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Retreat for Priests  
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**RETREAT**  
FOR  
**PRIESTS**



By

**Father C. M. Thvente**  
of the  
**Order of Preachers**



With an Introduction  
By **Fr. Albert Reinhart**  
of the Same Order



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With an Introduction

**By Fr. Albert Reinhart**

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## FOREWORD

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**WE** take it that "A Retreat for Priests" cannot be more fittingly introduced than by the presentation of a train of reflections upon the nature and scope of the office of the priesthood of the New Law. A cue to such reflections is given by St. Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews, chapter the fifth, verses first to third, wherein he says: "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things that pertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins: Who can have compassion on them that are ignorant and that err: because he himself is compassed with infirmity; and therefore he ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins."

Sacrifice is the central thought of all religion. Wherever there have been men, there, too, has there been religion, for man is by nature a religious being, and wherever there has been religion, there, too, has there been sacrifice. Our first parents, created in the state of perfect nature, and surrounded by all that could minister to their comfort and happiness, brought to the Author of their being a continual oblation of themselves; they offered themselves in adoration, in praise, in thanksgiving to God, the Giver of all good. Mindful of their indebtedness to Him, of their absolute dependence upon Him, and of the splendid perfection with which they shone; as with the borrowed light of His divinity, this oblation of self was a joy unspeakable. The one restriction laid upon them, that they must not eat of the forbidden tree, was accepted as an occasion of further sacrifice, and for a time all went well. But the evil hour came, and yielding to the wiles of the tempter and deluded by the glamour of the promised gain, they broke the commandment, and the great sin was committed. Down went the scales, and only an act of infinite atonement could restore them to perfect adjustment. The great sin had been committed and man, the crowning glory of creation, stood before the insulted God, trembling, defiled, broken. And the bars of heaven flew out and the transgressors were set adrift "to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow." And they went forth and bore children, and these children in their turn bore children, and so the earth became peopled; but every child that was born came into the world with a stain upon its soul, and with the conviction written upon its heart that a great wrong had been done and a great sacrifice must atone for it. That this is so the history of humankind abundantly proves. It matters not to what depth of darkness or savagery men may have sunk, or to what heights of culture and civilization they may have soared, there was always

present among them some form of religious worship; and the central thought of that worship was sacrifice. To the adoration, the praise and thanksgiving of their first parents before the fall, were added the plaintive cry for mercy and the earnest desire for atonement. And this cry arose in the trackless jungles of Africa, in the wilds of the American forest; it was found, though distorted, in the pagan mythology of Greece and Rome, and formed the very essence of the religion of the Jews—the people of God's election.

Along with the conception of the necessity of sacrifice, came the conviction that certain ones should stand between the people and the offended God as mediators. All men were bound by the load of guilt and all must needs be freed from it. All were beset with the weaknesses of humankind, with the frailties that came in the train of sin, and all were charged with a combat against them. But it should be the office of a few to lead in this warfare, to consecrate themselves to this special task; to put by all other concerns, that they might be undisturbed in their efforts to rid themselves more and more of the inherited dross, to purify themselves, so that they might come with clean hands to lift to heaven in praise, in prayer, in thanksgiving, in atonement—that they might offer sacrifice for the sins of the people and their own—and these were the priests. We find them among the Phoenicians, the Egyptians, the Druids; we find them in India, in Greece, in Rome, and above all among the Jews; for we read in the book of Leviticus, that God commanded Moses to consecrate Aaron and his sons to His service, and how, obedient to the divine commandment, Moses took Aaron and his sons and clothed them in white garments and bound their loins with girdles and anointed their heads with oil. And he said to Aaron: "Approach the altar and offer sacrifice for thy sins; offer the holocaust and pray for thyself and for the people" (Leviticus ix, 7). And even before the time of Moses there was Melchisedech, who was King of Salem and priest of the most high God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him (Heb. vii, 1).

All this, however, was but a preamble. In the case of the pagans this idea of sacrifice was like the speech of one who wanders far from his kind and forgets their phrases and inflections, but still retains something that betrays the origin whence he came and fixes the class to which he belongs. In the case of the Jews, it was a foreshadowing of the great and true sacrifice of the real priesthood that was to endure forever; for, like everything else in the Old Law, it was the shadow which the coming events of the New Law cast before. The offense that needed atonement was an infinite one, inasmuch as it had been committed against the infinite God. How, then, could the blood of oxen and of rams suffice, for, flawless though they were and singled out from among



many by reason of their very freedom from blemish, they were still mere creatures of the Omnipotence of Him Who had been offended? The victim must be one of infinite worth, hence only God could atone for the sins that had been committed against Him.

But man was the offender, and so it would seem at least fitting that man should make reparation. How, then, was the gap between the infinite and the finite to be bridged over? It was done by the justice, the wisdom and the power of God. His justice demanded a reparation of infinite value; His wisdom saw that in the union of God and man the satisfaction would be complete, and the proprieties be observed; and by His boundless power it was accomplished when the Word became flesh and suffered and died for us. And so in Christ Jesus, the God-man Who offered Himself for our sins, we have at once the perfect sacrifice and the true High Priest of all time.

But the sacrifice was to endure for all time, and in every corner of the world, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof," this clean oblation was to be offered. "Do this in commemoration of Me," was the injunction of Christ to His Apostles and through them to their successors; and thus in the words of St. Jerome, a new hierarchy of angels was established, that He Who was wont to be worshipped by angels in heaven, should be ministered to by angels on earth. And these angelic ministers are the priests of the New Law, who surround the Divine Victim, and are suffused with the light of His splendor until they become transformed into His own likeness. For every priest is another Christ by virtue of the office he holds, and of the sacred character which is imprinted upon his soul when he receives Holy Orders. For even as Christ stood between His heavenly Father and the people and offered to His Father the prayers and the good works of the people, and in turn dispensed to them the fulness of grace and blessing which came from that same Father, so does the priest stand in mediation between God and the people. He is the bridge that leads from the mass of sin-ridden humanity to the whiteness and purity of God. But in other things than in the functions of his office is the priest like his great prototype, Christ Jesus. In traits of character he must at least try to conform himself to his model, so that one seeking for a resemblance may not seek vainly. And the great and striking thing in the life and character of Christ was His sacrificial spirit. And fitting indeed it is that it should be so, for since the central thought of all religion is sacrifice, it is seemly that the same trait should dominate in the Author and ministers of true religion. Note with what prominence this trait of sacrifice comes to the front in the life and character of Christ. The very idea of the Incarnation is eloquent of it. There He was in the splendor of His heavenly home united with the Father and the Spirit,

and out of sheer pity for fallen man, the ungrateful creature of His power, He offers Himself in atonement so that divine justice may be appeased. In His omnipotence, He might, by a single thought, have wiped out the guilt and left no vestige of the stain, but He preferred to do it all in a manner that would observe the proprieties; and since man had offended it seemed fitting that man should atone. And so He came down from His high estate and took on Himself the form and the nature of man, and suffered and died for us.

And what a life was His! From the first breath which He drew in that rude stable in the cold, bleak winds of that December night, when He was born, even to the last that was sent up from the Cross amid gloom that enshrouded His closing hour on Calvary, it was one unbroken sacrifice. Think of the humiliation that was endured when the King of kings, the Most High, the Lord God of all clothed Himself with humanity, taking upon Himself the form of a servant. Think of the violence that was done to His sensitive nature by all the insults, the scoffs and the jeers that at every turn met His exquisite gentleness, mercy and love; think of the harrowing tortures to which He was subjected during the merciless season of His passion and death. Was there ever such abnegation of self, such complete subjection and utter immolation on the altar of sacrifice? At once Priest and Victim, He stands the exemplar of every one that comes after Him in the sacred office. And He remains the Victim daily offered, though in an unbloody manner, by the priests of the New Law. And herein they cannot in fulness emulate His example, for the infinite value that makes this sacrifice adequate and acceptable, is found in Him alone. The priest is indeed the sacrificer, but he cannot, in the strict sense of the word, be the victim. But he supplies this as far as he is able in the immolation of self, when he assumes the priestly office. He surrenders himself, all the faculties of body and mind, all his affections, his desires, to the keeping of his Divine Archetype in the spirit of sacrifice, and in the earnest hope that in some wise, though a long way after, he may follow Him, Who is the Way, the Light and the Truth. He hears the word which God spoke to Abraham, "Go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's home, and come into the land which I shall show thee" (Gen. xii, 1). He is possessed of deep and strong affections, and the domestic ties bind him close, but he snaps them all at the divine call. He stifles within himself the yearnings of his natural love, foreswears all the sweet joys that are epitomized in the one word Home, and lifting his face to heaven and laying his hand upon his heart he cries out: "Here am I, for Thou didst call me. Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth" (I Kings iii, 9). Father and mother, brother and sister he must leave, for he has become the child of all human-

kind, the father of all. He must strip himself of all particular attachment, for to each and all he is alike friend, brother and guide. No one so lowly that dare not claim his offices, none so exalted that dare spurn them. The babe just born into the world with its inherited stain is washed clean by the regenerating waters that are poured by his anointed hands: the poor broken sinner, kneeling at his feet, feels the load lifted from his soul, as the mighty words of absolution are spoken, and the shadows rise and once again the sunlight and cheer of innocence flood his soul. To those hungering for bread he breaks the bread of angels. He unites the young hearts that beat in unison with each other and calls down the blessings of heaven upon them and sends them on their noble mission, confident, courageous and strong. Into the sick chamber his presence comes like a benediction, and when the great, shadowy angel of Death throws all in gloom, he, the priest of God, carries the only balm that can heal the breaking hearts and speaks the only words that can speed the parting soul on its flight homeward.

Sublime, Christlike are his offices, and in recompense he tastes the joys of sacrifice, the hundredfold which is promised to him who leaves father, mother and brother and sister to follow the call of the Lord.

The ways of a priest are bound in lowliness and humility. His goal must be one of purely spiritual excellence. To strive for temporal gain lies outside of his province. He must covet no preferment that is not in line with the salvation of souls. With a special zeal must he covet all that goes to make up the inner man, so that his example may be a light to guide the footsteps of those who are treading the tortuous ways of the world. How much of self-denial, of watchfulness there is required for the development, it is not difficult to guess. But to this all is he pledged, for God has chosen him for Himself, has singled him out and has said to him: "Thou art Mine," and hence he must be free from worldly pursuits to labor unceasingly for Christ the Crucified.

But the greatest of all the sacrifices that come with the priesthood is the sacrifice of his will. This is so great that St. Thomas assures us that, were it not done for the greater honor and glory of God, it would be ignoble, and would be the equivalent of the sacrifice of manhood. But therein especially lies the striking resemblance with his great Prototype, Jesus Christ. For as St. Paul tells us, Christ was made obedient even unto death. In all things the will of His heavenly Father was what was uppermost in His mind. In that awful hour of agony in the Garden of Olives, when the load of man's iniquity weighed so heavily upon Him that from the anguished heart came the cry: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me," it was immediately

supplemented by the request, "But not My will but Thine be done." And so the priest surrenders all things to those who stand over him in God's stead. He is willing to go wherever he may be sent, and to do whatever he may be bidden, for the conviction is strong with him that they who command him express God's will, which always and ever he is eager to fulfill. And oh, how often he finds himself deserted and alone, with the chosen ones sleeping within earshot of his groans. And so great is the load and so keen the suffering, that he cries out even in spite of himself, "Oh, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me," but immediately comes the evidence of submission, "but not my will but Thine be done." And he drains the cup to the very dregs and follows his Master to the Crucifixion on Calvary.

But he loves the way which was trodden by the bleeding feet of his Master and for every sigh which his sacrificed nature wrests from him, there is a deep, strong spiritual joy instilled into his very soul. It is the Tabor that comes after Calvary; the transfiguration is renewed for his crucifixion. And out of the mellowing of his soul, wrought by his trial, there is born a great pity for those commended to his care. Being confirmed with infirmity he has compassion with those that err. He looks about him and he sees his maimed and bruised sheep wandering about fainting beneath their woes.

He borrows the words of Christ, and with melting tenderness cries out to them all: "Oh all ye that are weary and heavy laden, come to me and I will refresh you."

In his open arms there is an asylum for every grief; and in the unction of his words, a solace for every wound. Oh, how barren and cheerless would be this vale of tears without the mighty power of the priesthood! God be praised and glorified for every priest that He has raised to His altars!

ALBERT REINHART, O. P.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE ANNUAL RETREAT

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**R**IGHT REVEREND BISHOP AND REVEREND FATHERS:

The retreat which we begin this evening we shall consecrate, in a special way, to the Real Presence—the Holy Eucharist—the Blessed Sacrament—Emmanuel, God with us. This doctrine of our Holy Catholic Church is dearest to every priestly heart. It is Christ in the Blessed Sacrament Who has led us from the world into the sanctuary. It is Christ in the Blessed Sacrament Who has kept us in the sanctuary and filled our souls with happiness these many years. Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the fundamental reason and the very essence of the eternal priesthood. This devotion, always universal, and of greatest importance, has become the favorite devotion of our Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Pope Pius X, and through him, through his constant efforts and exhortations, it has become the favorite devotion of the Church in the twentieth century.

I know therefore that I express your own desires, the wish of the Holy Father, and the wish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus when I consecrate to the Holy Eucharist these days to be spent here in seclusion, in meditation and prayer; to be spent with Christ even as the disciples were with Him at the Last Supper. May Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament be our inspiration. May He enlighten our minds and inflame our hearts with His light and with His love.

For our first meditation and preparation for the work, we shall take a few thoughts from the preparation the disciples made for the Last Supper. We read in the Holy Gospels that the Apostles came to their Master and said: "Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the pasch?" The work of the retreat may well be compared to the festival of the pasch of the Jews. As the pasch of the Jews was the greatest annual religious event, thus the retreat is the one great holy week for the clergy of the diocese. As the pasch of the Jews brought together the members of the family, and the various families to Sion, the holy city, thus the retreat brings us together in this holy place. As the pasch of the Jews was a festivity lasting a few days, thus we shall try to spend a few days together with God. As the pasch of the Jews reminded all the members of the nation of the many and manifold blessings Jehovah had bestowed upon His chosen people, thus the retreat is to remind us of the exceptional graces the good God has bestowed upon us in the past. As the paschal lamb reminded the Jews of the great promises to be fulfilled in

the future, thus during this retreat we shall look into the future, remembering the promises God made to us, to spend it well until we can say *consummatum est*.

We notice in this text that the disciples were anxious to celebrate the pasch. They could not wait until they were invited to go. Of their own accord they came to Jesus and asked the question: "Master, where shall we prepare it for you to eat?" This is an important lesson for us. We must make this retreat willingly and cheerfully not because it is a duty, not because we are called and commanded by our superiors, but because our own hearts long and crave for it. None of the Apostles thought of going away or staying away to celebrate the feast alone, or with the members of his family. All desired to celebrate it with Jesus. Judas may have been cold and indifferent, following the rest because of human respect; the festival had no blessings for him. No one here will imitate a Judas. All will imitate a faithful Peter, and a loving John, and prepare themselves for this religious feast with generous hearts.

Notice also that this pasch was "The Last Supper." It was the last opportunity for the disciples to eat the Easter lamb with their Master. Thus this retreat may be the last for one or many among us. I make this remark with all the more emphasis since I hear that some of the good priests who made the last retreat have died since, and can never again spend such days of preparation for life everlasting in this world. May they rest in peace, and may their spirit be with us to make this retreat with such great earnestness and sincerity that if it prove the last retreat it may be a worthy preparation for life everlasting!

Christ, no doubt pleased with the happy disposition of His dear disciples, answered their question, saying: "Go you into the city to a certain man and say to him, the Master sayeth My time is near at hand. With thee I make the pasch with My disciples." \* \* \* Or, according to another Gospel: "There shall meet you a man carrying a pitcher of water. Follow him, and whithersoever he shall go in, say to the master of the house: Where is My refectory, where I may eat the pasch with My disciples? And he will show you a large dining-room furnished, and there prepare ye for us. \* \* \* The disciples did as Jesus appointed unto them." Here we learn what we must do to make this retreat a holy retreat—a spiritual retreat. Christ demanded from His disciples absolute, even blind obedience. He tells them to go to a certain man, not even mentioning the name of the man; to a certain house, without specifying the house; to demand of a certain master the dining-hall. The Apostles no doubt felt this command hard, but we read they did as Jesus appointed unto them. They obeyed their Master promptly, and in every detail. Let us imitate their obedience. To make this retreat well

observe the order of exercises, and every rule laid down by your superiors. The time may not suit you; the place may not please you. Sacrifice your own likes and dislikes. Keep well the rule of silence. Say well the prayers in common and in private. Spend well the free time in reflecting on the meditations, in preparing your conscience for a good confession, in visiting the Blessed Sacrament, in reading good books. Thus you will do what Jesus appointed unto you, and if you obey Him, you will merit and receive His blessing.

Jesus says: "It is with you that I wish to eat this pasch." It is with every one of you personally. It is in the heart of every one of you that Jesus wants to celebrate this feast. How blessed was the master in the Gospel whose dining-hall the Master chose, whose dining-hall the Master sanctified with His presence, whose dining-hall the Master made immortal by the institution of the Holy Eucharist! How blessed was the Master in the Gospel who so nobly and generously, at the request of the disciples, offered the dining-hall to Jesus! Thus let us open our hearts unto Jesus, standing before us and demanding them. Let us welcome Him into our hearts. Let us open our whole hearts unto Him, that our whole hearts all these days may be His own, at His disposal, to be blessed by His light, and to be blessed by His love!

When the disciples had prepared that dining-hall—that coenaculum—when they had removed all that which was profane and worldly, and had brought in the Easter lamb, and all that which was necessary, according to their laws, for the pasch, Jesus Himself came and entered the hall. We can imagine Him taking the place of the Father of the family, at the head of the table. When all were seated, He opened the feast with the sublime words: "*Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha vobiscum manducare.*" "With a great desire, a great longing, have I desired to eat this pasch with you." How full of consolation were these opening words for the attentive disciples. The desire of their own hearts to eat the pasch was a small and insignificant thing in comparison with the deep longing and great desire of the Sacred Heart to eat the pasch with them. Why did Christ's heart desire so ardently—"desiderio desideravi"—to eat that pasch? His heart was goodness. Goodness longs to give, and on this occasion His goodness had much to give. Reading the account St. John gives of the Last Supper, we see He gave the three exceptionally great gifts. In the first place He purified them. As He washed their feet with the water in the basin, He washed clean their souls with His grace divine. Secondly, He enlightened them. Often had He spoken to them from His heart, as a father to children, as a friend to a friend, but never before and never since did the Son of God (made-man) speak to men in such terms of love as on this occasion. He gave to them in the third place Himself. He longed

to eat that Supper because He had for them a food divine—His flesh and blood. He longed to eat that Supper because His heart could bestow upon them a dignity unknown to man—the sacerdotal character. He longed to eat that Supper with such a great longing because He would give to them, and through them to the whole world, Himself, as a Victim for humanity.

Reverend Fathers, I have the privilege to speak here to-night in the name of my Master, Jesus Christ—to personify the Son of God—and I know that I express the sentiments of His own heart—of His priestly heart—when I say: “*desiderio desideravi hoc pascha vobiscum manducare.*” “Fathers, I long with a great longing to make this retreat with you. Some of you, all of you, may have looked forward to these days with a great desire. My desire to see you here is greater than yours could be.” Why is it Christ’s desire to make with us this retreat? His goodness has something to give to us priests. He wants to give to us substantially what He gave to His own at the Last Supper. He wants to purify our souls from every stain of sin, from every wound we have received on the battlefield, from every sickness that may afflict and defile the soul. He longs to make this retreat with you. He is happy to see you surrounding Him because He wants to enlighten you. You are His priests—you are His ambassadors. Every one of you is an “*alter Christus.*” He longs to make this retreat with you because He wants to give Himself to you once more, and if possible with a greater love and a greater fullness than ever before, that possessing Him you may leave this coenaculum—this retreat—purified, refreshed, strengthened, consoled, for the great battles that are awaiting you, for the great work that remains to be done, for the rest of the journey to life everlasting.

Let us thank Him, therefore, for the opportunity to make this retreat. Let us ask Him and His Blessed Mother to be with us, to remain with us, to help us unto the end, that the retreat may be for the salvation of our own souls and for the salvation of the many immortal souls depending upon our priestly ministrations. O *Salutaris Hostia, da robur, fer auxilium!* O Thou, our Victim of salvation, dwelling here in the tabernacle, give us strength! Bring us help, Mother of God! Blessed Mother of the holy priesthood, pray for us priests now, during these days; pray for us always; pray for us in the hour of death!



## JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN

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“This is eternal: That they may know Thee, the only true God,  
and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.”

**S**T. LUKE in his account of the Last Supper tells us that even at that scene of love and peace there was a strife among the disciples. Some theologians give this strife a mild interpretation and a good explanation, saying that the cause of it was the burning desire in the hearts of all to be near Jesus. They knew their Master. They had heard His word. They had seen His miracles. They had felt His love. Some of them had been on Mt. Tabor, had seen His transfiguration, His garments white as snow, His face shining as the sun. All of them had noticed at all times a reflection of that hidden glory in the adorable countenance of Him, the most beautiful of the sons of men. At the Last Supper a certain sacred sadness in Jesus charmed their hearts with an exceptional attraction and drew them to Himself. We can readily understand that every one of them was anxious to be nearest to Jesus. It was a noble ambition, a holy desire, which pleased the Saviour. A similar desire should fill our souls. During this spiritual retreat we want to approach Jesus spiritually, be with Him, remain with Him; see Him and speak to Him; be enlightened by Him and inflamed by Him; be purified by Him and sanctified by Him, as the twelve were at the Last Supper.

For our guide to Jesus we choose the beloved disciple, St. John; John, who saw Jesus on Mt. Tabor and in the Garden of Olives, who stood with Jesus under the Cross, and took His Blessed Mother unto his own, who, inspired by the Holy Ghost, ascended like an eagle to see the mysteries of God; John, who at the Last Supper sat next to Jesus and rested his head on His sacred bosom. May John lead us to Jesus and introduce and interpret Jesus to us! We find this introduction and interpretation of Jesus by John in the sublime beginning of his Holy Gospel. “In principio”—“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God”—sacred words which the Church commands us to recite practically every morning in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, reciting which, the faithful bend their knees three times a day; words which the Church advises us to read over the sick, and which many carry with them constantly to be kept from harm and temptation. Well does the Church place these words upon the altar before the tabernacle, because they best of all unveil Him Who dwells in the tabernacle.

Reflecting on these words, we notice that John takes us at once beyond the realms of time and space and lifts our minds up to God and eternity. Jesus, he tells us, was in the beginning. Before

this world, before all creatures, before time existed, Jesus was. His origin and abode from all eternity was God, and He is God. God, Son of God, is the first title and the true dignity of Jesus. This Christ Himself in His truthfulness and humility declared frequently and emphatically. This we must believe firmly and constantly.

The meaning of the word God, Jesus is God, is so deep and profound, so holy and terrible, that we poor priests, even as the Apostles, have only a faint conception of it. The Church describes it somewhat when she makes us sing, "Tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus altissimus."

Of all the titles given to men, there is none so great and comprehensive as that of saint, sanctus. All that we find beautiful in the human soul—innocence, charity, justice, fortitude—is expressed in the word, sanctus. Men and women have received, acquired and possessed these virtues in an eminent degree, and have thereby become the kings and queens of nations and generations. All the sanctity, the spiritual beauty of the saints, even that of Our Blessed Lady, is nothing compared with that of Jesus. Tu solus sanctus. His very name—nomen sanctum ejus—that is, His very essence, is sanctity and holiness.

Tu solus Dominus. The world respects power. Those who have power are respected and flattered, feared and served. The kings of wisdom and wealth, the princes of nations and empires, do not really own and possess what they claim. Nothing is more our own than our life, and even that is taken by death. Jesus is God, and as God holds all this in His almighty hand. He is the Lord. In comparison with Him, the lords of the world are slaves—Tu solus Dominus. Master of life and death, heaven and earth.

Tu solus altissimus. Man seeks to rise above fellow men by acquiring honors and distinctions. No matter how high they seem to be in their own opinions, and in the estimation of others, the end is the low grave of darkness and decay. Truly Jesus Christ, Thou alone art high, the highest in the glory of the Father, in union with the Holy Ghost.

Jesus being God, Holiness, Power and Glory, we must adore Him. As a sign of adoration, we humbly bow our heads, bend our knees and prostrate ourselves before Him. This adoration of Jesus, the Son of God, with the body is good and holy, but has a meaning only in so far as it expresses the invisible soul adoring Him with reverence and devotion. The intellect must adore Jesus by believing all He teaches. The will must adore Jesus by obeying all His commandments. All the powers of the soul must adore Him as the angels—"Let all the angels adore Him," Who "maketh His angels spirits, and His minister a flame of fire." Jesus being thus always God, holy, powerful and most high, our souls and bodies must adore Him constantly without ceasing. To adore Him is our salvation; to adore Him is our dignity;

to adore Him is our heaven. The world, in our times more than ever, refuses to adore Him, because to adore Him means to acknowledge Him to be our Master and King, means to submit ourselves to Him and to obey. Therefore it says as of old, "We do not want Him to rule over us." The more the world rejects Him, the more must we in private and in public profess Him.

John calls his Master Jesus, "the Word of God." That expression has its profound significance. The word that falls from my lips is the manifestation and communication of my hidden thoughts. By speaking words, I reveal myself to my friends. Thus Jesus is essentially the manifestation and revelation of God. "God of God, Light of Light." "The brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance."

Let us in spirit prostrate ourselves before our Master to adore Him humbly and always. While prostrate in spirit, let us implore Him to manifest Himself, God, God in heaven, God in the tabernacle, God in our hearts—but everywhere a hidden God—unto us, especially now, during the days of the retreat.

"All things were made by Him; and without Him was made nothing that was made." These words of St. John present Christ to us in quite a new light. Jesus is not only the eternal God, He is our Creator. The first word of St. John gives us the origin of Christ and His divinity; the second word shows us our origin and our dignity. We come from God, through Jesus Christ. This one word confirms the first sublime chapters of Genesis. The Word of God manifested, revealed God in the work of creation, especially in man, the king of creatures.

Poor fallen man instinctively loves honor, and seeks it. He tries to make himself great, but hardly dares to imagine himself as great as God really made him. Being blinded, worldly-minded, materialistic, he restlessly seeks his origin in the animal world. He wants to be free, self-made, independent. The words of the Psalmist, "Man when he was in honor did not understand; he hath been compared to senseless beasts and made like unto them," were never more true than in our times of infidelity. Fearing God, man rejects God. With God he rejects his own honor. Being sensual, he compares himself to the senseless beasts and, alas! is made, but too often in his way of thinking and living, like unto them. "They are corrupt, and are become abominable in their ways. There is none that doeth good, no not one." Moral corruption is the cause of their blasphemous and degrading doctrine. Being corrupted, they are abominable in the sight of God and man. They pretend to do good, but as the Psalmist says, "not one of them does good." They spread corruption. "Shall not my soul be subject to God? For from Him is my salvation. For He is my God and my Saviour: He is my Protector."

An innocent, humble, believing soul will always feel a deep inner joy when it hears the word "all things were made by Jesus

Christ; and without Jesus Christ was made nothing that was made," realizing all I am and all I have comes from Jesus, and was made by Jesus.

Jesus is not only the Creator of my being, He is my Pattern. I am His image. Many denounce the body because of its animal tendencies, its low passions, its corruption and frailty. They despise it. The fact that my body of clay resembles the sacred, perfect Divine body of Jesus gives it an inestimable dignity and makes it a body of glory. "Know you not that your bodies are members of Christ, and make them the members of a harlot? God forbid." If I mortify my body and subject it to the laws of reason and God, it is not because I despise the work of God, but because I wish to make it more like unto the body of Christ. Christ made it in His image. I must impress upon it more clearly and distinctly His image, "to carry about also in my body the mortification of Christ Jesus."

That Jesus in shaping my body impressed His image upon it, as He impressed the image of His countenance upon the towel of Veronica, is easily understood, because both are material and visible. That Jesus stamped upon my soul the sublime image of His divinity we shall not fully grasp until we see our own souls and Jesus face to face in the kingdom of glory. Here on earth we behold only a faint reflection of the resemblance through the veil of the bodies. Jesus is essentially light. My soul, great in the light of reason, is exalted by the light of faith up to the very throne of God. Jesus is Love. In my soul is a boundless desire to love; all creation cannot satisfy the craving. Strengthened by the gift of charity, childlike, I turn away from creatures and seek my God, and find peace in His love. Christ is eternity. The natural longing of my soul for immortality is inspired by the virtue of hope, and I fearlessly look forward to a happiness as endless as that of Christ. Endowed with these faculties and ennobled by these virtues, I rise above all creatures to such a degree that in comparison with them I can apply to myself the words applied to Jesus—*Tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus altissimus.*

These words of St. John, "All things were made by Him; and without Him was made nothing that was made," teach the most intimate and most holy relationship between me and Jesus. He is nearer to me than mother and father. Love induced Him to make me. Great love moved Him to make me so perfect. He is dearer to me than parent or friend. Well does St. John say that when He came to us, "He came unto His own." We are His own in the truest and fullest sense of the word.

"The world knew Him not." "His own received Him not." These statements are full of sadness. It was sad to see the light and love of the Saviour ignored, it was sad to see the sinners reject salvation. It is still sadder to see that the world, after nine-

teen hundred years of teaching and preaching, still continues not to know Him, still persists in not receiving Him.

Let us, like the Apostles and the holy women, receive Him as our Master and Father, our Light and our Love, and let us serve Him. What is there more becoming than to serve Him to Whom we owe all, swayed by love to serve Him Who gives all prompted by love? What is there more honorable than to consecrate all our faculties to serve the King of kings, in union with angels and the saints? What is there more salutary than to serve Him Who is Goodness and Love, and Who manifests His goodness by making His servants happy? All who have served God have felt that it is good to serve a good God. "Shall not my soul be subject to God? For from Him is my salvation." We shall try to serve Him like that man "sent from God, whose name was John," who was a witness unto Him until he had given his life for Him.

"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." The eternal Word of God, through Whom all things were made to manifest the infinite goodness, love and mercy of God, came to us assuming our own fallen nature. Well do we bend our knees when we recite these words to adore that incomprehensible mystery of Divine Love. The love of God was not satisfied to make us in the image of God. The Son of God, moved by that infinite love, was made in the image of man. He Who alone is holy; He Who alone is Lord; He, Jesus Christ, Who alone with the Holy Ghost is most high in the glory of God the Father becomes an Infant resting in a manger, sits at the table with His disciples and eats with them.

We shall not dwell on this great mystery, the mystery of the Incarnation, but consider briefly some of its effects. Jesus as man is truly the Word of God. His sacred humanity manifests God to us as all the inspired prophets of the Old Testament could not see Him or picture Him to us. Jesus in the stable is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. Jesus in Nazareth is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. Jesus in the temple is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. Jesus in the desert is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. Jesus going about doing good is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. Jesus in the Garden of Olives is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. Jesus on the Cross is the Word of God, manifesting the love and mercy of God. The Church, which knows well how to sum up and express the meaning of these mysteries in a few words, sings Christmas morning, "*quia per Incarnati verbi mysterium nova mentis nostrae oculis lux claritatis infulsit.*" Through the mystery of the Incarnate Word, a new ray of God's own light enlightened the eyes of the minds of men. "That was a true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

The first fruit of that new, bright, heavenly light must be a new pure love, "Ut dum Deum visibiliter cognoscimus per hunc in invisibilium amorem rapiamur," that seeing God with the eyes of our body, our hearts may be lifted up by force to the love of things invisible. Therefore Jesus, the light, gave us the commandment of love; love your God with your whole mind, with your whole heart, with all your strength.

This light of God which Jesus spreads, the love of God which Jesus inflames in the heart of men, is the power which makes us nothing less than sons of God. "But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made sons of God." To be sons, children of God, is the end of man, to make us children of God is the end of the coming of Jesus. All things proceeded from the Father through Jesus, all things return to the Father through Jesus. Jesus is our way, and Jesus is our end. Jesus is our all.

To be sons of God implies a dignity and a destiny so great and so glorious that it is a mystery unto us. It makes us brethren of Christ; it makes us Christians, Christ's lot our lot, Christ's glory our own glory, Christ's heaven our own heaven. "If sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God and joint-heirs with Christ; yet so, if we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him."

Worldly people seek the fruit of Christ's redemption in worldly things—in health, wealth and general prosperity. They are too small, too narrow-minded. Jesus is great, He is a God, Jesus made us great children of a God. The result of His sacrifice must be great, Godlike, eternal. See, Reverend Fathers, how these inspired words of St. John unveil Christ Who dwelt among us; how they unveil Christ Who dwells among us in the tabernacle.

As God, we adore Him with body and soul. As our Creator, we serve Him with grateful, loving hearts. Seeing Him becoming the Son of Man to make us the sons of God, we love Him, and say with St. Paul: "Who shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword? But in all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

We kneel down and implore Him to increase His light and love in our souls. He is "full of grace and truth," says St. John. May He fill us with that grace and truth, that we also may see "His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father," in the Blessed Sacrament here in the light of faith, and in Heaven face to face.

## EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

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“Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough.” \* \* \* \*

“Amen, amen, I say to you, that one of you shall betray Me.” \* \*

“Amen, I say to thee, the cock shall not crow until thou deny Me thrice.”

**T**HE above quoted words and similar expressions, which we find in the discourse of Jesus Christ at the Last Supper, reported by St. John, show us clearly that Christ was sad—was, as St. John expresses it, troubled in spirit. He stood in the midst of the twelve as a God. With His eye divine, He penetrated their hearts like a double-edged sword. He saw their present, and He foresaw clearly their whole future. That sight saddened His heart. He saw the soul of Judas defiled with the sin of black treason. He foresaw that even Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, His chosen disciple, would deny Him soon; that all the other disciples, so fervent and loving at the present moment, would be scattered as sheep without a shepherd. This revelation of the wisdom of Christ, of His knowledge of the human heart, is a great cause of fear to us all. He is here this morning, here in our midst, even as He was among His own. At this very moment, He reads the very secrets of our minds and our hearts, and foresees the dark uncertain future. What, may I ask, does our Divine Master find in us? Exteriorly indeed, we have persevered in our holy priesthood. That alone proves little. Judas also had persevered exteriorly, and no doubt the disciples and the people who saw him enter the coenaculum, who heard him speak, thought to themselves—he is a true, loyal, faithful follower of the great Nazarene. Outwardly Judas persevered, but inwardly he had become derelict. Could it be possible that any one among us should resemble Judas? Could it be possible that the all-seeing eye of our dear Lord in the tabernacle should find among us one person who would deny Him publicly and repeatedly in the future?

One thing consoles us much. Christ at the Last Supper, although sorrowful and sad because of the wickedness and infidelity of those who sat with Him at the table, was willing, anxious, to help them to see their faults, and to repent. May His goodness and He, Whose love never grows less, show unto us that same helping hand, and assist us to know the defects, shortcomings, sins and crimes that defile our souls this morning. May He help us with His divine light to penetrate the future, that we may foresee the dangers and temptations that await us, and that foreseeing them we may avoid them, and not fall, as Peter did.

This leads us to the great important spiritual exercise called examination of conscience. It is to be performed not only now at the time of the retreat, but every day. To perform it well, we must not only consider the sins we may have committed, but reflect first, above all, upon the many gifts that the Almighty God has bestowed upon us. This examination of conscience, well performed and daily performed, will lead us to the knowledge of God, and to the knowledge of self. To each of us this double knowledge is and should be supreme and exhaustive.

"Show us the Father," said Philip, at the Last Supper, "and it will be enough." To see that Father, and in the Father, Christ—for the Father and Christ are one—we must open four great books, read them and study them carefully. The first great book that reveals to us the Heavenly Father in all His goodness and greatness, is the book of nature, which the light of the sun opens unto the eyes of our bodies. The man of money sees in all the treasures of the world only himself. He tries to acquire them, to possess them, and then to enjoy them. The goods of God in the order of nature are his mammon, his god. The man of the flesh, the man of pleasure, the man of lust, seeks the goods of this world to satisfy his manifold appetites. "This his god," according to the strong expression of St. Paul, "is his belly." "For many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things." The man of God, the religious man, the priest, sees all the great and beautiful things in nature, sees them coming from the hand of the Almighty Father, and sees in them the reflection of a Father. He takes these goods and offers them up to the Father, in a priestly way. David of old went forth on a bright, beautiful morning. Seeing the sun in the sky, he was inspired and cried out: "Domine, Domine noster quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra." In the evening he walks under the bright sky, glittering with beautiful fiery stars, sees in them his God, and sings with a joyful heart: "Caeli enarrant gloriam Dei." St. Francis of Assisi, the patriarch of the poor, loved nature, because in the splendor of creation he saw the splendor, wisdom and love of his Creator. His love of nature made him the king of creation. Thus we priests, men of God, must love nature, study nature, and in nature learn to know the wisdom, the greatness, the love of the Father. The book of nature will show us the Father, and it is enough.

The second great book, which a God gave us to manifest Himself unto us, His children, in this valley of darkness and tears, is the Holy Bible. Priests love to have a great library, filled with the masterpieces of the greatest of writers, the deepest of thinkers, and the most learned of theologians. The first book in the



library of a priest must be the word of God, the Holy Scriptures. It must be nearest and dearest to the heart of the priest and must remain always near his consecrated hands. We read parts of the Holy Bible in our Office Divine, at the altar when sacrificing, from the pulpit when preaching, but that is not enough for our craving minds and our thirsting hearts. Let us open the holy book every day, and read therein the words inspired by the Holy Ghost, bringing us messages from the Father in heaven. Let us meditate upon them, let us recite them in a prayerful way, and they will show unto us the Father, and it is enough. We must study dogma, and for that end have the books of dogma. The one great book of dogma, Reverend Fathers, is the Bible, especially the four holy Gospels, for they show God in the form of man, and seeing God in man, our hearts may be lifted up to the invisible God. Priests must study moral theology, because they need the knowledge of it daily in the guidance of souls in the tribunal of penance. The greatest of all books teaching moral theology is the Holy Bible, especially the New Testament, for it gives us, not merely principles and theories, virtues and vices in the abstract, but shows to us the one great ideal and perfect moral Man, Who said to the whole world: "Who can accuse Me of sin?" As pastors and assistant pastors you must study your pastoral theology. Have for that end and purpose the best of books written by experienced and learned authors. Let me tell you, Reverend Fathers, the one great book that teaches every pastor how to lead and how to feed the flock is the Holy Bible, the New Testament, for there is pictured unto our eyes the one Good Shepherd, the heavenly Pastor, the model Pastor for every pastor of every country and of every century. Read that book, meditate upon that book, and it will show you God, and in your God you will learn to know your own self.

The third book to which I must call your attention to acquire the greatest of all knowledge—the knowledge of God—is the history of the Church. We studied that history in our youthful days, perhaps more to see, and perhaps saw more, the weakness of the Church of Christ, its human side, to defend it against its many enemies, than to see in it the power and the wisdom of God. Study that history of nineteen hundred years, and see there how at all times this vineyard of the Lord has produced the greatest heroes and heroines. Realize that every one of these saints is a masterpiece of the love and mercy of God. "Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis." Then and only then will you say with St. John: "We saw His glory, the glory as it were, of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

These three books, although so instructive, giving light, are not sufficient. The fourth book is the most important, and that is your own heart. The God of heaven has revealed Himself unto

you in your own souls, and in the history of your spiritual life. Know ye not that the kingdom of a God is in you? Open that book, open that heart, and behold therein yourself, and with you, the kingdom of the heavenly Father. Learn to reflect. Say with the prophet: "Recogitabo tibi annos meos." "I will go over my past years in your sight, O my God." The people of the world know not how to reflect. They are constantly distracted, they live in the outer world, and never enter that secret cell of the heart. Men in youthful years are filled with hope, and inspired by ambition. They look to the future, and plan the way to great glory and distinction. They do not reflect upon what they have seen, and upon what they have experienced in their own souls. Some there are who reflect indeed, but in the wrong way. Day by day they think of the difficulties they have had, of the misfortunes they have experienced, the injuries they have received, and the sins they have committed. They see nothing but the dark side of things. They store up in the memory—that wonderful house which the Lord has given us to make the whole past a living present—only that which is disagreeable and unpleasant. On that poor food, corrupted food, they feed their minds, and as a result, they become discouraged, often pessimistic. They find not in their hearts their God, but only their own weakness and misery. This indeed is a sad abuse of memory. Learn, Reverend Fathers, to cast from your minds all the things less than good and less than pleasant, and keep alive in your memories all the golden gifts a God has given unto you, all the golden hours God has spent with you, and you will know your God, and you will know that your God is a good God. "Deus meus, bonus est Deus." Thus examine your conscience, the works of a God in your own soul, every day. Do it especially these days, the days of the retreat. Think back and see how good your Christian parents were, how they prayed and worked for you, how your mother instructed you and taught you to say the Our Father, the Hail Mary, to bless yourself with the sign of redemption. Think of the many teachers and priests that came to you, sent by God to develop in you a knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. At the time when they taught us we did not appreciate them. The older we grow, the more clearly do we note their goodness, and the more are our hearts filled with gratitude. Think of the days of your first Holy Communion, of your vocation, of your ordination. Then you felt God, God made you happy. You know your God from personal experience. This knowledge of God, thus found in the heart and felt therein, makes us love God, makes us confide in God, makes us serve God with a happy, cheerful soul. "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum."

In the second part of the examination of conscience, we study and try to see what we have done for that God Who has done so

much for us, and there we discover soon that we have sinned often, through our own fault, that we have sinned, as we say, every day in thought, in word, and in deed—"peccavi nimis." We all know how to examine that conscience according to the Ten Commandments, according to our holy vows, according to our priestly state of life. The characters of Judas and Peter may help perhaps to reveal the misery and the infirmity of the soul unto us. Study Judas, for he is the revelation of human blindness and human weakness. What caused that great, deep fall of that privileged disciple called by Christ to be a prince of His kingdom in this world, and to be a prince of the kingdom of His glory? The first cause of his wreck and ruin seems to have been his inordinate love for money. Judas showed this passion a few days before the Last Supper, when the grateful penitent, Mary Magdalen, gave the banquet in honor of Jesus. We learn there that when Mary Magdalen knelt at the feet of her Divine Benefactor, opened the box of precious ointment and offered it humbly unto her Redeemer, as a token of thankfulness and love, Judas criticised her, and said she might have given that money to the poor. See his narrow heart, his hardened heart, his blinded heart, his hypocritical heart. When he said she might have given it to the poor, he meant, "She might have given it to me." It was this love of money, no doubt, which made him sell the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. That money he took not for the poor, but for himself. The love of "filthy lucre," as St. Paul calls it, thus blinded Judas, and changed him also into a traitor. This vice is a universal vice, for, as the prophet of old wrote: "Beatus vir, \* \* \* qui post aurum non abiit nec speravit in pecunia et thesauris. Quis est hic et laudabimus eum?" "The desire of money is the root of all evils, which some coveting, have erred from the faith, and have entangled themselves in many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, fly these things." Open the history of the Catholic priesthood, so long, so great, so glorious. You will indeed find that many did not run after gold and silver, that many left all things, and gave what they had to the poor, and thus made themselves worthy of praise in this life and in eternity; but you will find also, alas, that many of the greatest of scandals in the history of the Church, and the private history of priests and prelates has been caused by the sin of Judas, this love of money, this avarice. Put your hand upon your own heart and sound it, and see whether in this respect they are free and stainless. Study here also the first consequence, or the first evil effect of avarice. It blinds the eye to everything beautiful and supernatural, so that it sees nothing but the dust of the earth. Judas saw no longer in Jesus his Master, his God, and his Saviour, but only something to be bought and sold, to make money out of, to get rich by. What a perfidy, what a crime! Being thus blinded by avarice, he became a living hypo-

cite. His following was hypocrisy. His conversation at the Last Supper, saying: "Is it I?" was hypocrisy. His eating the Easter lamb of the Saviour was hypocrisy. Pause, Reverend Fathers, and apply this to yourselves. If you find here a priest, a soul adorned with the sacerdotal character, that has been dragged down from its high dignity and its great destiny into the very mire of money, and the money-making business, you will find a blinded priest, a priest who sees in his priestly functions no longer his God, no longer his Christ, no longer the saving of souls, but only the few pennies, the few dollars he may make with his anointed hands performing the sacred duties, administering the holy sacraments, and offering up the sacrifice of the Mass. That priest becomes a living hypocrisy. He says the penitential psalms, but his heart is not like the heart of the penitent David. He stands at the altar and says "Confiteor," "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," "Credo," "Gratias agamus," but his heart feels not what his lips pronounce. He takes into his hands that are soiled with the filthy lucre, the white Host, he pronounces the words of consecration, he offers that Host—"Hostiam puram, Hostiam sanctam, Hostiam immaculatam"—to the Blessed Trinity, but his heart is not like that Host. It is the heart of a traitor. He may receive that sacred Host into his heart. He feels that his heart is cold as the money he loves, and not like the heart of the Saviour that should dwell in him. Like a Judas, he sits at the Last Supper, but feels—"I am a hypocrite."

That hidden hypocrisy finally led Judas to open treason. In the darkness of the night he sought the enemies of Christ and agreed to betray Him. Notice here a second mistake of Judas. He associated with bad company in the dark hours. Examine your consciences. What company have you kept, and what words have you spoken when you thought you were alone, behind closed doors, or in the darkness of the night, not with the friends, but with the open or concealed enemies of Jesus? "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Your confidential conversations, more than anything else, will reveal your heart and show you whether it is the heart of a John or the heart of a Judas.

Then, Reverend Fathers, study Peter—a beautiful, open character, a man loyal and faithful to Christ, a man who professed his fidelity, saying: "Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thee." This great Peter fell the same night and swore that he knew not the Christ, Whose very name he was ashamed to mention, calling Him "that man." Peter ignored the warning word of Jesus, "Watch and pray." He would not pray and he did not watch. He fell asleep in the garden while the Master was praying, and because he slept at the time of prayer, he fell in the hour of temptation. His will was good but his spirit was weak.

Pause and reflect. A priest is a man of prayer. The Church commands him under pain of sin to spend hours in prayer every day. A devout priest will add prayers of his own choice to these official prayers. Answer your God—Have you prayed like Christ, or have you slept like Peter? “Watch,” said Christ. Praying alone will not help us if we have not the prudence of a serpent to foresee danger and to avoid the occasions of sin. Peter, according to the Gospel, had neither the prudence of the other disciples, who ran away from the enemies of Christ, nor the bravery of a John, who entered with Christ into the court of the judge. “But Peter followed afar off,” and being thus at a distance from Christ, he remained with the servants at the hour of night. It was the wrong company, it was the wrong place for a follower of Jesus. And being there alone at a distance from Christ, with the enemies of Christ, it was a woman—vulgar, unbelieving—who caused his final fall. Oh, what subjects for reflection are these! Have you followed Christ like a John, or have you, like Peter, followed Him at a distance, conversing with His enemies at forbidden times and in forbidden places? Peter and Judas were providential men. They revealed the hearts of many a man. The study of their characters, and the study of their falls, will help us to know our characters, and to avoid the sins of which they were guilty.

Having thus examined our consciences in the light of God, with the assistance of Jesus Christ, then we repent. Judas understood the greatness of his crime. He even confessed it publicly to the high priests and threw away that money. It was not the leaving of Christ that opened his eyes, but the condemnation of Christ, the flowing of the innocent blood, that made him repent and say: “I have sinned in betraying innocent blood.” His repentance saved him not, because in his heart there was neither hope nor love. He saw not Jesus, the Saviour of his soul. He despaired, he hanged himself, and we have all reasons to believe that he is in hell to-day, for Christ Himself pronounced upon him the words of woe: “Woe to the man by whom I shall be betrayed.”

Peter, having sinned, saw the bleeding Jesus, saw His adorable countenance, saw His divine eyes, and in those eyes reflected the mercy and love of the heart of his Master. It touched him, it filled him with repentance, contrition, with hope of forgiveness. Peter went out and wept bitterly. That Peter is a great saint in Heaven to-day.

Therefore, Reverend Fathers, if we find that we have sinned often, through our own fault, in thought, in word and in action, let us not imitate the despairing Judas, but let us imitate the humble, repentant Peter. May the Lord Christ, Who helped His disciples so kindly, so mercifully, give us the tears of repentance that flowed from the eyes of Peter, the Prince of Apostles.

## REPENTANCE

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“I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also.”

① NE of the most extraordinary and touching scenes of the Last Supper, which impressed the disciples most profoundly, which has gone down in history and found an important place in the liturgy of the Church, was the washing of the feet of the disciples by the Divine Master, Jesus Christ. St. John records it completely and minutely: “After that, He putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of His disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. He cometh therefore to Simon Peter. And Peter said to Him: Lord, dost Thou wash my feet? Jesus answered, and said to him: What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter said to Him: Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him: If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with Me. Simon Peter saith to Him: Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him: He that is washed, needeth not but to wash his feet, but is clean wholly. And you are clean, but not all. For He knew who he was that would betray Him; therefore He said: You are not all clean. Then after He had washed their feet, and taken His garments, being sat down again, He said to them: Know you what I have done to you?”

The washing of the feet at a feast was a menial service, never performed by the master of the house or the father of the family, but by the servants or slaves. How surprised and profoundly touched must the twelve have been when they saw Jesus, “Who only is Lord, Who only is highest in the glory of the Father,” rise, gird Himself, and kneel down at their feet; when they saw Jesus, “Who only is holy,” wash the feet of sinners, even the feet of Judas? The hearts of all, no doubt, were filled with the feelings Peter expressed when he exclaimed: “Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?”

The action being so very exceptional and humiliating, the Saviour must have had some very special reasons for performing it. Reading the account John gives attentively, we find two reasons clearly expressed. Jesus wished to purify His disciples before He gave them His flesh to eat and His blood to drink; and secondly, Jesus wished to teach them humility before He gave them the divine power and mission of the priesthood. In the mind of Jesus, the Last Supper represented the whole New Testament,

the Apostles the whole priesthood, down to the day of doom. To make the lessons universally and eternally understood He inspired John to record them; and to make the lessons impressive, He explained them in word and deed.

Purity is a virtue natural and supernatural, loved by God and loved by man. God is purity in its perfection, purity itself. All that which proceeds from the immaculate hands of God is immaculately pure. Pure is the snow that falls from heaven, pure is the lily that blossoms in the fields, pure are the rays of the sun that spread the purest light, pure is the air on the mountain tops before it descends in the valley. If thus the material creatures reflect the purity of God, how much more must the living spiritual images of God, the angels and the soul of man, enjoy this gift.

Man being the creature and image of purity, loves purity in all things. How the people of the world prepare themselves for a festival or banquet! The hall must be cleaned, the linen must be washed, the silver must be polished. The guests must appear dressed spotlessly, richly and nicely. The smallest stain is a great offence. All that is good and just. But alas! how superficial and hypocritical they are! The faultlessly dressed guest may be shockingly immodest in appearance, have wanton eyes, false lips, a heart filled with hatred, treason and adultery that they notice not. They see not beyond the reach of the animal eye, and even that is neither clear nor clean.

No wonder that Jesus, Who saw the inner abominations of this great, proud, artificial and superficial class of people, denounced them plainly and vehemently, saying: "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because you make clean the outside of the cup and of the dish, but within you are full of rapine and uncleanness. Ye blind Pharisees, first make clean the inside of the cup and of the dish, that the outside may become clean." He described the hearts of such when he said: "From the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies." All silk and satin, gems and jewels, flowers and ornaments cannot cover up and hide such moral filth from the eyes of the all-seeing God.

The Church, being nearer to God, loves purity more than the world does. The Easter lamb had to be spotless. The priest's alb and the linen on the altar must be white as snow. Dust in the church is offensive everywhere, especially so in or near the tabernacle. All this to symbolize the purity of a Christian, of a priestly heart. Hypocrisy is always detestable, but the most detestable of all hypocrisies is religious hypocrisy—to appear before Jesus with a black heart under a white alb.

At the Last Supper, Jesus saw such a hypocritical heart in Judas; Judas reminded Him of many in the course of time

approaching Him unworthily. The wedding garment of the other guests Jesus saw defiled with the stains of smaller sins and imperfections. To teach Peter, to teach Judas, to teach us, to teach all, that no one can enjoy with Him the wedding feast; that no one can have part with Him, participate in the gifts of the Last Supper, participate in the fruit of His prayer and His death on the Cross, participate in the glory of His kingdom, without a soul free from at least mortal sin, Jesus Himself kneels down to wash the feet of His disciples.

The disciples did not fully understand the meaning of that humiliation at the moment, therefore they said: "Thou shalt never wash my feet." The answer of Jesus: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with Me," indicated clearly that what He did had a great moral meaning, and that it was necessary for the end of His mission. A vague idea of it was sufficient to make them cry: "Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head."

We to-day realize the full meaning of the lesson Jesus taught in that unforgettable manner by washing the feet of His disciples at the Last Supper, before He instituted the Holy Eucharist, and the eternal priesthood. We all have sinned. "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." Our imperfections are so numerous that we can truly say every morning and every evening, "peccavi nimis, cogitatione, verbo, et opere. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa." Jesus alone can wash us clean from the stains of sins defiling or destroying the image of a God in us. Instead of water, He takes His own blood, to take away our sins. How anxious ought we to be to have the whole soul cleaned entirely, to have a full part with Him in the great mysteries we celebrate daily. How sad are the words: "You are not all clean." For Judas, the coming of Jesus, the washing by Jesus, was all in vain. Judas had no part with Him. Let us imitate a Peter, go to confession regularly, go to confession frequently, go to confession religiously, and let us not repeat the mistake of Judas.

"You also ought to wash one another's feet." As priests, we have the angelic mission of leading souls to the Last Supper, to the wedding feast. Before presenting them to Jesus, we must prepare them, purify them, adorn them with the wedding garment. We exhort the people to go to Communion frequently. That is good and pleasing to God, in perfect harmony with the teachings of the Church, and the admonishings of our Holy Father. Let us admonish them to go devoutly, well prepared, just as emphatically as we ask them to go often. As we quote the words of Jesus: "Eat My flesh. \* \* \* drink My blood," thus let us



quote the words of St. Paul: "Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself; and so let him eat of that bread and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord. Therefore are there many infirm and weak among you, and many sleep." Some are infirm, weak and asleep because they do not receive the holy sacraments. Others are infirm, weak and asleep because they do not receive the sacraments with due preparation. Even if the sins committed are not as black as the treason of Judas, but resemble more the shortcomings of the other Apostles, let us confess them and let us hear the confessions of others. Communion both frequently and devoutly received gives us "a part" with Jesus.

A second lesson which Jesus teaches at the Last Supper, prostrated at the feet of His disciples, washing them, is humility. His whole being in that humble attitude seems to cry out: "Oh, learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart!" When He rose again and sat down among them, He said: "You call Me Master and Lord: and you say well, for so I am. If then I, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also. Amen, amen, I say to you: The servant is not greater than his lord: neither is the apostle greater than he that sent him. If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them."

Humility is a fundamental Christian virtue, and very difficult to practice. Pride is a universal cause of sin. It caused the fall of Lucifer, and of our first parents in Paradise. Pride having taken us away from God, humility must take us back to God.

Humility does not consist in sanctimonious talk, in empty phrases. Jesus does not deny His greatness. "You call Me Master and Lord; and you say well, for so I am." But professing His greatness, and then making Himself the servant of servants illustrates humility. If God has given us special talents and graces, it is not humility to deny them. To acknowledge them as Mary did, singing: "Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me": to thank God for them, to make good use of them for the glory of God and the salvation of souls is humility. Our proper place is at the feet of Jesus, as Jesus, teaching humility, was at the feet of His disciples. He is our Master and Lord, we are His servants. Our duty is to listen to Jesus and do His holy will always, everywhere, in all things. The servant is not greater than the Lord. Humility means, essentially, to serve. The priest who lives and acts, walks and speaks in the presence of Jesus will be humble, seeing his littleness in the greatness of the Master.

Our very greatness consists in being thus spiritually constantly at the feet of the Master, serving Him in serving others. This virtue brings us in close union with Jesus, and places us most directly under the influence of His divine grace. This inspires the noblest thoughts, and confers the greatest strength. This humility made a Peter walk across the waves of the stormy sea, made him cast his net and catch an abundance of fish. Pride means walking away from Christ as the prodigal son walked away from home, and makes a man small, timid, carnal. Humility means remaining home with Jesus, living and reigning with Him; "Servire Deo est regnare." The works of the proud are "enmities, contentions, emulations, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects, envies." The works of the humble are "joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness."

Humility being the foundation of our salvation, the gate to heaven, Jesus taught it on many occasions. His daily life was an illustration of the word: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." He gave us a beautiful picture of humility lying like a helpless infant in the manger. He gave us a still more beautiful picture of humility when, standing like a sinner among sinners on the banks of the Jordan, He asked to receive the sign of penance, baptism. That pleased the Heavenly Father so much that He appeared in the clouds and said: "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." Jesus gave the consummation of that virtue on Calvary, humbling Himself even unto the death of the Cross.

In clear, simple words Jesus often admonished His disciples to be humble. He told them not to imitate the Pharisees, whose prayers and fasts were poisoned with the poison of pride; not to choose the first place at table; He placed a little child among them and told them to be as simple and humble as a child.

At the Last Supper Jesus felt the special need for an admonition and illustration of humility. He was about to ordain His first priests; to confer upon them the greatest powers and the greatest dignity; He was about to make them the princes of His Kingdom. He foresaw that these new honors would be the occasion of new temptations. He foresaw that there was danger that His ministers would use that God-given power—the effect of divine grace, the merits of His precious blood—for their own glory and for their own destruction. Therefore before He exalted them, ordained them, He first showed them how to use that power by kneeling down and washing the feet of sinners. He then laid down the general law: "I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also." Next He explained to them the difference between the princes of the world and the princes of His Kingdom: "The kings of the Gentiles lord it over them;

and they that have power over them are called beneficent. But you not so; but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger: and he that is the leader, as he that serveth. For which is greater, he that sitteth at table or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at table? But I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

Princes of the world are always selfish and being selfish, they seek themselves in all things. They make use of their power and influence; they use even their subjects for their own glory. They are tyrants. The service of them is slavery. The princes of the Church, Christ and those who are Christlike, stand between God and the children of God. They see not themselves but God in every Child. They love the child for the love of God. They communicate to that child the riches of God's mercy to bring that child nearer to God. They spend themselves in serving God by serving His children. That is princely dignity and the greatest happiness on earth.

The example, admonition and prayer of Jesus have helped much to make the priests and princes understand their position. The Apostles learned the lesson. As true princes they served the people and sacrificed themselves for them. Their example has been imitated by thousands of the ministers of the Church in a heroic degree. But alas, not all have minded the words of Jesus, not all have withstood the temptation of Satan. Worldly ambitions fill the hearts of too many. Jealousy poisons their spirit. Contentions and strifes disturb their peace. Like the kings of the Gentiles, they do lord it over their inferiors with iron hands. Pride has caused the gr̄atest wrecks, like that of Martin Luther; pride is the origin of the various religious sects and denominations; pride is responsible for the greatest ruin in the Church of Christ; pride makes many a peaceful heart peaceless; pride makes many an able priest useless; pride destroys many a good work; pride seems to be a great vice in America. There is danger for all. As we are always conscious of our priestly dignity, power and mission, thus let us always bear in mind the picture of Jesus washing the feet of His subjects and saying: "I have given you an example. \* \* \* The servant is not greater than his lord."

The virtue of humility we need in private and in public life to serve Jesus. We need it perhaps most of all in confessing our sins. Pride blinds the eye. Peter saw in Jesus the Son of the living God. Mary Magdalen saw in Jesus the Saviour of her soul. The little children saw in Jesus their dearest, greatest friend. The proud Judas saw in Jesus his own profit, something he could sell for silver. The humble saints see in their souls the sins which make them cry for mercy. The proud sinners see in themselves nothing but the little good they have done moved by a selfish

spirit. Pride hardens the human heart. Peter is moved by the humility of Jesus; "Thou shalt never wash my feet," he exclaims. The criminal heart of the robber on the cross was softened and opened by the humility of Jesus. Judas sees the humble Jesus at His feet, and his cold, proud heart is not touched as the gentle hands of the Master touch him.

Pride seals the lips. From the lips of a humble heart comes spontaneously the open confession, the self-accusation, the self-condemnation of a St. Augustine, the penitent psalm of David—"Miserere mei Deus." The proud, like Judas, are silent. If they speak, they excuse themselves, instead of accusing themselves.

Pride makes the soul most deceitful. "Lord, is it I?" asks Judas, instead of falling upon his knees and confessing, "Lord, it is I." Such proud, hardened, deceitful souls the just Master must cast from their thrones; but the humble, open, straightforward souls, like those of Peter and Mary Magdalen, He will exalt.

These considerations lead our souls naturally and directly to the conclusion to imitate the humility of Jesus, to shun the pride of Judas; to keep the hands and hearts, that touch and carry the Holiest of Holies, pure, purifying them in the blood of the Lamb; to serve others, as many as possible, in all things possible, with the sublime humility of Jesus washing the feet of His disciples.

## LOVE OF CHRIST INSPIRED THE INSTITUTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

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“Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end.”

**T**HE Last Supper being the one important event in the history of Christ and the Church, the evangelists recorded faithfully and minutely all Jesus said and did at that feast of religious love. St. John, who felt the mysteries of the Heart of Jesus, gives us the very soul and spirit of the Last Supper, the deep secret motive of the wonderful things Jesus said and did in the words: “He loved His own unto the end.” The institution of the Blessed Sacrament is the work of love divine: it is the Sacrament of love. That love endures and burns for us now. To understand it better we may well analyze these inspired words of the beloved disciple expressing the Heart of the loving Master.

John gives the twelve disciples the familiar, significant name, “Christ’s own.” All things, as we have seen, are Christ’s own. He owns the whole creation, He only is Lord, and He is the supreme Lord. The Psalmist, seeing the mysteries of God, and clearly foreseeing the future, heard the voice of the Father saying to the Son: “Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the Gentiles for Thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for Thy possession.” Hanging on the Cross, Jesus, with His bleeding, outstretched arms, asked for the world, and the Father heard His petition and gave it to Him, “Whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by Whom also He made the world.”

Jesus claimed the Apostles and called them His own in a most special and complete way. He had called them, selected them from among millions. “You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.” That vocation was a great and free gift. The high priests and doctors in the Temple of Jerusalem were ignored, and the simple fishermen from the banks of the Jordan were called. That call came in the most gentle way, yet with an almost irresistible force. John tells us in his own charming way how he learned to know the Master, and how he came to follow the Master; how he was made “Christ’s own.” John the Baptist, being with Andrew and John, “beholding Jesus walking, said: Behold the Lamb of God. And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. And Jesus turning, and seeing them following Him, said to them: What seek you? Who said to Him:

Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest Thou? He saith to them: Come and see. They came, and saw where He abode, and they stayed with Him that day." As soon as John saw Jesus he felt the goodness of Jesus. He felt his heart drawn to Him. His first question expressing his deepest desire was: "Where dwellest Thou?" His eyes had been opened by the light of Jesus; his heart had been touched by the love of Jesus. He came to see Jesus, he came to see where Jesus dwelt. The sanctity of Jesus, and the simplicity of His abode charmed him. "He stayed with Him that day" and not only that day; he stayed with Him until Jesus died on the Cross. Thus John was called, thus all were called, to be "Christ's own."

Since Jesus had called them to be His own, they, following the call, made Jesus their own. Jesus was practically unknown to them. Jesus was alone, had nothing and promised them nothing. He tells them plainly: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." These hard words of the strange Nazarene do not frighten them. They hear the call, "Come after Me, and I will make you to become the fishers of men; and, immediately leaving their nets, they followed Him." To follow Him meant to give up home; meant to tear asunder the most tender ties of kinship and friendship; meant to sacrifice all the world holds dear. The Apostles promptly and heroically gave up all they owned to own Jesus, to make Jesus their own. Such a call, and such an unhesitating following of a call is clearly the work of the grace of God.

Following Jesus the twelve gave themselves entirely and unreservedly to Jesus. They gave their time to Him, they gave their talents to Him, they gave their minds to Him, they gave their hearts to Him. They went where Jesus went, they suffered what Jesus suffered. His lot was their lot, and their lot was His lot. They were clerics.

Christ, the Master, accepted them with the generosity with which they gave themselves. He took a fatherly care of His own, even in temporal things. After an experience of three years, at the Last Supper, He asked the question: "When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, did you want anything?" They were forced to answer "Nothing." This is a marvelous statement. Their blind, absolute confidence in Christ was richly rewarded.

The picture of the Last Supper indicates clearly the close relationship between the Master and the disciple. When the greatest religious feast of Joy, the true family feast was at hand, not one of them returned to those dear and near, whom they had left for Jesus. All remained with their own Master. At the table Jesus presided and took the place of the father of a family. It was a new, perfect, spiritual family.

The influence of Jesus over the hearts of men has not been lessened in the Blessed Sacrament. He continues to call in His mysterious way His chosen children to the sanctuary and to the monastery. The happy privileged ones cannot, like St. John, hear the clear, audible, plain, consoling words, "Come and see." They cannot come and see His adorable face. In the Holy Eucharist He is silent and He is veiled. But from Him radiates light and love. They believe in Him, they perceive His presence, they seek His abode, and they abide with Him. They confide in Him, and He rewards their confidence. They make Him their own and He is their own.

"Having loved His own," says St. John. The bond of union between Christ and His own was the noblest and the purest, the strongest and the holiest, it was the bond of love. Jesus Christ Himself confessed plainly and openly that He loved His disciples: "I have loved you." Loving them, He created them; loving them, He called them, and loving them He kept them. "Electus et dilectus," says a saintly writer. They were chosen and loved. His love for them He declares to be a model for all His followers. "Love one another as I have loved you."

This love which Jesus professed in words at the end of His life, He had manifested in deeds daily during His public life.

According to St. Paul, one of the attributes of true charity is patience. "Charity is patient, is kind—is not provoked to anger, endureth all things." The patience of Jesus with His fishermen was wonderfully great, was divine. He came from the heavenly home where the choirs of angels served Him with perfect order and love. He came from the little home in Nazareth, where the Blessed Mother sang her eternal Magnificat, to live among ignorant, rude men. They understood not His doctrine, they imitated little His example. They dreamed of an earthly kingdom, and quarreled to possess the first place in that kingdom. Love made Jesus see, not their defects, but the good there was in their souls. Love made Him bear their selfishness and ingratitude, and to continue to sacrifice Himself for them. He foresaw and foretold that they would abandon Him, deny Him, and betray Him. Such treatment discourages love that is selfish. The love of Jesus was true and great. It triumphed always and over all. He remained calm and patient even with Judas. The last word spoken to the traitor was "friend," the word of love.

True love, according to St. Paul, "is not ambitious, seeketh not her own." Jesus made the twelve His own not to receive from them, not to profit by them, but to give to them, to communicate to them, to make them great and happy. His omnipotent hand was always at the service of His loving Heart, to defend and protect them against the waves of the stormy sea, the attacks of jealous Pharisees, and the insidious snares of the devil:

“Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” Jesus was not a hireling who left his sheep when the wolf came; Jesus was the Good Shepherd Who knew His own, Who loved His own, and Who was always ready to give His life for His own.

A friend communicates freely to a friend his own thoughts, his own mind, his own ideas, his own plans. Jesus gave His twelve this sign of love and friendship: “I will not call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth. But I have called you friends: because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father I have made known to you.” Jesus, the Son of God, called His fishermen friends, and treated them as such. He lived among them not as a master among slaves, not as a reformer among sinners, not as a teacher among pupils, but as a friend among friends. Love unites and makes one. In His love Jesus forgets His own superiority; in His love He sees in His own only their dignity and destiny as children of God. Loving them, He sits among them and tells them in a familiar and confidential way all about His heavenly Father, His heavenly home, and His own kingdom. What heavenly happy hours those hours of spiritual conversation and revelation must have been!

Love opens the mind and communicates to the person loved its treasures. Finally love opens the heart and reveals its secrets, itself, in such a way that the two friends have but “one heart and one soul.” The joyful mysteries of the heart are revealed most easily. Deep down in the heart are the sorrowful mysteries. We consider them so personal and so sacred that, as a general rule, we speak about them only to our God and to ourselves. The friendship between Jesus and His own was so intimate that He did not hesitate to show them His bleeding Heart: “And Jesus, going up to Jerusalem, took the twelve disciples apart, and said to them: Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man shall be betrayed to the chief priests and the scribes, and they shall condemn Him to death. And shall deliver Him to the Gentiles to be mocked and scourged and crucified, and the third day He shall rise again.” He is not ashamed of tears. Entering the Garden of Olives, He said plainly: “My soul is sorrowful unto death.”

That which is innermost and deepest in the heart is life itself. Love gives and seeks to give all. Jesus loved His own and in His love He gave His life for His own. Well could Jesus say: “I loved you.” Well could John confirm the statement and answer: “Jesus having loved His own.”

Love awakens, stimulates, creates love. “Diligentes me diligo,” we read in Scripture, and we experience the truth of that statement in the history of the heart. “I love those who love me.”



"The human heart begins to love when it feels that it is loved." The Apostles felt that universal law and confirmed it. That constant, tender love of Jesus touched and moved their hearts. It conquered the selfishness, coldness and vain ambitions. Love transforms the heart and shapes it according to the object it loves. The twelve, loving Jesus, acquired something of His strength, generosity and nobility. All could say with Peter: "Behold, we have left all things and have followed Thee." Love is as strong as death. The danger of death cannot separate the heart that loves from the object of its true love. When they saw Jesus returning to Jerusalem to face His deadly enemies, they said: "Let us go with Him and let us die with Him." When at the Last Supper Jesus said: "One of you will betray Me," they were all most profoundly stirred and appalled. "Peter saith to Him: Yea, though I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee. And in like manner said all the disciples." "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison and to death. Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thee. And in like manner also said they all." Such words have the ring of sound, sincere, great love. We remember too much the denial of Peter, the betrayal of Judas, the doubt of Thomas. The world remembers that which is evil, and forgets that which is good. Jesus loved His own and His own loved Him.

Sentimental, superficial love depends much upon what the eyes see, the ears hear, and the lips say. The deep love of Jesus triumphs over the senses, over time and space. He remains with us under the appearance of bread and wine, He continues to love us, He continues to reveal Himself to all those who keep His commandments. "I will love him and will manifest myself to him—we will come and make our abode with him." His presence in the human heart, His manifestation to the human heart, His love of the human heart, produce everywhere and always the same effects, demand the same sacrifices, the same victims. The glorious procession of the young who leave all because they love Him, who promise and vow to follow Him even into the desert, the prison, the camps of the enemy, unto death, because they love Him, is marching onward without interruption, always growing.

Jesus, as John tells us, loved His own "unto the end." The words "unto the end" have a profound meaning. They may express the duration of His love. His love lasts as long as His life, for His life is love. His life is eternal, and His love just as everlasting, endless, as His life.

John uses the words "unto the end" to give us some idea of the greatness of the love of his Master. Jesus at the Last Supper went to the very end of love, went as far as love can go. There and then Divine Love gave its masterpiece. Infinite wisdom could conceive nothing more beautiful, boundless goodness could

inspire nothing more precious, omnipotence could give nothing greater than that which Jesus gave when He gave His flesh for a food and His blood for a drink.

Love seeks union. The love of Jesus "unto the end" sought a perfect, intimate, lasting union with His own. That desire He expressed that very evening in His great sacerdotal prayer: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee. That they also may be one in Us." That mysterious union of the Blessed Trinity, three Persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost in one God, Jesus chooses for His model. According to that blessed eternal Prototype, His loving Heart longs to establish a union between Himself and His own. To accomplish that, it was not sufficient that the Word should be made flesh and dwell among us; it was not sufficient that the heart should be opened and its blood taken to wash away sin—all that was much, but not the end. His love was not satisfied until He had said, "eat and drink." "I in you and you in Me." "As the Father hath loved Me, I also have loved you. Abide in My love." This is love unto the end, the great sacrament of love, the great mystery of love. A saint reflecting upon it exclaims: "Jesus became foolish for love of us"; His love is so extremely generous and self-sacrificing that it seems folly to our narrow selfishness.

The Apostles seeing this example of love unto the end with their own eyes, being the end and object of that love, and feeding upon that divine food of love, began to love Jesus unto the end. Human love generally weakens and often ends with the departure or failure of the master, or leader. Because of that Sacrament of Love, the death of Jesus and His ascension into Heaven did not diminish the love of the twelve. Their love became more spiritual and more ardent. Their hearts were inflamed with the fire of true divine love. Peter, who, at and before the Last Supper, protested so vehemently and promised so boastingly, now humbly kneels down and says weepingly: "I love Thee." "I love Thee, Master. Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee."

They loved not with the tongue only, but in deed. Forced by the fire of love, they divided the world among themselves, and went forth to preach Christ crucified. Practically every step they took was an heroic test of love. They were constantly "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren; in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." "Even unto this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode. And we labor, working with our hands; we are reviled, and we bless; we are persecuted, and we suffer it. We are blasphemed, and we entreat; we

are made as the refuse of this world, the offscouring of all even until now." They were not discouraged. They loved unto the end. The charity of Christ pressed them onward. In that charity they fought their fight, ran their course and kept their faith, and won their crown of glory.

The perfect love of the disciples changed their hearts completely, and made them Christlike. They resembled Christ in their zeal; they resembled Christ in their sufferings; they resembled Christ in their death. For them to live was Christ, and to die was gain. "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Therefore, whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's." To sacrifice their lives on the Cross like Jesus and for Jesus, they considered a privilege and an honor. "O thou blessed Cross," exclaimed St. Andrew, when led to the place of martyrdom, "made sacred by the body of the Lord, long have I longed for thee, ardently have I loved thee, always have I sought thee; thou being now prepared for my languishing soul, take me away from the men of the world, and give me back to my Master, that through thee He may receive me, Who through thee redeemed me." "Love unto the end," brought the Apostles to their end—Jesus Christ; and according to the degree of love which their souls possessed on earth is the greatness of their endless beatitude in heaven.

Jesus, this fire of love, Who sent the fire into the hearts of men, and willed that it should burn, remained in the Blessed Sacrament. His Sacred Heart, still inflamed, continues to inflame the hearts of men. His altar of love is surrounded by the pure of heart, who, drawn by love, take the holy vows, make their profession, and consecrate to Him all they have and all they are until death, unto the end.

To-day the hearts of men are cold in religion. There is little faith and less fervor. There is great indifference and neglect of sacred duties. It is our privilege to unfold to the world this burning Heart of love, and to give to the world the food of love. Let us be filled with it; let us fill the world with it. Let us love Him unto the end, and let us love Him until the end. His love is our life, here and hereafter.

## THE END OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

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“I am the Light of the world.” “I am the Life of the world.”

**T**HINGS divine, frequently, are most simple. The Nativity of Jesus was in the plan of Divine Providence the great event in the history of creation. It was foretold immediately after the fall of our first parents and the loss of Paradise. The prophets at various times were sent to remind the people of it. The Jewish nation prayed centuries for its consummation. John was born and miraculously sanctified to prepare the way for it. What a long and elaborate preparation! How simple the event. Jesus is born in the stable in the sacred stillness of the night. The nation is asleep. Not even the precursor is present.

Similar to the nativity in its simplicity is the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, the perpetual renewal of the Nativity. The event was of the greatest importance in the divine economy of man's salvation. Accordingly, it was foreshadowed by the manna in the desert, by the bread the angel brought to the starving and discouraged Elias, by the miraculous multiplication of bread to feed the five thousand followers of Jesus in the desert. Christ foretold it plainly and emphatically to the enthusiastic Galileans and His disciples, although He knew that they would murmur at it and abandon Him on account of it. For the realization of that old, often-repeated promise, Christ chooses a most solemn occasion in the great city of Jerusalem. It was the great, joyful feast of the pasch. The Jews came from near and far. The Easter lambs were bought by the thousands, brought to the temple to be sacrificed by the priests. Friends and relatives met, assembled, sang their psalms, and celebrated the festival according to their ritual. While this was going on, Jesus, in His own quiet way, ignoring the multitudes, without any public demonstration or proclamation, in the presence of the twelve, abolished the festival, the Easter lamb, the whole Old Testament, by taking bread and saying: “Take ye and eat: this is my body,” and taking the chalice and saying: “This is the blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins. Do this for a commemoration of Me.” These few creative, living words establish the whole new Church. The blood for the sins of men is there. The bread of eternal life is there. The eternal priesthood is there. The eternal Victim is there. What a sublimity in this simplicity!

The Apostles listen in silence, offer no objections and ask no questions. They believe in Christ, the Son of the living God, Who has the words of eternal life. They accept with gratitude, they

receive the consecrated bread and chalice with reverence and devotion. A new union, a complete union with Christ is established. They live, and Christ lives in them. Their silence and faith is a lesson for us, a lesson for all who believe. Those who believe in the nativity of Jesus Christ must also believe in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ. Both mysteries rest on the same solid divine foundation.

The few words the Master used to establish the priesthood express clearly one of the great ends He had in view in bringing the great sacrifice of remaining with us in that humble, hidden, obscure manner; entrusting Himself to the rude hands of His sinful subjects and obeying their words of consecration—"Do this for a commemoration of Me." He gives all and asks in turn to be remembered.

The Holy Eucharist is essentially a memorial. "He hath made a memorial of His wonderful works, the merciful and loving Lord He hath given food to them that fear Him." St. Paul thus understood the Blessed Sacrament; quoting those holiest words of the Last Supper, he adds: "For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord, until He comes." St. Thomas of Aquin, the angelic expositor of the Blessed Sacrament, and the angelic composer of that most beautiful office, gives us the very same interpretation. In the first lesson of the second nocturn, we find the expression of his deep thoughts well worthy of our special attention. God in His goodness, he teaches us, bestowed upon His Christian people boundless gifts which confer upon us an inestimable dignity. The great nations of old made themselves gods according to their own heart, but no nation could even imagine a deity so closely united with itself as our true great God is united with us. For the only begotten Son of God assumed our human nature to make us participate in His divine nature. He became the Son of man to make us sons of men and sons of God.

The second indescribable gift, says St. Thomas, which elevated us to a new dignity, is the Crucifixion. The Son of God having taken our nature, and having made it divine and precious in the sight of heaven, He gave it back to us. He gave His body for our reconciliation, and His blood to wash away our sins. To make all future generations remember and understand these gifts, which make us children of God, Jesus left as a memorial His body and blood, under the appearance of bread and wine, to be received by the faithful. "Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili passionis tue memoriam reliquisti," we sing as often as we give benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

It took the wisdom of a God to devise a memorial so simple and effective; it took the omnipotence of a God to erect a memorial so great and lasting as the Blessed Sacrament. The

memorials erected in the memory of human heroes, the pyramids in Egypt, the palaces of kings, the statues and monuments in parks and public places, are local, obscure, cold and dead. The memorial of Jesus is universal, understood by all, life-giving and loved. It is like the sun in the distant sky, sending his rays millions of miles in all directions, unfolding the beauties of nature to the human eye. The sun is Jesus in the tabernacle, and the rays of that sun are the members of the priesthood.

The Apostles, and the priests ordained by them, renewed the mysteries every morning. After consecration the sacred Host whispers, as it were: "Do this in memory of Me." They remembered Him during the day, and being filled with that knowledge of Christ, they showed Him to others by example and doctrine.

The heart of man is naturally religious, being by its origin the image of Christ. Hearing Christ and His religion, it finds in it something pleasing, something familiar. The gift of faith helps to grasp it more fully. The neophytes believed firmly. They received Jesus not only by faith, but in reality. This confirmed their faith. They are enlightened and become a light. Through them the light spreads. The home is reformed. It is made a Christian home. Young men and maidens are led by it away from home, as the wise men were led by the miraculous star. It leads them to a poor convent. They are happy and praise God because the light is there. For all, young and old, married and single, Jesus is the one great, only ideal. All study Him, all meditate on Him, all try to imitate Him, all try to live as Jesus lived, to die as Jesus died, to triumph as Jesus triumphed. That light of Christ conquered the darkness of paganism, that light of Christ changed the face of the earth. It passed from generation to generation with undiminished brightness.

When Jesus lived He said: "I am the Light of the world." It was a remarkable saying, well worthy of the Son of God. No Plato or Aristotle, founding schools and surrounded by scholars, dared to call himself the light of the world. The unknown Nazarene, followed by twelve fishermen and persecuted by the learned scribes, made the declaration, and we see its realization.

Jesus Christ is the Light of the world through the Blessed Sacrament. Those who have lost sight of this memorial, as practically all the members of other religious denominations have done, have also lost the true idea of Christ's character and Christ's doctrine. Their ministers stand not in close union with Christ, the source of light. They cannot give Christ present in the Sacrament of love to the people, and therefore the light does not penetrate their souls.

What an encouragement and what an admonition is the long history of the many battles and victories of the Prince of light over the prince of darkness for us priests. Jesus says: "I am the

Light of the world," and Jesus says: "You are the light of the world." Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the Light of the world through us. "Do this in commemoration of Me." We obey, and renew the mysteries of the Last Supper daily. We obey and communicate Him to the faithful, as He gave Himself to the Apostles. We must obey, and do it in memory of Him, sacrificing Him, receiving Him and giving Him to others, not in absolute silence and spiritual darkness, but in the light of the living word.

To-day more than ever "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirit of wickedness in high places." The name of Jesus is known to all, but for many that name has lost its sacred meaning. It is no longer Christ, the Son of God, but merely Christ, the Son of man. The prince of darkness, through a hundred human agencies, the press, the universities, the secret societies, is working restlessly to rob the Saviour of all His dignity. He does it under the cover of progress, science, broadmindedness. The true reason is the old reason given by Christ. They love darkness and hate the light. They hate the light because their works are bad. If Christ is not the Son of God, then His moral precepts, especially those against injustice and impurity, are not divine, binding in conscience. With such reflections they try to pacify their conscience, and make their scandalous conduct honorable in the sight of men.

Against these works of darkness, the Catholic priest must rise with all the power at his command, to preach Jesus, Who is to-day the same as yesterday, the same forever; to preach the old moral precepts, which are to-day the same as yesterday, the same forever. As the light of the sun does not change with the vicissitudes of time and the progress of nations, thus Jesus, the Light of the world, never changes.

The second great end Jesus had in view at the Last Supper when instituting the Blessed Sacrament was to give strength, to be the spiritual food of the human soul, to sustain and develop the supernatural life of faith in His children and lead it to the eternal life of glory. This we find clearly expressed in His words recorded by St. John in the sixth chapter: "I am the bread of life. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh, for the Life of the world." "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." "My flesh is meat indeed; and my blood is drink indeed. \* \* \* He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him. \* \* \* The same also shall live by Me."

The human soul needs Christ, the bread of life, even more than Christ, the Light of the world. The light is a preparation

for the life. As a light He gives us the perfect ideal to aim at; as life He makes it possible for us to attain that ideal. The great men of the world may excel in natural virtues and give an heroic example to their followers. Parting, and passing away into the obscure eternity, they can say to their friends "imitate me," but they cannot extend to their friends a helping hand. The saints lead a supernatural life, draw nations to themselves, and to their way of living. Parting, they are calm, they feel the nearness of Heaven, and they speak the consoling words, I go to God; when with God I shall pray for you, and continue to help you. Jesus Christ gave the example absolutely faultless and absolutely perfect, and when about to part He said: "Eat My flesh, drink My blood. Abide in Me and I in you. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me." The influence of man over fellow man is small, and of short duration. The influence of Jesus over the soul of man is deep, enters life itself, and is eternal.

The irreligious learned men of to-day try to reform evils by the education of the mind only. Their principle seems to be: If man understands what is right, he will do that which is right. This principle is false, and their work is fruitless. The Romans of old were highly cultured and educated. They had their great warriors, poets, philosophers and historians, but the city of culture and refinement was seated in wickedness, in cruelty, immorality and injustice. A glance at the present world illustrates the fallacy of their principle. No one knows the laws of justice better than the lawyers, and yet, as a class, they are perhaps the most unjust. No one knows the sad effects of social evils better than the students of medicine and the doctors. No one will say that the medical students are the most moral students, and that the doctors, as a class, are the safest teachers of morality. Society people boast of culture and refinement, and scandalize those who have the good fortune to be less fashionable by wantonness of every description. The root of evil is in the heart of man; by nature we are children of wrath. To reform that heart we need new strength, new life, and a new food for that life. Jesus gives that new life in baptism, and feeds that supernatural life with a supernatural food. Jesus alone reformed the world, and His standard of reformation must be kept up in Him.

John exclaimed rejoicing: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we saw His glory, the glory as it were, of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." We almost envy John the privilege of seeing Christ, and seeing in Christ the glory of the Father. We need not envy him. We have the history of nineteen hundred years, and in it we see more of the glory of Christ, although in a more imperfect manner than John beheld at the Last Supper. John saw the promise and the



prophesy; we see the glorious realization of all; John saw only the corner-stone of the Church; we see the great magnificent temple; John saw the mustard-seed; we see the beautiful tree spreading its branches over the whole world, giving an abundance of sweet food to all the starving children on their homeward journey. Glancing at the history of the Blessed Sacrament, we see the glory of Christ reflected in the daily lives of the millions of the faithful.

In the strength of the Living Bread, the Apostles went to the whole world to preach, suffer and die for Christ; in the strength of the Living Bread thousands of the early Christians gave their blood cheerfully for Christ, praying for their persecutors; in the strength of this Living Bread, young men, like a St. Thomas and St. Aloysius, conquered the passions of the flesh and led the life of angels. In the strength of this Living Bread frail young women became heroines, administering the works of mercy and charity; in the strength of this Living Bread married life was purified and sanctified, and homes were transformed into happy, Christians homes; in the strength of this Living Bread convents and monasteries have sprung up and have been kept up for centuries, the schools of scholars and saints; in the strength of this Living Bread the suffering and dying have found hope and consolation, and have made with Jesus the long journey into eternity. In the strength of this Living Bread, the great Catholic priesthood, notwithstanding its privations and sacrifices, has at all times drawn the best of the young men into the sanctuary, has made them happy, and kept them in the sanctuary until death. Indeed Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the life of the Church, and through the Church Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the Life of the world. "We saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and full of truth."

The priests need not review the history of the world to see the glory of Jesus. All we have to do is to search our own hearts. We find Jesus there. From the day of our first Holy Communion to the present hour He has been our Light and our Life. Jesus, in His mysterious, almost irresistible way, drew us away from the world and to Himself. He inspired our vocation, and gave us the grace to follow our calling. He was the object of our long studies and the object of our love. He led us to the tabernacle, as the star led the wise men to the tabernacle, and impressed His sacerdotal character upon our immortal souls. We saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father. He has been for us a food and a drink. We have lived by Him, and by Him we hope to live forever.

We, enjoying and having enjoyed the effects of the Blessed Sacrament, must be grateful and manifest our gratitude by being devout in receiving Him, and by being zealous in administering

Him unto others. This is the life of the priesthood, the dignity of the priesthood, and the sublime mission of the Catholic priesthood.

Reverend Fathers, speaking to you in the name of Jesus Christ, and in the name of His Vicar, Pius X, I implore you, understand your dignity, understand your privilege, understand well your duty. You hold in your consecrated hands the keys of the Tabernacle, the House of Bread. Do not lock the door and let the people starve. They are walking through a terrible desert on their journey to heaven. They will die by the wayside unless you, like an "alter Christus," have a tender compassion upon the multitudes, and make them kneel down at the table of angels, and place upon their tongues the sacred Host, that it may preserve them, body and soul, for life everlasting—"Corpus Domini Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam." The rich in the world, and the various charity organizations make great efforts and sacrifice much to give the poor in the cities a little feast on a Thanksgiving or a Christmas day. What is all that in comparison with the "Daily Bread" at your disposal for the multitudes? Are you making an equal effort to feed the little children, the struggling young men, the sick and the dying with the Bread of eternal life? The people are thirsting for Christ, Christ is thirsting for them. You stand between Him and the people, you are the mediators, you must bring them together. Through you Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament must be the light of America. Through you Jesus Christ must be the life of America. For that end He in His love instituted the Holy Eucharist, for that end He called you to the priesthood, for that end He sent you as the Father had sent Him. Jesus Christ brought a great sacrifice to remain as the light of the world and the life of the world—He sacrificed Himself. Let us sacrifice much, let us sacrifice ourselves, that His sacrifice may not be in vain.

## THE EFFECTS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

### PART I

“Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia. Corda, voces et opera.”

**I**N these words, St. Thomas, the angelic doctor and the angelic saint, describes the effects Holy Communion must have on those who receive it worthily. It is a divine food, and that divine food must preserve and develop the divine virtues in the soul of man. We often speak of the vast difference there is between the Catholic Church and all non-Catholic denominations; we love to think how the Real Presence makes the Catholic Church so far superior to all other churches. This difference and superiority must show itself not in words, but in the daily life of Catholics, especially in the representatives of the Church, the priests who receive the Food of Angels every morning.

“Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia.” “Things old must depart; all must be new,” says the Dominican poet. Of all the things that must be new in and after Communion, the first is the heart. The worldly-minded are superficial, and always regard the outside. They improve, polish and refine the exterior. God is spiritual. His spirit penetrates all. It touches and influences that which is innermost—the heart, life itself.

To the heart after Communion we may well apply the words of St. Paul: “Know you not that you are the temples of God, \* \* \* that your bodies are the members of Christ.” Holy Communion makes the heart the living temple, the tabernacle of Jesus Christ, and such a heart must be among the hearts of men what the material temple is among the buildings of the city.

Everything in the temple is sacred, receiving its sanctity from God, and pointing back to God. It is decorated with the altars, the images of the saints, and the Stations of the Cross. Worldly ornaments and decorations, no matter how precious and artistic, are there out of place. They may please the eye in the palace of a king, but they offend and hurt the feelings of a Christian in the church. The temple is sacred, and the things in the temple must be sacred. The Pantheon of pagan Rome remained standing in the days of Christianity, but Christianity reformed and transformed its interior. The idols of the gods were banished, to make room on the throne for the One True God, and the great God was surrounded by the saints, His greatest and most wonderful works. The Pantheon became the Church of All Saints.

This gives us a perfect illustration of the “recedant vetera, et nova sint omnia” in the heart of the faithful communicant. The heart of man is naturally a pantheon. It is filled with idols and

it worships them. Inordinate self-love and passionate love of creatures profane and defile it. When Christ enters the heart, He enters as a King. The heart must be His own, and in it He must rule supreme. He tolerates no false gods, no idols. They all must vanish before His face, even as the snow melts before the warm rays of the April sun. Even desires and affections which would quite become the hearts of the members of the laity would disgrace the priestly heart, for his heart is the living temple of the living Jesus.

One of the striking characteristics of a true temple is its sacred stillness and heavenly peacefulness. In the streets we meet the rushing, running, money-seeking and pleasure-seeking crowds. We enter the church facing the busy street, and we notice and feel a change, sudden and great. The Prince of Peace dwells there.

That Prince of Peace comes to the human heart to bring peace. When He has entered that heart and dwells in that heart, that heart must be a temple of peace. "Recedant vetera"—the old troubles must go. The many fears and endless anxieties that worry and wear out the souls of men must be kept out of that sanctuary. No man in the whole world can be so peaceful as a good priest. His holy vows of celibacy and obedience lead to peace. He has no family to provide for, and if he truly seeks the kingdom of God, God will always provide for him. We never hear of a good priest starving. His cares are of a spiritual nature—"the solicitude for all the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is scandalized and I am not on fire?" These cares may set the soul on fire, but must not disturb his peace. "Fear not, I am with you," says the voice of Jesus in his heart. In the name of Jesus He calms the stormy sea; with Jesus he walks safely on the dangerous waves.

A peaceful priest is always a great peacemaker, and "blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." In the morning he stands at the altar and devoutly prays for peace—"pax Domini sit semper vobiscum." "Dona nobis pacem." During the day he meets his troubled, struggling children, and his dignified, calm appearance, and his gentle but firm voice spreads peace. In the confessional, above all, his children open their bleeding hearts to him, and his words, accompanied by the sacramental grace, heal the wounds. He repeats the words of Jesus spoken to the weeping Mary Magdalen: "Go in peace," and like Mary, his penitents leave him feeling the blessings of a new peace.

At the Last Supper Jesus pacified His sad and troubled disciples: "These things I have spoken to you, that in Me you may have peace. \* \* \* Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth do I give unto you. Let

not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid." Indeed such a peaceful Easter must make every heart in which He dwells a peaceful sanctuary.

Jesus spoke of His own sacred body as a temple. Speaking, as John tells us, of the temple of His body, He said: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I shall raise it up." The divinity of Jesus dwelling in that body, being united with that body, made it a temple divine. Jesus dwelling in the heart of man makes that heart a sacred temple. In a Catholic temple the devout eye seeks and loves to find the little bright sanctuary lamp. It means so much to a devout heart. The red flame says Jesus is present and Jesus is love. In His parable of the ten virgins Jesus Himself gave the burning lamps in the hands of the prudent virgins that signification of charity, of love.

In the living temple—the heart of a Christian—the sanctuary lamp, the flame of love, must be kept burning at all hours of the day and night. To love God is the first great commandment. That commandment of God expresses the deepest longing God has planted in the heart. God made us because He loved us. God made us in the image of perfect eternal love. God made us to love eternally. The pure oil in the clean lamp represents the good works. The flame itself must be Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

To love God the heart must feel that it is loved by God. God manifested His love in all His works. His masterpiece of love is the Blessed Eucharist. At the Last Supper He loved unto the end. In the Blessed Sacrament He continues to love unto the end. Meditating and seeing that love, the heart begins to love. Receiving that love, the heart is inflamed with love. That fire of love is the force that makes it beat, that gives it activity and endurance. That divine fire of love must burn out the old self-love and love of creatures. "Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia"—that love divine must lift the heart up to God and make it resemble God.

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Receiving Holy Communion, we touch with our tongue the pure, white, Sacred Host. That is a great privilege. The golden chalice must be consecrated with holy oil before it is permitted to touch these sacred species. The fingers of a priest must be anointed before they are allowed to hold that Bread of life. The sacred vessels being consecrated, solemnly dedicated to the service of God, remain sacred. What a profanation and blasphemy it would be to take a chalice from the tabernacle to a banquet table. Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia, corda, voces et opera. Thus St. Thomas tells us Holy Communion must sanctify the lips and the tongue. The abuse of them must cease, and the proper use of them must begin.

“Who is there that hath not offended with his tongue? \* \* \* If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.” “Many have fallen by the edge of the sword; but not so many as have perished by their own tongue.” A great spiritual writer says that more than half of the sins we commit are committed by the abuse of the tongue. The books of Scripture, of saintly writers, and of the learned of the world, all tell us that the tongue is “a restless evil, full of poison.”

The many sins of the tongue we need not enumerate. We know them from personal experience. The most wicked among them are those directly against God—cursing, swearing, blaspheming. Shocking it is to hear such language from the lips of infidels and unbelievers. That crime grows in malice when the words proceed from the lips that have been reddened by the precious Blood and sanctified by the Sacred Host. “You cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord and of the table of devils.” We cannot kneel down and whisper with folded hands “hallowed be Thy name,” \* \* \* “Blessed be Jesus, the fruit of thy womb,” and then curse that God and abuse that sacred name. Recedant vetera. Those abuses must stop.

Great are the sins of calumny and detraction. They violate the law of charity given by Jesus at the Last Supper. They destroy the peace of homes and wound the hearts of many. “Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not to be.” The Sacred Heart is charity, and must make of the tongue the blessed instrument of charity.

Obscene language is like the odor that comes from the grave. It is a sign of a corrupted heart. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” The Sacred Host is pure, immaculate. It must purify the lips and make them clean. “Fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints, \* \* \* nor obscenity, nor foolish talking, nor scurrility which is to no purpose; but rather giving thanks.”

One of the first steps necessary to tame that tongue and check it, is to practise silence; to imitate Jesus perpetually silent in the tabernacle. Silence is holy, and when inspired by the right motives, it leads to holiness, peace and happiness. Silence has well been called the mother of prayer, the mother of wisdom. A silent heart is a recollected heart. A silent heart is a deep heart. A silent heart is a peaceful heart. In silence we hear the words of God; in silence they take root; in silence they grow and bear fruit. “He that refraineth his lips is most wise.” All the saints of the Church were men that loved silence. All the founders of religious Orders, convents and monasteries recommended silence in their holy rule. The religion of the man who does not

learn to control his tongue is vain. By keeping silence we learn how to think and how to speak.

Jesus having given the example of silence in the desert, began to teach and preach. Speech is a great gift of God. The abuse of it spreads death; the use of it gives life. From the lips of a true Christian after Communion must come words that manifest the kindness and mildness, the purity and piety, of Jesus Christ. *Nova sint omnia.* The first good and proper use of the tongue is that of prayer. God gave us speech, and speech must be used to praise God in hymns and songs and spiritual canticles. From a religiously joyful heart will naturally come such joyful praise of God. When Zachary saw his child and called it John, "immediately his mouth was opened and his tongue loosed and he spoke, blessing God." Blessing God, he sang one of the most beautiful canticles that ever came from a human heart. Such cheerful, joyful praise of God adds much to the joy of the heart. "*Cor meum et caro mea exultaverunt in Deum vivum.*"

Love of God always manifests itself in love of neighbor. The tongue that praises God will incessantly try to communicate the good God to others. Jesus cured a man deaf and dumb, and requested him to tell no man about it. The good man could not keep that command. The heart was too full of joy and love. It had to communicate itself to others. He went and told all he met what Jesus had done. "And they bring to Him one deaf and dumb; and they besought Him that He would lay His hands upon him. And taking him from the multitude apart, He put His fingers into his ears, and spitting He touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven He groaned, and said to him, *Ephpheta*, which is, *Be thou opened.* And immediately his ears were opened; and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spoke right. And He charged them that they should tell no man. But the more He charged them, so much the more a great deal did they publish it." The Blessed Lady loved solitude, but could remain in solitude no more when she had the happy news of the redemption, and the Redeemer Himself. Thus no Christian heart can be truly fervent without letting the flame of love burn high and spread far.

Our conversations cannot always be as strictly religious as that of the great saints, whose motto was "*Aut de Deo aut cum Deo,*" but it must be always honest and noble; always coming from a charitable heart, and always directed to spread happiness and goodness; to make others better and happier. It must always manifest in us Jesus, Whose mission it is to spread salvation. "A good man out of a good treasure bringeth forth good things." Only good things can come from a heart that is a living temple of Jesus Christ. "*Os justi meditabitur sapientiam et lingua ejus loquetur iudicium.*"

New is the heart of the communicant, new are the words that come from the sanctified lips, new must be his work. *Nova sint omnia*. Everything must be new. The effect of Holy Communion must be "like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened."

The parable of the vine and the branches, which Jesus spoke immediately after the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, illustrates admirably the newness and perfection of the works which Jesus expects from those who receive Him.

In this parable Christ makes it clear to all that He expects fruit, great fruit, great activity, great results, from those to whom He gives much, to whom He gives Himself. "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He, the Father, will take away." \* \* \* "In this is My Father glorified; that you bring forth very much fruit." "I have chosen you; and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit; and that your fruit should remain." The only fruit which is truly great and the only fruit which remains is spiritual fruit, the work done for the perfection and salvation of the immortal soul.

The worldly minded work and often work very hard, but their activity is for temporal things, things that concern the mortal body—"what shall we eat, what shall we drink, wherewith shall we clothe ourselves." They gather the treasures of this world, fleeting as the wind, and attach their hearts to them. Like the Pharisees, they labor for vain glory—to be seen, to be praised and to be applauded. All these are like the fig-tree without fruit. When Jesus saw this beautiful tree, tall and shady, rich in foliage, but without fruit, He was angry; and for the first and only time He lifted His omnipotent hand to punish. He cursed the tree and the tree was dead. "Recedant vetera." "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be cut down, and shall be cast into the fire." Christ, coming from heaven, dwelling in the heart, must direct all activity to heaven. "Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also."

To make our short life not showy, but fruitful, for life everlasting, Christ, in His parable, teaches us that our union with Him must be intimate and lasting. The effects of His real presence in Holy Communion, received in the morning, must continue spiritually during the hours of the day. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you, unless you abide in Me. I am the vine; you are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for without Me you can do nothing." This illustration Jesus uses is touching and consoling. The vine is the life of the branch. The branch is in the vine and remains in the vine. The vine con-



stantly forces the principle of life into the utmost extremities of the branch, and this makes the branch grow, blossom and bear fruit. Because of this life-giving and life-sustaining union, the life of the branch is the same as the life of the vine, and the fruit of the branch is the same as the fruit of the vine.

Jesus is the vine, firmly and eternally rooted in the bosom of the eternal Father, descending into this world, uniting to Himself the children of men as branches, to communicate to them constantly His life, to make them beautiful with the flowers of His virtues, and to make them bear fruit abundantly for life everlasting. It may have been the vision of this vineyard that inspired the Prophet Isaias to sing: "I will sing to my beloved the canticle of my cousin concerning his vineyard. My beloved had a vineyard on a hill in a fruitful place. And he fenced it in, and picked the stones out of it, and planted it with the choicest vines." At the Last Supper Jesus changed the wine into His precious blood. Thus the daily actions of men must be changed, transformed by the precious blood which they receive in the morning.

"By their fruits you shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit." A Catholic, a frequent communicant, a daily communicant, a priest must be known not by the fact that he enters the church and approaches the Holy Table, but by the gradual, constant change of his heart, his speech and his daily work. If he advances he will advance fast. "Every one that beareth fruit, he will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit." If he does not advance, if he receives like a Judas, or does not abide in Christ, his fall will be great. "He shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither, and they shall gather him up, and cast him into the fire, and he burneth."

"Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:  
Sorte tamen inaequali  
Vitae vel interitus.  
Mors est malis, vita bonis,  
Vide paris sumptionis  
Quam sit dispar exitus.

"The gift is shared by all, yet tends,  
In bad and good, to differing ends  
Of blessing or of woe;  
What death to some, salvation brings  
To others; lo! from common springs  
What various issues flow!"

That is one of the great promises of Jesus. He will bless our work if we work in His name. Peter cured the sick and caught the fishes.

## THE EFFECTS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

### PART II

“He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.”

**WE** priests are inclined to give our whole mind, early in the morning to the consideration of the sublime duty of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass. We try to enter the church in the spirit of Simeon, the prophet, that man just and devout, who came into the temple by the Spirit. We are somewhat in danger of forgetting that we have the privilege, not only of offering up that Child to the Heavenly Father, as the prophet Simeon did, not only of holding Him in our trembling arms as he did, but of receiving Him, even as the Apostles received Him at the Last Supper. Mother Church, always thoughtful and helpful, assists us by placing before us the beautiful prayers to be said in the sacristy before Mass. In these prayers, composed by the great doctors and saints, like St. Ambrose and St. Thomas, we notice that Holy Communion is spoken of more than the sacrifice of Mass. Daily we receive Holy Communion, daily Christ gives Himself to us, and giving such a great gift every day, making Himself our daily bread, He expects great supernatural results. He says: “He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.” “Qui manducat vivet propter me.” We priests, above all, must fulfill this prophecy and request of the Master. We must learn to live “propter Jesum Christum.” The word “propter” may have a twofold meaning. In the English translation, we find the word “by”—“lives by Me.” Christ is the source of life for such a one. In St. Augustine we find the word “propter” translated “for”—such a one lives for Me—that is, directs all his thoughts and all his sentiments to Me. Such a one loves Me with his whole mind, his whole heart and his whole soul. Both meanings are correct, and both suggest beautiful thoughts.

The priest lives “propter Christum,” by keeping the twofold vows he makes when receiving the Holy Orders—the vows of chastity and obedience until death. We all have taken these holy vows publicly, in the face of the whole world and the face of heaven. We all certainly mean to keep them conscientiously and faithfully, as long as we live. “Vota mea Domino reddam coram omni populo ejus.” For the observation of the vow of chastity, we shall take for our model the Apostle St. John—the Apostle whom the Master loved. The Master loved him and the Master privileged him, no doubt, because he was the virgin disciple. The whole world loves him, and the whole world venerates him; and the fundamental reason for this universal lasting veneration is because he stands before the world holding in his hand the lily of purity.

When Christ ascended Mt. Tabor, to be transfigured and transformed, John, the virgin disciple, was present. When Christ entered the Garden of Olives, there to weep and to bleed and to pray, He took John with Him. When Christ was sitting at the Last Supper, the beloved disciple sat next to Him, and was permitted to rest his head on the Master's sacred bosom. When Christ ascended Calvary and was hanging on the Cross, John stood near Him, and to John, dying, He gave His Blessed Mother—"Son, behold your Mother." John was the first of the disciples to come to the tomb and to witness the resurrection. John, inspired by the Holy Ghost, saw more clearly the mysteries of heaven—the secrets of God—than any other human being. Well, do we read of him—"electus," and "dilectus." He was chosen by Christ, and Christ loved him. The beauty of this virtue of chastity John undoubtedly learned from his conversations with the Master, and his conversations with His Blessed Mother, the Virgin of virgins. We all feel the truth of the words—"Oh, quam pulchra est casta generatio cum claritate." How clearly must John have seen the angelic beauty, the divine beauty, that chaste generation in the souls of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This virtue, the supernatural beauty of which Christ brought from Heaven, has become the distinctive flower in the garden of the Church. There, at all times, in all countries, we find men and women, like St. Agnes, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Aloysius. We priests, ministers of this Church, the Church of virgin saints, the Spouse of Christ, must be the leaders of this chaste generation; to lead them on to the Spouse of virgin saints. Every one of us must be able to say with St. Paul: "I would that all men were even as myself." We all must be able to preach from our whole hearts the counsel of virginity. We must lead such lives that the Lord Himself can recommend unto us and confide to our care and guidance His most privileged souls, even as He confided the Immaculate Lady unto St. John and St. Joseph.

Christ Himself, standing on the mountain top, and speaking to the whole world, gives a fundamental reason for the keeping of this vow, and the faithful practise of this angelic virtue. "He opened His mouth and said, Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." At the Last Supper He somewhat explained the meaning of the words "They shall see God," when He said: "I will love him and will manifest Myself to him. \* \* \* My Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him." The priest, who has a pure heart, like St. John, will not only see the mysteries more clearly, but will feel them. Christ will manifest Himself unto such a heart, as He manifested Himself unto the angelic saint, and transformed him, in His light, into the angelic doctor. The priest who has a pure heart, and

excels in this virtue, will see his God in his daily prayers, in his meditations, in the sacrifice of Mass, in the daily events which the world calls accidental, but which he sees to be providential. Hence, the importance for every priest to imitate St. John, and to thus become the beloved disciple of Christ. Christ desired to work a miracle of grace, to have an Immaculate Mother with whom to live, and unto whom to communicate Himself. Thus Christ to-day desires to have, in as far as it is possible for human nature, an immaculate priesthood, with whom to dwell, and unto whom to manifest Himself. In regard to the purity, the exquisite chastity befitting a priest, St. Jerome says: In Heaven the Son, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, was accustomed to be adored by choirs of angels, so that when the Word became flesh, He established a new hierarchy of angels to worship Him on earth, namely the priests of the New Law.

St. Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians, gives us another important reason why we must try to keep the holy vow we have taken, and to excel in the virtue of purity of heart. "I would have you," he says, "to be without solicitude. He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God, but he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided." Purity of heart is a source of supernatural strength. "Immortalis est enim memoria illius: quoniam apud Deum nota est et apud homines." The miraculous strength of Samson of old was connected with his long hair. Thus the spiritual strength of the priest's soul is intimately connected with the purity of that soul. When Samson's hair was cut short, his strength was gone, and the giant was defeated. Should a priest lose that lily, he is like a plucked flower, whose strength is doomed to wither away, to be cast into dust, and to be trampled under the feet of man. John, having that pure soul, that heart undivided, that heart entirely given to his Master, had the strength to follow Him, carrying the Cross to the very top of Calvary, and to stand there bravely and loyally unto the end. We need not go back to the early centuries to see the superhuman courage of men and women whose hearts were undivided, entirely given to God. Read the history of America, study the pioneer priests; see how they crossed the ocean, traveled across the prairies, penetrated the forests, lived there for years and years the life of hardship and sacrifice. We ask, how could they do it? They had pure hearts, hearts without solicitude and worldly care and worldly attachment, and, therefore, their hearts were so strong.

To keep this vow which we have made—"juravi et statui," we need help divine. Christ stands before us, gives us His flesh to eat, His blood to drink, and says: "He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me." To live for Christ we must live by Christ. In Him and through Him in Holy Communion, we must conquer

and crush the demon of the flesh, that the spirit may be triumphant. "Watch and pray," said Christ, I send you like lambs among wolves, not to be devoured by the wolves, but to change the wolves into lambs. In order that we priests, living in the midst of a corrupt world, and seeing corruption of the heart daily, more plainly than men following worldly professions, may keep our hearts pure and make them Christlike, we must, in the first place, watch, avoid the occasion of sin, "sint lumbi vestri praecinti." If your right hand scandalize you, cut that off. If your right eye scandalize you, pluck that out. All the praying will do us no good; we cannot expect God to assist us unless we show a good will, and do all in our power. Watch—remain always in broad daylight. Avoid everything that is done in secret, in a sly, hidden way. Such regions of darkness are the regions of the demon, and if, without cause, you enter these regions, you will meet the demon and be defeated by him. Things that are done aboveboard, openly, are in God's regions, and there God is nearest and God is with us. Christ Himself met sinful men and sinful women on various occasions, yet the vilest of men did not dare to suspect Him of the slightest transgression against this virtue. The reason, no doubt, is because Christ could say, "I have spoken openly to the world. I have always taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither all the Jews resorted, and in secret I have spoken nothing."

Keeping thus the advice of Christ, and watching, let us heed the second word—pray. To live like angels in the flesh, we need the food of angels, which is, first of all, Holy Communion, after that daily Holy Communion, your daily Divine Office. Daily Mass and daily Communion are for every priest the two wings, using which he must lift himself above the corruption of the world, above the corruption of the flesh, and sail onward, higher and higher, to the very regions of the choirs of angels. "He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me."

To live for Christ, we take a second vow, the most important and sublime vow a man can take. It is the vow of obedience. "Follow Me," said Christ to the young man. We follow Him by giving up our own will to live according to His will, that His will may be done by us on earth, even as it is done by the angels in Heaven. For our model of obedience let us choose a second disciple, a beloved disciple, a privileged disciple, St. Peter. At the Last Supper, inspired by the Holy Ghost, he made his vow of obedience, saying: "Why can not I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thee. Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison and to death."

St. Peter, on former occasions, had been a model of an obedient disciple, an obedient priest. When on the deep water, after fruitless work during the silent hours of the night, the Master said, "Cast down thy net," Peter promptly obeyed, saying, "At

Thy word, Master." When, on another occasion, the Master in the distance beckoned Peter to cross the stormy waves and come to Him, Peter, forgetting his weakness and the laws of nature, jumped into the water and walked across the waves to meet his Lord. Before the Last Supper, when Christ sent him to the city to make the necessary preparations, giving orders vague and difficult to observe, Peter did as it was appointed unto him. He obeyed Christ.

• After the death of Christ, obedience to the unseen, invisible Master became by far more difficult. Christ answered his vow of obedience, as it were. "Amen, amen I say to thee, when thou wast younger, thou didst walk where thou wouldst, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and lead thee whither thou wouldst not." Read the Acts of the Apostles, and you will find that this prophecy of Christ was fulfilled to the letter. Peter's hands were stretched forth. They were girded with iron chains, and he was led into the dark prison, there to spend hours all alone. When the material hands of the obedient Peter were thus tied and fettered, we read an angel, striking Peter on the side, raised him up, saying, "Arise quickly," and the chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said to him, "Gird thyself, and put on thy sandals," and he did so, and he said to him, "Cast thy garment about thee and follow me," and going out he followed him, and he knew not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. The angel, who threw the iron chains from the hands of Peter, chained his will, and led Peter from prison to prison, from battle to battle, from victory to victory, from triumph to triumph. It was because Peter sought not his own will, but said "We ought to obey God more than man," and sought to obey that God and follow the unseen angel, that he was led to his glorious death, and from that death to the final great triumph in Heaven. Indeed St. Peter is a model of obedience for every priest.

Reverend Fathers, let me ask you, living in this country and in this century, where the spirit of disobedience and disrespect for authority is so universal and damaging, to imitate St. Peter, to follow Christ, seen or unseen. Were Christ with us, visibly, as he was among the disciples, it would be easier for us, like St. Peter, to walk across the waves, or to cast out our nets in His name. Since we do not see our God we are tempted to disobey our God. Remember here, that authority is divine, and therefore whenever a person having authority speaks, commanding things over which he has authority, let us obey that person, even as St. Peter obeyed the angel, stretched forth his hands, had them girdled, and allowed himself to be led to places so high and so difficult that they seemed to be visions and not realities. Christ said: "Peter, when thou wast younger, thou didst gird thyself and didst walk where thou wouldst, but when thou shalt

be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and lead thee whither thou wouldst not." The truth of these words we see daily in the lives of priests. Priests, when they are young, coming from the seminary, the school of obedience, the holy oil still fresh upon their hands, find it easy to obey. The will of their superiors seems to be their own will, and in doing this will they seem to go where they want to go. The sacrifice of obedience frequently comes in later years, when the first fervor of the priesthood has diminished, when individual character has grown strong, when the sacrifices demanded are of the greatest. It may happen then that we receive a word from authority to go where we do not want to go, to do what we do not want to do. Let us then remember the words of Christ. Let us allow our hands to be tied. Let us submit our will and allow God, through His representative, to lead us. We shall always find, Reverend Fathers, that when God leads He leads us from battle to battle, but also from victory to victory.

No one in the history of mankind found obedience more difficult than Our Lord Himself. Trembling and bleeding, He lies in the Garden of Olives, and cries, "Father, take away the chalice," but notice He adds, "Father, not My will, Thy will be done." Although His whole nature rebelled, His will remained submissive to the will of the Father, and, obeying the Father, speaking to the unjust and cowardly through Pontius Pilate—a man sinful, but a man having authority—the greatest victory over the devil and the world was accomplished.

When obedience seems hard, when our hands are girded, and when we are led to go where our hearts do not want to go, let us not blame superiors, but let us, like St. Peter, submit cheerfully and promptly. No master, no bishop, ever demanded so much from his priests, young or old, as the greatest of Masters, Jesus Christ, demanded from His disciples. He sent them into the world to preach, to suffer, and to die; that, no bishop would dare to do.

To have the courage and the strength to follow the command given, leading us against our will to things greater than we can will, we need heavenly food. The weaker our will is, the greater the sacrifices demanded, the more fervently let us receive Holy Communion every morning, and sacrifice on the altar. If we see Christ in our superiors, commanding and directing, and if we receive Christ in our hearts, refreshing and strengthening, then, Reverend Fathers, like St. Peter, we shall cast out our nets in the name of Jesus Christ, and be successful in catching sinners. Then, Reverend Fathers, like St. Peter, we shall walk across the great and dangerous waves, the temptations and trials of this world, onward through the dark night, and meet Jesus standing at the eternal shore with open arms to welcome us, to crown us with a crown of eternal glory.

## THE EFFECTS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

### PART III

“Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls.”

**T**HE devotion of the Sacred Heart, the great universal devotion of our times, is closely, intrinsically, and historically related to the Holy Eucharist, the center of all the devotions of the Catholic Church at all times. The Sacred Heart is the organ and symbol of love divine. The Holy Eucharist is the Sacrament of love—love itself. Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, to express more clearly and touchingly His love for humanity, appeared again and again to St. Mary Margaret, showing His Heart inflamed with love, surrounded by a crown of thorns, surmounted by a cross, and asked her to practice a devotion to His Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, to receive devoutly Holy Communion as an atonement, and to spread that devotion throughout the world. To practice that devotion to the Sacred Heart, it is good to have pictures and statues, and to adorn them with candles and flowers. It is better to visit Our Lord personally, and to receive Him frequently; but the essential feature of this devotion seems to be to imitate Christ.

Christ says: “Learn of Me, learn of My Heart.” The greatest present we can bring to His Heart is our own heart, shaped and modelled according to His Divine Heart. Every Christian, and especially every priest, must look upon Christ as the perfect model, the one ideal. He came from Heaven, “The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,” just to show us in a visible, tangible way God’s ideal of a man. He, and only He, in the history of six thousand years, could challenge all His enemies and say, “Who can accuse Me of sin?” Of Him and of Him alone, could the Heavenly Father say “In Him I am well pleased.”

Whereas Christ is the mirror of every virtue—“Learn of Me. Follow Me. I am the way”—He singles out two especially for our imitation, meekness and humility, because these two gems are so very precious in the sight of God. They adorn the soul and make it especially beautiful. They are of the greatest importance for our daily life, and they are most ignored by the men of the world, and even little practiced by the children of the heavenly kingdom.

In the first place, let us consider the meekness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Meekness expresses His way of dealing with fellow men. John the Baptist, who was a prophet, who enjoyed the special light of God, saw and foresaw the character and the history of the Saviour clearly and distinctly, and he gives that



character in one word when He says "Agnus Dei," "Behold the Lamb of God." The meekness of Christ is symbolized in the meekness of the little lamb. To see that meekness of the Sacred Heart, His lamblike, gentle way of dealing with the children of men, we must open the Holy Gospels, and read them in a pious, prayerful way. There we see, in the first place, how Christ was lamblike, meek, in all His dealings with His disciples. They were ignorant fishermen, and slow to understand His doctrine of a spiritual kingdom. They had small, selfish hearts, and therefore could not appreciate the greatness of the heart of their Master, but quarreled among themselves. They were reluctant to take His admonitions. St. Peter, in the Garden of Olives, fell asleep again and again. All of them were, humanly speaking, unfit companions for the Saviour. Yet we never find that Christ dealt with them in a harsh, impatient way. He was always kind, always gentle, always forgiving. To the unbelieving Thomas He said: "Put thy hand in My side," as though He meant to say, "Put your hand upon My heart. You know I love you. My heart was wounded for you. Believe now, and be no longer unbelieving." To all the Apostles who had abandoned Him and forsaken Him most shamefully, notwithstanding His repeated admonitions and warnings, He appears again and again, and has for them all a friendly greeting: "Peace be with you." He praises their goodness, He forgets their failings. To Peter who had denied Him three times, He says three times: "Dost thou love Me?" and when Peter affirmed three times, with tears in his eyes, "Master, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest my heart. Thou knowest that I love Thee," Christ seems to forget his denial, and entrusts to him all His lambs and all His sheep.

Such meekness, Reverend Fathers, is consoling, is divine. Let us adore that meek Heart. Adoration means imitation. If the meekness of that Heart is worthy of adoration, it is worthy of imitation. How many opportunities have we not to practice this meekness in dealing with fellow men, especially with fellow priests. At times we find it difficult thus to control ourselves. We need help. Ascend, therefore, the altar in the morning, take the Sacred Host in your hands, and then cry out, "Agnus Dei—miserere nobis," "Lamb of God, have mercy on my weakness. Teach me and help me to be meek and lamblike."

The meekness of Christ toward the people seems to be the very essence of all his dealings with them. Meditate on the parables He uses to manifest that consoling trait of His character. "I am," He says, "the Good Shepherd." Again He pictures Himself as the Good Samaritan, the kind forgiving Father. He applies to Himself the words of the Prophet Isaiah, "Tell ye the daughter of Sion: Behold thy King cometh to thee meek." He is a King, but not like the kings of old. He is a meek King. He fulfilled the prophecy according to His own words, "He shall not

contend nor cry out, neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. The bruised reed He shall not break, and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish." We love to read how He called the children, how He blessed them, how He said to the poor woman taken in sin, "Go and sin no more. I shall not accuse thee." He foresaw that most of the people would some day cry out, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." Still He goes to meet them, and meekly accepts their greetings, singing "Hosanna to the Son of David."

Read all the Gospels, the inspired word of Christ, and you will find that He never spoke a word to defend Himself. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." Jesus was meek, and therefore He possessed the hearts of the people. It is this meekness which wins the love of all the land. Adore that meekness, and imitate that meekness, Reverend Fathers, when you come home and work among the people of your parish. We know that there is trouble in many a parish, and that trouble causes scandal, and that scandal is the cause of the loss of souls. Many of these troubles are caused, alas, because we forget ourselves when provoked to anger. We ascend the pulpit, and instead of defending Christ and His Church we defend our littleness. Instead of preaching to make the people happy, we send them home unhappy and provoked to anger. If we are guilty of any of these faults let us repent. Let us conquer our anger in future, and since that is difficult to do, let us ascend the altar every morning, take the Sacred Host into our hands, see the meekness of Christ's heart in that Host, and then cry a second time, "Agnus Dei, miserere nobis," "Lamb of God, have mercy on me and help me to deal with the people in Thy own gentle way. Send me as a lamb among wolves, and help me not to become like the wolves, but to change the wolves into lambs."

Christ says: "Learn of Me, for I am meek." Meekness, Reverend Fathers, is one of those virtues that the world does not know. It is one of those passive virtues that the so-called "Americanism" seems to ignore. We need this meekness, especially we pastors representing the Good Shepherd. Open the Holy Gospels frequently, study the heart of your Model and Master, and see how He was lamblike and meek toward those who wronged Him, insulted Him and crucified Him. You will find Him in Nazareth, His own home, and He is not well received. Christ leaves them, and says mournfully, "A prophet is not without honor but in his own country, and in his own house, among his kindred." He came to the land of the Gerasens, and because the people, through His miraculous power, lost a few of their swine, "the whole city went out to meet Jesus, and when they saw Him, they besought Him that He would depart from their coast." How Jesus must have pitied the avarice and ignorance of those blinded children! Still, He speaks no word, but leaves

them calmly. He passes through Samaria, "and the Samaritans received Him not, because His face was of one going to Jerusalem. And when the disciples, James and John, had seen this, they said: Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven and consume them? And turning, Jesus rebuked them, saying: You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save."

The character of a man shows itself best of all in times of trouble, persecution and suffering. If you want to see the meekness of the Sacred Heart shine in all its beauty, read the Passion of Our Lord. "When Peter drew his sword, Jesus said to Peter: Put up thy sword into the scabbard. The chalice which My Father has given Me, shall I not drink it?" When the servants struck Him in the face, Jesus answered meekly: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil, but if well, why strikest thou Me?" When the soldiers, scribes and Pharisees blasphemed Him, dying on the Cross, He immediately answered their injurious and insulting words by saying: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Let us kneel down and adore that meek Heart, for its meekness is superhuman, is divine. Adoration means imitation. We may have our enemies, that is, men who deal with us as enemies, but no matter whether they refuse to receive us, or whether they rise up against us, let us always repeat the word of Jesus, "Friend, why camest thou?" That, I know, is a virtue beyond the powers of nature, a virtue which only grace can give. To have that grace, Reverend Fathers, ascend the altar in the morning, call that Lamb of God from His heavenly throne upon the altar throne, look upon it and meditate upon it, and cry the third time, "Agnus Dei, miserere nobis," and Christ will help us to conquer during the day as He conquered; and blessed will we be if thus we are meek, for we shall possess the land, the hearts of the people, the best thing in the land.

"Learn of Me," says the Divine Model, standing on the mountain, "for I am humble." Is it not wonderful, Reverend Fathers, that the King of kings, and the Lord of the world, should teach us not so much how to preach and how to rule, but how to practice humility? If the word "lamb" expresses so well the meekness of the Sacred Heart, if the word "child" expresses His humility, Jesus was humble, as humble as a child. Again, to see that humility, a virtue of which we all stand sorely in need, read the Holy Gospels, those inspired books, not in a critical, but in a devout way, and see there the humility of the Son of God made man unfolded on every page. Read the touching story which St. Luke gives us of His nativity. Find Him there with the shepherds, in a stable, lying in a manger, wrapped up in swaddling clothes. What does that little Infant, apparently speechless and helpless, preach to your hearts? Does He not say: "Learn of Me. I am humble."

Oh, let us learn, and having learned the lesson, let us practice it—let us imitate Him.

Many a good priest finds it hard to leave the city and to go to a country place, there to dwell in a little home, among people of little culture and refinement, there to be all the days of the week practically isolated, without the comforts of life. Such a priest, seeing his classmates, or even inferiors, promoted, advancing, is tormented and devoured by the demon of jealousy and envy. Reverend Fathers, when you feel this feeling rising in your hearts, disturbing your peace, destroying your happiness, enter the sanctuary, kneel down in faith, see your Master in the poor tabernacle—silent and veiled—and say: “He is humble, He is satisfied. Why should I be proud? It is indeed my greatest glory to resemble my Master in His loneliness.” Ask Him to help you, and He will help you, and change your Nazareth or your Bethlehem into a Paradise on earth—into a House of Bread.

Let me give you another striking illustration of the humility of the Heart we adore. See how Christ began His public life. His mission was a great and beautiful one—the conversion of the whole world. All power had been given unto Him—He could preach as no man ever preached. The demons in hell feared Him; the waves and the winds obeyed Him, and the angels came at His call. How, with all this power in His hand, does He begin to run His Godly career? We find Him on the banks of the Jordan, standing like a sinner among sinners, and listening to the Baptist preaching penance. No doubt some of those who saw Him said: “That man must be a great sinner. His penance seems to be so sincere.” More than that, when His turn comes, He steps into the water, and humbly asks John for the sign of penance, and insists upon receiving that penitential baptism for the good of the people. Ah, my friends, this picture of Christ thus humbling Himself publicly was so sublime that the Father in Heaven Himself appeared in the clouds, and said as it were: “You think that man is a sinner. Let Me tell you He is My only begotten Son. In Him, in His humility, I, a God, am well pleased.”

Hearing the voice of God expressing, as it were, admiration, Fathers, let us in spirit kneel down and adore Christ humbly. Adoration means imitation. In your daily priestly work, you will find many an opportunity to follow the footsteps of your Master. The spirit of pride will tempt you to make a great show and demonstration—to have your names and pictures appear in the daily journals, together with the names and pictures of actors and sportsmen and criminals, and sometimes ministers unworthy of the name. This is not Christlike. Christ began in that quiet, silent, solid, humble way. Imitate Him, learn of Him. You want to lead the people to perfection. You owe them the word of God and the sacraments of the Church. You owe them more than

that—you owe them an example. Lead your people by your example along the roads of penance, mortification and self-denial. You must be the leaders, and in your own way you must be able to say, "Learn of me, for I am humble." Since that is difficult, pride being, as it were, an inborn vice, go to the sanctuary, visit the humble Master in His humble abode, and ask Him to help you to conquer the demon of pride, and to imitate the King of humility.

The greatest book, written by a God with blood, and not with ink, illustrating every virtue, is the crucifix. Meditating on that we may learn there obedience until death—charity arising supreme, untouched, unconquered; but learn also the very consummation of humility, "Jesus humbled Himself, becoming obedient, even to the death on the Cross." Reflecting on that picture so sad, and yet so full of inspiration, you will notice everything seems to rise up to humiliate that King of Heaven. His doctrine is misunderstood, His work seems to be a failure, the triumph of His enemies seems to be complete. From His lips you hear not a word of complaint, discouragement or anger. His heart was humble, and humility conquered all. Kneel down and adore. He is divine. Adoration means imitation. How often does it happen that our instructions and sermons are misinterpreted, misunderstood. They are not fully appreciated, and receive no praise or applause. The young priest is discouraged, he discontinues his preparations and ceases to make serious efforts. Oh, such thoughts are manifest signs of pride. They show you that you are not like the humble Jesus. How often does it happen that our works, begun with the noblest intention and carried on with heroic effort, prove to be failures! The man of the world and the priest who is worldly, is thereby discouraged, conquered and defeated. You men of God, imitate not the worldly, proud—imitate the humble Jesus and learn that when defeat has seemed greatest the hour of victory often has come.

The sacrifice of the Mass, as you know, is but the memorial—the living, actual memorial of this triumph of humility. Let the memorial every morning remind you of the victory of the Cross, and having your hearts uplifted by that sign, and by the Victim on the Cross, continue your work—carry your cross unto the end. If failure threatens you, thank the Lord for it. If success crowns your work, humbly say with Peter: "Depart, Good Master, I am a sinful man. All the success I have I owe to You. You are great. I am small. The only title I am entitled to by nature is 'sinful man.' By nature I am a sinner. It is by the grace of God that I am what I am." Meekness and humility thus practiced in Christ and with Christ, lead the soul to peace—peace in this world and peace in Heaven, and this peace, which the world does not know, which the world cannot give, I wish you all in the Heart of Jesus Christ.

## THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

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“See that thou make all things according to the pattern which was shown thee on the Mount.”

**W**HEN Christ and the disciples were assembled in the coenaculum to celebrate the Last Supper, there was placed before them on the table the Easter lamb. It had been sacrificed by the priests in the temple, and it was to be consumed according to a religious rite. The sight of that lamb must have filled the hearts of the faithful Apostles with joy, for it reminded them of the great promises God had made. The sight of that lamb must have filled the soul of the Saviour with sadness, for He saw in that Easter lamb Himself, the true Lamb of God, about to be sacrificed to take away the sins of the world. He spoke the words, “Do this for a commemoration of Me.” He had given Himself as an eternal Easter lamb, and now He instituted the eternal priesthood to offer up that Easter Lamb in all places, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, according to the prophecy of Malachi. We notice here that the words of Christ creating the priesthood commanded the priest to offer up the sacrifice. To sacrifice is the first, the greatest, the most essential duty of every Catholic priest. He is a priest in order to sacrifice. In order to sacrifice well, to say Mass devoutly and religiously, we must first meditate on the sacrifice of Calvary. There God has shown us the pattern, and according to that one pattern, sublime and divine, we must do all things.

When God from all eternity foresaw that His only begotten Son would be condemned to death, because of the envy of the Jews, He planned the manner in which He was to die. We read in the Passion of Christ: “All things were done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled.” In other words, all things were done that the plan of eternal wisdom might be executed. Let us study this plan of God, so beautiful and instructive.

In the first place, we must thank Divine Providence that He did not permit the fury of the enemy to take the Lord and crush Him with stones, even as St. Stephen was stoned to death. We must thank Divine Providence that He did not permit Our Lord to be beheaded, as St. Paul was beheaded in Rome. We must thank Divine Providence that He did not permit the sacred body of our Master to be torn to pieces by lions and tigers, as so many of the Christians were killed and mutilated in the Roman

amphitheatre. God did not permit a bone of His sacred body to be broken. He was crucified on the mountain. He always loved the mountain. On a mountain top He prayed. On a mountain top He preached. On the mountain He was transfigured and transformed. Being on Golgotha, He allowed His body to be stretched on the wood of the Cross, and to be nailed to the wood of the Cross with iron nails. The Cross was thus exalted, presenting its Victim to the whole world. All the victims of old were adorned and decorated, but no victim ever was adorned and decorated as this Victim Divine. His whole body was covered with red, precious blood of love. His head was adorned with a crown of thorns. His arms were expanded to embrace the world. His heart was open to manifest love for all. His back was turned to Jerusalem, His face toward all humanity. To make the picture still more perfect, God willed that the crosses of the robbers, bearing their victims, should be placed on either side; that the foot of the Cross should be surrounded by representatives of the whole world of all classes—by saints and sinners, by soldier and high priest, by Jews and Gentiles, by the living and the dying. Christ thus hanging on the Cross gave His blood for humanity. "Almost all things, according to the law, are cleansed with blood, and without shedding of blood there is no remission."

Reflect for a moment on that precious blood, you priests who must renew that mystery every day. The blood, according to Scripture, was given in the first place as a price of redemption—"redemit nos in sanguine suo." His divine hands, lifted so often to bless the children, are now lifted on high, pierced and filled with blood. He stretches them forth to the Heavenly Father to wash away the decree that stood against us, to open with them the gates of Heaven, and to satisfy with them justice, terrible and eternal. He cries out, "O God, O God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Because of that blood He is no longer forsaken, and mankind is no longer forsaken. Behold that precious blood flowing from His sacred feet! The blood was given to wash clean the souls of all from the stains of sins. "Lavit nos in sanguine suo. Vulneratus est propter iniquitates nostras." Well did Mary Magdalen, having received pardon, kneel down and kiss those sacred feet, and anoint them with precious ointment. Well did the robber on the cross, seeing that all-cleansing blood, turn with a contrite heart to the Saviour and cry for mercy. In the strength of that blood his criminal soul was made so white that it was fit for the company of angels.

In the third place, that precious blood is described to us in Holy Scripture as a drink. "My blood is a drink," says Jesus. Behold it flowing from the wound of His Sacred Heart, given to

strengthen the souls redeemed and purified. As the blood flows, He cries "Sitis"—"I thirst." He thirsts for souls, even as souls thirst for that all-strengthening drink. Thus, bleeding and praying, Jesus Christ inclines His head and says, "Consummatus est." The great work of redemption is accomplished. Peacefully He adds, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." He gives up His ghost and returns to the Father. The sacrifice for which the world has been longing ever since the day of the first sin had been wrought. Well did they place over the corpse on the Cross the word "Jesus." There was its full meaning—Redeemer. He has redeemed many from their sins, and, seeing it there, we understand its value. The bleeding, cold corpse shows the price He paid for that name. The governor representing the Roman Empire, the greatest worldly authority, placed over that corpse the word "Rex"—King. That certainly was providential. The greatest king of the world officially called Jesus the King, and with His death His triumph begins. The demon who had conquered in Paradise, and had conquered for four thousand years, is conquered. "He who had overcome in the tree should in the tree also be overcome by Christ Our Lord." He had conquered the world. The Roman Emperor, who assumed divine dignity and divine power, was soon conquered, and Christ, in His vicar, sat upon His throne and ruled the world. As a King He had conquered Heaven. The very dead arose from their graves, and later ascended with Him into Heaven, where He sits at the right hand of God the Father. "Christ our passover is sacrificed, for He is the true Lamb that took away the sins of the world; Who dying, destroyed our death, and rising again restored us unto life." Well do we sing every day, "Tu rex gloriæ, Christe." "Christ, You are the king of glory." "You are the highest, with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of the Father." Behold, Fathers, the sacrifice of Calvary. Behold the Victim, and see the fruit of that sacrifice. Behold the first Mass.

Now we as priests are commanded to do what He did. "Do this for a commemoration of Me." Do you realize what a terrible responsibility that implies? Well does the doctor of the Church cry out and say, "Oh, formidabile sacerdotium." Well did even a doctor of the Church refuse to be ordained because he feared to sacrifice. If some great actor, no matter how good personally, or how perfect in his art, were to reproduce this scene on some stage, our people, the wicked and unbelieving, would cry, "Stop—that is too sacred; that is blasphemous." When some pious people, as the good inhabitants of little Oberammergau, bound by a vow, represent this scene in a pious, religious way, thousands attend and for hours sit in silence, and many of the faithful shake their heads and say: "It is all beautiful, it is all



touching, but, after all, no one can represent Christ." We priests must not only represent Christ, we must personify Christ, identify ourselves with Christ; not only speak what Christ spoke, do what Christ did, but we must actually reproduce the Christ and His sacrifice, with all its fruit. To do that, and to do that well, mind the words of your God when He says: "See that thou make all things according to the pattern which was shown thee on the Mount."

The Catholic Church, to help us in this respect, asks us to come well prepared, in the state of recollection and the state of grace, to the sacristy. There she asks us to wash our fingers. This washing, as the prayer we speak indicates, is symbolical. She means to say: "Priest, first wash clean your soul." We put on the amice. That amice represents the cloth which the Jews tied around the head of Christ to blind Him and to mock Him, to strike Him in the face and to spit upon Him. We put on the white alb, the garment Herod gave to Christ to mock Him as the king or a prince. We take the girdle, the maniple and the stole, to picture to ourselves Christ, His sacred hands tied, dragged through the streets. We put on the chasuble with the picture of the crucifixion—all that to represent to the eye Christ crucified. Thus we leave the sacristy and enter the sanctuary. There stands the altar. That altar represents Golgotha. Upon the altar you will always see the crucifix, to remind you and the people that Mass is but a memorial of the Crucifixion, an actual, living memorial. Mother Church prescribes many ceremonies. She has worked hard and long to perfect its liturgy—all that to represent what Jesus did when Jesus sacrificed Himself. How often does the priest not make the sign of the Cross, blessing himself, blessing the offering, to remind himself, and to remind the people of the great event—the Crucifixion.

Here I ask you, Reverend Fathers, in the first place, follow closely, exactly, all the rubrics; observe the whole ceremonial; and observing all, every step and every inclination, do it with a certain gravity. Show reverence and respect; show that you are mindful of the fact that you are following the footsteps of the bleeding Jesus; that you represent Him and personify Him, not only with your head and your hands, but with your whole heart and your whole soul.

The Church obliges us to say many prayers. All these prayers come either from the inspired books of the Scripture, or from the saintly hearts, enlightened by the great minds, of the Doctors and the Fathers of the Church. Let us say those prayers well, pronouncing every word distinctly with the lips, and let every word pronounced by the lips come from your priestly heart. To say those prayers well have as a mental picture the Crucifixion.

Picture yourself hanging on the Cross as Christ did and, thus hanging on the Cross with Christ, as a second Christ extend your hands, as His bleeding hands were extended; lift your eyes up to God the Father and say: "Gloria in excelsis Deo." Thus say "gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro." Thus pray: "Pater noster \* \* \* sanctificetur nomen tuum."

Christ, hanging on the Cross, bleeding and praying, not only saw the Father above Him and addressed Him, He saw all mankind, all nations and all generations at His bleeding feet. He looked down upon them with a pitiful heart. He had a good word for all of them. He consoled the robber. He prayed for the blasphemers. He had a kind parting word for His Blessed Mother and for His beloved disciple. When saying Mass, Fathers, you personify that dying Saviour, and thus in spirit, hanging on the Cross with Him, stretch forth your hands and say: "Our Father \* \* \* Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. Amen." Having thus entered into the very spirit of the Crucifixion, observing the ceremonies and saying the prayers, imitate Christ at the Last Supper, and whisper slowly the creative, life-giving words: "Hoc est corpus Meum. Hic est calix sanguinis mei," and seeing the Lamb descending from the throne of heaven upon your altar throne, and seeing the blood separated from the body, bend your knees in profound silence, adoring. Then extend your arms fully, to represent more perfectly the crucifix, and offer up your Victim, that pure Victim, that holy Victim, that immaculate Victim, to the Blessed Trinity. Thus, Fathers, do all things according to the pattern which was shown you on the Mount.

If we thus sacrifice, the fruit of the sacrifice we bring, representing Christ, will have the fruit of the first sacrifice. Every sacrifice will give glory to God, every sacrifice will help the souls in Purgatory to rise and to ascend into Heaven. Every sacrifice will help to comfort the sinners. Every sacrifice will help to make the dying die in the name of the Lord. Every sacrifice will bring the consolations of the crucifix to the hearts of the good and the saintly. Every sacrifice will thus verify the words that were placed over the crucifix—"Jesus, Rex." "Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judaeorum."

According to the custom of the Jews, when the Easter lamb was sacrificed, the members of the family assembled and partook of the sacrifice in the spirit of religion. This pious custom was only a shadow of the reality we enjoy. After every sacrifice of Mass the priest is permitted and commanded to partake of that flesh and blood, of that holy Lamb; to invite the faithful to the table of angels, and to give to them that angelic food. Receive

Communion devoutly, and bring your children, the members of your family, to that table of the Lord, and give them that food frequently, if possible, daily. You see here, Fathers, that Communion, if possible, should be given at Mass. That is the proper time. That will help the faithful to sacrifice with the priest, and to communicate with the priest in things divine.

A priest who has thus sacrificed, and has done all things according to the Pattern on the Mount, will not leave the sacristy at once. When he has taken off the vestments he will kneel down and make his thanksgiving. Words will come from his heart to his lips, words that resemble those of the Blessed Lady when she cried out "Magnificat"; words that resemble those of Zachary when he cried out "Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel"; words of joy that resemble the cheerful canticle coming from the lips of the three young men saved from the fire in the oven, when they said: "Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino." A priest who has thus sacrificed in spirit will remember a few of the lessons the Saviour taught on the Cross. Seeing the Master so obedient to his voice, he will be obedient to all laws during the day. Seeing the Master so self-sacrificing, he will sacrifice himself generously and nobly during all the hours of the day. Seeing his Master loving sinners and pleading for sinners, he will work to save souls, as many as possible, and sacrifice himself to save those souls. A Mass well said in the morning will make the whole day a priestly day—a day fruitful for the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls.

## CHARITY

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“A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another, as I have loved you; that you also love one another.”

**T**HE Holy Eucharist is well called the Sacrament of Love. Love inspired Our Lord to give Himself to us. St. John says well: “Jesus loved His own unto the end.” The masterpiece of this divine love for man unto the end is the Real Presence. The Holy Eucharist, being the Sacrament of Love, received by us and dwelling in us, must inflame the heart of man with love. Therefore, Christ, having poured His own love, His own heart, into the hearts of His own, renewed emphatically the two great commandments of charity—love of God and love of neighbor. “Abide in Me,” He said, “even as the branch in the vine.” And love one another,” He said, “as I have loved you.” This commandment He repeated three times. “This is My commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you.” “These things I command you, that you love one another.” He gave this mutual, fraternal love as a sign of His spirit. “By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another.” Since, then, this commandment was given in the first place for the newly ordained priest, for us members of the holy priesthood, well may we study it, to know it and to keep it.

Why does Christ say “I give you a new commandment?” Charity is as old as mankind. God is charity itself. God is love, and the soul of man being the image of God is the very image of love—made of love, made by love, made to love, and therefore from the very beginning up to the present day every human heart that is not totally degenerate feels that inborn law, that law of love. In the Old Testament Jehovah gave to His chosen people the commandment of charity. All the laws of love put together form a perfect code. Christ, notwithstanding His natural law and His old revealed law, says: “I give you a new commandment.” That commandment is new because it demands by far more. He says: “I command you to love one another, as I, a God, love.” In this one word, “Love one another as I love you,” we see the great dignity and superiority and sublimity of this beautiful law of charity.

If we study the history of Christ, as revealed to us in the inspired books, we notice in the first place that His law was universal. He stands before mankind with outstretched arms, and says: “Come to Me, all ye that suffer, and I will refresh you.” He hangs on the Cross, embraces as it were with outstretched, bleeding arms all nations and all generations, and His wounded

heart excludes no one, embraces every one. He consoles His Blessed Mother and His beloved friend. He pardons the penitent sinner and promises him His own kingdom. He prays for the men that nailed Him to the Cross and reviled Him while hanging on the Cross, and from that Cross on Calvary Christ seems to say to us all: "I give you another commandment. You must love one another as I love you."

Whereas the heart of every priest must be as universal, Catholic, all-embracing as the heart of the High Priest, yet there is a certain order to be observed. Let me specify a few whom we, receiving daily the Sacrament of Love and administering daily this Sacrament of Love—*solis presbyteris, quibus sic congruit, ut sumant, et sicut caeteris*—love with a special love. In the first place, Reverend Fathers, let our charity go forth to our Sovereign Pontiff, the Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The priesthood is a bond that unites us to him, even as the Apostles were united to Christ, and every priest must show his love and respect for the Holy Father by praying for Him, even as the early Christians prayed without ceasing for Peter, when Peter was in prison. Show your love for the Sovereign Pontiff by speaking about him always with due respect and reverence, and by asking the faithful to assist him both morally and materially.

Let your hearts go forth, Reverend Fathers, to your immediate superiors—the Right Reverend Bishops—and show your love for them by obeying them religiously. Obedience to superiors is the very sign of love. Christ said: "If you love Me, keep My commandments." \* \* \* "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." \* \* \* "As the Father hath loved Me, I also have loved you. Abide in My love. If you keep My commandments, you shall abide in My love, as I also have kept My Father's commandments, and do abide in His love." Let there be great mutual charity among you, Reverend Fathers. Love your fellow priests, that the golden bond of love make you one, to fight the great battle against your personal enemies and the enemies of the Holy Church. A diocese that enjoys this spirit of love is indeed a happy and a strong diocese, and without this union and harmony among the priesthood the enemy will find it easy to fight and defeat the work of Christ.

True charity among priests must be founded on justice. Where there is no justice there can be no charity. As Christian gentlemen, therefore, and as Catholic clergymen, be always honest and honorable, and respect your neighbor's rights and your neighbor's good name. Observe well the diocesan laws marking the parish limits and the pastor's rights. Do not speak ill of your fellow priests, least of all when speaking to the laity.

In your charity, Reverend Fathers, take good care of the Sisters. Remember that they are the chosen sheep of the flock

of Christ, confided to our care. Some fifty or sixty years ago the non-Catholic world attacked frequently and most unjustly the nuns and nunneries. Thank God things have changed! These good nuns, by their patience and silence and self-sacrificing work, by their purity of heart and purity of intention, have fought their battles and conquered completely. To-day there is hardly a gentleman in this great country of ours who does not lift his hat and bow his head with great respect to a Catholic Sister. We members of the clergy must be the first to realize the supernatural beauty of their vocation and the importance of their manifold missions. Can you imagine what the Church would be a few years hence, were the Church deprived of the assistance of this powerful army of fifty thousand nuns in America? The schools would be closed, the sick would be without help, and the orphans left without their motherly attention. The best way to help these Sisters is to provide generously for all their spiritual wants. You understand, friends, they have not the consolations of this world. All they have, practically, is a little convent cell, the class-room or sick-room, and Our Lord in the tabernacle. Since, therefore, they live entirely on this spiritual food, give these angelic souls the food of angels. Say Mass for them regularly. Give them Holy Communion daily. Never speak to them a harsh word, but often speak to them the encouraging words of a good pastor and a good shepherd. Love your own flock—the people confided to your care. A priest's success in parish work can be measured by his love for his spiritual children. What a beautiful example in this respect does the great St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, give us! Reading his epistles, we see how he loved Christ; how he knew nothing but Christ, and Christ crucified. "If any man love not Our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, mar-anathema." But although he loved Christ with his whole heart and could say "For me to live is Christ, and death is my gain," for the love of his Romans he was willing to be separated from Christ. "For I wish myself to be anathema from Christ for my brethren." He practiced what he preached when he said: "I made myself the servant of all, that I might gain the more." \* \* \* "To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak. I became all things to all men, that I might save all."

Read the lives of the saints, and you will find that they knew not the word enemy. You will never find a saintly pastor complaining about his flock. If at times the members of his flock wound his fatherly heart, his complaints are sent up to Heaven, but not expressed to the people. You will never find that a saintly priest has a pessimistic heart. Like Christ, he always sees that which is good in people, and pardons that which is less than good. A good pastor will have no enemies in his parish. Even if at times there should be one like Judas, the pastor remains Christ-like and says to him "Friend."

This, then, is the first sign that the charity of Christ dwells in us—that we love all and exclude none. Every morning, Fathers, when you say your Mass, and rest your eyes upon the crucifix, and lift the chalice up to the Heavenly Father, remember the example of universal charity which Christ gave on the Cross, and which Christ gives in the Blessed Sacrament and then, Fathers, with great devotion, eat that Bread and drink that Blood, and in the strength of that food divine go forth and love one another as Christ loved you. The sacrifice of Mass gives you the example. Holy Communion must give you the strength, and Christ in you and Christ in your people must form between you a bond of union which the world does not know.

Christ said: "Love as I love." Read the Holy Gospels and study the heart of Christ, and see how he loved us, that you may know how to keep the great commandment and love one another accordingly. St. Thomas tells us that the intensity of love is measured by the sacrifices we bring, moved by love. "We know that the more intensely a man loves one object, the more easily will he, for its sake, despise other things. Hence the perfection of his love for his neighbor may be gauged by what he sacrifices for his neighbor's gain." He goes on and says: "Some sacrifice their earthly possessions. They give to neighbors material help." This is charity. This is the great charity of which our millionaires boast so much to-day. This charity, while it is great, is the lowest degree. You may notice that Christ, in as far as we know, never gave a dollar to a human being and never made a human being a dollar richer. He made happy His Blessed Mother, the poor shepherds and the poor to whom He preached, by teaching them, "Blessed are the poor"—"Woe to riches!"

"The second great sacrifice a man may bring for charity's sake," says St. Thomas, "is to expose himself to bodily hardships." Here many a pastor has golden opportunities to practice charity. He may be sent to a small country place, deprived of the comforts of life, of the company of the cultured and refined, condemned to isolation and many hardships by night and day. He feels it keenly. In his loneliness let him remember it is for the good of his neighbor, and let the fire of charity consume the sacrifice upon the altar of love, and be pleasing unto God.

The greatest sacrifice we can bring for our neighbor is to offer up for him life itself. "Greater charity no man can have," says Jesus Christ, "than to lay down his life for his friend." Oh, how many a priest in the history of the Church and the history of America has thus sacrificed himself for the pure love of souls immortal! Spend yourselves as St. Paul for this noble object, and if at times the comforts of the rich, and the seeming pleasures of the worldly tempt you to a life of ease and indolence, sacrifice well, or offer up devoutly that sacrifice of Mass. Let your eyes.

rest upon the crucifix in the morning. See the blood in the chalice and leave the altar, saying to yourself: "He loved us, He sacrificed Himself for us. Having Him in my heart to-day, I will go forth and love my neighbor, my people, and my neighboring priests, even as He, my Master, loved me."

"The perfection of fraternal charity must next be considered," said St. Thomas, "as manifested by the value of what we do for others. For our love for our neighbor is proved by the value of the gifts that we bestow upon him. Now there are three degrees in this charity. The first degree consists in ministering to the bodily wants of our brethren—by clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, tending the sick, and the like. Our Lord promises to consider as done to Himself everything of this nature that we do for others. The second degree of charity consists in bestowing upon our neighbor such spiritual benefits as do not exceed the capability of human nature. Among such benefits, we may mention the instruction of the ignorant, advice given to those in doubt, and the conversion of such as have gone astray. The third degree of charity consists in enriching our neighbor with such spiritual benefits as are supernatural and exceed human reason. Such benefits are instruction in divine truth, direction to God, and the spiritual communication of the sacraments." Christ as you know possessed this third degree of charity in its perfection. He brought us from Heaven the doctrine of life everlasting, and the gospel of peace, and He gave to us in charity the blood of redemption and the food of eternal life. Rich we are, indeed, and thrice blessed that we have the same wealth, the same heavenly treasure—"the unsearchable riches of Christ"—to give to the poor and the needy.

Therefore, as Christ loved us by giving to us things of heavenly value, love your neighbors, Fathers, by giving them these means of grace. Preach to them in season and out of season the heart of Christ. Administer to them the life-giving and life-preserving sacraments. If at times your soul begins to feel languid, approach the altar, offer the sacrifice of Mass, reflect there and then how Christ loves you, how Christ gave everything to you, how Christ in His love comes to your own hearts, and then remember the commandments, as you leave that altar and the sanctuary: "Love one another, as I have loved you," and go forth that day, sacrificing your time and your personal interests, exposing yourselves to dangers and hardships, to give unto all within your influence the gifts of a God. If thus we keep the commandment—the last great commandment the High Priest gave to all His priests—on the Day of Judgment we shall stand to the right of Christ in glory, and hear the words: "Well done, faithful servant. You had charity. Therefore, blessed are ye. Come with Me and possess the Kingdom of Heaven, the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Love, perfect and eternal."



## A PICTURE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

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“My Kingdom is not of this world.” \* \* \* I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth.”

**T**HE coenaculum, the birthplace of the Holy Eucharist, and the birthplace of the eternal priesthood, is dear to every priestly heart. That coenaculum gives us a perfect picture of our Holy Catholic Church. It shows clearly its fundamental truths, its very essence, whether we look upon the Church in a general way, defined by theologians as “a body of men united together by the profession of the same Christian faith, and by participation in the same sacraments, under governance of lawful pastors, more especially of the Roman Pontiff, the sole Vicar of Christ on earth,” or whether we look upon the Church as a little portion of that universal militant flock called a parish, of which you are pastors, or that edifice consecrated to the worship of God in which you preside and officiate.

The word “church” is very much misunderstood and misused in our days. Centuries ago it designated the true Bride of Christ, that one society founded by Jesus Christ, and then that name was sacred and holy. To-day we find many, different religious denominations, some of them denying the most sacred truths of revelation, even the divinity of Jesus Christ, some of them teaching doctrines positively ridiculous, even immoral, and yet all of them assume that holy name of the Bride of Christ, and call themselves churches. This is a reason why the Church is often blasphemed by those whose faith is weak, and whose knowledge is superficial.

Others misunderstand the meaning of that name, Church. They look upon things accidental, things that are seen and heard, instead of penetrating the very essence, and studying the heart of that kingdom of Christ. Our question boxes are often filled with questions concerning the ceremonies of the Church. These ceremonies, these rites, the whole liturgy, as we know, are beautiful. They are an expression of the hearts of the faithful, and they lead the hearts of the faithful to greater devotion and piety. Others are troubled and concerned about the devotions of the Church to the Blessed Lady, to the great saints in heaven, or for the suffering souls in Purgatory. The saints and the holy souls are the glorious fruits of that vineyard of Christ. We love them, we honor them, venerate them, but they do not constitute the essence of the Church. The Church existed before it had produced her

immortal fruit. The sacramentals of the Catholic Church make many doubt its divinity, and make many fear and hesitate to join it. The sacramentals are venerable and old. They define the sacraments, help us to administer them with greater dignity and reverence. They confer upon the members great blessings and graces; yet we all know we can dispense with all the sacramentals without touching the heart of Mother Church. How many ask, "Why do not Catholics eat meat on Fridays?" "Why do not priests marry?" "Why convents and monasteries?" All such things pertain to disciplinary laws of the Church. They do not touch the essence, the corner-stone of the Church.

Study the Last Supper. You will see there the essential doctrines, and the heavenly gems and jewels of the Church as Christ founded her. You may notice, reading the Holy Bible, that Christ called His Church almost always the Kingdom of Heaven, or the Kingdom of God. Already, St. John the Precursor said: "Do penance, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." Christ came and preached, "The time is accomplished, and the Kingdom of God is at hand." For three years He went about to explain to the people of Palestine the humble beginning, the constant growth, the final triumph, and the immortal glory of that Kingdom of God. When standing before Pontius Pilate, the representative of the great Roman empire, with tied hands, a prisoner condemned, Christ asserted clearly and firmly, "I am a King. I have a kingdom."

The Church as we see it in the coenaculum is the Kingdom of Heaven, the Kingdom of God, because Christ, the King of the Heavenly Kingdom—God made man—was present, presided and officiated. He gathered about Himself the good fishermen to make them members of His spiritual kingdom. He united them to Himself with a double golden chain of faith and grace. He was a light, and He enlightened every one of them, and in His light they all saw in Him the Christ, the Son of God. All could say with Peter: "We have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Or with St. Thomas, they could all place their hands upon His heart and exclaim: "My Lord and my God." Seeing in Christ not only their Lord, but their God, they believed all the words that Christ spoke unto them. They said, "Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Christ united them still more intimately and firmly to Himself by giving unto them His flesh as a food and His blood as a drink. Communion was a bond of union. Having thus communicated Himself to them, He prayed, saying: "That they may be one, as we also are one, I in thee, and thou in Me; that they may be perfect in one."

Being thus united to Christ, the King of Heaven, a God Himself, they were united among themselves. St. Paul describes

them well when he says: "For we being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread." Or again, "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body whereas they are many, yet are one body, so also is Christ." Christ, therefore, is a King, He has a kingdom, and being the King of Heaven, His little kingdom is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Being a Heavenly King, He completely transforms the members that enter His kingdom. He lifts them up to a supernatural, spiritual dignity. He makes them truly children of God. "For the spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are sons of God, and if sons, heirs also, heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Christ expresses this transformation, so great and complete, in the beautiful parable of the leaven. And again He said: "Whereunto shall I esteem the kingdom of God to be like? It is like to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened." Even as the leaven penetrates calmly but steadily the dough, and changes it, thus the spirit of the Heavenly King penetrated the hearts and minds of His mystical body, and made them like unto Himself. The simple fishermen were transformed into true Apostles, martyrs and princes of the Kingdom of God.

As thus at the Last Supper we see the fishermen elevated to that high dignity, the Church of Christ has continued to leaven His spiritual kingdom. Behold Mary Magdalen. She was a sinner, became a saint. See Saul, the persecutor of the Christians, becomes an Apostle of the Gentiles, and Augustine, the pagan sinner, becomes St. Augustine, a father and doctor of the Church. Thus we see that the Kingdom of Heaven indeed is like a leaven hidden in measures of meal until the whole is leavened.

The Church thus seen in the coenaculum is only the mustard-seed. Christ wished it to grow, to become a mighty tree that spreads its branches over the whole world, and gives rest to the very birds of the air. Interesting it is to reflect how that mustard-seed, the coenaculum, did spread. Christ, the heavenly King, did what no earthly king can do, He multiplied Himself to be everywhere, not only in spirit, but in reality, and having thus worked a miracle, which only a God can work, we find that kingdom to-day spread over the whole world. We see to-day in every country, thousands, and hundreds of thousands of chapels and churches, cathedrals and basilicas, and in every one of them we find present that King of Heaven, that God eternal, even as He was present at the Last Supper. In every one of them throughout the whole world we see surrounding Him men and women, children and old men, all participating in the great privileges in which the Apostles participated at the Last Supper. To all of them Christ gives that light of faith. All believe in Him and in His doctrine, all receive His flesh to eat and His blood to drink,

all become thus members of His body, members of His kingdom. Here we see indeed how that Last Supper has grown, spread over the whole world, and how to-day, after nineteen hundred years, some three hundred millions sit around that great table to enjoy the feast a King prepared for His children. This is the fundamental meaning of the word Church. It is the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, here on earth.

Reverend Fathers, study this coenaculum, and see there the model and ideal of your parish church. Every church, small or great, in the city or in the country, must be shaped according to this pattern which the King Himself gave us. You represent Christ, you must preside and you must officiate with Him, through Him, and in Him. See there your dignity and understand your sublime office. Resembling Christ therefore in your own parishes, in your own coenaculum, first invite the people, the poor fishermen as well as the learned, wise men and the kings of this worldly kingdom. Make them all understand that the Church, because of the goodness and love of the King, is a continuous wedding feast, a feast of joy, where things are given to make the guests happy.

In your own coenaculum at home be true priests, according to the Model which we see in the coenaculum in Jerusalem—Christ, the High Priest. A priest is a sacerdos. A sacerdos, says St. Thomas, means “quasi sacra dans,”—a man who gives things sacred. Having brought the people from the highways and byways to the wedding feast of that King of Heaven, wash them clean, as the Saviour did wash the feet of His disciples before the great festival began. Adorn them all with the wedding garment, and let no one approach, as far as you can help it, without that heavenly wedding garment. Having all thus assembled, represent Christ, and give unto them the words of eternal life, in that calm, loving way in which Christ spoke to His own from His heart, in a familiar tone at the Last Supper. Thus enlighten their faith, that they may understand their dignity as members of the Kingdom of God.

In your own churches you must be a king, representing the eternal King, and, as kings of the heavenly kingdom, you must feed your people with a royal food, in a priestly way. Give them the food of angels in Holy Communion frequently, and always with that reverence and that respect with which Christ spoke, with which Christ dealt out that food of life eternal. Let your coenaculum, therefore, your parish churches, reflect the spirit of the coenaculum in Jerusalem, and your people will understand that Christ said His kingdom is a priceless pearl, a hidden treasure. It is a pearl, the pearl beyond all price. It is the one great treasure, but a sadly hidden treasure. Reveal that treasure. Show the beauty of that pearl and make the people happy.

Study well, Reverend Fathers, the coenaculum in Jerusalem. It is the ideal church. Then go home and shape and form your own parish churches according to this pattern. In that coenaculum there was nothing profane. The disciples had preceded the Master, and had prepared all things well. Thus precede the Master, Who descends upon His altar throne in the sacrifice of the Mass, and prepare all things well in the church, in the sacristy, in the sanctuary, upon the altar, in the tabernacle, that everything may be fit for the angels of the Heavenly Kingdom, and as well as we can make it for the King of that Kingdom of God. Keep out of your churches as best you can all worldly things—worldly lectures, worldly music, entertainments that are given for money, and not directly for the glory and the worship of the Kingdom of God. I know there is a custom growing to remove on various occasions the Blessed Sacrament, and use the sacred edifice for things half religious, and for concerts more worldly than religious. Reverend Fathers, we can remove the Blessed Sacrament, but we cannot remove thus easily the benediction which was given to the Church, and by which it was consecrated to the services of God. That remains, and must remain always, and therefore at all times that church is a coenaculum, and everything that is said and everything that is done in that coenaculum must reflect the spirit, the love, that Christ manifested at the Last Supper.

If thus you succeed in making the people in your parishes and your communities see, understand, or rather feel, that the Church is a kingdom, the kingdom of a God, that the kingdom makes happy, gives light, gives food, is a wedding feast of great and eternal joy, then indeed the people will sell all they have and buy this acre, to possess this pearl, to enjoy this treasure. It is just what we need to-day. Socialism is great and is spreading fast, and is threatening to be the one great menace of the kingdom of Christ in our days. The members of Socialism demand a greater dignity. They see their own lowliness and poverty and misery. They envy the rich and the well-to-do. Therefore they rise in rebellion. Take that hidden treasure, unfold it, and they will see that the true dignity of a man consists in belonging to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and not the little worldly kingdom of which the devil himself is the prince. Take that hidden treasure. It is hidden; you must show it, reveal it to the people, and they will find in it what they seek in Socialism. They demand equality, better wages to enjoy a better life and a happier life. The kingdom of the world, of which the devil is called the prince, cannot give that. The Kingdom of Christ gives it to its members. There all, the servants as well as the master, the slave as well as the prince, sit together at a royal banquet, all receiving the same food and the same drink. There, if at any place in the whole world, we can write the words "fraternity, equality." Before God, in

the Kingdom of God, we are all equal. We are all brothers, members of one and the same mystical body, the body of Christ. They in Socialism seek happiness which they cannot find in their poor state, and which they imagine to exist in the homes of the rich, and the gatherings of society. That is a mistake. Fathers, open your coenaculum, take the hidden treasure, show that to the people and they will see how fishermen, workingmen of all classes, are there transformed into sons of God and heirs of Heaven, to be made happy in this world, and to be made happy forever.

The kingdom of God in this world, although it is a priceless pearl, a hidden treasure, a wedding feast prepared for men by God Himself, is still very imperfect. Christ explained this very frequently in His parables. He compares it to the ten virgins, of whom five, one-half, are foolish; or again, to a field, in which a man sowed good seed but which the enemy over-sowed with cockle; or again, compares His Kingdom to a net cast into the sea, gathering all kinds of fishes, some of which are chosen and put into a vessel, others, being bad, are cast forth. The truth of these parables we see indeed to-day in that Kingdom of God, the Catholic Church. We have these foolish virgins, we have the cockle growing, we have the guests without wedding garments. You will find them not only in a general way in the great militant Church—you will find them in your own parishes, in your own churches, in your own coenaculum. The sight of the foolish and the bad and the wicked did not discourage Christ. He had a Judas, He had a Peter who would fall, but He also had a John who never fell. Thus let the wicked and the bad in no way discourage you. Some, like a Judas, will fall, never to repent. Others, like a Peter, will fall to rise again in greater glory and greater power, and many indeed, like a St. John, will always remain near Jesus, living and dying in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

This Kingdom of God, thus imperfect, will soon become perfect, being transferred from this valley of tears to the very house of the Father. There Christ the King will be seen, not as a hidden treasure, but face to face in His great glory. There Christ will communicate His whole glory, His whole light, His whole being unto His own. There His own will possess Him completely and enjoy Him eternally. That is the consummation of the great kingdom which Jesus Christ found in this world; that is the final, universal, eternal result of the sacrifice that Christ brought at the Last Supper. That is the complete transfiguration and transformation of the little coenaculum, of the little Jerusalem, into the great coenaculum, into the new, Heavenly Jerusalem.

## PASTORAL DUTIES OF A PRIEST

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“I am the Good Shepherd.”

**C**HRIST, according to the tenth chapter of St. John, called Himself the Good Shepherd. This word illustrates well the character and mission of the Saviour, and His deep, profound love for the children of men. On every page of the Gospel we find Him gathering His flock, defending His flock, teaching His flock with the love of a good shepherd. Nowhere did Christ appear more strikingly in the performance of the duties of a good shepherd than at the Last Supper, when He gave His sheep the food of angels—His own flesh and His own blood. The Easter lamb on the table must have reminded Him of His duty as a shepherd. He Himself alludes to the title when He quotes the prophecy: “I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed.” Let us study this picture of the Good Shepherd with great attention.

In the first place, we are the favorite sheep of His flock. We can say and sing every morning in our official prayer: “*Nos oves pascuae ejus.*” We can recite frequently the psalm “*Dominus regit me et nihil mihi deerit \* \* \* in loco pascuae ubi me collocavit. Parasti in conspectu meo mensam, \* \* \* et calix meus inebrians quam praeclarus est!*” Jesus is the Good Shepherd of us priests. There is a great consolation in having the Lord as a shepherd. Again, we want to study this beautiful picture, this favorite picture of the Catholic Church—Christ the Good Shepherd—because we are called upon to-day to take His place, to feed His lambs and to feed His sheep. As priests we have entered in by the door. The door is Christ Himself. He has called us, He has prepared us, He has given us His own power, His own staff, and He has sent us even as the Father sent Him. “Go feed My lambs, feed My sheep,” He said to St. Peter, and the same words were virtually spoken to me and to you.

It is the first duty of a good shepherd to know his sheep. “I know Mine, and Mine know Me,” says Jesus. Jesus knew His own, not only as God, but also as Man. He went about from home to home, from city to city, from country to country, studying His sheep. He had no time for the great cities of Athens and Rome—for all their sciences and all their arts. He loved His sheep, and He gave all His time to His sheep. How well He knew them—their very hearts—we see in the beautiful incident of the calling of Nathaniel. “Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to Him, and He said to him: Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Nathaniel saith to Him: Whence knowest Thou me?”

Jesus answered and said to him: Before that Philip called to thee when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Jesus knew the hearts of all as He knew the heart of Nathaniel. In them He saw not wickedness and sin—He saw only that which was good, which came from the Father, which made them the images of the Father. No shepherd sees in his sheep malice or wickedness. There may be ignorance, there may be folly, but there is also goodness.

Every pastor must thus try to learn to know his flock. We cannot lead the flock to Heaven unless we know them. Here we see a weak point in the great pastoral work of the Church in America. Too many of our good, active, busy pastors do not know their sheep. They may give as reasons that the parish is so great; that the people come and go; that they have no time. These reasons are not sufficient. They do not excuse them. Every general knows his officers and his army. Every superintendent of great works knows his workmen. Every pastor knows the dollars he takes in and the dollars he gives out exactly. If, then, the men of the world can know their subjects so well and individually, a good pastor must know his sheep, must know their number, and must know the joys and sorrows of the hearts of all. To attain that knowledge of a good pastor it is of great importance, almost necessary, to make annual visitations. Some fear to do it. They think they have no right thus to enter homes and molest the families. This is a mistake. A pastor who enters a home in the spirit of the good shepherd, and says from his whole heart on entering: "Pax huic domui," and then speaks the words of peace, will always bring peace to the home, and will be blessed by the home when leaving it. Pastors, if you know your own your own will know you, and if, knowing your own, you call your own, you own will follow you. "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, showed His goodness and His love for His sheep by dying for His sheep. "I lay down My life for My sheep," He said. Read the holy Gospel thoughtfully. How He defended the innocent children, the good, simple people, and the faithful disciples against the attacks of all enemies! He was mild and kind always, but when He saw the sinners scandalizing the children, He said in holy anger it were better to put a stone around their necks and to cast them into the sea. When He saw the Pharisees abusing the good, simple people, He rose in holy anger and said: "You scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you shut the Kingdom of Heaven against men; for you yourselves do not enter in, and those who are going in you suffer not to enter. Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you devour the houses of widows."

A pastor who knows his flock will also see the wolf at the very gates. It has been the glory of the Catholic priesthood ever



since the days of St. Peter that they were faithful to their flocks in times of danger and persecution. How many a pastor has died like a Father Damien among the lepers, because he loved the sick! How many pastors have died like the noble band of priests in Ireland when the persecutors held the sword over them! Even in our country how many missionaries of all Orders and of the secular priesthood have given their lives, like a Father Jogues, to save the childlike Indians. Remember the Titanic—when all looked for safety the Catholic priest was there, fearless and thinking only of saving the souls of those that knelt and cried for help. Thus we to-day must be pastors according to our Divine Model, and be ready to lay down our lives for our flock.

In almost all our great cities we find the non-Catholic proselytizers stealing innocent children, whose immortal souls are adorned with the sign of baptism. Socialism—the red flag—is trying to invade the homes and the shops of the working people, like a wolf to steal the simple, good, honest workingman. The evils of divorce and pagan family vices are threatening our Catholic homes. O you reverend pastors! Be not hirelings! Be good shepherds! And as good shepherds lift your hands, lift your voices, work and toil in season and out of season, and defend those lambs and sheep for whom the Shepherd gave His blood. If you neglect your duties and sleep peacefully while the wolf is at work in your parishes, God some day may say to you what He spoke to the unfaithful shepherds of old through the great Prophet Ezechiel, when He said: "Therefore, ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord: As I live, saith the Lord God, for as much as My flocks have been made a spoil, and My sheep have become a prey to all the beasts of the field, because there was no shepherd; for My shepherds did not seek after My flock, but the shepherds fed themselves, and fed not My flocks. Therefore, ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I Myself come upon the shepherds. I will require My flock of your hand, and I will cause them to cease from feeding any more."

In the third place, Christ, the Good Shepherd, fed His flock. For them He had a twofold food—the consolation of heaven for their minds, and the grace of the sacraments, especially the Holy Eucharist—His flesh and His blood for their hearts. He fed them not only on the Sabbath, but daily, when upon to preach in the great synagogues, and to teach the people about doing good. Wherever He went, whether on a mountain top or in the valley, whether at a wedding feast or at a funeral, whether on the Cross, He spoke to His flock. The keynotes of His teaching were eight times "be good."

you to make you happy; I preach to you to make you happy; I give you a doctrine that teaches you happiness; I lead you on to eternal happiness."

The light of the Gospel is necessary food, but that alone does not suffice. It shows the way to happiness, but does not give the strength to walk the way. To strengthen them, the Good Shepherd stands there in the midst of His starving flock, and He gives them a food from Heaven. "Eat My flesh, drink My blood." Behold Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd! Well can St. Thomas, who understood the mystery so well, say in his antiphones of the Lauds of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament: "Sapientia edificavit sibi domum, miscuit vinum et posuit mensam. Angelorum esca nutritivi populum tuum, et panem de caelo praestitisti eis. Pinguis est panis Christi et praebebit delicias regibus." The Good Shepherd, in His eternal wisdom, built a house for His sheep. He placed a table before them. Upon it He offered the best of wine, and with the food of angels He fed His flock. And He gave them a bread that came from Heaven. That bread of the Good Shepherd, Christ, is delicious, and gives delight even to the very kings.

You, Reverend Fathers, are ambitious. Ambition, when controlled by reason and guided by faith, is good and noble. A man without ambition is dead. You look forward to a parish. You want to be pastors. You hope to have great parishes. You want to be great pastors. Do you understand that the title "pastor" is not a title of honor, but that it expresses a duty, and implies a terrible responsibility? Do you pastors feed your flock as the Divine Shepherd fed His own? You must give them a twofold food—light and grace, doctrine and the sacraments. Feed well, above all, the little lambs. Have for them the parochial school. Bring them there together day after day. Be not satisfied with letting the good Sisters teach them. You are the shepherds, you are the pastors, you are the principals of those schools. You must instruct the children; instruct them and teach them to know, and to serve their Saviour, Jesus Christ. "Feed My flock," says Christ. Give them the word of God every Sunday and preach the word of God in such a way that the sheep of the house of God satisfied, consoled and happy. Give them the food of angels. Bring them to the altar rail. Communion frequently. Be not satisfied with neglecting your flock—the good women and the good children need food most of all. They are the sheep of the Church. They work among the infidels, and they are the prey of the enemy. You cannot speak of the Church until you get the sheep of the Church. Communion frequently. It is the life of the Church that it

is the Church of men. Christ honored men by calling them and making them His Vicars upon earth. The Church honored men by reserving the sanctuary for men only. As St. Paul speaking, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, commanded the women to be silent in the church, there it is the privilege of men to lead, to direct and speak. It being the Church of men, pastors, bring your men and keep your men in the Church, and thus feed your whole flock.

The good shepherd misses the weak, feeble, sick members of his flock. Christ says: "I am the Good Shepherd," and He showed the goodness of His heart in the great attention He gave to the suffering members of the flocks so dear to Him. Read the life of the Good Shepherd; follow Him step by step and notice how His first attention was given not to the rich and those occupied in high places, but to the blind and the weak and the feeble. One day He came to a miraculous pond near Jerusalem, and there He saw a certain man that had been eight and thirty years under his infirmity. We can imagine the sad condition of that poor man—his neglected appearance, his body covered with rags. The people passed by. Jesus came, looked at him with sympathy and kindness, took him by the hand and said: "Wilt thou be made whole? \* \* \* Arise, take up thy bed and walk." A pastor must be good to his whole flock, but his heart must go forth to the poor and to the afflicted. That shows best of all that he is not a hireling, but that he loveth his sheep.

Attend well, Reverend Fathers, to the sick in your parish. Go to them not only when you are called at the last moment to administer the Holy Sacraments—go frequently, and whenever you go, speak to them a few words of consolation, offer up for them a devout prayer and bless them before you depart. There you have an opportunity of doing good. A soul is never more disposed to receive the word of God with fruit than when sick. By helping one sick person, you will help the whole family, often the whole relationship and neighborhood. Many will come to see that poor child, and to every one coming the child will say: "The pastor was here," and repeat the words the pastor spoke. Through that one sick person, Reverend Fathers, you can preach to many. In Scripture we read there was a certain rich man whose son was sick. He was a Gentile, and no doubt had no interest in Christ, but when the son was suffering, and when medicines failed to cure him, even the rich Gentile remembered Jesus, and went to Jesus personally and knelt down before Jesus, adoring Him and imploring Him. Take thus good care of the sick, and through the sick you can bring many a sheep back to the fold.

Sickness of the body is only an image of the sickness of the soul. When Jesus saw the sickness of the man having the palsy, He penetrated with His eyes divine the mortal body and saw the

sin-stained soul, and He said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." How Christ, the Good Shepherd, tried to bring back the lost sheep to the fold, we see so clearly and beautifully at the Last Supper. There was Judas. His heart was that of a traitor. Jesus loved him still. Seeing him, He was "troubled in spirit." He warned him, He admonished him, He even knelt down before him and washed his feet—all that to bring Judas back, to save that lost sheep. "A good shepherd," says Jesus, "will leave the ninety-nine in the desert and go after the lost sheep." Fathers, there is hardly a family in your parish but has some such lost sheep. How many families are there confided to your care who have gone astray? What efforts are you making to bring them back? Christ says the good shepherd leaves the ninety-nine and goes after those lost ones. How long? Christ says until he finds them. And what does the good shepherd do when he finds the lost sheep? Listen to your Master, the Good Shepherd. He says he takes that lost sheep and places it upon his shoulders; he carries it back. He is kind; he is helpful; he knows that sheep is weak. There is little faith left, and therefore he gives a helping hand and carries it back and gives joy to his own heart, to the whole flock, to the angels in Heaven, but above all, joy to the Shepherd, Jesus Christ.

There is a fifth duty of the good shepherd, which I must mention briefly. "And other sheep I have," says the Good Shepherd, "that are not of this fold. Them also must I bring, that they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." A good pastor must have an apostolic heart and, having an apostolic heart, he will always try to spread the faith and make converts. Here in America, in this land of religious liberty and freedom, the circumstances are most favorable. The Lord has placed us in a most fruitful spot of His vineyard. Therefore every priest must make constant and serious efforts to bring those outside of the fold into the fold of Jesus Christ, and thus help the Master in his own quiet, limited way, that there may be one fold and one shepherd; that the one great fold may be led onward to the one great Heaven, and there may be happy forever.

Blessed is the shepherd and pastor who, when entering Heaven, can count his sheep and find that no one is missing. And blessed indeed is the good pastor and shepherd who, dying, can say, repeating the words of Jesus: "Father, I have kept them Thou hast given me." This flock, glorious and happy, surrounding him in the Heavenly home, will be his great crown of glory, and this crown of glory I wish you all, in the name of the one great shepherd—the shepherd of all our souls—Jesus Christ.

## MARY MAGDALEN AT THE FEET OF JESUS

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“Convenit \* \* \* ut ineffabilem modum divinae praesentiae in Sacramento visibili veneremur ; et laudetur Dei potentia, quae in Sacramento eodem tot mirabilia operatur : necnon et de tam salubri, tamque suavi beneficio.”

**E**VERY morning we priests, by nature men of clay transformed by the grace of Holy Orders into men of God, ascend the altar, use our feeble voices to which God gives a divine power, and call the King of Heaven down upon the altar throne to be our Guest. Christ dwelling in the tabernacle being our Guest, we must treat Him royally. An enemy we cast out of the house, and a stranger we receive with indifference. A friend we receive with open arms, remain with him, entertain him, live with him. A priest must entertain Jesus as a friend. Taking the place of the angels, he must adore that King of angels. He must take into his anointed hands that Office Divine, and recite it devoutly, kneeling in reality, or at least in spirit, in the presence of Jesus, and praise Him and thank Him, implore His pardon and ask for His assistance.

During the day a good priest will enter the sanctuary to visit his Master, to speak to Him from his heart. A good illustration of the perfect, constant union which must exist between the soul adorned with the sacerdotal character, and Emanuel, the High Priest—a touching example of such private devotional visits to be made to the Blessed Sacrament—the priest may find in the life of Mary Magdalen.

We find her six times visiting Christ, kneeling down at His feet. The first visit to Jesus Mary Magdalen made to repent, to weep over her sins, to obtain forgiveness. No doubt she had seen Jesus going about doing good, blessing the innocent children, entering the homes of sinners, preaching the gospel of peace, inviting all, saying with outstretched arms : “Come, all ye that suffer and are afflicted, and I will refresh you.”

The very sight of innocence and holiness touches the guilty heart. The heart is naturally the image of purity and must love and admire purity. In Jesus, as in a mirror, Mary saw her sinful heart reflected and saw its blackness. Assisted by God’s wonderful grace, she hated her sinfulness and loved Jesus, the personification of sanctity. Her heart, by nature warm, great and generous, hated much and loved much. She delays not, she co-operates at once with the help God gives her. She tears her heart away completely from lustful pleasures and sinful companions.

She seeks Jesus. The greatness of her feelings knows no fear or human respect. Uninvited she enters the hall of Simon, the Pharisee. Without a word of greeting, or apology, or explanation—her heart is too contrite, she cannot speak—she kneels down at the feet of Jesus and weeps bitterly. The tears of repentance and love flow so abundantly that she actually washes the feet of the Master with the tears of her heart, humbly wipes them with the hairs of her head, kisses them, takes an alabaster box of ointment and anoints them.

Such an humble and contrite heart Jesus never despises. In silence, deeply moved, He turns from His host and companions to console the weeping sinner, and speaks that one word for which the restless heart longs: "Thy sins are forgiven thee—go in peace."

The contrast makes this picture, which in course of ages has touched the hearts of millions and made them weep, doubly clear. Simon, the proud host, entertains yet knows not Jesus. The humble Mary knows Him. Simon, the blind host, who judged himself to be one of those clean men whose very souls are defiled by the very presence of a sinner, in his heart judges and condemns Jesus. "This man, if he were a prophet, would know surely who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; that she is a sinner." Mary, in the light of grace, knows that Jesus is a prophet and more than a prophet, that He is the merciful Saviour. Simon, the unjust host, is severely reprovèd and reprimanded by Jesus, always just, while Mary is publicly praised by Him. Simon, the sinful host, is wounded, unhappy, while Mary leaves the place with a new, unknown feeling of happiness in her heart. Let us imitate Mary Magdalen and avoid the sins of Simon, the Pharisee.

Jesus said: "Go in peace!" Mary went, but did not return to the gay, thoughtless, sinful world. She had learned to know a new and better life. She went home to continue the life of pure and holy love with Lazarus and Martha, her saintly brother and sister. "It came to pass," says St. Luke in another chapter, "that Jesus entered the town, was invited by Martha, who received Him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, who, sitting also at the Lord's feet, heard His word. But Martha was busy about much serving, who stood and said: Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? Speak to her, therefore, that she help me. And the Lord, answering, said to her: Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her."

We notice that Mary has changed much since her first visit. The love in her heart has grown and become peaceful, calm and confidential. She is not kneeling and weeping, but sitting at the

feet of Jesus, listening to His words of Divine Wisdom. Sitting thus, she has become the type of the little understood and much undervalued contemplative life, which forms an essential part of all religious, but especially of Dominican life.

The contrast giving life to the picture is here not between the proud Pharisee and the weeping sinner, but between two saints, both trying to please Jesus; the one by remaining near Him, giving her heart to Him and pondering in her heart over His words; the other by being busy about much serving. Both are good, necessary and essential to religious life. The difficulty consists in keeping the just proportions between the two. In our country and century the tendency is to do the work of Martha and neglect the work of Mary. For the sake of work, religious exercises are shortened or entirely omitted in such a way that priests have no more time for spiritual work than the faithful in the world; that the first duty of a priest to perfect and sanctify the soul is ignored; that on account of overwork hearts get cold and empty and the health of the body poor and frail.

Martha, although a saint, seems to have made a twofold mistake. She was careful and troubled about many things, and she complained about her sister who left her alone to serve. These two mistakes every priest must avoid. No matter how difficult and manifold be the work assigned to us, we must learn to begin and perform it with the calmness and confidence of Peter, who, in the name of Jesus, threw out his net.

All priests may well take to heart and remember the words of Jesus, defending Mary against the complaint of Martha: "One thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her." That happy, best choice of Mary was Jesus, the Saviour. The world, with its riches and pleasures, its cares and troubles, has been taken away from Mary, but not Jesus. She is with Jesus now and will be with Jesus forever. Thus, not only during the annual retreat, but every day, must we choose first and above all, Jesus, and "in Him, with Him and through Him," seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all the rest will be given unto us. We sell all things to become perfect and not to teach or work.

Mary and Martha did not agree in the manner of serving Jesus, but they fully agreed in imploring His help in the hour of trial. To serve Jesus means to suffer. Even the holy family in Bethania, which Jesus favored and blessed frequently with His visits—which, according to St. John, Jesus loved: "Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary, and Lazarus"—was saddened by sickness. Lazarus was sick. The good sisters, in their sympathy having no doubt tried all natural remedies, prayed for their brother and sent a messenger to Jesus across the Jordan, with the petition so beautifully and delicately worded: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." Strange, Jesus receives the mes-

sage, but He answers not. He does not cure him. He does not come to visit and console him. He still remained in the same place two days. Meanwhile Lazarus grows worse, dies and is buried. Mary and Martha, who loved their brother as only saints can love, felt his loss as only saints can feel such a loss. Many of the Jews came from Jerusalem to comfort them concerning their brother, but brought little consolation. Such expressions are often too formal, and even when they are sincere and come from the heart, although they soothe the pain, they cannot heal the wound. Jesus, the true consoler of the heart, did not come and His absence was to them a painful mystery. However great this mystery was, they do not lose their faith and confidence in Jesus. Days later Martha whispered to Mary: "The Master is come and calleth thee." She, as soon as she heard this, riseth quickly, "and, without a word of excuse or explanation to the sympathizing friends, goes to meet Him, falls down at His feet and says: Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died. Jesus, when He saw her faith and saw her tears, wept also. He knew how to weep with the weeping. Weeping, He goes with the weeping sisters to the grave, and says: Lazarus, come forth, and makes them all happy."

In this eleventh chapter of St. John, one of the most beautiful chapters in Scripture, we are pleased to see that Mary, although so human, loving her brother, weeping for her brother, is so religious, calling Jesus, disappointed when He does not come, but not murmuring, not complaining, not disheartened or discouraged, running to meet Him and adoring Him in her simple faith when He comes; and we are touched to see how Jesus, although so Divine, commanding the dead to rise, is so human that He weeps with the afflicted. Religion lifts the heart up to God, and religion brings God down to the heart.

The lessons to be learned from this event are many. There will be trouble in the best hearts, in the best homes. Religion does not sever the natural, holy family ties. It purifies them and strengthens them. When news of sickness or death comes we cannot be cold and indifferent. We cannot always visit our own to bring them consolation, but we can always do what Mary did, go to Jesus, "the Resurrection and the Life," and say to Him: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." A priest thus praying for his own, kneeling in the sanctuary, giving his whole life as a sacrifice for his own, is for them what Mary Magdalen was for her brother Lazarus when on the sick-bed and in the grave. Jesus cannot always do what we ask Him to do in our blindness and simplicity, but He always hears a good prayer. He may allow a brother to sink into the grave. "He is the Resurrection and the Life." Because of the good prayer of a priest, He may come in a few days to free that soul from the grave of Purgatory and that body in glory from its tomb on the day of resurrection.



The prayer, the invitation of a priest, brings Jesus into the family, and where Jesus is there is blessing and happiness.

Every gift and grace is a token of God's love. The more the human heart remembers such gifts, reflects on them, the more will it feel the goodness of God and be filled with the desire to love the good God. The love of God reveals its purity in gratitude. Mary Magdalen in her happiness did not forget Jesus, the cause of her happiness. She counted His gifts. He had cast out the evil spirits, He had forgiven her her sins. He had given her perseverance in that life of grace and God's friendship. He had come at the risk of His life. He had restored her brother to life, although foreseeing that the miracle would be the occasion of His condemnation, and she felt: "I must thank Him." Moved by the greatness of the love and generosity of her heart, she prepares a banquet, invites many guests, and Jesus, the guest of honor. When all are assembled, Mary enters in silence, approaches Jesus with reverence, kneels down by the Master, opens a box of very precious ointment the odor of which filled the hall with sweetness, and anoints His sacred feet and wipes them with her hair. By this unusual ceremony she meant to say: Jesus, I thank You, I thank You publicly. There is nothing sweet and precious enough to express the gratitude that fills my poor, humble heart.

The nobility of this grateful heart of Mary, prostrated at the feet of its Benefactor, giving itself and expressing its gift in the sweetness of precious ointment so humbly and publicly bestowed, shines doubly bright when compared with the blackness of the ungrateful heart of Judas, one of the guests at the banquet. Judas voiced the sentiments of some, murmuring against Mary and said: "Why was this waste of the ointment made? For this ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and given to the poor." How narrow such a miserly heart is! It calls a waste all that which is given to God, the Giver of all gifts. It tries to hide its mean selfishness under the cloak of charity. It might have been given to the poor, he says, but means not a word of what he said. Here, we see, the love of God makes a heart great. The love of money makes a heart small. The love of God makes a heart open. The love of money makes a heart hypocritical. The love of God makes a heart generous, giving all in its goodness. The love of money makes a heart selfish, seeking all in its avarice. The love of God makes a heart exult in the noblest of feelings. The love of money makes a heart as senseless as the hard, cold coin. The love of gold changes the human heart into the heart of a traitor. The love of God makes the human heart like unto God, the object of its love. The love of money makes the heart like unto its ideal, the soulless metal.

Jesus, Who always sees the intention of the heart and appreciates its feelings fully, rose and publicly condemned the criti-

cisms of Judas and praised the deeds and gifts of Mary's gratitude. "Let her alone," He said; "why do you molest her? She hath wrought a good work upon Me. Amen, I say to you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her." No human heart can equal the Sacred Heart in goodness. He is grateful to Mary for her act of gratitude and rewards her a hundredfold. Gratitude for favors received is a good prayer to obtain new favors. Reverend Fathers, imitate not a Judas but a Mary Magdalen. Kneel down at the feet of Jesus and open the box of precious ointment, your pure hearts, and pour forth freely your sentiments of thankfulness for the many favors of priestly vocation and priestly life.

A fifth time we find Mary at the feet of the Master, on the top of Calvary. When the miracle of the resurrection of Lazarus was announced to the Pharisees they immediately gathered a council, where Caiphas pronounced the sentence of death: "It is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." From that day, therefore, they devised to put Him to death. Strange! the miracle of love giving life became the immediate occasion of hatred decreeing death. Jesus hesitated not. He worked the miracle, not fearing the results. Mary, in turn, was loyal and followed Jesus unto death.

The Crucifixion was the great test of love. The Apostles who had said "Let us also go, that we may die with Him," when they saw Jesus in the hands of the enemy, lost courage and fled. Mary Magdalen's love did not fail. She loved much and went with Him. When Jesus was hanging on the Cross, it was the hour of darkness and the powers of hell seemed to rule. Up to the last moment the enemies feared somewhat the final result, remembering "This man doth many miracles." But when they saw Him nailed to the wood of the Cross, dying, all their feelings of hatred and vengeance and jealousy, inspired by the devil, long pent up and nourished in the heart, found expression in jeers, insults, blasphemies. While these rude men stand around the Cross, blaspheming Jesus with a devilish joy, Mary Magdalen presses through the mob, kneels down at the foot of the Cross and adores Jesus. The men may have pointed at her, laughed at her, ridiculed her, called her a hypocrite, a public sinner. Mary loved much. In her love she cares not what the whole world says or does. She remains true and faithful to Jesus. Here we see the power of Divine love. Jesus loved us on the Cross and, loving us, gave His life for friend and foes. This love of Jesus inspires love. He, having been lifted on high, has drawn all hearts to Himself. In all countries and in all centuries millions of hearts have sacrificed all, to give themselves fearlessly and lovingly to the Sacred Heart. Of these many millions Mary Magdalen is a leader and a queen.

To adore Jesus carrying the Cross; to adore Jesus persecuted is the very essence of the great devotion of our times, the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Jesus requests us to make atonement for the coldness and sinfulness of the world. We live in the age of blasphemy. Not only those who know not what they do are addicted to cursing and swearing, but many of the learned, even so-called Christian writers and preachers, attack boldly that which is most fundamental and sacred—the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Great powers are united to persecute Christ by persecuting His Church. We can sing with the prophet: “Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord, and against His Christ.” Now, more than ever, must every priest imitate Mary Magdalen, following Jesus not as the Apostles up to the Last Supper, but even unto the Crucifixion.

The Love of Mary Magdalen was deep and sincere and, therefore, did not end with the life of Jesus. When Jesus was dead and buried she could not rest, could not sleep, her heart was with Jesus in the tomb. She reflected on what Jesus had done: how He had suffered so patiently, how He had prayed so devoutly for sinners, how He had given His life for all. She felt now “He hath loved much, I owe Him much.” What could she do to pay her debt of gratitude? Anoint the Sacred Remains? Humanly speaking, it was a foolish thought. The grave was closed, the door was sealed, a big stone was placed before the door, soldiers were guarding the tomb. Mary in her love saw the end only and not the difficulty. She found the stone rolled back and, no doubt, rejoiced. She comes to the grave, looks into it and, alas! He is not there! She begins to weep bitter tears and, while others go away, she remains standing by the empty grave, weeping. While she is weeping, seeking Jesus, Jesus appears to her and says one word: “Mary!” She kneels down, adoring Jesus arisen, saying: “Rabboni!” What shall we admire more—the perseverance of Mary seeking Jesus, or the goodness of Jesus revealing Himself to those that seek Him? Jesus forgets her past life completely and makes her, who had been known as the sinner, the Apostle of the Apostles, to announce to the world the happiest news, the news of the Resurrection. “Go to My brothers and say to them: I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God.” Jesus ascends into Heaven. Mary Magdalen persevered in her love, living in a lonely cave for many years, shedding tears of repentance and tears of love.

Priests, day and night, must have their hearts with Jesus in the tabernacle, as Mary had her heart with Jesus in the tomb. Priests who thus love Him and seek Him will in a very short time see and adore Him in glory and ascend with Him to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God, to be one with Him, as He and the Father are One.

## THE HOLY GHOST

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“It is expedient to you that I go, for, if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you, but if I go I will send Him to you.”

**R**EADING attentively the account St. John gives of the Last Supper, we notice that in the first part Christ purified and prepared His disciples for the greatest religious event. Then He instituted the Blessed Sacrament, gave Himself as an eternal victim, and created the eternal priesthood, laying down at the same time the fundamental laws of the New Testament: “Abide in My love, and love one another.”

In the last part He spoke from His heart to console His distressed disciples. The poor disciples needed consolation very much. At the banquet for which they and the Master had longed with an ardent desire they had received many and sad shocks. They were shocked when they saw a Judas leaving their company in that treacherous way. They were shocked when they heard that even Peter, their leader, would deny their Lord. They were shocked when they heard that they all would be dispersed like sheep without a shepherd, but they were shocked most of all when they heard the Master say: “A little while and ye shall see Me no more.” Christ Himself noticed their sadness of heart. Then He said: “Let not your hearts be troubled.” To keep their hearts from being troubled, He promised, among other things, to send them the Holy Ghost. “And I shall ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever. The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive. \* \* \* The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send you in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things, whatsoever I shall have said to you. \* \* \* It is expedient to you that I go, for, if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you, but if I go I will send Him to you.”

Here Christ not only promises to send the Holy Ghost, but He tells them plainly the importance of the mission of that heavenly spirit. He goes so far as to say “It is expedient to you that I go,” meaning, from now on the presence of the Holy Ghost will be a greater consolation and help to you than My bodily presence could be. The Holy Ghost—His personality and His mission—are, and remain great mysteries to us. A great mystery is the Blessed Trinity, of which the Holy Ghost is the third person. A great mystery is the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. A great mystery is that union between

the three persons which makes them one God, and a great mystery is the part the Holy Ghost took in the redemption and sanctification of mankind. In almost every Mass we say: "Credo in Spiritum sanctum vivificantem qui locutus est per prophetas." It was the Holy Ghost in the Old Testament Who from time to time inspired the prophets to remind the people of the promised Messiah, and to prepare their hearts for His coming. It was the Holy Ghost Who, according to St. Luke, descended upon the Blessed Lady and operated in her the greatest of mysteries. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Another great work of the Holy Ghost is the sanctification of the Church of Jesus Christ. To understand in some degree His influence upon the human soul, we shall consider two of His apparitions.

When Christ began His public life and was baptized by John in the waters of the Jordan, the Spirit, as a dove, descended upon Him and remained with Him. And the Spirit, as a dove, took Him out of the world and led Him into the desert, and there Jesus in the Holy Spirit fasted and prayed for forty days. As thus the Holy Spirit in the gentle way of a dove led Christ into the solitude, so He has led into solitude practically all the great and holy souls of the kingdom of Christ on earth. Paul He led into solitude to fast and to pray. All the fathers of the Church were sanctified and prepared for their providential mission by the Holy Ghost in solitude. The great saints of the Church, like St. Theresa and St. Catherine of Sienna, felt that influence of the Spirit in their early childhood days. Led by that gentle dove they left their homes and looked for a desert or a cave, there to mortify themselves, there to be alone with God, there to pray.

We ourselves, Reverend Fathers, have received and felt that spirit of God in us. We were baptized in the name of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. From that day on our childlike hearts were the temples of that heavenly Spirit. We were confirmed in that Holy Ghost and, being confirmed, we felt His magnetic power so keenly that, like Christ, we left our homes, we left the world and entered the solitude of the cloister or the sanctuary. If we reflect on those youthful days we shall find that we have experienced the truth of the beautiful words:

"Consolator optime,  
Dulcis hospes animae,  
Dulce refrigerium."

If we reflect on those youthful days, we may remember that we loved to pray, and that the mortifications the rule imposed and the laws demanded were not sufficient. The Spirit of God

prompted us to seek new works of penance and to pray when alone and unseen. It is good to know that we were thus under the influence of that Spirit of God; that Christ sent Him to us as well as to the Apostles.

Let us ask ourselves whether we have continued under the influence of the Holy Ghost. As a matter of fact, the spirit of penance seems to be almost dying out of the Church in America. Where are the people who still fast seriously, who take their crosses and follow the crucified Master with the crown of thorns? There is great danger even that we priests ignore the laws of fasting and mortification. We forget to imitate St. Paul, who said: "I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection, lest perhaps when I have preached to others I myself should become a cast-away. \* \* \* Always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies." It may be true that we cannot fast and abstain as they do in other countries and have done in former centuries. Still many things we can do and must do. Let me suggest one great work to you. Abstain from intoxicating liquor. I emphasize the word strong liquor. There may be an excuse for some to take a glass of wine, but Fathers, we all know that liquor is one of the greatest curses of the people—yes, even of the Church in America. And, therefore, even if an angel of Heaven should tell us that there is no danger in liquor for us personally, for the sake of an example, and for the sake of reparation and atonement for the many great crimes committed, let us continue the spirit of penance, and deny ourselves in this respect. Let us pray with David, the sinner, every day: "Miserere mei, Deus. \* \* \* Spiritum sanctum tuum ne-auferas a me." "Punish me, God, if Thou wilt, because I have sinned, but one thing, O God, I beg Thee not to do—do not take that Holy Spirit away from me." And if we should find upon examination that we have lost that spirit of prayer and penance, let us cry with fervor: "Credo in Spiritum sanctum vivificantem." The Spirit of God gives life, renews that life, renews those virtues, if only we implore His help. If, led by the Holy Spirit, we fast and pray as Christ did, then we are prepared to meet Satan and to resist his manifold temptations as Christ did.

A second time the Holy Ghost appeared when the disciples, after the Ascension of Christ, had spent ten days in prayer, in union with the Blessed Lady—well styled the Bride of the Holy Ghost. This time He did not come like a gentle dove. He came with a rush of winds and in the shape of fiery tongues, and descended thus upon each and every one of them, and filled the whole house. "And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a mighty wind, and came and filled the whole house where they were

sitting; and there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and sat upon every one of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The first effect of fire is light. Where there is fire there is light, and thus one of the effects of this fiery tongue was a new light in the souls of the disciples. The Holy Ghost kept them from making mistakes in teaching. The Holy Ghost made each and every one of them infallible. According to the promise of Christ, He remained with them as the spirit of truth, and remained with them forever. As the result of His coming and His remaining, the Church stands there for nineteen hundred years, and can challenge all her enemies, saying "Who can accuse me of one false doctrine?" The other churches, although of recent date, do not dare to claim such a privilege, because they all know they have erred and changed their creeds.

Fathers, we personally, and as spiritual directors of others, need that gift. If we examine our consciences briefly, we find that alas! we have made mistakes. Personally; we have made mistakes in building up the parish; we have made mistakes in governing and ruling the people; we have made mistakes in giving advice and counsel to our penitents. To avoid such mistakes in future, let us pray more fervently for the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost:

"Veni Sancte Spiritus,  
Et emitte coelitus  
Lucis tuae radium."

The Holy Ghost, in the second place, as a light from Heaven inspired them with new ideas. Christ had said: "The Paraclete will teach you all things, will remind you of what I have told you, will bear testimony of Me." In every action of the Apostles we see that these wonderful promises of the Saviour were fully realized. Read the sermons of St. Peter and of St. Stephen, and see how the heavenly truths had become clear to them; how they began to understand the greatest mysteries of the divine faith. "Veni Sancte Spiritus, fons vivus, ignis, charitas, et spiritalis unctio." "Come and help us priests as you helped the Apostles. Teach us all truth. Remind us of what Christ said. Bear testimony unto us about Him, that we may know what to do and what to preach to bring sinners to a love of virtue, and to bring the unbelievers to the fold of Christ." "Ut cognoscamus in terra viam tuam, in omnibus gentibus salutare tuum."

When the Paraclete had thus enlightened the disciples, He gave them the gift of tongues. "Loquebantur magnalia Dei." "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak." To possess this gift, we must co-operate with

the Holy Ghost. We must in the first place read good books, religious books, the masterpieces of the greatest writers. We must thus acquire "scientia." This "scientia" must develop into "sapientia." "Sapientia" means to taste the sweetness of the things we know; to make that knowledge our own; to have it sink into the heart; to digest it. To make "scientia" "sapientia" a priest must meditate and reflect and consider well in a prayerful way the things he reads. By and by "sapientia" must develop into "eloquentia"—that is, all the priest has in his heart he must learn to express, and to give it to others for their benefit and enlightenment. The Holy Ghost thus transformed the fishermen into Apostles. If we pray and work, the Paraclete will make us the apostles of America.

That fire from Heaven which came upon the Apostles on the day of Pentecost brought not only light—it brought heat. The rays of the sun are not only clear but also warm. Heat is a power. Behold the mighty ocean steamer. It sails onward calmly and steadily against all winds and waves, and crushes every obstacle in its way. What gives that steamer its power? There is a fire in the heart. Thus the Holy Ghost fills the hearts of the disciples with the fire of love, and that love of God is a force. It made them leave the upper room where they were assembled; it made them face all enemies; it made them walk from country to country, from prison to prison; it made them die gladly and cheerfully for the object of their love—Jesus Christ. "Fortis ut mors dilectio." "For the charity of Christ presseth us," as St. Paul expresses it. St. Peter was asked to stop preaching Christ and he answered so beautifully: "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

Fathers, if we have that fire of the Holy Ghost in us—that love of God—we could, as St. Catherine expresses it, set all America on fire with it. It is this gift—love of God, love of neighbor, the flame of love, zeal—which we need in these cold days of infidelity. Christ applied to Himself the words of the Old Testament: "Zelus domus Dei commedit Me." "The zeal of the house of God must consume us." It must consume much in us. That fire of God, that love of God, must consume in us our little, mean self-love. It must consume in us our love for ease and comfort. It must consume in us our love for worldly pleasures and amusements. It must consume in us our worldly ambitions and our pride. It must make us live just for Christ, and the Bride of Christ, the Holy Catholic Church. "I most gladly will spend and be spent for your souls, although loving you more I be loved less," says St. Paul to the Corinthians. If we have this light of the Holy Ghost, and this love of the Holy Ghost in our priestly hearts, we can change the face of the earth. "Emitte spiritum tuum et



creabuntur et renovabis faciem terrae" O God send us that fire, and send us that light and love of the Paraclete, and He will create in us that apostolic zeal, and we shall renew the face of America. Even as the warm rays of the sun in spring time renew the face of the fields and make them green, thus we shall make the cold, dying faith of the people live again in its first beautiful fervor. The green fields, because of the beautiful sun, are adorned and decorated with flowers. If we have those rays of the heavenly Paraclete giving light and spreading love, we shall adorn the hearts of the faithful with the virtues resembling heavenly pearls. "But the fruit of the spirit is charity, joy, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency and chastity." Behold some of the flowers the spirit of God makes grow and blossom in the hearts of men. These flowers will by and by develop into the beatitudes—the eight beatitudes—the result of the great gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost.

See, dear Fathers, the great consolation, or rather the great Consoler that Jesus promised to His disciples. The same was promised unto us; the same will come to us if we pray as they prayed. "O God, Who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful by the light of Thy Holy Spirit, grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort."

## THE PRIEST'S ROSARY

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“When Jesus therefore had seen His mother and the disciples standing, whom He had loved, He said to His mother: Woman, behold thy son. After that He said to the disciple: Behold thy mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.”

① ONE of the many great consolations which Christ, parting, gave His saddened disciples, was His own Blessed Mother.

In giving her to John, the newly ordained priest, He gave her to the twelve, with whom she was assembled, praying for the coming of the Holy Ghost. He gave her to the whole eternal priesthood, and made her thus the mother of the Catholic priesthood. John took her unto his own. Blessed indeed was John, who was privileged to live with the Blessed Mother, to pray with her, to celebrate the mysteries with her, to partake in the mysteries with her, to spend with her hours and hours speaking about Him Who was dearest to their hearts, and no doubt seeing Him frequently coming from Heaven to console them and to encourage them. Reverend Fathers, let us imitate the beloved disciple, St. John, and take the Mother of Christ unto our own, with us to our homes, that she may be a mother unto us in our private lives and our priestly work.

Instead of dwelling this morning upon her virtues, privileges and prerogatives, instead of reflecting to see how at all times she is the mother of mercy and the mother of grace, the life, sweetness and hope of the Christian world, we shall consider her favorite devotion, which is the Holy Rosary. Every good mother teaches her child to pray. Mary, being the best Mother, gave us a perfect form of prayer. The Rosary we all have learned to recite from our mothers in early childhood days, and one of our sweetest recollections is to remember the evenings when at home we knelt down in the family circle, and repeated alternately the Our Father and the Hail Mary, reflecting on the mysteries. Although we have learned these prayers in our infancy, they never grow old. The more we study, the more we advance in learning, the more we see the beauty of them. Even if a little boy who loves the Rosary becomes as learned as a St. Thomas of Aquin, when standing at the altar at the most solemn part of Mass, he can find no prayer that expresses the thoughts of a soul so per-

fectly as the "Pater noster qui es in coelis." When the priest, therefore, says the Rosary, he says the same prayers and dwells upon the same mysteries as the little child, but the lessons he learns, and the applications he makes, are different. Here we wish to suggest just a few thoughts that may be of interest and consolation to every priest.

In the five joyful mysteries we priests see the Blessed Mother with the Child Divine—the Real Presence. Mary may be called the first priestess, for in the Annunciation we witness the Incarnation, and the mystery of the Annunciation and the Incarnation are repeated and perpetuated in our anointed hands. What a great similarity is there between a Catholic priest and the Mother of Jesus Christ. What an intimate, close relationship. We may call it, in the light of faith, the relationship not only of the spirit, but even of flesh and blood.

Having this picture of the Annunciation and the Incarnation vividly presented to our imagination, let us learn from it a few lessons. Like the Blessed Mother, let us, as clerics, men who have left the world and have made the lot of Christ our own, love solitude, and live as far as we can like the Blessed Mother, and with the Blessed Mother, in peaceful, silent solitude. When the angel comes to speak to us through positive law, or in meditation, let us answer with the Blessed Mother: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to His word." Since such an obedient, submissive solitary life is not easy, let us take the Rosary, and say devoutly—"Our Father—give us this day our daily bread." "Mother of God, my Mother also, pray for us now."

In the mystery of the Visitation, we see the charity of the Blessed Lady, now the Mother of God. Having goodness in her heart, she feels the first law of goodness, which is to spread itself, to spread happiness. Mary leaves her dear solitude, crosses the mountains to bring joy and grace to her cousin Elizabeth. She enters the home, salutes them in the name of God, and behold! the heart of St. Elizabeth is filled with the joy of God, and the soul of her unborn child is filled with the grace of God. Mary brings joy and blessing to the home which she enters. Apply this to yourselves. Leave the house, not to seek happiness, pleasure and enjoyment, but like Mary to visit the people of your parish, the members of your flock, to bring Christ unto all, to bring grace to the sinners and happiness to the saints. This is the great mission of every Catholic priest. It is as difficult as it is great and beautiful. To fulfill it well let us kneel down and say: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven—give us this day our daily bread." "Mother of God, pray for us." If thus we begin the day taking Mary unto our own, like Mary, we shall spend the day bringing happiness to her own.

The picture of the Nativity is familiar to every child, and most familiar to us priests. We see there the Blessed Mother taking that Child, according to St. Luke, and placing Him in the manger, "Reclinavit in praesepio." We can imagine with what love and devotion, with what care and tenderness the immaculate hands devoted the Infant Divine in the poor, but neat and clean manger. As priests, we have the same privilege and duty practically every morning. We must take that pure, white, immaculate Host that Child of God, that Child of the Blessed Mother, and place it in the tabernacle. May we always do that with the devotion, Reverend Fathers, and love of the Blessed Lady. May that tabernacle, though simple and poor, be always as neat and clean as human hands can make it.

While remaining with Him near the manger, she sees coming the poor shepherds and the wise men. She rejoices to see them kneel down and adore her God and her Child. She unveils the countenance of the Child to them and makes them happy. This, Reverend Fathers, is our duty. We must show Christ to those who kneel down in faith and adore Him. Let us always do it as our Blessed Mother did. She was equally good to the shepherds—the poorest of the poor—and to the wise men, who were learned and rich. With the same joy and readiness she showed the Saviour to those who brought gifts, precious gifts, and to those who were too poor to give more than their own good hearts. Let us thus be equally good unto all, for the poor are brought by the angel, even as the learned are brought by the star of the king. This is difficult. "Mother of God, pray for us."

In the fourth mystery, the priest sees a picture of the sacrifice of Mass. Mary enters the temple and presents the Child unto the Blessed Trinity, through the agency of the Prophet Simeon. Notice here how Mary, although not bound by the laws because of her privileges, observes the laws. When the child was forty days old, according to the law, she presented Him in the temple. According to the law, she brings an offering, two turtle doves; the offering of the poor. As priests, when sacrificing, when bringing that same offering in God's temple, let us observe all the laws, all the rubrics, all our beautiful, significant liturgy.

Learn a lesson also from the Prophet Simeon. St. Luke describes his priestly character perfectly in a few words when he tells us the Prophet Simeon was a just man, a devout man, filled with the Holy Ghost—a man who expected the consolation of Israel. He is a model for every priest. Thus we must be able to say of every priest: he is just, he is devout, his whole heart is full of expectation for Christ. He enters the church in the spirit of God.

Simeon, having offered that offering Divine, made a beautiful thanksgiving, singing the immortal "Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine," and he blessed the Mother and the guardian St. Joseph. Do we thus, with joyful, grateful hearts, thank God, and bless the people at the end of the sacred mysteries.

The fifth mystery is both joyful and sorrowful—joyful because Mary found the Child whom she had lost, sorrowful because she had lost Him, not through her own fault, but because of the multitudes in the city. How many a young priest loses Christ, sometimes innocently, and sometimes through his own fault, in the noise and activity and busy, distracting life of the city. He begins his priestly career with a recollected mind and a devout heart, but alas, soon these holy sentiments dwell no more in his soul. As the Blessed Mother, he is unhappy. Go and seek Him. You will find Him not in the homes of friends and kinsfolk. Like Mary, and with Mary, you will find Him in the temple. Listen to Christ saying to His Mother: "Didst thou not know that I must be about My Father's business?" They were priestly words spoken in the temple. He loved His Mother as no child ever loved a mother, but He separated Himself from His Mother and caused her bitter tears to flow, to be faithful to His duty as God's Anointed. Every priest thus must be ready to be about his Father's business, and not allow the work of God to be interfered with by human affections or family ties. All these lessons are beautiful and practical. Can we observe them in our daily life? We can if we imitate St. John, and take her unto our own—take her with us home and say to her: "Mother of God, pray for us now!"

Coming to the sorrowful mysteries, so practical for every priest, we shall just consider one—Christ carrying His Cross. Every priest has a cross to carry. "Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple." Every priest must be ready to drink the bitter chalice with his Divine Master. The eternal priesthood, according to P  re Lacordaire, is an eternal sacrifice, or the immolation of self added to the immolation of a God. The Blessed Virgin Mary, in the sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary, teaches us how to carry that cross, how to drink that bitter chalice, how to immolate ourselves with Christ and for Christ.

In the fourth sorrowful mystery, we see Jesus carrying that heavy Cross upon His wounded shoulders, patiently, even cheerfully. We follow Him, ascending the steep mountain. We see Him fall again and again. We see the blood flowing, but we hear no word of complaint, no sign of resistance. He speaks a few times, but every time to console others. He consoles the good, weeping women, He consoles Veronica, He consoles those who are crucified with Him. Seeing Him thus, and following Him

thus in spirit, we must sympathize with Him as the holy women did, help Him as Simon of Cyrene did, taking part of the Cross upon ourselves, as the Blessed Mother did, having her own heart pierced to help Him in the great work of the atonement for sin.

We notice there three crosses—one upon the shoulders of Christ and two upon the malefactors following Christ. I believe every priest has a threefold cross to carry. The first may be called the physical cross. He has to suffer pain, sickness. And, although these afflictions are common to all mankind, the priest feels them more keenly, because his life is more irregular, and he is more deprived of needed attention. The second cross is the moral cross. His heart to some extent must be pierced like the heart of the Blessed Mother. He has his life of isolation. He has his great spiritual family, and if his heart is a truly priestly heart, he will suffer with all those who suffer, and the world becomes for him truly a valley of tears. The heaviest cross, the cross of Christ, is the spiritual cross. Burdened with his many private and official duties, he at times will pray like Christ in the Garden of Olives, and see the angel of consolation; at times will pray like Christ on the Cross, and feel that seemingly even God has abandoned him. Indeed the priest is an "alter Christus," and he must suffer like an "alter Christus," and say with St. Paul, "In my sufferings for you fill up those things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ."

Carrying this threefold cross daily, we priests need help. All our learning, experience in worldly things, eloquence, or whatever gifts we may possess, will bring no consolation. We take the rosary as a powerful staff and, holding that in our hands and using it well, we shall follow Christ to the top of Calvary. Christ on His way was consoled by His Blessed Mother. We take her unto our own on our way of the Cross, to be consoled and helped by her. We all know from the lives of the saints and, better still, from our own personal experience, that in the hour of trial, if we can kneel down and pray devoutly: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, give us this day our daily bread"—"Mother of God, pray for us now," we rise again and we feel better able to walk onward, to carry that cross. Assisted by the Blessed Mother, we shall not carry our crosses like the two robbers—unwilling, rebellious, and without fruit—we shall carry our crosses assisted by her, as Simon of Cyrene did, unwilling in the beginning perhaps, but, seeing Christ and feeling the nearness of Christ, joyful and grateful. Better still, if on the way of the Cross, we meet the Blessed Mother, we shall learn to carry that cross Christlike, stretch forth our arms to it, embrace it and cling to it, until that cross has given us to our God and given our God unto us.

In the glorious mysteries we see the greatest festivals of the year—the Resurrection, the Ascension, Pentecost, the Assump-

tion, the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By reciting well the Rosary, the beautiful lessons of these glorious festivals will live always in our memories, and bring daily their spiritual joys to our hearts. Christ emphasized the glorious mysteries at the Last Supper: "In My Father's house there are many mansions. \* \* \* I go to prepare a place for you: and if I shall go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and will take you to Myself, that where I am, you also may be." The glorious mysteries of Christ are promised to be the glorious mysteries of the disciples, and our own glorious mysteries. It is a sign of the weakness of our faith that we forget our eternal destiny so easily and frequently, and this weakness of our faith is the cause of our moral weakness. The disciples, who had not only heard Christ speak about the Resurrection, and the Kingdom of Heaven, but had seen Christ arisen and ascending into Heaven, were filled and penetrated with these mysteries, and therefore they preached them so frequently and remembered them constantly. It gave them courage and hope when in peril and in prison. "Behold I tell you a mystery. We shall all indeed rise again. \* \* \* In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For the corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality, and when this mortal has put on immortality, then shall it come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" Ever since the just God spoke the word, "Thou shalt die the death," man has sought for nothing so anxiously and eagerly as the remedy against death. Man has failed to find it. There comes Christ and says: "I am the remedy, I am the Life and the Resurrection." He not only speaks the wonderful words; to convince all, He rises again, and gives to suffering mankind a living, glorious picture of immortality.

What a consolation to the heart of a priest is this mystery, and what a consoling mystery is this first mystery, to be preached by the priest. Holy Communion, our daily bread, is the Bread of life immortal. "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that if any man eat of it he may not die." Let us, therefore, receive this daily food, give this food of immortality to others; and that this food of life everlasting may make our bodies and souls live forever in glory, we recite every morning "Mother of God, pray for us." We take her unto our own.

In the Sacrifice of Mass, we not only commemorate the Passion of Christ, but also the glorious mysteries. We say: "Calling to mind the blessed Passion of the same Christ thy Son our

Lord, together with the Resurrection from the grave, and also His glorious Ascension." The Resurrection of Christ, and the Ascension of Christ thus called to mind at the altar must fill our minds during the day. We take our Rosary, and we meditate on Christ in Heaven preparing a place for us. This must have been the favorite meditation of the beloved disciple, St. John, for he speaks of Heaven so often and so beautifully. "And I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem. \* \* \* Behold the tabernacle of God with men; and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself with them shall be their God. \* \* \* And the twelve gates are twelve pearls. \* \* \* And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. \* \* \* And the city hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof." In the light of the Lamb we shall shine as Christ transfigured on the mountain. In that light of the Lamb Himself, we shall see our God face to face. "In lumine tuo videbimus lumen." That seeing of the light in the light we know is the very essence of heaven—the beatific vision. This is communion, perfect communion, continuous communion, perpetual communion, a union with Christ, not veiled as in the tabernacle, but a union with Christ seen face to face, possessing Him and enjoying Him with the angels.

If only we could imitate the disciples, and lift our eyes up to Heaven every day, and thus see the place prepared for us in the house of the Father, as a St. Paul did, or as a St. Stephen did, looking up steadfastly to Heaven, seeing the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and he said: "Behold I saw the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," we need not fear the sword that severed the head from the body of Paul, nor the stones that were flung at Stephen to free the soul from the prison body.

Seeing God face to face in the house of the Father, we shall also see the Mother of God, no longer weeping with a bleeding heart, but as St. John saw her in the vision, "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." And then we shall sing with joyful hearts the "Hail, full of grace," seeing the fullness of God's grace in her.

The triumphant ascension of Christ into Heaven was made more glorious because of the many saints of the Old Testament who followed Him into the kingdom of glory. "I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before that throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. \* \* \* These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and have made them white



in the blood of the Lamb." This crown of glory, this crown of saints, which surrounds Christ, the King of glory, will also be the crown of glory for every faithful priest, and will add much to his personal happiness. At the Last Supper Christ promised His newly ordained priests this crown. He gave them His own name to work in. "If you shall ask Me anything in My name, that I will do." Working in His name, He promised them great results. "Amen, amen, I say to you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do." This great fruit of their labors we see in the Apostles. They went forth and converted thousands, God blessing their work. The rich harvest of their labors remained eternal. "And your fruit shall remain." It remains with them and it surrounds them now, as princes of the kingdom of Christ.

Thus every good priest who works in the name of Jesus Christ, for the salvation of immortal souls, will bear very great fruit, and when he enters Heaven, the immortal souls standing there in the white robe of innocence, with the palm of victory, will greet him, and praise him and thank him eternally. To have thus helped many, and eternally, is a heaven in itself. Then the words of Christ will be fulfilled: "These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and your joy may be filled." Thus to rise again, thus to ascend into Heaven, thus to lead with us an army of immortal souls, let us, like John, take Mary unto our own, and Mary will take us unto her own and show unto us, after this exile, Jesus, the glorious fruit of her blessed womb.

## PIONEER PRIESTS OF AMERICA

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"I have chosen you; and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain."

**C**HRIST, at the Last Supper, having instituted the Holy Eucharist, and given Himself to His own, having instituted the eternal priesthood and ordained His disciples, having given them the sublime law of love, love of God and love of neighbor, sent His priests into the world with His own power. "As the Father hath sent Me, thus I send you, to bear fruit, much fruit, everlasting fruit." It is uplifting and inspiring to read the Acts of the Apostles after the Last Supper; to read the history of the early centuries, and see how these men of God worked in the vineyard of the Lord and how their work was fruitful. It is still more consoling and encouraging to see that Christ, Who said "I remain with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world," has been in His priests and with His priests in our own blessed land, up to the present century.

Among the many signal blessings which God showers upon America, and which makes America dear and sacred not only to all Americans but to all Christian nations, there is one which is not sufficiently studied, not fully understood, and but little appreciation. God gave young America not only great, daring discoverers and explorers, great statesmen and warriors; God sent to our shores learned, fearless, self-sacrificing, holy, apostolic missionaries. To mention them all in one lecture is impossible. I'll select the names of a few who penetrated as far as the Middle West and sowed the seed of the Gospel of peace upon this, our fertile soil. I take much of my information from the great classic work of Father Campbell, S. J., "Pioneer Priests of North America."

The pioneer of the pioneer priests of America was Father Isaac Jogues. It is a cause of just pride for us here in the glorious Northwest to know that this first Apostle of New York City came to the shores of Michigan even before his blessed feet touched Manhattan Island, and therefore our interest in him must be as great as, if not greater than, that of the good New Yorkers who erected a beautiful monument to his name and make their pilgrimages to the place of his martyrdom.

What kind of a man was this first white man who stood upon the shores of Lake Superior, having paddled his canoe for hundreds of miles across the Great Lakes? He was the son of a good French family, was carefully and well trained in the novitiate

and schools of the sons of that soldier of Christ, St. Ignatius, and gradually filled his heart with the apostolic spirit of a St. Francis Xavier. His pure and noble heart loved America. When he reached America he kissed the soil and wrote to his mother: "I do not know what it is to enter heaven, but this I know—that it is difficult to experience in this world a joy more excessive and more overflowing than I felt on setting foot in the New World and celebrating my first Mass on the day of Visitation." Later, this happy young priest, "small in stature and frail in his general appearance, his features regular and delicate, wearing a soutane very much worn and patched, the marks of many a hard journey in the forests," began to bleed for our country.

The unnaturally cruel, savage, bloodthirsty Iroquois Indians tortured him. "Blows were showered upon me," he tells us, "I fell on the ground and I thought my end had come, but they lifted me up all streaming with blood, and carried me more dead than alive to the platform." A woman was forced to saw his thumb off with a jagged shell, after many of the other fingers of his blessed hands had been gnawed and burned off. But notice the indomitable self-control and courage of this martyr. When the consecrated thumb fell to the ground, he picked it up and offered it to God, saying: "I present it to Thee, O my God! in remembrance of the sacrifices which for the last seven years I have offered at the altars of Thy Church, and as an atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I have been guilty in touching Thy Sacred Body." When the Pope heard of this cruelty of the Indians, surpassed by the Christian bravery of Father Jogues, he immediately gave him permission to celebrate Mass with the mangled hands, writing: "It would be wrong to prevent the martyr of Christ from drinking the blood of Christ." When the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, saw those hands mutilated for such a holy cause, she descended from her throne, knelt down, devoutly kissed those hands and washed them with her sympathetic tears, exclaiming, "People write romances for us, but was there ever a romance like this? And it is all true." That indeed was a most queenly act; that indeed was a beautiful saying. Even to-day we spend our time in reading fiction; why not read the lives of our own missionaries whose charity and fortitude surpass all the human mind can invent?

It was this Father Jogues, crowned by the Indians with the crown of martyrdom, crowned by God with the crown of glory, who first came to Sault Ste Marie; who first preached the Gospel of Christ to the Indians of Michigan; who first blessed the rich dark forests and beautiful waters with his presence and prayers; who sanctified the shores of our lakes by sacrificing unto God

and bringing the God of all blessings among us. God was good to us to send such an apostle to us, and we love the land all the more because of him. May the Church place his name upon her altars and give us a feast to honor Father Jogues!

One of the most beautiful and fruitful States of the Northwest—of the whole Union—is Wisconsin. The soil of that State is sanctified in the eyes of God and Christian by the unknown grave of its apostle and confessor, Pére Rene Menard, known as the most spiritual of all the missionaries, who more than two hundred and fifty years ago went to work there, to die there, to rest there until the day of the glorious resurrection. Father Menard brought a double blessing to the new land. He came to sacrifice himself, and under his protection came a few good missionary Sisters—women whose zeal and courage seem to have been equal to that of the pioneer priests. These nuns, who came as early as 1640 to our land, were among the first, but not the first, who gave up all to become all unto our Indians. Already the preceding year the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation with her fellow Sisters, accompanied and generously assisted by that noble young French widow, Mme. de La Peltrie, landed at Sillery. The arrival of the very best of the good religious women of France was an important event in the history of our nation. It is gratifying to read that its significance was fully understood and appreciated even then. "The day when they arrived was a holiday for the whole city; all labor ceased and the shops were closed. The governor received these heroines at the riverside at the head of the troops, who were under arms, and with the sound of cannon. After the first compliments, he led them, amid the acclamations of the people, to the church, where the 'Te Deum' was chanted in thanksgiving. These pious women on their side, in the first transport of joy, kissed the earth for which they had so long sighed, which they promised themselves to water with their sweat, and did not even despair of dyeing with their blood. The French mingled with Indians, pagans with Christians, and continued for several days to make the city resound with their cries of joy." This is the graphic description of the glorious beginning of the salutary work of the good Sisters and pious women in America. Reviewing the two hundred and seventy years that have passed since that day of universal joy, we see that they kept their promises, and surpassed even the expectations of the hopeful missionaries and the people. With their sweat and their blood they have sanctified our country. Their work and their prayers, their purity and their sanctity, make it more sacred and holy to true Americans.

Pére Menard, "the most spiritual of the missionaries," did not remain near the Sisters to give them spiritual consolation and direction. They had come to sacrifice themselves, not for one another, but for the Indians. Father Menard traveled much and

suffered much. He saw his fellow missionaries martyred, and was often on the point of being martyred, but the hand of God protected him. "Without trembling," we read in the "Relation," "he saw the Iroquois fall upon him to cut his throat when he was laboring for their conversion. Others at the same place raised their hatchets against him to split his head, but he was not frightened." "Even the children," says the historian, "attacked him, and till his dying day his scarred face showed how cruelly and how freely they had used their knives." His spiritual kindness and gentleness conquered even the hardened hearts of the cruel Indians. He loved them, and they learned to love him. Father Menard, we are told, became a "favorite among them, and his going was like tearing out his heart."

When this venerable, saintly, spiritual missionary had worked and suffered thus among the Indians over twenty years, "when he was already fifty-five years of age, his health shattered by labors, fatigue and excessive penance," he did not go to the convent of the religious, he did not return to France, there to rest and die. The secret voice of God called the apostle westward, to Wisconsin. Starting out with his Indian companions, he said, "I am going to Lake Superior, or perhaps beyond; wherever the glory of God may call." Going thus to the unknown and uncertain mission, he was certain that he was going to die, and to die soon. In his farewell letter to his friends, we read: "I write to you probably for the last time, and I want this last word to be the seal of our friendship until we meet in eternity. In three or four months you can put me in your memento for the dead." He made no provisions for the needs of the body. "He who feeds the birds and robes the lilies of the field will have care of His servants, and if it happens that we die in misery, it will be for us a source of happiness." His was a heart perfectly detached, well prepared for a better world. He was anxious about his breviary and, although he worked hard paddling his canoe from morning till night, he found time to say his Divine Office every day. The voice of God and the glory of God led him to some fugitive dying Christian Indians near Green Bay. Hearing of them, he said to his few companions on the journey: "Farewell; and it is the final farewell that I bid you in this world, since you will not see me again." He was seen no more, he was heard of no more. No one knows how, where or when he died. His relics are no doubt in Wisconsin, but only the angels know just where those precious treasures lie hidden. Such men of God bring the spirit of God wherever they go. Wisconsin is fortunate in having the remains of this uncanonized saint.

One of the beauties of the Catholic Church, and especially of the religious Orders in the Church, is that a work is not limited by the energies and life of an individual. The apostolic mission in

Wisconsin, which the dying Père Menard began, was taken up and carried on successfully by Père Claude Allouez, the St. Francis Xavier of America. Allouez spent over thirty years on his Indian missions, traveled many thousands of miles in his little canoe, founded many missions in Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, instructed over 100,000 Indians, and baptized more than 10,000 of them; yet his name is relatively little known, even in the territory in which he lived, suffered, and died. The reason of this may be that his life, although most active and fruitful, was not illustrated by any very thrilling scenes. The name of his youthful companion, Père Marquette, who worked less, converted less, traveled less, suffered and ventured less, is universally known. Mankind remembers and applauds the extraordinary, and often shows but little appreciation of long, useful, faithful service and fidelity.

The very fact that this brave, untiring apostle could live so long among the Western Indians without being mutilated or martyred forces upon us the pleasant conclusion that they were a little more gentle and humane than those in the East. This natural goodness of heart no doubt helped much to prepare them for the word and grace of God. Knowing how careful, perhaps over-careful, these early French missionaries were in preparing the pagans for baptism, the number of 10,000 converts is indeed marvelously great. "By their fruits you shall know them," said Christ. According to that principle, Claude Allouez must have been one of the greatest and most saintly men that ever came to this New World. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin did well in erecting a monument to him a few years ago, near De Peré, the centre of his activity. The names of men who come so far, work so long, suffer so much, pray so devoutly, sacrifice all to lay the foundation of civilization and Christianity, often grow with the ages. Thus, we are confident, it will be with these pioneer priests of America, especially Father Allouez, S. J.

The St. Paul among the Apostles of America was Father John De Brebeuf. This missionary of the Hurons came in quest of souls to the banks of Lake St. Clair, where the beautiful city of Detroit now stands, and most probably came farther westward than that. The Northwest has, therefore, a little claim on him, for it was benefited by his labors. It is impossible to give a picture of this physically strong and robust, of this morally strong-willed and fearless, of this religiously austere, patient, ardent lover of souls. The eloquent words in which St. Paul pictures his missionary life—"In journeing often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren: In labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things which are without: my daily

instance, the solicitude for all the churches"—may well be applied to Father Brebeuf. His life among the Indians seems to have been a constant martyrdom and his work a chain of disappointments. But all failures and base ingratitude could not discourage him. All the hardships and mishaps of his long trips in ice and snow were consolation for him. When he knew that the Indians were planning his death he went to sleep and rested peacefully.

The many and manifold crosses God sent him did not satisfy the deep desire of his soul to atone for his sins and the sins of the Indians. His historian tells us: "He never omitted a single one of the ordinary devotions, beginning them early in the morning, before the others were out of their blankets, and continuing them late into the night when every one else was buried in sleep. One almost shudders to hear that he was not satisfied with all these privations, hardships and sufferings, but that he scourged himself to blood with disciplines sometimes twice a day, and that he continually wore on his body haircloth and sharp-pointed iron cinctures."

Life itself is the last and best a loving heart can give to the good God for the salvation of souls. Brebeuf longed and prayed for martyrdom. He made a vow not to take a step to escape it. "I bind myself in such fashion that it will not be lawful for me, where I am free, to avoid the occasion of dying and shedding my blood for Thee. \* \* \* And when I am about to receive the stroke of death, I bind myself to accept it from Thy hand with pleasure and joy of heart. \* \* \* Hence, my Saviour and my God, I take from Thy hand the chalice of Thy suffering, and I will invoke Thy name, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." Such sentiments are indeed the sentiments of the great saints.

God heard the prayer of Father Brebeuf, and Father Brebeuf kept his vow. His life of love was crowned with the crown of martyrs. While baptizing his neophytes and absolving the dying Christians on the battlefield, he was taken prisoner by the Iroquois. "They tied him to a stake \* \* \* tore-off his finger-nails \* \* \* the fire was lighted and the flames climbed around his limbs, while his executioners plunged hot prongs into his flesh \* \* \* They slashed off his nose and lips, shattered his teeth with their clubs, and filled his mouth with fire \* \* \* his scalp was torn off and a poultice of hot ashes applied to the ghastly wound \* \* \* Finally they clove his head with a tomahawk and thus ended his three hours of agony. Not once during this atrocious torture did this wonderful man wince or groan." Rome had her martyrs, America has her martyrs. Among the thousands of martyrs of Rome we find few, if any, who were tortured more cruelly and who suffered more patiently. The blood of such martyrs has always been the seed of Christianity. Blessed is the land that is dyed with it.

We turn from this bloody spectacle to the more peaceful and cheerful scenes of Wisconsin. The most universally honored of all the missionaries of the United States is P re Marquette. His statue adorns the Capitol in Washington. The world honors him as the discoverer of the Mississippi. We know him first and above all as a zealous missionary and a saintly priest. If Father Brebeuf is the St. Paul among the Apostles of America, P re Marquette is the St. John, the beloved disciple.

Practically all the missionaries had heard about the great, beautiful river in the West, and many of them, even Father Jogues, were anxious to go to discover it, to make use of the stream to spread the word of God. The lot fell upon the youthful, cheerful P re Marquette, who was then preaching the Gospel on the most beautiful green island of Macwinaw, and across the Straits at St. Ignace.

When the command to accompany Joliet reached Marquette, he showed his deep and tender devotion to the Blessed Lady. "I placed our voyage," he writes, "under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of the Conception." Secondly, he was "fully resolved to do and suffer anything for so glorious an undertaking."

With a heart filled with religious confidence and courage, with the breviary in his hands, praising God, most wonderful in His works, the young Jesuit in a black soutane, the Rosary by his side, ascended the picturesque Fox River, and went downward with the swift current of the Wisconsin, blessing all with his presence and prayers. On the seventeenth of June, 1673, he saw the Mississippi. Seeing in all creatures the hand of the Creator, he certainly fell upon his knees to thank and praise the Almighty, when he beheld the wide stream of clean water flowing calmly southward between the steep, green bluffs. And mindful of his promise and his constant devotion on the journey, he consecrated this great ornament of the fertile Middle West to the Mother of God, calling it Mary of the Immaculate Conception. We thank God that He made a P re Marquette the discoverer of the Mississippi. His name adds much to its beauty.

We know of no reception given by the children of nature, the sons of the forests, more cordial and poetic than the Indians gave to P re Marquette as he descended the great river. "The people crowded around us," he says, "devouring us with their eyes, but all in silence. We could hear, however, these words, which were addressed to us from time to time in a low voice: 'How good it is, my brothers, that you should visit us.'" When Marquette had spoken to them about Christ, the chief arose and said: "Never has the earth been so beautiful, or the sun so bright as to-day. Never has our river been so calm, or so clear of rocks, which your



canoes have removed by passing; never has our tobacco tasted so good, or our corn appeared so fine." From this poetic, pagan, Indian chief we learn a beautiful lesson. The sight of this "black-robed, pale-faced prophet and priest of prayer," and the words of his preaching made all this seem new, bright and cheerful to him. How much more reason have we to sing such a song of spiritual joy.

Father Campbell, the eloquent historian of "Pioneer Priests of North America" makes the following telling statement: "On the banks of the Kennebec, about thirty miles above Augusta, there is a secluded and beautiful spot, which is without doubt the most sacred place in New England." That secluded spot he calls the most sacred in all New England because there rest the remains of Father Sebastian Rale, S. J. This man, whose grave sanctifies New England, sanctified Illinois when in the prime of manhood, and we are much pleased to learn that the Indians of Illinois received and treated him well. "On the day after his arrival, one hundred and fifty miles down the Illinois River," we read, "a great chief paid him a formal visit to invite him to a banquet which had been prepared to do him honor. It was a splendid affair, and, as several dogs had been sacrificed for the occasion, it was regarded as a feast of the upper set." Father Rale found that "of all the Indian tribes, none lived in greater plenty than the Illinois. Their rivers were swarming with wild ducks, swan, and the like. Great droves of turkeys roamed over the plains, some of the birds being thirty to thirty-six pounds weight. Bison covered the prairies, as far as the eye could see." Father Gabriel Maret, another missionary, gives a similar flattering account of what he found on the wild fertile plains of the great Northwest: "The country itself, with its great rivers, dense forests, extensive prairies and wood-covered hills, is delightful. There is abundance of oxen, hinds, stags and other wild beasts. We find here multitudes of swans, cranes, bustards and ducks. The wild oats, which grow freely on the plains, fatten the fowl to such degree that they very often die, their fat suffocating them. Turkeys are likewise found here in abundance, and they are as good as in France." Indeed "the conditions along the Mississippi were quite different from those in the North and East."

When Father Marquette discovered our Mississippi he turned southward with the crucifix, the sign of redemption, in his hand. A few years later came the famous Flemish Franciscan Friar, Father Hennepin, to bring the "tidings of great joy" to savages on the picturesque shores of the northern Mississippi.

Hennepin, being a devout religious man, prepared himself for the greatest event in his eventful life by making a long spiritual retreat in a monastery in Quebec. He felt the need of God's light and God's love, and understood that to obtain these heavenly gifts

we must ask for them. Having then prepared his soul he, like Father Marquette, was ready to do all and to suffer all. Many of his companions fell by the wayside, disabled and discouraged, but the brave Friar renewed his fervor in his daily prayer and in the sacrifice of Mass, and continued his journey up the Mississippi. He had not the good fortune to receive the friendly reception accorded to Marquette. He was taken prisoner and dragged away by the Indians. But God turned all unto good. "The word of God is not bound." Even as a captive, he continued to instruct the barbarians by word and example. The Indians led him onward according to the wish of his heart to the great falls of the great river, to which he gave the name of St. Anthony. Hennepin may well be called the Apostle of Minnesota, and the patron of the twin cities that sprang up on either side of the Falls of St. Anthony.

Father Hennepin did not reach the northern part of Minnesota, that State of rich mines, great forests, fruitful prairies and beautiful lakes. God, as it were, completed his work by sending the young and somewhat timid John Aulneau from Canada down as far as the southern shore of the Lake of the Woods, which lies between Canada and Minnesota.

Religious obedience is a wonderful power. It checked many of the religious who were overzealous, and kept them from going too far. It forced the young, inexperienced, trembling P ere Aulneau to go all alone thousands of miles into the unknown wilderness to Fort Charles in Minnesota. He was human and he felt the greatness of the sacrifice. He wrote to his friend: "I assure you it is the hardest trial of my life, and I cannot face the situation without fearing for my salvation. The superior has appointed me for this mission without any warning, and without any regard for my intense aversion to it. I assure you it has cost me the greatest struggle to make up my mind to obey. May God deign to accept the sacrifice of my life and of every human consolation which I have made in this act of submission."

This struggle and victory, this act of submission and prayer, helped him to conquer the natural aversion of his heart. God's will was his will. "May God be blessed!" he writes a little later. "Henceforth He will be my entire comfort and consolation. I have no other help than what Jesus dying on the Cross will give me. \* \* \* The more I reflect on the sufferings before me, the more joy I feel that God has called me. \* \* \* Let us love God always, and Him alone. \* \* \* Happy are those whom He has judged worthy of dying for Him."

God did judge this heroic, pious priest worthy to die for Him. Having worked hard and well for the whites and the Indians at and near Fort St. Charles, the noble priest died the death of a martyr at the early age of thirty-one.

Behold a few of the names that shine like stars in the firmament of America, and spread a mild, heavenly light over the whole continent, especially this section, the Middle Northwest. Well may we rejoice and exclaim with the Apostles: beautiful are the feet of those men who more than two centuries ago came to the wilds of America to preach the peace of God, and the good things concerning the heavenly home. When they arrived they knelt down to kiss the land in which they were called to sow the good seed. Well may we kneel down and kiss the land in which the good seed brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

The foundation-stone of the Church in America has been laid by learned men, saintly men, eloquent men, true confessors, true apostles, true martyrs, uncanonized saints. We thank God for having sent such men to this new land. We thank the European countries for having produced, trained and sacrificed such men for us. We thank these missionaries, these pioneer priests, whose remains sanctify our soil, and whose souls adorn the heavens, for all their labors and for all their sufferings. We promise them and God to build up on the solid foundation which they have laid, by emulating their heroic example and by continuing the work. We ask them to protect us, to be the patrons of the land which they loved and for which they died.

During the eighteenth century the activity in the missionary field of America was small and not eventful. The divine seed planted by the apostles in the seventeenth century and moistened by their holy blood was developing slowly and almost imperceptibly. In the nineteenth century we see the tree growing quickly, spreading its branches, covered with flowers and laden with fruit, over the whole country. It is the interesting period of transition, marking the end of the missions among the Indians and the beginning of the work among the brave pioneer settlers; men and women who crossed the stormy ocean in slow and dangerous sailing vessels, then crossed the mountains and prairies in heavy wagons drawn by oxen; men and women who penetrated the interior of the new land, facing untold dangers and hardships, and by patient, persevering toiling transforming the wild fertile plains of the Middle West into beautiful, fruitful gardens. Our early settlers were men of sterling, sturdy character, the lustre of their names will grow as time advances. Model Catholic priests preceded and accompanied the pioneers of the laity, and laid the solid foundation of the Church while the faithful broke the soil and cleared the forests. From the long list of those noble priests who labored in this section of the vineyard of the Lord we shall mention, as typical and specially worthy of mention and imitation, Bishop Fenwick, Bishop Baraga and Father Samuel Mazzuchelli.

Bishop Edward Dominic Fenwick, the saintly apostle of Ohio, and the first Bishop of Cincinnati, was one of the first and few pioneer missionaries of American birth. He was a son of the good, Catholic, English Fenwick family in Maryland. Hearing the mysterious, but almost unmistakable, call of the great High Priest, he went to Bornheim, Belgium, to prepare himself in the school of the learned and saintly sons of the apostolic St. Dominic, for the apostolic work in his native land. He became a Dominican. From the days of Christopher Columbus the Dominicans had been active in the new country. In South America and Mexico, in Cuba and in the Philippines, men like St. Louis Bertrand, Las Casas and Louis Cancer had lived and died to Christianize the pagans, and to lead the Christians like the beautiful St. Rose to the highest degrees of sanctity.

As a Dominican, the pure, brave, youthful heart of Father Fenwick was all aflame with the desire to be a St. Dominic in America; to carry the name of Jesus across the waters and across the mountains to the pagans still sitting in darkness. Patiently he waited and fervently he prayed to obtain the necessary permission; to be sent by those having authority, with authority. When the superiors finally gave their permission he rejoiced exceedingly, went to the great State of Kentucky to begin his life of untold hardships and manifold activities. Kentucky was a great State in area of territory, but barren of any religious cultivation.

Imitating the example of his brethren in Mexico and South America, he gave his attention first of all to the founding of a convent and a school, to develop and prepare priestly laborers for the fertile vineyard of the Lord in the Middle West. In 1806 he took possession of a farmhouse, converted it into a convent, placed it under the protection of St. Rose of Lima, established community life according to the rule of his Order, and began with his five companions to teach and to preach, to fill the place and the neighborhood with knowledge, human and divine.

Having laid the foundation of the first convent of Friars Preachers in the United States and the first nursery of the Catholic priesthood west of the Alleghany Mountains, the charity of his heart forced him to go forth and seek Christ's lost sheep. Passionately an apostolic man, he desired to be free and unhindered to give more of his time to the work of the missions, for which nature had so singularly fitted him. His great, tender heart had gone out to the people of Kentucky in their piteous spiritual condition. He became a general missionary and was seldom found at home. It has been said of him that he almost lived in the saddle. He traversed and retraversed Kentucky in every direction in search of neglected or wayward Catholics, frequently riding forty or more miles out of his way to find some

lonely family or person of whom he had received word. Notice the greatness of such men of God. Their greatness did not consist in erecting great churches, directing big parishes or preaching eloquent sermons. They cared nothing for ecclesiastical titles or honors. They gave themselves entirely and absolutely to the great work of the Saviour. They were lost in it. Enlightened by God, they clearly saw their opportunities and foresaw the needs of the Church. They were men of great zeal who brought great sacrifices for individual souls scattered over immense territories.

Fidelity in little things led Father Fenwick, the apostle of Kentucky, to Ohio and made him the apostle and first bishop of that State. He was faithful in little things, and therefore the Lord placed him over things that were great. Passing through Ohio in 1810, he heard at a distance the sound of an axe. At once he concluded there were white men here and they may stand in need of the ministrations of a priest. He followed the sound and found three good Catholic men, representing three good Catholic families, starting a colony in the forests of Ohio. The unexpected meeting of Christians and Christ's anointed in the lonely woods brought great joy to every heart and home. The men were generous, and Father Fenwick was good to them. They offered him a farm, which he accepted and on which he erected in a short time, a new convent and a new school and consecrated both to St. Joseph. There he taught, there he preached and there he went about doing good, like an "alter Christus."

In 1822 Father Fenwick, the pioneer Dominican missionary, was made a pioneer American Bishop of Cincinnati—a new diocese comprising practically the whole of the Middle West. In the growth of his dignity, power and authority, he saw only the growth of duty and responsibility. The sacred insignia of a bishop—the mitre, crozier and ring—had for him a sacred, practical meaning. He felt himself more intimately and solemnly consecrated to his apostolic work; to use the crozier as a shepherd's staff, to feed and protect the lambs and sheep of Jesus like another St. Peter.

The life and labors, the last journey and death of Bishop Fenwick we find well described in the letter of Father Baraga, the Indian missionary of Michigan. "It is impossible," he reports to the Leopoldine Society, "to describe the heartfelt joy which our good Indians showed when they saw their 'great Father' approaching the village—Arboc Crocke. They assembled at the shore of the lake and formed a double file. On one side were the men, on the other the women and children. The pious bishop was deeply moved by the unrestrained manifestations of joy by these, his best children. He gave them his apostolic blessing and then kindly shook hands with every one of them, a ceremony which

the Indians regard as a sign of friendship and a token of favor. In procession they led him to the church where the bishop adored the Blessed Sacrament, and then addressed the Indians in such a way that the hearts of all were profoundly touched."

The heartfelt joy which the great Father Bishop Fenwick brought to his Indians, his best children, did not last long. A little later the saintly missionary reported the death of his friend, the saintly bishop, in the following words: "With the greatest sorrow I inform you, reverend members of the Board of Direction of the Leopoldine Society, that our most highly respected and dearly beloved bishop, Edward Fenwick, died of cholera on the twenty-sixth of September. As a zealous missionary he always lived in poverty, and, like a St. Francis Xavier, died poor and abandoned on a missionary tour. He was returning home from a missionary and visitation tour which he made every year for the great spiritual benefit of the children of his diocese, when suddenly he was seized with terrible cramps. He was compelled to leave the coach and enter the house of a Catholic family. They immediately sent for the nearest priest, who lived at a distance of thirty miles. When he arrived our beloved bishop was dead and buried. Thus this apostolic man, who generally travelled alone in order not to deprive a parish of its pastor, departed this life without the ministrations of a priest. The angels and the Queen of Angels, to whom the bishop had during his whole life cherished a most fervent and tender devotion, assisted him no doubt in the hour of his death. While his body was buried without a priest, the angels evidently led his soul to the throne of God, to Whom he had given his whole life. No grand monument tells posterity where the remains of the Apostle of Ohio rest. The hearts of the thousands whom he brought to the knowledge of God through his marvellous zeal and pious prayer form his monument. The tears and supplications of these thousands follow him, resting in the grave. May he rest in peace, and may eternal light shine upon him." Bishop Fenwick died and was buried at Wooster, Ohio, but subsequently, after the cholera scare had gone, his remains, through the agency of a devoted convert, were brought to Cincinnati and laid to rest under the altar of St. Peter's Cathedral, where they now repose. May the life and death of Bishop Fenwick, the pioneer American priest and pioneer American bishop, be a guiding star for all priests and bishops in America.

The great men in the Church provide for the future. They become the spiritual fathers of noble sons and daughters. Their example inspires youthful hearts and minds. Bishop Fenwick founded two Dominican schools to supply the country with missionaries, and brought two noble priests from Europe to take up and continue his work—Bishop Baraga and Father Samuel Mazzuchelli.

Bishop Baraga's name is immortal in the regions in which he lived and worked. In the State of Michigan there is a town called Baraga, a county called Baraga, and in the beautiful city of Marquette there is a Baraga Avenue. Under the main altar of the Marquette cathedral a marble stone bears the following inscription: "Here lies the body of the Rt. Rev. Frederick Baraga, D. D., the Apostle of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians, First Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette Diocese. Born June 29, 1797, Carniola, Austria; ordained priest in Laibach, September 21, 1823; consecrated bishop, Cincinnati, November 1, 1853; died January 19, 1869."

As a student of law at the University of Vienna, Baraga manifested, in his letters written to his sister, an exceptionally pure and tender heart. Such a chaste, childlike heart is too good for the world. We are not surprised to see him exchange the books of civil law for books of law divine; to see him sacrifice the promising career of a statesman to become an humble priest, a man of God. As a young priest Father Baraga excelled in piety. He wrote spiritual books full of unction and brought a new life to a parish that had fallen asleep. Things at home went well, but Christ inflamed the heart of the young priest with a love that longs for greater sacrifices, for greater fields of activity and for sheep more hopelessly lost and neglected. Invited by Bishop Fenwick and nobly assisted by the Leopoldine Society, Father Baraga left his weeping sister and his weeping spiritual children, to cross the Atlantic to convert the Indians. He loved the Indians before he knew the Indians, and could not rest until he was among them to preach to them the name of Jesus, and to break unto them the "Panem de coelis, omne delectamentum in se habentem." What a lesson for the secular priesthood is this model secular priest! Coming so far, and sacrificing so much to work among the children of the American forests.

It is easy to say Father Baraga spent thirty-six years among the Indians in the cold, snow and ice-bound regions of Northern Michigan. What an isolation! Hundreds of miles from a countryman, and hundreds of miles from a fellow priest. What privations for a man of noble birth and university education in such a wigwam or shanty! What food had he? What kind of bed to rest on? What dangers and hardships on his long journeys in deep snow in the cold winter?

On one page of his interesting diary we find a little picture which illustrates well his apostolic life. We find him all alone in the midst of the forest, starting a little fire to keep the wild animals at a distance, to sit on a log and say his Breviary by the light of the dim flame, to sleep in the snow. Jesus was Baraga's companion, and Jesus was Baraga's food. In Him, with Him and through Him Baraga was happy and strong.

A very important phase of the life of this apostolic man was his manifold activity. While most faithful in the many pastoral duties of thousands of Indians scattered over vast regions, and most conscientious and exact in all his private and religious devotions, Father Baraga found time to read, to study and to write. What a long and difficult task it must have been to write an Indian grammar, an Indian dictionary, to transcribe the Holy Gospels into the Indian tongue, without the aid of books or companions, from personal experiences and observation!

Love is strong as death. Father Baraga loved his Indians with a supernatural love, and to make them happy and to help future missionaries to spread the happiness of heaven he undertook and completed such brave works. Would to God that thus to-day our priests would use the powerful pen to spread and defend the Gospel of Peace in these troublous times!

Of the great and lasting fruit of such long suffering and toiling, preaching and praying we say little. The promise made by Jesus at the Last Supper, "The work that I do, he shall do, and greater than these shall he do," we see fulfilled in our own land and in our own times. History tells us that Baraga baptized twenty-five thousand Indians. He transformed morally and spiritually the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. He founded not a parish, but a whole diocese. Well did the Holy Father honor Father Baraga and make him the first Bishop of the Diocese of Marquette. All who knew Bishop Baraga say he is worthy of admiration and imitation; many add that he is worthy of beatification and canonization.

Another great spiritual son of the great Bishop Fenwick was Father Samuel Mazzuchelli. Almost every European nation has contributed the very best it had to help the Church in America. Italy may have sent us many children, poor in the goods of this world, and weak in faith, but Italy has sent us Father Samuel whose strong faith was a bright light in the Northwest and who sacrificed his all to spread that light.

Mazzuchelli was the only son of a rich banker in Milan. The wealth of his father, the affection of his sister, the beauty of his city and country could not keep the zealous deacon from crossing the ocean at the age of twenty-two to be ordained priest by Bishop Fenwick in Cincinnati, and then to go forth to the banks of the Mississippi to do good. It may be difficult to find, in the annals of the Church, another priest who was sent so young, so soon after ordination, to such a distant, unlimited mission as Father Mazzuchelli was. Young priests often fear to leave their spiritual friends and directors to begin their active life in a small and well established parish. Who can imagine what Father Samuel felt, when, shortly after ordination, he was sent all alone and almost



a thousand miles, not to a certain parish, or to a certain city, but to the wild west, "to preach the Gospel to every creature." He went like a true son of St. Dominic, and the strength of his courageous soul, and the joy of his pure heart grew with the hardships and privations of his journey.

For many years the youthful apostle was a homeless travelling missionary. We find him going about from Sault Ste. Marie, in the extreme north, to St. Louis, seeking the scattered sheep and bringing them back to the fold of Christ. He worked among the Indians of various tribes, and among the whites of various nationalities. He worked among Catholics and non-Catholics; he preached in the cathedral and under oak trees; he was active building churches and city halls. Father Mazzuchelli was a highly gifted, a universally talented priest, and he used his God-given talents unceasingly; first for the Church of God, and secondly for the good of America, his adopted country. He worked in many States, but may well be called the apostle of Iowa. He built the first churches in Dubuque and Davenport and in many of the cities and towns that lie between these two episcopal sees. He walked hundreds of miles across the fertile fields of that most fertile State, to sow the heavenly seed, which, with God's grace, has borne fruit in such a bountiful way.

Such isolation and restless activity, we know from history, have their great dangers. A young man may lose himself in his work. He may take care of others and neglect himself. His mind may become empty and his heart may grow cold for want of spiritual food. He may preach to others and become himself a castaway. Young Father Mazzuchelli grew in perfection without the powerful assistance of convent and community life. It is edifying to read how, at certain intervals, he travelled by canoe to St. Louis, or on horseback to Ohio, to go to confession. His lonely trips and lonely missions were for him spiritual retreats. He was far from the worldly crowd, far removed from worldly distractions, and he found his God in solitude and conversed with Him familiarly. His spiritual vision was always clear, and his ideals were always high and heavenly.

To secure help and to provide for the future, he, although all alone, trusting in God and in the Blessed Virgin, planned the foundation of a western Dominican Province, and a congregation of Dominican Sisters to assist the Fathers in the important work of the Christian schools. The authorities in Rome showed great confidence in him by confirming his plans and giving him the power of a Provincial of the Order. His relatives in Milan assisted him generously with material donations. Father Mazzuchelli bought the beautiful Sinsinawa Mound near Dubuque and helped with his own hands to lay the foundation of the convent

and college. His ideas were noble and practical, but beyond the strength of a single mortal. He was far ahead of his times. He had to discontinue the foundation of a school for missionary priests, but succeeded beyond all expectation in organizing a congregation of teaching Dominican Sisters.

Some of the first members of that great community still tell with tears of love and affection how Father Mazzuchelli lived and died. He came home from a distant sick-call and was sick unto death. Hard work, great privations and voluntary penance had weakened his weak constitution. In Lent he never broke fast before the noon hour. The discipline he took regularly; and a chain around his body mortified his poor flesh. He received the consoling Sacraments devoutly, said the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Lady, blessed the Sisters weeping at the bedside, smiled calmly, having a little foretaste of Heaven before his saintly soul ascended to Heaven.

Saint Clara College on Sinsinawa Mound, with its Saint Clara Convent, which sends forth hundreds of Sisters all animated with the missionary spirit of Father Samuel, to teach in parish schools and academies, is Father Samuel Mazzuchelli's monument.



