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FATHER FENWICK'S STORY

"Conversions," Father Fenwick said meditatively. "Well, I suppose no two are exactly similar. Some converts reach the sure haven of Catholicity over dark and stormy seas, others en-counter no stress of weather; some have long periods of indecision and doubt, while in other cases all doubts vanished at once."

at once." Father Fenwick was a member of a religious order and an Englishman. He was giving a short mission to the people of Derryloran, a country parish in Uister. "I haven't had any experience to speak of with converts," the parish

speak of with converts," the parish priest, father Murphy, said, filcking away a crumb from the dinner table. "The few non-Catholics in the parish

Big

little about religious matters during th week and were quite content to adop the clergyman's views for an hour or two

an uncle. The latter, by name Paul Fen-wick, had quarrelied with his son, and announced his intention of making his bhew, Charles Fenwick, his heir. When Paul died a will was produced by his lawyer. It had been made soon after the quarrel between father and son, and, with the exception of a few trifling be-quests, the dead man's property passed to his nephew, my uncle. He did not enjoy his new possessions for any length of time, and I became master of Fen-wick Priory, a shooting lodge in the Highlands, and a house in London while I was yet a young man."

ing and live stock, and say on the bench and supported Conservative interests. My mother and I spent a few weeks in London during the season, and filled the Priory with guests during the winter. Fenwick Priory is in the north Midlands, my fault as his.

disaster ? The accident to the Scotch disaster? The accident to the Scotch express?" the English priest asked. "Yes, yes, of course. There were many deaths," Father Murphy replied. "Fifteen deaths. I was among the injured. I was going to Scotland for the grouse shooting. I had an arm broken and some slight concussion of the brain. When I regained consciousness I mean that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor." Now, if you reflect, my dear friends, you will find that, at first sight, it seems strange to speak of that man as to be so little mystery about them; they meet us at every corner; put their wants and their necessities before us; testing against all this, stands the great Catholic Church and says: "Children of men, children of God, Faith, Hope, sanctiner of mankind. "You are the light of the world," says Christ; "you are the salt of the earth. You are not ance—when the young lady, enamored of heaven, and of the things of heaven, and disgusted with the world, comes to cry out : "Oh, yes ; these are the poor whom we saw hungry, and we fed them ; Charity, must be the life of you; but your Faith and your Hope must be the foundation of your charity, for the greatest of these virtues is Charity." And why? What is Faith? Faith only to illumine, but you are to pre-serve and to purify. In order that you may do this, I will remain with you all days." Therefore is He present in the Church. Secondly, He is present in the adorable sacrament of the altar, and in the tabernacles of the Church-her best, her purest; and she considers here best, her purest; and she considers here best, her purest; and she considers here best, here h whom we saw naked.and we clothed them: whom we saw sick, and we consoled and visited them. These are the poor that we were so familiar with, and that we greatest of these virtues is Charity." And why? What is Faith? 'Faith is an act of human intelligence; looking t up for the light that cometh from on a high-from the bosom of God. From the eternal wisdom of God. Recognizing 1 God in that light, Faith catches a gleam of Him, and rejolees in its knowledge. Hope is an act of the will, striving after God clinging to His promises, and try-ing, by realizing the conditions, to realize the glory which is the burden of that promise. Charity, alone, suc-ceeds in laying hold of God. The God whom faith catches a glimpse of-the God whom hope strains after-charity seizes and makes it own. And, there-bore, "the greatest of these is charity." When the veil shall fall from the face of God, and when we shall behold Him in f heaven, even as He is and as He sees us, t there shall be no more faith; it shall be absorbed in vision. When that which we strain after, and hope for, to day, shall be given us, there shall be no more hope. It shall be of to charity, alone, shall remain, the very tile of the elect of God. And therefore, to be so little mystery about them; they meet us at every corner; put their wants and their necessities before us; they force the sight of their misery up-on our eyes; and the most fastidious and the most unwilling are obliged to look upon their sorrows, and to hear the voice of their complaint and their suffer-ings. What mystery is there, then, in we were so familiar with, and that we employed Thy spouses, O Christ, to minister unto, and to console !' Then He will answer, and say : "I swear to you that, as I am God, as often as you COST OF A RANGE." I was lying on a sort of bed or couch in what I knew later was a laborer's cottage The accident had occurred in a thinly and in the tasernacies of the Chirch — her best, her pirest, and she considers and s have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me !" But if, on the populated district, you remember, and the few houses were crowded with suf-Send one to-day. have done it unto Me I" But if, on the other hand, we come before Him, glory-ing in the strength of our faith ; magni-loquent in our professions of Christian-ity ; splendid in our assumption of the highest principles ; correct in many of the leading traits of the Christian char-acter-but with hands empty of the works of mercy ; if we are only obliged to say with truth, "Lord, I claim heaven; but I never clothed the naked ; I never if de the hungry ; I never lifted up the t drooping head of the sick and the sflict-ed." Christ, our Lord, will answer and say : "Depart from Me ! I know you not; a do not recognize you. I was hungry, and ye would not feed Me in My hunger; i was naked, and you would not clothe ligion, and tells her to go and take her place in the hospital, or in the poor-house, or in the infirmary, or in the or-phanage, and sit down and minister to the poor; not as relieving them, but as the sound of voices from an adjoining room, which was only separated from the narrow apartment where I lay by a wooden partition, and soon I understood that I was listening to the confession of voice of their complaint and their suffer-ings. What mystery is there, then, in the needy and the poor? What mystery can there be? And yet, in the needy, and the poor, and the stricken, there is so profound a mystery that the Almighty God declared that few men un-derstand it; and "blessed is he that is able to fathom its depths." What is this mystery? What is this to remain when, taking bread and wine, he transubstantiated them into His body and blood, saying, over the bread, "This is My Body," and over the wine, "This is My Blood." But in both these ways Christ, Our Lord, remains in-visibly upon the earth. No man sees Him. We know that He is present in the Church ; and, therefore, when the Church of God speaks, we bow down and say, "I believe," because I believe and I know that the voice that speaks to me re-echces the voice of my God, humbly serving them; not as compas-sionating them, but as approaching them with an almost infinite reverence, as if she were approaching Christ Himself. a woman. I was at first too dazed to consider that I should reveal my where bouts as a matter of common h or - 1 we see how the Catholic virtue of charity springs from heaven. All tenderness of heart, all benevolence, all had only a vague notion respecting con-fession—and then the woman mentioned explain to you? A deep and mysterious subject; one that presents to us far more of the wisdom of the designs of God than might appear at first. What is the mystery which is hidden in the ready and the propagation in which mo Fenwick Priory. From her voice I judged her to be Irith, and I supposed later that she had neglected her relig-ions duties for long. She had evidently been protesting against something the priest in attendance had said. compassion, may be there; as no doubt it is, in these hearts, in these conseto me re-echoes the voice of my the God of Truth. When Christ God. crated ones, who, in order that they might love Christ and His poor all the the God of Truth. When Christ, Our Lord, is put upon that altar, lifted up in the hands of the priest—lifted up in holy benediction, we bow down and adore the present God, saying: "I see Thee not, O Lord, but I know that be-bind that , Our might love Christ and His poor all the more tenderly, all the more strongly, vowed to the Saviour, at His altar, that no love should enter into their bosoms, 210 needy and the poor, and in which we are pronounced "blessed" if we can only understand it thoroughly, and, like true and ye would not leter the in Mulger, I was naked, and you would not clothe Me in My nakedness; I was thirsty and sick, and you would not relieve Me, nor console Me in My sickness." And the reprobate will answer; "Lord, we never "' I'll tell it my own way, your Rev-erence,' she said. 'Ouch, I should never have married a Protestant at all ! There Clare Bros. no emotions of affection "should ever no emotions of affection "should ever thrill their hearts, except love for Him; for Him, wherever they found Him : and they have found Him in His poor and in His sick. All the tenderest emotions of human benevolence, of human com-passion, of human gentleness, may be there ; all that makes the good Protest-ant lady—the good infidel lady, if you men, act upon that understanding ? Let me congratulate you, first, that, whether you understand this mystery or not, & Company hind that sacramental veil Thou art present, for Thou hast said ; Lo, I am no one knew that Mr. Fenwick had Charity, alone, shall remain, the very life of the elect of God. And therefore, Limited was no one knew that Mr. Fenvick had made a will on his deathbed but my husband and me. He had left every-thing to his son. Mr. Charles gave us a sum of money to keep quiet, and he thought we burned the will; but I hid saw Thee hungry, or naked, or sick." And then once more, will He call the poor, and say : "Behold these ; to these did you refuse your mercy, your pity, your charity ; and I swear to you that, as I am God, in the day that you re-fused to comfort and to succor and to console them, You refused to do it unto Me. Therefore, there is no heaven for you." The golden key that opens the gate of heaven is the key of mercy, therefore He will say : "As often as you are merciful to the poor you are merci-Thee hungry, or naked, or sick. ere! This is My Body ! This is My Preston, your presence here to-night attests that "the greatest of these is charity." Are there amongst you, this evening, any who are not Catholics? If there you wish to act upon it; that yours are the instincts of Christian charity; that Blood !' Ont. But, in the third way, Christ Our the needy and the poor and the stricken ones of God have only to put forth their claims to you, at the pure hands of these spouses of our Lord, and you are ready, in the compassion and the tenderness of heart which is the inheritance of the abilden of Christ to 201 their hands Lord remains upon earth-visibly, and no longer invisible. And in that third be, you may imagine that because I come before you in the garb of a Domin-ican friar of the thirteenth century thought we burned the win', but I in the dining-room, between the canvas and—' The woman paused, and I heard the priset say something about making a public declaration. I recognized his voice. It was Father Burke's." way He remains in the persons of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. He identifies Himself with them. Not only ant lady—the good infidel lady, if you will—so compassionate to the poor; yet whilst the worldling, and those without the Church bend down to an act of con-descension in their charity, these spouses of the Son of God look up to the poor, and in their obedience seek to serve them; for their compassion, their benevolence, their divinely tender hearts are influenced by the divine faith which recognizes the Son of God in the persons of the poor and the needy the stricken and the afflicted. This is the Catholic ides of charity in with seven hundred years not only of the traditions of holiness, but even of during the thirty-three years of His mortal life, when He was poor with the poor, when He was sorrowful and sflicted with the sorrowful, when He children of Christ, to fill their hands, that your blessings may find their way to the needy and the poor. And yet, although so prompt in answering the call of charity, perhaps historic responsibility on my shoulders, in virtue of the habit that I wear-you Yonce, It was rather Durkes.
"Yes," Father Murphy said.
"Between the canvas and the outer covering,' the woman said. 'Henry's dead, and I often thought I should go to in virtue of the habit that I wear—you may imagine that I come amongst you, perhaps, with an estranged heart and embittered spirit against those without, the pale of my holy, great, loving mother, the Church of God—for which are merciful to the poor you are merci-ful to Me. I have said : Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy.' bore the burden of their poverty and the burden of our sins on His own shoulders-not only was His place found that I should invite you, or instruct, perhaps it will interest you, or instruct you, that I should invite your consideration to this mystery. What is it? In order to comprehend it, let us reflect. The Apostle, St. Paul, writing to his recent-ly-converted Christians, lays down this reset rule for them. That, for the Who, therefore, amongst you, believ-ing in these things, does not at once see that there is no true faith that does not my duty and make things-' There ca amongst the poor-He who said "the birds of the air have their nests, the pause, a hurried movement, and the mother, the Church of God—for which some day, God grant it may be my privi-lege to die. But no! If there be one here to-night who is not a Catholic, I tell him that I love in him every virtue that he possesses. I tell him "I s voice rose in the words of abso-I tried to rise, groaned in agony, priest's ve beasts of the field and the foxes have their holes—but the Son of Man hath no place whereon to lay His head" not that there is no true that that that does not recognize Christ in His poor, and so succor them with veneration; who does not see that his hope is built upon the relations which are established between him and the poor of God? Thus, out of this faith and out of this hope springs and fell back into unconsciousness. When I recovered again I learned that my next-door neighbor had died very suddenly. This is the Catholic ides of charity in its associations. What follows from this? It follows, that when I, or the When I recovered again I learned that
my next-door neighbor had died very
suddenly.Iy-converted Christians, lays down this
great rule for them: That, for the
Christian man, there are three virtues
which form the very life and essence of
the doctor's hands, and I waited daily
for the tidings from Father Burke. The
secrecy of the confessional had been one
of the things at which I had been wont
to smile, and I thought that FatherIy-converted Christians, lays down this
I tell him that I love in him every
virtue that he possesses. I tell him "I
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pernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and
Love. "Now, there remain to you,
him. But I ask you, my friends, haveI tell him that I love in him every
in the tak possesses. I tell him "I
hope for you, that you will draw near to
the light, recognize it, and enter into
out the glorious halls illuminated by the
the moon, "for the Lamb of God—the Lamb is the lamp
pernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and
Love. "Now, there remain to you,
him. But I ask you, my friends, haveno place whereon to lay His head" not
only was He poor from the day that He
was born in a stable, until the ead on the cross for
other man's grave — but He also
the moon, "for the Lamb of God
you wish to fund Me? Do
you wish to touch Me with your hands?its associations. What follows from
the sol, and of His Church,
when lor Chabli the charity with which we must reliev them. Now, mark how beautifully all this is organized in the Catholic Church. There is a curious expression in the Soriptures—it is found in the Canticles

the communication I expected him to make. I learned that he was in charge of a parish at some distance from Fenmake. I learned that he was in charge of a parish at some distance from Fen-wick Priory, and that he had been trav-eling north on the ill-fated Scotch ex-press to visit a dying relative. As time went on I began to hope that I had merely imagined the conversation. That hope was shattered when I reached the Priory, I took down the Ronney lady— we were very proud of her—and de-teched the farme. The work was easily we were very proud of her and tached the frame. The work was easily done, and I found Paul Fenwick's will, e very pro y drawn up in his own handwriting signed by two witnesses one of om I knew to be alive. By this will

a fine young fellow, and deserving of such a place as the Priory. He has given ground for a church and school at the mining village I spoke of. I said Mass in the church once when I visited the Priory after my ordination. It was for the happy repose of Father Burke's soul." — Magdalen Rock in the Sacred



spired word of God, in the ioth of prayer. Never was there a greater mistake than that made by those who think that Catholics do not read the Scriptures. All the prayers that we, priests, have to say-seven times a day approaching the Almighty God-are all approaching the Almiguy God—are an embodied in the words of the Holy Scriptures; and not only are we obliged to recite them as prayers, but we are also obliged to make them the subject also obliged to make them the subject of our daily and our constant thought. I purpose, therefore, in approaching this great subject of the Attributes of Christian Charity, to put before you a text of Scripture which many of you have,

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

brethren," he says, "Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." The life of the Christian, therefore, must be the life of a believer—a "man of Faith." It must be a hopeful life—an anticipative life—a life that looks beyond the mere horizon of the present time into the far-stretch-ing eternity that goes beyond it—a life of hope: but, most of all, it must be a life of divine love. Those are the three elements of the Christian character. Nowadays, it is the fashion to pervert three virtues. The man of faith is no longer the simple believer. Faith means three virtues. The man of faith is no longer the simple believer. Faith means a bowing down of the intellect to things that we cannot understand, because they are mysteries of God. But the idea of religion, nowadays, is to reason and not believe. The Apostle, if he were writing to the men of this nine-teenth century, would be obliged to say. "Brethren, now there remain to you argument and reason:" but not

son, I cannot explain this to you; it is a mystery of God;" and there is no faith where there is no mystery. Where there is the clear vision, the compre-hensive conviction of the intelligence, arising from argumentation and reason, there is no sacrifice of the intellectthere is no sacrifi there is no faith.

against this spirit of our age which admits the bad, and spoils the good; which lets in sin, and then tries to despirit of truth and holiness-to enable gry, or sick ?" And He, answering, will call the poor-the poor to whom we minister to day; the poor whom we convery dear one indeed. that Church to be, until the end of time, the infallible messenger of Divine truth, that is to say, the light of the no doubt, read over and over again—viz. th e first verse of the Fortieth Psalm, in Yes ?" Father Murphy's word had a note of interrogation. "You remember the Anington railway prive of its sacramental character the modicum of virtue that remains-prosole, and whose drooping heads we lift up to-day—He will call them, and say : "Do you know these?" And they will which the Psalmist says: "Blessed in the man that understandeth concerning "Blessed is world — the unceasing and laborious sanctifier of mankind. "You are the the beauty of nature and grace beaming from her pure counter

you faith? Have you simple belief-the bowing down of the intelligence to the admission of a mystery into your minds-acknowledging its truth-whilst Hinds-acknowledging is to your reason? Have you faith, my beloved ?--the faith that humbles a man-the faith that makes a man intellectually as a little child siting down at the awful fort of the the intellectual or that little child sitting down at the awiul feet of the Saviour, speaking to that child, through His Church? If you have not this faith, but if you go groping for an argumant here or an argument there, trying to build upon a human foundation the supernatural structure of divino belief --then, I ask you, how can you have hope? seeing that Almighty God stands before you and says: "Without Faith it is impossible to please Me; with-out Faith it is impossible to sporosch Me; without Faith your must be de-stroyed; for I have said it—and My word cannot fail—he that believeth not shall be condemned." And if you have not Faith and Hope—the foundation— how can you have the superstructure of

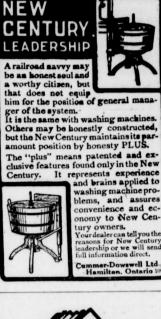
these considerations of Fatt, hope and Love. Certain it is that the charity which the Almighty God commands us to have—that is to say, the love which He commands us to have for Himself—is united to the other commandment of united to the other commandment of the love that the Christian man must have for his neighbor. Certain also it is, that the poorer, the more prostrate, the more helpless that neighbor is, the stronger becomes his claim upon our love. Thirdly: it is equally certain from the Savietures that the charity love. Thirdly: it is equally certain from the Scriptures that the charity must be a meresentiment of benevolence, a mere feeling of compassion, but it mus not be the strong, the powerful hand extended to benefit, to console and to extended to benefit, to console and to uplift the stricken, the powerless, and the poor "For," says St. John, "let us not love in word, or in tongue, but in deed and in truth." And he adds: "He that hath the substance of the world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him how doth the charity of God abide in him ?" Therefore, syour charity must be a practical and an earnest charity. be a practical and an earnest charity. Such being the precept of God with respect to the needy and the poor, let us see how far faith and hope become the substratum of that charity which must move us towards them. What does faith fail as shown them faith tell us about these poor ? If we follow the example of the world, building up great prisons, paying physicians, paying those whom it deems worth paying those whom it deems worth while to pay for attending the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful—if we consult the world, building up its work-houses, immuring the poor there as if poverty was a crime—separating the husband from the wife, and the mother from the building we are no trace here of children — we see no trace here of Divine faith. And why? Because Divine Divine faith must always respect its object. Faith is the virtue by which we catch a gleam of God. Do we catch a gleam of Him in His poor? If so, they claim our veneration, tenderness, and love. Now, I assert, that the poor of God, the afflicted, the heart-broken, the sick, the sorrowful-represent our Lord Jesus Christ upon this earth. Christ, Our Lord, declared that He would remain upon the earth and would never leave it. "Behold," He said, "I never leave it. never leave it. "Behold," He said, "I am with you all days unto the consum-mation of the world." Now, in three ways Christ fulfilled that promise. First of all, He fulfilled it in remain-tion with His (burgh). ing with His Church - the abiding

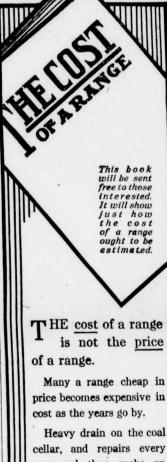
for He is God. In His sacramental presence we may adore Him : He is God. In His poor — in the sflicted, naked, hungry, famishing, that we may bend down and lift Him up—He is God still ! A most beautiful example of how the saints were able to realize this do we find recorded in the life of one of substantial sum of money was be-ueathed to Charles Fenwick. All else LEADERSHIP question of the second The few non-Catholics in the parish where I have worked were generally bigoted Protestants, and not at all like-ly to become Catholics." "I was a rather bigoted Protestant myself," Father Fenwick remarked, with "Bigoted 1 here." A railroad navvy may be an honest soul and the beautiful saints of our Dominican Order — a man who wore this habit. He was a Spanish friar. His name was be an honest soul and a worthy citizen, but that does not equip him for the position of general ma ger of the system. It is the same with washing maching these may be honesting construct Alvarez of Cordova. He was noted amongst his brothers for the wonderful you argument and reason;" but not faith; for faith means, in the mind of the same A postle, the humbling, into full "I received a very proper drubbing when I broached the subject which had brought me to him, and I'm not sure that he didn't order me out of the room and shall be condemned." And if you have not Faith and Hope—the foundation— how can you have the superstructure of divine Charity? How can we believe God unless we know Him? How can we love Him unless in proportion as we know Him? Oh, God, exclaimed the greas St. Augustine, "let me know Thee and know Thee well, that I may love Thee and love Thee well i" Now, these being the three virtues that belong to the Christian character, let us see how far the mystery which is in the needy and the poor enters into these considerations of Faith, Hope and Love. Certain it is that the charity earnestness and cheerfulness with which he always sought the poor and the afflicted, to succor and console them. Well, it happened upon a day that this man of God, absorbed in God and in prayer, went forth from his convent to preach to the people, and, as he journeyed along the high-road, he saw, stretched helplessly by the roadside, a man covered with a hideous leprosy-uloerated from head to foot-hideous to behold ; and this man turned to him his ness and cheerfulness with which the same Apostle, the humbling, into full humilistion, of intelligence, before the mystery which was hidden for ages with Christ in God. "Faith," says St. Paul, "is the argument of things that appear not." The Catholic Church, nowadys, is called the enslaver of the intelli-gence—the incubus upon the mind of man. And wby? Because she saks him to believe. Mind—men of intelligence who listen to me—because she saks a man to believed; because she says to him, "My son, I cannot explain this to you; it is Others may be honestly constructed but the New Century maintains its par amount position by honesty PLUS. tions of sensual delights. But I don's ted ! 1 can't fancy you bigoted,' tions of sensual designers. But I don's vare what your hopes are; this I ask you: Are your hopes circumscribed by this world, or do they go beyond the tomb? Is all hope to cease when the sid hour comes that will find each and every "Bigotea i I can trancy you bigotea, "Well, ignorant, which is pretty much the same thing." Fathet Fenwick glanced at the clock; a couple of hours lay between him and the work of the evening. "If you have nothing better to do than listen to my story I shall tell house. Later on we became good friends He died of a fever caught while attend The "plus" means patented and ex clusive features found only in the New ng a penitent. God rest him !" "Amen," Father Murphy said. "But Century. It represents experienc and brains applied t one of you stretched helpless on his bed of death, and the swful angel, bearing vour conversion ?" " Oh, that began, I think, at the very moment that Father Burke pronounced the words of absolution over the woman plems, and assur the summons of God, cries out, "Come forth, O soul, and come with me to the judgment-seas of Christ!" Is all hope to perish then ? No ! no ! but the Christian's hope then only begins to be realized. No; this life is as auching command with that endless eternize "I haven't." Father Murphy rose. He threw a few logs of wood in the wide fireplace, gave the fire a vigorous poke, drew his chair closer to the chimney my to New Cen pehold : and this man turned to him his who had been injured in the accident. I was a very good Latin scholar, and the words sounded so consoling ! Then, I languid eyes, and with faint voice, appealed to him for mercy and succor. The sun, in all its noonday fervour, was words sounded so consoling ! Then, I had the luck to fall into the hands of AK drew his chair closer to the chimney corner, and prepared to listen. "I was brought up in an atmosphere common enough in England some decades back," Father Fenwick said. "We went to church on Sandays with fair regularity, subscribed liberally to Church funds, gave doles at Christmas-tide, and left everything else to the vicar. Yes, I'm afraid we thought very little about religious matters during the had the luck to fall into the and some Catholic doctor, and he explained some beating down fercely upon that stricken man's head. He was unable to move. Every man that saw him fied from him. mpared with that endless eternity Hamilton, Ontario thing about the nature of confer that awaits us beyond the grave ; and and as I became convalescent he lent me books. I was one of the persons who there all our hopes are; and the hope of the Christian man is that when that The mo ment the saint saw him he over to him and knelt down by his side, of the Christian man is that when that hour comes that shall find his soul trem-bling before its impending doom, await-ing the sentence—that sentence will not be, "Depart from Me accursed," but that voyage rapidly to safe anchorage. I was a Catholic within a year of the acciand he kissed the sores of the leprous man. Then taking off the outer portion Hope, nowadays, has changed its aspect altogether. Men put their hopes in anything rather than in Christ. It dent. thank God !" of our habit-this black closk - he laid "And the estate ?" Father Murphy in anything rather than in Christ. it is only a few days ago I was speaking to a very intellectual man. He was a Unitarian—a man of deep learning aud profound research. Speaking with him of the future]he said to'me: "Oh, Father, my future is the ennoblement of the human it upon the ground, and he tenderly took the poor man and folded him in the it will be, "Come, My friend, My blessed one, come and enjoy the happiness and the joy which was prepared for thee!" THE LIST . said, after a pause. " Went to Jasper Fenwick's grands cloak, lifted him in his arms, and returned to his convent. He entered the convent. He brought the leper to his on Sundays. Dissenters were a low, mean sort of people, while Catholics were low and mean and, in addition, -this is our hope. Accursed is the man who has it not. Miserable is the wretch that has it not ! What would this own cell, and laid him on his own little future is the ennoblement of the human race; the grandeur of the 'coming man'; the perfect development, by every scientific attainment, by every grand quality that can ennoble him, of the man who is to be formed out of the civilization and the progress and the scientific attainments of this nineteenth century." That was his language; and I answered him! and said: My dear sir, my home is to see Christ. the Son of God. conventual bed. And, having laid him life be—even if it were a life of ten thousand years, replete with every pleasngerous and unscrupulous. "I had inherited Fenwick Priory from there, he went off to find some refresh ment for him, and such means as he could for consoling him. He returned with some food and drink in his hands, ure-every enjoyment-unmixed by the slightest evil of sickness or of sorrow, if we knew that at the end of Haart Messenger. laid them aside, went over to the bed, and there he found the sick man. He those ten thousand years, the eternity beyond, that should never know an end, was to be for us an eternity of sorrow and of despair 1 We should be, of all men, and there he bonk that was wrapped around him. Oh! what is this that he beholds? The man's head wears a crown of thorns; on his hands and his feet are the mark of nails, and forth from the THE ATTRIBUTES OF CATHOLIC CHARITY and of despair 1 We should be, of all men, the most miserable; "for," says the Apostle, "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable." "But, Christ is risen from the dead; our hope;" and we look forward to the day when "we shall be taken up in the clouds to meet Christ in the air, and so shall we be always with the Lord;" translated from glory unto glory, until we heahed His my hope is to see Christ, the Son of God, shining forth in all my fellowmen here, By the late Very Rev. Thomas N. Bourke, O. P. that He may shine in them forever here-after. I have no other hope." The charity of to-day has changed its This book wounded side streams the fresh blocd.' He is dead; but the marks of the Lord [Delivered in the Church of Our Lady of Grace Aboken, N. J., on the Thursday, April 25 1872, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of will be sent free to those are upon him; and then the saint knew that the man whom he had lifted up from The energy of to any has changed the sapect. It has become a mere human virtue. It is compassionate, I grapt you; but not with the compassion that our Lord demands from His people. It is benevolent, I am willing to grant you. interested. It will show My:dear Friends: We all read the Scripthat the man whom he had lifted up from the roadside was Christ, his God and his Saviour! And so, with the eyes of faith, do we recognize Christ in His poor. What follows from this? It fol-lows, my friends, that the man who thus sees his God in the poor, who looks upon them with the eyes of faith, who recog-lace in them searching secremental just how the cost tures; but of the many who read then how few there are who take the trouble was yet a young man." Father Fenwick paused. of a range ought to be "I suppose I was an ordinary sort of squire. I enjoyed hunting and shooting, and I had an intelligent interest in farm-ing and live stock, and sat on the bench glory unto glory, until we behold His face, unshrouded and unveiled, and be thinging profoundly on what they read! thinging protoundly on what they read 1 Any one single passage of the Scrip-tures represents, in a few words, a por-tion of the infinite wisdom of the Al-mighty God. Consequently, any one sentence of those inspired writings should furnish the Christian mind with sufficient matter for thought for means and means a long day. Now we We live in an age of benevolence. I bow down before that human virtue; and I am glad to behold it. I was proud of my fellowmen, seeing the readiness and generosity with which, for instance, they came to the relief of estimated. happy forever in the contemplation of God. This is our hope; yours and mine. But, remember, that although the Almighty God has promised this, nizes in them something sacramental, the touch of which will sanctify him who the Almighty God has promised this, and our hope is built upon the fidelity with which He keeps His word, still ro man can expect the reward, nor can build up his hope on a solid foundation, unless he enters into the designs of God, and complies with the conditions that God has attached to His promises of elers. What say these conditions? approaches them—that that man will approach them with tenderness and with the great burned city on the shores of the northern lake. I am proud when I come here to hear New York and Jersey many and many a long day. Now, we, Catholic pricats, are obliged, every day of our lives, in our daily office, to recite a large portion of the divine and in-spired Word of God, in the form of reverence-that he will consult their feelings-that he will seek to console the heart while he revives the body, and renwick Priory is in the horar intensities, and an outlying portion of the estate is close to a small mining village. A few Irish families lived there, and the priest in charge of the mission was seeking a site for his church. He—we'll name him Net for the church. City and Hoboken called "cities of charities." It is the grandest title that they could have. But when I come while he puts meat and drink before the sick man or the poor man, he will not put away from his heart the source of that they could have. But when I come to analyze that charity—when I come to look at that charity through the micro-scope that the Son of God has put in my hands, viz.—the light of divine faith—I find all the divine traits disof a range. glory. What are these conditions? Think how largely the poor and the afflicted enter into them 1 "Come," the Father Barke-wrote to me asking a site. I curtly refused, and the priest insisted on an interview." Father Fen-wick smiled. "I fear we both lost our tempers, and the conversation was de-cidedly acrimonous. Father Burke next his comfort. He will not separate him from the wife of his bosom or the chil-Redeemer and Judge will say, "Come unto Me, ye blessed of My Father ! This is not the first time that you have seen dren of his love. He will not relieve him with a voice unmindful of compasfaith-i and it the divine traits dis-appear, and it remains only a human virtue; relieving the poor, yet not re-cognizing the virtue that reposes in them; alleviating their sufferings, touching them with the hand of kindcost as the years go by. sion; bending down, as it were, to re-lieve him in the truth of his soul, as is not the first time that you have seen Me. I was hungry and gave Me to eat ! I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink! I was naked, and you clothed Me ! I was sick, and you visited Me, and consoled Me !" And then the just shall exclaim : applied to a connection of mine for ground. recognizing in that man one who is identified, in the divinity of love and of applied to a connection of mine for ground. I induced that landowner to refuse to give a site for a Catholic church, and during the remainder of Father Burke's stay in our neighborhood the relations between us were particularly unpleasant. This, I am certain, was quite as much way fault as his." identified, in the divinity of love and of tenderness, with his Lord and Master. This explains to you the fact, that when the high-minded, the highly-educated, the noblest and best of the children of the Catholic Church—the young lady with all the prospects of the world glittering before her—with fortune and its enjoyments around her — with the beauty of nature and out ness, or of benevolence, but not with the reverential, loving hand of faith "Lord ! when did we ever behold Thee, oh, powerful and terrible Son of God ! when did we behold Thee naked, or hunand of sacrifice. On the other hand, loudly protesting

begging. Oh, no 1 But we come with a strong voice of authority, as command-ing you, "If you would see the Father's brightness, remember the poor, and at your peril, surround them with all the ministrations of charity and of mercy." And how done know entry into these Do you wish to speak to Me words of cosolation and of love? Oh, Christian man, go seek the poor and the naked, the sick, the hungry, and the famishing! Seek the afflicted and the heart-broken, and in them will you find Me; for, Amen, I say unto you, whatsoever you do unto them, ithat you do unto Me !" Thus does Christ, Our Lord, identify Himself with the poor and the Church. He remains in the world, in His Church, ecompanying that we shall obey her-And how does hope enter into these considerations? Ah, my friends, what do you hope for at all? What are your hopes, I ask the Christian man, the benevolent brother? I don't care what religion you are of: Brother, tell me of rour home : because hope from its year commanding that we shall obey her-for He is God. In His sacrament religion you are of : Brother, tell me of your hope ; because hope from its very nature goes out into the future; hope is a realizing by anticipation, of that which will one day come and be in our posses-sion. What are your hopes ? Every man has his hopes. No man lives with-out them. Every man hopes to attain to some position in this world, or to gain a certain happiness. One man hopes to make money and become a rich man. Another man aspires to certain dignities, hopes for them, and labors assiduously until he attains them. Another man centres his hopes in certain passions, and immerses himself in the anticipa-tions of sensual delights. But I don's atel.

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