

shall be so spiritualized—so glorified—so refined, as to be capable of the most exquisite pleasure of every spiritual sense; and yet pleasures purifying to the soul, in which every thought and every power of the soul and body shall be wrapped up into God.

But mark, dear brethren: the resurrection of our Lord is the pledge and promise that every soul shall realize; but two things are necessary in order to arrive at this glory. Two conditions are laid down in order to attain to this wonderful fulfillment of all the love of the redemption of Jesus Christ. And these two things are: First of all, we must keep a pure soul and a pure conscience. Mark how Jesus Christ came to His glory: He took a human heart, He took a human soul, He took a human conscience—for He was true man. But He took every element of His humanity from a source so pure, so limpid, so holy, that, in heaven or on earth, nothing was ever seen or ever shall be seen until the end of eternity that shall be compared with the Blessed Virgin's son. Throughout His whole life of thirty-three years, nothing in it could have the slightest shadow of sin—nothing that could have the slightest feature of sin upon it ever was allowed to come near the blessed and most immaculate soul and heart of Jesus Christ. When at last He permitted the appearance of the sin that was not His own to come upon Him—to touch Him nearly—it so frightened Him—it so horrified Him—that the Blood burst, as we know, from every pore of His body. It seemed as if His body, as it were, could not stand the sight; His was the grace of purity. Oh, my beloved brethren, that we might attain to that self-same purity, as far as our nature will permit us, that we might only know the beauty of that purity beaming from Him as its author and creator! Christ, our Lord, laid out in His church the path of purity—the path of innocence. But for all those who fall, or stumble, or turn aside for a moment, He has built another royal road to salvation, namely, the road of penance. One or other of these must we tread; whether we tread the way of purity or the way of penance, we must suffer with Christ if we wish to be purified with Him. But mark! All pure and holy as He was—infinite purity and holiness itself—no passion to disturb Him—no evil example to exercise its influence over Him—no secret emotion of pleasure, even of that purely human pleasure, to come and interfere in the remotest degree with the perfect union with His divinity—yet, with all this, He mortified that sacred Body; He fasted; He humbled Himself; He prayed; and He ended by giving that Body to be scourged and to be crucified! He shed His blood. What an example was this! That Body of Jesus Christ was no impediment to His holiness. It only helped Him; for it was the instrument of His divine will in the salvation of man. Our bodies, on the other hand, impede us every day, and put between us and God. Every passion that dwells within us, rises from time to time to separate us from God. Every appetite that clamors for enjoyment would fain destroy the soul for ever, for a momentary pleasure. Every sense that brings thought and idea to the spirit brings also in its train the imminent, the dangerous, the poisonous image of the evil example of sin. That which, with Christ, was a work of pleasure, is, with us, a work of toil. It is to deny ourselves somewhat—to put the sign of the cross, in penance and mortification, upon this flesh—to enter somewhat into the sufferings of our Lord—into His fasting—into His prayer—into His mortification—in order that our bodies may be chastened; for it is only chastened bodies that can contain pure and sinless souls. Those who are pure must chastise their bodies somewhat—must deny themselves—in order to preserve their purity. Those who are penitent must do it in order to appease the justice of God upon that body which has led them away, some time or other, from God by sin, and so tended to destroy the soul. And this is the reason why the Catholic Church commands us to fast; that it tells us we must not enjoy overmuch the pleasures of the theatre; the pleasures of gay and festive reunions. It tells us that we must from time to time, be hungry and yet not taste food—that we must be thirsty, and yet refuse to refresh ourselves for a time with drink. And this, not only that these bodies may be chastened for a time, but transformed into fitness for the glory of heaven. And here I would remark that whilst every other religion, whilst every false religion, puts away sadness and sorrow, puts away the precept of fasting, and says that men may pander to, and feed and cherish their bodies, the Catholic Church, alone, from the very first day of its existence, drew the sword of the spirit—the sword of mortification—and declares through her monks, through her hermits, through her virgins, through her priesthood that the body must be subdued, it must be abased, it must be chastened, in order that the soul may rise to God by purity and grace here, and through them, to the spiritual glory of the resurrection hereafter.

I say that there is a third motive for our joy this morning—and it is this: May I, dearly beloved, in this, which I may call the closing day of our Lent—may I congratulate those whom I see before me! The constant attendance of many amongst you during the last forty evenings of Lent has made your faces familiar to me. Over these Catholic countenances

have I seen from time to time, the expression—now, of sorrow—now, of delight—but, whether of sorrow or of joy, of sympathy with Jesus Christ. Of this am I a witness, and on this do I congratulate you. If it be true that the Christian man is, indeed, a man in whom Christ lives, according to the words of the Apostle: "I live no longer, I, but Christ lives within me"—then, according to his words you are lost to yourselves; you are dead; and your life is hidden with Christ in God: If, then, the Christian man be the man in whom Christ lives, well may I congratulate you upon every emotion of joy and of sorrow that has passed through your hearts and over your faces during these forty blessed days that you have passed; because these emotions were the gift of Christ, and the evidence of the life of Christ in you, and of your familiarity with Christ's image.

May I congratulate you on a good confession and a fervent Communion? May I, in heart and spirit, bow down before every man amongst you today, as a man who holds in his bosom Jesus Christ; as a man whose heart is not an empty tomb, like that in the garden outside Jerusalem; not occupied merely by an angel, but whose heart is the sanctuary where-in the risen and glorified Saviour dwells this morning? May I congratulate you on this? I hope so! I hope that the words that have been heard here have not been spoken in vain. It would fill me with fear if I thought there was one amongst the audience who filled this church during the last Lent, whose hardened heart refused to make his Easter confession and Communion; and to make it as the beginning of a series of more frequent—and, if possible, of monthly confessions and Communions. It would fill me with fear if I thought there was such a one here, because then there would come upon me the conviction that it was my own unworthiness—my own unfitness—my own weakness that made the Word fall fruitless on my lips, and, perhaps, make me a reprobate whilst I was preaching the Word. But, no! Nay, I will rather presume that God has done His own work—that the Divine Husbandman, who placed the seed of His Word in such hands as mine—most unworthy—that He has made that Word spring up, and that the fairest flowers of grace and sanctity already crown it in your hearts to-day. Upon this, therefore, I congratulate you as the third great motive of your joy; that not only is the Saviour glorified in Jerusalem, but He is glorified in your hearts. Not only has He conquered death in the Garden of Gethsemane, but He has conquered death in your souls. Not only has He driven the devil and all the powers of hell before Him, as He burst from the tomb, but He has driven him from your hearts, into which He has entered this morning. Oh, brethren, keep Him! Keep Him as your best and only friend! Keep Him as you would keep the pledge of that future glory which is to come, and of which, says the Apostle, "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard; nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive—what things the Lord God of heaven hath prepared for those who cease not to love Him!"

ABOUT THE TOMB OF OUR LORD

In an article "By A Priest" in a late issue of The Catholic Herald there are some interesting observations on Easter and some instructive particulars on the Tomb of Our Lord as to its location and structure. The "Priest" says: Every Sunday of the year is in a sense commemorative of the Resurrection. By the authority of the Catholic Church, the weekly day of rest from servile work was transferred from Saturday to the first day of the week precisely to commemorate the Resurrection. Moses instituted the "Sabbath"; the higher authority of the Catholic Church instituted the "Lord's Day." Or we may put it in this way: God gave through Moses on Mount Sinai the command for the weekly observance of the Sabbath, or seventh day, to commemorate the Divine cessation of the work of creation, while the same Divine legislator gave through His Church, Rock founded on Mount Calvary, the command for the weekly observance in future of the Sunday or first day in commemoration not alone of the first day of creation, but of the "day of days"—Easter day. This important change in the literal observance of one of the commandments in the Decalogue is not recorded in Holy Scripture. The "Bible alone" theory of Protestantism, apart from the living authority of the Catholic Church, is quite incapable of justifying the universal Christian observance of Sunday.

THE "EASTER CONTROVERSY" But besides this weekly commemoration, the Church naturally wishes to celebrate the anniversary day of this glorious event in the history of Our Lord's life. Unlike the Epiphany, Christmas, and other festivals which are kept on fixed days, Easter is a movable feast, and the central pivot, so to speak, of the greater number of the movable feasts of the ecclesiastical year, inasmuch as the date of those feasts is determined by the date of Easter Sunday. Although Easter is the oldest feast of the Catholic Church, there has not always been a uniform practice in determining its precise incidence. The Church in Ireland, Britain, etc., held Easter at a date different from that observed in the Church in Rome. Hence arose

the "Easter Controversy," which began in the time of Pope Victor towards the close of the second century, and lasted to the end of the seventh century. The main difficulty lay in determining the exact annual Easter computation. In Ireland and Britain the Church kept Easter Sunday on the day following the Jewish Pasch in pursuance, as St. Colman maintained against St. Wilfrid, of the tradition of St. John the Evangelist. The Romans followed the tradition of St. Peter. The whole controversy is related by St. Bede in his Ecclesiastical History. Needless to say, national prejudices and passionate adhesion to local customs were soon inevitably superadded to the original difficulty. Nevertheless, as Pope Gregory XIII. made clear in the year 1582, "The Church throughout held that the determination of Easter was primarily a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, and not of astronomical science"—still less of doctrinal truth. The Roman rule finally prevailed throughout the Universal Church. According to this practice, "Easter Sunday is the first Sunday which occurs after the first full moon following the 21st of March. As a result, the earliest possible date of Easter is March 22; the latest April 25th."

THE TOMB A difficulty is sometimes felt rising out of the apparent contrary, not contradictory, accounts of the Synoptic Gospels. (Math. xxviii, and Mark xvi.) speak of the women going to the sepulchre on Easter morning, and after they had entered, seeing one angel, who invites them to "Come and see the place where they laid Him;" whereas Luke xxi. records a vision of two angels. Why, after they had already entered, should they be invited to "Come and see?" and how reconcile the difference in the number of angels seen? These difficulties will vanish if we realize the nature of the tomb.

In the vicinity of Hebron, a city twenty miles south of Jerusalem, was the valley of Mambre, where Abraham lived, and near his residence was the field, with its "Macepelah," or "double-cave," which Abraham bought for four hundred sicles from the Hethite Ephron, the son of Seor, as a burial place for his wife, Sara, and family (Gen. xxiii). Over this existent double-cave stands at present a Turkish mosque. Nearly all subsequent Jewish sepulchres were built in imitation of Abraham's Macepelah. The hill or rising ground called Mount Calvary was at the time of the Passion situated outside the walls of Jerusalem, on the western side of the city, but a little to the north. The garden, in which was the sepulchre, was on the western side of Calvary, while the sepulchre itself was only about fifty yards from the site of the Crucifixion. The sepulchre built by Joseph of Arimathea in imitation, as other Jewish tombs, of the double-cave at Mambre, consisted of two rooms hewn out of the rock, the inner one in which the Body of the Saviour of the world was laid, having an opening four feet high and the outer one having a doorway of the common size, quite open in front, so that from outside one could easily see the narrow door of the actual sepulchre.

THE INNER CHAMBER

The opening of the inner room was on the left, or south side as persons entered into it. This inner chamber was about eight feet high, the height of the total structure, and about six feet long and six feet broad. On the northern side of this inner chamber, and on your right as you enter it, is a ledge or bench of stone somewhat hollowed out, running from east to west the breadth of the room, and a little more than two feet off the floor, on which the sacred Body was placed. Now we can follow the Gospel accounts.

The women entered inside the outer large door of the high antechamber, and saw on the right of this outer room an angel sitting on a stone bench (Math. and Mark), and when Mark says they entered the monument and saw the angel, he means that when they entered the vestibule, or outer room, they saw the angel sitting on their right. He invites them to go with him to the southern side of the monument and look into the small opening of the inner room. They obeyed, and saw therein two angels, who said: "Why seek ye the living?" etc. (Luke). Math. and Mark record what the women saw in the outer room; Luke what they beheld in the inner room or actual place of burial. The "large stone" subsequently "rolled away" by the angels lay up against the low door of the inner room.

Do not despise others because, as it seems to you, they do not possess the virtues you thought they had; they may be pleasing to God for other reasons, which you can not discern.

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THE ANNUNCIATION

The Feast that means so much to the Catholic heart, that is enshrined in Catholic devotion, and glorified in Christian art, recurs generally in the very midst of the Lenten season. It is as a flash of bright color amidst the gloom that comes from the consideration of death, and prepares for the approaching darkness of Holy Week. The figure of one of God's most brilliant ambassadors kneels before the timid maiden of Galilee. It is an historic scene, for that moment changed the whole trend of human history. As for Mary herself, it speaks her great treasure of grace that made it possible to single her out of all women as the one fit to be the Mother of the Incarnate God. Maidens in Israel for centuries had been dreaming of being the mother of the great King; but it was to one into whose soul the thought had never come, that the message was spoken.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord! is a sentence that utters her whole character even more than that great hymn of triumph, the Magnificat, for it shows her in her humility and resignation to God's will. And out of that message of the Angel, and the words of Mary in answer, have been born all those beautiful prayers and hymns that follow after our devotion to God. The Hail Mary repeats words of the Angel; the Angelus tells the whole story three times a day, at morning, noon, and evening well in the quiet of the country fields. Art, too, has poured out the wealth of color, and poetry has set its paraphrases to music and song. It is an inspiration to young maidhood which sees the gentle girlhood of that Holy Virgin honored in the Temple's sacred shelter. It is an inspiration also to motherhood that sees the most glorious of mothers looking only to God as her hope and her refuge. It is an inspiration to all mankind to feel one little throb of pride amidst the consciousness of universal humiliation when it looks upon her who has merited to be called "Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

A MEMORY OF EASTER

Easter! We need not look at the calendar to-day, for a thousand voices proclaim it. The allusions of the birds, that have been sweeping in by pathways known only to the eye that hath kept a fatherly watch over their journeying, called us from slumber, long before the dawn began to crimson the east. From the woods, where the wild flowers lift faces full of dreams, comes a song, intangible, full of mystery. In the garden the voices are clearer, as hyacinth and daffodil, crocus and tulip, and lily-of-the-valley, vie with one another in offering fragrant praise. The grass along the border seems to sing—or is it the rains of winter sleeping among the roots? The rosy buds on the maple, the tender green on the willow, the silvery gleam of the poplars, these are a few of the many voices through-out nature's vast domain, telling of Easter. Over all, from the monas-

teries on the hill, comes the glad bell, sending down on waves of mellow sound, the message, "He is risen!" As you stand there by the window, watching the rising of the Easter sun, your thoughts go back to other, happier days, when your last word to your mother, on Holy Saturday night, was the oft-repeated request that she should call you early in the morning to see the sun dance. She never failed you, and, half-dressed, your little hands clutching the piece of glass which you had carefully smoked over the kitchen lamp the night before, you ran to the hill where you stood, waiting, watching. How longitsemmed! But you did not doubt. "The sunrise never failed us yet." You were acquainted with the line, but your soul voiced its everlasting truth. Equally certain were you that the sun would dance three times after rising, because of its ancient joy over the final conquest of death, when Christ came forth triumphant from the grave. The glow deepened; then the yellow rays appeared now a narrow rim of the great luminary. As you watched the solemn birth of day, the miracle you expected was swallowed up in the wonder of the one you beheld.

But you remembered the reason of your being there, and your clutch on the glass tightened, and your heart beat faster. You did not think what it should not dance after all! But, what if you should miss the spectacle through some fault of your own! When the last point passed the horizon, lo! you beheld the wonder! The Easter sun danced for you! Still you waited, hoping that the marvel would be repeated, while your young mind unconsciously photographed the face of the morning in colors that never faded; then, you remembered the Easter eggs, the new hat and dress, the wealth of flowers the altar would show, and you darted back to the house, the realization of Easter, vivifying all your being.—Rosary Magazine.

One trusty friend is more precious than a score of casual acquaintances. Adversity shows what is in a man. It is a good thing for anybody strong enough to turn it into merit.

It is for our sake and not for His own that our Divine Lord bids us come to Him. His is the most unselfish love that ever was dreamed of. There is nothing in human nature to compare to it. Even the love of a parent is not so unselfish as God's love for us.

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