

THE MAGDALEN'S LOVE.

HEAVEN WON BY LOVE-ELOQUENT
SERMON BY THE REV. BERNARD
VAUGHAN, S. J.

London University, July 12.

On Sunday the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., preaching at the High Mass at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, on behalf of the Refugees for Penitents in London and Streatham under the charges of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, took for his text the words from the seventh chapter of St. Luke: "Behold there was in the city a sinner who, when he heard that He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an ass's pillion and a horse, and standing behind His feet, she began to wash His feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head, and she kissed His feet and she anointed them with the ointment." There were, he said, some scenes from the story of our Lord's life which were better fitted to be subjects of contemplation than for public description, and among those scenes, St. Gregory reminded us, that scene which represented the meeting between the sinner and the Saviour might well be mentioned. He was speaking that day on behalf of the sinners at the feet of the Saviour. He was speaking on behalf of those who were

FOLLOWERS OF THE WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER, but who became a saint. If he attempted to put a picture before them it was only that, with the brief and rough outline he would draw, they would go home with the resolve to fill that picture in with the last finishing touches, and that that picture might be hung up in the gallery of their memories, and that as they looked upon it they may remember that each one of them was a sinner, and may learn from the story the spirit of abiding sorrow for sin, and a spirit of unbounded confidence in Him who is the friend of sinners. Who was that woman whom the Evangelist, but not the Pharisee, did call by her name, who was the sinner to be found at the feet of Jesus at the house of Simon the Pharisee? Were they to identify her with the woman to be found at His feet at the house of Martha and in the house of Simon the Leper, with the woman who was at His feet when He was laid upon His death bed, the cross, and with her who, when He appeared in the guise of a gardener after the resurrection, was still to be found at His feet? With the Talmudists, who, in the TRADITION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, and with the Bollandists of our own time, he identified the woman that was a sinner, and of whom he was speaking that day, with the young woman to be found always clinging to the feet of Jesus Christ. Her name was Mary—Mary the Magdalen. Thus clearly understanding who that woman was, he wished to call their attention to another point. Who was the Pharisee, and why did he invite Jesus of Nazareth to his house? They must remember that our Lord had recently raised the widow's son, and had preached that wondrous sermon that was still ringing in our ears, in which He spoke and called to all to come to Him who labored and were heavily burdened. He was the popular hero of the hour, the fashionable preacher for the moment, and the Pharisee, as one of the leaders of fashion, showed his condescension by

ASKING HIM, THE HONORABLE PREACHER AND WONDER-WORKER, to sit at his table, and, with the true instincts of the man of the world, he would be careful not to compromise his position. In the East the fashion was, when a friend was invited to the house, to meet him on the threshold and offer him water to wash his feet, and the feet having been tenderly washed and wiped by the host the guest was led into the dining-hall. Now all those little points of etiquette, so essential between members of the same class, the Pharisee would omit in inviting one whom he considered to be of a lower class altogether. In that way the Pharisee did not compromise himself, and could

MAKE HIMSELF RIGHT WITH HIS OWN SELF, while at the same time showing that largeness of mind which could encourage those in a low station who had got on in the world. When our Lord was asked to come to the table of the Pharisee He well knew what were the thoughts occupying the mind of that self-righteous man, and yet he accepted that invitation. Why was it that such a guest accepted the invitation of such a host? The condescension was not on the part of the Pharisee but on that of our Divine Master, and the invitation was accepted because our Lord well knew that he would win a soul at that banquet. He cared not how He was treated, provided He could bring the life of grace unto a heart weighed and a life burdened with the burden of sin.

Our Lord, when He came, passed through the open verandah, but His sandals were not removed, and no water was given Him to wash the dust off his feet, and he was not led to His couch at the table. At that point he would remind them that in the East they sat at table, not as we did, but on couches resting on the left elbow, and with the feet turned from the table. There they saw our Lord among the Pharisees, and the FASHIONABLE YOUNG MEN OF THE TIME,

who want to see Him and to be able to say that they had talked with that wonder-worker—and a rumor floated through the city that the Saviour had gone to take meat at the house of Simon the Pharisee, and the Magdalen at once made up her mind that she, too, would be there. She knew that no one could thwart her, and that according to the laws of Eastern hospitality she could pass through the throng and speak to whom she would. At first there was a struggle between her lower and her higher nature, for she knew that the had tried vainly to find relief in various quarters before, and that she had too often already tried to obtain that relief by stepping herself in deeper sin. She had heard men call to her in the street, attracted by her beauty, for she was known as

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER, and listening to their promises she had only found time after time her hopes deceived. Never before had she heard one cry out in the street, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you. Come, come,

come to Me." She heard the accents of His almighty voice impinging upon the ear, she caught the sight of His heavenly countenance, which seemed to lift her out of the mire in which she had been wallowing. True to His message that voice promised to give back to her her virginity, her purity, and she felt that if she could have those back all the rest might be forgone. That voice was clamoring in her ear in the glare of day, and amidst the din of the world, and as she passed from that din to

THE HUSH OF NIGHT that voice still rang in her heart crying to her, "Come, come." Having fought with her lower nature, and having tried to raise herself upon the wings of faith and hope, and to look down upon the poor miserable creature that she was, she at once went forth just as she was, with her golden tresses flying down her back, and carrying a precious box of ointment, attracted by the magnet of sinners. The shadow of her figure was seen flung across the table where the men were seated at the banquet, the well known form of a sinner which the men at the table knew so well by sight; they would have shown a want of spirit of the world not to have known her and her position, and not to have passed ribald jokes at her expense. She felt all that, and that she was exposing her character to

THE FOUL TONGUES OF MEN who once dropped honey for her sake. But she was drawn to the magnet of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. As she passed in, the guests nudged one another, and the Pharisee wrapt his robe close about him lest he should be defiled by her very presence; but there was a light upon the face of Jesus, and tears might be seen standing in His eyes. Forgetful of everything but that she was there at the feet of One she loved, and overwhelmed with the thought that the must be near His feet, she fell down humbly to adore Him and reverently to kiss those feet, and as she did so she felt her heart growing too big for her, and, as in a summer tempest, a summer rain of tears fell upon the sandals, and with the golden curls of her hair falling between her and the guests she was hidden in the adoration of Him who called her. What a scene was that to gaze upon, and what a relief to them on that day passing from

THE BRILLIANT THOROUGHFARES OF THE GREAT CITY in which they lived, and amid the din and tumult and excitement and fashion of the day, to stand and gaze at that woman hidden under the cover of her golden hair, kissing the feet of Jesus, and finding there peace, refreshment and strength of soul. More wonderful still to the guests than to us, contemplating it one thousand eight hundred years afterwards, was that wondrous sight before their eyes. The young men were stupefied and dazed, and the Pharisee was too anguished to speak a word. Jesus said nothing at all, for He saw that to say anything would be to break that heart that was already too full for language. The Magdalen was silent, as was the Pharisee and his guests. There was a wondrous silence at that banquet until Jesus, feeling the

HOT TEARS TRICKLING OVER HIS FEET and the warm kisses, and feeling the ointment poured with a loving generosity over the sin, feeling that relief had come to her heart, and that her heart had emptied itself, He broke silence and said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee." Simon, a perfect devotee of the world, with that languid indifference so peculiarly its own, answered, "Say on." Short and abrupt, he was not going to condescend one jot more than he had already done. Then came the parable so ingeniously and so kindly put of a certain creditor who had two debtors, one of whom owed him 500 and the other 50 pence, and whereas

neither the one or the other had the wherewithal to pay, for the sake of both. Now said our Lord to lift his head, who of the two loved the most him who had forgiven them? The Pharisee, true to his social position in not wishing to commit himself to the plainest statement, said, "I suppose him that was forgiven the most. Then came the application. Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much. That was enough—enough for Jesus Christ.

WEALTH OF LOVE, sorrow for the past, resolve for the future, and a heart filled with love laid at His feet—that was enough for them, and they would find their hearts exchanged for the heart of Jesus Christ. They would have won His heart. The Magdalen, the sinner, was the model of us all. He turned to her, and as His sacred eyes met hers she felt the weight that had well nigh crushed her to the earth, and which she knew would weigh her down to the bottomless pit of hell, was lifted off her. She was lifted with the sunshine and the peace that she had sought, and which she never found until she had prostrated herself without conditions, but with much love, at the feet of Him who cried out in the streets, and whose voice was then ringing through that Babylon, and was heard echoing that day through the nave and aisles of that cathedral. Come, come, come to Me. The heart of Jesus

CAME TO HER THERE AMIDST HER FOES, and what she could not find in the city, or hear in the whispering of honeyed voices, and the cries of the youth, and the offerings which they flung her, she found there. All he had to ask them was to study in the solitude of prayer that interview between the sinner and the Saviour, and that in their dealings with sinners they should remember the conduct of the Pharisee and the attitude of our Saviour—the one so pure and holy, and yet all His heart was set towards her, and the other so cold and so self-righteous, who found nothing but contempt to fling at her. They all were sinners, and the world was always making hideous proposals to them, and their passions were in league with the world, and the evil spirit was always crying out to them.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT LOOKED SO RUDDY with the bloom and beauty and freshness of heaven upon it, but when they put out their hands to take it they found that it turned to bitterness, they found that the world was a lie, that their passions lied to them, and that the devil was the father of lies. He implored them to seek their happiness at the right place—at the feet of Jesus Christ, at His feet in the garden, and at the foot of the crucifix—and then they would have their place at His feet on the

day of resurrection. He would always take their part as He had taken the part of the Magdalen. Let them be to the sinner as Jesus was. Let them hold out the hand of encouragement to their poor fallen sisters. Could they not help the Magdalen and draw to Him to His sacred feet? Let them at least be finger-posts pointing

"THIS WAY TO THE FEET OF JESUS CHRIST." That day, in the name of the penitent Magdalen, in the name of the Saviour of the sinner, let them help those who were helping to rescue the Magdalen of this terrible city. They who helped in that work would, when the day of life was passed, find their right place at the feet of the glorified Saviour. Let them open their eyes to the terrible trouble and temptation of those poor women on starvation wages and on the pittance of the sweeter. Let them help the poor helpers of the Magdalen—the Poor Servants of the Mother Immaculate—help them that very day when an appeal was made to them that they may be able to bring those souls safely to the feet of Jesus Christ, and that their lives might have sunshine and gladness, that the path to heaven might open out as

A BRIGHT VISTA BEFORE THEM, and that on the wings of faith and hope they may fly and beat against the gates of heaven, where on the last day it would be the joy of those who had helped in the good work to find those who had been rescued and brought to a life of happiness—a life which began on the day when they opened their eyes to see and their hands to give in the name of Jesus Christ to lead the Magdalen, and to carry them onwards and upwards to Jesus.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

HE MADE THE OLD LADY TIRED.

An old Scotch lady who lived at a considerable distance from the parish church was in the habit of driving over to the service. Her coachman, who had considered the sermon nearly at an end, would slip out quietly for the purpose of having the carriage ready by the time the service was concluded. One Sunday John returned to the church, and after hanging about the door for a considerable time grew impatient, and popping in his head, discovered the minister haranguing as hard as ever. Creeping down the aisle towards his mistress he whispered in her ear, "He's no more done yet." "Dune!" returned the old lady in a high state of indignation, for her patience had long been exhausted; "he's dune half an hour since, but he'll no stop."

JESUIT MISSIONS IN INDIA.

Our readers, says the *Liverpool Times*, will be glad to learn that the Jesuit missions in India are flourishing exceedingly. In some districts the year's conversions number hundreds, even thousands; but this is comparatively nothing. Some of the Fathers are enjoying a success which recalls the days of the Apostles, or of miracle-working saints. One Father tells of fifteen hundred baptisms in one day, and he mentions that nearly nine thousand converts at another place were waiting to receive the Sacrament. In a single district the converts number nearly thirty thousand for two years' labor; and Father Goussin, S. J., reports that twenty belgian priests have, in two years, converted fifty-five thousand idolaters! What a contrast to the ceaseless complaints from the more honest of Protestant missionaries of the barrenness of their labors, and the impossibility of making any lasting impression on the hearts of their pagan adherents!

FILIAL DEVOTION.

When called on at the Garfield memorial dedication by the presiding officer, ex-president R. B. Hayes, ex-Right Rev. Bishop Gilmore spoke as follows: Fellow citizens: This call is unexpected that I can add but little to the much that has been said of General Garfield. There was an incident connected with his inauguration that struck me with great force. If there is one lesson above another that men should teach to children and the Ruler to the great people of which we are a part, it is that of reverence, that deep abiding quality that of all things helps to make us a people—reverence for truth, reverence for virtue, reverence for home. When James Abram Garfield stood upon the steps of the capital of the United States to be inaugurated president of this great American people, elected by free voice and free people to the highest gift known in political life, his first tribute was to the mother who so bravely held him up and had made him the great man he was. If he had taught us no other lesson than a lesson of reverence for mother and home, the name of Garfield would have been immortalized.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

A recent article in the *Correspondent* contains some interesting details about Cardinal Lavigerie. We are shown how the great churchman, in taking possession of his African See, now more than twenty years ago, and at a time when it was decimated by famine and disease, began at once a father of two thousand Arab children, orphaned or abandoned by their parents. Many died, but those that lived were placed in orphanages and taught to earn their bread. One little lame boy, learned the shoemaking trade, and on seeing Cardinal Lavigerie one day, he fell on his knees before him and said: "Monsieur, let me make you a pair of shoes." "A pair of shoes!" repeated the Cardinal in astonishment. "Yes, Father, let me make you a pair for your New Year's present." In relating this Cardinal Lavigerie said: "My voice was not steady enough to allow me to answer, but I gave him my foot and he took the measurement. The boy's offer had afforded me more pleasure than the most costly gift could have done."

THE MOST JOYLESS PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

We are by no means insensible to the difficulties surrounding the limiting of the park-hours to shop assistants by act of Parliament, says the *Liverpool Times*, 4th inst. It is true that working people will not be shopping when they can, that is on Saturday night; and that this is the chief cause of the evil. It is also true that if an Act were passed, it would require

an army of inspectors to enforce it; or if it were left to the shop-men and shop girls to enforce it, an appeal to the law would mean instant dismissal. Yet surely it is worth while to try some remedy. It is frightful to think of young lads and girls at work for fourteen, fifteen, even seventeen hours a day, standing all the time. Cardinal Manning declared the other day at a meeting, held in support of Sir John Lubbock's bill, that he considered this horrible overwork chiefly responsible for the fact that there is not in the whole world a more homeless or more joyless people than half the population of London. Better, surely, try some legislation, at the risk of having to amend it, than to allow such a miserable state of things to go on from one weary year to another.

A WEALTHY MEDICANT.

A beggar, named Pietro Marcolini, who for thirty years has been a familiar figure in St. Peter's at Rome, has just died suddenly from apoplexy, as he was leaving the Basilica. He was the only medicant who was permitted to follow his calling within the church itself. Pius IX. granted him that privilege. Leo XIII. confirmed it later, and also, like his predecessor, granted an audience to the beggar, who was lame and afflicted. When Marcolini was received by Pius IX. he complained of the cold he felt within the church, whereupon the Pope bestowed upon him an old warm dressing gown of his own. This garment, however, the beggar wore only on great occasions and the more solemn festivities of the Church. He had been repeatedly offered large sums for his foreigner, but always refused to part with it. It is said that on the day when he went into St. Peter's he was highly amused to see the beggar seated therein, majestically wrapped in his old dressing gown. The garment will presumably descend as an heirloom to Marcolini's children, together with the small little fortune of \$10,000, which he had accumulated during thirty years of begging.

"THERE BE ASSES AND ASSES."

In his novel, "Barbary Rudge," Charles Dickens—who, in the days when he wrote that and "The Pickwick Papers," was generally credited with an intimate knowledge of the English character—depicts a typical English "Squire" and "Justice of the Peace," in the person of a hard drinking, rough-riding, pompous ignoramus, who knows absolutely nothing of law; and, therefore, considers that his own decisions and dictations must be *lex suprema*. Above all, this representative of the English Tory Squirearchy, whom Dickens paints, is too dull to have the faintest appreciation of natural humor—his only instinct in that direction being manifested in a disposition to laugh boisterously at his own blundering attempts to imitate some pot house wit. Had the English novelist lived to the present time, he would have found in the little army of Balfour's "Removables," in Ireland, a host of models so far transcending that on which he formed his Squire Blunderer by that he could have enlarged that field of his fancy to an extent that even he never dreamt of. In the English Parliament, at every sitting at which the Secretary for Ireland appears, he is told (in "Parliamentary" language, of course) by some member of the Opposition that he is not only an ass but a despicable, lying donkey; and the nephew of his uncle only shrugs his shoulders, and, like a mud turtle, shuts himself up in his plastron, content with the thought that though the members of the House, as such, are beyond his reach, he can take his revenge on helpless Irish peasants and peaceful Irish priests, and even occasionally catch a member of Parliament, or a tourist who may venture on Irish soil, and be accused by a ready "police witness" of having done or "conspired" to do something which the complainant "Removables" can directed to declare to be "criminal."

It is a beautiful illustration of the work-logs of "British law" in Ireland, perhaps, that there was something like retributive justice in this case. If the recalcitrant donkey was not irredeemably worthless and vicious it was an outrage on the beast to call him "Balfour," and though the Removable was not influenced by that view in fixing his driver, the sentence may have been an indirect visitation on the latter for the offence of cruelty to dumb animals—of which, however, he was not accused.—*Irish American*.

IN THE SIGHT OF HEAVEN.

Archbishop Ireland is roundly abused by Southern journals for declaring in St. Augustine that "No church is a fit temple of God where a man because of his color, is excluded or made to occupy a corner." He spoke as a consistent Roman Catholic when he denounced the shame and scandal of putting negroes in corners and lots of churches, and of communion, and of closing the doors of Catholic institutions against unfortunates of the colored race. To the honor of that Church be it said, that prejudice and exclusion grounded upon race have never been tolerated in the established practice of its ministrations to mankind. Its gospel has ever been a gospel of social equality in the sight of heaven.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

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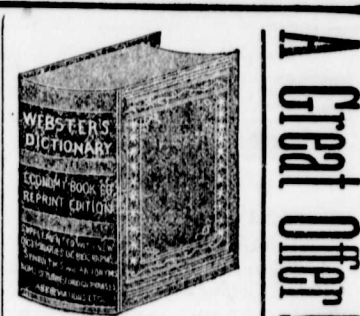
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