

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

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NICHOLAS WILSON & CO
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Written for the Record.

EASTER MORN.

To Whom Comfort.

Above the purple hills of Palestine
The morning rose in splendors slow and cold;
Its pale and chilly gleams to amber shine,
Then deepen to a heart of burning gold.
That opens wide a dazzling pathway large
For what is yet a reddening crescent's marge.

Those crowning beams fall on the drooping head,
Of one who lies upon the glistening grass
Till, startled by the swift and careless tread
Of some who by that lonely way-side pass,
She lifts a face all pale with watches drear
And worn and dim with many a scolding tear.

The passing hours that, ice-laden go
To seek their morning toll, look back and turn,
And turning look again, and whisper low,
"The Maiden,"—whose very glance would turn
Each Hebrew maiden's cheek with shrinking shame,
An insult in the utterance of her name!

What was the wondrous story Rumor spoke?
That with her alabaster vase's sheen
It charmed her proud heart, too, she broke
Before His feet,—the Prophet Nazarene!
But now, they say, her last fond hope is dead;
Betrayed, condemned, the Nazarene is dead!

She turns her berthing head to earth again—
Kind earth that holds her friend and hears her moan,
And has no shame responding to her pain;
Of all the passers, pauses one alone:
Severe and cold the tone wherein He speaks,
And bids the woman say what there she seeks.

The eye is blind without the heart's swift aid,
And dull the ear no listening thoughts control;
Her heart and treasure are together laid,
And deadened senses barely touch her soul;
Her hasty glance the stranger but revealed
To be, perchance, the master of this field.

The hand that struggles in the wreck at sea
Each broken spar and raft will madly grasp
With all the latent force despair sets free;
Her desperate hope this floating chance
Now clasp,
And close upon it with that clinging hold
Which gives dismay the strength that makes it bold.

A kindling trust is in her earnest gaze—
Love keeps some hope that grief itself must spare;
The soft and early breeze gently raise
Her shining hair from blue-veined temples fair.

And touch her tear-wet cheek with rose-leaf shade;
Her pale and slender hands are meekly laid
In prayerful clasp upon her panting breast
And her imploring eyes are lifted till
The heavy lashes on the eyelid rest:
The sun stands full behind on Calvary's hill!

"Oh, sir! Where hast thou taken Him, I pray,
That I may go and carry Him away!"
A silence fell upon the spring-time air;
That she might hear, her pulse kept silence too;
And stillness gathered round them every-
where,
When, softer than from Heaven drops the dew,
More thrilling than the sigh of midnight eads,
And tender pierced the listening breeze—

The accent of that sweet and solemn voice
By which alone God speaks to weary man
And bade the long expectant earth rejoice,
Beneath a fadeless rainbow's perfect span.
"Mary!" and at the sound of her own name
Swift joy shoots through each fibre of her frame:

Not earth's poor troubled joy, but that deep peace
Wherein the soul breathes forth, in calm divine,
All worship—knowing not a break nor cease
In one great word: "Rabboni, Master mine!
It was enough! From Him, from her—
one word!

Enough for Jesus spoke, and Mary heard!
O found again! O won by patient tears!
She falls, just at the foot of His tone,
And with her fall her anguish and her fears;
... Her only friend! Her Lord! Her
very own!

She finds her place, the place for her most meet,
Forever hers,—love at the Master's feet!
Sad souls, take cheer! raise self from self's
own scorn;
Look up! An Easter sun your brows may
touch.

In the sweet wonder of some perfect morn!
Arise, O much offending, grieving much!
The risen shall come to meet the risen's
claim,
And call each soul her own peculiar name.

"LORD THAT I MAY SEE."

Sermon by the Bishop of London.

His Lordship the Bishop of London concluded his remarkable course of Lenten lectures on last Sunday evening. An immense audience was in attendance and we venture to say that there was not one present that did not regret that this sermon was the last of the series. We herewith publish a substantial report of the discourse:

"Now it came to pass, when he drew nigh to Jericho, that a certain blind man sat by the way side, begging. And when he heard the multitude passing by, he asked what this meant. And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. And he cried out saying: Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me. And they that went before, rebuked him, that he should hold his peace. But he cried out much more: Son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus standing commanded him to be brought unto him. And when he was come near, he asked him, saying: What wilt thou that I do to thee? But he said: Lord, that I may see. And Jesus said to him: Receive thy sight, thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he saw, and followed him, glorifying God. And all the people when they saw it, gave praise to God."

Almost touching and instructive incident is related in the gospel just read to you. In one of those journeys which our Blessed Lord undertook in order to make known his Divine mission and to spread abroad the saving truths of the gospel which he came to preach for our salvation he approached the town of Jericho. A poor blind man, who sat begging by the roadside, hearing the tramp and voices of the multitude who accompanied our Lord, asked what it meant, and having been told that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by he cried out saying: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me;" and that he went before rebuked him that he should hold his peace, but he cried out much more: "Son of David, have mercy on me." And Jesus, standing, commanded that he should be brought to Him. And when he was come near, he asked him, saying: what wilt thou that I do to thee? But he said: Lord, that I may see. And Jesus said to him: Receive thy sight; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he saw, and followed Him, glorifying God. And all the people, when they saw it, gave praise to God."

Now, dearest brethren, the miracles performed by our Lord were not only historical facts but they also had spiritual meanings, and were intended to convey lessons of the highest import for our instruction and edification. And this is true of the miracle just mentioned. Indeed, all the circumstances surrounding this miracle are most significant and instructive. Here is a poor blind man who never yet opened his eyes on the glorious creation of God, the heavens that proclaimed the glory of God, and the firmament that declared the works of His hands contained no lessons for him, for he had never seen those wonders of Divine power and goodness. The material creation was to him a sealed book of unmeaning mysteries. He had heard of the glorious light that flooded the world like a deluge, but he had no conception of it; he had heard of the blue vault of heaven, bespangled by innumerable stars that seemed like the eyes of pitying angels looking down on a sinful fallen world, but he had heard of the enduring mountains that lift their heads in solemn grandeur and majesty towards the heavens; he had heard of pleasant valleys and summer fields and the illimitable sea, and the rivers and streams; he could, in a word, hear the hymns and music of God's creation all around him, but he could not feast his eyes on its beauties nor on the glorious perfections and attributes of God that are mirrored from the face of nature. He could indeed say what the blind Tobias said in answer to the angelic salutation, "I, J, to thee." "What manner of joy shall be to me who sit in darkness and see not the light of heaven?" (Tob. v. 12.) This poor blind man, having doubtless heard of the mighty works that Jesus had already wrought, having heard of the evidences of His almighty power as well as His God-like pity for human sorrows and afflictions, and yearning for the joys and happiness of sight, exclaimed: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me."

Now this poor blind man is in a spiritual sense but the representative of innumerable Christians. There are in the Christian Church to day thousands who are spiritually blind, thousands of whom it may be said that they have eyes and yet they see not. And this spiritual blindness is a far greater evil, a far more terrible calamity than the blindness that seals up the eyes of the body. As the soul is immeasurably superior to the body, as it is infinitely more precious and is as far above it in the order of being as heaven is above the earth, even so the evils that afflict the soul are immeasurably more grievous and terrible than those that affect the body, and hence the blindness of the soul is indescribably more sad and distressing and terrible than mere bodily blindness.

Spiritual blindness which is self inflicted, shuts out from man the true view of the purpose and object of his existence here below, and of the duty and paramount obligation that lie upon him of laboring to secure his eternal salvation. Our holy faith tells us that we have been created by God to the end that we might know and serve and love Him here below and afterwards see and enjoy Him in heaven. This is the end and object of our existence here; this is the purpose God had in creating us; this is the aim of Christ in the work of our Redemption. All things are yours," said St. Paul to his converts, "all things are yours, you are Christ's, Christ is God's." Material things were made for man's use and benefit, but man

was made to know and serve God, to adore and love Him, and by so doing to secure his eternal salvation. The salvation of the soul should, therefore, be the greatest aim of our lives; should be the end and goal of all our strivings, our ambitions and our toils. The inmost wants of our souls, the yearnings and cravings of our nature, the unquenchable thirst of our hearts for a happiness unattainable on earth, tell us unceasingly that this world is a place of exile, that we are but pilgrims and wayfarers on earth, that we have not here a lasting city but must look for one that is to come, that our home is with God and our country is heaven. "Thou hast made our hearts for Thyself O God, and they are not at rest until they repose in Thee." Our souls are made in the image and likeness of God, they are pure spiritual beings and are endowed with an immortal life. The poorest beggar covered with rags and sores has a soul with a whole eternity depending upon it for one that is to come, that our home is with God and our country is heaven. "Thou hast made our hearts for Thyself O God, and they are not at rest until they repose in Thee." Our souls are made in the image and likeness of God, they are pure spiritual beings and are endowed with an immortal life. The poorest beggar covered with rags and sores has a soul with a whole eternity depending upon it for one that is to come, that our home is with God and our country is heaven. "Thou hast made our hearts for Thyself O God, and they are not at rest until they repose in Thee." Our souls are made in the image and likeness of God, they are pure spiritual beings and are endowed with an immortal life. The poorest beggar covered with rags and sores has a soul with a whole eternity depending upon it for one that is to come, that our home is with God and our country is heaven. 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