

### III. God's People

#### A. The Blessed Virgin Mary

041.

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#### Little Hymn to the Blessed Virgin

(Written on his voyage to the seminary in Rome.)

I wrote a little hymn to the Blessed Virgin today. I had first a very pretty little tune which I wrote; and afterwards wrote the words to fit.

On the lonely ocean's heaving breast  
Mother! We cry to thee  
Thou Star of hope forever blest  
Smile kindly down from Heaven on me  
Our life! our hope  
Mother of Love, my mother be!

The waves are plashing around our prow  
Their foam caps gleam afar  
Rest is not here; but Oh, do thou  
Guide us to rest, Sweet Ocean Star!  
Our life, our hope  
Mother of Love, my mother be.

And tho' wild waves that toss our barque  
Waves in me wilder still  
Roll o'er my soul, of passions dark  
And sweep towards death my grov'ling will.  
Our life, our hope  
Mother of Love, with light my darkness fill.

Thou dwell'st in light in the light of Him  
Whom thou hast loved for aye  
In the sparkling light that shall wax not dim  
In the ocean of light beyond the sky.  
Our life, our hope  
Beam down on us thy pitying eye!

042.

Editorial, *The Catholic Columbian*, May 1, 1875**May.**

All that is belongs to the Son of Mary. Fire, hail, snow, frost, dew, with all the other forces and phenomena of nature do His will. As when one sees a standard waving he looks for the standard-bearer; or, as one hearing the report of a gun looks under the smoke for him who discharged it, so we, in witnessing all the changes in sky, earth, and air, as the seasons follow each other, ought to be led to think of Him whose power and wisdom effect those changes, in time and measure. Winter He has chosen for the season in which we ought to remember Himself--the little helpless babe of Bethlehem--and had he not chosen to be born in the cold, the bleak skies, the howling winds, the ice-fettered waters, and the fierce storms might have suggested to us His anger and our impenitence, and the terrible ruin awaiting all who die at enmity with Him. As it is we remember nothing but our misery and His compassion, and the sweet work of showing mercy to His poor.

But when May comes the ice-fetters are broken, the skies are serene, the breezes are balmy, the fields and forests put on their verdure, and the bright flowers everywhere gladden the sight. How natural at this season to think of the author of all beauty, and her whom He has chosen for its Queen!

She is the only one of the daughters of Eve who is all beautiful in the eyes of God. Chosen to be His mother, she is, by that, raised above all the ranks of the Saints and all the choirs of the Angels, and her loveliness is made to accord with her exalted rank. She holds throughout eternity the same relation to Him as when in the Temple she said, "Son, why hast thou done this?" or when at the marriage feast she said, "They have no wine;" or when, standing at the foot of the cross, her soul was pierced by the spear that gashed His side. "What He once took He never put away." His human nature and all that belong to it remain His, evermore. What she can ask therefore He will never refuse to grant.

What graces, therefore, may we not hope for during the Jubilee this month. Let us ask them without fear and continually, for ourselves and for those we love. It would be a very good thing if the confraternities, during this month, would beg the grace of conversion for those who are staying away from the Sacraments in their respective congregations, and also for those outside the Church. There are so many upright and sincere people whose lives seem to plead for them, that who knows how great a number may be moved to take the one step needed to place them inside the Church of Jesus Christ, if we only pray for them.

But our lives must accord with our words, in order to make our prayers acceptable and efficacious. Let each one do what he can to put the vices of

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drunkenness, cursing, impurity and uncharitableness away from all Catholic people. Let each one remember to adorn the altar and to be present always at the devotions and instructions and to hear Mass every day in May. We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God.

043.

Editorial, *The Catholic Columbian*, April 29, 1876

### [Mary's Month of May]

Another month of Mary is upon us, and we greet it again with joy. The flowers boom in the gardens, fields and groves, and from on high, "The Flower of the Field," "The Lily of the Valley," shows itself more radiantly than ever.

The most beautiful month of the year is allowed by Catholic custom to honor the most beautiful of all God's creatures. What creature could be conceived nearer to God than His Mother? None. Then Mary is the one who unites in herself all the merits of the martyrs, all the humility of the confessors, all the purity of the virgins from the first moment of her Immaculate Conception; and she added to these all the merits acquired by a long life of labor and suffering in union with her Son. In Heaven the family relation between her and Jesus Christ is the same as it was on earth, "What He assumed once, He never laid aside." He delights to honor her by granting her all she asks, so much so that he has given to her alone the office of "crushing all heresy, throughout the entire world."

It is the spirit of the Church to hallow all time, to honor God, His Mother, and His Saints. Poetry, music, sculpture, and painting are useless, when employed not to honor God. So the most beautiful natural and artificial ornaments belong to the altar. The child that gathers flowers in the fields, and forgets to offer some to the altar, has forgotten to be a Catholic. Those who deck their bodies with the most costly garments, and then say they have exhausted their means and have nothing for Mary, show themselves, wittingly or unwittingly, insincere Catholics. How it pains the heart to see the spirit of the feasts misunderstood by the children of the Church! To see them look upon Mass and vespers as the irksome part of the day of rest; and the frolic or the idleness as the part to enjoy.

May is still celebrated among those strayed away from the Church--but by some silly dance and childish coronation with flowers. Catholics should hold themselves aloof from this pagan spirit, remembering that they know whom they honor, and they know the right way of rendering the honor.

Cutting loose from all sin, and all occasions of it, making daily acts of mortification, putting away pride, envy, anger and uncleanness; attending assiduously to the daily May devotions in the Church; being modest, humble and charitable is to

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honor Mary and keep her bright month as we ought.

**044.**

Editorial, *The Catholic Columbian*, June 3, 1876 (2)

#### **The Close of the Month of May.**

Let us hope devoutly that the May devotions of this year have been fervent and sincere and will produce their legitimate fruit on the Universal Church, the Country, and our Diocese. The great Eastern convulsion bodes much change in the Eastern Continent, and may result in the grand conflict between the last anti-Christ and the See of Peter. If Moslem fanaticism is fully and universally aroused to the point of making the desperate aggressive struggle their prophets are urging against Christianity, the conventional and impostor governments of southern Europe will disappear, and the people who believe in the cross will be brought face to face with the people who hate the cross. The money changer, from the robbers of the Italian Peninsula to the mock Kingdom of Spain, and the counterfeit republic of France, and the iron despotism of Bismarck will go down before the shock, and while the secret society men run to hiding places, the heads of the real leaders of European society will be lifted up to receive the blows. Russia, alone, represents a principle, and alone will present any organized antagonism to the Catholic Church. The old contest between the Crown and the Tiara will never come south of Moscow. And, in that contest, we know already from the word of Jesus Christ, who will win.

In our country we have all need of the grace implored in the May devotions. The grandest fabric of human circumstances for the defense of universal justice ever yet thought of is under trial. There is no hope in the politicians. Thieves are investigating thieves, and people are only wondering why more is not brought to light. We Catholics want this country to be ours according to its old traditions of freedom; according to the original Maryland doctrine, that a man should be satisfied with following his own conscience, without interfering with the conscience of his neighbor. Catholics of the country, it is our work to preserve the tradition of freedom. The secret societies are determined to erase all idea of the world to come from the public mind by secular schools. The sectarians, Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists have fallen into the trap. The whole drift of public sentiment is against real and honest religious liberty. We must be patient. By and by, old truth will be recognized, and Catholic liberty will be respected. In our own diocese, let us hope that Mary's blessing will be over all its congregations, that scandal may cease, and a spirit truly Catholic may reign in all hearts, that the glory of divine worship, the care of the destitute and the orphan, the promotion of Catholic education may be the foremost objects in the minds of all who are sincerely Christian.

045.

Editorial, *The Catholic Columbian*, July 4, 1878 (2)

**[Through Mary to Jesus.]**

Editor Catholic Columbian:

In a meritorious little monthly publication in a Northern diocese we read the following definition: "Devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary considers the Heart of our Blessed Mother in itself and in its relations with men, but *independently of its relations* with the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord." The italics are mine. Is such a definition theologically correct? ENQUIRER

Ans. Unless explained by the context, the expression, "independently of its relations with the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord" is inaccurate. Our adoration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus means adoration of the Person of Jesus; and our devotion to the Heart of Mary means devotion to the Person of the MOTHER OF JESUS. She cannot be separated from Him in any pious thought.

**B. Saints**

046.

Sermon, Book 2, No. 2

*This manuscript is labeled "Sermon, vii. Sunday after Pentecost, 29 June," so the year was 1856.*

**[Sts. Peter and Paul.]**

"Thou art Peter &c." Matt. XVIII

The occurrence of this solemn Festival of the Apostles St. Peter & St. Paul naturally suggests to the mind vast considerations. The record of their glory is the history of the Universal Church. The summary of their doctrine is the entire course of Catholic Theology. The recital of their virtues, an enumeration of all the qualities that constitute the sublimest heroism. There is no topic that is calculated to fill us with contempt for the world, ardor in the pursuit of virtue, faith in the revelations and promises of God, zeal for the salvation of souls, dauntless courage in the face of persecution, meekness in the midst of calumny, confidence in interior tribulations, which is foreign to the festival of this day. One only of these, adapted to take from our hearts all fear, and love of the world, will occupy us now during a few moments.

The world now makes great boast and parade of its power over the Church of God. It proclaims its hatred while it boasts of its toleration of her name. It visits her children with the lash of proscription, or turns upon them an eye of contemptuous patronage, as though it were the author, judge, and master of immortal souls. (It looms

up high above us, assumes mastership over us.)

To this attitude of assumed superiority, the unthinking sometimes responds with obsequious homage. Before the threat of the world's anger it sometimes trembling shrinks away. For the prospect of its favor, [it] bounds with idiotic delight. Hearts that love the world dread its displeasure, its opposition and contumely, and covet its smiles, its patronage, and honors. But the true Catholic, the man of faith, the man of earnestness who is straightforwardly determined to treat eternity, judgment, heaven, and hell as awful realities, neither fears nor loves but despises the world.

And how much is there in this day's Festival to strengthen and confirm him in that contempt!

Little less than eighteen hundred years ago the world scarcely knew and heeded not at all the execution of two obscure Jews, the one the high priest, the other the chief preacher of what was then called a pestilent sect. St. Paul was beheaded about two miles from the walls of Rome, for the amusement of such pleasure seekers as might bring to the seashore along the Ostian way; and St. Peter nailed to a cross with his head downward furnished a spectacle for the rabble that was always hanging about the pleasure gardens of the Aventine. Executed as felons and enemies of the state, they were buried in obscurity, and the world thought there was an end of them. It gave one shout of triumph over their dead bodies and then went on in the round of its pleasures, the cruelty of its wars, the craft of its intrigues, the folly of its malignity. It had looked upon the life of St. Peter & St. Paul as an insanity and it had seen their end to be without honor. How was it deceived!

Both of them had found the death they coveted. While the rabble about the place of execution was howling its insults and execrations, the angels were near at hand bearing crowns of triumph to the victims of the world's rage. With the stroke of the executioner the world's rage was spent; and the unfettered soul springing away from the mangled body was launched amid the acclamations of the angels into the delights of the beatific vision. Were they not wise in despising the false, cruel, malignant, shallow world? The world judged them conquered at the moment when their triumph began, dishonored as their glory was secured, dead at the outset of their true life. Were they not wise in opposing the world's judgment, in condemning its maxims, in resisting its authority?

This same world, beloved friends, represented by its votaries of another generation, and disguised under slightly changed appearances, stands up before us and says, behold your god! It allures our ambition with its horrors, it entrances our imagination with the vision of its pleasures, it appeals to our avarice with its riches. Shall we trust it, and relinquish our faith for its dignities, our integrity for its wealth, or our virtue for its pleasures? God forbid! While we remember how it was deceived in its judgment of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, we will meet its flattery with derision

and its contumely with indifference.

But apart from the consideration of the eternal reward, and the invisible glory which crowned the persecuted Apostles of Christ, let us look upon their death in a merely worldly or philosophical point of view, and see how time has reversed the judgment of the world so triumphantly pronounced eighteen centuries ago.

A great poet, in order to express the sublime aspirations of a kingly soul, has put into his mouth words of lofty contempt for the titles and ceremony of royal rank and for life itself, but has made him declare his intense desire for honor. The longing after fame is, in fact, the least gross and sensual of worldly aspirations. The desire to live in the memories of men after the clay has covered us is as old as human nature. Hence those monuments of brass and marble, the carefully engraved records of honorable actions, which yet undestroyed by time are monuments of the struggle between human pride and oblivion. Yet these efforts to be remembered are, with men of the world, generally fruitless. Either their names are lost to memory, or pronounced by the generations after them with the same indifference with which the travelers in a strange place glance carelessly on the names of unknown persons in a hotel register. The world is full of deceit and guile; and as when it promises enjoyment in wealth it pierces our hearts with anxiety, when it allures with a prospect of delight it undermines our health and destroys our peace with sensual pleasure, so when it has cheated us into the pursuit of fame it consigns us to ignominy or oblivion.

That fame which the world denies to those who fawn upon it, it cannot withhold from the holy men who trampled upon and spurned it. Their sound has gone forth through the whole earth and their words to the end of the world. This day over the entire earth, wherever there is Christian worship or a Christian heart, the memory of their heroic deeds and glorious death is renewed. In the center of the Christian world, where the successor of St. Peter in the most majestic temple of the world amid all the splendor that art can invent or wealth purchase, is celebrating the Mass of the Apostles, their triumph is renewed, and in the far off regions of the earth, wherever the cross is known, their intercession is suppliantly implored and their praises devoutly sung. There is no example in history of a fame so wide spread, so enduring, so honorable as that which God has allotted to the Prince of the Apostles and the Doctor of the Gentiles.

There have been names immortalized, indeed, by the power of genius or the force of circumstance; and these posterity reads with at most with a feeling of a careless admiration. But the names of St. Peter & St. Paul, associated as they are with all that is heroic in Christian virtue, recalling to our thoughts what we have read, and our fathers have told us, of their journeys by sea and land, of dangers braved, of chains & prisons, and lashes endured, of their patience in suffering, their zeal in preaching, their sweetness in exhorting, their unselfish burning love for the cross of Christ, those names cannot be pronounced without awaking the deepest emotions of respect, veneration,

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and love. Truly their memory is a benediction; and their fame, transmitted from generation to generation by thousands of temples dedicated to God in their honor, has a yet securer record in the living heart of all disciples of Christ. They have reached a height of even human glory to which human ambition dare not aspire. And how did they acquire this fame? How did they secure to themselves the perpetual homage of the world? It was not by studying after it, not by sacrificing faith and conscience, not by plotting and intrigue, but by faith. This is the victory which conquers the world, our faith.

They spurned the world and scorned it. They declared themselves strangers to its interests, enemies to its maxims, rebels to its assumed authority, contemners of its good favors and frowns, and the world after venting the fury of its passion by taking away their lives, turns round and pays honor to their memory.

In the Church of St. Peter's at Rome beneath the vast dome in the center of the building is a crypt surrounded by a railing, on which more than a hundred golden lamps are kept constantly burning. The altar above is covered with massive golden candle sticks and vases of the whitest marble and purest alabaster. Around the railing of the vault you will see at all times of the day all kinds of persons kneeling and doing homage. Princes and nobles, with their retinues kneeling respectfully behind them, cardinals, tradesmen, peasants, prostrate in veneration. That crypt is the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul. And the splendor of those decorations and the lowliness of that homage are instances of the manner in which time reverses the judgments of men and in which the world lavishes its wealth to deck the tombs of those whom in life it persecuted.

Such is ever the spirit of the world, of those who, whether Catholics, heretics, or pagans, are guided in their actions by pride, vanity, avarice, or love of pleasure. Yield to their desires, court their favor, shrink from their censure, and with an instinctive knowledge of your baseness, they will scorn you and trample upon you. But if you defy them, spurn them, in due time they will render you the honor you were so anxious to forfeit.

If St. Peter and St. Paul had courted the world and fawned upon [it,] the one would have died an unknown fisherman and the other would have left a name as obscure as any disciple of Gamaliel living at his time. He that saveth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life shall find it. Whosoever leaves father or mother or houses or lands for the sake of Jesus Christ shall receive an hundred fold even in this life. He that renounces wealth shall find abundance to satisfy his heart in poverty. He that renounces pleasure shall find in his soul the ineffable delight.

And he that renounces honors and dignities shall be highest in dignity.



047.

Sermon, Book 1, No. 3

**St. Aloysius**

[Incomplete]

We seldom reflect in a cool and straightforward manner on the things of Eternity. Living as we do from day to day, in a round of casual excitement, our minds are so taken up with our ideas and impressions of material objects. It is for this reason that we feel so little interest in our life beyond the grave, that our hope is so little kindled by the prospect of Heaven, our fears so little moved by the possibility of Hell. Nevertheless there is something in the solemn veneration which the Church commands us to practice towards Saints, that assists us greatly to raise our conceptions above the sensual to understanding of the delights of Paradise.

Where we see the Altar on which repose the relics of a Saint, adorned with many lights and bright flowers; with priests and Levites in their richest vestments amid the waving of censors and clouds of incense, humbly bowing; where we hear the solemn organ and the many voices of the choir swelling up in praise of one who was like us, we begin dimly to apprehend the greatness of that glory and that joy which eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

It is for this purpose that I propose to use the festival of St. Aloysius—to the end that in him we may derive a lively idea of the exceeding joy of him, which may stimulate us to make with great courage all the sacrifices necessary to its attainment—that by the glory with which St. Aloysius is crowned in his everlasting home, we may be encouraged to follow in this valley of tears the path he trod unto its possession.

And in order not to confuse our minds by attempting [to] describe all the goods which St. Aloysius possesses, I shall only ask you to consider the glory of the state in which he is unchangeably fixed, and after having shown how tremendous is that glory I shall dwell for a few moments on the means he used to attain it.

Glory, the testimony that others render to our worth, is the world's darling idol. It is no evil in itself; but it is often, nay almost always, perverted by being immoderately pursued into an occasion of evil. For the applause of their fellows men often forget God and eternity. Yet even so, even while they forget God and labor with untiring industry for fame, the glory which they attain is infinitely inferior to that which God gives to his elect. Compare for one moment the glory of St. Aloysius with that of the world's heroes and great men. How infinitely does it transcend theirs in all those qualities that make glory sweet and desirable to the human heart.

The heart naturally desires glory among the wise, the many, and that [it] shall be enduring. In proportion as one is praised by many, by the estimable and for a long

course of generations, his glory is said to be great. Thus the conquerors, the philosophers, orators and poets of antiquity are said to have great fame because their deeds are celebrated, their works read, their style imitated by the few who read them out of every generation.

In these three respects what is the glory of St. Aloysius? Is it not the wise who honor him? The Church militant, divinely taught to know what is true worth, and divinely guided to honor; the Church triumphant, gazing on the source of wisdom and reading there a knowledge surpassing human conception; the spirit of the just made perfect; the choirs of Holy Angels; the Everlasting God of Angels--these are they who praise Aloysius.

And in their number, who can count the multitudes of those among whom the name of Aloysius is in benediction? The heroes of this world are known to but a few of the men of this world, and are not esteemed by all who know them.

But Aloysius is known wherever the Church of Christ is diffused, known and praised among the innumerable choirs of angels and among all the ranks of glorified saints who, innumerable as the stars of Heaven, attend in their shining vestments around the throne of the lamb.

And even on the earth where only the fame of earthly heroes extends, the glory of Aloysius is far more widely spread than that of any of this world's great men.

Wherever Catholicity is known he has an altar and his name is known, his praises are sung. I have stood in the great Church of St. Ignatius, in Rome, during the Solemn Vespers. From the top of the dome to the floor the church was hung with chandeliers from which brilliant wax lights revealed the rich tapestry with which the walls were adorned. The shrine of the Saint is a side altar in a recess, glittering with a thousand lights and gorgeous with the brightest flowers of Italy.

At the high altar a bishop with forty or fifty attendants was officiating. On either side of the high altar in temporary organ galleries were stationed some forty or fifty singers and players of music. And as the voices of these in harmonious concert with the orchestral accompaniments pealed forth the vesper hymn of praise to Aloysius, the thought could not but arise to the throne of the Eternal and say, "Great is his glory in Thy salvation, glory and great honor hast Thou placed upon him; the Lord hath loved him and adorned him; and hath vested him with a garment of glory."

For the same voice that swells up in Rome was echoed from the center of the Christian world, throughout all its parts, through the cities and towns and hamlets of Europe, through India and China where the sodalities adorn with fresh flowers the altar hidden from persecution in some lovely glade.

*[Unfortunately, the promised discussion of "the means he used to attain it" is not present in the manuscript.]*

048.

Sermon, Book 2, No. 9

### Saint Patrick

If one were gifted with the spiritual power to follow the track of thought and affection and fancy through space, how many lines he would see running across continents and rivers and oceans from all quarters of the civilized world to centre in the green Isle of the west; and how many again going out from fireside and chapel and green lawn and crossroad, then back to the land afar; and if one could hear the voice of the heart, how often and how tenderly would his ear be filled with "God bless the darlings far away," answered by, "The blessing of Jesus be with those at home," from every land beneath the sky. And here as you cluster around the altar the thoughts and memories of home are busy in your hearts. As you call down the blessing of the incarnate God on each dear head, the sunshine of home flashes upon you, the soft spring air fans you, and you picture the cottage where the forms of those you bless are gliding to and fro, or happily bent in prayer for you--or the chapel where you made your First Communion, and where now the unbloody Sacrifice is being offered as of yore on this sacred day. Let the stream of these holy thoughts and swarming memories flow on; and while your hearts are bathing in it with subdued delight, let me call to your mind the true glory of the land you love, St. Patrick, and the religion of the Irish people.

I need not repeat to you the history of St. Patrick's life. You know all that is known of his birth, his kidnapping, his bondage, his journey to Rome to get his commission from the successor of St. Peter; his return to Ireland, his preaching, his miracles, his wonderful zeal and piety. One great fact alone tells the whole story of his claim to our veneration. He found Ireland Pagan when he landed the second time on her shores to begin his preaching; he left Ireland Christian when he left her shores for his home in Eternity after a mission of sixty years. In a single lifetime he wrought what it took three centuries or ten generations to effect in Rome. God seemed to lavish his grace on the hearts of St. Patrick's hearers, and, what never happened in any other nation, the whole change of ideas and worship, the shattering of the idols, the planting of the cross, the subversion of the pagan priesthood and ceremonies, and the introduction of the rites of the Catholic religion, took place without a single persecution, without the shedding of one drop of Christian blood! Even before he died the land was dotted over with communities of religious men and women; and he consecrated bishops, and saw cathedrals built, and priests multiply, and churches thicken until in his apostolic journeys through the country there was scarcely a spot so lonely, but that, standing in it, he might not discern in one direction or another the cross pointing upward to the sky from the summit of chapel or abbey or cathedral. And every one of

those religious houses and cathedrals and churches is a panegyric of St. Patrick. They point to him their founder and say in the language of the Church, "Behold the great priest, who in his day pleased God and was found just."

Ages have since testified to the thoroughness of that national conversion. Nearly thirteen centuries have elapsed since the death of the Apostle of Ireland, and ever since that time, in weal and in woe, the Irish people have been Catholic. Irish nationality and Irish Catholicity have been one and the same thing.

The historic glory that glows over the path through the ages when the Northmen were desolating Southern Europe, like the light which appeared to Constantine before the great battle that made him Emperor without a rival, wears ever the shape of the Holy Cross; and the clouds which the treachery of her children, more than the prowess of her enemies, have caused to gather about her subsequent career, cast, at the same time, their shadow on the heart of all Christendom. Who does not know that from the fifth to the eleventh centuries while continental art, science and piety found a shelter in the Isle of the West, there up to the time when England began to invade the country, the monasteries and schools and churches were at peace, and consequently learning flourished, but always under the protection of religion, always in the monastery or near the sanctuary of God. The chieftains had their feuds and collisions, it is true; but, as a general thing, religion was held in honor, justice was respected, the poor were neither oppressed nor starved; slavery was forbidden by statute of the land; and all, prince and subject, owned the gentle sway of the Catholic Religion, gloried in bearing the sweet yoke of Christ.

From the beginning of the English invasions to the Reformation the nation had to struggle, but was not conquered. And anyone reading the history of the times can easily note that not religion but the betrayal of religion by some of her faithless sons was the cause of the sorrow of Ireland. Had her people been as united in counsels and in arms as they were one in religion, the tide of invasion would have rolled in vain against her rock-bound coast; and at this day the descendants of the Irish kings might be holding their court in the halls of Tara; and the Irish people, instead of assembling in little groups in America, Australia, and in other stranger climes, first to hear Mass and then to talk over the memories of home, might be kneeling in mighty multitudes around the altars that heresy has shattered, in churches that are now moss-grown ruins; or joining the merry song and jocund laugh and manly game on their own native green.

But during the period of her struggle against invasion it was not her clergy that betrayed the people of Ireland, but her nobility. They [the clergy] as a body were true to their country because they were true to religion.

After the Reformation had deformed the face of England, persecution began in Ireland to be bloody and relentless. The heart sickens at the tale of the past three hundred years: robbery and sacrilege legalized and called the Irish Established Church;

Catholic priests shot and hanged; schools closed and teachers banished; the lands seized upon and the fruits of labor taken away by aliens and enemies; manufacturers forbidden and commerce obstructed; injustice and oppression in these and countless other forms, make a picture so hideous that the heart grows faint in beholding it.

Why is it that so many of the sons and daughters of Ireland are far from home? Why is it that their blood is shed in every battlefield, and their wit and muscle strained in every great enterprise of physical and mental labor the world over? Do they love to wander up and down the earth? Has the home of their childhood, the graves of their parents, the voices of their loved ones, the sunshine of their native sky, the sight of their native hills, bright lakes and green fields, no charm for them? They do not turn their back upon home until power has made home a desolation; and they linger fondly even round the ruin, and as they go away, they leave the razed cottage and cold hearth stone with moist eyes and aching hearts, only to fly from starvation and dishonor. Yet throughout this long enduring and fierce storm of persecution the Irish people and the Catholic faith have been identified, as in the days of peace before it began.

In England a multitude of the clergy apostatized with the king, and held, therefore, a place among the aristocracy. In Ireland the few faithful nobles were soon exterminated and crushed out. The remainder betrayed their country and their kindred, joining hands with the oppressor. So when the separation was made, when the aristocracy severed their interests from those of the laborers, when they started one way and the people another, the Irish clergy went with the people, and have been with them ever since. They were preeminently the object of persecution. Their enemies sought to smite the shepherds that they might scatter the sheep. When a price was set on their heads, if found on the Island, they took shelter in the cottages of the poor. They hid in caves, and the peasants brought them their food by night. They said Mass in caverns to distribute the Bread of Life to the poor. They taught the catechism among the crags of the mountains, or in the shelter of thickets and hedges and bogs; hunted and worried as they were, from hiding place to hiding place, they still had a welcome at the firesides of the poor, all over the realm. They were the only advisers and leaders the people had from the establishment of King William's rule and the setting aside of the treaty of Limerick,—except the short period in the last century which culminated in the disastrous rebellion of '98—until the time Daniel O'Connell. The nobles were either exterminated or betrayed their faith. The young and aspiring sought an opening in foreign lands and in military service, so that the priests and the people were left to bear the storms of persecution together. No wonder then that they loved one another. Besides the priest was bone of the people's bone and flesh of their flesh. They as it were chose him in his childhood for the sacred ministry, the brightest, most modest, most pious of some farmer's sons, who first learned to answer Mass and wait on the priest at the Altar. And far and wide the neighbors understood the choice and looked upon the

boy as specially gifted, and entitled to more than common favor. They helped him to pick up scraps of learning here and there, now from the priest, now from the hedge schoolmaster, and when he grew old enough, his character of poor scholar was a passport from house to house, and a means of crossing the seas to Rome or Salamanca or Douay or Paris to finish his studies and receive Holy Orders. When ordained he returned as he had gone away, to live among the people. His home was wherever there was a "station," infants to baptize, children to instruct, confessions to hear, or the sick to be visited. Whatever house he entered, he brought sunshine with him. The good mother welcomed him with blessing; the honest man called in his neighbors for the evening; the children screamed with joy as they clambered on his knee.

In their woes and sorrow, in their joys and festivities, in their views and aims, the Irish people and the Irish priest were one and indivisible, their interest, their honor, their hopes, their fears linked inseparably together. In other words, the Catholic Religion was the mainspring of Irish life, and denied as they were the liberty of exterior worship, their devotion, like suppressed but not smothered fire, burned all the brighter and purer in their secret heart. This fact of three hundred years' duration of a people remaining faithful to God under so sharp a pressure of persecution is the grand eulogy of St. Patrick, the historic glory of Ireland.

Those who see but the surface of things cry out "poor downtrodden Ireland," with something of contempt and pity. I, too, say "poor downtrodden Ireland" just as I could weep over a martyr's torments while worshipping his constancy. Downtrodden but unconquerable Ireland! Your stately cathedrals and majestic abbeys are now moss-grown ruins; your land is turned to waste and cattle pasture; your children are scattered abroad over the earth. But faith is yet warm in their hearts, and the spirit is living yet, which when God shall smite the persecutor and shatter his power, will build up again the abbey and the cathedral, turn the wastes into fields of smiling grain, and bid the children of toil rejoice in peace and plenty and freedom.

But even should that time never come, and a new era never dawn upon her, still no child of St. Patrick need ever blush for the record his native land has made, or bow his head with grief over the graves of his ancestors. True, in external fortunes that land has not been the queen but the Niobe of nations; but stripped of her glory by the rude hand of oppression without, she has preserved the glory of an unconquerable spirit within. Shorn of commercial prosperity and political prestige, she yet retains, in defiance of oppression, bribes, threats and flattery, her stainless honor and her priceless faith. After three centuries of fiery persecution Ireland is Irish and Catholic still.

No one of you need think sorrowfully of the graves of his ancestors at home. While they were living they needed sympathy. But the poorest of them fills a prouder grave than the haughtiest of their persecutors. No marble monument or wordy epitaph points out the resting place of their dust; but the angel of God knows the flowers that

spangle the turf above them; and in the records of the All-seeing it stands written that they clung to their faith and their integrity through poverty and toil and reproach, and died in honor with God. If it were right to be proud, I would rather draw my being from such an ancestry than from a line of kings.

Thus has Ireland's glory been the work of St. Patrick; thus has the Catholic Religion been the main feature of Irish nationality. The intercession of St. Patrick and his spiritual children in heaven have thus shielded the land from apostasy, and twined together with indissoluble tie the shamrock and the Cross.

To the unbelieving this constancy of fidelity to faith has seemed a piece of folly-- as to the Gentiles the Cross was always foolishness. "Let your faith go," they say, "and win at all hazards political importance and commercial prosperity." But if the Irish people had wanted to let their faith go, they should have bartered it for political importance three hundred years ago. It is too late now to make the bargain with any profit even if they were ready for the dishonor. On the contrary now is the time to cling to your faith, to be united in devotion to justice, and trust in God who sends the sunshine after the storm, for the time will come

"When Erin will stand 'mid the Isles of the Sea  
Unfettered, unshackled, great, glorious and free."

Now is the time to do with earnestness and fidelity the duties that lie before you in this land of your adoption, both because they are duties, and as a school of preparation for new duties which Providence may throw in your way. He who is false to little obligations will never be true to great ones. The proud, the boasting, the petulant, the drunkards and blasphemous will not become virtuous by crossing the sea. The regenerators of a nation must be men of faith and prayer as St. Patrick was. Today it is your duty to seek the Kingdom of Heaven by prayer, by regular attendance at Mass and reception of the sacraments; by honesty and charity toward your neighbors; by sobriety and chastity and industry. Do these things now; and, if afterwards God should make you out a path through the fires of revolution and the gore of battle for the sake of your fellowmen, fidelity now will make you faithful then. But wait on God's own time, and do meanwhile what He sets before you and what He will call you to account for, trusting that He who alone can make the occasion, will also make your hearts and your arms strong enough for the work He assigns you. Knowing this you will be ready should He ever call you to aid in any design he has to benefit the land where the bones of your fathers are.

049.

Sermon, *The Catholic Columbian*, March 20, 1875

### St. Patrick

Address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, in St. Patrick's Church, this City, on Ireland's Patron Festival.

"Behold a great High Priest, who in his days pleased God and was found just." -- *Eccl.*

"St. Patrick was a man, mighty in word and work, who snatched a whole nation from the bondage of Satan, and made their home an island of saints," is the brief chronicle of a great French writer of the life of Ireland's Patron.

As I look from this altar on your beautiful banners and proud regalias and beaming faces, the thought I read is, "The cross and the shamrock are up to-day!" Here, over the length and breadth of the mighty land over which the banner of freedom floats, the cross and the shamrock are up high in the free and peaceful air. Over yonder where your fancies and memories are wandering so often, from Cork to Donegal, from the Liffey to the Shannon, the cross and the shamrock are up; and in town and country, in valley and on hills, the peoples' hearts are up along with them. God bless old Ireland this day! God rest the sleepers under its green sod, and strengthen the brave hearts and sturdy arms of those who throng to its chapels while we are here! Our hearts mingle with theirs before the altar, our prayers and our longings are one with theirs, melted into one by one common love and devotion to the great high priest, who in his days was found just, and pleased God. This thought suggests my theme:

1. St. Patrick, worthy of the nation's heartfelt devotion.
2. The perpetuity of that devotion a proof of his protection and the glory of the nation.

To Explain what I mean by saying that St. Patrick is worthy of the heartfelt devotion he receives, let me call to your minds the Catholic doctrine, that death divides bodies but does not sunder fellowship; the grave shuts in the corpse, but gives the soul freer light; the corpse moulders into dust, but the affections remain immortally green. What St. Patrick was to the nation he converted while he walked among them in the flesh, that he is to them and more, since he was exalted into heaven. Through these long ages since he died, the tenderness of his heart, the unction of his prayers, has gone out incessantly towards the green meadows where he found the shamrock, the hill where he baptized the king, the vales and the mountain tops where he planted the cross. He has loved the bishops and priests ever since, as he loved those whom he instructed, ordained and consecrated himself. He has nourished, by his intercession, the fidelity of the cloistered virgin spouses of Christ as he did that of St. Bridget and her thousands of saintly companions.

Every cathedral and abbey that reared its spire to heaven was an instance of his



protection; and the monasteries that made the wild glens and lonely mountains blossom as the rose were an answer to his petitions.

In his life he was the mirror of all the virtues which shone in the great high priest, his model and master. From childhood he was holy, unspotted, set apart from sinners. The loneliness of his early life, the devotion with which he shunned the world and gave himself up to the holy guidance of St. Martin, his watchings, his fastings, his prayers consecrated him to preparation for his work until he was sixty years of age. And when the time came for him to begin his gigantic task he sought a new consecration at the hands of Pope Celestine the First. All who saw him read in his face that he was unspotted and separated from sinners. In the courts of kings and in the hovels of peasants he was the same simple messenger of God's message and mirror of his charity--ever the huntsman of souls. The faith, hope, love, piety, purity, truth, justice, mortification he taught the people were explained and enforced by words that came burning from his heart. Every day he recited the whole Psalter. Three hundred times a day he crossed himself and said, "Glory be to the Father," and a hundred times each night. All the day long he would preach and administer the Sacraments. His fasts and mortifications would be almost incredible in our days. The nation which witnessed his sixty years of labor saw in his words, his gestures, his walk, his eating and drinking, only Jesus Christ crucified.

The work of driving all pestilential animals out of the island was a trifle compared to what he did perform. He drove out Satan and all his emissaries, idol-worship and the influence of the Druid priests, heathen altars and unlawful sacrifices. He drove out pride from the hearts of kings, corruption from courts, obstinacy and self-conceit from the learned, ignorance from the minds of the common people, until the blessed cross of Christ became as familiar to the hearts of the masses as the shamrock to her meadows.

How it touches the heart, even now, in this cold-hearted time, to see a specimen of the old-time piety of Ireland, to see some old man or woman who has never dreamed of bringing passion or interest or human respect between his heart and his Redeemer's. I allude to those who in church or out are never in thought or affection out of the presence of God, who kneel before the blessed altar long hours without knowing whether any but themselves are there--who never take a step without invoking God's holy aid--never mention the name of a living person without saying "God bless him!" or a dead one without uttering "God rest his soul this day"; who never take a morsel of food or drink of water without the sign of the cross. Young people sometimes thoughtlessly speak of them as simple and even ridiculous. But the true Catholic will bow down to them with reverence. I have seen, in this very church, grey heads bowed down and trembling lips uttering prayers, and withered hands counting beads with such an air of forgetfulness of earth and absorption in God, that I could have almost

fallen down and worshipped them. That was the faith and the piety which St. Patrick planted in the hearts of the people of Ireland, and it is a pearl infinitely more valuable than all the wealth and commerce and state and military power that ever made up national prosperity. He was the embodiment of that faith, and his children became spiritual images of himself.

What a marvel of human perversity is that heresy, which consists in denying the reality of the communion of saints; that is the love and praise on earth, and the care and intercession in heaven which fellowship between all the disciples of the God-man, in all ages, implies! Why, that heresy, my beloved friends, would persuade us that St. Patrick loved Ireland through toil and fasting and pain, for sixty years, and then, reaching the eternal rest, forgot her in a moment; that God made him happy by making him forget all he had loved and all who had loved him, as soon as his own joy was full. That heresy would persuade us that while he was in this life "surrounded by infirmity," it was lawful for the people to go to him for guidance, help, intercession, to hang upon his words, to kiss his footprints on the green sward, and as soon as he was freed from the bondage of the flesh and raised up to sit on an apostle's throne, it would be idolatry to send to him in spirit a greeting of love, or a petition for aid across the dark line that divides the temporal from the eternal world. Celtic faith was too real even to be staggered by semi-heathen cavils against the intercession of the saints. On earth Jesus Christ makes his chosen ones sharers of his mission of giving life to man, and in heaven he perfects their glory and their happiness by making them protectors of those to whom they were once guides and models.

And now let us see how the protection of their Apostle has been manifested in the history of the people of Ireland. During the peace and prosperity which followed her conversion, up to the bloody and protracted Danish wars, Ireland seemed everywhere a fertile garden to give growth and beauty to the seed sown by her Great Apostle. Continental Europe was desolated with the invasions from without and corruption from within which wiped out of existence the Roman Empire. England was suffering from intestine feuds and Danish invasions. Peace, piety, and learning seemed to have found their home in the Isle of the West. The spirit of religion seemed to pervade both men and women. Monasteries sometimes numbered from eleven to twenty thousand inmates--and those who remained in the world seemed as devoted to God, and to flight of the world, as their brothers and sisters in the sanctuary and the cloister.

Then came the ages of Danish invasion, when savage, devastating, pagan war was almost an annual visitor to the sorely pressed but dauntless population. Churches and monasteries were burned, works of Christian art destroyed, libraries made heaps of ashes, but at last the invaders were finally repulsed.

After that followed the period of dissension and treachery among the chiefs, and

English cupidity and hate, beginning with the false Henry II. and continued, one might say, till today. A worldly mind that looks for reward of merit here on earth, and sees God's benediction only in wealth and power and successful war, can see but sorrow in the past seven centuries of Irish history.

Doubtless success in peace and triumph in war are gifts of God; but they are not God's highest gifts.

And doubtless, too, national humiliation and adversity come from the same mighty hand.

But these are not God's heaviest visitation. They are "the arrows" which "pass" and are as caresses, compared to the "voice of His thunder," which is "in a wheel."

Nations, like individuals, have their true greatness, their true blessedness, outside of the accidents of prosperity and adversity. The prosperity which saps a nation's virtue, which brings in luxury and display, bribery and lying, greed and unbridled ambition, is not a blessing but a curse. The adversity which tries, but does not conquer, is a blessing in disguise.

Here at home, now, the nation seems to prosper. There is peace, and they say there is plenty. But to me, the real glory of this people seems to shine out from the days when the nation was in peril, and they were rushing in to save it or perish with it. To the thoughtful mind there is more true glory in Valley Forge, of the Revolutionary times, than even in Yorktown. The struggle was greater than the victory.

Ages ago, on the Dacian plains, the Roman phalanxes were reeling under the fierce charges of the barbarians, when the Theban legion lifted up the Christian voice to the Man-God in behalf of their side; and the answer to their prayer came --a gentle rain upon the soil, which refreshed them and confused their enemies; and the Eagles were lifted out of the dust and waved once more in triumph. Then the legion that had won the fight, refusing to join the Pagan sacrifice, because Christ forbade it, was massacred. Which shall we called blessed, their Pagan fellow-soldiers who survived, to feast and carouse over their victory, or the Christian warriors who, having won one battle with the enemies of the Empire, were forced to fight another with its friends?

Blessed is the man who has the unconquerable soul, who understands his true greatness, who has the genius to win honors, and the greatness of heart to despise them, in the unfettered liberty wherewith Christ has made us free!

Whom shall we call blessed--the baffled persecutor, who, when he has killed the body, has no more that he can do, or the unconquered victim, who, keeping what he loved, and giving up what he despised, has the garland of victory set upon his brow by the King of Kings himself?

Who is the chosen of God--Nero or St. Peter? the first Napoleon or Pius VII.? Victor Emmanuel or Pius IX.? Bismarck or the Archbishop of Posen?

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. In this struggle of seven centuries,

what is that for which the children of St. Patrick have been contending against violence, craft, and treachery?

What they have loved as their heart's core has been their Catholic faith, their Irish nationality, and the Old Green Sod.

And these they have retained through perils and disaster, against malice and force that seemed strong enough at any time to make their faith an exile, their nationality a memory, and their soil a desolation.

I have not time or wish to go over the sickening tale of cruel laws, and their savage execution, which were framed to root out the Catholic faith from Ireland. The history is one unvarying succession of dismal pictures of fire, sword, exiles, imprisonments; of shattered altars and profaned sanctuaries; of razed Cathedrals, monasteries, abbeys, libraries, and institutions of learning. And still, high above the desolation, marked now, not only by the old moss-grown ruins of abbey and cathedral, but by the more recent tombstones of the persecutors and the fragments of their "Establishment," the Catholic faith shows herself fresh and green in the hearts of the people, waiting for full liberty and exulting as a giant to run her course, to adorn the land once more with magnificent monuments of her charity and piety.

In vain did the English Government, while it was able to do what it pleased, adopt the policy of exterminating the Irish and re-peopling the land by colonization. The Irish would not be exterminated; and the very colonists became in a generation or two--according to the complaint of an English statesman--more Irish than the Irish themselves. Overthrown in struggle after struggle for their ancestral rights, band after band of young men of rank went abroad and made their names illustrious in foreign service, and multitudes of the hardy peasantry forsook the green fields of home and wandered forth to find anywhere the liberty of earning their bread by honest toil. But wherever they have gone they have carried with them the faith of St. Patrick and the love for Ireland.

To some extent the people seem to have lost the soil of home. Cattle are now grazing where families once found a living and a home. The cottages are now here, in this Mississippi Valley, or in Australia, or wherever there is room for an honest toiler and his little ones.

Still the country is Ireland, and it is owned by the Irish--not owned yet quite as fully as they would desire, but they have possession of enough to begin to claim it all.

But it is not--let me repeat the sentiment, beloved friends, once more--it is not in gaining possession of their own that the true glory of a nation consists, or that manifests the most loving protection of God through the intercession of St. Patrick. It is rather in the God-given strength that enables them to cling unfalteringly to the truth and right, and to yield all else not to be conquered in this.

If the Irish people had faltered in their dark hour, if they had yielded up their

convictions through fear or ambition; if, like their neighbors, they had stood cowering by when their bishops and priests were dragged to the scaffold, had timidly acquiesced when the altars were overthrown and the new religion brought in by hirelings and the military, then we might well think that the Apostle of Ireland no longer intercedes for and protects the people of his love.

But in the great undeniable fact that the mass of Irishmen all the world over--whether at home or scattered over the continents of America and Australia, whether in the halls of learning or in frontier cabins, whether in the lecture room, in Editorial offices, or in factories, whether among the lawyers, the doctors, professors, or in the bush or along the railroad--are Catholics there is most striking and unequivocal proof that God still blesses and St. Patrick still prays.

What I have said aided by your own devout thoughts, beloved friends, has been enough to establish what I set out to prove: that St. Patrick, model of all priestly virtues on earth and remaining immortally, in Heaven, is worthy of your heartfelt devotion.

And that his love for the Irish people and power with Almighty God have been strikingly manifested from the fact that the Irish have remained as a nation devoted to the true faith as it was preached to them by him. He who would share and promote the glory and happiness of Ireland must be devoted to Catholic faith and Catholic virtue. There is more patriotism in simple belief in all that God reveals than in any number of windy orations. More love for Ireland in charity, piety, reverence, truthfulness, fair dealing, purity and sobriety, than in a world of high-sounding resolutions, or fierce denunciations of those who happen to differ from us about what is to be done.

No nation can prosper and forsake God, least of all Ireland, who if she forgot Jesus Christ and St. Patrick, would be Ireland no more.

Under his invocation let us do faithfully the duties that lie before us now, that so we may not be unprepared for heavier ones should they fall in our way, and that so we may follow in the footsteps of the Great Apostle all the way from the valley to the heights!

**050.**

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, December 25, 1858 (2)

### **Holy Doctors.**

"It is long since the Church canonized a doctor," writes the author of the life of St. Ebba in the series of the Lives of the English Saints. The remark was made not concerning Doctors of Medicine or Doctors of Divinity, technically so called--M.D.s or D.D.s--but concerning those illustrious saints to whom the Church, in the Office and in the Mass, gives the title of Doctor. We speak now of those who, in the words of the wise man, "have sought out the wisdom of all the ancients and entered into the subtleties of

parables; whom the Lord has filled with the spirit of understanding, and who have poured forth the words of their wisdom as showers."

The doctors are grouped, in galaxies, through the centuries. The Arian darkness of the 4th century was lighted up by the splendid coruscations of Catholic genius. St. Athanasius, the intrepid Archbishop of Alexandria and Doctor of the universal Church; Basil and Gregory, the poet-orators, bosom friends and saints and doctors; the penitential Jerome, the Doctor of the Holy Scripture--these were the watchmen on the towers of Sion, whose keen eagle glances detected the slightest movement in the tumultuous masses of the enemy, whose clear, ringing and heavenly-defiant cry aroused the soldiers of the Nicene Creed to battle and to victory. St. Ambrose of Milan grappled with Arianism and its heretical progeny in the West. His apostolic firmness brought an imperial delinquent to his knees in penance, and the "words of his wisdom" went like arrows into the heart of a dissipated young man--destined thereafter to do a mighty work for God. Ambrose died, but his episcopal piety and firmness, his doctoral learning went as legacies to his spiritual child; they made their home in the intellect and heart of Augustine. The see of Hippo Regius became the great oracle of the then flourishing African Church. From its throne, St. Augustine, the Doctor of Grace, the triumphant vindicator of Catholic truth against the heresy of Pelagius, "poured forth the words of his wisdom as showers, showed the discipline he had learned and gloried in the law of the covenant of the Lord."

Then came the death-throes of the Roman Empire, the hurricane of barbarian invasion and another heresy. But Leo was on the throne of St. Peter, pope, saint and doctor, lion-named and lion-hearted. With one hand he averted from Rome and from Southern Italy the swiftly descending blow of the "Scourge of God," with the other he hurled against the heresiarch Eutyches, the thunders of St. Peter and of Christ. The headlong tide of Hunnic conquest was turned near Ravenna by the presence of St. Leo; the divinity of Christ, His unity of person and His two natures were splendidly vindicated by Leo's dogmatic letter to St. Flavian and by his legates at the Council of Chalcedon.

To enumerate the names, the virtues and the acts of the doctors that have adorned the annals of the Church for a thousand years from Pope St. Gregory I. to the rebellion of Luther would be beside our present purpose. Within that period we have St. Peter Damian, cardinal, bishop and doctor, one of the great restorers of ecclesiastical discipline in the 11th century; St. Anselm of Canterbury, the fearless defender of the privileges of the Church against the encroachments of a tyrannical English king and one of the first of the scholastic theologians; St. Bernard of Clairvaux whose heart was overflowing with tenderness and affection because it was full of the love of Jesus and of Mary; St. Thomas of Aquin, an angel in the sublimity of his intellect, an angel in the purity of his life; St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor of the seraphic Order of St.

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Francis.

The lives of the doctors teach us a great lesson--a lesson which imperatively demands our attention in this age of universal knowledge. The lesson is this: great talents, in order to be of great use in the conversion of souls, in the defense of the faith, must be united to great piety. Conversion is emphatically a work of grace, a supernatural work, and therefore must be accomplished by supernatural means. In an age of progress and a go-ahead country as our age and country are, there is danger of overlooking this truth, of depending, if not in theory, at least in practice, too much on mere human means for the furthering of the glorious and for which so many Christian and priestly hearts are breathing so many fervent prayers--the bringing of America to the obedience of faith, to the one Lord and one baptism,--to the one true fold of the Good Shepherd.

Long continued and earnest study of any subject, even of theology, is calculated to dry up the fountains of tender piety, unless the teeming and parched brain be watered by the stream of daily prayer, unless many flowers of virtue bloom in the soul whose chalices may catch and retain the dew of divine grace.

"For them do I sanctify myself," spake our dear Lord to His Eternal Father of His disciples; and why? "that they also may be sanctified in truth." This is the secret of the Doctors' lives. They sanctified themselves in order that their preaching and writing might sanctify the people. Ye who in the gift of talents may vie with the doctors, emulate their holiness of life. Study the age, but study too the Word of God, the Holy Scripture, the Cross of Christ, the Sacrament of His love. Be these the fountains of your wisdom, and then may we hope that "it will not be long before the Church canonizes a Doctor."