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McCloy, John A.  
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# THE PARABLES

by

Rev. John A. McCloy, S. J.,  
of the University of Detroit

Eleven addresses delivered in the Catholic Hour, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, with the cooperation of the National Broadcasting Company and its Associated Stations

- I. The Parable of the Talents: Activity and Cheer.
- II. The Parable of the Talents: Christianity and Buddhism.
- III. The Parable of the Talents: Endurance and Pain.
- IV. The Woman of the Apocalypse: An Inspiration to Women.
- V. The Sower and the Seed: Is Christianity a Failure?
- VI. The Warring King: The Great Adventure.
- VII. The Great Supper: The Eucharistic Sacrament.
- VIII. Dives and Lazarus: Injustice Among the Rich.
- IX. Lazarus and Dives: Injustice Among Workingmen.
- X. The House Built On the Rock: This Republic.
- XI. The Sheep and the Goats: The Judgment of the World.



National Council of Catholic Men  
1314 Massachusetts Avenue  
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✠ JOHN FRANCIS NOLL, D. D.

Bishop of Fort Wayne

Feast of All Saints, November 1, 1931.

## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

The eleven addresses published in this pamphlet are excerpts from my sermon-books published by B. Herder Company, St. Louis, Mo. The principal sources were "Six Fundamentals of Religion," "The Brazen Serpent," "The Great Adventure," "The Gift of Love," and "The Republic and the Church."

A spoken sermon is like a bird on the wing. It is seen, is heard and is gone. A printed sermon is like a bird in a cage. One can listen to it at leisure;—if it is worth the effort.

One's imagination can hardly expand to the greatness of the opportunity of preaching on the radio of the National Broadcasting Company, with its chain of scores of stations, throughout our country, for the Catholic Hour. Such an audience! Such a range for the voice! It is almost a miracle. It seems to be a special Providence for the revitalizing, preservation and increase of the Faith.

In past times Apostles travelled far and wide, on foot or horseback, by boat, by train, to spread the Word. At present, by simply raising their voice they fill the earth with the good tidings of the Gospel. Now comes the printed text for those who wish to ponder what they merely heard on the air in passing.

May the electricity of Heaven leap from these pages into your soul, enlightening your mind, warming your heart and quickening your will.

## DEDICATION

These addresses were given under the patronage of Saint Isaac Jogues, S. J., first North American Saint who, we may be sure, is zealous for the spiritualization of the United States through the radio.

# THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS: ACTIVITY AND CHEER

(Matt. xxv, 14-30)

(Address delivered by the Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J.,  
in the Catholic Hour, August 2, 1931.)

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean,  
And the world has grown gray with Thy breath."

This beautifully expressed but blasphemous taunt was flung at Christ by one of the decadent poets of the nineteenth century.

The meaning of the words is that the classic world of Rome and Greece was a glad and gorgeous world; Christ came, abhorred it, abolished it, and set up in its place His own world of gloom and passivity. He preached that life is all a thing of sorrow, that the panoramic loveliness of earth is evil, that the imaginative and passionate longings of men for its attractions are wrong, and therefore men must retire into the chamber of their hearts in contemplative brooding over a dim, chill, and intangible universe of the spirit.

His Church, as Gibbon says, caused the downfall of imperial Rome. She withdrew from the sun of day to live with congregations of ignoble slaves in the bowels of the earth. She fostered the spirit of monkish isolation amid desert sands, away from the healthful habitations of men. She cast her lot with Gothic barbarians from the gloomy fastnesses of the North. In the Middle Ages she mothered monks and nuns who led a life of unnatural self-repression; and today her fundamental meditations and teachings are sin, hell, judgment, death, and a life of



sackcloth and ashes, lamentations and tears. The Puritans,—long-faced, hard and cheerless,—tried to make men's lives as bleak and inhospitable as the New England rocks they landed on. At the present time religious pacifists are attempting to change our American lions of war into sheep of unprepared peace. The cheery wine of good-fellowship has been soured into the vinegar of prohibition. Dancing, singing, and festivity in general are branded as frivolous at best, sinful at worst. Hence, as a result of Christianity, there is on the one side the resplendent world with "Forbidden" written all over it; on the other side, drab religion labelled: "You must accept my austerities or perish!"

This seems to be the idea contained in the words of the poet. At any rate, it is certain that great numbers of men take this view of Christ, Christianity, and the Church. Accordingly, they despise them and cast their lot with the winsome, albeit ruinous, world.

In direct contradiction to the idea that religion is an economy of passivity and gloom, I hold and hope to establish that it is (at least in part) a system of activity and cheer. Life and, therefore, religion must embrace the three fundamental elements—God, Myself, and the World.

Assuming from the four rational proofs of God's existence that God, an all-perfect Being, exists, I say that if He should choose to create a world, He would be bound by His infinite lordship over all things, to make it glorify Him, at least with moral necessity. For if He were to give permission to one iota of it to deviate from Him, to drift through space on its own responsibility, so to speak, without in



some manner reverting to and centering in Him, He would thereby cease to be Lord of that iota, cease to be the infinite Lord of all things, cease to be God, just as the center of a circle would stop being such if it did not require all the radii to converge to it.

Let me say in passing that such a requirement on the part of God cannot be interpreted as selfishness or self-interest because, being all-perfect, He can have nothing to gain from the world's praises and service. The world is the exclusive gainer by union with God.

Now, as a matter of fact God created the world. Hence everything in it must radiate toward Him. This we call "glorifying God." Rational beings glorify God directly, by knowing, praising, reverencing, loving, and serving Him. All other beings cannot glorify God directly because, not having an intellect, they are incapable of union with Him by intellectual acts. Therefore their manner of union with Him is indirect. In other words, they must glorify Him by helping man to do so; they are the means man must employ in going to God.

From this it follows, first, that all the pleasant things of life are good; for products of God's beneficent hands cannot be bad. Second, the only use that may be made of things is in the service of the Creator of them. Third, pleasure may be taken in them if they are thus employed. It is clear, then, that rational religion demands that man should be active and cheery in life, employing things with joyous energy in the service of God. Any religion which teaches that pleasant things are bad in themselves, and must be declined by man with unqualified disap-

probation in favor of a gloomy and passive aloofness of soul, is evidently a false religion.

Is Christianity such? No, it is not. Christ once said: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," seeming to imply with regret that while the former know very well the use of worldly things, the latter do not. "Why," he seems to say, "should the followers of Satan have the world to themselves, and the children of God so little of it? Why should not Christ's followers display as much enthusiasm in employing it in God's service, as the wicked do in using it for sin, Satan and hell?"

He said another time: "Be ye therefore simple as doves and wise as serpents," fixing the gaze of dove-like simplicity on Heaven, but also the gaze of serpentine shrewdness on the possibilities of earth in the service of My Father.

He told the parable of the talents which is my text for this evening: To one man God gave five talents, to another, two, and to a third He gave one talent. The first two employed their gifts; the third did not. God rewarded the active and rebuked the inert. "Talents" means temporal as well as spiritual gifts. Therefore, the rule of life must be activity and cheer. True, in some cases, God wishes some men to refrain sometimes from using the goods of the world. But this is an exception, and an exception proves the rule.

Christ's Church after Him has acted on the same principle. One of the most common charges against her has been that she is too active and alert in this world. Her enemies would like to see her shut her-

self up behind monastery walls, and droop in ultra-spiritual aloofness amid the sombre silences of the sanctuary, instead of taking her stand in the market place, shops, offices, battlefields, and other active open places of earth. If she did that, worldlings could have things their own way, without hindrance from her. But she knows her mission. Like her Master, she stands in the midst of men and the activities of life.

The Church of Christ has always come to worldly and sinful men with a challenge. At her first appearance on earth, she confronted Judaism, the Roman Empire, and Greek culture, and told them to their face that they should not any longer use things as they pleased; that henceforth she herself was going to employ them to some extent in the service of Heaven. No wonder they persecuted her! They would not have done so if she had maintained an attitude of passive, detached spirituality.

When Constantine won his victory in the fourth century, she allied herself to his empire, not only to benefit it, but also to induce it to glorify God under her spiritual tutelage. From Pepin, King of the Franks, she accepted the Papal States, because she was convinced that temporal power would lend distinction to the religion of Christ in the eyes of the world and that without it she would not be free of state interference in her spiritual dealings with the human race. And though Temporal Power has had its inconveniences yet no informed person can doubt that in a thousand instances this particular form of earthly influence advanced the cause of peace, civilization, and morality.

In the Middle Ages the Church harnessed the

earthly system of philosophy, derived from Aristotle, to the heavenly car of Christianity, making it minister to the doctrines of Christ. At the same period, she allied human learning with supernatural truth in the universities of Paris, Oxford, Salamanca, and the universities of Italy. She encouraged Religious in their retirement to copy the mundane literature of antiquity so as to help future generations with earthly means to attain to a heavenly end. With the same idea in mind, she lent her influence to the Renaissance. She withstood browbeating emperors in defense of the natural rights of the people. In the person of St. Robert Bellarmine in his controversy with James I of England, the royal protagonist of the divine right of kings, she was the first to set forth in scientific form the principle of the divine right of the people, upon which our Republic is built.

And as she interested herself in principles of civil government for God's sake, so she bade the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, artistic weaving, carving, knitting, and lace-making, all purely secular activities, to spread out their profuse offerings at the feet of God. Education is another worldly profession that she has taken in hand for the salvation of souls, because she believes that earthly arts and profane sciences minister to man's last end.

She stands in the midst of the dust, noise, and sweaty energy of the industrial and commercial world, resolving to have her say in regard to the moral issues involved in questions between Labor and Capital. Capital resents her interference; so does Labor. But judgments as to morality belong to her,

and so she will not exchange the character of active arbitress for that of passive spectator.

She resents as strongly as the best of democrats the attempts being made by extremists today to lessen our Republic to an impotent, mob-ruled State or to increase it to a despotism. She is more interested in the family than the mother and father of it. International relationships engage her night and day. And in regard to ecclesiastical ceremonial, she is insistent that silks, satins, velvets, laces and cloth of gold, marbles, and mosaics, lights, flowers, and music shall not be the exclusive paraphernalia of kingly courts and social events, but shall lend their charm also to the house of God.

Oh, if the Church were passive, gloomy, meekly inert, the great world would have no quarrel with her! But the world is jealous of her because she has always preached and exemplified by her conduct, a robust and joyous employment of earthly things in the service of Him who created them for His own glory and the use of men.

Of course rulers of the Church, being human, may have gone too far, on occasions, in applying the principle. Whether they actually did so or not, is not now to the point. The point at issue is whether the Church of Christ has practically believed in a system of inactivity and gloom or in a system of activity and cheer in the service of God. And the answer to the question must be evident from these few instances of her activity in the midst of the world.

But it may be urged: "Though Christianity in *principle* is not a religion of passivity and gloom, has it not been such in *practice*? For were not the



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splendor of Rome and 'the glory that was Greece' quenched by the shadow of the 'Cross?'

No. For the supposition underlying this question, namely, that Rome and Greece were the quintessence of civilization, is not justified. Rome and Greece look glorious to a poet's eye now, at this late date, through the intervening atmosphere of twenty centuries. But in the plain light of history Rome and Greece are known to have been the concentration of corruption and misery. A few men were cultivated and rich; but the bulk of the people were degraded to the last degree. The shining surface of the classic world of antiquity, covering and hiding from poetic eyes the rottenness underneath, is like the glow upon decayed wood and the phosphorescence of dead men's bones.

Second, aside from the considerations of morality and the happiness of the masses, in regard even to artistic excellence, the Christian era has not been inferior to pagan antiquity. In poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture we are superior, if anything, to the ancients. Compare Shakespeare and Dante with Homer and Horace! Raphael with Parrhasius! Michael Angelo, with Phidias! The builders of the cathedral of Rheims with the builders of the temple of Diana! Surely, the Christian artists do not lose by comparison with the pagan. Of course, in science and music there is no place for comparison. Neither is there in the material comforts and conveniences of life. And Democracy, conceived and developed under the inspiration of Christianity, despite its defects, stands out in glaring contrast to the autocracy of old.

Third, in the field of religion! It is a platitude to

say that, with the sublime and sweet doctrines of Christianity, in particular with the divine fairy tale of God becoming Man, there is nothing in the hard, despairing, God-forsaken days of paganism to compare.

Lastly, the tree of Calvary has not cast a shadow across the world. The tree of Eden had done that from the beginning. The bulk of the pagans were not conscious of the shadow; they were blind to the universal fact of sin. And they suffered from their ignorance of it. For the knowledge of the existence of evil must be the first step taken to surmount evil. Christ taught us to look at the dark tree of Eden and then to see its shadow turned to brightness by effulgence from the radiant tree of Calvary. Decadent poets, with an eye for half-truths, who know Christ's teaching on sin, but not His lesson of redemption from sin, naturally think that the conquering Galilean is pale with the pallor of pessimism and that the breath of His doctrine has gloomed the earth.

There are two obstacles to a religion of activity and cheer: worldliness and unappreciativeness. The worldly man is active enough, but he is destitute of cheer. He uses things with titantic zest; but for himself, not for God. Observe the whirl of commerce, the hum of industry, the rush in offices, and stores, the pursuit of money, the indulgence in amusements, the devotion to arts and sciences; and consider how few of such efforts are directed to God; how many of them center in self. Now worldliness is wrong. It is a perversion of the right order of things. God does and must require that man should use his talents for the divine glory and final



human beatitude. He cannot give man permission to employ them for selfish purposes. For this reason, since order is the mother of joy, and disorder the parent of unhappiness, the worldling, despite his activity, possessions, pleasures, and spurious gladness, is not a genuinely cheerful man. History is the story of nations made miserable, and sinking through sin into ruin, on account of the misuse of earthly blessings intended by God for the cheer of men who would employ them aright.

The second obstacle to activity and cheer is unappreciativeness. Every man, even the least fortunate, is overwhelmed with blessings. But not every man profits by them because he does not think of nor esteem them. For instance, who thinks of thanking God for his being, for the vital energies of his body and soul, for the five senses of his flesh, his eyes, ears, nostrils, taste, and touch; for his health, his home, his parents; for his family; for the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life; for his food, for his roof, for his hearth, for his bed; for the sun, for light, for air, for rain and snow; for fields, hills, rivers and seas; for trees, flowers, and fruits; for the glory of color, the witchery of music, the delight of fragrance, the soothing of taste? Who thanks God for his intellect, free will, memory, imagination, gift of speech, and power of motion; for his education, books and friendships; for the truth, goodness, and beauty of the world; for the arts and sciences; for being under and made a partaker of our free Government? Who thanks God *for God*;—for the Incarnation; for Christ's passion and death, for the Church, for Mary, for Mass, for the Bible, for the Sacraments; for the Eucharist,

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the gifts of the Holy Ghost, the consolations of God and the hope of Heaven? Who indeed? Multitudes of men, because they never think of these blessings, are gloomy and passive in life. They ought to think of and esteem them. For these are the better things of life. Most of us have not the common sense to see the uncommon beauty of common things. The great poets were great chiefly because, instead of going to the ends of the world for the exotic and unusual, they took their stand in the midst of the everyday world and saw the extraordinary vision of ordinary nature and humanity. And in proportion as we follow their example in this respect we shall become great in the spiritual life, growing in activity and cheer.

## THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS: CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM

(Matthew xxv, 14-30)

(Address delivered by the Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J.,  
in the Catholic Hour, September 13, 1931.\*)

We shall come to a better understanding of the life of activity and cheer if we draw a contrast between Christianity and Buddhism, to which Christianity has so often been likened.

Moreover, in view of the present visit of Gandhi to England after his successful passive resistance; and of the praise of his Buddhistic religion, to the disadvantage of Christianity, which has come from quite a number of editorial writers of our country, we shall draw this contrast to show that we of the West do not stand in need of Gandhi and his religion. To a certain extent Christianity has been botched. Nevertheless it is inherently excellent and sufficient for all our spiritual needs.

Christianity and Buddhism are alike in this, that they teach four things: first, life is sorrowful; second, the sorrows of life are due to attractive things of earth and to man's unsatisfied desire for them; third, therefore the passionate longings of the heart for worldly gratifications must be downed; fourth, after self-repression, man must enter into himself and develop the spirit of contemplation.

But despite the surface similarity between them,

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\* This address, though delivered on the date given above, belongs in second place in the series.—Author.

the two systems of religion are as far apart as the poles. For, while Buddhism teaches that life is all sorrow, Christianity inculcates the lesson that it is a commingling of sorrow and joy; and if Christ speaks more of sorrow than of joy it is because man needs much urging to submit to sorrow; he needs no encouragement to accept joy.

Second, while Buddhism takes the position that objects of pleasure, wealth, honor, success, power, comfort, luxury, science and art are bad *in themselves*, Christianity insists only on this, that oftentimes things, good in themselves, are bad *for us* on account of misuse. Hence we must not repudiate them utterly. We must only practice moderation in the use of them.

True, Christ did not say to the rich young man of the Gospel narrative: "Use moderately." But, "Sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, . . . and come, follow Me." True, He did not say: "Blessed are the moderate users of wealth and power;" but, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." True, Christian asceticism imposes vows of worldly renunciation. But observe: these are only for the few; the few are not commanded, but only invited to eschew by vow certain blessings of earth; and third, they do so (aside from higher motives for unworldliness) to be freer to use other worldly things with greater efficacy in the service of God. For instance, priests sacrifice individual fatherhood that they may be fathers of all. Missionaries deny themselves the comforts of civilization that they may carry them along with the Faith, to savages. Religious give up the personal possession of money that they may employ money as a com-

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munity power for the advancement of God's interests.

Moreover, the maintenance of the ascetical ideal in a world given to indulgence is a healthy reminder and deterrent to the indulgent; but it is not an implied condemnation of all indulgence. Even paganism had its vestal virgins, embodiments of the ascetical ideal. The vestal virgins were intended to be a reminder to the indulgent mass of the pagans to practice moderation; and the white ribband of their purity stood out in pleasing and elevating contrast to the scarlet monotone of a sex-mad world. Also, the espousal of a soul to Christ and its consequent, necessary detachment from all other men or women ought to be intelligible to those who believe in monogamy. Men and women are good; but Christ is better. Preference for Christ does not imply hatred of women and men.

And is it not a fact that the very Church which encourages virginity has always been, by her prohibition of birth control and divorce, the strongest defender of the family? That the Church which mothers religious poverty, is truly recognized by Socialists today as the bulwark of private ownership? That the Church which inculcates the sacrifice of free will by religious obedience has always fought for the liberties of the people against despotic rule? That the Church which says that the arts, sciences, and philosophy are as nothing in comparison with Faith, has always been the most enthusiastic promoter of the arts, sciences, and philosophy? Yes, these are facts which prove beyond cavil that the Church, with Christ backing

her, does not think that earthly things from which some of her members for high motives choose to abstain, are bad in themselves; does not deny that the moderate use of objects of pleasure is a rational means of serving God. I say: "With Christ backing her." For the Church's attitude toward the use of worldly goods is an exact continuation of the attitude of Christ.

"But," an objector may urge, "has Christ supported the Church in this, her attitude toward the world? On the contrary, did He not utterly disown the world?" We must not overstate anything. Christ possessed and employed many natural blessings. He enjoyed health. He was the most beautiful of the sons of men. Undoubtedly He loved nature. He had a comfortable, if poor, home. He was enriched by the companionship and protection of an incomparable Mother. He had friends. He was blessed with a natural power of speech which held men spellbound. He was magnetic in character. He dined with the rich, and was crowned with a veritable triumph on Palm Sunday. There is one incident in His life which graphically illustrates His evaluation of the world and its gifts: Shortly before His death, Mary Magdalen lavished on Him the precious contents of her alabaster box. Judas objected, saying that the ointment should have been sold and the price given to the poor. Christ rebuked him, evidently meaning by His rebuke that while nothing was too poor for the Christ, nothing was too rich for Him.

With reference to the Church's attitude towards the world, it must be remembered that absolute rejection of the world is only a *suggestion* of



Christ, not a *command*. Also, multitudes of Religious, and men living *in* the world but not *of* it, have accepted His suggestion to the letter. For instance, the Pope lives in the palatial Vatican, but he lives there like a poor man. The Vatican, St. Peter's at Rome, and indeed all forms of ecclesiastical sumptuousness are for the glory of God and the good of souls, not for the personal comfort and honor of the ecclesiastic. Some ecclesiastics have thought otherwise, but these we disown. However, the great majority of them have acted on the principle of detachment. And why should not the august pageantry of the Church be employed by them, not personally, but officially? For if the beauty of Nature glorifies God, why should not the beauty of art, especially architectural art, do the same? And if the popular mind is raised to Heaven by the glories of the temple of Nature, why should it not be elevated in like manner by the magnificence of the temple of Michael Angelo?

The martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, as a great modern philosopher says, wore a hairshirt next his skin for his personal holiness, and over it the episcopal purple and cloth of gold for the delight of his poor flock. And his double method of sanctification is symbolic of the Church's.

"Still," I hear some one say, "Christ did not ally in His Church the two things, called personal poverty and ecclesiastical wealth. He was poor in every way." True, He was. But perhaps that was because the Church in His day was only in its beginnings, without having the power, as yet, of acquiring wealth and prestige in the world. Also, there is no evidence whatever that Christ disap-



proved of the earthly grandeur of the Temple of Jerusalem. Besides, Christ worked miracles to attract men; He did not need the appeal of art. We do not work miracles; we need the attractiveness of art. Hence, there is no reason for doubting that if Christ were the visible head of the Church on earth today, He would officiate in St. Peter's, and in general approve of the architectural art and gorgeous ceremonial of the Church. Is it conceivable that He would wish to disrobe His Church of the resplendent garments in which the natural arts have arrayed her? No! No more than it may be supposed that He would strip the temple of earth and sky of its loveliness!

Third, while Buddhism would down the passions by annihilation, Christianity would down them only by discipline. Now, the Buddhistic idea is absurd because it is impossible to eradicate the emotional powers of the heart. They lie at the foundation of our being; they are intertwined with the roots of our life; they are a part of human nature itself. We are born with them, and they will stay with us till we die;—these attractions and aversions, these longings for pleasantness, these shrinkings from the disagreeable. True, some predilections die out with increasing age. But meanwhile others, which had been dormant, spring into fierce activity. And even the old man, “with spectacles on nose, piping voice and slippered pantaloons;” a tremulous shred of humanity, ready for the grave, a burnt-out volcano, retains to the last the peculiar aversions and likes of senility.

But even if the annihilation of the passions were possible, it would not be desirable. For what is a

man without emotion, but half a man! What is a brain worth without a heart! Thought, without feeling! A piercing mind, without a sympathetic soul! Intellectual light, without warmth of affection! Passion lends strength to action which only passion can give. It enlightens the eyes, inflames the cheeks, and endues the gesture of our efforts with a sort of *ictus* which doubles its value. The passions are the source of terrible pain; but they are also the cause of exquisite delight. They send some men hurtling to hell; but they send other men whirling to Heaven. Without passions a man will not be very bad, but neither will he be very good; he will be only a respectable mediocrity. The difference between a sinner and a saint is not that the one is passionate while the other is not. Both of them have passions: the difference lies in their abuse or use of them. Napoleon and Xavier! Both were ambitious. But what a difference between the two men on account of the different directions their passion went! We all love those saints most, for example, Francis de Sales, who kept the affections of their heart intact while mounting to the summit of the supernatural. Passion is like steam in an engine; for it drives man forcefully along the directing track of rectitude laid by reason and religion. Without the track there would be no direction. Without the steam there would be no motion.

The world around us is useful and pleasant, and it stands to reason that, since God gave us passions in order that we may employ useful and pleasant things in His service with greater interest and enthusiasm, it would be nothing less than criminal to destroy our passions, even if it were possible. Now this is the crime of Buddhism.

But the passions must be controlled. For they are spontaneous, volcanic, and blind forces which are attracted by the pleasantness and repelled by the repulsiveness of things, without having any appreciation of the rectitude or wrongness of things. And since many a pleasant thing is wrong (not indeed *in itself* but on account of misuse) and since many a disagreeable thing is right, the will must curtail the activities of passion. This is what Christ taught, and this is the third way in which Christianity differs from the cult of Buddha.

Fourth, while Buddhism recommends man to retire into his heart, and there find as his end a sort of passive contentment in the contemplation of himself in particular and truth in general, which is called Nirvana, Christianity teaches that after the process of retirement from the world into self, man ought to rise from the contemplation of self to the consideration of God; and after the consideration of God as his last end, in whom he will find rapture unspeakable, he should return to the world and use it for himself and his neighbor in the service of God. The statue of Buddha, seated, with crossed legs, folded arms, eyes turned in on self and general impassive mien, and the statue of any Christian saint, standing, with arms outstretched and eyes aflame, outward-looking, up towards God and down towards the world, are symbolic of the two religions with regard to the position which introspection holds in their respective systems of holiness.

In view of the fourfold contrast just drawn between Christianity and Buddhism, it must be evident that Christian asceticism and contempla-

tion on the one hand, and the oriental *Nirvana* and mysticism, on the other, are a universe apart; and, therefore, the poet's taunt:

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean,

And the world has grown gray with Thy breath"  
is false.

To one man God gave five talents, to another He gave two, to another one. The first two used their talents; the latter did not. God praised the active and blamed the inert. Brethren, use your talents whether they be many or few; especially use the common gifts, which are the better gifts—health, home, food, friends, books, light and air. Then God will say to you what He said to the man of the Gospel: "Well done, good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

## THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS: ENDURANCE AND PAIN

(Address delivered by the Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J.,  
in the Catholic Hour, August 9, 1931.)

Sufferings no less than pleasant gifts, are talents sent us by God for our sanctification. Hence, the parable of "The Talents" applies to sufferings as well as to agreeable blessings. It suggests to us, therefore, that the life of activity and cheer must be counterbalanced by a life of endurance and pain.

"And it was the Parasceve of the Pasch, about the sixth hour, and Pilate saith to the Jews: Behold your king. But they cried out: Away with Him; away with Him; crucify Him. Pilate saith to them: Shall I crucify your king? The chief priests answered: We have no king but Caesar. Then therefore he delivered Him to them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led Him forth. And bearing His own cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew, Golgotha. . . . And as they led Him away, they laid hold of one Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country; and they laid the cross on him to carry after Jesus. And there followed Him a great multitude of people, and of women, who bewailed and lamented Him. But Jesus turning to them, said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." According to tradition Jesus fell three times on His way to Calvary. His Blessed Mother met Him and tried to console Him, and Veronica, the brave woman, offered Him a cloth of

cleansing, upon which He imprinted a crimson image of His dolorous face.

Here we have in brief the story of the way to Calvary; the story of the saddest path ever trod in the history of the world. The lesson of that story is a simple one, but a grand one,—the lesson of the mystery of suffering in life. The human race has carried its cross up to the present day from the time that Adam and Eve carried theirs through the golden gate of Eden forth into the bleak sterility of the outer world.

Wherefore the cross? Why Calvary? Why this valley of tears? Why so much sorrow and suffering for the children of men? Moments of bliss are few and brief; lamentation is prolonged. Why is the heart of man, made for happiness and craving joy, so seldom thrilled with it? Nature is glad. Why is man sad? The sky, the earth, oceans and streams are resplendent. Why is man, the master of it all, cast down? This question has been asked from time immemorial. Answers have been given to it,—some blasphemous, some halting, others half-answers. Let us try to answer it in the light of reason, experience, observation, and Christianity.

As a prelude to the answer I shall give, let me state one big, consoling fact. Eden has been lost; but amid the general ruin of the race there is one thing that has *not* been lost (with that saved, the best has been saved), and that is love. The whole of literature, sacred and profane, asserts loudly, proudly, triumphantly, even defiantly, the fact and omnipotence of love. Let a church be as dark as a tomb, what matters it provided the red, glowing



sanctuary lamp be still alive! Let the temple of the world be enveloped in the black night of sadness; what matters it, provided the red-hearted flame of love still glows in the sanctuary of the breast of man! Also may I add that life is not all sorrow and suffering as we saw last Sunday night? Nothing will be gained by picturing life darker than it is.

Again, before giving the explanation of sorrow in life, let me state what is *not* the explanation of it. A malignant God is not the explanation of it. God does not cause, and then gloat over, the miseries of men. God is not behind the world, leering and laughing at its travail. He is not the Manichean Evil Genius, to whom the joys of men are an abomination and their anguish a delight. Numbers of men during the late war were tempted to look at God in that light. God is holy and just but He is not cruel, nor is He even indifferent to the woes of humanity. On the contrary, He is most compassionate. One of the tenderest pictures of Holy Writ is that of our Saviour seated upon a hill overlooking Jerusalem, weeping over the city of His love. "If thou hadst known," He says to her, "if thou hadst known the things that are unto thy peace; but thou wouldst not." He sympathized with Jerusalem in her sorrows; He sympathized with the sorrowing world; He became a man, the Man of Sorrows, in order that He might participate in our dolorous experiences on earth even unto the cross. How unappealing to our imagination would be a God of gladness in a stricken world! How irresistible a God of grief among grieving men! God knew the charm of likeness in suffering; and so He became the sad Saviour that He might win our hearts and



banish forever from our minds the idea that He is callous to or jubilant over the pangs of humanity.

The three-fold cause of suffering is, first, to save men from falling into sin; second, to restore them to grace if they have sinned; third, after restoration, to confirm them in a virtuous life.

Few men can be rich without luxury, successful without conceit, learned without pride, good-looking without vanity, honored without ostentation, comfortable without sloth, pleasure-loving without impurity; few can use the pleasant world without misusing it.

Accordingly, God, who wishes to save men from sin, withholds from the majority of them objects of pleasure and honor which would occasion their spiritual ruin. Sickness, poverty, failure, worry, and other forms of endurance and pain are the portion of the majority because the majority would lose their souls if they were placed in a felicitous environment. The more fortunate minority can avoid evil only by keeping their hearts detached in spirit from blessings which they may choose to retain in reality.

Christ taught that the poor, the meek, the persecuted, and the humble in spirit are blessed. Best of all, He divorced Himself from the world and wedded Himself to unworldliness, choosing the crib and the cross, to show us that generally the possession of worldly blessings leads to sin whereas abstention from them, in so far as this is possible, is the safe way to heaven.

God is not responsible for this excessive pull of the pleasant world on the senses and the passions of the heart. The responsibility rests with man;—

the first man, Adam. For, in the beginning God gave the parents of the human race a special preternatural gift of appreciating the *useful* at its real value and relegating the *pleasant* to its proper place. That gift was forfeited by the sin of Adam and was not restored to us by Christ. It would be unfair to accuse God of purposely making the heart prone to evil and life hard. Original Sin is responsible for that. If Adam had not fallen, the human heart would not be unduly attracted by the pleasantness of the world, but life in Eden would be all activity and cheer. Now, however, to counteract the worldly predilections of the heart, life must be, in part, a system of endurance and pain.

The second purpose of suffering is to restore men to grace if they have sinned; this will be understood if we consider the two ideas of atonement and correction.

If a law has been broken, justice requires that it should be restored; restored by him who broke it, either vicariously or in person; and restored by the endurance of pain. Every restoration involves pain. Throw a joint out of its socket! You must suffer to have it reset. Also, opposites counteract each other. Cold destroys heat. Heat destroys cold. Sinful pleasure and virtuous pain are opposites. Therefore, the pleasure of breaking God's law is counteracted by the pain of atoning for the infraction. Moreover, in justice there must be an equalizing of unpleasantness. The unpleasantness to God is sin; the unpleasantness to us is atonement for sin. God was hurt by our offences; we must submit to being hurt by His punishments. On the cross Christ atoned vicariously for humanity; and

it is not right that we sinful men should allow the sinless Christ to carry the whole burden of God's wrath.

Suffering is also a corrective for the sinner. This purpose of pain and its success is a commonplace in the spiritual life. God loved the people of Israel. They went astray over and over again, and over and over again He made them suffer, and they returned to Him. Possibly we know by personal experience the sobering influence of misfortune. Sometimes indeed it hardens a sinner in his ways; but more frequently it reforms him. When the world smiles, he is ravished by its blandishments into a callousness toward God. But when the world frowns on him, then it is that, benumbed by the shock of ruin, with his earthly house of honor, wealth, social standing and success collapsing and tumbling about his head, he looks up and through the shattered rafters sees the sweet blue of heaven. The good Thief had to be held by the cruel arms of a cross before he submitted to God's embrace. The Prodigal had to consort with swine and feed on husks before he thought of returning to his father's house, and the woman taken in sin had actually to be dragged to the feet of her Saviour by the hard Scribes and Pharisees.

The third purpose of suffering is, (after restoration to grace), to confirm the penitent in a virtuous life; for virtue contains strength, beauty, sympathy with our fellow men and likeness to Christ crucified;—four qualities unattainable without suffering.

St. Paul, speaking of preparation for the game of salvation, drew his comparison from the austere

training of the Olympic athletes. We know by observation to what curtailment of comforts football players submit that they may be hard for the conflict. During the war the physical tests to which our soldiers were subjected in camps were so severe that it was a relief for them to go to the front and face the actualities of war. The same relationship between hardship and strength exists in the spiritual life. If a man enjoys himself amid comforts and luxuries, the muscles of his soul are sure to sag. But if he is put through trial of soul or body, his spirit will expand and solidify. God sends us pain of body and soul because He wishes us to be athletes and soldiers worthy of the name.

And, tell me, is there anything more beautifying than suffering? Enjoyment arrays us in a superficial attractiveness; but suffering steps the soul in beauty. Indulgence hardens men; distress refines them. Pleasure panders to selfishness; misfortune awakens generosity. If Adam and Eve had remained in Eden, and we with them, life would be a gratifying experience. But it would lack the mysterious charm of a tragedy. And who would choose a life of unbroken ease at the cost of never experiencing the bitter-sweet of suffering? The first Adam and Eve appeal to us more poignantly weeping outside the gate than smiling within. And the second Adam and Eve, in the shadow of Calvary, He in the crimson garment of His blood, and she in the blue mantle of her woes, mean more to us than they do in the effulgence of Easter morning. Christ said: "If I shall be lifted up, . . . I shall draw all things to Me." He has done so because the pathetic beauty of His suffering has magnetized the suffering sons and daughters of

men. His Church has been more lovely in the days of her martyrdom than in the days of her success. Secular history casts a spell on humanity because at its best it is a gallery of portraits of men and women glorified by anguish. The heroic women of history under the burden of irremediable misfortune, but unconquerable; the heroic men of history, strained by the pressure of heaped-up adversities, but undaunted, stop even the casual passerby on the road of life with the pathetic magnificence of their fire-cleansed souls. The great authors of tragic literature relied for their compelling power on the beauty of their heroes and heroines in the shadow of death. For heroes and heroines are not made out of the sunshine of joyousness, but out of the ebon blackness of woe. We ought to encourage ourselves with the thought that suffering, well borne, invests us with a grace, a charm, a robust gentleness of soul which nothing else can confer.

The love of God and the love of man are the perfection of the Law. Fraternal love assumes two forms; felicitation for a brother in success: sympathy for him in distress. Since distress is more general in life than success, the more common form of charity is sympathy. Sympathy is a beautiful thing: but it is bought at a price, and the price of it is personal pain. For no one that has not sorrowed himself can compassionate the sorrowing. No one that has not felt the bitter sting of disappointment can raise a disappointed brother to his feet. No one that has enjoyed health all his life can with fitting sympathy smooth the pillow of the sick. No one that has not wept can dry the tears of the grieving. No one that has not drained the chalice of interior desolation to the dregs can



appreciate the meaning of that prayer rising daily from Christian souls: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" and "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me." Oh, when all goes well with us, we forget the needy, but when our own hearts are broken, they open to the tragedy and pathos of humanity.

Finally, pain makes us like Christ crucified, and the endurance of it is a test of our love of Him. One who loves another wishes to be like him. Standing at the foot of the cross in spirit, you perhaps have often wished that you had stood there in reality. Was that true devotion or sentimental piety? Answer that question by asking this: How do you act now? For if now you deliberately decline the pains of life, what assurance can you have that you would have stayed with Christ on Calvary? But if now you try to be patient in affliction, you can take the consolation to your heart that you would have kept company with Christ, Mary, Magdalen, and John on the hill of austere sublimity.

But if all these motives are not potent enough to induce you to accept a life of passivity and pain, consider that you must accept it, whether you wish to or not. The cross is a physical necessity; you simply cannot get away from it. Why not make a virtue of necessity and carry it with a grace? Why not "grin and bear it"? Moreover, the endurance of pain is a necessary condition for the enjoyment of pleasure. Only one who has suffered from hunger enjoys food. Only one who has been sick appreciates health. It is a queer but true law of nature that uninterrupted pleasantness be-

comes unpleasant, and a life of unbroken ease grows monotonous and drab. The piquancy of life lies in the contrasting experiences of hardship and ease, failure and success, sorrow and joy.

Christ will help you bear your cross. "Behold," He says, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." "I will help you in all your undertakings and comfort you in all your sorrows." "My yoke is sweet and My burden light." Be sure not to reject His proffered aid.

And then take strength from the thought of companions in distress. Gaze across the earth and see multitudes like yourself. One of the worst features of our cross is that we think we are carrying it alone. We are not alone! Many seem to be happy, but are not. Others have the goods of earth but also hidden distresses. Others again, who are in an earthly Eden now, have had their bad days or will have them yet. God help the man or woman who neither has had, nor has, nor will have, a cross to bear! How can they survive the storms of life without strength, and how can they have strength without suffering? The world is in the same boat with you, so take comfort from your company.

And life is not long. As the crucifixion had its end for Christ, so it will have for you. Then after life, heaven, where God Himself will wipe away all tears from your eyes; where there will be no more weeping, nor crying.

If you take these truths to heart and practice them, the mystery of suffering and sorrow in life will not be altogether insoluble, God will not seem



to be a cruel Master, and pessimism and despair will not catch at your heart. On the contrary, you will become humble, patient, reconciled, strong, active, and even glad.

But the necessary condition for this happy consummation is the old, old battle against self. Let us wage the battle against self! It is a difficult battle because it is fought in secret, in the heart, without spectators, banners, and martial music. It is difficult because it is directed against our attractive self, not against a repulsive enemy. It is difficult because it is not a battle of action, but one of endurance. It is difficult because the victory and crown are not for this life, for the conflict ends only with death. It is difficult because the generality of men regard it as a quixotic and unnatural conflict. But it is exhilarating because, as we have tried to explain, it is possible, with God's grace easy, it is physically and morally necessary, useful, noble, elevating, productive of peace; it glorifies God and leads us to eternal joy.

Let us fight this battle against self! With head erect, with eyes aflame, with lips tight, with jaws set, shoulders back, and sinews tense, let us fight the battle of self-conquest to the end! Let us rise superior to crushed feeling! Let us be masters of our soul! Let us keep our head above the clouds which envelop all else! Possibly we have lost everything: fortune, comfort, health, friends. But let us hold fast to our manhood, to our womanhood (the one thing worth holding to) and exult!

Christ goes before you along the royal road of the cross: follow Him royally! He falls thrice: be not surprised if you fall under the weight of

your cross! His Mother comforts Him with her sympathy: do you console Him by suffering with Him! The women of Jerusalem follow Him with lamentations and tears: go you and do likewise! Veronica gives Him a kerchief upon which He impresses a crimson image of His dolorous face: let Christ's spirit be imprinted on your soul! Simon of Cyrene assists Him with His cross: be you another Simon of Cyrene!

# THE WOMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE: AN INSPIRATION TO WOMEN

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, August 16, 1931)

"And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. . . And behold a red dragon. . . stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered; that . . . he might devour her son." (Apocalypse, xii, 1-4).

This parable or apocalypse, call it what you will, illustrates the glorification of Mary at the hand of her Son; and also the power of evil which would destroy Him and her.

I am taking this text today because only yesterday we celebrated the Assumption of Mary, i. e., the taking up of her body into heaven by her Son. Since this is not a dogmatic lecture but rather a practical talk I shall not give the evidence for our belief; but satisfy myself with saying that Mary received such glory from her Son for the simple and profound reason that she was so glorious; her two chief claims to recognition being her divine Maternity and Immaculate Conception.

Protestant poets, like Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Longfellow, and Poe, from some of whom one would scarcely look for Marian devotion, have sung at their tenderest when singing of her.

Such poetic effusions were not mere pieces of sentiment, unfounded in fact. Rather they were the flowering and fragrance of the historical fact and dogmatic truth of her greatness, beauty and goodness. Mother of God and Immaculate Virgin she

was; whose image is calculated to purify, soften and strengthen men and women.

It was the thought of her with the Child in her arms, that begot chivalry in the Middle Ages: arraying all other women in her borrowed splendor and subduing the lust of men. The great Mother, and mothers in general, came to be fused in the mind of Christian civilization; home was created and woman became its queen; childhood was made the center of our religion and civilization, and woman was most intimately associated with the child.

Business, war, diplomacy, government, the arts and sciences, the professions, wealth, social prestige and all the other ornaments and utilities of life are secondary to the child, the mother, the home. If Christianity had done nothing else for the world, it could point to the domestic circle and proudly exclaim: "This is my work!"

While therefore we pause, this evening, to remember and glow over the glory of motherhood in Mary in particular and in all women in general, is it not pertinent to remember that honor is bought only at a high price, that privilege is the reward only of great accomplishment, that deference is due only to exceeding worth; that no degree of feminine beauty and charm will succeed in holding men captive in willing regard, unless true wifeness, motherhood, and childhood, the high and hard price of female exaltation, be kept intact? The so-called emancipation of women is a boomerang to them, because it has emancipated men from the old-time loyalties, chivalric prostrations and unforced deference. Those women who want the new equality with men cannot any longer enjoy their old superiority

to them. They will be treated as equals; roughly, prosaically, without idealism, without quarter.

Mary was mother not only of the body of Christ, not only of His soul, not only of His Humanity; she was mother of the God Christ, not indeed according to His *divine*, but according to His *human* nature. St. Paul, speaking of the Incarnation, says that the Son of God "emptied Himself, taking on Himself the form of a slave." Yes, He emptied Himself of His divinity to assume our humanity, of His eternity to be born in time, of His immensity to be enclosed in a woman's arms, of His wisdom to learn at Mary's knee, and of His omnipotence, whereby He holds the universe like a grain of sand in the palm of His hand, to become a little child, toddling around the floor of the cottage of Nazareth and catching at Mary's skirt to steady His faltering baby feet. He became the Son of Man; she was made Mother of God; and the greatness of His lowering was the measure of her exaltation.

The Immaculate Conception was Mary's preparation for the Divine Motherhood. The Immaculate Conception is often confused with the Virginal Birth. The Virginal Birth refers to Christ and means that He was born of a virgin; that He had no human Father; that His Father was God. The Immaculate Conception does not refer directly to Christ at all; it has reference to Mary and means not only that she was born immaculate, as very likely were also John the Baptist and Jeremias the Prophet, but that she was conceived immaculate; that is, in the very first moment of her existence in her mother's womb she was, by the foreseen merits of Jesus Christ, her Son, through a special privilege of God, preserved from the taint of original sin.

The effect of this immunity was her liberation from what theologians call the "fomes peccati"; the passionate inclination to sin; and again, the result of this (along with her own free choice and the grace of God) was her preservation from all personal sin. Mary never committed any actual sin whether mortal or venial, deliberate or semi-deliberate.

Another attribute which is kin to her Immaculate Conception, and altogether becoming to the Mother of God, was her virginity. Mary was virginal before, during, and after the birth of Christ. She had no other children. The so-called brothers of Christ were His cousins; for it was customary in those days to use the word brother for cousin.

Here, then, in her Immaculate Conception, in her freedom from personal sin and her virginity, we have Mary's pure preparation for the Divine Maternity.

One of the effects of her Divine Maternity was Mary's motherhood with regard to all men. For since Christ was our adopting Brother and her Son in the flesh, it follows that she became our adopting mother. This maternal relationship to men was at least hinted at by Christ on the cross when, addressing His Mother, and St. John, the probable vicar of the human race, He said: "Woman, behold thy son"; "son, behold thy mother."

It was altogether fitting that the Mother of the Man of Sorrows should be the sorrowful Mother; and such in fact she was. When she presented her Child in the Temple the priest, Simeon, said: "This child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce." The



climax of her sorrows was Calvary, where, according to the simple but sublime words of Holy Writ, "there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."

But she also partook of His glories and joys. Perhaps the most rapturous expression of her earthly happiness was her *Magnificat*, that exquisite lyric which thrilled the Judean hills when she paid her visit to her cousin, Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name." The culmination of her earthly joys was her Assumption and Coronation at the right side of her Son in heaven.

Let us recall the words of Holy Writ which the Church puts on the lips of Christ in heaven, welcoming His mother to His celestial abode from the valley of tears: "Arise, make haste my love, my love, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land: Arise, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come."

But there is one other effect of Mary's Divine Maternity of which I should like to speak at greater length tonight: the elevation of the whole female sex through her. That all women have been honored through Mary is obvious. It is equally obvious that as long as women remain devoted to her and her Son, to whom they owe their all, so long will they continue to enjoy their present exceptional social advantages in the world; but if they depart

from her and from Him, thus undermining the very foundations of their exaltation, they will fall back into the pit from which they were lifted by Mary's Son nineteen hundred years ago. That this catastrophe is likely to happen is evident from the moral decadence of the present day.

Speaking of this social canker, Dr. Forster, professor of Zurich University, says: "In literature, in the drama, in the comic papers, and in the fashionable world the seamy side of life is becoming daily less shocking and more popular. Moral sin and moral failure serve to provide material for an heroic pose, while the ten weaknesses of man have become the ten commandments of the new ethic. Pleasure-seeking in the sphere of sex is replacing all social and religious considerations. The artificial restriction of the family is making a rapid conquest, while the facilitation of divorce is looked to as a further means of escape from the great moral problems and responsibilities of marriage. The old idea of loyalty has become a thing of mockery, and sexual purity is looked upon as unhealthy." Tolstoi says, "In these days life is no longer directed by conscience; conscience accommodates itself to life."

George Bernard Shaw treats of the holiest relationship of man and woman with a flippancy that divests it of all sacredness. The Swedish authoress, Ellen Key, says that loyalty should last only as long as passion lasts and that the free-lover may pass on to as many sexual unions as may appeal to his or her erotic emotions, and that a person who feels strongly enough need not ask himself whether he has a right to the feeling; for right and wrong in love affairs are only external forms of slavery. She

speaks to women of "self-realization," "enhancement of life," "soul-affinities," of "the great ever-lasting love," somewhere ahead of them; of "living out one's own life" and of "the foolishness of loyalty in the sphere of sex."

The chief natural-indictment against impurity, that red dragon of ruin, is that it destroys love. Love is the rose and perfume of life. Impurity withers the rose and turns the perfume to a stench. True love and illicit passionate indulgence cannot stand together. Affection, tenderness, exquisite regard, and fleshly excesses cannot co-exist. To be a true lover, one must have something of the angelic about him; he must wear the badge of spirituality; he must breathe the rarefied atmosphere of chastity. Seek gratification of the body, and you smother affection of the heart. Lust, and you will not love. Pander to carnal appetite, and you will stop with the flesh. Be an animal, and you will never experience the cravings of a man. Refuse to deny the brute in you, and you will not realize the divine in you. Heap up in your soul the ashes of uncleanness, and your soul will not shine and glow and quicken with the heavenly flame.

If a young man grossly seeks himself, he will not radiantly find his beloved; if his eyes gloat upon her flesh, they will not see the vision of her spirit enshrined in her flesh; and if he absorbs himself in outward contact, he will never know the rapture of embracing her soul.

Impurity destroys love. It destroys also the beauty of life;—particularly the moral beauty of womanhood.

Purity is beautiful. It is compared to the lily,

whose waxen delicacy and silken whiteness best represent it. "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory!" says Holy Writ. Even the infidel unconsciously admires it. Even the roué, steeped in iniquity, grows reverent and weeps at the sight of it. Even Goethe, whose excesses were notorious, wrote of marital purity: "He whom I find attacking the state of marriage has me to reckon with." We all love children, because purity endues them with the charm of a candid transparency. In particular, without purity the grace of womanhood is incomplete. The power of womanhood lies in that. In pagan times, before womanly integrity of life was considered a virtue, women were shorn of their chief loveliness. The immaculateness of the Mother of God has made her the subject of the artist's brush; and from her time to ours Christian women, arrayed in her borrowed garment of snow, have lent an indescribable attractiveness to life. A maid, in fact as well as in name, commands a willingly professed respect. A chaste wife is the ornament of home; and mother means so much to the child because, to him, mother is without blemish. Take away innocence from womanhood, and home is divested of its beauty; chivalry loses its motive for respect, and one of the chief inspirations of manly chastity perishes. Oh, if men, and especially if women, realized what a glory is falling from their shoulders and from the shoulders of the world when, in the name of liberty of sex, they throw off their inborn sense of shame and affect an unhealthy frankness of sex attitude, they would think twice before taking the step. The world is sordid enough without being deprived of its few remnants of moral idealism. Men have sufficient incentives to sin with-

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out the extra incentive of a relaxed code of womanly virtue. The silken cord of female modesty has held back many a man from the brink of turpitude more powerfully than chains of iron. Oh, think twice, thrice, and a hundred times, you who possess this subtle, feminine forcefulness, before bartering it for an accursed emancipation from restraint. If you do not, he will fall and you will fall deeper than he.

Let us raise our eyes and hands tonight to Mary, Queen of Heaven, with her foot upon the crescent and her head encircled with stars, and borrowing the words of Holy Writ let us say to her: "Thou art all beautiful, O Mary, and there is no spot of sin in thee. Thy garments are like snow and thy face like the sun. Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the exaltation of our people. Thou art the cedar tree of Mount Libanus, the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the lily among thorns. Thy eyes are doves' eyes, thy two lips are twin pieces of scarlet lace, thy mouth a dripping honeycomb, and thy words are sweet. O thou Mother of fair love, be a mother unto us and make our lives wholesome and clean!"

## THE SOWER AND THE SEED: IS CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE?

(Matt. xiii, 24-30)

(Address delivered by the Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J.,  
in the Catholic Hour, August 23, 1931.)

The sower went out to sow his seed; some of it fell on the roadside and was eaten by the birds, some fell upon hard soil, failed to take root and perished; some fell among thorns and the thorns choked it; some fell upon rich soil and brought forth thirty-fold, fifty-fold, a hundred-fold. Christ supplemented this parable by the story of the tiny mustard seed growing up into the wide-spreading tree filled with the birds of heaven.

It is obvious that the sower is Christ and the seed is His Word. According to Christ's own explanation, the devouring birds are the demons, the hard soil are the stony hearts of some men; the thorns are the pleasures and worries of the world; the tiny mustard seed, growing into the wide-spreading tree, is His Church developing through the centuries, and the birds in its branches are the souls of Christian women and Christian men.

One bright morning in spring, Joseph, Mary and the child Jesus went up from Nazareth to the Temple at Jerusalem. The sun shone more brilliantly, the grass was of a more vivid green, birds sang more cheerily, and flowers breathed forth their fragrance more refreshingly than usual for their passing. The Divine Boy speeds along with the alacrity of youth. Joseph feels a new vitality in his veins, and Mary's



heart sings blithely as she goes up the road to the Holy City.

One of the purposes of Christ's visit to the Temple at the age of twelve was to teach and preach. We read in Holy Writ that the Ancients of the Temple, Scribes, hoary with age and dim-eyed with study, marvelled at the wisdom of that Child of twelve. You may have seen the picture of Him—His boyish brow radiant with divine intelligence, His eyes speaking eloquently, His lips rich with inspiration, His finger pointing to the holy text; and those old men enraptured; one holding his chin and stroking his beard thoughtfully, another looking admiringly at the young Templar before him, and still another wondering who this new Teacher can be.

This was Christ's initial effort as a Preacher of the Word. In later years He was to illumine, inspire, and set aflame the populace as He was doing now to this little group; on the Mount of the Beatitudes, amid verdure, flowers, and singing birds; at the side of a stream beneath a blue sky, drawing His illustrations from lilies of the valley and birds of the air, setting forth eternal principles of His Kingdom in simple, compelling words, pregnant with significance; on the shore of the sea, from a boat enmeshing the crowd in the net of His beautiful speech; in synagogues, opening the Holy Book and suffusing its plain text with the golden aura of His explanation; or in the porches of the Temple, with dagger-thrusts of divine vituperation excoriating the guilty, or with sweet words of consolation mending broken hearts and revivifying lost hopes. Afterwards He would magnetize also small groups and individuals—the Samaritan woman at the well; St. Andrew

spending a whole heavenly day in Christ's house, so rapt at His utterances that when he came out into the street, all he could say was: "We have found the Messiah;" Mary, the sister of Martha, sitting absorbed at His feet; Nicodemus with Him at night, listening spell-bound to the story of His Kingdom; and the Twelve at the Last Supper, the night before He died, silent and melted to awe and tenderness by that superbest of all His sermons, the rhapsody on love. Of all this many-colored eloquence of His maturer years Christ gave the world an initial taste in the Temple at the age of twelve, when "all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers."

As a Preacher, Christ never condescended to make a utilitarian appeal. Nor did He elaborate a system of philosophy, like Plato and Aristotle among the Greeks. Nor even in the sphere of conduct was He satisfied with instilling mere natural principles of ethics, with their insufficiency for fallen nature, as were the pagan Stoics and Epicureans. But He drew His lessons from the inspired Book, from supernatural Revelation, with its keener light shed upon human obligations and its more potent helps for those who wish to be good. To crown all, rising above the sphere of mere duty to the higher level of free service, He inculcated the chief lessons of His coming: the love of God and man, enforcing them by a captivating example. And all these lessons Christ taught and exemplified with a natural sweetness, forcefulness, imaginative coloring, warmth of emotion, simplicity and majesty that were surpassed only by the divine power lying behind His human qualities.

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The chief representative and successor of the preaching Christ is the Church herself.

The Church is not an original speaker. For, far from originating anything, she only explains in an impersonal way objective traditional truths. The Church is not a novel speaker, for she delves among doctrines coated with the noble rust of 2,000 years. The Church is not an imaginative speaker, for her purpose is to set forth Christ's teachings with unadorned, but unmistakable, clearness and exactness of expression. The Church is not a speaker with personality, as they call it; for her utterances generally are the composite speech of many sedate bishops. The Church is not an emotional speaker, for her design is not to excite the feelings and persuade to action, but to elucidate texts and convince the intellect. I am referring, of course, to the Church teaching *ex cathedra*, from her seat of infallibility for the whole world. In that capacity she is not precisely an imitator of the preaching Christ, much less a substitute for Him; but she is an interpreter of Him with regard to those parts of His teaching in which, on account of our restricted intelligence, interpretation is a necessity. Hence, her dogmatic statements are pre-eminently clear, pointed and practical; are characterized by majesty, reserve, and unimpassioned dignity and are models of a magisterial and insistent loftiness.

Let us read them and listen to them, not indeed as if they should supplant the natural unstudied eloquence of Christ, but in order that, through their interpretative light, we may come to know what Christ truly meant; so that, safe from the likelihood and danger of misunderstanding Him, we may sit

with the multitude enraptured at His feet, or in the more select company of the Scribes and Priests of the Temple, may allow our minds to be permeated by the radiance, our hearts to be steeped in the unction, our wills to be vitalized by the energy, and our whole character to be sweetened by the kindness which proceed from His sacred heart, through His dear lips, for all those who wish to be enlightened, softened, sweetened, strengthened and enriched.

But someone may say that the prophecy expressed in the parable of the sower and the seed is not true. Christianity has been a failure. The tiny mustard seed has not developed into the wide-spreading tree, filled with the birds of heaven. At any rate its leaves are withered and its branching choir-lofts are vacant and mute.

I answer: Christianity has been a success; the tiny mustard seed has developed into the wide-spreading tree, filled with the birds of heaven; its leaves are luxuriant and its branches are tumultuous with music.

When Constantine won his victory at the beginning of the fourth century, Christianity had developed to such proportions that it became the state religion of the Roman Empire. And its quality was proportioned to its quantity and numbers; for during the first three centuries of the Christian era, it developed some ten million martyrs, who heroically laid down their lives for the Faith. If Christianity had done nothing more than this, it would be amply justified before the world. Some time afterwards the Church sent forth her missionaries to the ends of the earth: St. Augustine into England, St. Patrick

into Ireland, St. Columba into Scotland, St. Boniface into Germany; who brought the northern barbarians into the commonwealth of Christianity. In the fourth and fifth centuries, she confronted the three titanic heresies, denying the divinity of Christ—Arianism, Nestorianism, and Eutychianism—and by impact with those false teachings solidified her own doctrine. People sometimes say it doesn't matter what you believe, it is what you do! But if Christ came down from heaven to enrich us with His wisdom surely it was imperative for the Church to accept it, hug it to her breast, study it, understand it, and express it in clear-cut, concise and imperishable creeds for future generations.

When the Roman Empire fell, the Church saved Europe from chaos. She superintended the founding of the modern states of Europe, she made subjects obey their kings and kings respect their subjects, she reconciled princes, kept order, maintained peace and insisted on the performance of obligations. She saved the ancient learning, opened schools and accustomed people to civil rule. She renewed the whole face of the ancient pagan world, freeing slaves, helping the poor, begging alms for the needy, opening homes for widows and orphans, for fractious boys and uncontrollable girls, and hospitals for the sick. She raised womanhood from the condition of sexual slavery to the plane of honored maidenhood, wifehood and motherhood, gave a rare dignity to the child, created the sweet thing called home, purified worship, mitigated the horrors of war, and lessened the inhuman distance between rich and poor. And if these fair fruits of Christianity are perishing from the earth today, as they



are, it is because Christ and His religion are being given up by His followers.

In the Middle Ages, by teaching the faith, by maintaining a code of Christian morality, by dispensing grace through prayer and sacraments; by inculcating culture in universities like Oxford and Paris; by teaching philosophy and theology through Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, and Bonaventure; by poetry, in Dante and the medieval lyricists; by architecture, as embodied in the Gothic cathedrals; by twenty other fine arts, and by guilds which she instituted for the protection of workingmen, the Church of the Middle Ages, I say, by these and other such means all but realized St. Augustine's dream of the City of God, the United States of Europe.

Moreover, if it be conceded that Christianity has failed to some extent, the failure is not due to Christianity itself, but to men who are free and have chosen to misuse their liberty. Christ gave His beautiful Church to men, saying: "Take it, make the most of it." A most high concession to our dignity considered as free beings! Some men have used the Church and profited by it, some have rejected it and failed; and surely it is poor sportsmanship on their part to blame Christianity for a failure for which they themselves are responsible.

Again, I have heard it said with truth, that those people who are loudest in their denunciation of Christianity as a failure are precisely the ones who have never tried it. They are like men looking at the stained-glass windows of a church from the outside, finding them dark and meaningless. They ought to enter the church and from the inside gaze



at the windows, glorious with rainbow tints, with pictured saints and storied heroisms. In other words, they are critics studying the Church from the outside through the eyes of reason and sometimes even of prejudice. They ought to study it from the inside, also with the eyes of faith and appreciation.

Then they say Christianity is a failure because the number of its members is comparatively small. But it is quality that counts, not quantity and numbers. England has derived more glory from one Shakespeare than from 10,000 ordinary litterateurs; and France from one Napoleon Bonaparte than from 10,000 petty officers. So, too, the Church has been honored more by a few saints than by multitudes of ordinary Christians. Even if, therefore, the Church had not saved and sanctified hundreds of millions of men and women down through the centuries (a contention, however, which I shall not concede) yet we could not praise her enough for the saints whom she has fashioned.

But better than all these arguments from reason and history in defense of Christianity against its enemies is the one derived from a good Christian life in your own person. For Christian morality, virtue, uprightness, character, are the best possible advertisement for the religion of Christ. If you try to be good even your worst enemy will be forced to exclaim: "Ah, in him or her, Christianity has been a success." And if you say to me, "What can I, one man, one woman, do, off here in some obscure corner of the world, utterly unknown, against the serried ranks of the anti-Christian multitude?" I answer: "Great undertakings generally begin at

the bottom and work upward, from the few men and few women below. And you, despite your insignificance, can do wonders if you only have the grit and the grace of God, which surely will be given to you, if you ask for it." The pity of it is, we are not confident enough, we do not dream magnificently, we do not aspire grandly, we have almost forgotten the art of hoping in a godlike way.

Take courage, therefore, from the words of Cardinal Newman on the omnipotence of the individual. "Moses was one, Elias was one, David was one, Leo was one, Athanasius was one. Grace ever works by the few; it is the keen vision, the intense conviction, the indomitable resolve of the few. It is the prayer of the saint, it is the blood of the martyr, it is the momentary crisis, it is the concentrated energy of a look, or a word, which is the instrument of heaven."

And I myself, standing here at the radio tonight, taking inspiration from the words of the great Cardinal, despite my personal insignificance, nevertheless feel the elation of high hope, because while the Apostles of old had to travel far and wide through many years, in the midst of tears and blood, hunger and thirst, persecutions and imprisonment, to preach the doctrine of Christ, to sow the seed of His Word; I, on the contrary, by merely raising my voice, am sending forth winged words which will beat the air of distant states and perhaps far-off continents, fiery darts of inspiration which I trust will pierce to the core of willing hearts, Pentecostal tongues of flame, or if you will, the Homeric "driving flakes of snow," or better still, the tiny mustard seeds which, scattered far and wide, will take root and grow up into wide-spreading trees, filled with singing birds—the

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souls, namely, of Christian women and Christian men, chanting the praises of Christ, the first Preacher of the Word, the first Sower of the seed, the first Planter of the tree.

## THE PARABLE OF THE WARRING KING: THE GREAT ADVENTURE

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, August 30, 1931)

This parable speaking of a King contemplating war says that before engaging in it he ought to weigh its hardships and ask himself whether he has the means of surmounting them.

The parable refers to the war of salvation. The King is every man thinking of leading a good life; the hardships of the war are the mortifications, self-denial and unworldliness incident to the practice of Christian virtue; and the means of success (at least impliedly contained in the parable) are a strong will, God's grace, prayer, sacraments, and most especially the magnetic leadership of Christ, the warring King of Kings, in regard to Whom we, the petty following Kings, must feel the dashing enthusiasm of hero-worship. This is clear; for nothing is more evident from Christ's career than that we are to win the battle of life by following Him with personal devotion. "Without Me you can do nothing." "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up His cross, and follow Me."

Hence in this address tonight (which I shall call "The Great Adventure"), my purpose is to place before you the attractive personality of Christ; in order that respect, admiration and love for Him may induce you to do things which mere right and wrong, mere moral motives, the mere beauty of virtue and the ugliness of sin would never move you to.

Away back in the recesses of eternity the Divine Poet excogitated the Epic of the Incarnation, the Great Adventure, and being a Hero as well as a Poet, He acted it out in time.

No artistic creation of the mind of man, whether poem, painting, sculpture or music, can bear comparison with that Work. Especially the gigantic proportions and warm humanity of the Hero, and the magnitude and romantic brilliancy of His enterprise are unique.

The idea of God becoming a man to captivate men was beyond the wildest poet's dream until it was embodied in a fact. Nothing like the charm of the stable and the crib had ever been thought of until it happened. The triumph of the cross appeared too absurd to be real until it was accomplished. And the shining empty sepulchre seemed as empty as a shining dream until men saw that it was true.

I trust that God in His mercy will vitalize this presentation with His grace, that the Great Adventure will sink into your hearts, and that all of you will fare forth in knightly fashion with the chivalry of Christ for the spiritual conquest of the world.

The psychology of compelling personality and enthusiastic following is exemplified by the military heroes of history: Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, Joan of Arc, Napoleon Bonaparte. Those men and that woman simply said: "Follow me;" and forthwith soldiers, without reckoning the cost of the enterprise or anticipating rewards, left home and all to march under their banners to unknown issues of life and death, wounds, disgrace, glory and imprisonment. Those leaders were demi-gods who wove the web of enchantment around anyone

who ventured into the charmed circle of their spells.

Roughly analyzing their psychic power, their potent magic, I would submit that it was composed of three elements: First, the power of dreaming dreams. Every great doer must first have been a great dreamer. True, a dreamer can be and often is a mere visionary, without issue in practical results. But it is equally true that nobody whose imagination has not first glowed in solitude with the vision of the heights, will ever afterwards do anything worth while. Secondly, practicality, by which they embodied their tenuous dreams in cold facts; a sublime egotism and sort of divine conceit which made them sure of success. Third, a magnanimous spirit of democracy, whereby they forgot their kingly privileges and the exclusiveness of their high estate and placed themselves on a level with their humblest followers.

Joan of Arc at Domremy had her vision of driving the English from her native soil and resurrecting France long before she did the thing in fact.

Napoleon, after the frustration of his most cherished design of transferring a conquering army across the Channel into England, through the disobedience and defeat of his Admiral by Nelson at Trafalgar, without being disheartened for a moment by this reverse, but rather trusting sublimely in his star, forthwith marched into Austria and won the battle of Austerlitz, the most glorious of his career.

When on the thirsting plains of India his lieutenants brought a drink of sparkling water in a helmet to Alexander, the king raised it to his feverish lips, but seeing that there was no water for his men, he



deliberately turned the helmet upside down and pouring its contents on the ground said: "Let the sands swallow it; if you will not drink, neither will I!"

When the Carthagenians were preparing in Spain for their expedition against Rome, while the courtly followers of King Hamilcar kept high festivity, sat down at nightly banquet boards, and stretched their limbs luxuriously on couches of down in silken tents, the young prince Hannibal ate the food of common soldiers and slept with them in his military cloak on the hard ground beneath the frosty sky.

It was through their dreams of conquest, their egotistical certainty of success in practice, and their severe democracy that those outstanding military geniuses of history captivated their followers and led them to fabulous triumphs.

Now Christ was a leader with all their natural charm, without their weaknesses, who for two thousand years has bewitched men with His conjuring wand more magically than they, and showed the way to victories more thrilling than theirs.

And first of all Christ had His visions. During the thirty years spent in the prosaic environment of Nazareth, in His public life, while He preached and prayed to His Father on hilltops at night; in the midst of all this humble plainness of His outward life, His imagination was ablaze and His feelings aglow with dreams of conquest. Alexander's dream was only of a conquered India; Hannibal's, only of a Rome dethroned; Caesar's, only of Gaul, Germany, and Britain prostrate at his feet; Joan of Arc's dream was only of a freed France; and Napoleon's only of a Europe subject to his will. But

Christ dreamed of subduing the whole world, of sending His marshals to the ends of the earth and remotest seas, of battering the gates of Hell, cutting a way to Heaven for Himself and us, building a religious empire, His Church, which would outlast the ages; and most especially of enthroning Himself in the hearts of men. And all this He would do, not by fire and sword, but with the potency of love.

And as Christ *dreamed*, so also He *did*, with a certainty of result which transcends the assurance of the great generals of the world. For, after all, they did not attain to their hearts' desire. Alexander, after sweeping across India to the Ganges and beyond, in ten short years, died of a fever, after a night of debauchery, while still young. Hannibal, after crossing the insurmountable Alps, roaring down into Italy, winning the battle of Cannae, and all but toppling Rome from her seven hills, was recalled, and his native city Carthage was destroyed. Caesar after rushing through middle Europe with his "I came, I saw, I conquered" rapidity of victory, was stabbed to death by Brutus and Cassius at the base of Pompey's statue. Joan of Arc, after freeing France in eight brief months, was burned at the stake in the market-place of Rouen. And Napoleon, after sitting on the top of the world imperially for twenty years, died on a barren rock in the middle of the sea.

But Christ, after His triumph on the hill of Calvary, rose from the dead on Easter morning, mounted to the empyrean on Ascension Day, entered His Kingdom beneath a triumphal arch, and took His place on an everlasting throne.

And what was true of this world's generals, was

more emphatically true of their followers. For most of those did not see the brilliant outcome of their efforts and sufferings. Oh, we behold the mailed soldiers of Alexander marching out of Macedonia into the fabulous Orient, with banners flying, to the sound of martial brass. But how few of them came back to their native land! And down the Appian way, century after century, with flushed hopes went the legionaries of Rome. But most of them left their bones on fields afar. And our own soldiers in our own day, how enthusiastically they left us for "over there," but how many of them are still lying "over there!" No, the path of war is a great white way all paved with the bleached bones of the dead!

But every soldier who partakes in the adventure of Christ will arrive at the goal of success as surely as did the King Himself.

And third, in regard to magnanimous democracy, surely Christ, if anybody, can say that He will not ask us to make any march, to suffer any hunger or thirst, to keep any watch, to fight any battle or endure any wounds which have not been His portion in a superlative degree before us. Christ could have directed the campaign of salvation safely from the ramparts of Heaven. But he came down from the heights and hurled Himself into the thick of the battle; so that now in direst distress we can look at the Cross and take courage from His royal fellowship in arms.

Is it any wonder, then, that when this incomparable Leader stood up before men and said: "I am your King, my purpose is to conquer the whole world, victory is assured, and I will not ask you to do anything that I have not done Myself"—men

were enthralled by His Personality, electrified by the glamour of His enterprise, encouraged by His sublime certainty of success, touched by His magnanimous sharing in their hardships; and engaged in His expedition with heroic abandon? The history of Christianity at its best has been the story of that epical adventure, that romantic march, that peerless Leadership, that hero-worship and reckless following. Martyrs, Apostles, Confessors, Virgins have been the chivalric bodyguard of the marching Christ. Nineteen hundred years have witnessed their exploits; every soil has drunk of their blood; every nation has given its volunteers; and every continent and distant isle of the seas has seen their banners and heard their march.

To the twelve Apostles of Galilee, Christ said: "I am your King, my purpose is to conquer the whole world, victory is certain and I will not ask you to do anything that I have not done Myself." And when the Holy Ghost descended on them on the first Pentecost they rushed forth like streams of water from a fountainhead to refresh the world; like flames from a furnace to warm it; like rays from the sun to enlighten it; like radii from the center of a circle, with no circumference to limit them in their outward rush of apostolic eloquence except the circumference of the earth itself. Peter goes to Rome, James to Spain, Thomas to distant India, John to Antioch, and Paul hurries up and down the isles of Greece, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils distended, his lips burning with the red-hot coals of the Lord and his whole frame tremulous with the electricity of heaven. Like living torches they rush onward, until, consumed with their own swift energy, they fall in gray ashes to the ground.

Their light goes out, their flame expires, but meanwhile the world is ablaze!

In the early days of Christianity martyrs innumerable heard the word: "I am your King," and they followed Him through fire and sword to the kingdom. The grand old Fathers of the Church heard: "I am your King," and, buckling on the sword of doctrine and eloquence, they went out to meet all comers on the field of controversy in defense of Christianity. The monks of the desert hearkened to His call and abandoned the cities of men for the lairs of the wild, where in solitude, fasting, and prayer, they got in touch with God and stormed heaven for the salvation of men. Missionaries of all ages spied His shadowy figure on the horizon of the world and from the seas' ends heard His faint voice calling them; and they went without scrip or purse, to buy back from Satan with the precious coinage of their poverty the lost realms of barbarism and savagery. For nearly 2000 years boys and girls beyond counting, though deeply in love with the charming things of earth, yet have found Christ's spiritual comeliness a greater charm and sold all to follow Him. And so, monasteries and convent cells have meant more to them than palatial homes; coarse habits, than silken robes; plain fare, than festive boards; silence, than music; and solitude, than gay company; because He has been with them. Finally, mothers and fathers of families, young men and women living in the world have learned the Christian art of denying themselves sometimes, even in licit things, and of accepting many an unpleasantness which they could have declined without sin, because their Saviour goes before them in His poverty; and they realize that it is not



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seemly for them, the servants, to live in comfort and luxury while the Master lives in want.

Now this same Christ stands before you here to-night, with the same trumpet call to arms. For Christ is not a myth, but an historical character; not only a past fact, but a present reality. Christ still lives, His army still tramps in serried columns, though unseen and unheard by the generality; and the shock of battle still sounds to spiritual ears. Napoleon once enthralled nations; now he is dead, and nobody would die for a dead Napoleon. But people daily give up all they have and die for Christ. And *you* must either accept or reject His call. You cannot ignore it. An awful responsibility, you say? Yes it is, but also a thrilling one. When you were young, you read adventurous stories and tales of high romance; and perhaps while you read, regretted that the days of chivalry were dead! But the days of chivalry are not dead! The superb Knight, Jesus Christ, still rides plumed. Adventure is still in the air. Today the King's expedition is afoot. Today, *today*, His captains are gathering, His banners are flapping, His trumpets are braying, His cymbals are clashing, His drums are beating, His pipes are shrilling;—and turning suddenly upon you, and looking at you kindly, yes, but also decisively and with a challenge, He asks "*Will you follow Me?*" Brethren, what will you say? What *can* you say but: "Lord, lead Thou the way, and whatever the cost may be, I will follow Thee!"



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# THE PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER: THE EUCHARISTIC SACRAMENT

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, September 6, 1931)

The Eucharistic Feast which Christ spread for His Apostles on the first Holy Thursday night looks more beautiful to us when we contrast it with a banquet to which Tiberius, the Roman Emperor, in all likelihood, invited his followers the same night.

I see an imperial hall: in the center of it a board groaning beneath the richest and most varied contributions of sea, river, mountain and field. I hear strains of voluptuous music and scent dreamy fragrances from the Orient. Senators, poets, orators, generals of armies, matrons and young women are there in their finery. Their eyes shine, conversation flows, wit sparkles, merriment is on tip-toe, and laughter rings.

One would imagine that the Roman sense of dignity would save the feasters from sensuous excesses. But, it is not so. Hours pass on through the night, lights grow dim with the heavy breath of an intoxicated room, music swoons into silence, flowers droop, bright eyes lose their vivacity and brisk tongues thier fluency, the spirit of revelry is stifled, men and women are jaded with the narcotic of pleasure, suffocation becomes general, the last vestiges of propriety disappear, and when the wan light of morning peeps in through the windows, its rays reveal an indiscriminate heap of aristocratic animal-

ity, saturated with the night's indulgence and limp in sodden unconsciousness.

When His time had come Christ bade His disciples go into the city and prepare for the Pasch in a large dining room. "Behold, as you go into the city," He said, "there shall meet you a man carrying a pitcher of water. . . And he will show you a large dining-room, furnished; and there prepare."

The guest chamber, we may suppose, was long, clean and plain. In the middle of it was a table around which were couches. Through the windows Jerusalem could be seen; through the windows came the breezes and glow of sunset to cheer and enrich the interior. On the walls perhaps were pictures reminiscent of the olden glories of the Jews. At the board sat fishermen, rough-hewn in feature and form, and at the head of the table was the Saviour of the world. The love-light is in His eyes, and in theirs; and the very air is vibrant with the spirit of love. The lamb is set down; the wine and bread. And they feast in remembrance of the great night of yore. At the end of the Paschal Feast, He takes bread, breaks and gives to them, saying "This is My body, which is given for you." Then He takes the chalice with the words: "This is My blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins." Each takes a morsel, each takes a sip. John rests his head on his Saviour's breast. Peter is ready for death. Andrew and James cross their hands on their breasts, bowing their heads. The others are rapt. And when all is done they rise silently and go out into the night.

Contrast these two scenes: Rome and Jerusalem—the banquet hall of Tiberius and the Upper Cham-

ber of the Lord. There, is sensuous luxury; here, chaste simplicity! There, the lords and ladies of the Capital; here, plebeians of a despised Province of the East. There, glib lewdness of speech; here, few words. There, indulgence; here, temperate restraint. There, guests sodden unto stupidity; here, guests thrilled with ecstasy. There, after the carousal, men carried to their homes to doze off their satiety; here, men, after the Supper, going forth willing to lay down their lives.

Here we have a contrast indeed between the grossly vulgar and the pure, the inspiring. Here is a feast in its two opposite possibilities; and here, therefore, in the baleful light of a pagan orgy we can better appreciate the contrasting delight of our Eucharistic Feast.

The Eucharist established by Christ at the Last Supper is a sacrament and a sacrifice. Tonight we shall consider it as a sacrament. A sacrament is "an outward sign of inward grace." But the Eucharist differs from the other sacraments in this, that, while the other sacraments are signs only of grace, the Eucharist, in its appearances of bread and wine, and the words of consecration, is a sign also of Christ, the Author of grace, in four states: first, as He was on earth, especially on the cross; second, as He is on our altar today; third, as He is in His mystical body, the Church; fourth, as He will be at His Father's banquet-board in heaven.

"Greater love than this no man hath than that a man lay down his life for his friend." But Christ had such love; for He died for us. Christ died for us; and wished us to remember His death. Christ longed not for honor, wealth, distinction, comforts

and luxury. But He did long for a place in our heart and memory. Just as a great king, the night before a victorious battle in which he foresees his death, might request his faithful followers to keep a yearly banquet in memory of his death in victory, and victory in death; so Christ, about to pass out of life, asked His Apostles, and through them, asked us, to spread a daily Eucharistic Feast in commemoration of His conquest of hell, on the morrow, on the height of Calvary. For when He had given them His body and blood under the two separate forms of bread and wine, He said longingly: "Do this for a commemoration of Me."

Moses, at the point of death on the threshold of the Promised Land, recalling all that he had done for his people, must have wished that they would keep him in mind. Whether he expressed his wish or not is uncertain. At any rate the Hebrews kept the Pasch once a year for centuries to renew the memory of their deliverance from Egypt under his leadership.

Let us not be unmindful of Christ, of whom Moses was only a type. Hence, every time we see the priest place the Host separately upon the paten and the wine separately in the cup, let us remind ourselves devoutly of the wan body of Christ hanging, apart, upon the Cross, drained of its crimson streams to their very fountainhead; and the blood of Christ, shed and poured out, apart, upon the ground, saturating the foot of the Cross.

Many men fail to see the connection between the Eucharist and the Cross. "Why," they say, "should the Sacrament of love, peace and joy be so intimately joined to the tragedy of pain? Why should we grieve at a feast?"

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Christ ordained that the Eucharist should be a symbol of His death. For since the dear Sacrament was bought at a price, and the price of it was the death of Christ, it is only right that the snowy bosom of the Host should be set and adorned with the ruby jewels of His drops of blood.

In human relationships true love has never been disassociated from pain. A genuine lover is never quite satisfied until he has proven his love by suffering. Love without suffering is a soothing comfort, an exquisite luxury, if you will: but love *with* suffering is a sublimity. That sublimity Christ actualized in His life and death. And so it is quite natural that the white Host of loving remembrance should be pierced, as it were, with the blood-besprinkled nails and thorns of Calvary.

“Many there are,” says Thomas a Kempis, “who are pleased to sup with Christ at His board, but few that are willing to carry His cross.” We ought to be worthy of Christ, in some poor way at least. So let us keep two great thoughts in our mind and two great loves in our heart: the thought and love of the Sacrament of Love, and of the Sacrifice of Pain; and let us keep one strong resolution in our will: the resolve to shed our blood, at least in spirit, for our Eucharistic Crucified King.

Second, the Eucharist is a symbol of Christ on the Altar; in other words, It is a symbol of Itself.

For just as we consume the accidents of bread and wine, so we eat the body and drink the blood of Christ. But there is this great difference between material and Eucharistic food and drink, that whereas we change the former into our own substance, Eucharistic feasters on the contrary are



metamorphosed into what they consume. For, as the drop of water poured by the priest into the chalice of wine at the Offertory is converted, in a sense, into wine; so the plebeian nature of man is elevated by the grace of Communion into the divine nature of Christ; we are raised to the condition of God; as St. Peter says, we are transformed and made partakers of the Godhead.

Also, morally, or in a figurative sense, we are converted into the Humanity of Christ. By receiving frequently we learn to see with His eyes, speak with His lips, love with His heart. Our intellect which before was obscure is changed into the radiant intellect of Christ. Our will, which was like wax in fire, is converted into the iron Will of Christ. Our heart, which may have been the receptacle of passionate emotions, becomes instinct with the loves, hopes, sorrows and ambitions of His heart. Our eyes, which may have been avenues for lascivious sights, are lidded with the modesty of Christ's eyes. Our tongue, which was barbed with sarcasms and ironies, is sweetened with the meek graciousness of His speech. Our hands coldly closed to the poor open with the generous beneficence of His hands. Our feet propped in sloth on cushions of down are endowed with the swift energy of His feet. Our whole body and soul are thrilled through with the living energy of Christ; so that we may say with St. Paul, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." We come as weaklings to the table of the Lord and we leave divine; we enter the church as miserable sons and daughters of Eve and we go back to our homes, reincarnated Marys and Christs. As a chrysalis mounts from its wormy shell, transformed, so we rise from the casing of our sensuality to spiritual



heights on the splendid wings of the Eucharistic grace of Christ.

The Eucharist is a symbol of Christ in His mystical Body, the Church.

As the Church is one moral entity, compacted of many members of all nations, climes and times, of many degrees of culture, grades of wealth and classes of society; so the Eucharistic appearance of bread is one morsel, composed of many particles of wheat gathered from a multitude of golden sheaves; and the appearance of wine is one draught, made up of many drops, pressed from grapes gathered perhaps from a number of hillsides of the land.

Now, as the particles and drops, if they were endued with intelligence, would think it an unnatural sin that, though belonging to the one Sacrament of Love, they should nevertheless be mutually discordant; so, if we use our minds, we shall see how unnatural it would be for us, members of one Church, not to live together in harmony. Christ once said: "By this all men shall know that you are my disciples that you have love one for another;" and He instituted His Sacrament of Love immediately before giving His Sermon on Love and making His Sacrifice of Love to remind us by this coincidence in time of our duty as Eucharistic communicants to live with our neighbor in peace. In the early days of Christianity the pagans were forced to exclaim when the Christians appeared: "Behold how they love one another;" and the reason was that the followers of Christ issued from the Catacombs where they had partaken of the snowy loaf and the golden cup of love.

How unnatural and how unchristian, therefore,

it would be for us, who belong to the same Church, who have sprung from the same ecclesiastical Mother, with the same spiritual blood in our veins, educated according to the same ideals, with the same traditions to look back to, living under the same church roof and feasting at the same altar-board, to live together as if we were enemies, with minds mutually antagonistic, with tongues steeped in bitterness or with lips sealed with the silence of uncharity?

Also unfriendliness among brethren is scandalous. As the odor of Christ (which is the perfume of fraternal charity) draws many to the Faith, so, inversely, nothing repels them more forcibly than what may be called, without exaggeration, the stench of dissension among members of one Church.

Hence, if you love Christ, if you do not wish to be accounted degenerate children of the martyrs, if you desire to be genuine members of the one multiform Church, if you propose to profit by the symbolic significance of the Eucharist; learn from the component unity of the appearance of bread; from the component unity of the appearance of wine, to have one spirit with your brethren despite differences of nationality, clime, education, social standing, taste and wealth.

The Eucharist is a symbol of Christ glorified at His Father's banquet-board in heaven. I say a "symbol." For though the Eucharist is a reality, shadowed forth by many figures of the Old Testament, yet in comparison with that super-real feast of heaven, It is only a type. For while now we see, taste and feel Him beneath the Eucharistic veils only by Faith; hereafter we shall feast our eyes up-

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on His risen body, shall feast our mind upon His beautiful soul and, in the radiance of the beatific vision, shall feast on His divinity and be submerged in a rapture of delight. Our dear Lord has given us the bread and wine of earth to remind us of what is yet to come. We ought to avail ourselves of this suggestiveness, because in the valley of shades we need to be encouraged by the thought of the land of light. Hence, whenever we receive Holy Communion, it will be well to recall the words of the hymn which St. Thomas Aquinas sang to the Eucharist some seven hundred years ago:

“Oh Jesus, hidden 'neath the veils from me,  
I pray Thee, let me taste the ecstasy  
Of seeing Thee in heaven face to face  
And swooning, at Thy Feast, in Thy embrace.”

Brethren, we are not destined to go down into blank oblivion after death; nor to puff out ignominiously like a sky-rocket on the ground, all empty and black, after its resplendent flight through the air; nor to fade away like gorgeous clouds at eventide turning to gray mists. But just as in the Iliad the action mounts in a climax to the capture of Troy; just as in the Aeneid, through many tribulations, the hero arrives at the acme of glory in the founding of Rome; so in the epic of life we are to fight onward and upward until, surmounting the parapets of heaven, we capture the citadel of God and win our place at the everlasting banquet-board of the Eucharistic King.

## DIVES AND LAZARUS: INJUSTICE AMONG THE RICH

(Luke XVI, 19-31)

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, September 20, 1931)

“There was a certain rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen; and feasted sumptuously every day.” Gold, jewels, mansions, theaters, regal furniture, hangings of velvet and silk, works of art, flattering companions, yachts, horses, chariots, music, dancing, banquets, flowers and wines:—these were the factors of his life.

“And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, who lay at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be filled with the crumbs that fell from the rich man’s table, and no one did give him; moreover the dogs came, and licked his sores.” Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, poor clothes, empty pockets, sickness and sores, isolation from companionship, homelessness, exposure to ridicule, contempt and neglect;—these were the factors of *his* life.

That contrast between the two was disgrace; an enormous wrong; a sin against nature and religion;—a crime crying to heaven for vengeance. It was a disgrace that one man should live like a god and that the other should live like a brute; that one should feast and the other fast; that one should be clothed in purple and fine linen and the other in dirty rags; that the one should lie on a couch of down and the other on the ground at his gates; that the one should be blanketed cozily on winter nights and the other shiver in the cold; that the one should

luxuriate in the shade on summer afternoons and the other swelter in the heat; that the one should be fawned upon by parasites and the other taken liberties with by scavenger dogs. All that was a shame and a crime. Christ thought it such; and so ought we think.

It was a crime against nature. For all men are equal by nature; and surely some evidence of their natural equality ought to be shown in the world. Men are unequal in talents, manners, personal appearance, education, social standing and success; but they are equal in the possession of fundamental natural attributes. They all have reason, liberty, personality, and a human heart with the same loves, hopes, ambitions; with the same capacity for happiness, with the same sort of bodies and souls. And, I repeat, contrasts between them, such as that between Dives and Lazarus; contrasts which would lead one to believe that they belong to different species of beings, are outrages against nature, and must therefore be abolished.

The points of natural equality between man and man are more important than the points of difference; and therefore in the material environment of their lives men ought rather to *approach* a level of equality than to be separated by very great differences. For, human nature, which all share alike, is the grandest thing in creation, short of the angels and the grace of God. The great Poet exclaims: "Oh, what a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in motion how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god; the glory of the world, the paragon of animals!" And indeed all great

poets, when writing at their best, write of man; of the natural, not the artificial man;—of his intellect, his deeds, his loves, aspirations, exultations and titanic griefs. If they sing of mansions or of hovels, it is because man dwells in them; if of fields, because man treads them; if of oceans, because man sails them; if of great enterprises, it is because these are initiated by man. And man is worthy of their songs; for what scale can measure the height of his ambitions? What plummet can sound the depths of his love? What horizon can enclose the sweep of his gaze? “The good and the beautiful” he longs for; and even when he sins, he sins because he has been deceived by sin under the appearance of “the good” and “the beautiful”; and after he has sinned he lashes himself with remorse and by penance tries to be a man again.

Behold, then, men and women before you in their natural elements, and tell me, is not one ounce of essential manhood and womanhood better than a thousand pounds of the unessentials of life? Is it not more important to be a real woman than a mere lady; to be a genuine man than a mere gentleman? Is not human nature a better thing than worldly standing? Are not the fundamental factors in which all men are alike of greater import than the more or less superficial factors in which they differ? And if this is so, is it not an outrage and a crime that men, equal in nature, equal in mind, heart, liberty and feeling, should be so horribly unequal in the material apportionments of life? That Dives should be clothed in purple and fine linen and feast sumptuously every day and that Lazarus should lie at his gate, starving, repulsive with sores, boon companion of stray dogs? That the whole tribe of profiteers



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should live in luxury while thousands of their equals are living in want? On this point I am with the Socialists. Artificial industrial life has created an economic disparity between man and man which neither God nor nature intended should be. Clever manipulation of the supplies afforded by mother nature to all her children has concentrated them in the possession of the few.

God forbid that I should say that all rich men are open to blame or that all poor men are blameless! No, natural ability, industry, opportunity and thrift have fairly placed some men on top; while laziness, inefficiency, extravagance and hard luck have kept other men down. I speak not of these. But there are those, and hundreds of them, to whom my words apply. And they, the profiteers, are the progenitors of the brood of Bolsheviki, I. W. W., Socialists and Anarchists. We see the world now under threat of fire and sword. Profiteers are responsible; their selfishness, their greed, their adoration of the golden calf, their unscrupulous cleverness. And if they are tumbled from their place they will be getting their deserts.

But the greatest curse of the situation is that decent men are liable to share in their downfall. The storm which they conjured up may overwhelm us all. Profiteers and Bolsheviki will fight, and the upright citizen will feel the blows. It does not pay, therefore, for honest citizens to remain passive in this predicament; but we ought to exercise every bit of our indignant and self-interested energy to make money-grabbers stop their game of wholesale theft before it is too late. Force Dives to step out of his mansion and to invite Lazarus to a place of

decency; force him to eat less so that Lazarus may eat more; to reduce his wardrobe so that nakedness may be clothed; to melt a bit of his silver plate so that Lazarus may have a bit of silver with which to fill his plate; to requisition his high-priced physician less for the cure of his gout so that the hungry man's feebleness may be ministered to; force him to laugh less that Lazarus may weep less; to sing less that Lazarus may groan less. We ought to force Dives to do this because, though Lazarus is poor, ignorant and suffering, he is a man; and "a man's a man for a' that;" and though Dives is rich, intelligent, cultivated and in honor, he is no more than a man for a' that; and between man and man such terribly unmanly difference ought not to be.

Finally, if *we* do not intervene, we have reason to fear that the modern Lazarus, less patient than the original of Holy Writ, will intervene himself; will rise in his wrath, kill, burn and debauch; enter the mansion of aristocracy; strip Dives of his purple, strip himself of his rags and make an exchange; sit at table and elbow the master from his place; eat, drink and carouse; stagger to his feet, lord it over all and then kick the master unceremoniously across his own threshold to a corner at his own gate, to become a new companion for dogs, a new pleader for crumbs. The new Lazarus will do this to the new Dives and what is worse, he will do it to us!

But, you may say: This is an exaggeration; there is no such thing as Dives and Lazarus in modern life.

This is not an exaggeration but a plain fact.

The abundant benefits of Nature were given to man for his subsistence; but they do not get to their destination in right proportions. The sun shines for

all men, yet many men in tenements and hovels seldom see it; the air is for all men, yet multitudes are half-stifled in animal housing; the earth with its grass, trees, iridescent flowers and birds, with its rivers and lakes, smiles for all; yet the children of the dust and ashes would think that you were telling them an impossible fairy-tale if you told them of the joyous beauty of the earth. Wheat fields cover the Continent with an overcoat of gold; yet tens of thousands are singing the "Song of the Shirt:" "Oh God, that bread should be so dear, and human flesh so cheap!" Fruit trees are bending and breaking beneath their weight of luscious crimson and gold; yet few palates are refreshed with their juicy exuberance. Herds of cattle are prolific of hides, flocks of sheep are prolific of wool, yet men innumerable go cold. The supplies are there; but they do not get fairly to all of those for whom they were intended by nature and God. Wholesale criminal destruction of the fruits of the earth by some capitalists who wish to keep up the prices of commodities; cornering of supplies, refusal to ship goods to markets, monopoly price-fixing, hoarding of grain in elevators, and of money in banks;—these and other arbitrary, artificial regulations of industrial life principally account for the fact of Dives and Lazarus in the modern world.

Up to the present we have been considering only Dives and Lazarus. But there is another Figure in this tremendous scene—the Figure of Christ. Let us turn our eyes toward Him; let us see what sort of Person He is, what He says and how He deals with Dives and Lazarus.

Christ was a poor man who could have been rich.

He could have identified Himself with the aristocracy of Rome, the imperial mistress of the world; could have been born in a gorgeous mansion on one of the seven hills; could have consorted with senators, poets, orators, and the scions of patrician families; could have gone down to the market-place, mounted the rostrum and poured forth a flood of eloquence upon the multitude about His Father's kingdom; or at the head of armies, with the golden eagles of Rome glittering in the sun above His head, could have gone forth to Gaul, Germany and Britain, carrying the good news of salvation to the ends of the earth. All this Christ *could* have done. But the most astounding fact in history is that He didn't! For He was born in a stable and raised in a cottage; in His public life He cast his lot with the plebeians of a despised province of the East, with men rough-hewn in feature and form. He preached to them, fed them, wept with them, wearied Himself for them; His garments were rough; His food was plain; and many a time at night, after working all day long, He had to retire to the hill-tops to take His rest on the hard ground in the open air, with the sky for the ceiling of His room, with the stars of heaven as candle-lights to show Him to rest, with a stream for drink and a bush or vine or tree to breakfast from. And after this hard life He died on a cross in a rag and was buried in a tomb that was not His own. This is what Christ did. And if Christ were here today (if we can judge at all what He would do by what He did), He would be among the poor of the city, not among the rich; living in a modest home, not in a palace; eating plain meals, not feasting at banquet-boards; working, not luxuriating in ease. By choice He would do this, in order

that He might give comfort, encouragement, patience and joy to the poor by His example and companionship. He would rather be Lazarus lying at the rich man's door craving crumbs than Dives, seated within amid music, lights, the fragrance of flowers and aristocratic company; feasting sumptuously, conversing brilliantly and arrayed in fine linen and silk. This is what Christ taught by example in regard to poverty and wealth. And if all Christians in name were also Christians in deed they would find inspiration in Him for being poor with pride, and being rich with fear.

Christ stands between Dives and Lazarus. And what does He say to Dives? You can guess what He says. For if *you* are wrought up at the contrast between Dives and Lazarus, judge what must have been the feelings and words of Christ. I see Him walking indignantly toward the portico of that palatial home. He crosses the threshold and breaks into the midst of the festive gathering, unannounced. The guests look up at Him in surprise and consternation; the music stops, and Dives sits in his place, stricken with fear. And well he may! For before him flames the wrath of the Son of God. His eyes are blazing and His lips are hot with eloquence: "Oh, thou hard-hearted man of wealth! Yonder, Lazarus lies starving at thy gates; and thou sittest here in luxury! Wherefore, I say to thee, hereafter Lazarus will rest in the bosom of Abraham and thou shalt be buried in hell. A drop of water will not be given thee and thy sufferings will never end! Now thou art clothed in purple and fine linen; hereafter thou shalt be arrayed in flames; now thou laughest, then thou shalt weep; now thy ears are charmed with sweet sounds, then they shall be assailed with oaths;



now thou regalest thy palate with viands, then thy bread shall be spread with ashes and thy cup shall be filled with tears."

Christ is meek but Christ is terrible. Christ is the Lamb of God but Christ is the Lion of Juda. His lips sometimes smile but His eyes sometimes flash. He pities the unfortunate but hates the oppressor. Dives sits in silent agony. Should he repent, Christ would take him to His breast. But repentance is far from his heart; and Christ, turning, leaves him and makes His way to Lazarus at the gate.

But, Brethren, you may say to me: Are you so credulous as to think the world will listen to your Christian means of economic reform? Yes, I am aware of the world's callousness to the teaching and example of the Lord. One of the paradoxes of Christianity is the obliviousness of most so-called Christians with regard to Christ. Christ stands before men to show them how to live and few consider Him. Isaias said of Him: "A Child is given to us, the Prince of Peace." But, to judge by appearances, the majority of men will not be led by the Child nor accept His peace. They are sufficient unto themselves. They can play the game of life without His direction. He will do for pietists but not for practical men of the world. He is relegated to the Church. He has little place in the office, the workshop, and society. He will do for the moment of death but not for the busy years of life. The thought of Him is to be an occasional distraction from business, a pleasant bit of spiritual sentiment, a casual ethereal indulgence, a rare luxury, like the reading of poetry or the contemplation of the stars; like being impressed by the ocean or awed by a mountain or



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charmed by a strain of music or regaled by the fragrance of a flower! But tell the generality of men that the spirit of Christ is to permeate the flesh and blood, the bone, sinews and nerves of their daily lives in the world, and they will wonder. Tell them that Christ is to be with them when they make love and when they make war; when they dance and when they fight; when they work and when they rest; at their feasts as well as at their fasts, and they will wonder. They forget that Christ went through the phases of a human life to show them how to live. O! if Christ were a vivid reality to us how little hardness toward labor there would be among employers. How little sullen violence among laborers! How little ill-feeling in the home! How little frivolous indulgence among the rich! How little complaining among the poor! If Christ's spirit had been abroad the European war would not have occurred. But because men were too earthly and selfish; readier to make claims than to make concessions; fonder of rights than of charity; more willing to take than to give, therefore, we saw what we saw and see what we see! Christ is the Teacher and Leader of men; and if they will not enjoy His peace they must endure their own wars; if they will not follow Him to heaven they must choose the alternative of hell.

## LAZARUS AND DIVES: INJUSTICE AMONG WORKINGMEN

(Matthew XXV, 14-30)

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, September 27, 1931)

Last Sunday night I spoke of Dives and Lazarus; tonight I shall speak of Lazarus and Dives. Last week the topic was the injustice of some rich men towards labor; now, it is the injustice of some workingmen towards capital.

Let me say at once that I shall not propose a detailed, specialized scheme of industrial reform. For, in view of the futile attempts, made the past two years by specialists, to better our industrial condition, I shall not be so presumptuous as to propose such a cure-all for our calamity.

Rather I shall suggest religious truths with which you are all familiar but which some of you do not practice; truths, as old as the hills; so old that thy are trite; so true that they are truisms. And indeed I see in imagination sophisticated members of my audience raising their eyebrows superciliously at the thought that I am so *naif* as to propose such a cure.

However, I comfort myself with the thought that old things are not contemptible simply because they are old; nor new things desirable simply because they are new. Indeed the chief value of an idea does not consist in its novel appeal to the intellect, but in its applicability, through the will, to practical issues. Now my truths, if anything, are practical. They renewed the face of the earth

nineteen hundred years ago; they are inoperative now not because they have lost their savor but because they are neglected by men; and if they are practiced again they will restore peace. So without further ado, imitating our Saviour's attitude toward Dives and Lazarus, I would address the rich and poor of today.

To the rich I would say: See to it, men of wealth, I beseech you, that, if there be any element of Dives' character in your heart, you remove it immediately lest you share his fate. You cannot afford to trifle with Christ's poor. The poor are the apple of His eye. But if you are just and generous to them be comforted; for on the last day He will say to you: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; . . . naked, you covered Me; sick, you visited Me. . . . As long as you did it to one of the least of My brethren, you did it to Me."

And that you may use your wealth aright, remember that getting rich is not "the be-all and end all" of life; that the immoderate love of money is the root of all evil; that it is harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle; that you hold your wealth not for your own exclusive advantage but also as God's almoners for the poor. Remember that your greater opportunities place greater obligations and responsibilities upon your back; that the poor are your equals in the Kingdom of God and ought not to be treated as enemies; that generosity rather than bare justice ought to characterize

your dealings with them; that, if you resolve only to be fair, you will not be fair; that you must aim above the bull's eye, to hit it; that you must be willing to do more than enough in order that you may do enough; finally, that the contentment of a community is infinitely more important than any man's personal enrichment; that the promotion of community contentment is an object worthy of the best ambition of the best of us. Of course it requires a sacrifice, but it is worth the sacrifice.

Moreover, Lazarus has a right to a living wage; to the necessities, comforts and some of the luxuries of life. He has a right to an education because without it he can hardly succeed in life and because a fair amount of knowledge, considered even as a luxury, is his due; because he has a mind. He has a right to amusements; for he is not a machine, destined exclusively for work, but a man with a God-given capacity for enjoyment; besides, work of high quality is impossible without recreation. He has a right to a home of his own and to the wage necessary to obtain it; for, life without home is a travesty on life. Lazarus has a right to this moderate degree of earthly happiness because a good Providence intends him to have it. At God's bidding, Mother Nature, with profuse generosity, pours from her teeming sides exuberant supplies for all men. Last, not least, Lazarus, besides being your equal in nature, is your equal in the commonwealth of Christianity. For the Saviour of the world died for him as well as for you; he and you are equal children of Our Father in heaven; both of you are equally destined for blessings after death; and it is not right that equals in this sublime spiritual brotherhood should illustrate

in their earthly careers the basest kind of inequality: that one of you should wear the trappings of excessive wealth and the other should have stamped upon his free brow the stigma of economic slavery.

To the poor I would say: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven"—hereafter, and also here, in the form of peace, good conscience, friendship with God and with their fellowmen in the form of freedom from the sordid lust of gold and from that vulgar tone of life which the possession of gold too frequently imparts.

Remember that moderate means are safer and more productive of happiness than great wealth, and that, while the poor carry the burden of want, the rich carry the equally heavy burden of wealth,—the burden of nerve-racking energy in acquiring it, of worry in managing it, of fear of losing it and of the certainty of being parted from it on the last day of their life. Remember that the laborer's life is dignified, that work is noble, more refining, more manly than luxurious ease; that sweat is honorable, that calloused hands are things to be proud of and that the wielding of axe, hammer and pick for the support of wife and children is as worthy of a man as the wielding of pen or sword or artist's brush or judge's gavel or surgeon's knife or marshal's staff.

Moreover, you may strive to become wealthy by every fair means at your disposal. Trade-unionism, partial governmental regulation of wages, prices and incomes; profit-sharing; governmental regulation of trusts and publicity in regard to their methods of operation; a graduated income-tax,



accident and health-insurance, unemployment insurance, mothers' pensions and old age pensions;—these and other like means of bettering the conditions of the poor lie within the sphere of rectitude, and you may employ them to ameliorate your lot.

But have nothing to do with unjust methods of becoming rich. Therefore avoid the brood of Bolsheviki, I. W. W., and Socialists who are bringing chaos into the world. The profiteer is bad; the radical Socialist is as bad, if not worse. The disease of poverty in the world is lamentable; but the cure of communism is worse than the disease. And if every decent man, perforce, grows eloquent against profiteers he must likewise vent his wrath upon radical laborers. For radical laborers are men of perpetual unrest, storm-centers of discontent, avowed believers in the necessity of class-enmity, denouncers of the right of private property, propagandists of the false theory that the whole exchange value of things in industrial life is derived from labor; believers in the industrial equality of all men; promoters of governmental ownership of all capital and, by implication, destroyers of personal initiative, ambition and energy. They are men (many of them, at least, as we see in the case of the Bolsheviki), who are evidently opposed to all sane government, who revel in slaughter, who elaborate their plans and spread their inflammatory doctrine secretly, underhandedly, and sometimes openly, as they are now doing in America; who do not wish to approximate the wealthy nor even to equal them but wish to pauperize them that they may enrich themselves; who are battenning on the carcass of Russia and



picking her bones and would like to feast on the juicy flesh of America. They are men who, like the I. W. W., tried to block our war, played into the hands of our enemies and embarrassed the President;—men of no patriotism and no religion. They are men who frequently have been abusing instead of using their right to strike; who enter unions—which is right,—but prevent decent non-union men from working—which is wrong; who oftentimes deliberately limit their output of energy instead of working industriously, even in cases where wages are adequate. They are men who are not reasonable but greedy; not fair but exorbitant; who want, not all they need and deserve, but all they can get; who grow in selfishness as the employer grows in generosity, and, considering each concession as a sign of weakness, try to brow-beat and bully him for more and more.

Now all this is wrong. It is wrong to say that the whole exchange-value of articles in industrial life is derived from labor and that the only just title of possession is labor, spent upon things one possesses. For, such things have a use-value, an inherent value of their own which evidently influences their exchange value; for example, the inherent value of diamonds and gold in the rough. Also, the scarcity of things, the demand for them, the novelty of them bear upon their exchange value. Finally, squatters' occupancy can give one a title to land. The squatter obtains a right to the land he fairly occupies because Nature may be supposed to give her benefits on the principle: "First come, first served." He has a right to the capital derived from the land and to rent from the land and to interest on the capital, even though he

do no labor; and he has the right of handing on these possessions to his descendants. Yes, capital has its rights as well as labor; and we must respect them as well as the rights of labor.

Another cause of complaint, from the conservative rich against the radical poor, is directed not, indeed, against unions and strikes, but against the abuse of them. The right to organize and strike is a natural right. Individual workmen are powerless in the hands of the magnates of industry. Union is the only natural means which they have of dealing efficiently with employers. Unions, like every other human organization, have at times done wrong; but they are inherently legitimate. Besides, capitalists have deflected from rectitude as often as union men. Strikes too are just. For in the same way as an employer may refuse to engage a man, so the man may decline to work; and if one man may withhold his services, so too, under certain conditions, may a body of men. A well-organized system of unions will contribute to industrial peace. Peace is a balance between forces; not a state of numb passivity on the one side and of irresistible power on the other. Balance unionized labor over against capital, and peace will reign. Mutual respect for each other's rights and strength will keep the two competitors from unjust aggressiveness. But make capital omnipotent, strip labor of its rightful power, and tyranny will reign; and tyrannical rule has always been the worst provocation to war. Labor cannot browbeat capital; capital cannot browbeat labor, except at the cost of banishing peace from the earth. Shortly before the dawn of the nineteenth century, striking was made illegal in England. About 1830 it was

legalized. A tendency to illegalize strikes in this country is manifest in the drive for company unions. Let laws be made, if necessary, to prevent excesses in strikes and great inconvenience to the community. Let laws be made to anticipate conditions which precipitate strikes, but do not legislate unions and strikes out of existence. And if it be necessary to legislate against workmen for the common good, let that legislation be accompanied by a simultaneous and parallel legislation against their competitors, the capitalists.

But the abuse of unions and strikes is quite another thing. Many conservative rich men think that the rights of unionism have sometimes been over-emphasized. Workmen, they say, are always clamoring for a living wage. Some of them ought to do a live man's work for the wage. Workmen harp on their rights; some of them ought to meditate more profoundly on their duties. Unions suppress the energy of their abler members to equalize them with the less fit. They dictate to employers and handicap them in their efforts to do things quickly and well. Union men strike, even when wages are fair, with little regard for the sufferings caused by strikes to the community. Indeed, sometimes, of set purpose, they make the community endure privations in order that through the community they may aim a more effective blow at employers. They are trying to impose on employers the tyranny of the walking-delegates whose business seems to be to create dissatisfaction among workingmen. They strike, which in some cases is right; and then prevent others from taking their jobs, which is wrong. It is wrong because, just as workingmen ought to enjoy liberty of action in

quitting, so their substitutes ought to enjoy liberty of action in replacing them. They perpetuate class hatred and civil dissension. They force men in secrecy and by intimidation to join in a strike.

Sometimes Socialists say: "Christ was a Socialist!" Nothing is farther from the truth. Christ became a poor man; He loved the poor; preached a doctrine favorable to the poor; warned the rich; descanted on the excessive danger of wealth; and invited His followers voluntarily to detach themselves from their riches and distribute them among the poor. But Christ did not *oblige* them to do this. He spoke of the blessedness of giving, but never denied the right of acquiring, possessing and retaining. Christ was a democrat, but not a Socialist. He did not countenance excessive privilege, but He stood up for personal liberty. In recognizing the Seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," and that other prohibition of the Old Testament, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; nor his house, nor his field, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his," He recognized the right to private property. The ranting, soap-box oratory of Socialistic fanatics has not the slightest justification in the calm, well-balanced teaching of Our Saviour on the subject of temporalities.

In regard to the community-possession of the early Christians, observe first, the early Christians were not commanded, but were only counselled to hold their possessions in common; second, they were so holy that, without the incentive of obtaining private property by their labor, they worked energetically to acquire the necessaries of life for

themselves and their families, purely for the love of God. Such ideal conditions are not universal today and men still need the spur of the right to acquire and possess property, to induce them to provide properly for themselves and their children on earth in preparation for Heaven.

Be just, workingmen, be self-possessed, be wise! Do not let agitators get hold of you. Do not spoil your excellent claims by mixing them with false principles. So long as you keep aloof from the red flag, you will have the public and the Church with you; and these are powerful allies.

The public are brainy men and women of the middle class, neither capitalists nor laborers; for example, lawyers, doctors, surgeons, clerks. They have been suffering most from the war which you have been waging with capital. Their living costs have mounted; their salaries have not increased. You and capital are their servants; for both of you have undertaken to supply their needs. Do not make them your servants. Do not assume mastery over them. Do not make them suffer by your battles and victories. They are getting disgusted with the eternal conflict by which they are being oppressed, but by which they do not gain. It is all-important to your success to have their sympathy. Do not change their sympathy into hate.

And the Church! The Church has no civil or military power. But she has a moral power which is tremendous. For she represents Christ. She is above the suspicion of partiality. She is endowed with the practical wisdom of the ages. She is a world-power, in touch with workmen all over the globe and acquainted with their cause. She is, like



Christ, particularly sympathetic with the poor and oppressed because the poor need her sympathy more than the rich, because the poor ought to be better off than they are, because her members are mostly poor.

If you keep aloof from the red flag, the public and the Church will be with you. But if you follow the red flag, you will alienate the sympathy of the public and the Church. You cannot afford to barter their aid for the empty and destructive promises of demagogues. Now is the time of the testing of spirits. Radical promises may tempt you; the weariness of the struggle for right may tire you; the indifference of many to your claims may disgust and discourage you. But do not lose courage. Carry on with the arms of truth, justice, moderation, and charity under the banner of the Workman of Nazareth.



# THE PARABLE OF THE HOUSE BUILT ON THE ROCK: THIS REPUBLIC

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, October 11, 1931)

This parable illustrates the firmness of a life built on faith in the teaching of Christ; and the insecurity of a life that is not. But besides this literal significance, the text has an accommodated meaning, as it is called. An accommodated meaning is one which a text strictly does not possess; but which nevertheless is applied to it with a degree of appropriateness on account of some practical lesson which we wish to draw.

The accommodated sense which I wish to take tonight is that of civil government, which so long as it rest on the foundation-stone of a wise constitution and the good will of the people, will be safe from the tumult of the multitude; but which, if it lacks that foundation, will fall to ruin.

And I think I am justified in taking this meaning because at the present time our Republic is in danger, and every man ought to try to help it.

Undoubtedly there are thousands of men in the country now who would like to see the overthrow of this Government. Some are rich men who are trying to control the Government by wealth; and some are poor men who are looking forward to the coming of the Bolshevik regime.

But thanks be to God there are other and more thousands, yes, and millions who, despite all they

have been suffering the past two years, are convinced that next to Religion, the present Government is the best protection of our Nation and are resolved to stand by it at any cost. It is for their comfort and strengthening that I speak tonight.

And the first point I would make is that civil government is from God and is backed by His authority. Men enter civil society not freely, but through natural necessity. Look at our cities. Buyers depend on sellers, sellers on buyers. Employers depend on workingmen, and these on employers. Capital depends on labor and labor on capital. Neighbors depend on one another by a natural necessity. Now since what is from the law of nature is from the God of nature, civil society is from God.

But civil society is impossible without authority. If only two men live together, there springs up between them a whole series of relationships. Each man has a right to live, to be free, and to seek his happiness. Therefore, every other man is under the obligation of respecting these rights. But besides these three clear fundamental rights and obligations, cited by our Constitution, there are multitudes of other rights and obligations which cannot be easily defined by even the most judicial and discerning minds. Moreover, most minds in society are not judicial and discerning, but obscured by prejudice and personal self-seeking. Hence there will be as many opinions as minds on the subject of rights and obligations in the community, and if each member of the community be allowed to follow his own opinion, pandemonium will reign. It is clear, then, that, since God wants

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peace among men in the society which He wishes to exist, He must also want civil authority along with the obligation on our part to obey it, so long as it keeps within the bounds of its rights. On this account Christ said: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

What, therefore, shall we think of demagogues who preach an unqualified sovereignty of the people? In a certain sense the people rule and the ruler serves. The authority to command comes to the ruler through the people; they elect him; in certain circumstances they can depose him; they set the ordinary length of his tenure of power; he must govern according to the Constitution which they have accepted; he is in office for the express purpose of advancing their interests; they have a right to express their wishes to him, and he must accord them due attention and respect. In this sense the people rule; the ruler serves. In this sense we are a government of the people, by the people, for the people. But in another sense the people serve, the ruler rules. For since all authority comes from God, as soon as they elect a man, he is clothed in God's authority; and as they must obey God, so they must obey him, according to republican requirements. Hence the wickedness of demagogues who flatter the conceit of the people with unqualified catch-phrases expressive of a sort of popular sovereignty which simply does not exist.

The most dangerous element of all are the Bolsheviks who would destroy this Republic by force. A revolution is sometimes permissible. When a government utterly fails in its office of serving the people, when all peaceful means to better condi-

tions have been tried in vain, and there is no further hope of civil reform, when all the people spontaneously call for a change in government, when they are resolved to limit their use of revolutionary violence as much as possible and are justified in their hope of replacing the old with a new and better form of rule; then and then only is a revolution justified. Then it is justified. For since the only purpose of civil rule is the welfare of subjects, if it fails entirely in that respect it has no reason to exist. But only then is a revolution justifiable. For since peace and prosperity are very desirable things upon earth and since the State is the best natural means of maintaining them, it follows that the most stringent conditions are required to justify the forceful abolition of a State.

What, therefore, shall we think of a handful of agitators who presumptuously imagine that they are voicing the will of the people in calling for a violent change in this Republic, which, though very imperfect, has been serving the people well, which can be cleansed of its defects by ballots without bullets, which cannot be attacked by them with any hope of success nor replaced by any government half as good. We have such fanatics in our midst;—men who would, if they could, wreck the majestic structure of the Republic—a mansion conceived by the brains of statesmen, built with the sweat of patriots and cemented with the blood of soldiers. Yet despite this menace there are rich men among us whose attitude seems to be: “So long as our coffers are filled let the Government be hanged!” Fools, do they not realize that they will be first to be pulled down from their gilded, be-

jewelled pedestal by iconoclasts if the temple of Columbia is sacked? There are others who, though they love their country, are passive because they imagine that our liberties will take care of themselves. They will not! Everything of value must be preserved at a price, and our liberty, the most precious thing we possess, must be preserved at the price of eternal watchfulness. When prosperity attends us there is not much danger from revolution. Revolution has its opportunity in times of stress. Such a time is upon us now. Hence the sinews of our souls must be tense with watchful energy these days, lest sacrilegious hands be laid on the altar of our liberties. I am not an alarmist; but rosy optimism is as bad as pessimism. I am not indulging in rhetoric, but expressing sentiments of love tinged with fear. The safety of a republic depends more on the people than on the ruler,—on their jealous love of their country. Let us therefore take our stand against Bolshevism. Let us be obedient, loyal and reverent to the Government, being convinced that obedience is the best preservative of liberty, that loyalty is the finest manifestation of independence, and that reverence has always been attendant upon true freedom of thought, sentiment, and deed. Chiefly with us, the people, rests the safety of the Republic. Let us rise to a sense of our responsibility, let us appreciate the dignity of our office, let us carry the burden of our charge.

From such enemies the civil authority must preserve us; but in order that we may profit by its protection, we in our turn must submit to the civil authority. For this reason I can commend nothing more insistently to my fellow-citizens at the present time than respect, love, obedience and loyalty



to the Constitution—to the Government. By this Republic we stand or fall. Whatever we have we owe to it. In it are placed our firmest hopes. Its liberties were purchased for us by the precious blood of the Revolutionists and preserved for us in the late war by the no less precious blood of our boys. Let not their blood have been shed in vain! Any man coming to our shores from foreign soil is taken to the bosom of Columbia; warmed at her mother's breasts and nurtured by her milk. He is an ingrate and a matricide of the blackest dye if he raises his hand against her. A democratic form of government is emphatically not a communistic form. Republicanism is not Socialism. Liberty is not license. Obedience is not slavery. Authority is not tyranny. Popular rule is not mob rule. Equality before God and government does not imply economic equality, equality of individual ability, equality in material possessions. Under our Government equal opportunities are given to all; but at the same time exceptional ability, industry, and thrift are allowed their just rewards. Columbia will help the needy, but she will not unduly handicap the efficient. She would like to see among her children less diversity of wealth than at present exists, but she will not be generous to the poor by being unjust to the rich. Differences between man and man always have been, are, and by the law of nature always will be—differences in native forcefulness, intelligence, ambition, and initiative; differences in devotion to duty, in application to tasks; differences in thrift and in the ability to seize opportunities. Columbia recognizes these and she will never submit to the demand of radicals that she should withhold from merit



its deserts, penalize genius, and put a premium on inability and sloth. She will not harness race-horses with draught-horses nor reduce the speed of flying chariots to the movement of lumbering carts. This would be unjust; and men who ambition such equalization at her hands, prove by their ambition that they do not understand the elementary principles of democratic government.

Second, if I may address the generality of American born, I would say that there has been a prevalent disposition among many of us of late to tamper with the Constitution, to forget American traditions, to think ourselves wiser in our generation than the founders of the Republic, to ambition civic innovations and to imagine that every suggested change in our national life is desirable simply because it is new. We have been witnessing marvelous changes in the scientific and industrial world; and by an illogical comparison we conclude that government also, like science and industry, ought to be changed. Let us not be tamperers; let us not belong to the ignoble group of meddlers; let us regard sacred things with reverence. Gladstone said that our Constitution is the most wonderful document ever written at one time in its entirety. Let us kneel with devotion at its shrine! People who, even with good intentions, are working for changes in our system of government, are unwittingly playing into the hands of radicals, aiding the cause of revolution, and feeding fuel to the spirit of unrest by exemplifying in their own lives an unhealthy love of novelty.

Now, of all times, when the whole world is in commotion, we ought to be conservative. Abraham

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Lincoln said: "Never swap horses while crossing a stream;" and I say: Do not make changes in the middle of a swirling current of civic unrest. Wait till you arrive at the firm bank of normality, before making a change. For you ought to know that agitators take advantage of a people's nervous tension and strain to innovate in the body politic. When equable and calm, we look before we leap; generally after looking do not leap. But when we are disturbed in the midst of chaos, we are open to the influence of radical reformers, who preach extreme measures for the removal of chaos,—a cure which is worse than the disease. "Do not make many new laws, but enforce old laws," is a wise maxim. And a wiser one, it seems to me, is: Do not readily modify the Constitution, but study it, understand it, love it, preserve it, enforce it. A constitution, after all, is supposed to be the one permanent thing in a government. Presidents may come and presidents may go. Old laws may fall into desuetude and new ones arise. New races may come to our shores to inoculate the nation with their foreign blood; the original stock may perish utterly. But the Constitution, through all these vicissitudes, like a rock placidly immovable for a thousand years in the midst of boiling waters, must remain the same, at least essentially the same, now and forever.

And since liberty is the base of our national being, nobody must be allowed to meddle with personal freedom in favor of State autocracy; or with State freedom in favor of federal assumption of power. A nice and exquisite balance must be struck between liberty and authority. Too much liberty is license; too much authority is tyranny.

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Now, a democracy is the most delicately adjusted form of government, because the balance of which I speak is most imperative in democracies; and therefore most delicate, reverent, and circumspect must be the man who shall presume to lay his hand on the machinery of democratic government. Oh, the scientific care, ethical wisdom, deep political foresight, and parental love with which the founders of our Republic formulated the various provisions of the Constitution! They did not write it overnight. They weighed every word of it; they consulted about each phrase; they prayed, most likely, over its every paragraph. They knew the possible excesses into which we, their children, would be tempted to run, and they provided against them by the golden moderation of their immortal instrument.

It seems to me, therefore, that, on an occasion like this, we ought to take the high resolve to hold fast to the Constitution, to moor ourselves to the best traditions of America, to be suspicious of the spirit of change, to weigh the advisability of new legislation, new alliances, new foreign entanglements, new constitutional amendments, new Leagues of Nations, new World Courts, new Navy Parleys, new political views;—in a word, to fear a new America built on the ruins of the old; to fear a counterfeit which would replace the genuine; to fear and reject the gilded brass which deceivers would have us accept in exchange for our pure gold.

Finally, rich men must stand by our government. The reason why the French people broke out in their bloody Revolution was that the privileged

few had been making the life of the many intolerable. The wealth of the classes and the poverty of the masses have been at the bottom of well nigh every revolution in history. For rich men quite generally in the past have had too much influence in civil government by virtue of their wealth.

Now this preferential influence is not right. Our Government is not communistic; but it is also not aristocratic. The few ought not to try to control it. Those who by means of wealth, or by any other such means attempt to do so, do not love their country; for they are endeavoring to break down the democratic form of government. They preach unctuously of the danger of Bolshevism to the State and forget that they themselves are a danger to the State. A temporary advantage will be gained by monopolizing power, but the loss to democracy will be great. If you love the Constitution, use your power moderately, men of wealth! Maintain the spirit of the Republic. Strive that new legislation may be just, not partial. Convince the observant public that the general welfare is not less important to you than your personal advancement. Do this, and the world will applaud you as defenders of democracy, as haters of revolution, and therefore, as promoters of economic peace. Refuse to do this, and the world will justly charge you with attacking the democratic spirit of Columbia. All of us want peace. All of us are fully aware that good government is a most efficient means of procuring peace. Therefore, let us pray God, work hard, sacrifice ourselves and emulate each other in the high desire that this "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth!"

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# THE PARABLE OF THE SHEEP AND GOATS: THE JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, October 4, 1931)

“Vexilla regis prodeunt  
Fulget Crucis mysterium.”

How many times in Holy Week these glorious words of the Latin hymn have thrilled us in the shadow of the Cross!

The coronet of thorns, the armorial bar of the spear, the heraldic device of the inscription on the cross, and the royal red of Our Saviour's blood,—these form the coat-of-arms of Christ upon the banner of the cross, flapping for two thousand years from the hill of victory over the plains of the world!

“Christ shakes His banner from the flag-staff of the Cross, Emblazoned with His sufferings which mend our loss.”

Today in the world the cross is paramount. You cannot down the cross. It seems to tumble from its place with the shock of enemies at its foot; but look up again, and lo, from amid the storm-clouds rolling away, it stands erect shining in the sky! At birth we are signed with the cross. In death its image lies on our breast. It hangs on the wall at home, it looks down on us from the altar of God, it is the red sign of the hospital, it is imaged in the hilt and blade of the sword, it surmounts the

crowns of kings and queens. And on the last day of the world the cross will be in the heavens. "And the kings of the earth will reverence it, the proud men of the earth will fall down before it, and the enemies of the cross will lick up the dust." But those who love the cross will exult. And the phalanxes of the just with the cross above them, Apostles, battalions of red-stoled martyrs, companies of virgins in white, and confessors innumerable, to the sound of the military music of Heaven, will march into the City of Eternity, beneath the triumphal arch of victory, chanting in multitudinous harmony:

"Christ shakes His banner from the flag-staff of the Cross,  
Emblazoned with His sufferings which mend our loss."

Christ Himself describes the day of doom, the day of His victory contrasting so vividly with the day of His defeat on Calvary.

In St. Matthew we read: "When Jesus was sitting on Mt. Olivet, the disciples came to Him privately, saying: Tell us . . . what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the consummation of the world? And Jesus answering, said to them: . . . nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be pestilences, and famines, and earthquakes in places: Now all these are the beginnings of sorrows. . . . And immediately after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heaven shall be moved: And then shall appear the sign of the Son



of Man in heaven; and then shall all tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty. And He shall send His angels with a trumpet, and a great voice; and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens to the utmost bounds of them. . . . And all nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left."

In order that this panoramic description of the Last Day may produce in our souls the wholesome fear of God's Judgment which Christ wished to arouse, let us consider: what precedes the Judgment; the Judgment itself; and what follows it.

According, then, to the testimony of Christ Himself, the sun will be darkened, the moon will become like blood, stars will fall from heaven, the earth will quake, volcanoes will belch forth their fires, rivers will leave their banks, oceans will flood the lands, pestilences will scourge the people, wild animals will hurry from their forest fastnesses in trepidation for comfort to the habitations of men, children will lament, wives will cling to their husbands, and husbands will blanch with unearthly dread of the things that are to come.

Then from the four quarters of heaven a conflagration will sweep across the earth, drinking up seas, rivers and lakes, blackening the green beauty of hills and fields and wiping out the habitations of men,—the hovels of the poor and palaces of kings.

And when all living things are destroyed, the

heavens open and an Angel of the Lord comes, trumpeting the dead back to life; and at his call the earth and sea give up their dead.

Come with me for a moment to the place of tombs and see two men, a saint and a sinner, rising from the dead. There they lay, side by side, for years, alike in the drab desolation of the grave. But now how changed they are! For the just man springs like a lily; and the sinner like a rank weed from the sod!

Now raise your eyes and see the scene of Judgment Day in its sublime expansiveness. See the billions and tens of billions of men and women, just risen from the dead, in their first awed experience of this new life; the strangest of all strange hosts, seeming to stretch out to infinity, as still as death, paralyzed with fear, in the dread silence of expectancy! At a sign of command from the empyrean they begin to move; then hurry on like ghosts, kings running side by side with slaves, and queens with serving maids, to the fated valley of Jehosaphat. Here, when all are shepherded, an angel with a wand, like a flash, separates the good from the bad; the good he places on the right hand; the bad, on the left. Then the white throne is set in readiness for the King.

For a moment before the coming of the King, the wicked look across the intervening space at the good and grieve at the contrast between them and themselves. According to the Book of Wisdom: "They are troubled with terrible fear and are amazed at the suddenness of their unexpected salvation; saying within themselves, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit: 'These are they,

whom we held some time in derision, and for a parable of reproach. We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints. . . . What hath pride profited us? Or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us? All those things are passed away like a shadow . . . and we, being born, forthwith ceased to be and have been able to show no mark of virtue; but are consumed in our wickedness.' ”

But the time for remorseful reflections is brief. Suddenly the heavens open, and the Son of Man comes with His Angels in the clouds of heaven to pronounce judgment on mankind. Oh, the joy, touched with fear, of the just! Oh, the dread of the wicked! “Let the mountains cover us,” they exclaim. For Christ is marvellously changed! On the first Christmas night He came in weakness and poverty; but now His advent is in might. Imperial Rome and Greece would have nothing to do with Him. Now, they would grovel and lick His feet. Through the centuries the great world of war, civil government, society, science, education, and wealth looked down superciliously on Him and His old-fashioned Church. Now, it looks at Him with awe and dread. For that head that was crowned with thorns is circled with a nimbus of light; those eyes that were dimmed with the death sweat, with blood and with tears, flash lightnings from the sky; those lips that were dumb in defeat will soon be eloquent with wrath; those ears that were offended with insulting oaths are regaled with angelic choring; those hands and feet and side which were pierced, shoot forth five flashes of crimson; and

that body, in which says Isaias: "There was not a sound spot from the crown of His head to the soles of His feet," is bathed in a halo of golden mist! And His Cross is there, not blood-stained, but effulgent! And Seraphim and Cherubim are adoring, instead of Pharisees and soldiers mocking him! "O God," the sinner cries, "what a change!"

Christ takes His place on the throne. The Book of Life and Death is opened. In a moment of divine intuition He reads the records of the world. The Book is closed;—and the Lord stands to pronounce the sentence of eternity.

Turning first to those on His right hand, with a look of infinite benignity, He says, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink: I was a stranger, and you took Me in: naked, and you covered Me: sick, and you visited Me: I was in prison, and you came to Me." And when they say: "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee: thirsty, and gave Thee to drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger and took Thee in? Or naked, and covered Thee? Or when did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to Thee?" He answers: "As long as you did it to these My least brethren, you did it to Me. Enter into the joy of your Lord."

Oh, they have forgotten their little acts of charity; the food and drink they dispensed, the clothes they distributed, the comfort they gave, the consoling words they spoke, the tears they wiped away, the broken hearts they cheered, the feverish

pillows they smoothed. They have forgotten all these trifles of fraternal charity. But *He* has not forgotten. And they look on Him and love Him for His faithful and tender remembrance.

Turning then with wrath to those on His left, He says: "Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave me not to drink. I was a stranger, and you took me not in: naked, and you covered me not: sick and in prison, and you did not visit me." And when they say to Him: "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to Thee?" He answers: "As long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me."

With these words, Christ descends from His throne and takes His place among the Blessed. The cursed hear His voice and look at His face; they know that His words are true; they know that from this decision there is no appeal; and already the despair of damnation broods over their hearts.

Then to the sound of ravishing music the host of the Blessed, like a cloud of white immensity, slowly leaves the ground and (to compare great things with little) like a lark, mounting as it sings and singing as it mounts, it rises, flooding the earth with hosannas, alleluias of joy, paeans of thanksgiving, and lyrics of love.

It is then that the damned, realizing for the first time what all this means; appreciating for the first time fully the amiability of Christ and His Saints; understanding with anguish that all beauty, all



sweetness, all truth and goodness are passing with Him away from them forever, raise their eyes and hands despairingly and cry: "Farewell to Thee, Thou lovely Christ, farewell!"

Higher and higher mounts the cloud. It becomes a speck in the blue; the music faints in the still distance. The heavens open. The cloud is taken in. The heavens close. And the first part of the world's history, the story of virtue and its reward, comes to an end.

Now turn your gaze back to earth. See this black mass of damnation, with innumerable demons, fiery-eyed, encircling it like the red edge of a thunder-cloud. With whips of scorpions they drive their multitudinous victims toward the pit. These hold back from their fate. But in vain! And so they gnaw their tongues and dig their nails into their palms, in mute dereliction. Like a black Niagara they rush to the edge of the abyss; pour over it, and are swallowed in the deep. For hours they seem to flow and fall. But now the cursed work is done. The maw of hell is glugged. The damned are submerged and smothered below. And the demons hover around the edge of hell, loath to descend. But the heavens open, and a Seraph of the Lord wings his flight from the zenith to earth. They quail at the sight of him. He drives them to their fate. With the strength of ten thousand giants he closes the Titan gates of hell, turns the key of eternity in its lock, withdraws the key, snaps it into four pieces, and hurls them to the four quarters of the universe. Then, like a streamer of the northern morn, he flashes back to the empyrean; the heavens open; he is taken in; for the last time



the heavens close; and lo, an eternity of bliss begins above, an eternity of woe begins beneath; and the great round earth, all blackened and seared by the curse of God, rolls on, with its cargo of damnation, through the silent, rayless stretches of space.

Brethren, this is a halting, clumsy attempt to describe the end of the world, the day of doom, the closing chapter in the story of mankind. If we consider the Last Judgment merely as a vision (not as a fact), we must admit that there is nothing in any literature to compare with it in sublimity. The pageantry of earth, conjured up by the mystic wand of the greatest poets, is ridiculous by comparison. The evolutionist's dream of the beginning of the world, of prehistoric fires brooding over boiling oceans, of a new earth racked with earthquakes and belching fires, of mountains shouldering their way up from the level, of mammoth beasts infesting the earth and nibbling the topmost branches of giant trees: this vision of the beginning of the world is paltry at the side of the vision of the end of the world. Even the Inspired Book has nothing to equal it in sublimity. Christ at Bethlehem is tender, melting us to love; Christ in His public life is pitying, winning our confidence; Christ on the cross is tragic and pathetic, touching the chords of our sympathy; Christ in His resurrection and ascension is triumphant and glad, filling us with joy. But Christ as Judge of the living and dead is sublime, inspiring us with profound awe.

But the climax of the drama of life is divinely ironical as well as sublime. How the pride of earth will be humbled! How the ostentation of empires will be made ridiculous! And how the satirical

demons must laugh now, at the puffed conceit of the mighty, who hereafter will grovel, longing to kiss the shining garments of the exalted humble and poor!

But the Last Judgment is more than a vision. It is (or rather will be) a fact. If we could sit in an audience, viewing the pageant of doom, we should enjoy its dramatic appeal. But we ourselves must take part in the play. As a matter of *fact*, *you* will rise from the grave; *you* will look down at yourself and see either a body of beauty or one of loathsomeness; *you* will see the human race gathered in Jehosaphat; *you* will be either on the right of Christ or on the left. With those very eyes of yours, you will see the Judge either beaming or frowning at you. Those very ears of yours will hear either: "Come you blessed," or "Depart from Me." *You* will either ascend with the company of the Blessed or be left behind for Satan and his angels. *You* will either be steeped in ecstasy or torn to shreds with despair. Think well on it; the Last Judgment will be a *fact for you!*

Moreover, it depends on you what your fate will be. In this lies the whole dignity and terror of human life;—that we are free; that with us rests our ultimate destiny. You are not free to succeed in this life, but you are free to be either on the right hand of the Judge or on the left. Why, therefore, should you stand in awe of the power, immensity, and ancient centuries of Nature? Nature is a necessary agent; it works precisely and sublimely. But there is no inspiration in it, for it has no choice. But you, an atom, an invisible ant in an obscure corner of the universe, infinitely inferior

to the universe in power, are infinitely superior to it in dignity because you are free to decide the part you will play in the drama of Judgment Day.

One of the conditions which will decide your final fate is fraternal charity. Christ will say either: "When I was in need, you helped Me; for when you aided the least of my brethren you aided Me;" or the opposite. Fraternal charity is to be the Open Sesame to the Kingdom of God. Christ does not mention contemplation and mortification, much less, wisdom and culture, as keys to heaven; but the plain, ordinary works of feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, visiting the sick; works which we all can do. However, we must perform these acts in imitation of Christ and with the faith that we are doing them for Him. If we wish to hear Christ say to us: "Come, ye blessed, and possess the Kingdom," we can take no surer means to that end than fraternal charity. Be good to your brethren, and you may hope for Heaven.

And you who are great in the world, fear God! You are the observed of all observers now. Men pay court to you; they tickle your nostrils with incense; they flatter your ears with praises; they bow down to you, listen to your every word with respect. But God's ways are not man's ways, and if you do not serve Him, the tables will be turned on you on the Last Day and you will be cursed. And it is so easy for a prosperous man to forget God, idolize himself, and despise his fellow men. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Beware, O! great men of this

world, watch your step, fear God with wholesome awe.

But for you who are distressed in life there is hope and joy in the thought of Judgment. One of the purposes of the Last Judgment is that God may justify His ways before the world. On earth His justice is not fully exercised. Often the wicked prosper, and good men are given the cross; but hereafter each shall get his deserts. Christ, Who was distressed from birth till death, immediately after death was triumphant, and on the Last Day will reap His glory, judging mankind. So if you bear your lot patiently, on the day of doom you will be glorified before the world, proclaimed His friends, and welcomed into His eternal mansions of bliss.

There, your mind will be steeped in Infinite Truth, your will will be saturated with everlasting love, your heart will be flooded with exquisite joy, and even your body will be beautified. No tears will dim your eyes any more; no lamentation will pass your lips any more, no pains will rack your limbs any more; no sickness, no poverty, no fears, no humiliations any more! No death, only *life*, LIFE—a life of white-hot activity and cheer in God, your first *beginning and last end*.

Brethren, I look out on you in imagination tonight. Possibly I shall never see you again in this life, but I shall see you on Judgment Day. I have preached this sermon in order that on that day you may be on the right side. And now I promise to pray for you the rest of this year, the rest of my life, that you may be saved. In return, if you think you owe me anything for what I have done for you,

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pray for me also, "lest perhaps," as St. Paul says, "when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway."





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## CARDINAL HAYES STATES AIMS OF THE CATHOLIC RADIO HOUR

(Extract from his address at the inaugural program in the Studio of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, March 2, 1930).

Our congratulations and our gratitude are extended to the National Council of Catholic Men and its officials, and to all who, by their financial support, have made it possible to use this offer of the National Broadcasting Company. The heavy expense of managing and financing a weekly program, its musical numbers, its speakers, the subsequent answering of inquiries, must be met. That responsibility rests upon the National Council of Catholic Men . . . .

This radio hour is for all the people of the United States. To our fellow-citizens, in this word of dedication, we wish to express a cordial greeting and, indeed, congratulations. For this radio hour is one of service to America, which certainly will listen in interestedly, and even sympathetically, I am sure, to the voice of the ancient Church with its historic background of all the centuries of the Christian era, and with its own notable contribution to the discovery, exploration, foundation and growth of our glorious country. . . .

Thus to voice before a vast public the Catholic Church is no light task. Our prayers will be with those who have that task in hand. We feel certain that it will have both the good will and the good wishes of the great majority of our country-men. Surely, there is no true lover of our Country who does not eagerly hope for a less worldly, a less material, and a more spiritual standard among our people.

With good will, with kindness and with Christ-like sympathy for all, this work is inaugurated. So may it continue. So may it be fulfilled. This work of dedication voices, therefore, the hope that this radio hour may serve to make known, to explain with the charity of Christ, our faith, which we love even as we love Christ Himself. May it serve to make better understood that faith as it really is—a light revealing the pathway to heaven: a strength, and a power divine through Christ: pardoning our sins, elevating, consecrating our common every-day duties and joys, bringing not only justice but gladness and peace to our searching and questioning hearts.



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