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Call to Youth
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ETERNAL HEROINES



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YOUTH SERIES—VI

"The Call to Youth"

"The Eternal Heroines As They Walk In The Twentieth Century."

Series of radio talks presented as a public service
feature of
THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY



National Council of Catholic Women
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✠ JOHN FRANCIS NOLL, D. D.

Bishop of Fort Wayne

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“ . . . and my abode is in the full assembly of saints ”.
Ecclesiasticus XXIV—16

The cover of this pamphlet is the design of Ade Bethune

The circle is a universal symbol of eternity—without beginning or end. The stars are the heroines. They are the Church or the Communion of Saints in eternity. As the figure of the Church, no one could more fittingly occupy the center of the circle of heroines than the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Saints. Fitting, too, are the colors, red signifying the flame of charity, white purity of heart, characteristic virtues common to all the Saints.

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FOREWORD

We are old-timers now, you and I, because this is our fourth year of meeting together as radio friends. We welcome with real appreciation in this collection of 1940 broadcasts, distinguished speakers who have enriched our literature, our theatre, and our music. With the generosity and brilliance for which they are known and loved, they have given magnificently to the Call to Youth. We acknowledge also gratefully the cooperation of National Broadcasting Company and Mr. Franklin Dunham, educational director, as well as the many studios who provided distribution.

"Eternal Heroines As They Walk in the Twentieth Century" is the subject of the series. The world today is full of half-goddesses whose only claim to wonder is that they are shrouded in glamor, but American youth is a thinking youth quick to reject the substitute. The Eternal Heroines are not mythical creatures, but real flesh and blood. They knew the same intimate problems of economics, of family life, and of affections as do you. Undoubtedly the vocabulary of dates and smoothies, of kitchenettes and budgets was unknown to them, but the underlying fundamentals were familiar. They were the quintessence of femininity, because they were womanhood. They took their place in society, high or low, they knew war and peace, they were gay and discouraged even as you and I. In fact, they met the same challenge which is given you, the challenge of discharging the mission of living, but they met it with gay courage, with gratitude, and close friendship with the King of Kings.

As you read these pages, may you come to know and love the charity of Elizabeth, the motherhood of Anne, the courage of Catherine, and the crusading spirit of the little French maiden of Donremy, in order that one day you may stand with the greatest heroine of all, and under the protecting shadow of her blue mantle, recite your Magnificat.

Anne Sarachon Hooley
National Youth Chairman, N.C.C.W.

PREFACE

"Lives of great men, all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time".

If these words of a great American poet are true in their application to the secular characters, that stand out with distinction in the history of humanity, how much more significant are they not, when applied to the saintly men and women, who have bequeathed to posterity the inspiration of their own efforts to walk in the footprints of Him, Who is for all the exemplar of perfection, Christ Jesus, "the way, the truth, the life".

The 1939-1940 series of broadcasts for youth, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Women, presented a beautiful panorama of God's choicest souls headed by the Queen of them all, the ever blessed Virgin Mother of the Incarnate Son of God. Each of them shines like a star in the firmament by reason of her love for the divine spouse and of her devotion to the law of charity. In the glow of the Gospel setting there came to us the Mother of Jesus, with her own mother Anne, and Martha and the Magdalene. Doubly crowned with the garland of virginity and the diadem of martyrdom, Cecilia noblest of the daughters of ancient Rome, joined Tekakwitha the Lily of the Mohawks to demonstrate what God's holy grace can do to exalt even the tenderest human nature. Frances of Rome, Catherine of Siena, Brigid of Ireland, Elizabeth of Hungary, Hedwig of Poland, Jeanne d'Arc, Bernadette and the Little Flower of France and Rose of Lima in Peru gave us an impressive cross section picture of the universality of sainthood. It illustrated the fact that no race, no nation, no continent, no epoch, no age and no state of life is excluded from that bountiful participation of divine grace that makes heroic virtue possible.

Modern youth, thank God, is still susceptible to the enchantment of the heroic and the romantic. It is still capable of appreciating with admiration and a desire to

emulate those magnetic characters that stand out in bold relief among men for the excellent quality of their virtues and deeds. Unfortunately the naturalism and materialism that prevail in so many phases and forms of modern life are doing much to minimize the necessity and the dignity of the supernatural and the spiritual in human character and action. Hence, there is great need of an antidote to the poison of modernistic philosophy and of an offset to the tendency manifested in certain quarters to glorify the mythological characters of primitive religions and to idealize purely pagan concepts of human conduct and culture.

In this reprint of the radio broadcasts given under the title of "Eternal Heroines as They Walk in the Twentieth Century" there will be preserved to modern youth a stimulating symposium of spiritual thought and action, presented by prelates and women of exceptional literary ability and spiritual idealism. May it serve to inspire its readers with a holy ambition to imitate with a commendable degree of generosity the beautiful examples of a galaxy of holy souls, who from heaven's heights cease not to watch over and pray for the often sorely tried youth of a much troubled age!

✠ Joseph Francis Rummel, S.T.D.,
Archbishop of New Orleans,
Episcopal Chairman, Department of Lay Organiza-
tions, N.C.W.C.

August 4, 1940.

DISCUSSION OUTLINE

- I. Applicable to each saint.
 1. Tell in your own words the life of St.
 2. Why was she a Saint?
 3. In what century and country did she live?
 - a. What other saints lived in her country?
 - b. About the same time?
 4. What were the characteristics of the age in which she served?
 5. For what special virtues was the saint admired by others of her day?
 6. Are there any social trends today similar to those of the era of our heroine?
 7. In what way may youth imitate her in order to change these false standards?
 8. What other saints lived under similar conditions and are noted for like accomplishments?
 9. Relate one incident of her life illustrative of an outstanding virtue.
 10. In what way was she an example of Catholic Action?
 11. When is her feast day? How may we best celebrate it?
 12. Can you find prayers, (consult your missal) songs, pictures, etc., of this saint for use at Youth meetings and for your own personal sanctification?
- II. General
 1. If more young people were interested in being saints what difference do you think it would make in the world today?
 2. Does God expect you to be a saint?
 3. Do you think it hard to be a saint?
 4. Do you think saints are queer?
 5. Do you have to enter a convent to be a saint? If not, how can you live in your present calling and be a saint?
 6. Should we pray that we may become a saint or that we may help others to become saints?



THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City

In this troubled day the prophecy of the poet is realized only too literally and the "nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue" are raining down upon the hapless, innocent victims beneath them the "ghastly dew" of destruction. Ponderous machines of man's invention lumber heavily over the fertile stretches of the earth dealing out death to the defenseless victims in their path. Even in the waters under the earth, men created by God Most High are engaging in deadly battle and sending one another down to the utmost depths of the sea. I wish to invite you to turn aside from this passing picture of carnage and death, that represents a hopeless perversion of the ideal of the family of human-kind to consider the lasting fellowship of the great spiritual family to which we belong, of which God is the Father, and the saints, our elder brothers and sisters. They are the eternal heroes and heroines who lead armies of youth not by fear but by love, and who lead them not to cruel destruction but to a more radiant life.

This "fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord" (1 Cor. 1:9) is known in the language of the Creed, which all Christians profess, as the Communion of Saints. The words: "I believe in the Communion of Saints" may sometimes be lightly pronounced, or if considered, may be too little understood to convey the glorious truth that they hold for all. That glorious truth is this, that we are all one in Christ. There exists among us a spiritual unity that binds together all those on earth who are of good will, as well as all of good will who have preceded us into the future life, whether they be in Purgatory waiting to pay the last farthing before they enter into eternal glory, or whether they have already come into their eternal destiny in Heaven, of sharing to the limit of their capacity the divine life of God, of seeing Him face to face, of seeing Him as He



sees Himself. Among all these, the Church Militant on earth, the Church Suffering in Purgatory and the Church Triumphant in Heaven, there exists the bond of brotherhood, for God made us all brothers in His great family, natural brothers through participation in our common father, Adam, and brothers in Christ in the spiritual order through participation in the sonship of God, conferred on us through the saving grace of Christ's Redemption.

You will understand the implications of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, if you will consider the relations and the interrelations of a well ordered family. In a proper family life, no member lives to himself alone. Each has obligations to all the others and serves the interests of the others wherever possible, whether they be absent or present. The older brothers and sisters relieve the parents at times of the care of younger members, and younger members contribute what they can in services and obedience. Each has his distinct responsibility. This interdependence makes for unity and solidarity. Where one is concerned, all are concerned. When one is afflicted or in need, all the others come to his assistance, and this pooling of material possessions or the greater boon of sharing affection makes the family the ideal unit in the greater family of God that it was meant to be.

It is not otherwise in the greater family of God, which is made up of all who will receive Him. "As many as received Him", says St. John, "He gave them power to be made the sons of God" (1:12). These sons of God who are still in this world make up the Church Militant. They share the same faith, and receive the same sacraments through which the life of the Head, Who is Christ, flows into their souls. They offer sacrifice together, they pray unceasingly for one another, and they serve one another as it is fitting that the members of a family should do. They kneel together at the Altar table shoulder to shoulder.

This Church Militant to which we belong is no selfish unit, living apart from others. Its members are united in a living union with Christ and with all men, living and dead, who are in the love of God. Death is

not the end of our lives but is in very truth the beginning and the solid establishment of life, the beginning of the fullness of the life we have already received from God in Baptism, whether that Baptism has been of water, or of desire, or of blood. And so members of the Church Militant who have kept themselves in union with God, pass like a victorious army into the life beyond and join their forces with the victorious members already there, where as St. Paul tells us "we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4:13). Thus death is not the destruction of the bond in the great family of God, nor is death a barrier to the stream of prayer that circulates among the members, watering, as it were, unto greater fecundity the whole body. Sin and only sin, can destroy the bond of unity; death can not. For we are members, not of a closed corporation, nor of a society, but of a living, growing organism—the family of God. And "every pious and holy action done by one (member) belongs and is profitable to all, through charity which seeketh not her own" (Catechism of the Council of Trent, Pt. I, ch. X).

Our Divine Lord through His inspired writers has given us the clear outlines of this plan of divine citizenship, the Communion of Saints, in which alone is to be found our true and lasting happiness. Christ presents it to us under the name, "The Kingdom of God". He shows it to us as a living thing, "like the grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field. Which is the least indeed of all seeds; but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come, and dwell in the branches thereof" (Matt. 13:31, 32). Not only is it a living, growing organism but it embraces in its bonds of charity all the children of God. As the Scribe said to Christ: "Well, Master, hast thou said in truth, that there is one God, and there is no other beside him. And that he should be loved with the whole heart, and with the whole understanding, and with the whole soul, and with the whole strength; and to love one's neighbor as oneself, is a greater thing than all holocausts and sacri-

fices. And Jesus seeing that he had answered wisely, said to him: Thou are not far from the Kingdom of God." (Mark 12:32-34)

This Kingdom of God is not of this world—"My kingdom is not of this world", said Our Lord to Pilate, but it is at work in this world, for Our Lord also said, "The kingdom of God is within you", (Luke 17:21), and "The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened" (Matt. 13:33). That it is allied with the members in the world to come, is shown by the rejoicing of the angels at the repentance of a struggling member of the kingdom on earth (Luke 15:10) and by the words of royal welcome into the kingdom, "Come ye blessed of my Father", pronounced by the Master of that Kingdom upon those who had served in their hunger, or thirst, or loneliness, or nakedness, or illness, or imprisonment, His least brethern in this world. (Matt. 25:35 seq.).

St. Paul who had been "caught up into paradise, and heard secret words, which it is not granted to man to utter", (2 Cor. 12:4) and who yet has the effulgence of that vision about all the words that it was granted to him to utter, tells us repeatedly that by the divine plan we are all compacted into a body. We are as closely related one to the other as the living cells in the human body. The head of the body is Christ. The life blood, the energizing principle, of this body is charity. The members of the body are saints, not only the saints of this world, but those of the world to come. For he says, "Now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God." And again he says, "but you are come to mount Sion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of many thousands of angels, . . . and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the New Testament" (Heb. 12:22-24).

So close is the unity of this body that the saints are "members one of another" (Rom. 12:5). They share the same blessings, "For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in one Spirit we have all been made

to drink" (1 Cor. 12:13). They are "Mutually careful one of another" (1 Cor. 12:35), they pray for one another, "at all times in the spirit and in the same watching with all instance and supplication for all the saints" (Eph. 6:18), and all share the same corporate life, for "the whole body . . . by what every joint supplieth . . . maketh increase . . . unto the edifying of itself in charity". (Eph. 4:16).

Into this great family of God we are all called. Every one in the world has the privilege and the opportunity of entering that family through the sacrament of Baptism, which gives the soul participation in the life of God as parents give their children bodies that participate in the natural life of man. As a member of that family the individual is not an isolated unit but has a special relation to Christ through Whom he has been introduced into the family, and to every other member of that family who has likewise been redeemed by Christ. The same supernatural life is flowing through us all. It is communicated to us all through prayer and the sacraments, the channels of Christ's grace. Whether we are in Heaven or in Purgatory or on earth, we are all members one of another, and can help one another by virtue of the life that is in us from Christ, our Head.

Do we all as members cultivate this supernatural life, thus making ourselves more and more like Christ, our Head? In the measure in which we, the members do so, the Kingdom of God, for which we daily pray in the Our Father, is realized. If all would bring their wills into entire conformity with the will of God, then, "Thy Kingdom come" would be a fact. But all do not do so. Each member makes a choice: He will surrender his will completely to the will of God and become a saint; or he will have the wish so to yield his will but achieves only partial success; or he "will not serve" but insists on following his own misguided will.

In the last instance, he is a dead member of the family, for he has cut himself off from the stream of life that can come to him only when he yields himself to Christ. In the second instance, he may be compared to a man in the natural order who has no more than very moderate health. He has the life of Christ in him

insofar as he submits himself to the direction of Christ's will. In the first instance, he is the "elect of God, holy and beloved" (Col. 3:12). He has given his soul to God. He has separated it, as our Apostolic Delegate has recently written, "from those inordinate affections to which it has adhered, . . . removing it from the domination of the animal instincts, from the insatiable egoistic appetites . . . which heretofore pervaded it" (Sanctity in America, p. 6).

In the discussions that are to be given in this series on the lives of the saints, a study will be made of some of the members of God's family who have overcome their natural inclinations to evil in this heroic degree, who have purged out the old leaven and become a new paste, who have put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Following the example of Mary, they have become the eternal heroines who will lead youth in our own day to a fuller and more radiant life.

"I believe in the Communion of Saints"

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OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Right Reverend Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen

It has been said that it is impossible to have a youth organization without infiltration of Communists in it. I think that it would be truer to say that it is impossible to have *certain types* of youth organizations without Communist infection, because I could name a dozen national youth organizations in the United States whose memberships run into hundreds of thousands, which have never been tinged in the slightest with un-American ideas. Whether or not a foreign ideology affects a youth group depends entirely upon the ideals of that group. Experience proves that moths given a choice between clean woolen and woolen with a grease spot will attack the greasy woolen every time. So it is with un-American activities; they get into those groups which have already lost resistance because they have lost purity of ideals and integrity of purpose.

One wonders if the elders of America are not really, by unsound advice, rendering a greater disservice than service to the American youth. Two instances deserve to be mentioned: 1) The elders of America constantly urging our youth to talk. This is as it should be, but our youth should also be encouraged to *listen*. Urging them to talk but not to listen is like asking them to run races but never eat. The perfection of youth consists not in being self-expressive; boilers that blow up are self-expressive; it consists in being self-controlled: like boilers that have power because they keep a given pressure. God gave youth ears as well as tongues, and those elders who urge the exercise of youthful tongues to the utter forgetfulness of the absorption of wisdom experienced through the ears are begetting a loquacious youth, but not a wise youth. 2) The elders of America are too fond of telling our youth that the greatest obstacle in the pathway of American youth is want of food, clothing and shelter. No one will dispute the fact that the reasonable comforts of life are essential to

youth, but they are essential as *means* not as *ends*. When youth is well clothed, fed and housed, what is he going to do with life? It is worth noting that those youths in America who have most succeeded in spreading Communist doctrines in youth organizations always have plenty of money for living and travelling from one end of America to the other. Furthermore, if the integrity of American youth is dependent on food, clothing and shelter, why is it that the rich youth is not always the model youth? Is there not something else required in addition to economic comforts to make a model youth? Shall we attribute the breakdown of youth to a want of material comforts? Shall we rightfully speak of the ravages of want and wrongfully ignore the ravages of infidelity? Shall we rightfully alleviate unemployment of youth and wrongfully permit them to ignore promises and pacts made one to another in marriage that they shall love one another until death do them part? Shall Stalin and Hitler be criticized for breaking their treaties and our youth be condoned for breaking theirs? Let us think this out clearly: Are the well-fed always the pure? Are the well-housed always the just? Are the employed always the charitable? If not, there is something over and above the economic in the making of youth. Where is the foundation for fidelity, honor, justice and purity? Shall the elders be silent about virtue and loquacious about that which makes them full animals? To the extent the elders forget the moral, they have done a disservice to youth.

That brings us to the constructive program for youth and here I speak as a Catholic. I thought you might be interested in hearing the way we develop our youth organizations which incidentally are as free from Communistic anti-American propagandists as snow is free from fire. We begin with this proposition: a) No youth will ever have an inspiration for virtue unless he has a love higher than self. As mother will often make the appeal to her son or daughter: "Never do anything of which your mother would be ashamed". Thus does a mother suggest an ideal for which selfish and sinful pleasure must be denied. The Church elevates this to a still higher plane and reminds youth that Our Lord from

the Cross gave us a universal ideal of Purity. "Behold thy Mother". Thus did the Son of God in giving us as a love "our tainted nature's solitary boast" equivalently plead: "Never do anything of which your Mother would be ashamed". That is why the purity of Catholic youth is grounded not on hygienic but on moral reasons. b) In addition to offering youth an ideal love, the Church shows youth the fallacy of experienced evil. Too many youths in our day justify sin on the ground that in order to know life, you must experience evil: hence the catchword "know life". The Church however warns its youth that to know evil experimentally is to endanger succumbing to its superficial attractiveness until we are captive to it, just as to know smallpox experimentally is to endanger having our face pock-marked for life. The cost of the world's knowledge of good and evil was the loss of paradise; in like manner the cost of experienced evil is moral disorder within.

How then does the Catholic Church bring home to youth the reality of evil without permitting them to experience it? By showing them the consequences of evil on goodness. The Crucifixion is the laboratory where that lesson is learned, for on Calvary we see what evil can do to Truth, Virtue, Goodness and Purity when allowed the full vengeance of its false tolerance. As a healthy person might know the ravages of drink by a visit to the hospital, so a Catholic knows sin by a look at the Crucifix. Not only on the Cross is evil revealed in its harvest, but even at the foot of the Cross where His Blessed Mother, who was the most virtuous human being who ever lived, was transfixed with the seven swords. Thus is evil known not experimentally but vicariously; not by living it, but by seeing it in action,—never triumphant but ever defeated by a Love which overcomes the evil by redeeming and forgiving it, and leaving as an intercessor the Mother who through the centuries has been affectionately called by the race of the saved: "Refuge of sinners".

Virtue is difficult unless it can be integrated into a large pattern, and given an ideal to which even a lower life may be sacrificed. If we think only of our mouth,

it begins to water; if a singer thinks only of his larynx, his voice is impaired; if an orator concentrates on his hands, his manner becomes clumsy. In like manner, if youth is diverted of an ideal beyond either the economic or the carnal, he will be so wrapped up in self, as to destroy usefulness either for himself or society. But give him something to love outside of self, then life finds a pattern. An orchestra leader integrates his hands into the pattern of music and never once is he conscious of their awkward presence: they fit into the movement of every bar. A singer, in like manner, never thinks about his larynx, because he has ordered it to the service of song, and the pleasure of the audience. Seizing on this psychology, the Church gives to youth an ideal outside itself, something to which every thought, word and deed is subordinated, namely the love of God and His Blessed Mother. That is why you never hear the Catholic Church talk about sex, anymore than you hear it talk about trains; both are means to ends. Trains exist for something else—to bring you to your destination. Sex exists for something else, namely love. Love is at its peak in God, in the Incarnate Son of God, Jesus Christ and in His Mother. The Catholic youth has therefore something not only to live for, but also something to die for. He knows how to listen, for He has a Divine Teacher and Model; he knows how to live selflessly, because he has an ideal outside of self.

For that reason we never have to worry about Communists entering Catholic youth organizations; the same sense of justice and devotion to the law of God which keeps divorce from breaking up our families, keeps the atheistic groups from breaking up our youths. Doctors do not compromise with germs in their patients; neither do those youth groups which are American tolerate that which is anti-American.

To that Woman who is the Patroness of Youth because the Mother of the Child Who is King of men, we commend the youth of America. In fact, we are all her children, old and young, and in the language of Mary Dixon Thayer, as children we say to her:

TO OUR LADY

Lovely Lady dressed in blue—
Teach me how to pray!
God was just your little Boy,
Tell me what to say!
Did you lift Him up, sometimes,
Gently, on your knee?
Did you sing to Him the way
Mother does to me?
Did you hold His hand at night?
Did you ever try
Telling stories of the world?
O! And did He cry?
Do you really think He cares
If I tell Him things—
Little things that happen? And
Do the Angels wings
Make a noise? And can He hear
Me if I speak low?
Does He understand me now?
Tell me—for you know!
Lovely Lady dressed in blue,
Teach me how to pray!
God was just your little Boy
And you know the way.

—From Mary Dixon Thayer's "The Child on His Knees"
By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"The Woman, who is the Patroness of Youth"

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SAINT ANNE

Evelyn Carroll

I am to have the privilege this morning of speaking to you about Saint Anne, Mother of Our Blessed Lady—Grandmother of Jesus. It has not been easy to prepare this talk because while Saint Anne as Mother of Mary is one of the most beloved and venerated saints, relatively little is known about her life. She is not mentioned in the Gospels and we depend on apocryphal scriptures—namely the gospel of pseudo Matthew and the Proto-Evangelium of James—for the record of her life. And you know the apocrypha must be taken with reservations but it is believed there is much real history in them and we are perhaps safe in accepting the main outlines of Saint Anne's life.

I wish, however, to emphasize that devotion to Saint Anne does not rest on these apocrypha, but on the authority of the Church.

Saint Anne lived at Nazareth—in lower Galilee—a short distance from Mt. Carmel. In the opinion of Saint Augustine she was of a priestly family. She married a just man, named Joachim, of the tribe of Juda and of the race of David. We are told that Anne and Joachim walked before God in the ways of most perfect justice, spending their days in prayer, labor and almsgiving, as required by the teachings of the Old Law. They awaited, with all the ardent faith of ancient days, the Messiah who had been announced by the prophets—the Messiah so long promised to Israel and who, according to prediction, was soon to appear.

It is related that Anne and Joachim were married twenty years and no children were born to them. It is related that on the great feast day when Anne and Joachim went to the Temple to offer gifts, Joachim was accosted by a priest called Reuben, who upbraided him saying "It is not lawful for thee to present thy offering, for the Lord hath not blessed thy marriage". Thus rebuked, Joachim departed weeping, to the desert. There

he fasted many days and nights saying, "I will not eat or drink—Prayer alone shall be my food until my God shall cast His Eyes on me". Anne retired to her home and redoubled her prayers and entreaties to Almighty God, reminding Him she had promised on her wedding day that if a son or daughter was born to her she would offer it to Him in His Temple. We are told an angel appeared to Anne saying, "God hath heard thy prayers, Thou shalt conceive and bring forth a child and the fruit of thy womb shall be the admiration of the whole world."

Anne replied, "Long live the Lord my God—be it son or daughter I will offer the child to the Lord my God in order that it may serve Him during its entire life." And in due course Anne, sterile for twenty years, conceived and gave birth to Her who was to bring forth the Son of God—the Divine Redeemer of the human race. We know, on the authority of the Church, that the birth of the Blessed Virgin was normal.

Thenceforth Anne could not but call herself blessed. Listen to the beautiful canticle in which she gives thanks "I will sing the praise of my God, I will sing the praise of my God, because He has visited me in His love and has not left my name to opprobrium."

Twenty four days after the birth of her daughter, Anne went to the Temple to obey a Precept of the Old Law and mindful of her promise offered Mary to the service of the Temple. We know how great a sacrifice this must have been but in her gratitude Anne was only too happy to present to God that which He had bestowed on her.

Anne returned home from the Temple and for three years devoted herself to prayer and the care of Mary, teaching her always the love of God and preparing her for life in the Temple. When Mary was three years old they returned to Jerusalem that Anne might fulfill her vow, and Mary was solemnly consecrated to God, and left in the Temple at Jerusalem. Anne returned to Nazareth alone.

Of the later life of Anne we know little. We do not know that she ever saw her grandson, the Child Jesus, with mortal eyes or that she ever knew His Mission on

Earth. Yet from the beginning of Christianity down through the centuries to the present day, she has been held in veneration. Devotion to Saint Anne was known in the Orient at a very early date. It began in the west at Douai, France, and spread very rapidly after 1584. It came to the new world, with the French settlers in Canada, about the middle of the seventeenth century and one of the great shrines (I almost said the greatest shrine of North America) is the one to Saint Anne at Beupre, Canada. The foundations of this shrine were blessed by Father Vignal in the year 1658, and Saint Anne manifested her approval by causing a miracle to be performed on that day through Her intercession. Louis Guimout, a French peasant, who suffered terribly from rheumatism was confident that Saint Anne would cure him and he came forward and placed three stones in the foundation. He suddenly found himself completely cured and since that time—a period of nearly three hundred years—many other marvelous cures have been reported at this shrine. Every year on Saint Anne's feast day, which is July 26th, thousands of pilgrims visit Saint Anne's shrine in Canada, and the one in San Francisco, to offer her homage and respect and to ask her intercession.

Nearly every large city in our country has a church dedicated to Saint Anne, and novenas and daily devotions to her are on the increase.

You may well ask, why this devotion to Saint Anne? Why this widespread love and devotion on the part of Christians for that Jewish Mother who lived by the Old Law and who never knew the teachings of Christ? First of all, she is part of the tremendous drama whose first scene was a stable in the town of Bethlehem; whose last curtain rising, showed a hill surmounted by three crosses. In the geneology of Our Lord she is an essential link. As an instrument in the divinely arranged circumstances which surround the nativity she has an importance which sacred tradition has always realized. She is the patroness of Mothers and housewives, and in this connection, it may be noted she is also the traditional patroness of miners—inasmuch as by a beautiful symbolism Christ is compared

to gold and Mary to silver, and Anne as the Mother of Mary becomes the mine of both silver and gold.

The glory of this Saint is, it is true, a reflected glory. She was the Mother of the Immaculate Conception, who was the Mother of the Redeemer. Her fame is overshadowed by the greater radiance of her daughter, but God has manifested His approval of the love and devotion of His children to Saint Anne by the accomplishment of wonderful miracles at her intercession.

The lesson this Jewish Mother has for us in 1940 is the same as it has been through the ages, namely, the value and esteem—the great importance God places on Motherhood. It is the Motherhood of Anne and Mary that has appealed through the ages to artists and poets. Saint Anne is usually portrayed holding Mary, and Mary holding the Infant Jesus. Innumerable legends have sprung up and been treasured telling of Saint Anne's devotion to Mary; of her eagerness that she should know and love God and walk always in His way; Her faith which after years of disappointment was still strong enough to pray, knowing well that in God's time all prayers are answered; her willingness to sacrifice her beloved daughter from a tender age to God's service; her modesty and humility which permitted her to remain unknown and unsung in her own lifetime, content to serve God and her family. It would seem that all virtues which Christian Mothers desire and cultivate were possessed by this Jewish Mother who lived by the Old Law.

In the present day when Motherhood is not always regarded as the high vocation and blessing which God intends; when private organizations and even some state governments are spending time, energy and money in disseminating information to prevent Motherhood; when the emphasis is placed on selfishness—not on self-sacrifice or selflessness—when many women aim to destroy life instead of create it, we might well reflect again and again on the life and example of Saint Anne and ask her intercession with her divine Grandson for a misguided world.

And one more virtue—one more example of the many she gives us I would call to your attention: Her

patience, her perseverance. Think of the patience and perseverance which could pray for twenty years, in the face of all obstacles, confident that God would hear. And if Saint Anne could do this, without knowing the Messiah and His Message of Love and Hope, how much easier it should be for us with the aids that her divine Grandson Jesus Christ has given us, His Church and His sacraments, to pray and to persevere in prayer, confident that God will not forget His children in their troubles and afflictions in this present world.

"O Good St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, you who are so powerful in heaven, heal us of all our bodily ills and pray for our souls' salvation. Good St. Anne, pray for us."

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ST. THERESE OF LISIEUX

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Not long ago, I went to make a speech in a Mid-Western city where I was a complete stranger. Awaiting me was a letter from a local Nursing Sister who wrote to say that she hoped I would call on her, as she had learned through reading my book, "Written In Heaven", that we had a "mutual friend". The mutual friend proved to be the heroine of the book, Saint Theresa of Lisieux, more generally known as the "Little Flower"!

I have chosen to tell you this because I myself can think of no better way to begin my broadcast than by saying, "I am going to talk to you today about someone who is our mutual friend. She is not a dim and shadowy figure of the past; she is a vivid personage of the present. There are many individuals still living who remember her well; indeed, if she had not died prematurely, she would still be alive herself. I know these associates of hers, and I have lived in Lisieux at the same ancient Abbey where she went to school. She seems very close to me, and I believe I can make her seem close to you for two reasons: First, because it is easier for most of us to look upon a modern saint as a friend than one who has been dead a long time. Second, because St. Theresa is not separated from us by her opportunities and her accomplishments any more than she is by the distance of the ages. There is nothing spectacular about her, nothing to deter the average girl from saying, 'Here is a saint whose example I should like to follow and which I believe I can follow. I could not lead armies, or sway statesmen, or evolve doctrines, but there are many little things I might do well and I *am* going to try to do those! If I succeed, I shall have a right to believe that St. Theresa is my friend, and to turn towards her just as I do towards other friends, but in a more wonderful way!'"

With thoughts like this in mind, let us review, very briefly, the main events in St. Theresa's early life.

She was born in the pretty little French provincial city of Alencon. Her father, Louis Joseph Martin, was a well-known watchmaker. Her mother, Zelig, was a designer of those fairylike laces to which Alencon owes much of its fame. Both in their early youth had themselves hoped to become members of religious orders, and both had been thwarted in this desire; they had never ceased to long for a son who should fulfill the destinies they had missed. They had four little daughters—Marie, Pauline, Leonie and Celine—but they dwelt on the dream of a man-child who should go to the far corners of the earth as a missionary.

On January 2, 1873 that sense of thrilled expectation which presages the greatest of all human events began to pervade the Martin family scene. When evening came snow had begun to fall, and the atmosphere had become more and more hushed. After Marie and Pauline had gone to bed they lay still and listened; as they did so, they were startled by the soft sound of their father knocking at the door. He told them that they had a little sister. Now that instead of the long-awaited son another daughter had been born to him, he never gave tongue to the feeling of frustration which must have been overwhelming. Eventually he had his reward. His last-born became his best beloved. She was also to become, together with St. Francis Xavier, the Patron Saint of Missionaries.

The baby was baptized by the name of Marie Françoise Therese. At first she was very fragile, but by the time she was ten months old, she could stand alone, and at the age of fifteen months she was talking too. Her pleasant little face was framed with fair curls and wreathed in bright smiles. All the family letters of the period reveal her as a delightful little girl. As she grew older she loved birds and their nests, flowers and their perfume, brooks and their music, trees and their shade.

The whole tenor of family existence was peaceful and pleasant; only Zelig knew how gravely it was threatened. For years she had concealed a corroding cancer. The inevitable end was one of extreme anguish, and the blow of her death was a terrific one for the entire family.

There was no one in Alençon who could help Louis Joseph give his daughters fostering care which they needed; but in the nearby city of Lisieux he had a brother-in-law with two little girls of his own, and whose wife was a woman of quick sympathies. They both urged Louis Joseph to bring Zélie's motherless children to Lisieux, which he did. Near the edge of the town he found a charming house. Its name, *Les Buissonnets*—Little Thickets—was agreeably descriptive of its pleasing character. Marie became the housekeeper and Pauline her youngest sister's teacher. Therese had already learned her letters at her mother's knee; now she began to read and write in earnest. In the evening, the family gathered around the center table in the living room where a large lamp spread its cheerful rays over the little group and where a checkerboard had been opened up. After this had been put away, Marie read aloud, Pauline embroidered and Leonie did worsted work, while Therese nestled drowsily and contentedly in her father's lap. Then came the family prayers which always marked the end of the tranquil day.

Winter was a season which all the children loved, but especially Therese, who had, in very truth, been a "snow baby" herself, and to whom snow-flakes, like field flowers, always seemed bright and beautiful. Stars delighted her too. Once, coming in from her walk, she became conscious for the first time of Orion, and reached ecstatically for her father's hand. "Look quickly, Papa!" she cried. "There is a T in the sky! It must stand for Therese. My name is written in heaven!" She believed this as implicitly as she believed in the watchfulness of a guardian angel and the companionship of the Christ Child, and it was the prophetic force of this belief that led me, in writing about her, to choose "Written in Heaven" as the title for her biography.

The Martin family group was so sufficient unto itself that it was hardly conscious of a craving for companionship beyond its own compact little circle. But when Therese was eight years old, it was decided that she should join the ranks of the day pupils at the Abbey Des Benedictines. She loved to study, and she was naturally gifted; she almost invariably led her class in

everything except mathematics and penmanship. But there is nearly always an element of jealousy among children for the companion who is their superior, and students who outstrip all competitors in the classroom are apt to lead lonely lives. It seems almost certain that Therese was the victim of circumstances such as these.

She approached the experience of her First Communion with a rapture which made her oblivious of all the ordeals connected with her life at school. Every day she went bounding joyfully off to her Catechism classes. At last the moment arrived which seemed to Therese the most marvelous in her life. At the altar rail, so reverently approached, she seemed to feel her being merged in her Maker's. "Saviour, with love I consecrate my life to Thee!" she breathed. The words rose from her lips like a wellspring. Three years later she asked her father's permission to enter the Carmelite Convent.

As she always saw straight and thought clearly, she was certainly not unaware of the arguments which would be used to dissuade her. But with her father as her ally, she met her adversaries composedly; and eventually the Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux consented to her postulancy. Appropriately, on the last evening she was to spend at home, the little family gathered together in the pleasant living room. A blessing was asked, grace before meat. Afterwards there was a quiet talk of family things, of happy hours and shared memories. The next day Carmel claimed her.

As she was shown to her cell, her glance fell caressingly on each detail of the habitation that was to be her own—the bare floor, the narrow window, the hard cot, the earthen bowl and pitcher. When she was left alone at last, her lips formed the words which rose from her heart: "Now I am here for always". It was an expression of supreme joy; but the period of her postulancy was strewn with thorns rather than roses; her self-control, her endurance, and her capacity for long suffering, were tested in every possible way. At the end of nine months however, no further excuse could be found for putting off the moment of her investiture.

It took a magnificent form. On this day of days she was clothed as became the most beautiful bride.

Her dress was white velvet, her veil fine lace; her crown fragrant lilies. Radiance seemed to stream all about her. Inside the chapel was a blaze of glory. But outside, the ground was covered with snow. It was on such a night as this that Therese had come into the world—still, white, consecrated. Now, enveloped in the same transcendent purity, she left it.

It is not possible, within the limits of a few short moments, to talk to you about her life in its entirety. Therefore I have purposely chosen to tell you about the part before she became a nun, when she was a young girl leading a life more quiet and uneventful, probably, than that of any girl who is listening to me this morning. It continued to be quiet and uneventful after she entered Carmel, though at times it was very trying too. When she died, at the age of twenty-four, after a long and dreadful illness, she left nothing tangible behind her but a few paintings and poems, and the memoirs which were later assembled as her autobiography. "Her life needed to be simple, in order that it might serve as a model for small souls," her sister, Celine, has said; and one of her best biographers has added, "It was to this multitude of small souls, faithful to the core, but endowed with no extraordinary powers, that she hoped to reveal a part of the riches of heaven."

I cannot describe her adequately as she stands, crowned with roses and enshrined with glory, her name indeed *written in heaven*. But now that I have outlined her story for those, who, like myself, see in her an ideal which they strive to follow, let me say what I believe Therese stands for in their lives and in mine.

I believe first of all that she stands for purpose. From earliest childhood, she knew what she wanted to do, what she could do, and what she ought to do. Even when all the world seemed against her, she was still steadfast. She fought the good fight, she finished the course, she kept the faith.

I believe that she stands for resourcefulness. She was, after all, a girl of rather limited opportunities. She never had any special chance to develop her natural gifts or to reveal these. But the inconspicuous city where she lived has become famous because it was her home, and

the unpretentious book which she wrote has become a byword throughout the world.

I believe that she stands for loving kindness. Little children turned towards her trustfully, and were never deceived. The poor, the weak, the sick, the suffering—for all these she had abundant sympathy, and with them she established those bonds of understanding which come from compassion.

I believe that she stands for courage. There was nothing that could defeat her. She prevailed. Her life was a pean of victory to the very end, and the echoes of it will ring down through the ages.

We, who are average persons, can pattern our lives after hers in purpose, in resourcefulness, in loving kindness and in courage. The lessons which she taught can be put to the universal use. Her basic principles are applicable to every walk in life. The "little way" which she reveals to us, is not a hard one; it is not beyond our skill and our strength; it opens up to human beings everywhere.

I believe that with God's help we can follow it.

*"Help me to follow your little way"**Bibliography*

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ST. FRANCES OF ROME

Maisie Ward Sheed

When I was young it was much the fashion among Catholics to read daily the short life of a saint in little books which contained one saint for each day of the year. These lives were, of course, the merest skeletons and I'm afraid many of us did our reading so hastily that we never transformed them into anything better. But if you look with sufficient earnestness at such a skeleton it will clothe itself with the living reality of a human being, shining with the light of supernatural grace.

The life of St. Frances of Rome is in outline exceedingly short and simple. Over many saints two or more cities do battle; thus Saint Anthony of Padua is hotly claimed by Lisbon—for he was born there while he only died in Padua. But St. Frances was born in Rome in 1384 and died in the same place fifty-six years later. Married at the age of twelve, she was the mother of several children, she worked for the poor of Rome and the rich also, for she assembled her wealthy friends into a group of Benedictine Oblates who later came to live together as a congregation in a convent which she had built for them. After her husband's death she joined them and was made Superior. For the greater part of her life St. Frances was a rich woman but for several years she was thrown into poverty when her husband's estates were confiscated and he himself banished by the King of Naples who had invaded Rome, while her son was detained as hostage.

Such is the outline given in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*: Now let us try to fill it in. St. Frances was, the Catholic Encyclopedia tells us, one of the greatest mystics of the 15th century. It seems curious at first sight to think of a wealthy woman the mother of many children as a great mystic. A contemplative nun has her life geared as it were to sit with Mary listening at Our Lord's feet. But a wife and mother must like

Martha be busied about many things and have little time for contemplation.

How would you define a mystic? I like this definition, "A Mystic is one who loves God supremely and walks with Him always." St. Frances was among those mystics to whom this constant companionship has been made easier by bodily vision. She saw her guardian angel and had long talks with him. Another kind of vision she had, I think unique in the annals of the saints. Some of us have seen the Passion Play at Oberammergau; or have seen revivals of the mystery plays of the middle ages and realized the help such dramas give in making faith more vivid. But St. Frances did not need to see men enacting the dramas of our salvation: They were played for her says Butler "by heavenly personages". Pleasant idea, that the saints and angels should throng to dramatize for a human being the glorious mysteries of our faith!

What she learned from her visions might seem commonplace enough did we not know it is God's way to work out the stupendous values of our redemption in what seem the trifling matters of daily life. She learned to be a wise and gentle mother, to be the perfect mistress of a large household. "She treated her domestics", says Butler, "not as servants, but as brothers and sisters, and future co-heirs in heaven: And studied by all means in her power to induce them seriously to labor for their salvation". I must, I think, borrow too his delightful description of the happiness of her married life: "Her obedience and condescension to her husband was inimitable, which engaged such a return of affection, that for forty years in which they lived together, there never happened the least disagreement; and their whole life was a constant strife and emulation to anticipate each other in mutual complaisance and respect".

It was one of the great miracles of sanctity that a rich woman should learn not merely to give alms but to *understand* concerning the poor and needy. A special blessing is given to such understanding in the Old Testament and reaffirmed in the New. It is a still greater miracle to be able to bear with perfect patience as did St. Frances the loss of wealth, of world position, of loved

ones, of those very conditions which appear to make possible the doing of God's work in the world. But the saints know that this is one of our commonest optical illusions. They know too how to act safely on sayings that for us are highly dangerous. Such a saying is the oft repeated *Laboare est orare*. (To work is to pray). St. Frances was one day interrupted four times at the same verse as she recited the psalms of our Lady's Office. The fifth time she returned to her prayer she found the verse written in gold letters. That story is often told as meaning that God blessed her for leaving her prayer for the work that summoned her. But I think myself that what He blessed most was the way she kept going back to the prayer. Working is almost always interesting and praying is so often hard work! If I had gone back twice I would have thought I had done pretty well.

The saints never think that they have done even pretty well. After a long life of prayer, charity, and self-sacrifice, Saint Frances on the death of her husband begged admission to the convent she had built. But she did not go there like the benefactress to whom the nuns owed their home. She did not go like a great lady who confers a favor. She went barefoot and with a rope around her neck declaring herself unworthy of admission. Such a realization seemed to the nuns a proof of fitness not only to live among them but to rule them. So St. Frances finished her life as Superior of the convent. But I like best to think of her as a patron for wives and mothers and for those who as wives and mothers would like to do in the world a little bit of work for God, and so I should like to end by reading you the little poem in which Marigold Hunt has told us about her.

That you can be saint,
In quite a rich home,
Is shown by the case
Of St. Frances of Rome.

She had plenty of children,
A husband, a cook,

A household to manage,
A housekeeping book—

And they kept her so busy
Both up and downstairs,
She couldn't think when
To get on with her prayers.

She no sooner was kneeling,
Than someone would call—
She thought she would never
Get finished at all.

First her husband must see her,
Then up came the cook,
Then a little boy shouting
To please come and look—

Then a friend with a very
Long story to tell,
And a dozen poor people
With troubles as well.

And she never lost patience,
Or said, "Not at home",
And that's why we call her
Saint Frances of Rome.

—From Marigold Hunt's "St. Frances of Rome".
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"Laborare est Orare"—To work is to pray.

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SAINT BRIGID

Mary Synon

Saint Brigid, Brigid of Ireland, Brigid of Kildare, died a little more than fourteen hundred years ago; but today she still lives, a vital, vivid personality, in this, our war-torn world.

Beyond all other women, save only the Mother of Christ, Brigid of Ireland is the saint of the sorrowing, the saint of the starving, the saint of the stricken. She is the saint of the Irish—but she is, too, the saint of men on the Maginot Line and men on the Siegfried Line, of homeless men and women in Poland and of children evacuated from the East End of London. She is the saint of our own nine million unemployed and of our more than nine million anxious, worried day-by-day workers. Of all the saints in the long, golden roll of the Catholic Church Brigid of Ireland is the saint of our common humanity.

Through fourteen centuries the western world has seen the rise and fall of empires, the discovery of new continents, the growth of new concepts of man's freedom. It has seen the long, wide spread of the far-flung frontiers of the Faith of Christ. Through those centuries the dust of Saint Brigid has rested in the holy hills of her native land. But the spirit of Brigid still stands, a living force, at the threshold of every home—in Ireland or away from Ireland—where dwells a man or woman of Irish blood. That spirit, however, transcends nationality. She is Ireland's own child; but, like many another child of Ireland, she is also a citizen of a wider world.

For Brigid of Ireland is in death, as she was in life, symbol of those virtues which are, preeminently, virtues most needed in these troubled times. She is the saint of the charity that begins at the door, that welcomes and blesses as well as aids, the saint of loving-kindness, the saint of mercy. She is the saint of a democracy wider and deeper than any political form; a democracy of actual daily living of her belief that all men are brothers

under the fatherhood of God, a democracy that entitles all men to her sisterly love and devotion and succor. She is the saint of the true equality of mankind, an equality to be achieved not by mere laws upon statute books but by the living example of justice and charity. She is saint of hope because she is the saint of youth. Although she lived to be an old woman her native Ireland has always held to the tradition of her youthfulness. To Ireland she has ever been "Sweet Saint Bride of the yellow, yellow hair," and dairymaid who gave away her master's butter to the poor, the girl who fell asleep while Saint Patrick was preaching, the girl who dared to defy a king, the girl who founded a convent when she was only sixteen years old, the slave girl who ended slavery in Ireland without shedding a single drop of blood.

— Brigid of Ireland was born a slave. Her father, Dubtach, was a chieftain, a descendant of Conn of the Hundred Battles. He was forced by his lawful wife to sell Brigid's mother to a Druid before the child was born. He stipulated, however, that the child should be returned to him on his demand. The Druid did not interfere with the Christianity of the mother and the child, even though Christianity was forbidden to bondmaidens; but when Brigid proceeded to dispense the butter from his dairy to the poor he naturally asked for an accounting. Tradition has it that Brigid was able to give him a greater amount of butter than she had given away; but that may be merely another way of saying the Irish belief that the only lasting wealth that any man enjoys is what he has given in charity.

Brigid was nine years old when her father sent for her. Her stepmother induced the girl's father to try to sell her to the King of Leinster. Dubtach left Brigid outside in his cart while he went into the castle to confer with the king. He also left a sword which had been given him by the king, a sword set with many jewels. While Brigid waited starving men and women came to the cart. One by one the girl took the jewels from the sword hilt and gave them to the suppliants. Her father, returning, raged over his loss and dragged her into the castle. "Why have you done this?" the King of Leinster asked her. "I'd give all that my father has," Brigid

said, "and all that you have, yea, yourself, too, were it in my power rather than have the children of Christ, the poor, starve." "You'd be too expensive for me to keep," the king told her; but he gave her father another sword.

Her stepmother tried to marry her off but the girl insisted that she must serve Christ in another way. Freed from bondage she walked for miles along the roads of Ireland to hear the great Saint Patrick at the Synod of Telltown. She was so weary that she slept as he preached but he sought her out and spoke with her. She was only sixteen years old when with seven other girls, some of them slaves like herself, whom she had persuaded to join her, she received the white veil of the Augustinian novitiate from Bishop Macaille at Usna in Westmeath. Nearby, at Ballyboy, she founded in that year her first community of the Brigittine Order, probably the first formal community of holy women to be established in the Catholic Church. Immediately it became a haven for the poor and the oppressed. From all over the island the needy came to it—and never went away unsatisfied.

For seventeen years Brigid went around Ireland. She established communities at Waterford, at Tramore, at Limerick, in Leinster and Connaught. She took into these communities those women and girls whom she deemed spiritually worthy to do the Lord's work within them. She made no distinction of class. Princesses and peasants, free women and bondwomen labored together, spinning, weaving, churning, baking, teaching, sewing, doing metal work and illuminations which were the predecessors of the Book of Kells. Since the communities were definite centers of their neighborhoods the democracy of their constitutions immediately influenced public opinion to such an extent that, within Brigid's own lifetime, slavery was abolished. To her kings and slave girls were equals. By force of her own character and by virtue of the essential democracy of Christianity she broke down the barriers and levelled the ranks. Without revolution, without bloodshed the slave girl of the Druid's dairy freed the other slaves of Ireland.

At Kildare she built that abbey which has for centuries added its name to her own. There she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, nursed the sick, comforted the afflicted. The town that grew around her convent became a City of Refuge, an asylum for all the unfortunate who sought it. There Brigid even built a monastery for men, choosing the venerable Saint Conleth "to govern the city along with herself," as her chronicler has put it. Somehow for all her meekness, Saint Brigid seems to have had her share of those qualities which have distinguished the matriarchs of Ireland! It is told of her that once a priest who was instructing her and some of her Sisters as he drove them across country grew so excited in his oratory that he landed them in the ditch. Brigid took the reins and dragged them all out the while he continued his discourse. Perhaps it was this association of practicality and spirituality which endeared her to the women of her time and has helped to keep her fame so long alive. And perhaps it was her gay good humor, as well as her kindness that endeared her to every one.

More than Patrick, more than Columbkil, more than any other of the thousand holy men and women who blessed their land, Brigid has been the Saint of the Irish exiles. Even her own body was not left to lie where it was buried in her convent of Kildare. The Danes descended on the island; and the body of Brigid was taken for safekeeping to the great Cathedral of Down. The English came; and the head of Brigid was taken, for its protection, first to Vienna, then to Lisbon. Today, as an east-bound Dixie Clipper comes down from its swift flight overseas, you may see the cross of the Jesuit Church where the relic is still preserved; but the soul of Brigid rests in no one land.

For the children of Ireland, fleeing tyranny and persecution, took their love of Brigid to a hundred countries far from the green hills and valleys of Leinster and Munster and Iar Connaught. The Wild Geese, saying goodbye to Ireland after the broken treaty of Limerick, called on Brigid to keep safe the women they loved until they could return to them. But no one of the Wild Geese ever came back. They went into the service of

lands not their own. They died in glory at Cremona, at Lille, at Ghent, and on a hundred battlefields that changed the destinies of the Continents of Europe but did nothing for Ireland. How many of them, as they died called on Brigid to remember those girls in Clare and in Kerry and in Sligo who would never again weave Saint Brigid crosses in hope of their bridals! But, before they died, they had told and re-told their devotion to Sweet Saint Bride and men who came after them built in her honor churches in Seville, in Placentia, in Tours and Besancon, in Namur and Cologne. In lands made war-mad by consciousness of national boundaries no frontiers held out this love of Saint Brigid. Even in Fleet Street in London there is a chapel dedicated to her. Up and down and across the United States, in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand have risen churches that commemorate her virtues, her personality; but there is one church of Saint Brigid which somehow seems particularly the symbol of her own welcoming kindness to the stranger who comes to the door.

It stands far down in the city of New York, close to the point where meet two rivers of Manhattan. It is a little church built in 1848, the Famine Year that drove hundreds of thousands of Ireland's children to the friendly shelter of the United States. How many of them thronged that little church—then but a stone's throw below the Castle Garden of their landing—no one is old enough to remember; but the tradition of its welcome to the immigrant has never been forgotten. Today men and women and children of other races than Irish, of other creeds than Catholic find their way to it through the narrow streets of Old New York to pray for strength, for guidance, for aid in facing their new lives in this land that is new to them—our United States. Perhaps they feel—without knowing the reason for their feelings—that graciousness of kindness that was Saint Brigid's greatest gift to those who asked her for alms. Perhaps they know that she never denied help to those who came to her door. Perhaps they understand that she, too, sought for freedom, freedom for herself, freedom for all those who had known the shackles of slavery. Perhaps they realize that a girl who was

born a slave and who, by her courage and holiness, freed the slaves of her own land is truly the patroness of all who are still bound by shackles of want, of misery, of despair, of injustice and inhumanity.

For seven hundred years after the death of Saint Brigid there burned before the altar of her abbey of Kildare a perpetual fire. Bride's Fire her people called it. Once a year they renewed their own hearth fires from its glow. In the year 1220 Henry Launders, Archbishop of Dublin, fearing vandalism in the course of invasion, ordered the fire extinguished.

For these latter seven hundred years the hearth has been cold. The stones of Kildare have long since fallen into ruins. But the deeper fires of Saint Brigid have never been extinguished. Those Bride's fires have ever burned in the hearts of the youth of Ireland, fires of kindness and of charity, of justice and of mercy; and these are the fires that have crossed the seven seas to make and keep Saint Brigid of Ireland a living spirit even to this, our day.

*"It has seen the long, wide spread of the far flung
frontiers of the Faith of Christ."*

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SAINTS OF THE CANON

Helen Walker Homan

Seven women—seven Saints, who belong to all Christianity, died more than fifteen centuries ago, and yet have never died—for daily they are on the lips of thousands, as daily they are commemorated in that most ancient of all the liturgical prayers of the Catholic Church—the Canon of the Mass. Seven women—seven Saints who were martyrs, whose various lives and dramatic deaths spanned a period of more than one hundred years, were selected at least before the year 600, from many times seven, to be named forever daily by priesthood and faithful, in honor and supplication.

Seven women, motivated by a single ideal—one a mere child of twelve, and at least three of the others very young girls,—seven women, two of them married and mothers, one a widow, and four of them virgins, died long ago when Rome was old and Christianity was young—died heroically in the torture of the arena, for their single ideal, Christ.

As they are named in order in the Canon of the Mass, they are Felicitas and Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, and Anastasia. Widow, wife and mother; affianced, virgin, child; noble and slave—rich and poor—they represent every class of womankind as it moves in the world today precisely as it moved fifteen centuries ago. It must have been for this diversification, as well as for their extraordinary sanctity that they were selected for perpetual remembrance. These seven are types of all womanhood everywhere—for as long as time goes on, we women will be either wives and mothers, widows, affianced, virgins, children. We will be either rich or poor, workers or women of leisure.

Differing from one another as these seven women did, it is not easy in a brief time to attempt a portrait of each from their stories as they have come down to us in legend and tradition. It is significant that the first one named in the order of the Canon, is the slave-girl, Felicitas. It is also significant that she is named

in conjunction with that woman of noble birth and wealth, Perpetua, with whom she suffered and died. These two are the wives and mothers of the Canon Saints. Their very names suggest what was perhaps the keynote of their personalities. Felicitas, happiness—Perpetua, steadfastness.

They lived in Africa, in the city of Carthage, during the first half of the third century. Rome, under the rule of the Emperor Valerian, governed their city. Felicitas was one of the little hunted group of Christians who met secretly, probably by night, to pay reverence to Him Who had died on Calvary, in whose recorded life and words she had found surest peace. Very probably she had worn the shackles of slavery since infancy, and known all the privation, the humiliations and hardships of one of her class. It must have been that slaves were permitted to marry, for tradition relates that she had a husband and also that she had borne him six sons. Then, somehow, one day a message reached her.

But it was also a word which pointed the way of peace to those who possessed the rich things of this world and who were seeking that peace which the world cannot give. And so it had also reached the ears of Perpetua within her magnificent palace. Pride of race ran strong in that house, as Perpetua's adoring father was later to show. Perpetua, too, was married and had a son. The comings and goings of a humble slave-girl might pass unnoticed—but those of the highborn Perpetua would be marked by a thousand eyes. What Perpetua had to do, must be done cautiously, with dissimulation. Her father, her husband, would never understand. To them, Christianity was the sinister superstition of the lowly and the ignorant. To the civic authorities, it was the religion of traitors and a threat to the State.

The events which caused the detention of Felicitas and Perpetua in the common prison of Carthage, are not related. Possibly a group of Christians had been surprised at their devotions—possibly one of their number had proved a traitor. Perpetua and Felicitas, the noble-born and the slave, bound in the same dungeon,

their difference in station swept suddenly away by the great leveler, Christianity, consoled each other. Perpetua was moved with pity for the slave—for she knew that Felicitas would soon bear a child—her seventh.

Each of these mothers was to be called upon to face the severest test of faith ever presented to any mother—the choices of the child she had borne, or the faith she had adopted.

Perpetua's father, learning of her imprisonment, hastened in great distress to her side. An old legend relates that he cried: "Daughter, what have you done? You have dishonored the family! Never before has any-one of *our* race been imprisoned!" When told that her crime was that of being a Christian, his shame and anger knew no bounds. Believing her deranged mentally, he brought her little son to her there in the prison, and thrust him into her arms. He hoped that this would restore her reason and enable her to give the authorities what seemed to him the easiest of promises—the promise to renounce Christ and worship the gods of Rome. Perpetua, the steadfast one, remained steadfast—at what cost only motherhood can reckon.

Her companion, the slave, Felicitas, bore her seventh son there in the prison. She, too, was offered the choice of life with her children as a pagan, or death as a Christian—and she chose death rather than renounce the ideal which had come to mean more to her even than life, even than children—the Christ-ideal.

Felicitas, the slave, and Perpetua, the noble-born, died together in the arena—in the words of Saint Augustine, "amidst fierce beasts and gladiators' swords."—Two women, two saints who were mothers, had unfalteringly met death for a single, great Ideal.

Next of the seven women commemorated in the Canon, comes Agatha, the virgin. She lived during the same era as Felicitas and Perpetua, though far away from Carthage, on the Island of Sicily in the city of Catania. At the time when Agatha was called upon to choose between Christianity and paganism, she still was a very young girl, with whom the powerful Roman consul, Quintianus, had fallen in love. As she was extremely beautiful and the daughter of a noble Sicilian family,

the lowly-born Quintianus, who had risen to Roman consulship through an unscrupulous life, desired to marry her—not only for her beauty but for the wealth and position she would bring him. Agatha persistently rejected his suit.

Acceptance of it would have meant adherence to the gods of Rome. She must have been well-marked with wit, the fruit of a keener mentality than that possessed by her suitor. This, he never forgave her; and one suspects that many of the tortures he later devised were inspired less by the rage of a rejected suitor, than by his irritation at her more logical brain and her far cleverer tongue. Finding that imprisonment and persecution availed nothing, Quintianus, in despair, finally demanded why, since she was of noble birth, she persisted in the customs of a slave—the practice of Christianity. Agatha replied that she was the slave of Christ.

"But if you call yourself noble, how can you also call yourself a slave?" he asked. And Agatha retorted: "The slavery of Christ is the highest of all nobility." She then told him that she hoped he would find a wife like his own goddess, Venus; and that she hoped he himself would become like his own god, Jupiter. Insulted and enraged, Quintianus commanded that she be tortured, while she smilingly commented aloud on his inconsistency—that he *worshipped* those, whose likeness in himself and in his future wife, he would consider an insult.

There is a legend that Saint Peter appeared to her while she was lying, suffering from her tortures, in the prison, and that he assured her that, as much as Quintianus had made her suffer, her repartee had made her suitor suffer more! In the midst of her tortures, an earthquake shook the city, and the terrified populace besought Quintianus to release her. But Agatha died in her prison from the results of the merciless rack. Yet in the minds and the hearts of the people of Catania, she had become their savior, their eternal protection from fire and earthquake.—One woman, a virgin, had given her life for the great Ideal.

Lucy, who follows Agatha in the Canon of the Mass,

lived a half century later, dying for the same ideal in the year 310. She, too, was a Sicilian, but of the city of Syracuse. A devout Christian, she was unwillingly betrothed at an early age to a pagan suitor. But Lucy had long before determined that her wealth should go to no husband, but should be distributed among the poor. Her mother, having been cured of a long illness at the holy tomb of Agatha, now venerated by all the faithful of Sicily, on Lucy's persuasions permitted her to break her betrothal and to distribute all their good to the poor. Finding himself cheated of her wealth, the jilted suitor carried the news of her Christian beliefs to the consul who devised shameful tortures for her. As she died, she again affirmed her belief in Christ. Another woman, another virgin, had met death, rather than renounce the great Ideal.

Agnes, little Saint Agnes, was the youngest of all these seven saints of the Canon. She was but twelve years of age when she elected death, rather than adherence to the pagan gods. She lived in Rome about the middle of the fourth century. The legends of her exquisite purity are so persistent and so ancient that one is sure the people of her own day loved and knew her best for this quality. She is the Saint of childhood; her name blossoms like a flower in the long and illustrious Christian martyrology. Though only a child, she had the courage of the exalted and the inspired, persisting in her fidelity to Christ through unthinkable tortures. As with Agatha and Lucy, it was again a disappointed suitor who caused her arrest. Later, he repented and would have saved her—but it was too late to stop the iron hand of imperial Rome, bent on exterminating Christianity. Little Agnes died, as the others had died, with the name of Christ on her lips.—A child had now given her life for the great Ideal.

Cecilia, next of the seven, was also a virgin and martyr who met death for the same cause. Her story will be told at length in a later broadcast in this series.

Last of the seven women, the seven saints of the Canon, is Anastasia, the widow, who came from one of the great families of Rome. Her husband, resenting her Christianity, attempted to starve her to death, so that

he might inherit her wealth. But his plans were thwarted by his own sudden death. The Emperor Diocletian then gave her in marriage to one of his prefects. Anastasia's only desire was to distribute all her wealth to the poor, and it was her insistence upon this, before and after her second husband's death, which finally led to her banishment from Rome about the year 287, and to a tortured martyrdom. And now, a widow had died for the great Ideal.

Seven women, seven Saints, representing all classes of womankind today as always, are the Saints of the Canon. Purity, steadfastness, courage, were their great virtues—virtues as needful to the girls and women of today as they were fifteen centuries ago. Of these virtues, Felicitas and Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, are the undying flowers whose exquisite perfume is recalled daily in the Canon of the Mass.

*"Into their company do Thou, we beseech Thee,
admit us."*

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BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

Margaret Armstrong

Bernadette Soubirous was born of a very poor family on January 7th, 1844 near Lourdes, France, in a small town in the foot-hills of the Pyrenees. It was noted before her day principally for its ancient citadel,—it is not far from Tarbes and Pau, and one of its roads leads to Spain.

This old town goes back to William the Conqueror, and at the time of the first apparition it had a population of about 4,000. Now it has about 40,000 visitors each week—or had, until the war. Between April and September 1939 over one million pilgrims went to Lourdes and sometimes there were 100,000 massed at one time in the square. A peaceful, orderly crowd—from all countries—of all nationalities—of many religions—but of course it is for Catholics, one of the greatest shrines in the world.

Bernadette was the eldest in a family of eight. Her father was a miller. He worked when he could find work—as did her mother. They were decent people, who had a hard time to make ends meet. They were married January 9, 1843, and the girl was born on January 7, 1844. She was baptized by the Abbe Forgue and christened Marie-Bernard. Her god-father was a twelve-year old cousin, who later was a hero in battle, and her god-mother was her maternal aunt, for whom she was called. She was known by the diminutive of "Bernadette". Her family, though poor, were generous to a fault, never neglecting to share their own meagre fare with others poorer than themselves.

For the first years of her life, Bernadette was often with her aunt and foster-mother. Here she tended sheep, and it is recorded that as she had no companions of her own age, and no toys, she made friends and play-fellows of the lambs, saying she "found her heart going out to the little ones". She was unlettered, but she had been taught her prayers, and she said with great devotion her Our Father—the Hail Mary—and her Rosary,

not once, but often during the lonely hours of her sheep tending. She was asthmatic and her people felt the open air was her cure. When fourteen she went home and there was prepared for her First Communion. In the Church, she was just one more little girl. No one dreamt that this child would bring the world to Lourdes later on.

On Thursday, February 11, 1858, her mother being in need of a fire to cook the mid-day meal, told Toinette, one of the other children, to go out and hunt for fire-wood. Bernadette begged to go too, but her mother knowing how delicate she was, desired her to stay at home. The child pleaded and the mother wrapping her up as warmly as her poor clothing admitted, sent her forth, accompanied by her sister and a little neighbor, Jeanne Abadie. The children went by a route where the river Gave crossed the canal. When the river was full there was a torrent, but as the tide was low, the two children were able to cross. Not Bernadette, however. She feared wetting her feet on account of her mother's admonition, so she remained on the near side, trying to make a dry crossing by placing stepping stones across the water. It was a cold, grey day, and she was a timid child, so she waited. As she did, she heard a movement in the rosebush which was near at hand. The air was calm. The Angelus was ringing. The rosebush was bare—it was winter.

Suddenly she saw the bush part, and in the centre she saw a young girl dressed in white. A figure no bigger than she herself, but all lustrous. The figure held out its arms and smiled. Bernadette was frightened. She tried to shut out the vision. She clutched her rosary. She tried to make the sign of the Cross. Her arm was limp. The "vision" held in her hand a rosary and she made a sign of the Cross which later on Bernadette described as the loveliest she had ever seen. The child got strength to bless herself too; she looked more carefully at the figure. She was beautiful, "white as wax" to quote Bernadette—eyes of blue—she looked like the statue in the church. Her robe was of stuff like the First Communion veils. Her sash was azure blue. Her feet were bare, and on each foot there

rested a golden rose. Her rosary was white too—it was strong on a golden string or as Bernadette called it "a yellow string".

Bernadette said her rosary and then the vision vanished. She told her story on the way home to the two children—asking them not to tell her mother, but Toinette did and the mother and the father, who was ill, said it was nonsense, imagination—and so did all the village once it was known—even the priests and the prelates who were summoned to hear about it. When the child, returning from many more visits with the "demozel" was followed by thousands—once 4,000—all hoping to see something out of the ordinary, only the girl ever *saw* anything, although those who were present at some of the eighteen apparitions testified to her rapt look—to her absolute sense of being in the presence of another person.

How did she know this was the Mother of God? She did not. She repeated to the priest what the Lady told her to say. That they were to build a church on the site where she stood. That they were to have a procession. Perhaps the most dramatic moment of it all occurred on the day when the crowd saw the girl creep on her knees up the hill to the rock of Massabielle, and then down again where she began to dig with her hands and where a tiny stream sprang up—muddy water, now crystal clear after all these years, and pouring forth 1,000 gallons a day. She said the Lady had told her to tell the people to come and bathe there. Another point which interests *me* is that she described the Lady as wearing on her feet two golden roses, and this child could not have known that the order of the Golden Rose is the highest decoration given by the Catholic Church to women. It was created in 742, and only Catholic Queens have had it. Those who have lived saintly and humble lives.

Bernadette said her lady always had a rosary in her hand. She was always smiling. She told her to pray for poor sinners. They needed prayers. She asked her once what saddened her and the Lady said "Pray—for the world is troubled".

Bernadette did not speak French. The Lady spoke

to her in her own Bearnais patois and when she made her *great* declaration it was in the patois. When she said "Que soy era Immaculado Concepiou"—"I am the Immaculate Conception", Bernadette had never heard that Pius the Ninth had four years before, defined this an article of Faith, "that the Blessed Virgin was born free from original sin", so when she told *this* to the doubting priests, they at least took notice and understood that this might be something supernatural. I have not time to go into what happened at each of the eighteen apparitions. This is history and may be read. As a matter of science the girl was put to every test to prove that she was mentally ill, but she was proven very normal. The history is all so intensely interesting. For instance, one of her greatest doubters, M. Jacomet, the Commissioner of Police, an official of her time, had on his mantle shelf, years later, her photo as a nun. He had found faith in her. Hard-headed police—chiefs of government—prelates—doubted her. She was thought to be a day-dreaming child, and when she had gone away to be "quiet with God", as a nun, the Grotto was declared officially recognized, and the Emperor issued a Proclamation to this effect. A commission sat for four years, from the first accredited miracle, the cure of Louis Bouriette, down to today, going into every phase of the thousands of cures that have taken place there. On some of the cases, over one hundred doctors have sat. Her family were offered every human inducement—money—gold—to capitalize the girl's value—but they never even took food they so sorely needed.

To establish beyond doubt that the cures have been authentic, a Bureau was set up, and these cures must be proven beyond doubt any hint of mental suggestion, and nothing is adjudged a cure until at least one year has passed.

The Lady's Basilica is there. It was built on the rock. Many of you who are listening to me have seen it. It is not fiction. It is very real, and over a million pilgrims a year have gone there.

But now time is running on, so I will tell you briefly that Bernadette, wanting to give her life to God, became a nun after much study. She entered the convent

of St. Gildard at Nevers, an old order devoted to nursing service. It was founded in 1680. She loved her people, but she never saw them again. She fitted into her religious life as though she had never been signalled out for one of the greatest marks of predilection any mortal ever had. When one day asked by a nun how she liked being forgotten, she asked, "What does one do with a broom when finished sweeping. You put it behind the door. If Our Lady could have found one more ignorant than myself, she would have chosen her. She picked me from under a pebble". Bernadette died on April 16, 1879 of tuberculosis, and her last utterance was "Blessed Mary—Mother of God—pray for me".

And now, what is the application to modern youth. "A medieval saint" you may say, "Yes, but in a little modern body" as Margaret Gray Blanton says in her new book, Bernadette of Lourdes. Is this all true? Well, a million people journey there yearly who believe it is. The water which sprang up where Bernadette dug is carried all over the known world. It has no therapeutic value in itself. Scientists have gone to scoff and come away weeping. Entire train loads led by Bishops go yearly. Just recently, a year or two ago, 5,000 English working men were sent by public subscription. France annually sends five hundred pilgrimages. Is every one cured there? This is not claimed. We had an example here in a recent American boy who had the faith to make the long journey in an iron lung, circumstances that would have kept most of us within the hospital. Scientists have admitted it has baffled them.

And what has all this to do with us today? This girl—who according to modern standards never knew comfort, style, college education, joy, as we know it. Where does she fit in? Where do *we* fit in? She was frail, but magnificently strong in character. She was human—she loved her people. She was noble in spirit. Her wish was "always to do the Will of God—no matter what it cost her". She knew the value of obedience—even to superiors who often misunderstood her.

She was a Youth leader—for she pointed the way to God, to the Eternal Truths, while living her daily ordinary life—she did not complain of being misunder-

stood, of being maladjusted, or of not having a chance to express her individuality. She was selfless and unselfish, and she was Beatified June 14, 1925 and raised to Sainthood, December 8, 1933, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

In this America, in these days of stress for youth, much comfort could be found, if her example of complete and perfect obedience to God's Will was understood. If the cultivation of things of the spirit count—if a belief in God is of any avail, little Bernadette, now a Saint, may help us all to realize that sainthood is within reach of many.

St. Bernadette, ask our Lady, to kindle for every girl and boy in America, no matter what her or his religion may be, the light of Faith. Ask her to intercede for them. That they may be given hope, that they may learn humility, and have strength to live well and die well. To become leaders for the right things—for America—for the truth—for God. That Youth of today may learn the value of dignity, of simplicity, of work. May American youth become inflamed with a desire to hold fast to principle, to honor, to integrity, and in this land where our nation is consecrated to the Immaculate Conception—the only country in the world that is—remember that the great virtues of Bernadette were humility, simplicity and commonsense.

Follow her leadership—American youth—and it will lead you, as the poet says "in the end, where you shall forever walk, in the Highways of Heaven".

*"Pray—for the world is troubled."**Bibliography*

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SAINT MARY MAGDALENE

Clara Mayr Lang

One of the most common questions people asked me about the part of Mary Magdalene I played during the three hundredth anniversary performances of our Passion Play in Oberammergau in 1934 was which Mary Magdalene I portrayed. While in the Play there is mention of only one, I had been aware from the very beginning that there had been at least two, according to general opinion. But personally I have always felt the Mary Magdalene of our Play to be a compromise of the two.

In art, Mary Magdalene has been depicted in various ways: as a woman of noble birth, carrying a vessel filled with spices, or as in the case of Donatello's painting done with a realistic brush and consequently a more repelling than attractive effect. Guido Reni, another Italian artist, gives us a more sentimental picture of her. But we also remember seeing her washing the feet of Jesus, clasping the cross on Calvary, or meeting the risen Christ.

Which is the real Mary Magdalene now, whose feast we observe on July 22nd? It seems that to this day no clear line has been drawn between her and Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. According to St. John, 12:1) she anointed her Divine Friend's head and feet when He called at Lazarus' house. But there is also Mary Magdalene, the Mary of Magdala, a little town on the western shore of Lake Genesareth in northern Palestine. She is supposed to be one of the Galilean women who followed the Man from Nazareth (Luke 8); it was her privilege to witness Christ's death on the cross and to help carry Him into the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea (Matt. 27:55): and she was present after His resurrection (John 20:11) to see Him and bring the good tidings to her friends in Jerusalem.

In addition to these two biblical figures, we read in St. Luke's (7) of a woman whom we have reason to believe to be identical with Mary Magdalene of Bethany, only that the former is branded with the mark of sin. She is a woman without a name, but solely a reputation

that is torn to shreds. Might there not have been some reluctance to identify the "sinner" with the sister of Martha of Bethany? Or a certain unwillingness to have Mary Magdalene live so closely to Christ and His friends? It is also understandable that reverence for Him kept many from associating her with His more intimate surroundings. And Luke in speaking of two Mary Magdalenes may have done so deliberately, driven by sheer Christian spirit, not wishing to defame the one yet living. What little we know of their lives appears to coincide with all of them. Christ might have said of each one to the Pharisees: "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much. But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less". Mary Magdalene hears these words, and her sins are forgiven. "Thy faith hath made thee safe; go in peace," Christ says to her. Thus this penitent woman has regained her name, she, who sinned, she of whom seven devils were cast out. And because such a woman was forgiven, the interest and fancy of more people has turned to her in serious contemplation. It is then not surprising to find her—now that she has received a special blessing from this Man from Nazareth—identified with other women so near to the Divine Teacher from Galilee.

In the end, it really does not matter at all on whose person this encouraging example and model of penitence has been bestowed. To us, she is the woman healed by her own faith in Christ; the woman, who had the strength to turn away from the temptations of a life she had known but too well, and rise again to follow a Man, not of this world but of the one to come. She chose no privacy to accuse herself but stooped before Christ in the very presence of the men to whom she was an outcast, condemned, lost forever. Was it not to them that He once said: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God"? (Luke 12:8).

Mary Magdalene washed Christ's feet under most humiliating circumstances, an act we might regard as symbolical of her own purification. Her Master refers to it with these words: "In pouring this ointment upon My body, she hath done it for My burial—wheresoever the

Gospel shall be preached—that also which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her." Could it be true, that this woman thus honored and elevated by Christ should be barred from the cross to help at the descent or the entombment—and, what is more—be the first recorded witness of His glorious Resurrection? Not the woman who found her way back to Christ.

After pouring the ointment over His head and feet Magdalene is said to have broken the alabaster vessel, a gesture equivalent to the thought that nothing must be left to keep her away from Him; everything must disappear to make her free for Him. "There shall be no more room in me for other love but Thy own. I want to begin all over, a new, a better life, for my God, from Whom I have been separated these many years through my own fault. His grace is calling me back into the fold with all its might. Oh Lord, I thank Thee from the bottom of my heart that Thou hast reached out for me, speaking not *one word* of reproach, but taking me again in spite of the accusers about me, as a loving Saviour, me, an unhappy, wretched sinner".

Such words as these she may have spoken; yet she must have felt them as she knelt there humbly before Christ. The Pharisees looked on, shocked. Only a short while before, they had stood there pointing at her, they themselves blinded by hypocrisy, determined never to admit their own guilt. Now, they seemed shamed, embarrassed, while Mary Magdalene rose in triumph, rewarded for her confidence in His help, and filled with new strength and the will to face life as she has never known it before. What an inspiring contrast between this strong woman and those weaklings!

We all are acquainted with Paul, or better, Saul and his conversion and the parable of the Prodigal Son; however, I believe there is no one whose reformation and repentance has impressed the Christian world more than that of Mary Magdalene. Little may we know about details concerning her life save that unrestrained love of liberty and pleasure had led her away in her early youth from the straight path into the clutches of vice and passion, until her Father in heaven touched her in her misery and her unsatisfied quest for earthly happi-

ness. The poison of the evil spirit may have penetrated deep into her heart; habits may have grown stronger than all reason with her, yet the call of God's grace, long neglected by her, was still ringing in the air, sending forth a sound, so strong that it eventually reached and fully embraced the gloomy soul of a seemingly abandoned sinner.

Here is the greatest thing of all: Mary Magdalene *heard* the voice of grace, and realizing the utter futility of a young life spent in darkness and filth her eyes began to open more and more. Looking backwards, she beheld a field strewn with rocks, her shattered hopes, the disappointments at her failure to find satisfaction in the way she had chosen for herself. Each one is covered with blood, that is the woe and misery she had caused to others. This whole sad scene reveals itself against a background into which is written the burning word: Ingratitude. Did she once thank her Father for beauty, health and youth, nature's best gifts, for happiness, a life she might have enjoyed in decent surroundings and constant peace of mind? Instead she had decided on the easy road *down*. In disgust, she now turns away from this sickening picture. And what does she face now? Before her stretches the huge expanse of the blue sky in which is rising in all its brightness the radiant globe of the sun, sending forth its warming rays, as if Christ Himself were holding out His arms to claim her, because she was truly sorry for all her sins. SHE IS SAVED.

Mary Magdalene, the sinner, has come home. Triumphantly, she rushes toward her Creator, and to me it just seems as though she could have spoken no other words than those it was my good fortune to exclaim after the scene of the Resurrection:

"He has come back to life again, the friend of the sinners, the Saviour of all who believe in Him. Oh, could I proclaim this abroad throughout the whole world, that the mountains and the rocks, the heavens and the earth echo and re-echo the glad news: Halleluja! He is risen!"

From whom could we expect more beautiful words expressing new hope and joy of living than from the lips of penitent Mary Magdalene.

"Thy faith hath made thee safe; go in Peace."

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TEKAKWITHA

Frances Taylor Patterson

This morning I am going to ask you to go with me on two journeys, one a journey in space, the other a journey in time. For the first, we must go up to the lordly Hudson River, almost to its end; then west along the quick, bright Mohawk. That is the journey in space. The journey in time is back two hundred and eighty years into the 17th century.

It is winter in the year 1660. We are entering the palisaded Mohawk village of Ossernenon, known to present Americans as Auriesville. These were the first Americans, these Mohawks. They belonged, you will remember, to the Five Nations, or the League of the Iroquois, which extended across New York State almost from Albany to Buffalo. They were what is known as cabin Indians. They built themselves long houses instead of temporary wigwams or tepees in the woods, and lived in more or less permanent villages.

This is a tragic winter at Ossernenon. Plague stalks through the village. Everywhere there is death. The medicine men howl and dance, seeking to scare away the evil spirits responsible for the disease, but the sickness does not abate. It does not spare the Chief and his little family. He lies on his mat, stark and cold. Beside him is his wife, an Algonquin woman, a baptized Christian, whom he had taken captive and married. Beside her is her little daughter, Tekakwitha, who is four years old. The child is wretchedly ill. The mother is beyond help. An uncle, also a chieftain, picks up the little girl and carries her to his own lodge.

Now let us make another journey, this time to 1675. The Mohawks have moved their village further west along the river. The new village is called Gandawague. In the fifteen years that have passed Tekakwitha has lived in her uncle's lodge and has contributed a great deal to his happiness. She is no sluggard, our little Tekakwitha. She does more than her share of the common chores. The illness of her childhood—scientists be-

lieve it was a form of smallpox—left her eyesight impaired. Yet in spite of this handicap she could be found any day beside the fire making leggings and moccasins and tunics out of moose skins and embroidering them with porcupine quills.

Now it is a bright October day and Tekakwitha is forced to stay at home in her uncle's lodge, although it is harvest time and everyone is in the fields. A tree had fallen while she was chopping wood and had hurt her foot. A neighbor who has come to stay with her tells her that the Black Robe, Father de Lamberville, is making his usual rounds among the old and sick.

Perhaps you will wonder how a priest comes to be living in the Mohawk castle. Were not these the same war-like Mohawks who had tortured and put to death the Black Robe Isaac Jogues? Yes, that martyrdom had occurred among this people when they had lived only a few miles away at Ossernenon. But he had not died in vain. Many among the Indians had been irresistibly drawn to the message of divine love which he had taught. And now they had invited the Black Robes to return to the village that they might learn more of this creed of charity to all men.

But the Black Robes were not invited to cross the threshold of the Chief, Tekakwitha's uncle. He tolerated their presence in the village; no more than that. As chieftain he must preserve the ancient, pagan rites. He must propitiate the spirit of the muskrat and the spirit of the moose and the spirit of the Three Sisters, the Corn, the Bean and the Squash. Otherwise, they might become angry and refuse to grow. The moose might not allow himself to be brought down by the arrow of the hunter, and the whole village starve as a consequence.

The Black Robes taught there was only one God, the Master of Life, and He was not a malicious God, but a God of loving kindness. Tekakwitha had been drawn to Him from the first. On this autumn morning she came to a momentous decision. Pere de Lamberville was visiting the ill, and she was ill. If she were to send word, would he come to see her? The neighbor carried the message. Pere de Lamberville came. Tekakwitha asked him if he would baptize her a Christian.

He explained that it was not a thing to be done hastily. She must learn about the Faith first so that she could accept it with her mind as well as her heart. Couldn't he start to teach her now, Tekakwitha asked eagerly. So Pere de Lamberville began to instruct the niece of the pagan Chief in the doctrines of Christianity. Curiously enough, her uncle did not protest.

Now picture, if you will, Easter Day in the year 1676. The little bark chapel at Gandawague is decorated for the Feast of the Resurrection. There are no wildflowers yet, but the Indians have brought laurel and balsam from the forest and have hung on the wall their finest beaver and buffalo robes. Besides being Easter this is the day the niece of the Chief is to become a Christian. Her baptismal name will be Catherine, after Saint Catherine of Alexandria, in Iroquois pronounced Kateri. Kateri is supremely happy. This is the moment she has so greatly desired. She is at last a Christian.

But now the name of which she was so proud, began to be used as a term of reproach. Often the unbelievers, once her friends, threw stones at her. Her aunts began to complain because she took time to go to the chapel on Sundays, although she worked longer and harder than anyone else in the lodge. And now her uncle showed his displeasure. He had arranged an excellent marriage for her, but she had run out of the lodge, refusing to go through with it. This was very strange. Was not the first thought of every young Indian girl toward marriage?

Many of the other new Christians were finding it hard also to practice their Faith as they should like. Some of them, Tekakwitha's stepsister among them, had left for a Christian village that had been founded on the St. Lawrence at the Sault St. Louis. By the Indians it was called Caughnawaga, which is Iroquois for "At the foot of the rapids". The rapids were the famous Lachine Rapids in the St. Lawrence, named by the early explorers seeking a northwest passage to China. When they got to that point in the St. Lawrence, they thought they had arrived at "La Chine".

At Caughnawaga Christian Indians from many tribes, Hurons, Algonquins, Iroquois, long at war with

one another, gathered and lived in peace. The stepsister and her husband urged Tekakwitha to come and make her home in their lodge, but Tekakwitha hesitated to leave her uncle. After all, he had been very kind to her. Finally, however, persecution in the village reached such proportions that she must either give up her new Faith or leave. A young brave had even rushed into the lodge with a hatchet, threatening her life. The courage with which she faced death disarmed him . . . for the time being, at least.

It happened that in the fall of 1677 the brother-in-law came down from Caughnawaga. Tekakwitha could return with him. It seemed a Heaven sent opportunity. Her uncle had gone to trade with the Dutch at Albany, then called Rensselaerswyck. Under cover of night Tekakwitha stole away.

For a while it seemed as if she would be overtaken and brought back. Her uncle, learning from scouts that she had left the village, took up his gun and rushed into the woods in the direction he knew the travellers must take. But they were warned of his coming and Tekakwitha hid in the underbrush. When the danger was passed they went on toward what is now Saratoga and paddled their way up Lake George and Lake Champlain. Finally they were on the St. Lawrence and the journey ended at the Sault St. Louis, which the Indians called The Praying Castle.

That Christmas Tekakwitha made her first Holy Communion. All the leisure she could find now she spent at the Church, no longer a bark chapel but a church with a belfry. When the tribe had gone into the woods for the winter hunt and she was unable to visit the Blessed Sacrament, she carved a cross on a tree in the forest where she went to pray before the others were awake in the morning and after they had fallen asleep at night.

Because they could not understand it, or perhaps because goodness often arouses hatred and jealousy in the hearts of those who are not good, some of them believed, or pretended to believe, that she went to a rendezvous with one of the young hunters. And a woman actually accused Kateri of stealing her husband's love, an accu-

sation she later bitterly repented. But after that Tekakwitha decided that she would never again go on the winter hunt.

Now the stepsister and her husband were urging Kateri to marry. But across the river from the sault, in the new settlement of Montreal she had seen the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame taking care of the sick, teaching the Indian girls and doing a hundred useful things. She wondered if she and one or two others could not band together and live just such a holy life on a little island there in the St. Lawrence. Her spiritual director explained how impractical and even dangerous this would be. One need not go away and live by one's self in order to be good.

Tekakwitha talked no more of founding a religious order, but she asked to be allowed to take the vow of virginity. This was an amazing request from a young Indian girl, but finally, on the Feast of the Annunciation, Kateri consecrated herself in this special way to the service of God. It gave her new happiness and seemingly new strength, for her health had been rapidly failing. Those who loved her were grieved because they felt they had let her work too hard and too unselfishly. Actually, her strength was all of the spirit. As the year went on she was hardly able to drag herself to church. In Holy Week she lay on her mat, unable to rise. At Easter time she had been received into the Church, at Easter time she died, the 17th of April, 1680. All the village grieved. This, they said, is not the passing of an ordinary soul.

In 1884 the bishops of the United States petitioned the Holy See to institute the process for her beatification along with the martyrs Jogues, Brebeuf and the five other Jesuit missionaries. When the martyrs were beatified in 1925, preparations were made for the Cause of Tekakwitha. In 1938 the Historical Section of the Congregation of Rites, after studying the documents and testimony in the case, reported to the Congregation that they are genuine and a complete historical proof of her virtue and renown for sanctity. A year ago the Holy Father authorized the formal introduction of the Cause for her beatification. In November of this year her vir-

tues will be declared heroic and she will be entitled Venerable. Then will be investigated the miracles attributed to her, which fortunately are not wanting.

To American youth Tekakwitha has a very special appeal. She is first of all a heroine of youth. She lived in the world only twenty-four years; yet she managed to make those years so beautiful in good deeds that they have been remembered for over two hundred and fifty years and are likely to be remembered forever.

Second, Tekakwitha is in the truest sense American. She sprang from our soil; she is part of our root and race. She is the first really native American to hold up an example of holiness. She is truly the first lady of our land.

Today we hear on all sides how troubled are these times; how hard it is to be good with all the forces of evil about us. But are our times nearly so hard as the time of Tekakwitha, when the minds of men were as dark as the uncut forests of this North American continent? Think of the courage it took to embrace the doctrine of gentle kindness among the war-like tribes of the Iroquois who scalped their enemies and wore the bloody forelock as an ornament; whose survival depended on the principle: kill or be killed. For once when we think of the American Indian, let us not think of the warpath and massacres and tomahawks, but of a little Indian girl who was gentleness itself, kindness itself, goodness itself.

When the French came overseas with their message, "Love thy neighbor as thyself", many of Tekakwitha's kinsmen fell upon them and put them to death. They were strangers; therefore, they were enemies. But Tekakwitha understood their message that all men are brothers. There is a striking lesson for us today in that 17th Century settlement on the St. Lawrence where Indians of every hostile tribe were able to live together in friendship and felicity because they practiced the Gospel of Christ.

If you will go sometime . . . and thousands of people do go each year . . . to the Cote Ste. Catherine on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite the City of Montreal, you will see Tekakwitha's grave. It is a beau-

tiful spot, simple as she was simple, lovely in its naturalness. In all seasons its chief ornament is the wide river with its strong, never ending currents. Perhaps it is symbolic that Tekakwitha should have lived her life beside two rivers. The force of goodness is like a tide. It cannot be turned back. She and her deeds have become part of the currents of our daily living.

On the monument that marks the spot is written: "Fairest Flower that ever bloomed among true men". And through the years she has been known as "The Lily of the Mohawks".

Tekakwitha—"truly the first lady of our land."

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SAINT MARTHA

Ade Bethune

Martha must have been in her late twenties when we first find out about her. No one could ever have guessed what adventures lay in store for her. If any rich girl ever had a dull life in a beautiful suburban estate, Martha certainly did. I never was able to find out whether or not she was the oldest of her brothers and sisters, but she always did seem to be the head of the family with all kinds of worries. She loved to have her brother Lazarus visiting. He was so enthusiastic about things. She always had his room ready and she made him feel the old home was his and he might invite anyone he wished.

I was told that they had a sister Mary, who was never mentioned to the family, because she was simple-minded. I understand, however, that she was not really mentally deficient, as was commonly thought. But she was so rapt in the supernatural life in God that she never put her mind on anything less. She hardly ever spoke at all. If she did, she would just continue out loud her interior conversation with the invisible Creator, and her words sounded like a random simile from the Bible. They made little sense to anyone, not even to Martha, I'm afraid.

There was also a younger sister, Magdalen. She was quite another character. She was tall, plump, witty, very good-looking and as temperamental as a Hollywood star. Her fond parents had spoiled her childhood thoroughly. When they died, though she was only eleven, she went to live by herself, in her own mansion, in a fashionable resort on the lake in the North. There she spent all the money she wanted on lively parties. Crowds of brilliant people flocked, attracted by her wit and her charm. But she was not discriminate with this mob of admirers, and, gradually the intellectuals, the writers, artists and scientists left her company, disgusted by the crowd that had crawled in for money, drink and questionable good times. Magdalen was ashamed and revolted by the baseness of these creatures, but she could not do without them. By

the time she was twenty-five she had been living in sin for years. Martha was very worried. But it seemed hopeless.

Life must have been bewildering to Martha at times. After all she was but a young woman herself, leading a lonely life on a large estate, with one sister living only for heavenly things and another living only to degrade earthly things. It looked as though life held nothing in store for her outside a dull round of dinners, teas and deadly social functions.

But all at once the whole course of her life was changed, and it was a young man who did it. He was related either to her family or to some close friends. Many people accused Him of being good-for-nothing, wasting His time wandering from place to place and stirring discontent.

Lazarus came home full of enthusiasm one day, after having heard Him talk. He had spoken boldly with a strong, clear voice, denouncing evil in high places. He had spoken with authority. He was fearless. Lazarus was all excited about Him. The oppressed Jewish nation was in dire need of a dynamic leader to revolt against the foreign invaders. This was just the Man. Lazarus was thrilled. He had to tell Martha at once. She must meet Him. Everyone must support His cause. It did not take long for Lazarus to make friends with Him and give all of his spare time to the rising movement. And, in a few months, when the young orator went through her town, Martha received Him into her house. This was the beginning. Things were never the same again after the day when she gave Him hospitality and she received Him into her house.

Lazarus was so concerned about national freedom that he failed to see there was a much deeper meaning in the young man's words. I think Martha caught on before he did. She realized that the young leader's movement was more than political when He asked to see her sister Mary and they both talked with unusual enthusiasm about God and the redemption of man. He told Martha that, after all, only one thing is ever necessary, and that is to know the joy of God. All else is pointless worry. Martha was deeply impressed. If only she could

have Magdalen there to hear these beautiful words. Magdalen was so intelligent and so sensitive. She'd be won over immediately.

At last she made up her mind to take a trip to the Lake, in the hopes of persuading her sister to listen at least once to the young man's inspiring words. Of course she was not too well received. Magdalen did not like interference from her family. She was busy with many guests. She kept Martha waiting. Martha on the other hand was far from appreciating such a high-handed reception. But winning Magdalen over was more important than anything else. So she swallowed her pride and she waited, and she waited, and she waited. Finally she saw her, and, by dint of the most patient diplomacy, she managed to obtain a promise that Magdalen would come to hear the orator at the next big outdoor meeting, not far from there.

Magdalen went. She was tremendously impressed. She decided to forget her past and come to live with Martha. But then she went back to Magdala, her estate, and neglected her promise. Martha was heartbroken. It had failed entirely. A second time, it failed again. Only a third time did the extraordinary personality of the Leader win her over completely. She wept her forgiven sins and began a new life.

Martha also was a changed person. Her house became a beehive of activity. She arranged with some of her friends to have accommodations for the young Leader and His followers, all along their road as they went from town to town. She'd been quite upset to hear that He and His group had often had to go without dinner or without a place to sleep, simply because they had come unknown into a city or because the population had been hostile. She contacted all of her out-of-town friends and made them promise to give hospitality to the little group. Then she collected money to pay for proper accommodations at convenient inns, in the places where she had no personal friends. In fact she became so interested in the movement that, after Mary died, she was less and less to be found at home at all. She was always taking friends out to hear the Leader's speeches, or collecting money, food and clothes, or joining the women

who followed the group, helping very efficiently in distributing to the poor all the contributions that kept pouring in.

Then a tragedy occurred. Lazarus died. It was a terrible shock. Crowds of relatives and friends came to the funeral. The Leader did not come. Martha was very worried. She'd sent word to Him to come when Lazarus was sick, because He was such a close friend of the family. There were rumors that He'd been persecuted, that some people had attempted to kill Him. It was far too dangerous for Him to come. He couldn't come. But Martha wouldn't listen. And when He did come a few days later, she ran out of the house to meet Him. He'd cured so many sick people. He'd made the blind see and the deaf hear and the dumb sing. If He'd even converted Mary Magdalen he could easily have cured Lazarus. She scolded Him almost. "If You'd been here", she said, "my brother wouldn't have died". So He reassured her: "Your brother shall rise again". "I know", Martha answered Him, "That he will rise again at the resurrection on the last day". But He said: "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in Me, though he die, yet he shall live. And whosoever lives and believes in me, shall never die. Do you believe this?"—"Yes Lord", she told Him, "I firmly believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, the one who is to come into the world".

It was good that Lazarus was brought back to life. His cheerful confidence was a great help. Things were getting harder to bear all the time. People were now criticizing Martha for neglecting her estate and for neglecting the social functions of her rank. She was inviting the riff-raff into her own house. They ridiculed her for organizing picnics for street urchins, as they put it. They said she had gone out of her mind on account of Jesus, the Leader.

But she merely smiled. That didn't worry her. She knew better. She knew now that He was not an ordinary man. And then it happened, the very night after the Passover, that suddenly, He was arrested, and, before anyone could do anything, He was executed at once, as a criminal. On His account she was now persecuted also.

Tradition holds that one day, she, Mary Magdalen, Lazarus and a friend of his were all taken to jail for having been active followers of Jesus. However they didn't stay long. A big purge was going on and the four of them were tucked into a leaking boat, with not a sail, an oar nor a rudder; and thus abandoned to the sea. But Martha didn't worry. The four of them sat praying in the boat and Jesus was in the midst of them. They did not drown. The boat landed them clear across the Mediterranean, into southern France, where is now Marseilles. There they found a pagan population to whom they immediately told all about Christ and His life.

Martha and Mary Magdalen both continued into the interior of Province. Martha was afraid of nothing by now. The people became devoted to her. She saved them from their plagues and pestilences. She cured their ailments. She taught them how to be clean in body and soul. She taught them to be hospitable towards all, as they would to Christ Whom she had recognized, and Whom she had taken into her house.

She founded a village, a whole community of women, probably the first idea of a convent in that part of the world. She died right there and her tomb still receives the visits of thousands of people. Today she is inviting us to be gladly and generously hospitable towards all, rich or poor, friend or stranger, as toward the Master Himself, Whom she recognized.

*"Only one thing is ever necessary—To know the
joy of God."*

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SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

Dorothy Day

Somebody said once that a saint was like a letter written to us by God, a message of joy and beauty and gladness that lifts our hearts to Him. Sometimes those letters seem all too brief, sometimes they are yellow and faint with age and it is hard to read them. So that we are fortunate today in having a series of biographies of saints which make them alive and glowing again. The best biography of St. Elizabeth of Hungary is that of Ida Coudenhove, a young Austrian girl who wrote a book called "The Nature of Sanctity" a few years ago and brought Elizabeth of Hungary to us again.

All that is known of this young saint of the thirteenth century comes to us from the process of canonization which used the sayings of four servants, two of whom were her intimate friends and companions from her childhood; and the letter of Konrad of Marburg, the Franciscan spiritual adviser written to Pope Gregory IX. During the Romantic age, many flowery stories were written about her, and more recently psychologists have tried to analyze her warm and glowing personality. What they did not seem to understand, and what they felt had to be explained, was how so human a creature, so passionately in love with her husband, so full of life, should be also a saint.

The bare facts of her life which have come down to us are these: She was born in Hungary in 1207. She was the daughter of King Andrew and Queen Gertrude of Hungary. She was a member of a violent, ambitious family, with a will to power. "She learnt in childhood the tragedy and bitterness of this thirst for power," Miss Coudenhove writes, "when her mother was horribly murdered during a rising in Hungary." This happened when she was eleven years old. Some analysts of her character have tried to explain her sanctity by saying that she was doing penance for the sins of her family, for their pride and greed and violence.

When she was four years old, she was engaged to

Count Louis of Thuringia and Hesse, and went to that kingdom to live until her marriage. Hence she grew up with the boy who was to be her husband, and with his sister and two brothers. When she was fourteen and Louis twenty-one, the marriage was celebrated, against the wishes of his mother and brothers and sisters, who wished Elizabeth to go to the convent. They were already afraid of her warm-hearted and reckless charity which expressed itself in giving away everything she could to those who were poor and ill. She liked to sit with her serving women, dressed as they were, and spin wool, and her proud mother-in-law and sister-in-law said she was more fit to be a kitchen drudge than a queen. But her young husband loved her as devoutly as she did him, and did not object that she gave away not only her own wealth which came with her as a dowry, but emptied his store houses of supplies. Elizabeth and Louis had three children during their brief marriage of six years. When news was brought of the death of Louis during the fifth crusade, she was carrying her third child. She did not react at all like the conventional saints pious biographers hold up to us. She stormed and wept and would not be consoled. Pictures of her unreserved grief, as well as pictures of her violent love and joy in her husband have come down to us in the stories of her serving maids.

After the death of her husband her life was not any too easy in the home of her in-laws. The story differs as to whether she left voluntarily or whether she was driven from her home. All that we know is that the three years of her life that remained, she spent in the hospital which she had founded at Marburg, nursing the sick and ministering to the poor. One of her maids however said: "She would not receive her support from the robbery and plunder of the poor as is usual in princely houses, but chose rather exile and to earn her living with her own hands." It must indeed have been a frightful struggle to separate herself from her children, but she could not call upon these young ones to share her very real hunger and want. What she took upon herself from choice, she could not impose upon them. So she left them to be educated and brought up by her relatives.

There is a very real message in the life of this beautiful and delicate and privileged young woman. And I say privileged not because she was born to a life of wealth and comfort, using privileged in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. She was privileged because she was chosen by God to exemplify love in a time of strong hates. And I am speaking now of her human love for her husband. If we believe that human love is a reflection of the love of God here on earth, then certainly the warm human love of man and woman in its intensity must convey to us some idea of the greatness and the warmth and the beauty that typifies the love of the saints for God. Not an abstract love of the will alone, not a weak sentimentality, a matter of feeling, but a real enlivening love. The love of a woman for a man will make her endure hardships with joy, will make her leave home and friends and travel with him to the far corners of the earth. To be with him means to her that there is no more loneliness, that even to suffer pain and hardship with him is a privilege. To suffer for him and with him is even a joy.

It was not only after the death of Louis that Elizabeth loved the poor. Throughout her girlhood she chose to be with them, to work with them, and through her companionship she knew them. Every moment not spent with her husband was spent with them. It is good to remember the contempt she earned from the court which said that she was more fitted to be a kitchen drudge. They must have despised her "low taste."

And after Louis' death, she became one of them. So we can be assured that she knew them. Father Pierre Charles, a great teacher of the present day, says that it is not enough to love the poor. It is first necessary to know them. A love without this knowledge may become sentimentality and condescension. And how can one know the poor without living with them, becoming one of them? When Christ came on earth, He was born in a stable. Out here in California where I am now broadcasting, there are 350,000 migrant homeless families, transient workers. Many of the babies among them have been born in stables. During the public life of Christ, He said, "the birds of the air have nests, and

foxes have holes, but the Son of Man has no place to lay His head." These migrant workers go from camp to camp, from district to district, and they too have no place to lay their heads. They are an army of homeless.

In the city, the municipal lodging houses are full, millions are on relief,—they too are not sure in having a place to lay their heads. Today as in the time of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, there is need for those who know and love the poor. Charity has come to be a word that sticks in people's throats. The true meaning of the word charity has been lost and that true meaning is "love". It is indeed good that the state recognizes its obligations imposed on it in time of crisis. The work that is being done is necessary and yet with all the work there is a grave danger of Christians forgetting and losing a sense of personal responsibility. It is refreshing to read in the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary about her simple, direct way of working, a way which cuts through all red tape, a way which does not wait for legislation, necessary though it may be; does not wait to see what others are going to do; but proceeds directly to the heart of the trouble.

The great need of the time is to remember the counsels of perfection laid down in the New Testament, that Christian manifesto which is just as good for the present time as it was 1900 years ago. We are to love our neighbor as our selves, and our neighbor may even be our enemy, as the wounded Jew on the roadside was to the Samaritan who helped him. We are "to give to those who ask us," and when our brother is in need we should not say to him, "go, be thou filled," If anyone asks for our coat, we are to give him our cloak too. In other words we are to have some of that lavish, reckless, uninquiring love of our brother which St. Elizabeth showed so constantly. We have an example in the lavishness of God who rains gifts upon us, who shines on the just and the unjust.

I think that in every heart there is this generous desire to give. What marked the saints was that they never tired, they never expected gratitude, they were never disillusioned by those they served, with those they

lived. They cared for the meanest and most disagreeable. Indeed it is easy to care for the good and the grateful and well-ordered ones. But the saints saw Christ in the meanest. They saw Christ in them because Christ took on our humanity and so ennobled it, because Christ died for each one of us, and who were they to judge whether or not the sinner of today might not be the saint of tomorrow like St. Paul? They recognized how close we are to one another, that we are all members, or potential members of the Mystical Body of Christ, whether we are Jew or Buddhist, Mohammedan, Protestant or Catholic, or unbeliever. And they recognized that when the health of one member suffered, in the words of St. Paul, the health of the whole Body is lowered. They knew this so well, they felt it so keenly, they never tired of the work they set themselves. That burning zeal and love only increased, founded as it was on the love of Christ.

If it is true, as one story goes, that St. Elizabeth was driven from her home after the death of her husband, then it is also true that she no longer had money and gifts to dispense. It is good for all of us who are without the financial means of helping in this time of need, to remember this. I heard recently a group of Young Christian Workers in this country, organizing themselves into unemployed sections. Instead of wearing themselves out in the seemingly fruitless search for work, they are dividing up their time and employing themselves a good part of the week in their work in Catholic Action. In this way they are using the talents God has given them, they are using the training they have had in the schools. They are working in their parishes along social lines, finding what there is for them to do, and doing it. They are continuing their studies of the best ways of rebuilding a social order, and at the same time they are not losing their self-respect in the aimless quest for work. They are beginning once again to believe in Divine Providence and to follow in the footsteps of their Master who Himself had no material goods.

The poverty, the hard work of the saints would present a pretty grim picture without that burning love of

the saint to show us what we are working towards. Even to speak of such love is hard, it is a word so much misunderstood today. But “love is the fulfilling of the law.” “Love is the measure by which we shall be judged.” Love knows no nationalities as we are all brothers in Christ, sons of a common Father.

In the words of the author of the “Following of Christ,” who wrote the century after St. Elizabeth—“A great thing is love, a great good in every way; which alone lighteneth all that is burdensome, and beareth equally all that is unequal. For it carrieth a burden without being burdened and maketh all else that is bitter, sweet and savory.

“Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stranger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or in earth; for love is born in God, and cannot rest but in God.”

And since we need the strength which love brings to meet the heavy problems of our times, it is good to remember to pray to St. Elizabeth to teach us how to love.

"She was privileged because she was chosen by God."

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SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA

Katherine Burton

The city of Rome has two patron saints. Saint Peter, of course, is the first. The second, declared so by Pius IX in 1866, is Catherine of Siena, that small, frail, indomitable woman, who, in the fourteenth century, brought back the Popes from Avignon to Rome, who cut through all political alliances, who had no army to back her, no powers of earth to sustain her, who had only, as she phrased it, God and herself for the task.

She was born in 1347, on the Feast of the Annunciation, which happened also to be Palm Sunday. She was the twenty-third and youngest child of a dyer of Siena. At an early age she dedicated her virginity to Christ and from that vow to her Lord she never deviated. There were times of temptation in her early girlhood—evenings when she heard outside her room the singing and dancing of a fiesta in the village and she wondered how it would feel to know a handsome youth, to be loved with an earthly love. Once or twice her sisters persuaded her to come out and join them, but afterwards she fought off such temptations in her little room, as she fought out many things there—the room where later Our Lord came to her, had long talks and where Saint John and Saint James and Saint Mary Magdalene came to sit on her couch and talk, while she sat on the floor and listened to them.

As she grew to marrying age, her family insisted she become engaged to a youth in the village. But she cut off her long fair hair in token that she was consecrated to God, and refused. Her angry family would not allow her a room of her own for her devotional life. They made her do the work of the house as a servant. She did it obediently but she never yielded in her deliberate intention until at last her father said to Lapa, his wife and to his sons, "She is to be left free and in peace to serve her Bridegroom and continually pray for us. We could never get a bridegroom of mightier kindred."

Now Catherine, who had been praying when and

where she could find the time away from the hard work of the house, was given a room of her own. It held no furniture but a couch and a chest and its only light was the lamp before her crucifix. Here, in solitude and darkness, Catherine performed her penitential exercises, here she talked with her heavenly visitors. In a short time she persuaded her parents and the Dominicans to allow her to become a Dominican Tertiary. In the Church of San Domenico there is a chapel now closed and walled up. A few steps are left standing and an old inscription says, "Catherine mounted these steps to pray to Christ, her Bridegroom". It was here that she was clothed in the white habit and the black mantel—here she drew them proudly about her for the first time—the white robe of purity, the black cloak of death to the world.

Now she lived for three years in solitude and silence, like a desert anchorite, her only contact with the world outside her daily visit to the church. For the rest within four small walls she prayed, did penance and talked with her Lord.

In 1366 she resumed her life with her family and began caring for the sick and poor of the town, but her devotional life filled all the hours left. The Dominicans sometimes grew weary of this girl who stayed after they wanted to lock up the Church, who burst into tears in the middle of the Mass, who in a tranced state they sometimes removed firmly from the Church. There were even grave moral charges brought against her, and Catherine, aghast and sad, was obliged to go to Florence to clear herself. And when she was cleared, she hurried home to tend the plague-stricken.

She taught herself to read too—at twenty, and then the Breviary, the Mass, the Gospels and the Epistles were hers to study, and this gave her the information she needed later in her letters to recalcitrant prelates. But Fra Raimondo her confessor thought her quick grasp of the written word was an intuitive thing. She knew, he felt, without being able to give a reason for her knowledge. Sometimes when she could not read for him a single word, she nevertheless comprehended a whole sentence.

By the time she was twenty-four her fame was

spreading, her renown as a woman who was set apart by God, who could do wonders with the sinful and obstinate. There were many conversions and some of them remarkable—hardened criminals, gay young men of the world. She had about her now a group of young people who listened eagerly to the words that fell from her lips, to whom she was a spiritual mother. From far beyond Siena people were coming to her for spiritual aid. And there was the Franciscan scholar, Fra Lazzarino, who detested her and tried to trip her up on her interpretation of the Scripture. He went away dissatisfied with her answers, still sure of himself. But next morning he awoke unhappy and weeping. He could not stop weeping, could not meet his lecture classes in theology. He could only stay in his room and sob, and wondered if he were ill of some strange malady. Suddenly what was wrong came to him—he went back to Catherine for help. "I have only the shell of Christianity", he told her, "you have the kernel."

Now Catherine could tell him what was wrong—that he had betrayed the brown robe and the cord he wore, that he was living for self and not for God as he had promised. And Fra Lazzarino went back to his beautiful convent, ate no more of the rich food, gave away his money and clothing and the furnishing of his room and began to live like a true Franciscan. He was persecuted for it too, but he was happy. That was the effect of Catherine: She took away all a man or woman valued because it belonged to the world and she gave them back a hundred-fold of happiness because she took away the self-love and filled her converts with the selfless love for God—the one thing that she knew could change a man or a world.

In 1375 the ruler of Pisa invited her to help rouse enthusiasm for a proposed Crusade and at the same time prevent Lucca and Pisa from joining the Tuscan league against the Pope. It was at this time and on this journey that Catherine is said to have received the Stigmata, which, at her earnest prayer, Our Lord permitted to remain invisible to all but herself.

In 1376 began her first attempts to bring the Pope back to Rome from Avignon where fear and politics and

love of easy living had driven the Popes. Since 1305 they had lived there. Saint Brigitta had striven to show Clement IV his duty, and Marcus VI and Urban. And now Catherine took up the work with Gregory, for Brigitta had died the year before. But there was a great difference between them, for Brigitta was a wealthy lady of the Swedish court and Catherine an unknown dyer's daughter. But the letters she began writing to Pope and prelates read like the letters of the daughter of a King.

"It is the will of God and my desire," she wrote. "It displeases God and me". And one amazed man wrote of her, "This woman cares little whether she says what is pleasing or displeasing." And of course she did not, for to her politics were a part of ethics and she took it for granted that a politician should be, like anyone else, first of all a follower of the Faith.

Her first letter to Gregory was gentle enough, merely urging him to know that he was above all a father and a prince of peace. But when nothing happened she was soon on her way with a group of her followers, going in person to distant Avignon, where the Pope received her well and gave her the task of trying to make peace with Florence. She was heartbroken at the insults to her Master she witnessed daily. She began to rain letters on Gregory now. And after four months she had done her work. For Gregory left his palace and set out for distant Rome, while the French Cardinals wept and his father threw himself at his feet to stop his going. But Gregory walked past him. And Catherine was happy at this victory for her Lord.

Back in Rome Gregory was an uphappy man, longing for Avignon but afraid to go back. He felt he must speak to Catherine about it, but he could not send for her to come to him. So, dressed as a simple priest, and all alone, he came one evening to the amazed Catherine. Whatever she told him, served to fortify him and he stayed in Rome. And Catherine for a brief time went back to her peaceful life, her disciples and her prayers. Then word came that Gregory wished her to go to Florence to treat for peace with that city and while she was at work there she had news of his death. But to her joy

peace was signed with Urban, the new Pope, and Catherine, her political task completed, went home again, only to be called to Rome at the outbreak of the schism. There she helped quell the revolt of the people and began trying to win for Urban the support of Europe, firm in her conviction that he was the true Pope.

Urban VI was a very different Pope from easy-going Gregory, severe and strong. To him now Catherine began a series of letters—this time on the decay of the Church and the vices of the clergy. When he made peace with Florence and raised the interdict, she put a leaf of olive in her letter to her disciples at home. "Peace-peace," she wrote joyfully.

Back in Siena she worked on her book, dictating for long hours to her secretaries. Then back again to Rome to aid the cause of Urban. She spent Christmas there, sending the Pope a gift of oranges gilded by herself. Lent found her still there and the various candidates for the papacy still warring. When spring came to Rome it found Catherine very ill and sending farewell messages to the worried disciples at home: "Love one another as I have loved you," she urged them.

The terrible strain, the heavy work, the difficult travelling, her fasts, her unhappiness at the dissension after her happiness to have a pope back in Rome—all together proved too much for the frail body and in April of 1380 she died. There is no record of her actual words, but surely in sentiment if not in fact they were those of Pius Eleventh, who as he was dying, worn out with anxiety and love, said faintly, "There is so much still to do—peace—."

Catherine lives on in her writings. Her Book of Divine Doctrine is often compared to the Divine Comedy as one of the two supreme attempts to express the eternal, to paint the union of the soul with the suprasensible while still imprisoned in the flesh. She has left us many prayers and almost four hundred letters written to kings, popes, cardinals and political corporations as well as to ordinary individuals. And those who know compare her beautiful Tuscan sentences with those of Petrarh.

No saint of any day shows so well two things. First that it is wrong to stay in an ivory tower and dream,

when the call comes for action. And no saint shows so well the fact that peace can never come from clashing armies. Vistory may be gained thus but never peace. For peace is the thing within. War is always self-love of some sort. Peace is the love of God. And only in and with peace can humanity, high or low, practice the sense of the presence of God.

She was greatly daring as many a woman must be greatly daring today. But hers, even when it seemed political, was so only for the sake of God and of the Faith. She was a feminist of her day, there is no doubt of that. But there was a difference. Our modern feminists have won the vote and other things—all material. Catherine fought for a greater thing—the spiritual kingdom of God here on the material earth. She used material weapons but it was always to fight a spiritual battle. And the sword of the spirit was her only weapon.

The world today is in a bad way just as it was in Catherine's day. But the troubles were not our modern troubles, save that their reasons were the same self-love and lack of love for God. Today there is no need of a Catherine to call a pope to his duty, to write flaming letters to urge him to his course. That darkness is far behind us, gone with the material armies and politics of long ago. Today the papacy is strong and united yet with so little material wealth and power that it would no doubt have dismayed the men of her day. But there are other and terrible problems for us of the Faith.

Catherine's followers were called Caterini—at first in amusement, but they accepted the name and bore it proudly. Perhaps among the young people of today—for it was the young who were especially drawn to Catherine—there is need of Caterini. There are probably no Catherines among us for they are rarely given by God. There can always be followers of their example; any of us can be that. The characteristics of one who would belong to the Caterini are fearlessness to brave the forces of evil, even if that evil seems to quote Scripture and bear a fair face. Fearlessness to press for peace on earth and to know that the way to acquire that peace is

to work to make the world a place where men of good will may live at peace with one another.

To be followers of Catherine means sometimes coming out of a quiet room into the hurlyburly of politics. It means coming from a gay pleasant Avignon to a Rome where one is looked at with distrust, perhaps even by one's own friends. When things went hard with Catherine at home and she had not even a place to pray, she made herself an oratory in her heart, scrubbing or cleaning, or cooking, there she could betake herself from everything and pray. And that is what is necessary to be a follower of Catherine—first the oratory within, the praying to fit oneself for God's work, the casting out of love for self—and then the brave setting out as she did to go into the world about her Father's business.

"Nothing great is ever accomplished without much enduring."

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SAINT ROSE OF LIMA

Minerva Bernardino

Saint Rose of Lima, the first native-born saint of America and declared to be the Patroness of Spanish America, the Philippine Islands, was born in Ciudad de los Reyes, the old name for Lima, on April 30, 1586. Her father, Don Gaspar Flores, a Puerto Rican of humble origin, and her mother Dona Maria de Oliva of Lima, had been married in Lima in 1577. Her father was a member of the Viceroy's Company of Musketeers, while her mother taught needlework to the young ladies of Lima. When she was baptized one month after her birth, the Peruvian saint was given the name of Isabel, but when she was three months old her mother, struck by the extraordinary beauty of the infant, decided to call her Rose, and it was with this name that she was confirmed when she was eleven years of age.

From her earliest years Rose revealed supernatural gifts which even surpassed her great physical beauty. First to attract attention was her unalterable patience whenever annoyed. While still a very little girl her vocation for the religious life became apparent, and it is said that when she was very young she made a vow of perpetual chastity. In early childhood she voluntarily practiced self-discipline and penance which in no way detracted from her naturally happy and jovial disposition. Always docile, she applied herself to take advantage of the cultural opportunities which her mother struggled to provide for her, which included lessons in singing and playing the harp, the zither and the guitar. She joyfully shared the blessings of her talents with others, but she utilized these great gifts especially to glorify God and often in secluded spots of the orchard, in the shadow of the trees and with only the birds as witnesses, she expressed her love of God through her poetry and musical accomplishments.

Throughout her life Rose devoted herself to the humblest tasks and practiced every virtue. Because of her great charity and consideration of the lowly, she

won the title of "Mother of the Poor." She was rewarded by being uplifted in transports of holy joy, for which she is sometimes considered one of the great mystics in the history of the Church. We may also think of her as the predecessor of our Visiting Nurses of the Twentieth Century, for she devoted most of her efforts toward aiding the needy and caring for the sick who, because of limited hospital facilities, could not obtain admission to the Holy Ghost Hospital in Lima. To contribute to the support of her parents and to secure additional funds for her charitable works, she did embroidery and sold the flowers from her garden which she cultivated with great care. No sacrifice was too great nor penance too heavy to endure for the love of God and of her fellow men. Her desire was to share the sufferings of Christ, and she enlisted the help of her brother Fernando in building a grotto where she might spend hours in prayer and contemplation.

When Rose was in her 'teens, her parents wished to arrange an advantageous marriage for her, but for the first time she refused to concede to their wishes, and told them of her vow and her preference to live a life of service for others. She mortified her vanity on every occasion and voluntarily wore the habit of the third order of St. Dominic; at the age of 20 she received the regular Dominican nun's habit from the hands of her confessor and took the name of Rosa de Santa Maria. She remained in the home of her parents, however, because it was not until seven years after her death that the daughters of St. Catherine of Siena established a convent in Lima.

In a gold ring which she wore until the end of her life she had engraved the words of the invitation of the Infant Jesus: "Rose of My Heart, be My spouse."

One August morning in 1617, at the age of only 31 years, Rose died at the home of her friends and protectors, Don Gonzalo de la Maza and his wife, Dona Maria de Usastegue. Her death was mourned by the entire city. Religious communities, the clergy, the royal court, the nobility and her dearest friends, the people of Lima, accompanied her mortal remains to the Church of St. Dominic where her body lay in state for three days.

Rich and poor, high-born and lowly joined in paying tribute to the beautiful and saintly woman, filled with gratitude for her extraordinary bounty and with admiration for her exemplary life.

Some fifty years later world-wide recognition was given to the sanctity of the lovely maiden when she was beatified by the Church. The following year she was declared the Patroness of Lima, and Pope Clement X honored the Dominican Order of that city by presenting them with a statue of the Saint, the work of the well-known sculptor, Caffa. Her canonization was celebrated in 1671 and August 30 was named her feast day.

Grateful friends and beneficiaries of her continued bounty erected a sanctuary for her veneration on the site of the house where she was born, and a community of eight Dominicans established there carried on her works of mercy by conducting a free school where poor children were taught reading, writing and Christian Doctrine. This convent school has since been demolished to make way for the construction of a church which in 1912 the Government entrusted to the care of Dominican Sisters and the Padres de la Montana. Here are preserved and treasured many souvenirs of the Saint—here one may visit the infirmary in which she sheltered and cared for the suffering; the garden where she spent many hours glorifying God with her poetry and music. Here also still grow a lemon-tree and an orange-tree which flourished in the garden she cultivated.

Another shrine where the memory of St. Rose is especially venerated has been erected on the site of the place where she breathed her last, the home of her protectors Don Gonzalo and Dona Maria, now the Monastery of Rosas de Santa Maria, where numerous relics are kept—her golden ring, two letters in her handwriting, the original casket of carved wood, and paintings of scenes from her life.

During the eighth Pan-American Conference held in Lima in 1938, the public saw for the first time the model of a basilica which is to be erected in honor of the Patroness of the Americas and of Peru. Ecclesiastical authorities in Peru and the Peruvian Government are cooperating enthusiastically to complete this great

edifice in which the people of Peru and of all the American countries are interested. The government has ceded the site and devotees of St. Rose are working incessantly to raise funds for the basilica, which will contain twenty altars, one for each of the American Republics that venerate her with profound devotion arising partly from the deep religious spirit that for centuries has dominated these American countries, and partly from the legitimate boast that this sublime Saint was a "Woman of the Americas."

And truly this great American has left a model for her fellow-Americans of these later generations. By imitating her patience, her gentleness and meekness, we of the twentieth century can also find consolation for the troubles of this life and the sorrows that often bow down the soul, weaken the understanding and fill our paths with shadows. Like her we can share with others the blessings of our God-given talents, the joyousness of a happy disposition, and the stability of a character strengthened by the willing endurance of pain. She set a pattern for happy family life by giving us a model of strict obedience to parents, of self-discipline, of cheerful cooperation with brothers and sisters in work and in play, of responsibility in sharing the support of the family. Yet in this picture of family devotion we have also a picture of the young girl radiating happiness and love and service beyond the confines of the home, giving of herself unstintingly wherever there might be a physical or spiritual need.

To the Americas whose generosity has become almost proverbial she is indeed a source of inspiration. She teaches us to love the poor not merely with empty words and financial contributions from well-filled purses, but by working for them and with them, nursing them in sickness, teaching their children and sharing their burdens. We can turn confidently to our patroness to implore her fervent intercession with the Divine Author of Creation that He free the world from the horrors of barbarity, hate and warfare. Let us pray that America, placed under the protective mantle of St. Rose of Lima, may advance always in the paths of progress and of peace, inspired by the teachings of Christ our Lord.

"This sublime saint—A Woman of the Americas."

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ST. HEDWIG—(JADWIGA) OF POLAND

Marie Wankowicz

Where the mountain slopes become steeper and the forests wilder stood a castle, majestically overlooking the lands of Silesia. Merchant caravans, from distant countries, passing it, wondered at its splendor, but weary pilgrims, beggars, poor and sick marvelled at the graciousness and goodness of its inhabitants. For in this castle surrounded by riches and luxury lived their closest friend, the poorest one of them all: The Duchess of Silesia, Jadwiga.

Jadwiga was born in Bavaria. As a very young child she was sent to a monastery in Hizingen, Franconia, where she was to get her education. She loved the life at the convent, and already showed a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and compassion for the suffering. Soon afterwards she was betrothed to Henry, the Duke of Silesia, and in her teens she was taken from Hizingen to marry him. She left the convent with sadness, but well did she realize, that from that moment she had a life of responsibility ahead of her.

It was in 1202 that her husband became the successor of his father as the Duke of Silesia. At once Hedwig took up her task as the lady of the land. She yielded her entire dowry into Henry's hands, with the request that he build a monastery at Trzebnica. The work, started at once, lasted 15 years. Cistercian Sisters from Italy settled there as soon as it was finished.

The amount of suffering and sick Jadwiga saw around her hurt her heart. There was no one to care for them, and their misery was unbearable. Hand in hand with her beloved husband, she founded many hospitals and hospices. Among these was the hospital she founded for the lepers at Mow Targ; she was especially fond of it. Often followed by many of her poor, she went there and spent her days in caring for those living there. She performed the most unpleasant duties without a word; she dressed their wounds, helped them in their small tasks, and encouraged others when their

suffering seemed to be too great for them to bear. Jadwiga's deep faith in God and her love for her fellow-men filled her whole life; there wasn't a thing she would not do for them, not a thing she would not give up to help them. Charity was Hedwig's virtue and poverty her delight. Her motto was: "To rejoice in suffering". She spent her life in serving others.

Her great concern was to implant the principles of Christianity deep into the hearts of her dear Silesians. Often she taught them, sacrificing her time and energy to that cause. One day it is said, the Duchess learned that a servant in her household didn't know the Lord's Prayer. She called the girl into her apartments and stayed there with her until she knew and understood it. Another time, Hedwig accompanied the washerwoman of the Cistercian Sisters for over a month in all her duties, and worked with her in order to teach the good woman the principles of faith. Jadwiga stopped at nothing if she could do the slightest bit in bringing her people closer to God.

Hedwig's charity was known far and wide. People from all the country came to her in search of help. She went around attending to them consoling, helping, if any help could be given. Every day she passed the palace gates with her companion, Dermudis, on her way to Church. They both carried baskets, filled with supplies for the sick and poor she visited, after the morning devotions were over, bringing food for the hungry and remedies for the sick. While at Church she knelt on the cold stones for hours, until all the Masses were said. All those present in Church told many a time how her face lighted up with ecstatic joy, and how they heard angels' singing fill the Church when she prayed. Her contemporaries, knowing how very devout she was made a proverb about her piety; which was often heard at the palace:

"In una missa non est contenta Ducissa,
Quod sunt presbiteri, missas totoporti."

"There is but one thing that does not
content the Duchess

She wants as many masses as there are priests."

Another one of her contemporaries said of her: "Whenever a priest visited the palace the first thing the Duchess would ask of him would be a Mass, such was her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament."

The morning was still gray when the Duchess started on her daily journey. She went from home to home, dressing wounds, caring for children, whose parents were busy in the fields, or hunting in the forests, she encouraged those who in suffering lacked strength by bringing into their minds the sufferings of their Saviour. Frequently she returned home only at sundown, weary after a day's work, not having had a thing to eat. When finally she would come to the table, it would be surrounded by many visitors, who always found shelter in her home.

Seated at the table were pilgrims, telling of the Holy Land and of hardships of their journey; destitute paupers, refugees from villages attacked by one of the bellicious neighbors of Silesia; or beggars hungry, in tattered clothes. Hedwig always had a good word to say or aid to give them. She would forget her hunger and serve them, although she was often weak from exhaustion. When Henry worried about her health, begged her to sit down and eat, she exclaimed: "They are hungrier than I am, how can I make them wait."

When winter came with all its severity and snow covered the ground, Jadwiga's desire to help her poor grew. One saw her wandering in her thin cloak, bare-footed over the snow and ice, carrying relief and consolation for her needy children. The Abbot of Leuben, her confessor, met her once on her way. Seeing her feet frostbitten and wounded by her long walk, and knowing that in her spirit of mortification and sacrifice she would go to extremes, insisted that she wear her shoes. "I'd rather have one of my poor wear them", answered the good Duchess. The Abbot seeing that she would not get herself another pair of her own accord presented her with a pair the next day, and made her promise that she would never go on her visits in winter without them.

Not long after he met her again Jadwiga was barefooted. The Abbot, displeased by her disobedience, admonished her: "Where are your shoes?" he asked. "Did you not promise never to go without them?" "Yes," replied Jadwiga, "And I did not break my word" she said, taking them out from under her cloak. And it was true, the kind Abbot just nodded his head—all he made her promise was not to go without them!

Jadwiga's married life was a happy one. Henry loved her and admired her, she respected him for his great heart and clear soul, answering to his love with equal affection and devotion. They had six children, the oldest of which, Gertrude was the prioress of the Sisters of Trzebnica. The other daughters were married. Henry, the successor to his father, was loved by everyone for his justice and magnanimity, even during his life he was surnamed, "The Good" or "The Pious". But both Henry and Jadwiga had a good deal of worry about Conrad, the youngest son, who was of a wild and unruly character. His mother was, through her understanding and assuasiveness, the only person who could calm him and make him listen to reason.

After the birth of their sixth child, both Henry and his wife decided that they would consecrate themselves entirely to God, so with the permission of the Bishop of Breslau they separated and to a large extent lived in different places. Neither of them wore gold, silver or purple, and Henry vowed not to shave his beard, hence came his surname the "Bearded". Jadwiga loved her husband more than ever, and when he needed help, she was there at his side. As it happened when he was severely wounded after a battle she nursed him back to health again.

It was not until thirty years after their separation that Henry died and Hedwig entered the Convent at Trzebnica while her daughter was prioress. She begged to be admitted and to be allowed to work as the least of all Sisters. Her wish was granted and she stayed at the monastery until her death. While she was there, it happened that the Tartars invaded the country and finally came to Silesia, burning villages and towns, pillaging Churches and monasteries. Henry the Good, now

the Duke, went with his knights to defend Christianity and his land. He fell at the hand of a Tartar. That day Jadwiga said to Dermudis:—"I have lost my son, he has gone from me like a bird in flight and I shall never see him again in this life." A few days later news was brought by a messenger telling of the death of Hedwig's beloved son. The nuns were in tears, but Jadwiga, dry-eyed, comforted them saying: "Would you oppose the Will of God? Our lives are His, our will is whatever He is pleased to ordain, whether our death or that of our dear ones."

The serenity of mind, with which she urged the duty of resignation to the Divine Will showed even more than her words how perfectly faith and hope triumphed in her soul. She had recollection and control over herself and lively consciousness of eternity. She felt deeply the nothingness of temporary, worldly things. In her last illness she foresaw, long before the others that her end was close, even though feeling better she insisted upon being anointed. She died a few days later on the seventeenth of October, 1243.

She left Silesia in tears, but with her death her deeds did not perish. Like waves from a stone thrown into placid water, they spread further and further over the land. Her example was followed by many others. The love for God and the faith that she imbedded deep in the hearts of her people, last until our day and helps them to pull through these hard dark days, without losing hope and with faith in victory.

Her motto—"To rejoice in suffering."

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SAINT CECILIA

Kathryn Hammer

While St. Cecilia's loveliness has been perpetuated for us by Raphael, Rubens, Carlo Dolci and many other great masters, I daresay that most of us hold in our mind's eye St. Cecilia as the middle 19th Century artist, Gustav Naujok envisioned her, seated at an organ, her exquisite purity and holiness shining through her radiant beauty, and I venture to add that each one of us has secretly longed to be as lovely as she.

Skeptics have considered purely legendary many of the facts surrounding St. Cecilia's life, but the accumulating evidence unearthed by archeologists through the centuries gives convincing and substantial support to most of the statements in the "Acts of Martyrdom", the principal source of information concerning her. The numerous Masses written in her honor during the fourth and fifth centuries, the tributes paid to her beauty, chastity and charm in the Odes of Pope and Dryden, and finally, the most important, her inclusion in the Canon of the Holy Mass, bespeak the great love and high esteem in which this noble virgin was held by early Christians and by the Roman Church, which set aside November 22 as her special day of honor in the church calendar.

Cecilia, a Roman maiden of noble birth, from earliest childhood was of the Christian Faith, inherited most probably from her mother. Her father, a pagan, seems to have been a member of the Roman Senate. The steady growth of Christianity from the date of St. Peter's coming to Rome to Cecilia's period, despite many violent persecutions under the Roman Emperors, vividly illustrates the fact that many wealthy pagans did not oppose the Christian education of their children when such education was rendered possible, recognizing, perhaps, that under Christian direction their children became more docile, obedient and respectful.

Cecilia, a beautiful, virtuous girl, was betrothed by her pagan father to the pagan, Valerian, a noble and

handsome youth. Despite her earlier pledge of chastity, she did not oppose her parents' plans for her marriage, because to a girl of Cecilia's character it would be not only imprudent but impious to question the supreme authority of a Roman father.

Valerian, persuaded by her goodness and beauty, consented to seek the truths of Christianity. It must be remembered that at that time the Faith was practiced in darkest secrecy at the risk of life. Living in the concealment, St. Urban instructed many of the pagans of that day in Christian doctrine. Cecilia directed Valerian to his hiding place, and through this holy man, Valerian joined his beloved Cecilia in the Fold of Christ. Through their joint influence Tiburtius, his brother, also became a Christian.

Confiscation of the property of the persecuted was a part of the program of the persecutors of the Christian Faith then, as later, and *even as it is today where religious persecution prevails*. The wealth and social position of Cecilia, Valerian and Tiburtius made them attractive prey for the ruthless and cruel Roman officials in their dual pursuits of Christians and increased wealth. Valerian and Tiburtius preceded Cecilia in sacrificing their lives for love of their Saviour. Their heroic example moved one of their executioners, Maximus, to seek enlightenment on the Christian Faith and ultimately to suffer cruel martyrdom in its defense.

Cecilia anticipated her own execution, hence distributed much of her wealth to the poor, whom she loved. Her dying wish that her palace be converted into a church was fulfilled. Today the Basilica of St. Cecilia is one of the most venerated sanctuaries in Rome.

Refusing to obey the command to abandon her Christian Faith, she was placed in a steam bath in her own home, in an effort to suffocate her. She emerged miraculously without injury after a day and a half thus ensealed.

Their first attempt frustrated, her Roman persecutors then decreed death by beheading. Only three blows of the axe were permitted under Roman law. Here again Cecilia miraculously escaped immediate death. The executioner, perhaps unnerved by the girlish beauty of his

victim, fumbled his blows and the third one struck, failed of its purpose. For three days Cecilia survived, lying in the position in which she had fallen under the blows of the axe. It is in this position that her body was found centuries later and perpetuated by the sculptor, Moderna, under a commission from Pope Clement VIII to reproduce exactly the body as it was found. The original of this statue bears the inscription "Behold the image of the most holy Virgin Cecilia, as I myself saw it lying incorrupt in her tomb. I have in this marble modelled for thee the same saint in the very same posture of body."

Pope Paschal, had located the body after an exhaustive search, in the cemetery of Calixtus, which occupied a tract of land said to have belonged to Cecilia's family. In or around 1599, excavators, under the direction of Cardinal Sfondrati, while making extensive repairs in his church, St. Cecilia of Trastevere, Rome, came upon the body where it had been transported centuries before by Pope Paschal, still incorrupt and answering perfectly the description left by him.

Cecilia is frequently associated in the modern mind with the Greek St. Katherine, the patroness of literature and philosophy, as Cecilia is the patroness of music. This association seems to have arisen from her practice of singing the praises of God in her joyful heart. There is no record of accomplishment in this art, but since Cecilia was a lady of noble birth, it is highly probable that she was versed in the arts and possessed musical gifts.

In desiring to place the inspiration of the life and work of St. Cecilia before this audience of the air, I hope to portray the Saint as a notable example of Catholic Action and replete with possibilities of imitation in our own day.

Catholic Action, after all, when properly understood, can be dated back to the period in the life of Our Lord when He sent forth the seventy-two disciples to carry the message of His coming to the towns and villages where He would visit. The cooperation which makes one united action in proper hierarchical gradation from the Head of the Church to the humblest lay worker

is the very essence of Catholic Action. Such cooperation could never be more manifest than when the royal vintage of martyrs' blood was fructifying the soil of the early Church.

We are justified, therefore, in considering for our own edification the life of one who exemplified so well the very qualities most needed in the world today. When we have stripped away from the traditional figure of St. Cecilia the beautiful and apocryphal legends which have come to cluster about her name, we find the reality of a noble woman whose virtue influenced all who came in contact with her, whose loyalty made her patient throughout the varied forms of suffering which persecuting hatred could force upon her. The outstanding quality of her life was that her virtue shone at its best in the intimate circle of those who loved her. We are so apt to relax in the privacy of our own homes the good qualities we strive to show in our outside contacts. To have been so striking an example of Christian virtue as to have won to the true faith her pagan husband and his brother gives us material for careful examination of that high means of holiness which consists in patience, in helpfulness, in thoughtfulness of others manifested in the intimate circle of the home.

We cannot believe that the sweetness of the virtue of St. Cecilia had anything of the pietistic in it that could make virtue distasteful to those who had witnessed it. To be truly holy is not at all to be pietistic. To keep one's self at one's highest and best means keeping one's self lovable in the sight of God. He Who made us in His own image by giving us the faculties of mind and will, desires that we so use our power to know what is right and our free will to choose the good, that we make His image in us so lovable that, when we are imbued with His sanctifying grace, He, the God Who made us, must love us.

Consequently, the opportunities of holiness are with us even in our dullest moment; indeed, the moments when no one sees us can well be the most important. Our very thoughts can carry the power of our holiness, mindful always that it is in choosing to keep ourselves at the

highest and best that we fulfill all that our Creator can possibly ask of us.

We are living our lives in a world that is infected with indifference to religion. We must breathe the very air in which there is a disregard of all religious obligations. It is common to hear of the neo-paganism of our day. This is far worse than the paganism of old. The early pagans worshipped idols created by man's imagination. Sacrifices were offered to these imaginary idols but the idols remained always figments of man's imagination. They always remained apart, outside the worshipper.

Today, in what we call neo-paganism, men and women, turning from the worship of God, have accepted false gods, money, power, and the fruits of ambition. These are not figments of man's imagination. They are fruitful evils which do not remain outside their worshipper's personality. They are fruitful evils that can enter into our minds and hearts and warp and dominate, corrupt and destroy them. We grow so accustomed to seeing low standards around us every day, hearing expediency or even mere pleasure put forward as a defense for such conduct; we live in an atmosphere concerned only with this world, and little by little we come to a sort of spiritual malaria.

Our vision of right and wrong is dimmed, we cannot distinguish clearly what is harmful, what is helpful, our resistance is lowered and we come to accept a standard for ourselves much lower than our highest and best. This lowering often takes place in our own homes where we give way so easily to irritation, impatience and even spitefulness. This neglect of the trifles of love in the very place where they should be most precious, in the intimate circle of the home where those who love us must put up with us, should be a matter of our constant watchfulness. The example of Saint Cecilia, so sweetly a power of love in a pagan home that she won all in that home to Christ, can be a very helpful force and the thought of her, a gentle reminder of our own desire and will to be at our highest and best.

It is a happy gift of our faith that we can turn back to one who, in a scene of violence and bloodshed, could

wait in patience as she kept herself ready for the hour when her blood would make of her a sacrificial victim to the love of her Creator. We can take from the very thought of St. Cecilia's heroism a new power of patience in our own petty trials. We can learn today, in the little measure conceded to us in the evil days upon us, something that will make us in our own halting measure examples of loving submission to the trials of the day and of persistent loyalty in keeping ourselves worthy of the Lord Who wants to love us.

*"She won all in her home to Christ."**Bibliography*

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ST. JOAN OF ARC

Anne Sarachon Hooley

As I greet you in this closing broadcast of our 1940 Call to Youth program, I send to each of you a deep appreciation of the response which you have given throughout the past four months. Your telegrams, your letters, your continued expression of enthusiasm week after week have been gratifying to the National Council of Catholic Women Youth Committee and, I am certain, to the splendid guest speakers as well.

They have given us a magnificent series, but you the radio audience have expressed your appreciation far more eloquently than I could ever do. I can only add that N.C.C.W. acknowledges a deep gratitude for their generous cooperation. Then too as always we mention our sincere thanks to National Broadcasting Company and its educational director, Mr. Franklin Dunham whose initiative and constructive vision for youth have made this possible.

The heroine of whom we are to think a few moments this morning is one possibly known best of all to the American world at large, Joan of Arc. On Riverside Drive in New York City, looking down upon the rushing millions below, there stands the gallant figure of her statue, the only statue to a woman erected by this great metropolis. In the World War, it is said that many a doughboy in France, Catholic and Protestant alike, wore her medal beneath the khaki uniform, and perhaps many of them wear it still there where they lie beneath the poppy blooms in Flanders Field. Today when all our hearts are heavy with world sorrow, in dozens of French villages and hamlets far behind the Maginot line, undoubtedly women kneel to place a loved one in the care of little Jeanne, asking that she who knew well the horrors of war may watch over him amid bursting bombs and crashing steel on steel.

On January 6, 1412 Joan of Arc was born in the little French village of Domremy. Her father was a peasant farmer of some standing in the community and

as she grew up, Joan helped him in many small ways about the farm. Like all such homes of that day, it was a serene and happy home. Joan never learned to read or write, but this was not uncommon among children of her station, and she did learn to spin and sew, to plant her flowers, to visit the poor, and to love her country. She was a gay and lovable child, referred to by one biographer as "that winsome daughter of Jacques d'arc."

At the age of thirteen and a half years, she became very serious because of visits which she had from St. Michael, and later from others, among them Margaret and Catherine. In her deep humility she doubted and prayed and was reluctant to believe, but the visits became frequent and finally the Voices warned her that she, the maid of Domremy, was to save France by leading the army of the King. She protested it was impossible, but they assured her that the command was direct from God and that they would be always with her.

Now, as you know, France at that time was torn by internal strife, divided between the rule of Charles, the Seventh, the uncrowned King and the Burgundians who were allied with the English. Joan was directed to go to Robert de Baudricourt who commanded that section, and after repeated refusals, he enabled her to reach the King. Her convincing dauntless manner as well as the fact that she revealed to each of them information which she could not have known by natural means, forced them to give credence to her plan, so that in March 1429 she led her army to raise the siege of Orleans. Always from the beginning she had to fight the indecision of her King and the prejudices of his advisers, but she was determined with a detached calm which indicated more clearly than any other outward sign that she was directed by a great strength.

She wore at first the rough garments of a soldier which had been given her, but it is reported that there was something in her dignity of manner which marked her in any surroundings, in any circumstance for a tribute of respect. Finally helmeted, clad in silver mail, and bearing the banner which carried the inscription, "Jesus, Maria", she began her successful battles which terminated in the crowning of

Charles at Rheims. There she stood by his side in the pomp and splendor of its ceremony, holding fast to the standard of which she said, "It has shared in the toil, and it is just that it shall share in the victory".

She was eager to continue until France was completely restored, but Charles was weak, and misled by treacherous advice held her inactive. Her wound in battle, her capture by a follower of John of Luxembourg, and her subsequent sale to the English fill sad pages of history. "The enemy", one reporter says, "could not condemn her, because she had saved France, so they connived to have her tried as a heretic". Political intrigue and men of unscrupulous ambition were tools ready at hand then as in our own day. Through the long mockery which was called a trial, Joan fearlessly met their attacks with a gentleness and intelligence far beyond her years. She begged to be permitted an appeal to the head of the Church but she was refused. Finally when, for her own protection or through force of her cruel jailers, she donned her soldier's attire, the enemy seized this flimsy pretext as proof of her heretical tendencies, and ordered her burned at the stake where the crackling flames mingled with her insistent avowals that her Voices had been Divine.

Twenty four years later her trial was reopened at Paris, and after a long searching inquiry in the appellate court set up by the Holy See, the first trial was pronounced illegal and Joan's innocence was declared. Gradually the world came to know her heroic sanctity, and in 1920 she was officially admitted to the great galaxy of Eternal Heroines, one of the bravest of them all.

This is a thrilling story and she was a gallant, lovely creature, you may say to me, you practical straightforward youth who listen, but what has it to do with us today? This was all very well in the fifteenth century when knights rode forth wearing a fair lady's token but this is America and the year of nineteen hundred and forty. We are of other times and other customs, and the spirit of Joan of Arc would be sadly out of place. There is no Orleans for us to save and if there were, we could not do it. It would be fantastic to think of a modern girl entering alone into the complicated

machinery of war. Well, I might remind you that when Joan was first told by the Voices that she herself was the one who would deliver France from the enemy, she answered, "But I am only a poor girl; I cannot ride a horse or go to war". However, I would rather say to you that I believe I have seen the spirit of Joan of Arc in your own day in your own surroundings on more than one occasion.

I saw it the other evening in the corner drugstore where a crowd of young people were chattering noisily over their "cokes", and apparently deciding where they would go for the evening. It was a lively discussion and suddenly, quite distinct above the din, rose the voice of one girl saying, "Well, if you're going out to that place, just don't count on me. It isn't a decent place and you all know it". There followed protestations about not being a sissy and it being different this time, but finally she slid down from the counter stool and stood a moment reflected in the many mirrors of the modernistic store. She might have been one of a thousand seventeen-year-olds in her blue sweater suit, her halo hat, and wedgies, but in her eyes glowed a lovely courage which for the moment at least made her strikingly beautiful. Taking the arm of a somewhat bewildered escort, she said, "Well, I'll be seeing you", and went out the door to the cries of "Good-bye Marty", and "Don't go off mad", and the like. She was not to know probably that after she left the enthusiasm waned considerably and when someone suggested that they go to his home and dance, there was a quick general acceptance. If, that night Marty dropped her head on her dressing table to shed a few tears, because she was young and it was gay to be with the crowd, we can remember that Joan of Arc wounded in battle at the age of 17 cried a little when the lance was drawn from her side because it hurt. And if you think that it takes more courage to face the King of France than to defy a group of one's own age on a moral question, then you have never tried it.

Again I was reminded of it when a student in a state university was telling me of an incident which took place in his history class. The discussion was on the

achievement of the democratic ideal and as it proceeded, there entered subtle though unmistakable inferences that help lay in the establishment of moral and economic policies like those of Soviet Russia. Finally one girl took the floor to contend quietly, logically, and with convincing proof that democracy itself rests squarely upon the supposition that man possesses certain inalienable rights endowed by a bountiful Creator and that he holds those rights by virtue of his immortal destiny. When we restrict those rights for any man or any group of men, then we strike at the wellsprings of democracy. The young man who was telling me the story concluded with this remark, "I'll tell you, she got me thinking, but when she finished I said to myself, 'There goes a general in any man's army'". Only a current slang phrase he was using, I know, but it served to bring up the picture of the other general who marshalled her men and captured the enemy because she knew she had the truth.

O yes, American youth has need today for the spirit of the little French maiden. You may hear no miraculous voices perhaps, but you hear the voice of faith and who is to say that it is not the loveliest miracle of all. Although you are the favored of the earth for the present because of your securities, your freedoms, and your civil rights, you live in a society of moral and economic disorder. If tomorrow your world is to be restored to fruitful order, then today we must have valiant youth. You possess an invincible standard of charity, purity, justice, and wisdom, but if you are to raise the siege of the enemy, then you must know that standard, your lips must be praising it, your hearts must be loving it, and your lives must be living it. Standing at the crest of the day, may you have the glad joy of the morning in your hearts, the brilliant flame of courage in your eyes, and in your hands the wide-furled banner of truth, so that, having proved here your service to the King of Kings, you may one day walk to the cathedral crowning by His side.

*"Then today we must have a valiant youth."**Bibliography*

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THE N. C. C. W. COMMITTEE ON YOUTH

"The Ultimate Wisdom of Living is to serve."

The purpose of the Youth Committee is:

1. To aid Youth Councils throughout the country —"To give to our Youth, particularly to the girls and young women of our day, a knowledge, a love, of Catholic truth and a determination to carry it out both in personal life and as a member of Catholic organizations."
2. To establish a channelizing net-work—National, Diocesan, Deanery and Parish.
3. To bring Catholic standards to the leisure time programs of the country and to interpret the Catholic philosophy of recreation to all.

The National Committee:

Each parish has a parish chairman of Youth.

The parish chairmen compose the deanery committee.

The deanery chairmen compose the diocesan committee.

The diocesan chairmen compose the national committee.

The National Chairman of Youth is appointed by the National Board of Directors, as is the Field Secretary of Youth.

The Function of the Diocesan Chairman Is:

1. To aid in the organization of the Diocesan Youth Councils.
2. To interpret to the laity the program as approved by the Ordinary.
3. To assist in carrying out a well-rounded program of activities throughout the Diocese.

4. To aid in the development of Diocesan Youth Conferences and Diocesan-wide Crusades.
5. To relay to district or deanery chairmen and others all source material sent out by National and Diocesan Headquarters.
6. To report on the Youth work of the diocese to National and Diocesan Councils at conventions and through letters.

The Function of the District or Deanery Chairman Is:

1. To aid in the organization of the district or deanery Youth Council.
2. To assist the diocesan chairman in extending the Youth program.
3. To encourage local efforts in organizing and programming.
4. To aid in the development of Deanery Youth meetings and inter-parochial activities.
5. To relay materials received from national and diocesan to parish chairmen or parish groups.
6. To report on District or Deanery Youth Councils to diocesan chairmen and to local district or deanery Councils of Catholic Women.

The Function of the Parish Chairman Is:

1. To work in harmony with the pastor and his parish plans.
2. To aid in the organization of the Parish Youth Council.
3. To aid Youth groups within the parish—to "walk with Youth and show the way."

All chairmen, diocesan, district or deanery, and parish should make a real study of the Youth set-up, programs and helps. All should know the Youth Leader's Handbook and have it at hand for ready reference;

All should take part in the Call to Youth radio listening-in groups and use the pamphlets, "Call to Youth" for local leader's training;

All should be informed on the general background and policies of the National Council of Catholic Women

by attending National, Diocesan, and Deanery meetings, reading CATHOLIC ACTION and the Monthly Message regularly, and in giving strict attention to all letters received from the National Chairman;

All chairmen in Dioceses, with Youth organized or unorganized, need to work toward a completely set-up Youth Council, to make the need for such programs apparent and to interpret Catholic thought to the community.

"Christus Vincit, Christus Regnat, Christus Imperat."

**GENERAL RECOMMENDATIONS
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
CATHOLIC WOMEN**

1. The Catholic Youth Program should be
 - National in scope
 - Diocesan in authority
 - Deanery in participation
 - Parish in function
 - A National program definite enough to aid
 - Flexible enough to serve local communities
 - A program varied enough for all interests
 - Allowing selection to suit need
 - A program adaptable to all organizations
 - Giving aid and direction to all youth groups
 - A program fitted for three age levels
 - Juniors
 - High School groups
 - Out-of-School groups
 - A program with a standard framework of organization
 - That of the National Council of Catholic Women
 - A program of oneness so that the girls will develop from the Junior groups, through the high school and post high school groups into the adult program of Catholic Action
 - A program of balanced activities to provide wise interests and to assure well rounded development.
2. A program of youth by youth
 - Youth should plan and execute all activities, under the guidance of sponsors.
3. A complete program of Catholic Action, based on Prayer, Study, Service.

"Catholic Action takes in the whole of human life."

SUGGESTED PROGRAM ACTIVITIES

Religious

Group Prayers	Days of Recollection
Assisting at Church	"Our Lady" Days
Missions	Field Mass
Apologetics	Study of the Liturgy
Retreats	Confraternity of Christian
Corporate Communion	Doctrines
Communion Breakfasts	

Cultural

Study Clubs	Dramatics
Discussion Groups	Radio Programming
Libraries	Museums—Collections
Reading Groups	Trips—Tours
Music	Radio Script-writing
Art	

Vocational

Vocational Conferences	Home Economics
Vocational Guidance	Handcrafts
Career Discussions	Home Arts
Preparation for Parenthood	Commercial Training
Preparation for Home-	
Making	

Recreational

Hobby Clubs	Dancing
Sports—Games	Picnics
Hiking—Camping	Parties
Swimming	Community Nights
Play Days	

Service

Catholic Action	Social Service
Crusading for Christ	Civic Cooperation
Youth Leadership	

N. C. C. W. "HELPS"

Youth Leaders' Handbook	\$.25
Youth Today and Tomorrow10
Youth Leadership and Catholic Action10
The Call to Youth—193725
The Call to Youth—193825
The Call to Youth—193925
The Call to Youth—194025
General Plan for Leisure Time Activities05
Culture for Young People05
The Needs of Youth10
Proceedings N.C.C.W. Conventions	1.00
Youth Leaflet	free
Handcraft Notebook	1.00

CATHOLIC ACTION AIDS

Encyclical on Catholic Action	\$.10
Conferences on Catholic Action—by Most Rev. Giuseppe Pizzardo, D.D.—25c; 5 copies	1.00
Fields for Catholic Action—10c; 5 copies25
The Holy Father and Catholic Action—Discourses of the Apostolic Delegate10
Unity Among All Catholics—by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Burke, C.S.P.10
Catholic Action Magazine	\$2.00 a yr.
Monthly Message	\$1.00 a yr.

ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHERS

- America Press, 53 Park Place, New York City
Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana
Benziger Bros., 26 Park Place, New York City
Bruce Publishing Co., 524 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee,
Wisconsin
Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 43-45 Newgate St.,
London, E. C. 1, England
Carmelite Press, 55 Demarest Avenue, Englewood, New
Jersey
Devin-Adair Co., 23-25 E. 26th Street, New York City
Dominican House of Studies, 487 Michigan Ave., N. E.,
Washington, D. C.
E. P. Dutton & Co., 286-302 4th Avenue, New York City
Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33rd Street, New York City
B. Herder Book Co., 15 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri
International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay Street, New York City
Light Magazine, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Liturgical Arts Magazine, 60 East 42nd St., New York
City
Longmans, Green & Co., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York
City
Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Marlier Publishing Co., Beach and Kingston Streets,
Boston, Mass.
Julian Messner, Inc., 8 West 40th Street, New York City
Mission Press, Techny, Illinois
National Council of Catholic Men, 1312 Massachusetts
Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
O'Shea & Co., 39 Vesey Street, New York City
Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana
Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis,
Missouri

The Peter Reilly Co., 133 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia,
Pa.

William H. Sadlier, Inc., 9-11 Park Place, New York
City

St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey

Sheed-Ward Publishers, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Beaupre, Quebec

The Sign, Monastery Place, Union City, New Jersey

Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, New
York City.

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