



Power Made Perfect in Infirmary.

First of the Series of Lenten Discourses Delivered on Sunday Last by Rev. Raymond Walsh, O.P., at St. Patrick's Church.

Very gratifying indeed to the reverend preachers who are presently giving a course of sermons at St. Patrick's, must have been the very large attendance at both morning and evening services on Sunday last. The impression produced by the attractive manner of delivering their Lenten message and the able exposition of old truths, at once made a bond between the speakers and their audiences, and the very closest attention marked both discourses. We herewith reproduce verbatim Father Raymond Walsh's morning sermon:

Dearest Brethren in Christ: Our coming to your city must needs make your thoughts turn to the island home whence we have come, the Motherland of so many amongst you, the Isle associated for all time with the name of its Apostle, in whose honor your forefathers raised this glorious sanctuary so worthily entitled the "Irish Cathedral."

And if by our presence amongst you your minds are directed to the land of your fathers, you may well ask us what message we bear to you from Ireland. Mother and Queen of the "sea-divided Gael," for if any country is indissolubly linked with its children in their varied fate and fortune it is Erin. A mother never forgets the children of her joy, still less those of her tears. Exiles from Erin, your ancestors began that westward march which has continued down to our own days. "Going they went and wept, casting their seeds." And what an exodus! Let the sands of the North Atlantic tell the tale of the sea-beached bones which mark the track of the emigrant ship over its waves. Let the shores of your noble river, from Belle Isle to Quebec, tell of those who, like its martyr-patron blessed the God of their fathers whilst their limbs writhed, and their blood was on fire with famine-fever, until along its banks they found a grave. Let that befitting emblem of a nation's agony, the cross, which your patriotic love for the memory of the dead had erected for all time on Grosbeak Isle to mark the last resting-place of thousands of our race, speak of those who rest beneath the shadow of its protective arms.

All these memories and yet more and even sadder are enshrined in the heart of your Motherland, the sorrows of her sons, their joys and their success, their glory and their prosperity are hers still more in virtue of the Divine promise: "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted"; "they who sow in tears shall reap in joy"; "they shall come with joy carrying their sheaves"; and the promise of that joy has reached the ear of their Motherland and touched her heart, awakening hopes of old and long dreamt of but as often and as long unrealized. She listens to a prophetic voice, the statesman's voice of Canada's greatest citizen, one whom the bonds of a common faith bind closer to your hearts than were those of your race yet not of your religion.

And what is the utterance she hears? "If the last century was the century of the United States, the twentieth century is the century of Canada. If the tendency of your neighbors in the United States seems to be an exaggerated conception of their national progress and power, the duty of the Canadian is to appreciate adequately the advantages and importance of his country and its claims on his whole-hearted service." Hopeful and inspiring words! spoken with the calm deliberation of a leader of men, a lover of his land, a land worthy of love, a land of promise, peace and plenty, where the strong yet gentle hand of God has led you children of a sorely-tried yet faithful race, saying to you as of old to the Patriarchs of Hara—"Go forth from thy country, and thy kindred, into the land that I will show thee, and I will bless thee and make thy name great." Such is the fair scheme which the twentieth century presents, but an eye gaze on its beauty, and its promise fills your mind with courage, and your hearts with hope, let your glance at the future be the glance

of faith, your courage that of the Christian, and your hope that which finds its surest foundation and strongest bulwark in religion.

Listen now to the message we bring you from the mother who bore your fathers amidst blood and tears. Hear her message to your children: "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you"; "Labor not for the bread which perishes, for 'not in bread alone doth man live, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God.' A great French writer truly says: "every nation is a ship whose anchors are cast in heaven." The secret of true greatness, the foundation of stability and permanent success, in the nation as in each of the individuals who compose it, is religion. "Godliness is profitable to all things having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Thus the greatness of a nation is based on the morals and religion of its citizens, whilst their civic and religious virtues are the bulwark and the glory of the state. Prosperity, like freedom (to quote the words of one of our national poets) "Comes from God's right hand, and needs a godly train, of righteous men"—true to themselves and their country because true to conscience and to God. "Unless the Lord build the house and keep the city, they labor in vain who build and watch in vain who keep." Man therefore, not merely in his individual capacity, but in his social and civic life, must have a relationship with God, if his life, domestic and public, individual and social, is to be worthy of his dignity as a rational, responsible being. For what is life if it be not the principle of motion and action, or rather activity manifested by movement towards an object, and that object none other than the attainment of happiness, the final end of man? And what is happiness, where is it to be found, in what does it consist? Is it in mere well-being of body, finding its expression in the gratification of the senses? or is it to be found in the higher enjoyments of the soul, the filling of the mind with knowledge and the satiety of the heart's desire with glory, or the acquirement of virtue as the stoics taught and practiced? In none of these. Man is not nor can he be his own end, the law of the Gospel confutes the egotism of the world. Happiness is alone to be found in the knowledge and service of God. This is the real and only adequate object of life, the Gospel declares it and our own reason approves its teaching, and consequently the true definition of life is not merely a natural movement towards happiness, but rather a movement whose principle, centre and end is God.

Now, if there is to be a movement on our part towards God as our end, there must be some proportion, some equality, as a basis of action. Yet as no such proportion or equality exists between the Creator and the creature, between the finite and mortal and the immortal and infinite the abyss of weakness and the summit of power and strength, it is for Him to lean towards by a movement of grace and thus in His own divine way, to draw us towards Himself by divine means, attracting us creatures to a life like with His own: "No man can come to Me except the Father who hath sent Me draw him." Here we find ourselves face to face with the supernatural; if we consent it is our merit and salvation, if we refuse our consent it is our fault and our ruin.

Now this leaning of the Creator towards the creature, this movement of God towards us, is twofold, since the soul within us has a twofold power of understanding and will, both seeking the same identical object under a twofold aspect. Truth is the object of the understanding, goodness the object of the will, both being found identified in God alone. So God the overruling truth and essential goodness acts on both mind and will in order that we may act in response to His grace with both our understanding, the remote principle of action, and our will, its immediate cause. He acts on

our intelligence by the grace of His Revelation of Himself, His Being and law. He acts upon our will by Sacrament, communicating to us the spirit and the strength to fulfill His divine will and with that spirit and strength the desire, even the hunger to possess Him, giving even in this life a foretaste of that possessor, and the right to possess Him hereafter as our ultimate end by grace, since we cannot do so by nature. Ask God's saints and they will tell you whence they derived that hallowed life which raised them above the world in which they lived. There under the lowly symbol of bread they found the hidden virtue of the Sacrament of Sacraments that gives holiness and with sanctity produces and makes fruitful the germ of divine life planted in baptism.

Here you see the meaning of this discourse, "Power made perfect in infirmity." Here you find the application of the text of my sermon, our Lord's words in to-day's Gospel, "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Thus the Spirit of God Who is spoken of in Holy Writ as the Spirit of Power, is also called the "Spirit of High," and the same Latin word "Virtus" expresses in English the kindred qualities strength and virtue; Divine strength the cause, virtue objectively supernatural, yet subjectively human, the result, the effect, of God's action on man's will through the instrumentality of His Sacraments.

What is the radical signification of the word Sacrament? It is an organism containing some hidden force, some secret and mysterious power, and what is more familiar to us than the conception of force even the idea of weakness is identical with force, the difference being one of degree, not of kind, a mere question of less and more. We call the former weakness, the latter strength. No violent change or destruction is implied in the process, there is but an increase, an addition of a kindred quality to what already existed, and this increase, this transformation by which grace elevates and perfects nature without destroying it, corresponds to every conceivable period, necessity, and state of human existence. "The wisdom of God reacheth from end to end mightily and ordaineth all things sweetly and ordereth all things in measure and number and weight." Thus as seven things are necessary for man in his natural life: to be born, to grow, to be fed, to regain health if it has been lost, to recover strength when weakened by struggle or infirmity, to have an unbroken succession of successors to govern, and of successors to preserve the human race, so in the supernatural life corresponding to his birth, Confirmation gives him strength, the Holy Eucharist feeds him, Penance heals him, Extreme Unction fortifies him against the dangers which accompany death, Holy Orders gives ministers to the Church, while Matrimony perpetuates pastors and people. Thus through the Sacraments (in the words of the Council of Trent) "all justice has its beginning or if begun is increased, or if lost restored." Furthermore, according to the Thomistic doctrine, the Sacraments are not merely instruments of grace in the moral sense, but actual and physical causes of the supernatural results they achieve in the souls of those who receive them with the due and necessary dispositions and who co-operate generously with the Sacramental grace which they truly signify and really confer.

They are all great, yet each one, as the Council of Trent teaches, has its own special excellence and with regard to their intrinsic dignity the greatest of all is the Holy Eucharist, because it contains the Father of Grace, our Lord Himself; with regard to the intrinsic dignity of the minister who confers them, Holy Orders and Confirmation; with regard to its signification, the most remarkable is the Sacrament of Matrimony representing the hypostatic union of the divinity and humanity in Christ and His moral union with the Church; with regard to their necessity the most important are Baptism and Penance, the former being indispensably necessary to all, the latter for those who have lost their baptismal grace, and finally the easiest of reception, Extreme Unction.

All these except Holy Orders and Matrimony (which concern human society at large) will be the theme of my discourses on the ensuing Sundays. I have described them but briefly now since they will derive fresh light from the detailed explanation which I purpose to give of each in succession. Meanwhile, what conclusions are we to draw? What should be our fruits of this discourse? Is it not

too clear and manifest not to be known already! Let the first fruit be to return heartfelt thanks to God for having endowed us with so many and so powerful yet such easy means of receiving, preserving and increasing His grace. These instruments of grace cost us but little; they cost Him dearly Who redeemed us at a great price, no less than His Passion and Death, the source from which they derive all their mystic efficacy. Lastly they deserve and require our real esteem and reverence, best manifested by us in using them frequently, and receiving them worthily and gladly. "You shall draw waters with joy from the fountains of our Saviour." "What then shall separate us from the charity of Christ! Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or sword? But in all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Love Hides the Cross.

"It is a good and wholesome thing to watch how brave souls bear themselves in the battle of life."—Mrs. Craven.

Times there are when life is dreary, Ours a bondage land of tears! Mailed, may, our hearts are weary; Cloud-dimmed, perhaps, our path with fears!

Times, again, when soul-met pleasure Bids us lift our hearts on high; Yea, when 'e'en, in cheering measure, Gentle hours are passing by.

Christ's loved story, yet, would I tell us Grief-fraught days are not in vain; Onward e'er His woes compel us; None like joy that's born of pain!

Never, no! in soul's behavior, Earth's with Heaven bliss compare; Let us, like our thorn-crowned Saviour, Love the cross we have to bear!

(Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY, Ash Wednesday, 1910.

Autumn of Life.

Yes! The garish lights and the jocular music are gone; the laughing children who tossed the daisies and wove the cowslips of spring, and the maidens who crowned themselves with the roses of summer are gone; and the cowed and grey-haired, but gentle friar, Autumn, has just come out from the sidings onto the stage. I have chosen that simile because I like monks. I like their dress, so flowing, so graceful so majestic, I like the falling scapular; I like the folded hands; I like the placid face, unfurrowed by care and undisturbed by passion; I like the solemn eyes that seem to regard us from "Eternity's stillness," and I like the hood that frames the placid face.

And so, too, I like this grey monk autumn, that comes to us so quietly, so solemnly, without noise or laughter, except the sighing of the gentle winds through the changing foliage of the trees, sounds which seem to be quite in unison with the decay and demise of the year.

So, too, I think the autumn of life is best. I admit that youth has its raptures and enthusiasms—its intense enjoyment of the present, its magnificent dreams of the future. The sun shines out in all his splendor and majesty. That grey, sombre cloud, experience, which warms and fertilizes our little lives, has not yet thrown its shadow across our path. We live in the present moment, which is the sum total of all philosophy; we ignore the past with all its faults and blunders and sins; and we look forward to the future under the shining iris of eternal hope. And yet youth has its pains and its penalties too—its uncertainties, its disappointments, its keen pangs of unreturned passions and unrequited loves; its heat and fury and headlong plunging into abysses, whence it emerges with broken wings and shattered nerves.

Yes! the autumnal sorrows are less keen; and if only the middle-aged could keep that great secret of youth—to live in the present moment and let the future and the past take care of themselves—I think it would be the supremely happy period of our mortal existence.—Rev. Dr. P. A. Sheehan, in *Parerga*.

As a vermouth there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

Death of Well-Known Redemptorist.

Zealous Priest, Whose Every Effort Was For the Betterment of His People, Who are Inconsolable at His Demise.

At St. Augustine's Church, Brandon, Man., on Sunday morning, a congregation filling every seat and occupying nearly every inch of standing room, listening with deepest regret to the announcement of the death of Rev. Father Reitvelt, their parish priest, who passed away at Winnipeg on Saturday evening. Deceased was beloved by his parishioners and held in high esteem by citizens generally, and when Rev. Father Decone, from the pulpit Sunday morning, made reference to the death of the head of the parish, women wept and men could not restrain a tear. Such a scene had not been witnessed in the church since the sudden death of the founder of the parish, Rev. Father Godts, six years ago.

Rev. Henri Benedict Reitvelt, C. S.S.R., parish priest of Brandon, was born in Veurne, Belgium, in 1856, in which place he passed six years in classical studies, preparing himself for the priesthood. He afterwards went to Roulers for one year to study philosophy, then to Bruges, where he finished his preparations after four years study of theology.

He became a priest in 1882, entering the Redemptorist Father's Monastery at Brussels, where he spent five years, afterwards being sent to St. Thomas, West Indies, as assistant priest in 1887. After two years there he was promoted to Superior of the mission of St. Croix, where he stayed until 1895, when he was called back to Brussels, but again returned to St. Croix in 1898, when he enlarged the monastery and church there. In 1900 he was called to St. Ann's Church, Montreal, where he remained until February, 1905, when he was appointed superior and parish priest of Brandon.

On Sunday, December 22, 1907, the late Rev. Father Reitvelt celebrated his silver jubilee, having then been in the priesthood twenty-five years. In honor of this occasion a grand banquet was held, when his parishioners presented the late Rev. Father with a bag of silver. During his five years in the city as parish priest the late Father Reitvelt became dearly loved by his congregation and the citizens in general, and his demise came as a hard blow to all.

Just two weeks before the late Rev. Father Reitvelt preached to his parishioners from the same pulpit from which Sunday morning his death was announced. As he was the only priest at home on that day, he had to preach three times and teach catechism.

On Monday, Jan. 24, he left for St. Norbert to preach a ten days' retreat to the Trappist Fathers. He was suffering from a severe cold, but continued his work for eight days, at the end of which he was on the verge of collapse from sheer weakness. He insisted on being taken home to Brandon on Wednesday last. A sleigh was secured by the Trappists and Father Reitvelt was conveyed to Winnipeg, it being the intention to take him to the C.P.R. depot for the Brandon train. During the journey he gradually became weaker. When passing the Misericordia hospital on Sherbrooke street, he noticed the institution with which he was familiar, and he asked to be taken there to rest. His request was granted, and he had no sooner entered than it was noticed he was in a serious condition. A doctor was called immediately and he found that Father Reitvelt was almost at death's door, suffering from acute pneumonia. It was suggested that he be removed to St. Boniface hospital, but his medical attendant concluded that removal would mean instant death. In the exceptional circumstances, accommodation was provided for the sufferer by the sisters of Misericordia Hospital. In the afternoon he became unconscious, but in the evening, having come to himself, he received Extreme Unction administered by Father Allard, O.M.I., who after the ceremony said that he would bring Holy Viaticum next morning, but as Father Reitvelt expressed his desire to receive it at once, Holy Communion was given a short time afterwards. On Thursday morning Fa-

ther Lietart arrived from Brandon, and on ordering the sick room asked the dying priest how he felt. "First received the last Sacraments." From that moment he lost consciousness again. At five o'clock on Saturday morning the death agony commenced, and at half past four in the afternoon he expired with an unfinished prayer on his lips.

The news of the Rev. Father's death was received in the city about six o'clock, and the bells of St. Augustine's church tolled the mournful news over the city, and soon after, out of respect for one of Brandon's most popular ministers, the city bells were started. The funeral took place at St. Augustine's Church. The service, which was most impressive, was attended by a congregation which filled the church to the doors and many were unable to gain admittance. Among those present were many of the prominent citizens of Brandon who had been as close friends of the deceased as the members of his own congregation.

The late Rev. Father Reitvelt was chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, the first member of the Redemptorists in Canada to join the order, and it was largely the result of his efforts that a council of the Knights was established in Brandon.

The funeral procession from the C.M.B.A. hall, where the remains had been lying in state, to the church was a very large one, all the Catholic societies attending. The societies represented were the Catholic Club, the C.M.B.A., Knights of Columbus, St. Ann's Society, and Children of Mary. There was also a good representation of the parishioners and the pupils of the Catholic schools.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin officiated at the funeral, assisted by the Redemptorists, Frs. Decone, Lietart and Meyer, of Brandon, and the following priests from other places: Rev. Fr. Beliveau, chancellor to the Archbishop; Rev. Fr. Magan, O.M.I., and Rev. Fr. Cahill, O.M.I., Winnipeg; Rev. Fr. Louis, St. Norbert; Rev. Fr. Maillart, Montmartre; Rev. Fr. Arsenault, Portage la Prairie; Rev. Fr. Jubinville, Dunrea; Rev. Fr. Borgonie, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Fr. Louis, C.S.S.R., Yorkton.

Requiem Mass was sung by the full choir. Rev. Father Lietart was celebrant, with Rev. Fr. Jubinville as sub-deacon and Rev. Fr. Arsenault as sacristan. The music was grand making the service very impressive.

The funeral orator was delivered by His Grace Archbishop Langevin. The speaker dwelt at length upon the great work done here by the dead superior, whose zeal was unbounded. From Father Reitvelt, His Grace said, he had repeatedly heard the greatest possible praise for the people of Brandon—those of St. Augustine's congregation for their loyalty, and the citizens generally for their exceeding kindness, charity and broadness of spirit towards the Church and the Redemptorist Fathers. For all this good will he extended the most heartfelt thanks of himself and the Redemptorist Fathers. In the death of the superior, His Grace said, the Church suffered an almost irreparable loss. Father Reitvelt had done great things for the church and its people, and in his own quiet way for the city he dearly loved. The speaker referred to the zealous life of the deceased, to his incessant efforts for the betterment of the people—a life in which there was an example which might well be emulated by all.

At the close of His Grace's sermon, the remains of the dead superior were conveyed in procession to the vaults beneath the church, where with fitting ceremony they were laid beside those of the late Rev. Father Godts, the founder of St. Augustine's.

Courage is a virtue that the young cannot spare; to lose it is to grow old before the time; it is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than run away from battle.—Henry Van Dyke.

Advertisement for Canadian Pacific Railway, including routes to Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and other cities. Also mentions 'The Senate' and 'The Senate'.

Each week throughout lent a verbatim report of sermons delivered in St. Patrick's Church will be found on the first page of every issue.