His death. To the world at large, however, His was a failure. He had come to save others. He could not save Himself. He had given life to others, but there He was, dead, so horribly mangled that all thought of life being restored to Him even by a miracle seemed like wildest folly.

But on the third day, as He had foretold, just as the sun was stealing up the arched walls of the heavens, just when the flowers were awaking from their sleep, just when the little birds in their nests were beginning to twitter, just at dawn when all Nature was expectant, feeling the first thrill of another day's life the dead Master by His own power broke the cements of the grave and in the twinkling of an eye pierced the thick stone of the monument and stood, the King of Nature, triumphant over Nature, victor over man, sin and the devil in the morning brightness. No wonder that the world rocked on its foundation with joy and gladness! No wonder that the earth quaked on beholding the Man of Sorrows, risen glorious!

The soldiers who slept about the tomb knew that some unwonted marvel had happened. They had been stationed there by the Scribes and Pharisees to keep away that handful of disciples who in the hour of trial had failed the Master, lest they come and take away His body, and say that He had risen from the tomb. In the hearts of Christ's loyal friends, Mary, His Mother and the other Marys, there was on Easter morning the firm assurance that as He had preached words of truth during His life, so also His prophecy regarding His resurrection would be fulfilled.

Mary, the converted sinner of Magdala, saw the Master under the appearance of a gardener. The Apostles suddenly found Him standing in their midst in the upper chamber of Jerusalem. Peter and John, on hearing the glad tidings of the resurrection, brought them by Mary Magdalene, hastened to the tomb, which they found empty, with the great stone rolled back and the winding-sheets of linen carefully folded. The disciples at Emmaus recognized the Lord in the breaking of bread. Five thousand followers of Christ, St. Paul tells us, beheld the risen Lord. Surely the Christ did come out of the tomb, and did tarry with His own. With them He ate flesh and bore bread. Thomas was allowed to place his hands in the nail-prints, to cure his unbelief and our disbelief.

Christ Himself had appealed to the resurrection as the most irrefragable proof of His divinity and the truth of His teaching. It was to be the "sign of the Prophet Jonas" to His people. Since the resurrection, then, was to play so important a part in the life of the Church, Christ surrounded it with circumstances whose compelling force on our minds none can gainsay. It is with reason, then, that St. Paul says: "Unless Christ be risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your Faith is also vain." St. Paul knew very well that no valid argument could be urged against the resurrection. It was too well established, too well known, to offer any loop-hole to the captious unbeliever. And for two thousand years those who wished to have no part with Christ have tried by every means to explain away in one way or another, or in any way at all, the great central fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead. In every age up to our own time and day men have tried to make the resurrection appear a fraud, a myth or an impossibility. But their hypotheses fly in the very face of facts well established, facts which at the time were received without question by the people who were contemporaries of Christ. Indeed, Christ is risen again, and seeing the miracles of His life and all the circumstances attending His death and burial, it is far easier to believe that the resurrection took place than to credit some of the weird, far-fetched theories which men have invented to explain away.

If Christ's resurrection is assuring, inasmuch as it gives us the strongest argument for our Faith, it is also comforting, inasmuch as it is a guarantee of our own resurrection. If Christ bade us take up our cross daily and follow Him; if He commanded us to crucify the old man within ourselves, with all his passions and concupiscences; if He invited us to follow on the way that He pointed out, which is the way of Calvary, then by His resurrection He proves to us that at the end, when life is over, there is to be a resurrection for all of us; a resurrection from the dark, limited tomb of this present life to the bright, limitless realms of heaven. As Christ rose once from the dead to die no more, so we, too, are destined to come forth from the grave, never to re-enter it. As His resurrection implied a death bitter and cruel, so our resurrection must imply a death, a spiritual death, to ourselves, the world and the devil.

With Holy Mother Church, therefore, let us rejoice on this Easter morn. Let the jubilant Alleluia fall from our lips, for He who was dead has come to life again! He has conquered death, He has opened the gates of heaven. He has merited for us the grace which we need to live out His teaching. By His resurrection He has put the seal of divinity so clearly upon His work that men of good will and common sense cannot but accept it. But He has done more. As by His life and death He has taught us how to suffer, by His resurrection He has given us the one satisfying explanation of suffering. This is the true Easter message, then—joy and gladness at Christ's resurrection, faith in His teaching, and hope that the hard things of this world are but tests of the soul, which is destined to a life in heaven—W. T. Nechters in Rosary Magazine.



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The Strain of Overwork Your work is heavy, and sore, tired muscles are a common occurrence. Each time your back aches you blame it on your work, and just there the danger lies—for that pain in the back may not be from strain, as you suppose, but the forerunner of Kidney or Bladder trouble. For your own interest, it is best to be particular and sure, as Kidney troubles inevitably pull you down and destroy your earning power.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EASTER
This is the day, when from the dead Our Lord awoke; and everywhere, Out of their darkness and despair, Triumphed over fears and foes, The hearts of His disciples rose, When to the women, standing near, The Angel in shining vesture said: "The Lord is risen: He is not here!"

SENTIMENT

No man need blush because his heart beats high and his speech grows warm for his country, his home, or his faith, nor because a tender chord binds him to the mother that made him what he is. True sentiment is not weakness; it is strength. It makes fragrant the commonplace of life; it throws a purple mantle over the humblest occupation, and keeps alive the sacred fires in the temple of pure and genuine manhood.—The Tablet.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

EASTER LILIES
Though long in winter sleep ye lay, The powers of darkness could not stay Your coming at the Call of May, Proclaiming Spring.

Nay, like the faithful virgins wise, With lamps replenished, ye arise Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes Of Christ the King.

THE STRANGER

In a certain country church the ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out by the two priests of the parish. On Good Friday morning there was a large congregation, including the school children, who were to take part in the procession. The little girls were dressed in white, and the boys wore red scarfs and white gloves.

When the time came for the adoration of the Cross, the people knelt in rows at the altar rails, the children came next, kissed the sacred emblem and returned to their places. The last child to whom the cross was presented was a little girl named Rosie, between three and four years old. She was so small that the priest was obliged to stoop over the altar rails, and when he held the cross before her, she put up both her tiny hands and caught it. He let it go with her, and stood waiting to see what she would do.

She clasped it to her bosom and gently murmured, "Poor, Jesus, I'll take the nails out."

She put her fingers on one of them and pulled and twisted with all her might. Finding her efforts useless, she handed it back saying, pitifully, "They won't come out."

She turned to go away, but perceiving an old man in the front seat close to the altar rails, she fixed her eyes on him for an instant, then stamped her tiny foot and said indignantly: "Bad man, you put the nails in far."

The people who were near gazed in wonder both at the child and the man, for no one seemed to know the latter, and then one of the elder girls came and took Rosie to her place. When the service was concluded the congregation dispersed, but the old man remained with his hands over his face.

About two hours afterwards Father Kelly came into the church, and seeing the figure kneeling motionless in the seat, drew near.

Thinking the man had fallen asleep he gently touched him on the shoulder, but such a haggard, miserable face was raised to his, that tears of pity started to the good priest's eyes.

"Excuse me," he said, "I thought you were asleep." The man looked all around, then said in a hoarse whisper: "Father did you hear what that child said?"

"Yes," said the priest, "she is only a baby."

"My God," murmured the man, again covering his face, "I drove the nails in far."

"Come in the sacristy," said Father Kelly. The man obeyed, and when they were seated the priest said: "You are a stranger here. I presume?"

"I was not always one," said he; "forty years ago I belonged to this place; my home was in the Grange yonder."

"Ah!" said the priest, "the residence of Dr. Haslam?"

"Yes," said the man, "he is my brother; but, Father, will you have time to listen to me for a while?"

"Certainly," said he, "and if I can assist you in any way I shall be happy."

"Well, then," began the man, "my name is Patrick Haslam. I am the eldest son of Major Haslam who lived in this parish. All my brothers and sisters died young, except Tim, whom you seem to know. When I was seventeen years old, I came home from college with a fairly good education. My father wished me to choose some profession, but I was glad to be free from masters and professors, and asked my father to let me remain as I was for a year. I was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and spent my time in amusements. At length the year was up and my father insisted on my doing something. My mother advised and implored me to make a choice, so I thought I would study for the bar. I went on for a while and got tired. I next tried medicine and failed, owing to my idle disposition. Nothing had any interest for me but pleasure and sports. I was heir to all my father's property and could afford to be idle (so my companions told me.)

"I got in debt, and my father refused to give me money when I would not comply with his wishes. I became angry and said I would not be treated as a child, and finally determined to leave my happy home. Then, like the Prodigal Son, I demanded my share of inheritance. My mother implored me with tears to remain with her, but entreaties were useless.

"My father was very angry and told me I might please myself. He accordingly gave me a large sum of money, and said he would have nothing more to do with me. I turned my back on my native land and travelled into other countries. I went to all kinds of places and spent money with a free hand. I made many acquaintances who fawned on me and caressed me. They flattered my vanity, and I soon became as bad as myself. In about a year's time I met a person from my native place, who informed me that my parents had heard of the life I was leading; that my poor mother had died almost

heart-broken, and my father soon followed her to the grave. I felt a kind of remorse, but it was only for a short time. I became reckless, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. "I have travelled in all lands, sometimes working, often starving. The companions of my wealth turned their backs on me in my misfortunes. I met with an accident in New York, and was three months in the hospital. During that time I had leisure to think over all my life and how I had spent it. When I was discharged, and seeing a ship bound for Ireland, a great longing seized me to see once the place of my childhood. I arrived here this morning. I knew that no person would recognize me, so I followed the crowd into the church.

"When the crucifix was unveiled, I dared not raise my eyes, a strange sensation took possession of me, and when that child denounced me publicly, I felt rooted to the spot where I knelt. The rest you know, Father; I only wish now to hide myself somewhere. No one cares what becomes of me."

"You are mistaken," said the priest "there is One Who cares and Who has shown His love for you in a wonderful manner. Have you ever prayed or performed any religious act, during all these years?"

"Religion never troubled me," said the man; "I said no prayers, but—"

and he paused. "My mother made us say ejaculations, as she called them: 'My Jesus Mary; Mary, help; were her favorites. I often found myself saying them, but I did not connect them with prayer, it was more from habit than anything else."

"Well, whatever may have been your motive," said Father Kelly, "God has shown you mercy, and the Blessed Virgin has helped you to repent and be reconciled to her Son. Thank God and prepare to make your peace with Him."

Next day when Patrick Haslam left the sacred tribunal of Penance, surely there was joy in Heaven, and when Easter dawned he no longer felt himself a stranger in God's house. Father Kelly took him to the "Grange," where his brother received him affectionately. When the children were introduced, he recognized amongst the number, no other than little Rosie, his friend of Good Friday.—M. S. E. in The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE RESURRECTION

The feast of our Lord's Resurrection from the dead is the most glorious day in the calendar of religion. The Church rejoices on Easter because her thoughts are centered upon the victory of the Saviour over sin and death, because the miracle of His rising is the supreme triumph of His blessed life of thirty three years on earth, and because all humanity sees in the Lord's Resurrection the model and type of its own. His reappearance beyond the tomb is assurance beyond doubt that the dead do live again; His glorious life after death on the Cross, the guarantee of our own immortality.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." We may go in spirit to the Holy Sepulchre, we may stand beside it, and looking into the empty space where reposed for a while the sacred body of our Lord, we can learn with certainty that the grave does not close the story of human life. Beyond the range of theory and speculation is placed the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and the existence in another state of being is a certified truth for us when we know that one who bore our humanity, and died on the cross, rose again the third day. "I know that my Redeemer liveth and I shall rise out of the earth, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

Easter Sunday interprets the meaning of the immortality of the soul. It places beyond all doubt the fact of a future state. There are too many in the world at present who look altogether at the things that are seen, that are temporal, and disregard the things that are not seen, that are eternal. So many interesting features belong to life in our days that they engage too much of our attention and monopolize too much of our time. They are enough to fill the minds of those who seldom look beyond the grave who have never sounded the depth of the meaning of the thought of Scripture, that to die is to live, that the fashion of this world passeth, that the eternity and fullness of life remain for the great hereafter. The tomb is for the just, the gateway to life eternal with God.

The Resurrection has made of death no longer a humiliation but a victory. Before our Lord's rising, darkness and despair accompanied the thought of passing away. The fervent Christian may now look upon it as the gate of Paradise, the vestibule of heaven. It is the new birth into another life assured to humanity by Him who is the first begotten of the dead. Christianity's cornerstone, the miracle of the Resurrection, is God's message to mankind that His Son is God, that the human soul is immortal, that all of us will live again, that a life of faith and service will be crowned when we will rise and put on immortality, and be with Christ and see Him as He is.

Never in all the history of the world has an Easter Sunday morning dawned, when the great human family needed the consolation of the day more than at the present time. Though war is counting its toll in the hundreds of thousands, and though the anguish and the heart-aches are being multiplied to an in-

conceivable degree in every country of the globe, there can be found some solace in the thought that the dead do live again. Life's battles may end in victory or defeat, according to the shortsighted judgment of this world of strife, but above it all is the law of eternal truth and justice, guaranteeing an eternal reward for a life of service offered for God and country, and an abode of peace forever to all who fall as true soldiers of Christ in the worthy cause of defending a nation's rights.—Providence Visitor.

The most efficacious sermon is good example. Nothing better convinces those spoken to than a practical illustration of the counsel given.—St. Bernard.

Here's a sermon in little: "I'm too old to be hatin' people," says a dear old Irish lady in a book. "And when you're my age you'll not be hatin' people unless your mind's a rotten mind. Your ves' hates'll drop off you just like an old shawl that slips from your shoulders when you're not lookin', an' you'll be knowin' well your pleasure is to be goin' about with as good a heart as you can."

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