

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

JULY 15, 1899.

Sacred Heart Review.
PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.
BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XLIII.
I have cited Luther's testimony to the demoralizing effects of his movement. His language, I find on further reference, is stronger than that which I have put in his mouth, but with one important abatement. He speaks of the new gospel as giving birth to a race of misers, plunderers, slanderers and blasphemers and evil livers generally, but I do not find that he says murderers. There were fearful murders committed during the peasant's revolt, and after putting it down, the princes, at Luther's instigation, as he himself takes pains to declare, were absolutely boundless in their cruelties. In common life, however, the Germans like the English, seem always to have had a peculiar horror of shedding blood. The hundreds of thousands whom they burnt alive for witchcraft were at least burnt after solemn sentence.

Recurring now to the question of Dispensations, which has led us to marriage dispensations, and thence, incidentally, to the question of clerical marriage, I wish, before returning to the affairs of the laity, to remark on some curious distortions of the whole notion of clerical marriage. Not long since I noticed in some Protestant paper a remark in allusion to various married priests now officiating in this country under authority of the Catholic Church, to the effect that the American spirit is likely in time to overcome the Roman dogma of clerical celibacy. Now as an American of old stock, I have a great respect for the American spirit, on its healthy side. I believe it to be new and beneficent force in the history of mankind, destined to bring about great modifications for good, political, social and religious, although I can hardly agree with those of my countrymen who seem to think it likely, before long, to affect the law of gravitation, and to interfere seriously with the procession of the equinoxes. I am afraid, too, that no amount of the American spirit will ever keep water from running downhill. Taunted water, we know, will not, but that is only because it is so weak. I think we may perhaps allow, with Artemus Ward, that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours subject to the Constitution of the United States, but I doubt whether even a mandamus of the Supreme Court would stop the revolution completely.

However, begging pardon if I understate the possible achievements of the national spirit, it is certain that the married priests of Newark, Brooklyn and other places, are in no way indebted to it for their privilege of living in wedlock. They are one and all priests of Eastern rites, and we know that Rome in the East usually accommodates herself to the eastern discipline, according to which a married man may be ordained subdeacon, deacon and priest, but not Bishop, and if a pastor, must lay down his charge and become a monk if he loses his wife. These priests, the Holy Father has decided, agreeably to his general reverence for the Oriental exponents, do not lose their privilege by emigrating hither, although the Pope says he hopes that in time those peculiar rites and uses will among us be absorbed in the general system. Whether Propaganda is always perfectly observant of the papal promise, is a question which I will not undertake to discuss here. At all events there are various married priests in the country, holding pastoral charges under episcopal authority. So far, however, from illustrating the progressiveness of Americanism, they illustrate the tenacious conservatism of Orientalism. They are the exact antipodes of the American spirit.

There is something still farther from the truth, however, in this haphazard forecast, than even its exaggeration and misapplication of the American spirit. This is the assumption that the obligation of clerical celibacy is a Roman dogma. What a laughable illustration of our universal habit, in discussing Catholicism, not to look too far before our nose! How can clerical celibacy be a dogma, when it is confessedly variable? Can a dogma vary? Certainly not. The very thick of the strife lies there. We may laugh at Edgar's book: "The Variations of Popery." We may be appalled at the enormous self-conceit which has led this insignificant Unitarian, for whom even the all-comprehending hospitality of Johnson's Cyclopaedia finds no place to measure himself against the "Eagle of Meaux." We may be disgusted with the abusive indecency of his style, and with the utter unscrupulousness going much beyond Littledale's—with which he shuffles in questions of variable discipline among questions of immutable doctrine. Yet we cannot deny that for his end, he has just hit the mark in his title. It is the most effective part of his book. If this is still reprinted (which I hardly suppose) I should advise the publishers to sell the title at high rates and throw the book away.

What is a dogma in Roman teaching? It is a proposition, concerning Divine things, maintained as a part of Christ's revelation to the apostles, and expressed as such by the universal acceptance or the formal definition of the Church. Now as Divine truth is invariable, nothing can be propounded as a dogma which is not thereby maintained to have been from the beginning, explicitly or implicitly, accepted by all the faithful, led by the teaching body, and confirmed by Rome as a part of the apostolic deposit. If it is true in the West, it is true in the East.

There can be no distinction of time or region in that which is of faith. Roman Catholics do not maintain, indeed, that a dogma must be invariable in form. It admits of indefinite advance in precision of expression. Moreover, it is allowed that an element of the Apostolic revelation may gradually come forth to a distinct consciousness of the Church than it enjoyed at first. But if it is acknowledged that a statement is found neither in Scripture nor in Apostolic Tradition, neither in full nor implicitly, then it is plainly impossible that it should ever be defined as of faith, however true it may be, or however important it may be, even religiously. The *Pastor aeternus* is perfectly explicit here. "The Holy Spirit," says the Pontiff defining in the Council, "has not been promised to Peter's successors that He should reveal and they should set forth new doctrine, but that, by His assistance, they should sacredly guard and faithfully expound the revelation delivered through the apostles, otherwise called the Deposit of Faith." No one, therefore, can thrust under the guardianship of the defining power that which is solemnly shut out by the clear terms of the defining decree.

Now is the invalidity of Marriage for men in Holy Orders, a Dogma? Certainly, says the Pontiff, "has not been promised to Peter's successors that He should reveal and they should set forth new doctrine, but that, by His assistance, they should sacredly guard and faithfully expound the revelation delivered through the apostles, otherwise called the Deposit of Faith." No one, therefore, can thrust under the guardianship of the defining power that which is solemnly shut out by the clear terms of the defining decree.

But does not Trent, in Canon IX. De Matrimonio, anathematize those who shall affirm that marriages of clerics in Holy Orders are valid? Certainly. Are they obliged, though, to declare that this invalidity is of Divine Right? Not at all. They are forbidden simply to say that such unions "are valid notwithstanding church law or vows." Canon IV. for bids any one, on pain of anathema, to deny that the Church has power to establish diriment impediments to marriage, of which we know that Holy Orders, undispensed, are one. Canon IX., therefore, is of faith not of itself, but as a corollary of Canon IV. The Council, therefore, has guarded both canons with the anathema. Nowhere, however, has it bound Catholics to believe—which is contrary to all fact—that clerical marriage is invalid by revelation. If it were, the Church could never validate it. Yet no one calls in question the Pope's power to dispense a subdeacon, a deacon, a priest, and, abstractly even a Bishop, to marry. To be sure, he must retire from service, but even this condition is only disciplinary. In the early Church it was not always insisted on, and to-day, the Church might if she would, for grave cause moving, forbear to require it, something which she is very ready to do.

IRELAND ADVANCING.

To the surprise of all, a year or eighteen months ago the Registrar-General's returns for Ireland, for the first time in fifty painful years, did not mark another mile-stone on the downhill grade which we had been rushing. The returns, in this instance, not only did not show a diminution in Ireland's population, but strangely and surprisingly they recorded an actual increase! An increase, it is true, of some insignificant decimal percentage—but, an increase! Thinking minds were instantly set going; and when the next half-yearly returns again showed an increase, earnest ones, justifiably jubilant, twirled their hats aloft on their black-throats. The ship's rudder had been heard to grate upon the shoal; but lo, it had gone over at a jerk, and the keelman began to cry deeper marks! That there may be minor shoals to negotiate before our Celtic ship is clear of the bar I am prepared to expect, but with that Providence at the wheel which plotted our race through storm and shoal, dangers and dread, for long, long ages when other (seemingly stouter) ships went down and were forgotten, I have not the faintest doubt we shall surely, surely unharmed, reach the deep waters of the heaven which our wonderful persistence, through tolls and dangers, has rightly earned for us.

When this stubborn welcome fact of the Registrar-General's caused us to open our eyes and look about, we discovered that, imperceptibly, the face of the country had been changing, and was mightily changed. Ireland was more prosperous and more comfortable; its fields better tilled and stocked; and the people possessed of (somewhat) more money, and more ease, better clothed and more enlightened, than what had been the case thirty years ago, and what up till now we still believed to be the case. The greater part of the change was certainly wrought in the last thirty years—probably within the last two decades. The new generation forms an entirely new Ireland.—Seumas MacManus, in Catholic World.

PARTY SPIRIT DYING OUT IN IRELAND.

A national disgrace is fast disappearing. The party spirit which, under the name of religion, rent the North of Ireland for generations, making many a hearth desolate and many a heart break, is, thank God! yearly growing weaker and weaker and losing its devotees by crowds. The Orange institution, in most parts of the North of Ireland, has, one by one, lost from its muster-roll the names of the respectable and intelligent men which once swelled it. So that chiefly now remain in it only the rowdy elements of the towns, and the narrow, good-hearted zealots of the remote parishes. And then the Catholics are in like manner getting rid of the bitterness and hate that marked their feelings for their Orange neighbors. It is ridiculous that kills—and the Celt is keenly alive to the ridiculous. The more sensible have begun to see matter for laughter rather than re-creation in petty little displays of party spirit. Laughter is always catching; and as the zealot sees his neighbors laugh at him more and more, he is less eager to act for their entertainment. Many a master which, forty or fifty years ago, would have been sufficient matter for murder, is now good matter for mirth. The few intermarriages between Protestant and Catholic, occasionally, still cause a little domestic strife of the storm-in-the-teapot order. In black Belfast a Catholic woman lived happily with her heretic husband till one day she committed the crime of buying and hanging at the bed-head a picture of Leo XIII. Next night Andrew brought in a much more elegant and costly picture of King William crossing the Boyne, with King James's heels just showing in the distance, and as a counteracting influence hung it at the bed foot. On Saturday night Andrew got drunk and plous, and so came in and danced upon the Pope until he effaced him. On Monday Andrew went to his work, and Ellen took down King William, pawned him, and purchased a grand new Pope, under whose loving eye Andrew snored the snore of a martyr resigned to his fate (if martyrs do snore) thereafter.—Seumas MacManus, in Catholic World.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

One need not be a prophet nor the son of a prophet to predict that the movement for Christian unity which has been started in New York will come to naught. Protestantism is divided into numerous denominations, as a necessity of its very genius; and any attempt to unify them is as hopeless as spilled milk. The Catholic Church is excluded; though manifestly, as the New York Sun remarks, unless the majority of Christendom, which renders spiritual allegiance to the Pope, is brought into it. The Church never appears to greater advantage than when contrasted with any insignificant sect; and her admirable unity is never more apparent than when Protestants, who are at sword's point on doctrinal questions, propose to form a new brotherhood. Organic unity is dismissed as impossible. "The most imposing organic symbol of Christendom," as the Rev. W. R. Alger calls the Catholic Church, is recognized as something entirely apart. Its exclusion from consideration by the proposed conference on religious unity is significant, and will be an object-lesson to all who believe in the divinity of Christ and in the inspiration of the Bible. It was on this ground that we opposed the representation of the Church in the polytheistic symposium held in Chicago, during the World's Fair.—Ave Maria.

A NOBLE BAND OF PRIESTS.

The priests of Belgium cannot be accused of hiding in their castles. For some years past an immense army of laborers have flocked from the country into the industrial centres during the months when labor is in demand; and these men, deprived of the atmosphere of home and huddled into crowded lodging-houses, have in many cases fallen victims to drink and other vicious habits. Still others become socialists, and, returning into the country, spread among the peasantry the pernicious theories and the immoral contagion contracted in the city. To combat this evil, a body of priests have leagued themselves under the name of "Labor Chaplains," their purpose being to found workmen's hotels, where laborers are lodged and boarded in comfort at prices defying competition, and where they may breathe the home spirit and enjoy honest amusement. The priests are bound by rule to dine with the men, and to live in constant contact with them; so that old prejudices, where they existed may be dispelled, and the laborers may return to the country apostles of religion rather than propagandists of evil. So far the "Labor Chaplains" have been conspicuously successful; and not only has the Belgian episcopate heartily blessed the enterprise, but many governors of provinces and other officials have offered their services as associates in the work of organization.—Ave Maria.

NOTABLE CONVERSIONS.

The Missionary notes that a few of the notable conversions in this country during the past few months have been those of the late Hon. George P. Fisher, first auditor of the United States treasury under President Harrison; Mr. Albert D. Marks, a leader at the Bar of Nashville, Tenn., son of ex-Governor Marks, and his wife daughter of the famous General W. H. Jackson, of Belle Meade; Miss Lucille Taylor, daughter of the late Supreme Judge Taylor, of Ohio, and a grand niece of Major General Ellwell S. Oles; an eminent lawyer of Memphis, Tenn., ex-Congressman Carey Young; R. V. C. W. de Lyon Nichols, a former well-known minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York; a daughter of Rabbi Joseph Segal, of Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Caroline Jones, of New York, who had lived to an advanced age as a member of the Episcopalian Church; E. A. H. Graves, of California, his wife and their daughter Clarice.

Foreign papers report the conversion of as large a number of eminent people as ever to the faith. Among the many we name these few: Rev. Edmund Jackson, a former Anglican minister at Barnsley, England; Jos. D. Gilzean Reid, son of Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, of Middleborough, England, a journalist of some note there; Alfred John Cook, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, recruited at Perth, Scotland; Miss Currie, daughter of Lord Currie, British Ambassador at Rome; the daughter of Charles Kingsley (one of Newman's strongest antagonists), Mrs. St. Ledger Harrison, an author known under the pen name of "Lucas Malet"; Basil Hall Chamberlain, formerly a professor at the Imperial University and an eminent authority on the Japanese; and Professor Nagel, who holds the chair of chemistry at the same university. The new coadjutor of Cardinal Vaughan, Bishop Brindle, recently confirmed two eminent converts in Rome, Major Adair, R. A., and his wife, Mrs. Adair. Archbishop Keane received the abjuration of an English lady, a convert from Episcopalianism, about the same time.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Rev. J. T. Roche in July Donations. No sane man doubts that Jesus lived, preached, suffered and died. He stands out as the one great figure of all history. All other great names melt into insignificance marshalled beside His. Was He a mere man, such as other men, only with greater powers of intellect and heart, with deeper perceptions of truth and justice? Who roused the world to the performance of high and noble things, or was He, as He proclaimed Himself to be, and we believe Him to have been One sent down from heaven to fit men's souls for a life to come? Herein lies the parting of the ways of Christian and unbeliever. Jesus of Nazareth was something more than man. The prodigious change which His creed has wrought in the world, the intrinsic excellence of that creed itself, the circumstances surrounding its propagation and spread, the numberless miracles in the physical, intellectual and moral order by which it has been verified, His life, His announcement of His Divine mission, and heavenly mission, the character of the witnesses who preserved for succeeding generations the records of that life, have long since demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Christian world the truth of our proposition.

A WORD WITH MILLIONAIRES.

Ave Maria. The Catholic Times, of London, says it is well for the United States that it has fearless and outspoken men like Bishop Spalding to speak plain, unvarnished truths to the people. It is well indeed, but it would be better if their warnings were heeded. As yet Americans are ensnared by the newspapers, and they are not disposed to listen to any one who does not shout with the mob. Regarding the Bishop's earnest address in Chicago warning the nation against the dangers into which politicians are precipitating it, the Times observes:

The speech reads like one of the pages in which Tacitus traces the decline of the Roman Empire. The growth of wealth and corruption are the Bishop fears, preliminary to the decay of men. The Americans are hypnotized by the influence of wealth, and have caught the contagion of the insanity that the richest nations are the worst and the most enduring. They have lost sight of the eternal principle that all freedom is enrooted in moral freedom, that riches are skin to fear and death, and that by the soul only can a nation be great. When that which makes the true man—courage, honor, bravery, virtue, simple living—escapes people, money or what money can buy, appears to be all that is left. Then all things are for sale and demagogues are heroes. It will be well for the Americans if they take to heart the lessons taught by the eloquent prophet.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.—Longfellow.

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THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE.

The Church's Treasures.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. St. Lawrence had been spared when the other deacons were arrested in the hope of inducing him to surrender the treasures of the Church, and so escaped the fate of his companions. But the young Saint longed for a death like theirs, his heart was set on martyrdom, it had been promised him by St. Xystus, it filled his thoughts and made him challenge danger in his eagerness to shed his blood for Christ.

The treasures of the Church were known to be considerable. It was well known that it supported a whole army of poor persons, and it was rumored that vessels of gold and silver and chalices studded with priceless jewels were used at the celebration of the divine Mysteries. Eusebius says that the value and magnificence of the sacred vessels inflamed the rapacity of the persecutors.

The Prefect of Rome at the time was Cornelius Scipularis, a man invested with immense power and devoured by insatiable avarice. Sending for Lawrence, to whose care the goods of the Church were confided, he ordered him to bring all the money and treasures in his keeping and deposit them in the coffers of the state. He began by using soft words, and little suspected an intrepid champion he had to deal with. According to Prudentius he thus addressed the Saint: "You often complain that we treat you with cruelty, but there is no question of tortures now; I only ask in all gentleness a service you ought readily to discharge. I am informed that your priests offer Sacrifice in gold, that the Sacred Blood is received in silver cups, and that in your nocturnal sacrifices you have wax tapers fixed in golden candlesticks. Bring to light these hidden treasures: the prince has need of them for the maintenance of his forces. I am told that, according to your doctrine, you must render to Caesar the things that are his. I do not think that your God canst money to be coined. He brought no money into the world with Him, but only words. Therefore deliver the money to Caesar, and keep the words as your riches."

St. Lawrence, without betraying the least sign of emotion, calmly replied: "The Church is indeed rich; nor has the Emperor any treasure equal to what she possesses. I will show you all her costly store; but allow me a little time to set everything in order, and to draw up an inventory."

The Prefect, glowing in imagination over the promised wealth, allowed him three days to make the necessary inventory, and to deliver up the treasures into the coffers of the state. Prudentius proceeds to relate how St. Lawrence employed this interval, going about the city gathering together the poor, the infirm, the decrepit, the blind and the lame and those afflicted with leprosy or other diseases, widows too and orphans, a long list of whose names was drawn up; and on them he bestowed in alms whatever money and valuables the Church possessed in Rome.

At the expiration of the appointed time he bade his poor friends accompany him to the Prefect's court, where he marshalled them in a long procession in the open square. He then invited the Prefect to step outside and feast his eyes on the Church's gleaming treasures, her golden vessels all sparkling with richest jewels. The Prefect, shocked at such a revolting exhibition of disease, deformity and beggary, turned his eyes flaming with passion on Lawrence and asked what was the meaning of this mockery, and where were the treasures he had promised to bring.

these poor persons the treasures which I promised to show you; to which I will add pearls and precious stones, those widows and consecrated virgins, which are the Church's crown, by which she is made pleasing to Christ. She has no other riches but these: make use of them for the benefit of Rome, of the Emperor and of yourself."

The Prefect, transported with rage, cried out: "Do you thus mean to mock me, and to insult the faces and sacred ensigns of Roman power? I know that you ambition death, such is your frenzy and vanity. But the death you shall die, will not be the speedy one you imagine. I will protract your torments, that your death may be the more bitter, as it shall be slower and more prolonged. You shall die by inches."

While preparations were being made for his martyrdom, the Saint was cast into a dark prison, under the custody of a Roman knight named Hippolytus.

The circumstances of St. Lawrence's terrible martyrdom are described by St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Maximus, Prudentius and others.

St. Leo the Great's striking description of the Saint's death may be read in the Roman Breviary, August 10, where he speaks of him as "the spotless guardian of the Church's treasury," "the most chaste Levite," and says that "the fire that burnt exteriorly was less vehement than that which blazed within him."

Mad La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."



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"Jesus seeing the city, He wept over it." (Luke 19, 41.)
The tears which our Lord shed were not for Himself, on account of His impending passion and death, but for the blind city of Jerusalem, which would not know the time of its visitation. These tears were shed, moreover, for every impenitent sinner who will not in time accept the graces necessary for his salvation. O, ungrateful sinner, you who despise God's mercy, Jesus weeps over you, because you will not lament now, when you might yet receive the graces that are to your peace. These tears flow for you now, because the time will come when you will weep tears in hell, tears which will avail you nothing, bring you no consolation, tears which will never cease to flow. O unfortunate sinner, consider this well; consider it to-day, and if your last spark of faith has not been extinguished, you will cease to live as you have done, and in tears of penance you will seek salvation while yet there is time.

The pains of all tears which flow during life are mitigated by hope. Even the most miserable of all the unfortunate has hope that his condition will not last always, but in course of time, it must change. And should there be no alleviation for time, then, at least, death will free him. But how different with the damned in hell, where there is no hope! In hell there shall be "weeping and gnashing of teeth," says our Lord. Weeping caused by the fearful dungeon in which they are incarcerated, shrouded in terrible darkness which is lighted only by the eternal flames ignited by the justice of God for the punishment of the sinner. Weeping caused by the flames torturing body and soul without ever consuming them. Weeping caused by the loathing companionship of the damned of all ages, all nations, and of legions of demons. Weeping caused by the loss of God, the Infinite God, for whom the damned have an insatiable longing notwithstanding their hatred of Him. Weeping caused by the loss of Heaven, for which they have a yearning desire, although they know that this desire can never be realized. Weeping caused by the fact that they lost Heaven through their own fault. Weeping because they now see how easily they could have gained Heaven if they had heeded the many warnings and admonitions of God's infinite, merciful love. O, bitter and scalding tears! But now they are of no avail. If the damned could hope and with this hope wash away the mark of Cain from their soul, moderate the fearful flames, mitigate the excruciating pains, and be reconciled to God, they would cheerfully weep these tears; but all hope has vanished. They will never gain Heaven which they have lost, never pay a farthing of their debt; never quench even a spark of the devouring flames, were they to shed an ocean of tears.

Dante, the great Catholic poet of the Middle Ages, graphically expresses this truth by placing the following inscription on the gates of the infernal regions: Ye who enter here, leave all hope behind. Yes, all weeping and lamenting is of no avail. Their excruciating pains goad them into raging despair, into diabolical hatred, they gnash their teeth against God, against themselves, and against their curse-companions. Ah, if we solemnly consider the terrors of hell which are immeasurably great, without hope of consolation and, above all, without end, then we can comprehend the words of St. Chrysostom: If we do not weep now, we must weep hereafter in hell without hope, whereas here, we may do so for our salvation.

O all you who fear the justice of God and who desire to save your soul, think often and seriously of the tears that flow incessantly and without hope in hell. You especially, who are separated from God by mortal sin, who are walking rapidly towards eternal death, whilst you are defiling your immortal soul by impudence, think of the tears which the Eternal Truth announces by the mouth of the evangelist: "Weep you that now laugh, for you shall mourn and weep." (Luke 6, 25) Think of this eternal weeping, you deluded children of the world, who now laugh in the possession of your unjust gains; think of it, you drunkards, who in your intemperance despise God and bring tears of grief for your family. Think of it, you voluntary and corruptor of innocence, who by your impious language and impudently scandalous and corrupt youthful scrubs. Think of it, you venereal realist, who by vice which should not even be named among Christians, degrade yourself below the level of the beast. Think of it, you merely nominal Christians, to whom it is too burdensome to assist at Mass on Sunday or too difficult to abstain from meat Friday, the day on which is commemorated the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Think of it, you members associations who revile religious slander the Church and scoff at the Pope, the viceroy of Christ. Sinner, to whatever class you belong, reflect seriously on the pains of hell and on the tears shed in the infernal abode, and no longer turn deaf ear to the voice of grace by which God calls you to penance. Descend now in spirit into the abyss of hell, that after death you will not descend in reality.

Seven times our Lord mentions tears that flow in hell, in order to prevent the useless tears in hell. Bernard, meditating on the tear