

SECOND COMING

By Sister Maryanna, O. P. (Written for N. C. W. C. Easter Supplement)

(And very early in the morning, the first day of the week they come to the sepulchre.....)

She knelt alone to greet the dawn! The other women forth had gone. Each with consoling word. No sorrow dwelt within her heart! She smiled to see below her start! A swift, up-flaring bird.

The rush of wings recalled the day So long ago—so far away! When Gabriel foretold That she would weave as on a loom The flesh of Christ within her womb. Her God, as Son enfold.

She wept! He would come, she knew: No spirit, but the Man-God true. Whose victory was won. With loving eagerness she yearns: A rapture, a Voice; she turns. "My Mother!" "Christ, my Son!"

PAGE MY PASTOR

Right Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wymore, S.J., Editor, Catholic Action of the South

Why Long Sermons?

"I'll talk those egg whites for you, Fran. You get to work on the setting." The girls were making a cake for the sodality food sale, and they felt that the masterpiece should bear the weight of their combined talents. "I hope we'll get a good speaker for the banquet, Fran. Have you heard any inklings?"

"Not an ink," Cedic. "Whoever it is, he will have a tough job to equal last year's speaker. I wish that no more people who needed it could have heard it. I got so tired of some of our Sunday sermons."

"Darling, go lightly on those egg whites. It's not as if I preached by a priest in the word of God. It should be listened to respectfully."

"That may work with you, Fran, because you're so deeply religious and devout, but—"

"But what, Cedic?" "Well, Fran, you'd say I'm an average Catholic, now, wouldn't you?"

"Better than average. With your disposition and—"

"Hold your words of praise, darling. They may not apply when I finish."

"I'll bet they will. But, give me your argument."

"It's really not an argument. It's simply that most of the talks I hear in church can't help me. I'm interested in very much now. Let me hang myself. Remember, I don't say that the sermons aren't O. K. I say only that they don't hold me."

"Cedic, maybe—"

"You said I was a little better than the average Catholic, didn't you?"

"Then that makes me a specimen of the general brand of Catholics attending any Sunday Mass, doesn't it?"

"No," she says. "I'm a little better. I'll let you give me the works when I'm finished."

"All right, proceed, Mr. District Attorney."

"Thank you. According to your acknowledgment, then, my opinion reflects the mind and attitude of most people in church. Well, my opinion is that the sermons we hear, especially at low Masses, are very often too long and too uninteresting. A stereotyped talk, full of deep theological arguments, is a waste of time for the average listener. The only ones sufficient to dispose of well educated material to accept and digest the material are those who don't need it. Who've been beaten these eggs to a fare thee well. Fran, have I ruined them completely?"

"No, darling—not quite. I'll take them now. There's a lot in what you've said. I wish what most of those in the congregation should have is a short sermon, illustrated with a religious anecdote or with daily-life examples and arguments. I think you're right, Cedic."

"Don't tell me you really agree for once?"

"Definitely. You should hear my pastor on the subject of long sermons. He starts a sermon the other day by saying that he didn't mind seeing people look at their watches while he was talking. I began to bother him when they held their watches up to their ears and shake them."

"That's a beauty. I hope I can remember it."

"You know Cedic, it always impresses me that priests who preach long, carefully prepared orations are scrupulous men who want to be exact in their duty of preaching, and in satisfying themselves on the point of duty, they don't bother in benefit the majority of the congregation."

"How's the cake coming along?" "It's all ready, open the oven. There. Now, let's go into the living room and pray that it doesn't fall."

"Right. After all our combined reputations are at stake, or should I say in case. He he, don't laugh at that, Fran. I know it's a punk. Come on, Fran."

Easter Garland

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

Let the poets of Christ's good news bear witness to the mystery of our Redemption. First the unknown singer of the Dream of the Wood, heroic and splendid vision of Calvary's gallow-trees. The Holy Cross speaks: I am remembering in the long ago How at the forest-edge they hovered low. And attemper'd these strong loes took me to stare Upon, and bid me outcast men to bear. And hillward bore me shoulder high and then Foes fixed me there. I saw the Lord of men In His might hatching me to ascend. Yet dare not break tender nor me bend. Nor do obey for God's commandment's sake Though Earth I saw in all her bosom quake I stood, who might have thrown the foes to sod. Then gathered Him, the Warrior young called God. Almighty, resolute and strong unbowed. Of courage went He up in sight of crowd Upon the lofty Cross mankind to fend. I trembled in His arms but dared not bend.

Or earthward fall, but firmly had to stand. On me, the Cross, the mighty King I spanned. The Heaven's Lord, yet dared I not to quail. Half the wonder, perchance, that I should stand. And open gashes. To none dared bring I bane. They scorned us both, and I was made sustain With Blood forth from His Side that flowed. When He like Man His Ghost sent on its road. And set me down. The Lord of Hosts I saw Unkindly set upon, and darkness shroud. The Ruler's corpse with covering of cloud. In face of shadowy night day's splendour leapt. All waned beneath the welkin. All creation wept.

Almost a thousand years later George Herbert classed as one of the "metaphysical" poets of the 17th century, wrote his Easter Wings with its quaint artifice of thought and design. Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store, Tho' the last of us come, Decaying more and more, Till he became Most poor. With Thee O let me bind As large harmoniously And sing this day Thy victories: Then shall the fall further the fight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin: And still wilt sickness and shame. Thou didst, as punish mine, That I became Most thine. With Thee Let me combine, And feel this day Thy victory. For, if I tramp my wing on Thine, Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Alice Meynell, who died within our own life time, wrote a poem called Easter Night to remind us of something it is so easy for us mortals to forget about God's way. All night had about of men and cry Of woful women filled His way. Until that noon of sombry sky On Friday clamour and display Smote Him; no solitude had He. No silence, since Gethsemane. Public was Death; but Power, but Might, But Life again, but Victory. Wrens hushed within the dead of night, The shutter'd dark, the secrecy. And all alone, alone alone He rose again behind the stone.

Though Edwin Arlington Robinson had a far from Catholic mind, his Calvary shows a remarkable understanding of the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body: Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow, Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free. Stung by the mob that came to see the show, The Master tolled alone Calvary's Bench's Seat. We jibed Him, as He went, with hotheaded glee. Till His dim eyes for us did overflow. We cursed His veinless hands thrice wretchedly,— And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame Still hangs on our hearts, not made good the loss That outraged faith has entered. Ah when shall come love's courage to be strong! Tell me O Lord, tell me O Lord, how long Are we to keep Christ writing on the Cross? Falce Meynell's Easter Night is printed here through the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. Edwin Arlington Robinson's Calvary, through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company, New York City.

Catholic Courier

Published weekly, except on Holy Days. Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 15, 1908. Post Office at New Rochelle, N. Y., authorized as special agent for carrying the mails. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on April 10, 1941. Postage paid at New Rochelle, N. Y. by special arrangement.

Editor: JOHN J. KEENE. Managing Editor: THOMAS H. O'CONNOR. Business Manager: JOHN J. KEENE. Advertising Manager: JOHN J. KEENE. Circulation Manager: JOHN J. KEENE. Telephone: 2-1133. Address: 1133 Broadway, New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Catholic Courier has its most enthusiastic supporters in the Catholic community. It is a publication that is read by all Catholics. It is a publication that is read by all Catholics. It is a publication that is read by all Catholics.

The Victory of Christ

Power of evil in the world was against Christ. Why have the Gentiles and the people devised vain things? The Kings of the earth stood up and were against Him. A week of suffering, culminated in His death on the cross. His death was a victory over all sin and wickedness. They were ready to rejoice in the fact of His death.

Three Catholic Leaders Pass

This week saw the passing from life of three prominent citizens of Rochester. Each held an important position in the list of our public men. Mr. William J. H. ... Mr. ... Mr. ...

Nine Busy Years

Monday of this week was the ninth anniversary of the reorganization of the COURIER. It was a day of great significance for the paper. The improvements that have been made, the spirit of service that has been developed, during the past nine years.

Street-Cars! Ave, Buses!

History is in the making these days! The day of an era is at hand and the birth of a new era is upon us. The last of the street-cars has passed over its tracks to the barn where it shall never more go forth. The new buses and street-cars are marked for replacement. Rochester is following in the way of other cities and eventually to be a city of the future.

Five Years Ago

From April 5, 1936, Edition. That relation between England and the Irish Free State was more amicable than they had been in the past was the opinion expressed by the Rev. Richard Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, in an address to the Irish Free State in London which took place on April 5, 1936. The Archbishop, who proposed the name "Ireland," and J. W. Doolan, high commissioner for the Irish Free State in London, who replied, both stressed the importance of good relations between England and Ireland.

Diocesan Recordings

There is some sort of record chucked up for the National Council of Catholic Men and the more than 123 local Catholic laymen and laywomen in arranging the national program for the country, of the Sacred Drama, The Living God.

Spiritual Thoughts

God is a spirit and they that adore Him, must adore Him in spirit and in truth. In the souls which is united to God is always Spring.—St. John Vianney.

Feast Days

- Sunday, Apr. 14.—EASTER SUNDAY. Monday, Apr. 15.—ST. BENEDICT. Tuesday, Apr. 16.—ST. PATEKENS. Wednesday, Apr. 17.—ST. OPTATUS. Thursday, Apr. 18.—ST. ANICE. Friday, Apr. 19.—ST. APOLLONIUS. Saturday, Apr. 20.—ST. ELPHAGE.

'Sneak' Preview

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

My Chicago newspaper in its motion picture section runs this morning a big advertisement. "Sneak Preview Tonight." The letters are headline high in announcement in glaring type of a "sneak preview" of the motion picture "The Sneak." Which reminds me of the days in Hollywood when sneak previews were as secret as the meeting of the Gettysburg and every detail of the business was safeguarded from the eyes of a cozier digger.

Along

The way the actors rehearsed day and night, the play was moved through the smaller cities of New England constantly undergoing changes and alterations, until the playwright felt he had done his best and the producer thought the show was polished enough for the sophisticated of Broadway.

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