

Strohaver, George F.  
Love's veiled victory  
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# LOVE'S VEILED VICTORY AND LOVE'S LAWS

By George F. Strohaver, S. T.

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# LOVE'S VEILED VICTORY

by

Reverend Doctor George F. Strohaber, S. J.

## I

1. Our Keepsake.
2. Our Manna.
3. Our Immolation.
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Bishop of Fort Wayne

Feast of the Precious Blood, 1933.

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DEDICATION  
To  
MY IRISH MOTHER  
First to teach me the meaning of  
"SOGGARTH AROON"

## FOREWORD

The Holy Eucharist is the one thing in the Catholic Church which deserves to be called the life, the soul, the epitome of religion regarded as a whole. Religion, taken in the widest sense of the word, denotes the mutual relation of God to man and of man to God. God disposes acts and ordinances which impose upon man a series of obligations and duties which we call by the name of Religion. This condescension of God to man, these acts on His part are the basis, the preliminary conditions and provisions of religion in man. Now the Holy Eucharist comprises the constituent parts, the whole bearing and import of the concept "Religion" in the sublimest meaning of the word. The Eucharist is, in fact, not merely the true, real and perpetual abode of God among men, it is also a Sacrament and a Sacrifice. In this threefold character it is both the last and most gracious approach of God to man, and also the highest act of worship which man can offer for the honor and glory of the divine Majesty.

'Tis this threefold character of the Eucharist that we have tried to hint at, of necessity briefly, in the series **Love's Veiled Victory**. From the response received, particularly of our non-Catholic listeners, we already know that these humble efforts have caused many to become more interested in the Presence behind the veil. Clearly, then, the work entailed in preparing and presenting these talks has been more than repaid. Thanks be to God!

George F. Strohaber, S. J.

# OUR KEEPSAKE

Address delivered on June 4, 1933.

Last week May passed into June. In the passage of the sweet month of Mary into the still sweeter month of Jesus there is contained a great lesson for us. The transitory glory, the continuous increase of loveliness, the rising scale of beauty of the month of May is, in its way, a truth written in the book of nature telling us of a greater truth written in the infallible theology of the Church: true devotion to Mary passes on to Jesus, as May passes into June. Such is our belief.

Today we find ourselves in the month of the Sacred Heart. So called, because the Church wishes that distinct devotion to Our Lord, known as devotion to the Sacred Heart, to reach its climax during this month. Devotion is dogma issuing in worship. Dogma is revealed truth; devotion is a practical expression of life. A dogma asserts a truth and devotion takes that truth to heart, and recognizing that the God made known to us by dogma is worthy of worship, issues in acts of reverence, praise and service. Dogma asserts that Jesus Christ is God Incarnate and that by virtue of the union of the human nature with the Divine in One Person, Christ who is man is adorable as Divine. There are many and various aspects of Christ's being and personality and though it is the same whole Christ Who is worshipped, the aspect dominating the mind specializes the acts of our devotion. Taking Christ in the aspect of His humanity we discover that the immense love of the Incarnate Word shows itself most clearly in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is at the same time the symbol and the treasury of that love. So, devotion to the Sacred Heart really means our devotion

to the love of Jesus under the emblem of His Heart of flesh.

This devotion to the Sacred Heart refers two great benefits to the love of Jesus Christ—the Passion and the Eucharist. The strains of Easter joy, announcing the triumph in failure of Christ's passion have scarcely passed away and we are preparing for another Festival of Gladness. Today we stand midway between Holy Thursday and Corpus Christi. The secret germs of the Feast of Corpus Christi lay hidden in the silent, pathetic solemnization of Holy Thursday. Holy Thursday and Corpus Christi! Feasts of the Eucharist. One the plaintive introat, the other the triumphant final chord; one the unobtrusive, modest bud, the other the majestic unfolding of the mystical rose of the Sacrament of the Altar. On Holy Thursday the Church commemorates the institution of the Eucharist but with subdued and melancholy ceremony. Recall the dark, draped Sanctuary, the Sepulchre—visible sign of grief, the withdrawn presence of the Sacrament; all a repetition of what happened on the first Holy Thursday. Today at the meridian altitude of the ecclesiastical year the Holy Ghost has been poured forth shedding light on Holy Thursday's significance and tomorrow the Church will begin to bethink herself of the sad sweet Keepsake committed to her charge and hidden from sight at the time when coming spring proclaimed its speedy advent. She is preparing to bring forth and display that sacred Keepsake that all may pay homage to it. Holy Thursday's solemn "*Vexilla Regis*" will soon give place to Corpus Christi's "*Lauda Sion*;" and all this in the month of the Sacred Heart because the Eucharist is one of His two greatest acts of love towards men.



How precious and priceless are Keepsakes! It may be only a faded roseleaf, sere and parched and dead, pressed between the pages of a book, and hid away where are stored your dearest treasures; or an old portrait, dim, dull, blurred with spots as if upon it had fallen stray, soft raindrops. Only a leaf or only a likeness; yet you cannot open that drawer except when alone; for what you keep there hoarded is too sacred for a stranger's gaze, too sacred even for the knowledge of a friend. 'Tis the saddest of all things sweet, the sweetest of all things sad—your keepsake. Once, perhaps, a hand, thin and worn with care, came slowly from under the sheets of a death-bed and placed something in your own trembling hand, while a face laureled with the silver of many winters, marked but not marred by time's fingers, turned towards your own face, as lips that kissed you first and kissed you last, parted just once more to say: Keep this in remembrance of me. Oh, how sadly sweet are our keepsakes of love!

On the night before He died Our Lord ate the last paschal supper with His Apostles. Seated in the Cenacle and looking into the clear mirror of His Divinity, He saw the morrow's passion and death. And now His Sacred Heart, that reservoir of human love, is torn asunder. Two opposite forces are tugging at His heart strings. Our Divine Lord "having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Apostles, Disciples, Mother, Friends. Furthermore: His "delights were to be with the children of men." On the other hand, not only was it expedient for them, but the will of the Eternal Father, that the Son of Man should go "according to that which is determined." Behold the Sacred Heart straitened between two conflicting desires. Which is

to yield? The will of the Father? Impossible! "For I do always the things that please Him." Then it must be His love for us? No, nor that either! To reconcile these two opposite forces, to solve this heart problem, Love now finds a way. He calls upon a power to which everything must yield: "the operation whereby also He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." He will depart without departing, He will remain without remaining. Since the Father wills it, He will deprive us of His sensible charm, His visible presence; but He will leave us the reality of His adorable but veiled presence. Himself He gives us as our Keepsake!

By this perpetual presence the Church understands that after the consecration in the Mass—about which I shall say more in my third discourse—Our Lord is really and truly present under the eucharistic species, and also remains there, apart from the sacrifice and sacramental consumption, as long as the species remain. This article of faith is simply a conclusion and natural consequence of the words of consecration, or rather it is an explanation of their purport. These words do, indeed, signify that the body of the Lord is there, without any reference to the dispensing and reception of the Sacrament, and what they signify they also effect. There is, in fact, an important and weighty distinction between the Sacrament of the Altar and the other Sacraments. Whereas the latter only exist at the moment of administration and reception, and have no interior value except in regard to the graces they convey, all that the Eucharist is becomes substantially present immediately upon the sacrificial consecration, and it remains thus present irrespective of whether, by being dispensed and received, it is or

is not made a medium of grace to the receiver. The Council of Trent points out this peculiarity of the Holy Eucharist, and dwells with grave emphasis on the truth and efficacy of the words of sacramental institution, adding: "For the Apostles had not as yet received the Eucharist from the hand of the Lord when nevertheless Himself affirmed with truth that to be His body which He presented to them. And this faith has ever been in the Church of God, that immediately after the consecration, the veritable body of Our Lord and His veritable blood, together with His soul and divinity, are under the species of bread and wine." Witness the Church's immemorial custom of carrying Holy Communion to the sick and imprisoned. Witness the incontrovertible proof of this same truth afforded by the practice of the Church on Good Friday of celebrating public divine service with the Host presanctified on Holy Thursday. Such is our idea of the perpetual presence and the grounds on which it rests.

From this mysterious, yet true and substantial presence, the Church derives all her light, her power, her strength, all her grace and beauty. In this continual presence she possesses the ever-living, connecting link and center of union, not only for different localities and nations, but for earth and heaven. For both earth and heaven are really and actually united in Him who is Head of the Church, in the Monarch who rules over the twofold mystic kingdom, whose royal residence is both here and there. There He is beheld face to face—in vision; here He is beheld under the veil of the Eucharist—by faith.

By this perpetual, uninterrupted dwelling amongst us the Sacred Heart meets all the needs and aspirations of our nature. You may make yourself

thoroughly at home on earth, you may surround yourself with all the enjoyments you covet, still there remains a void in your heart that refuses to be filled. God alone can fill that void. Hence you find creatures unsatisfactory and insufficient, hence your mysterious impulse towards God. We need God and He alone can satisfy our need. Therefore our soul seeks God, and seeks Him not merely as seen by faith, not merely as omnipresent in nature, not God in images and parables, but in reality; not only in the life to come but in this present life. This is so true that this powerful yearning, if it fails to find the way to truth and reality, seeks a substitute, a compensation in a thousand vain, foolish and often pernicious inventions. Now the Sacred Heart provides for this yearning, this thirst of the soul after "the strong living God," that makes itself felt so powerfully in every human heart, by His real and continual presence in our Churches, and satisfies it, as far as is possible in this earthly existence. The flickering sanctuary lamp shows us where He is and guides us to His feet. Not far from everyone within sound of my voice is a sanctuary lamp, the Church is open; He is there! If you doubt it, go there and open your heart—just once; and the peace and happiness which will descend upon your heart like a breath from heaven will tell you more clearly than words of mine that your aspirations are stilled—someone there has spoken to your soul and in a way that only He can speak.

Thus by His real and perpetual presence in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar the Sacred Heart answers all the longings of the human heart for God. And this is why, on the night before He died, He gave us for our Keepsake—Himself!

# OUR MANNA

Address delivered on June 11, 1933.

Love is a word we play with very easily. We use it for the most trifling emotions; we even use it with a sense of evil, so that we almost fear to have it on our lips at all, lest others take scandal at our language. Nevertheless the word is the greatest and the deepest that human tongue has ever invented. Love! Human love! Poets have extolled it; philosophers have discussed and analysed it; men and women have lived for it and died for it by millions; upon love man builds his present existence, and upon love God has built eternity. Love is the key to this life, the content of the next, the abiding link between both, the mortal's possession that can never die, life's fire that leaps across death's chasm. Love laughs at definition. It is too vivid, too burning a thing to be defined; if it could be adequately defined—and no doubt it can—it would still have no meaning for us, it would almost appear contemptible, unless we ourselves had known it by personal experience. A man understands what love is only in so far as he himself actually loved and does love. Philosophy will not teach him, poetry will not help him; when he has felt it, and been stirred by it, and has longed, at least, and striven, to be something and to do something because of it, then, and just to that extent, will he know love.

Those who know love will understand me and agree with me when I say: Love seeks union! From its very nature, love desires to give itself, to unite itself in the most complete manner with its object. Such was, without doubt, the desire of the world's greatest lover, Jesus Christ, at the Last Supper. But,

did He bestow Himself entirely as He is, this would mean the gift of perfect and sensible union, the vision of the divine Essence—delights reserved for Heaven; and divine Providence does not permit that Jesus shall thus establish a heaven upon earth. How, then, can the love of His great Heart follow its bent without contravention of the providential law? “Take ye and eat. This is my body. . . Drink ye all of this. For this is my blood,” says the Lord. To the eternal amazement of the angels and the eternal scandal of unbelievers, present and future, Jesus conceives and carries out the marvellous design of making Himself food and drink for the faithful unto the end of time. Had He not previously declared that: “My flesh is meat indeed: and my blood is drink indeed. . . He that eateth this bread, shall live forever?” Once again has love found a way; the obstacle is removed, the opposite forces are reconciled—divine Providence obeyed and His own love satisfied. Jesus gives Himself entire but under a veil; He unites Himself to us without causing His presence to be sensibly perceived. The gift and union are transitory, but they are real and perfect in substance; they are effected every day if we will have it so.

Early missionaries have left records of a practice that obtained in a certain noble-spirited American Indian tribe. Lest the name and memory of a great dead brave might perish, the following ritual was observed. The chiefs and priests would gather together round the corpse, would invoke the guidance of the spirit of him that was dead, and would choose from the youth of the tribe one that gave good promise for the future, one that seemed both likely and willing to emulate the valor of the hero that was

gone. This youth was brought into the center of the village and was told in detail all that the departed one had been and all that he had done—his fleetness of foot, his dexterity of hand, his prowess in hunting, his courage in battle, his wisdom in council, his power of command, his devotion to the tribe, and lastly his sacrifice of self for his people. And when the tale had been told the youth was asked whether he was willing to inherit the dead man's spirit and to reproduce his life and to pay the price of that reproduction. And when the boy had sworn over the body of the dead that he would do this so far as in him lay, and that to give life and expression to that spirit should be the ambition of his life, then the oldest brave would stoop down to the corpse and cut out a portion of the heart and put it on the tongue of the boy, and pray that by this act the spirit of the dead might pass into him and in him find a new home. And forthwith the boy laid aside his own name and received the name of the dead man. He stripped himself of his own clothing and put on the clothing of the dead; he passed out from his own family and was adopted into the family of the brave. Boy as he was, to him was given a place in the Great Council of the tribe, the place of honor on the battlefield, because of the spirit that was now assumed to dwell in him.

Is there not some likeness between this Indian custom and the reception of Communion? Yes; but with how great a difference. For the Chieftain whom we revere is no mere brave of a tribe, but Lord of heaven and earth. He has not passed away, but abides and will abide. We do not receive upon our tongue a portion of a dead man's heart but a Heart that beats with quickened life. The spirit tha'

passes into us is not a figure only; it is a real, living quivering Being. The full meaning of our words we do not know for they are His words and not ours; but we do know that He said: "He that eateth me the same shall also live by me," for "My body is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." We know that He has said: "If any man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and We will come to him, and will make Our abode in him."

Here is a union as close as the soul is to the body; a union as crowded with delights as Eden was with blessings; a union as intoxicatingly full of bliss as Heaven is with sunshine. Through this union God and the soul become friends between whom there are no secrets, no unease, no doubts, no suspicions, no anxiety, no selfishness; nothing but fondness and love and interest and willingness to lose everything rather than slip from the place each holds in the other's thoughts. And the soul that frequently receives Communion wonders in rapt ecstasy whence come the changed emotions that agitate her bosom and warm her inmost depths with a fervor borrowed from the burning Heart of God. And well may she wonder. For what transformations of heart are being effected daily by Holy Communion! Weak irresolution is being changed into firm generosity; slipping weakness into pristine strength; stumbling hesitancy into the straightness and stoutness of courage and fearlessness in the service of God. Sinners are being turned into saints; greed is yielding to the softening influence of God's grace and growing towards charity. Old pleasures are losing their attractiveness, wearing to bitterness, and yielding place to what delights of virtue make saints run in



the way of God. And men and women are rising up from the altar-rail to go out into the world of trade and business with new hearts, new aspirations, and new ambitions. Is it not an axiom that in the realm of activities, spiritual as well as material, like causes produce like effects? What Communion wrought for our ancestors in the faith, it must work for us their descendants. It kept them free from the contaminating influence of sin, when the world round reeked with moral filth. It must keep our hearts free from the polluting touch of dust-motes that hover in the lower air. How unfortunate it is, then, that in so many cases, like the father of the bridegroom in the Gospel, God our Lord has to send His servants into the highways and byways to drive the guests to supper, and compel them to partake of the feast. And love is stranger to compulsion and restraint. Love is as free as the untrammelled air. Whoever measures his heart-beats, and counts his tokens of affection with all the mean exactness of a miser, is incapable of love and no fit pupil for the school of Christ's Heart. Communion is an open treasury of comfort and consolation; and we beggars, we exiles in this valley of tears, go on dying of hunger, go on wearing our hearts out with trouble, when with faith we could every day carry away with us from the Holy Table the God of plenty, the central sun of Heaven's undimmed happiness. Faith is the essential condition, because only faith can see behind the veil.

Tell me, do you know of anything sweeter in life than the loving look of a mother watching her sleeping babe? Sleep has drawn its veil between them, but the mother knows that behind the closed eyes lives the soul of her beloved. Soon these little

eyes will open and then she will see in them her own love answered in their depths of love. And so, she waits—aye, she waits, and the very silence throbs with her love. We kneel before our veiled Christ. The silence throbs with our love. We believe that behind the white veil of the bread, lives our Beloved. We wait, aye, we are waiting now. But soon the angel of Death will draw the veil and we shall see Him face to face. His dear eyes will look on us, and in their depths we shall see stretching before us the eternity of love He has promised us. Wouldn't it be wonderful if at that moment everyone within sound of my voice should be able to say: Dear Lord, I believed before I saw.

# OUR IMMOLATION

Address delivered on June 18, 1933.

Living is giving. Man's highest ideal is not so much in his merit as in his immolation; not so much in his excellence as in his effacement; not so much in what he nobly is as in what he nobly does—nor even so much in what he does to further a noble ambition that is self-centered as in what he does to secure an end that is nobly unselfish. So when a woman, high-souled, great-hearted, is deterred by no pain, beguiled by no pleasure, from simple, silent, ceaseless, unobtrusive effort to make the circle round the fireside a human counterpart of Heaven, she is the heroine of a family. Or when a man stands between fatherland and foe, heeds not the shrieking storm of shrapnel, or the murderous wave of war, reckons not the shattered limb or squandered life, but with his heartblood consecrates the soil he loves, he is the hero of a nation. Heroism is sacrifice because it is an offering of what one has or of what one is for an object that is sacred. Sacrifice means to make sacred.

Yet even the sacrifice of heroes is only a type or figure, an image of a sacrifice more sacred still. Nothing is sacred as is God. Hence a sacrifice made for any object that is human is only an analogy of a sacrifice that is divine. The primary, actual and essential foundation and condition of religion is the existence of God as the author, creator, preserver, disposer, ruler and final end of all created things. This physical relationship must also form the basis, the model and the rule of our moral attitude in regard to God. This is the task religion has to perform. Religion places man in the proper position

towards God as the author of his being and his happiness, by rendering Him the recognition, submission, and worship due to Him. To be what it ought to be, this worship must include both the inner and the outer man. It does not consist merely in the inward acknowledgement of God by the understanding and the subjection of the will, but also in the duty of manifesting these inward dispositions by external action, in the accomplishment of the worship man owes to God. Thus the act of sacrifice comes to be an external act of religion. Religion is the hallowed soil on which the sacrificial altar stands. And of all religious practices and modes of worship sacrifice is the first and most excellent.

What, then, is a sacrifice in the strictest and most proper sense of the word? It is the offering or oblation to God, through the hands of a lawfully appointed minister, of some external object, in which a real change takes place, in order to testify to God's supreme dominion over us and to manifest our submission and subjection to Him. Obviously there is no other religious exercise that embodies and expresses more correctly and comprehensively the essential relation of man to God. Sacrifice is, therefore, the religious service most in keeping with human nature. Witness on what a grand scale this feeling natural to mankind, that God must be honored by sacrifice, shows itself in the world's history. The history of mankind is the history of sacrifice. Whether it be owing to the instinctive promptings of natural reason, or to the unrecognized remnant of some primeval revelation, man in every land, in every age, has always offered sacrifice. Whether a religion be true or false, sacrifice is one of its essential elements. Pass in review the peoples of the past and what do

you see? In the Persian sun temples, in India's wondrous pagodas, in the massive sanctuaries of Osiris, Belus and Astarte, in the green-garlanded temples of Hellas and Hesperia, on the altars of the Parthenon, on the summit of the Capitol, in the depths of the Black Forest, in the gloomy fastnesses where dwelt the Druids, on the parapets of Mexican teocallis—offerings are made, victims immolated and destroyed; oil, milk and wine poured in sacrificial libation, incense burned, blood of countless oxen and sheep trickles down innumerable altars of oblation; all to worship their deity, to win its favor, to appease its wrath.

Yes, sacrifice has ever been an essential act of religion. The law of sacrifice is founded upon the very nature of man, the very nature of God. Adoration, Thanksgiving, Impetration! Such are the purposes attained by the sacrifice of the just man. Now is it not evident that if the Sovereign Majesty of God requires such a sublime and exalted act, that act will become more necessary still when Divine Justice exacts reparation from the sinner? By his sin the sinner deserves to be destroyed; to spare him is to give him life the second time. So it will not be sufficient that the victim offered in sacrifice be a substitute for his own life, it must bear, so to speak, upon its head, the vicarious burden of man's crimes and man's sins. In the blood that flows from the victim in the avenging fires that consume it, we must read the tragic, magic word "Expiation". He who expiates will be our immolation.

From the first instant of His conception Christ was a priest; for the principal purpose of His Incarnation was to redeem His people from their sins by sacrifice. Death was not merely the termination of

Christ's life; it was the real reason of His life. He was born in order to die. Sometimes the longing of His heart for His sacrifice would burst forth in passionate words: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized and how am I straitened until it be accomplished"! It is amazing to watch the life of Christ nearing its climax. The scene of terrific interplay of spiritual forces is most acute at the Last Supper. He had always taught: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends". This counsel of perfection He was shortly to put in practice in His own Person. But such perfect love, the triumph of which is death, exhausts itself by its very triumph. Miracles apart, man dies but once, nor was it the Father's will that Christ should be an exception to the law. But Jesus, because He loved us with an everlasting love, now says in reality what Paul said in metaphor: "I die daily". How does He say this? Having said: "This is my body, which is given for you", Jesus presently adds: "This is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you".

Behold His body and blood as Christ presented them to the Apostles—separated! Not as they will commence to be by the sweat of blood in the garden, nor as they will finally be by the soldier's lance on Calvary; but separated now, presented separately. Thus does Jesus anticipate Calvary; thus will Calvary itself be renewed until the end of time. For He enjoins the Apostles, not merely to remember Me when you do this, but "Do this for a commemoration of me". Do What? Consecrate, immolate, eat, and give unto others in nourishment My Body and Blood. For the third time has love found a way. Nature's law is obeyed; for He

will die physically and painfully only once. But His love is likewise satisfied, for He will continue to die mystically as long as the world endures: "As often as you shall eat this bread, and drink the chalice, you shall shew the death of the Lord, until He come". Love's triumph was the celebration of the first Mass—the unbloody sacrifice of the New Law!

And what an immolation the Mass is! The victim sacrificed in the sacrificial fires of the temple did not disappear more completely under the ashes than Christ does under the humble appearances of bread and wine. The Mass is a prodigy of generous love and self-sacrifice. It is the keystone of the Church's truth, the cornerstone of her authority, the hearthstone of her life. Like a rainbow holding the jewels of the Precious Blood it stretches from pole to pole and flings a robe of splendor across the world. The events of Holy Thursday and Good Friday do not belong to the domain of history. We do not look at them through the telescope of two thousand years and as many miles. A few words: "Do this for commemoration of Me", have levelled time and space to dust, for the Mass is the Cenacle and Calvary of the New Law.

Here is the Mass crystallized: Christ, the Priest, offering Christ, the Victim, to the Heavenly Father! Showing His Father the wounds in His sacred Hands and Feet, the pierced Heart, the thorn-crowned Head, He cries to Heaven: Father, these people here present are guilty but I am innocent. They deserve Thy anger and Thy wrath; but I am their Propitiation, their atoning Victim, their Immolation. Look not upon them Father; look upon My face. Father, look upon the face of Thy Christ. Look upon these wounds, suffered by Me, Thy Son, for them. Oh,

Father, look upon the face of Thy Christ and spare these My people. So He covers our sin-stained souls from the eyes of an all just God with His Blood. Such is the Mass. How anxious we should be to be among those included in this prayer of Christ to His Father in Heaven!



# OUR INSPIRATION

Address delivered on June 25, 1933.

In the moral system promulgated by Christ, the most striking feature is the supremacy of love. Truth, indeed, is most reverently revealed and most emphatically enforced; but the aim of truth is that it lead to love. Pagan power was based on force and upheld by fear; Christ's good tidings bore no threat to those who listened. His empire was founded on the claim that "Love expelleth fear." Wherefore we meet in every phase and in every aspect of Christ's human character with proofs not only plain but prominent of a strange intensity and of a strange excellence of love.

For the past three weeks we have been considering one of the greatest of these proofs of love: the Eucharist. We have called the institution of the Eucharist "Love's Veiled Victory," because by this grand act of omnipotence and love, Christ triumphed over three sets of seeming contradictory forces; but the victory is veiled under the appearances of Bread and Wine. In the Cenacle Jesus bestows His real and permanent presence, the absolute gift of Himself in Communion, and a never-ending Sacrifice. A triple victory of His love for man—for you and me.

But this victory is not achieved without suffering; this love of Christ's Heart for you and me is not satisfied without evident self-abnegation, which affords both its proof and its measure. Before He took the bread in His hands, before He lifted the cup of wine, Jesus looked out through the arched porticoes of that upper chamber; aye, He looked

farther than that—He looked through that other arch which spans the centuries and which we now call History. Still capable as He was of suffering in heart and soul, He foresaw that the Eucharist must be an occasion of suffering and opprobrium for Himself. He knows that what He wants to do for love of us will really mean an absolute abdication of His visible dignity. Even in the miserable manger we were able to recognize Him as a child; even in the throes of death on the cross we were able to recognize Him as a man; even in the pale, rigid corpse in the Sepulchre we were able to recognize His human form. But in this piece of bread He is about to transubstantiate, what remains of man there? Still more, what remains of God? Shall He thus make Himself completely dependent on every human will, every sacrilegious caprice? Perhaps such voluntary abasement and annihilation were not painful in themselves; but certainly the consequences were; for through the arch He sees the pretexts He is thereby affording for unbelief, raillery and even blasphemy. He foresees, too, the humiliations in the moral order He must undergo; outrages formal and satanic, even to being insulted and trampled under foot. Incredulity He sees, too, and, of course, indifference. He sees Himself waiting day and night in empty churches for the visits of the faithful who seem to have business to transact with every one else save Him. Yet foreseeing all this and much more, Jesus still persists in offering to the human race a gift which, in part, will not be acknowledged for what it is and, in part, will not be appreciated as such.

What steadfastness of purpose! What courageous friendship! What generous self-sacrifice! What

an heroic love lesson! What an inspiration for our soul's love of Him! He knew that life is justly called an exile and a pilgrimage; that our way leads through a dry and barren land which depresses our spirits and fatigues us; that the thorns and thistles of the primeval curse spring up in luxurious abundance beneath our steps; that a scorching sun makes everything seem a burden while passion's terrible tornadoes sweep through the desert of our soul. He knew what a boon, what a godsend to the weary traveller is a shady rock, a kindly cluster of trees, and a sure and loving guide well acquainted with the way. To be all of this to us by His real perpetual presence with us He will bear the opprobrium of the centuries. The panorama of unbelief and ignomy framed by History's arch does not daunt His great soul. What a Heart of love was Christ's!

And now with Him beside us our life is like the journey of the children of Israel through the wilderness; He is the Rock whence water flows for us, the Pillar of the Cloud which goes before us, shading and sheltering us by day, enlightening us when night closes around us. He joins us on our way as He joined the Disciples who were going to Emmaus, speaking to us, consoling us, alleviating the fatigue of the road. Above all it is the dying who derive the most abundant consolation from His continual presence. What can one imagine more helpless, more desolate, more lonely, more terrible than a deathbed, and the hour of death! But see, Christ comes and with Him a thousand graces, celestial light and divine consolation. He not only holds our drooping hand, He mitigates the terrors of the awful passage from time to eternity, and with a strong and sure hand guides our frail bark through the breakers that

land us on the shore beyond. How many thousands this divine Steersman has brought safely to land!

He had multiplied loaves and fishes lest the weary multitudes that hung on His words should become physically weak; He had answered the prayer of His servant Moses and rained down Manna in the desert lest His chosen people perish. So despite the discouraging vision He now sees through History's arch, He knows that food is necessary for life—spiritual as well as material—of those whom He has come to save, and so He gives us the great banquet to which all mankind are invited, whose duration is until the end of time, whose locality is the whole earth, and at which nothing less is provided to be partaken of than the truly royal, nay divine, nourishment, the sacred Body and precious Blood of Christ. All become ours in one moment, we can touch it with our hands and lay it in our heart. In the same way the bridegroom at the altar says to his chosen bride: "Take this ring". And with the ring he gives his property, his title, his dignities and his person. Our heart becomes the living throne of the godhead through Holy Communion.

He knew that in a few short hours He was to be sacrificed in a bloody manner on Calvary's Cross. So when He took the bread and wine separately for the purpose of changing them into His Body and His Blood He anticipated in spirit that bloody sacrifice. He gave us in the Eucharistic sacrifice a renewal and representation, a repetition, continuation and completion of the sacrifice of the Cross. In the sacrifice He thus instituted no new satisfaction is made, no fresh merits are gained; the redeeming merit of the sacrifice of the Cross is what solely and wholly gives it value and efficacy and by it is communicated

to the faithful. The sacrifice of the Mass carries out and completes the sacrifice of the Cross; the Mass dispenses the merit gained by the Cross, and thus the two constitute one great and perfect sacrifice. Is it not an excess of loving kindness that He should transport His holy sacrifice, from which continents and oceans and centuries separate us, to the present? What a superabundance of love that He should come Himself to each of us, even to the last and latest comer, and present to us the price of the redemption and all the grace we need. Truly what the cross could not teach us we learn from the altar, that our Redeemer is willing, were it necessary, to lay down His life anew for each one of us, and that He is never weary of repeating His holy sacrifice for us, in order to bestow upon us continually its precious fruits.

From that night in the upper chamber when He gave Himself to us hidden under the veil of bread and wine, how He has held and swayed the hearts of men through that gift of love. Following Nature's necessity all else in the world has changed; but one reality has been with men unchanged, silent, hidden and always loved—the veiled Christ. To the countless millions who have knelt before Him, dearer than love, sweeter than home, more precious than life, has been the veiled Christ. The heart of stately city pageants, the adored of the simple worshippers in humble country churches; greeted by the fanfare of trumpets, listening to the Prodigal's sobs of sorrow; saluted with a nation's flag, hearing gratitude's lowly, soft-breathed prayer; throughout the steady march of the centuries, always and every place and to all the same, has been our veiled Christ.

Oh, give us faith, dear Lord, give us faith. Give

us all a stronger, a livelier faith that more and more, each day of our life, we may know and feel, realize and enjoy the consolation and joy and strength that ever await us in thy love's triple victory—behind the **Veil.**

# LOVE'S LAWS

by

Reverend Doctor George F. Strohaber, S. J.

## II

1. Love of God.
2. Love of Neighbor.

## FOREWORD

The precept to love God is a precept that is born in us; it is inherent in the depths of our being and constitutes our moral nature. If it had no relation to us, we should cease to be men, and should sink to the level of the brutes. This being so, we can hardly be surprised that it is the first and greatest commandment. The whole Christian religion preaches nothing but love. Everything that God is in Himself, everything that He is in relation to us, everything that He has done and continues to do for us, everything that He promises for Eternity provides us with strongest motives for loving Him. Love is the homage we owe to His beauty and the infinite perfection of His Being, a tribute of gratitude that we should pay for His benefits, and the only return we can give for the love He first gave us.

Christ, our Lawgiver and Model of charity, said to His disciples: A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another, as I have loved you. He said this again and again; He reiterated it and insisted upon it. He said it, moreover, in very special circumstances; immediately after the Last Supper, when He was on the point of completing His sacrifice, so that we should regard this commandment as the last will and testament of our divine Master. Following the example of Christ we should love our neighbor, whoever he may be, even if he be our enemy, to the point of being willing to sacrifice our possessions, our reputation, and even our life to secure that neighbor's eternal salvation. If our heart is not prepared to carry love this far, we are not fulfilling the great commandment of the new law; we are Christ's disciples in name only, we are self-condemned, and give sentence against ourselves in advance, since we renounce the love that redeemed us and is our chief title to salvation. The Author but prays that the thoughts here put down may stimulate such love in the hearts of his neighbors.

George F. Strohaber, S. J.



# LOVE OF GOD

Address delivered on July 2, 1933.

But the Pharisees hearing that he had silenced the Sadducees, came together;

And one of them, a doctor of the law, asked him, tempting him: Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.

This is the greatest and the first commandment.

And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets.

Matthew XXII, 34-40.

All morality is summed up in these two commandments: Love God and Love thy neighbor. The best teacher is he who couches his doctrine in fewest words without sacrificing clearness or directness. And Christ on this occasion is as brief as He is clear. There is no possible escape from His meaning, and not a word is superfluous. Love of God occupies first place in His sermon; following His example, let us consider this first love today, and the second, love of neighbor, next week.

Of what law is the love of God the first and greatest commandment? Of all laws of which God is the Author: the law of Nature, the law of Moses, and the law of the Gospel. From God's point of view this commandment is so necessary that He could not give life to reasonable creatures without imposing it upon them; while on the side of reasonable creatures, that is on our own side, this commandment is so necessary, that without the love of God, it is quite impossible for us to be good and happy. In other words this commandment exactly suits our intelligent and free nature.

We possess intelligence only that we may know God; we possess a will only that we may love God; and we possess freedom only that we may voluntarily use our mind to know God and our heart to love God.

But why has God imposed this law of love upon me? Because He is all perfection, all truth and all goodness. Love is a blind faculty, and follows whatever way reason leads it. No man ever yet loved a thing unless reason first stamped it as lovable and deserving of love. Beauty, truth and goodness are essentially worthy of love and wherever these qualities reside they need only become known, to take the heart captive. Beauty is the unique cause of love. Love has but one cause and that cause is beauty. Therefore, to ask what this commandment is founded upon is to ask why God is what He is, and why I am what I am. God is infinite beauty; and if we could only see Him as He is, we should be no longer free to love Him or hate Him. Like the elect in heaven love would be our one employment. We enjoy this cursed freedom to love or hate God, because we cannot see Him as He is, because we see Him darkly, in the glass held up by faith and philosophy. And the brighter we keep this glass by reflection on the perfections of God, the more impossible shall we make it for ourselves to go wrong.

To make this necessity our own, to slip into love's sweet bondage, we must here on earth take a nearer view of God's infinite perfections. His beauty is written large across the open book of creation, and we must study its pages with enthusiasm. God is central sun of our universe. Created perfections, like the warrior's might, the judge's

wisdom, the virgin's modesty, love's fire, friendship's confidence, youth's hope, childhood's innocence, are but rays let down to warm our earth with the warmth of God's own love. Every creature, whether it be a pretty face, a shapely figure, a deed of prowess or an act of heroism, is but an image of some perfection in God. He is the architect, the world beautiful at our feet is the palace He built; and the structure always derives its being from the mind of the architect. Only God's beauty is infinite and a million worlds could never adequately set forth His beauty. Like ourselves, when constrained by some large idea to employ a multiplicity of words, God uses words or creatures to advertise to us His perfections. Begin to count them and you will never finish. There are the sunrise and the sunset; the moonlight and the clouds. Think of the golden shaft that steals through the trees at noon and rests on the woodland pool. Think of the glorious riot of color that streaks the morning and fringes the evening cloud. Think of the soft, pale moonlight that veils the heaving bosom of the sea, sifts its silvery charm on field and road, and softens into slumber the spires and chimneys of the tired town. There is the orderly march of the seasons; green spring; golden summer, red ripe autumn, and white winter. There are the mountains and forests, the rivers and seas. Think of the gorgeous green with which God robes the brown flesh of earth. Think of the world of flowers where perfumed lips refresh our souls in never palling variety from the shy fragrance of the violet to the soulstirring breath of the rose. Think of the vigilant trees, silent sentinels standing over earth's treasure mines,

“ . . . . . that look at God all day  
And lift their leafy arms to pray.”

There are the arts, eloquence, poetry, painting—with angels from the wizard hand of Angelico; music, that voice from spirit-land, with all its power to soothe and rouse, able to make men forget death in the shock of battle, able to lead an annoying babe to the realms of peaceful sleep. There is that new satellite of the world of sound, modern magic's uncanny mechanism that brings my voice to you today. There are all the charms of life's varying stages, the simplicity of childhood, the activity of youth, the noble courage of manhood, the patient steadfastness of womanhood, the quiet content of old age. There are the faces of friends we love; the depths of their affection, betrayed in a squeeze of the hand, a tremor of the voice; a mother's double kiss at parting with her son; a father's devotedness, written in hard lines across his hands.

Now all these perfections are resident in God, otherwise they could never have place in the world. Effects pre-exist in their causes. They are the effects, God is their cause. Nobody gives but what he first possesses. God scatters the world with these perfections. Therefore He first possesses them. In God, then, we have an object worthy of our love, the one object able to satisfy our large capacity for love. Remember, beauty is the unique cause of love. Love has but one cause and that cause is beauty. God is an accumulation of amiable characteristics. God is loveliness itself, and as such He can never be adequately loved by you and me. And yet He insists on His right in this matter. He wants our love for Him to set in mo-

tion every energy at our disposal. As His great and first commandment clearly states: He wants our heart and the whole of it. He wants our soul and the whole of it. He wants our mind and the whole of it.

God wants our heart and the whole of it. He is willing to let a mother entertain tender feelings for her child. He is willing to let a friend entertain tender feelings for a friend. But He forbids the mother and the friend to allow any guest to cross the threshold of their hearts unless that guest is sealed in some way with the mark of God. In other words no guest must enter the sacred precincts of a man's heart unattended. Admittance must be sternly refused whatever guest unless God stands at his side and introduces him. Charity, then, resolves itself into loving God for Himself, and others for God's sweet sake.

God wants the whole of our soul, the whole of that unseen something within us which is the root and source of our life. He wants us to live entirely for Him. He wants us every time we raise a hand or put a foot forward, to raise the hand and move the foot with the express purpose of adding our mite to His glory. If we ever feel that some deed we contemplate cannot be turned to God's account, we had better leave the deed undone. We cannot complain that God leaves us without opportunities to love Him with our whole soul. A man's intention colors all his activity. This is why the Church insists so much upon the morning offering by which we offer to God all the day's thoughts, words and deeds. This intention can change dross into gold. By investing our work with the halo of God's presence, it can make the most trivial occupations,

like sweeping, sewing, writing, talking, a something as sublime in God's eyes as the death of a martyr or the repentance of a dying sinner. The religious mechanic carries the thought of God with him to the workshop. The religious working girl, her young life full of God, turns work into prayer, and all day long at her desk or counter pays the Supreme Being the homage which is His due. The pen of the religious poet is tipped with the thoughts of God, and he cannot keep God out of his lines. In the golden poetry of St. Paul: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God" (I Cor. 10, 31). And this is the secret of loving God with one's whole soul.

God wants our mind and the whole of it. He wants us to think continually and unremittingly of Him. We are never out of His mind; He wants to be never out of ours. If we once bow Him out of this home of His, there is danger of His never returning. He must sit like a king in our minds, and the thousand thoughts that must daily journey through the busy workshop of our brain, must be able to pass muster before this king, and arouse in Him as they pass, no displeasure, no wrath, no anger. We must therefore arise with God in the morning, carry Him about in our bosoms all day long, and yield to sleep with the features of His sweet face imprinted as a last image on our tired fancies. Faithful devotedness to the practice of frequently recalling God's presence can secure for us this choicest of blessings and enable us really and truly to love God with our whole mind.

Such is the first and great lesson. In return for all God's marvellous favors, in return for the glory

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and eternal bliss that He would fain help us to attain, we are asked to love our Creator, our Benefactor, our Saviour, our Rewarder. Have you thought this condition too hard, this commandment too difficult, then you have taxed it with injustice. Rather ask Him today to take away from you that heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh—a heart that can love.

# LOVE OF NEIGHBOR

Address delivered on July 9, 1933.

Love of neighbor for God's sake is charity in its completeness. It ever remains true that God's sweet face is a world's journey distant from us and we are by force of nature and habit inclined to forget friends separated from us a comparatively short length of time. "Out of sight, out of mind," is an old adage, and as true as it is old. New friends usurp in our affections places that we once thought sacredly sealed against all comers. On just this account, perhaps, God has surrounded us on all sides with beings like ourselves, beings made to His own image and likeness; and commanded us by a second law to love them as we love ourselves. The whole world is my neighbor; the world redeemed and loved even unto death by Jesus. And if I pretend to love Christ at all, I must love His friends. I must love the family He set here on earth to make itself ready for a final summons to eternal happiness in Heaven. And mankind is that family. The companionship of my neighbor may be more of a hell to me than solitude, his talk may be a constant incentive to fury, his temperament may be something horrible beyond the telling; and yet it is my bounden duty, a duty imposed on me by an all-wise God to love him. My heart is moulded to love only what is beautiful, true and good. From a very necessity of nature, I feel free to love only what is lovable. How then am I to love some of the persons whom God's sweet will has made my neighbors?

Well, to begin with, let us remind ourselves that human nature is not entirely evil, nay more, no hu-



man being has ever been made who was entirely evil. The immortal Shakespeare tried to create one; but he acknowledged in the end that the being he had created was not human. Dickens tried several times over; but he did so only by omitting the human element in every case; the more fiendish his characters are, the less are they drawn from life. Sometimes, it is true, the good that is in our neighbor is much covered over; sometimes it may have had little opportunity for development; sometimes it is outbalanced by a preponderance of evil; none the less it is there somewhere. The only nature that is wholly evil is the devil's, and even of the devil there are points of view which leave us mystified. Certainly all the devils of literature leave one with some sense of sympathy. Milton's devils are admirable; Dante's devils stir our pity; Goethe's devil makes us feel what a good thing has been wasted. Human nature seems incapable of imagining that which is wholly bad, just because it is not wholly bad itself. And it follows from this that a man can, if he likes, always have a kindly feeling for his fellowman, no matter what may be the provocation to the contrary.

But there is a still better way of answering the question: How can I love some of the persons whom God's sweet will has made my neighbors? And the better way is by asking another question. How can God love the sinner? How can God love the wretch, who lies awake at night, planning methods to destroy His kingdom in the hearts of men, and drag God from His throne in the universe? How can God love the sinner? Why, easily! He closes His eyes to the unholy traits in the sinner's character, and concentrates His attention on the simple circumstance that the sinner is the child of His tears, the exact re-

production of His own image, the captive ransomed by His Son's blood, a possible inhabitant of Heaven. God hates sin with an eternal hate, but He loves the sinner. Even so, in imitation of God, our Father, we must see beyond the disagreeable features in our neighbor's character and disposition. We must find in him and love the image of God. That image may be blurred and covered over with a thick coating of ugliness and sin; but it is there, and no amount of iniquity can quite blot it out or conceal it. This is what we call loving God in the neighbor, and this process is at the same time a deed of charity and a silent profession of faith. It would be silly waste of time to endeavor to cultivate a fondness for our neighbor's companionship as such, for his talk as such, for his temperament as such. One might as well try to cultivate a taste for poison. The very nature of love is opposed to any such attempt. But we can be patient with his defects and shortcomings; we can by constant practice in the school of self-denial come to take no notice whatever of them; but we cannot love them, and no law of God obliges us to do so.

Our love of neighbor has very wide limits in which to exercise itself. God wants us to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. Self-love then is the standard of measurement in this matter. And, as every child of Adam is afflicted with this disease of selfishness, we all know without mistake to what lengths we must go to satisfy God's wishes. We all love ourselves, and we love ourselves intensely. We are born that way, and there is no help for it. When held under water, we struggle violently for air. When in danger of falling, we grasp frantically at anything within reach. When threatened with a blow,

our hands instinctively assume a position of defense. Self-love is really a thing of instinct with us, and it abandons us in no emergency. We have an excuse ready for our most inexcusable doings. We have a word of cheer for ourselves when the whole world would like to chase us to the desert with a frown. In our thoughts we dress our crimes in the garb of virtue, and wonder why others fail to see in us the pretty things we see in ourselves. We lavish patience on ourselves in every disappointing thing we do. We are kind to ourselves no matter how much some of our follies move us to anger. Let us then, applying the same rule to our neighbor's conduct, excuse where excuse is without a shadow of foundation. Let us cheer a brother already fallen, and, after helping him to rise, give him a push in the right direction. Let us clothe his faults with the mantle of charity, and let us enter into a solemn compact with ourselves to be patient with him when most provoked, to be kind to him when most unkindly dealt with and most unjustly treated. "Charity is patient, charity is kind!"

Let us then, in our dealings with others, remind ourselves of several principles, quite platitudinous in themselves, but which nevertheless, if we will keep them in mind, will save us many a rash judgment, and harsh word, and hasty action. The first is the principle of faith. Let us believe in our neighbor. By believing in our neighbor we mean the conviction that the evil a bad man may do does not represent the whole man; that the failure of a man does not show all his capabilities; that whatever may be a man's weakness, it is usually only a covering for something very strong and beautiful underneath. Have you ever passed by unnoticed a quiet, harmless

creature, and ignored him with the pitying comment that he has nothing in him? Then you may also have ignored as deep a soul as you shall ever meet in your lifetime. Have you ever cut off your list a sometime friend because he is a miserable failure? Then you may have also trampled on the throbbing, bleeding heart of one whose yearnings are far greater than your own, whose realization of his failure is far greater than yours, who has failed while you have succeeded, chiefly because his ideals are higher than yours. Have you ever been roused to indignation against some confirmed criminal, some utterly bad man? But you didn't know, did you, that the same poor creature was equally disgusted and indignant with himself? You didn't know that his circumstances more than himself were responsible for his condition: that if you had had his chances and no more your fate would have been worse. You didn't know that those who know him better than you have an unaccountable attraction and affection for something he possesses; and to be loved with sincerity by one who knows us implies something in us that is lovable. Anyone who has dealt much with criminals has felt this lovable peering out in all sorts of places.

The second principle is that of hope: and this means that we should be confident that no good deed we ever do is wasted. True, we may fail in our immediate object; we may not always gain the good effect we intended. For instance, in the matter of alms-giving for which there has been such demand in these dire days of depression. I may not approve of promiscuous alms-giving, but that does not prevent me from seeing that even promiscuous alms-giving is not wholly bad. Four times out of five I

may be cheated; but if the fifth time I failed, in a case of real distress, could I ever forgive myself? Not every tramp is a reprobate; even among tramps there have been saints. The tramp you meet may not deserve your coin; if he receives it he may even chuckle at his fortune, and your weakness, nevertheless, as often as not, he goes away with something more than a dime in his hand, something in his heart of which he is not aware, but which some day will bear fruit; the memory of one who has treated him above that which he deserved, the memory of a kind deed done.

The third principle is that of charity, which means that we should take a chance of doing good when we get it, and should not be too often on our own defensive. Charity does not calculate too much, nor discriminate too much. Charity does not care to haggle nor demand a "quid pro quo". Charity expects to make many mistakes, charity shuts its eyes and goes on. This point needs no development, it only needs to be taken to heart, prudently if you like, but practically. How beautiful is self-sacrificing charity in others; it can be just as beautiful in ourselves!

"There remains, then," to use the words of St. Paul, "these three." Faith teaches us to believe in everybody, not as satisfied optimists, but as men amongst our fellow-men. Hope gives us the confidence that nothing we do is wasted. Charity goes further; it bids us not to miss a chance of doing good, not to act on the defensive, never to use the argument that we are not obliged as a reason for standing aloof.

Mercy is that phase of love for the neighbor which prompts us to run to his assistance in an hour

of need. And this mercy is a wide virtue. In this world of social inequality where poverty and pain meet us at every turn, mercy offers so many varied opportunities for practice that escape seems impossible. In her catechism the Church catalogues with care what needs of the neighbor appeal to pity, and make loudest call on charity. She divides mercy's works into seven corporal and seven spiritual; ministering first to the body, and then to the soul. "Feed the hungry," she says, "give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, harbor the harborless, comfort the sick, visit the imprisoned, bury the dead." And then the spiritual works: "convert the sinner, instruct the ignorant, counsel the doubtful, comfort the sorrowful, bear wrongs patiently, forgive injuries, pray for the living and the dead."

In regard to the corporal works of mercy, let us recall that God has promised Heaven for a cup of cold water given in His name. He has signified a willingness to count mercy done to the least of His brethren kindness done Himself, and to measure our worthiness of Heaven by our charity.

In regard to the spiritual works of mercy, let us recall that God is the owner of men's souls. He purchased them on Calvary at the expense of His blood and His life. And all hell is striving to rob God of His property. Hear the Lord's cry for help, and run to His assistance. With our cooperation in prayer, He can do everything. He can save the world. Without it, He can do nothing; and He must sit in idle patience, and watch demons drag to the lowest pits of hell these sons of His tears, these sons of His blood. Propitiate the judge who on the last day shall settle your eternal destiny for weal or woe, and propitiate Him by prayer for a world's salvation.

# Hear And Help The Catholic Hour

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**YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE CONTINUANCE OF THESE WEEKLY BROADCASTS OF CATHOLIC TRUTH IS NEEDED AND SOLICITED.**

## CARDINAL HAYES STATES AIMS OF THE CATHOLIC HOUR

(Extract from his address at the inaugural program in the studio of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, March 2, 1930).

Our congratulations and our gratitude are extended to the National Council of Catholic Men and its officials, and to all who, by their financial support, have made it possible to use this offer of the National Broadcasting Company. The heavy expense of managing and financing a weekly program, its musical numbers, its speakers, the subsequent answering of inquiries, must be met. . . .

This radio hour is for all the people of the United States. To our fellow-citizens, in this word of dedication, we wish to express a cordial greeting and, indeed, congratulations. For this radio hour is one of service to America, which certainly will listen in interestedly, and even sympathetically, I am sure, to the voice of the ancient Church with its historic background of all the centuries of the Christian era, and with its own notable contribution to the discovery, exploration, foundation and growth of our glorious country. . . .

Thus to voice before a vast public the Catholic Church is no light task. Our prayers will be with those who have that task in hand. We feel certain that it will have both the good will and the good wishes of the great majority of our countrymen. Surely, there is no true lover of our Country who does not eagerly hope for a less worldly, a less material, and a more spiritual standard among our people.

With good will, with kindness and with Christ-like sympathy for all, this work is inaugurated. So may it continue. So may it be fulfilled. This word of dedication voices, therefore, the hope that this radio hour may serve to make known, to explain with the charity of Christ, our faith, which we love even as we love Christ Himself. May it serve to make better understood that faith as it really is—a light revealing the pathway to heaven: a strength, and a power divine through Christ: pardoning our sins, elevating, consecrating our common every-day duties and joys, bringing not only justice but gladness and peace to our searching and questioning hearts.



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