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GOD OF MERCY!





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By

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God of Mercy!

Two thousand years ago.

Springtime has come again to Palestine!

Springtime in the Holy Land. Nature outdoing itself in bringing joy, beauty and loveliness to this hallowed region. Everywhere a riot of spring colors. Striking hues of jade green and glittering gold. Resplendent scarlet. Deep purple. Vivid orange. All the colors of the rainbow clashing together and yet forming a harmonious, breathtaking loveliness.

The sun now beaming down from on high has again wakened the quiet earth from its bleak winter's sleep. All the glorious countryside is gently stirring to warmth and to life anew.

Along the primitive paths in the valleys, picturesque shepherds are leading their flocks to green pastures. Caravans of patient camels laden with their burdens plod slowly along, bound for distant horizons. On the crests and sides of the rolling hills, the white-walled cities begin to bustle with new activity. And over all the serene, cloudless sky.

Springtime has come again to Palestine.

Two thousand years ago!

And on this beautiful Spring day, the exultant sun was gently sending down its warmth and brilliance on the lovely plain outside the famed city of Jericho. On the rich, green carpet of the meadow, little children were happily playing, running back and forth in the innocent gayety of care-free childhood. Countless birds were lazily drifting through the air. An air heavy with the sweet scent from the oriental flowers blooming near by in riotous confusion. The caressing, gentle breeze serving only to intermingle the merry rippling of the passing stream with the joyous laughter of the shouting children.

Surely a scene of happiness. Contentment. Peace. Life at its best.

But where you find the brightest sunshine, there you may find the deepest shadows. And oftentimes where you find the greatest happiness, joy, and contentment; there you may find the deepest sorrow, misery and heart-break.

Thus in the deepest shadows of the walls of this noted city, walls so dazzling white in the brilliant sunshine, there crouched a

man. A man crushed to earth with his sorrow.

For him there was no sunshine. No beautiful sights. No enchanting scenes. Only perpetual, bitter night. For him, always, the deep night.

For he was blind! **BLIND!**

For him there was no joy. No peace. No happiness.

For him only the never-ending darkness.

A pitiable beggar, in wretched misery. Forced to beg his living in an age notoriously callous and hard-hearted. Derided, despised, friendless and alone. In perpetual sadness and sorrow. Alone, in the loneliness of the afflicted.

A life hateful and bitter.

And always, the everlasting night!

But, into this life of wretched sorrow and want, there had suddenly come a strange hope. A hope startling his soul with its very hopelessness. From the scattered talk of the passers-by, the prattle of playing children, the gossip of the marketing shoppers, he had heard of a great Prophet Who had arisen in Israel. Some said He was

“the Promised Messiah.” Some said He was “the Christ” of the prophecies.

But what is in a name? The real thing that mattered was that this “Jesus, the Son of David” was working miracles. One passer-by had seen a leper cured. Another had seen a lame man walk again. But above all; one speaker, and then another, and then another, and then another, had said of Him that He had given back sight to the blind! “The blind see again!”

And all this for the rich, the powerful, and the mighty? Not at all! And this—this was the great miracle? This Christ, strange as it seemed, loved the poor. The afflicted poor. The more wretched and pitiful they were, the more kind, thoughtful and good He was to them. Unworthy wretches, even as he? Yes! A ragged beggar, friendless and alone? Yes! Yes!

And the thought came to him. Timid and daring at first, that perhaps, it could be, that the Christ might come this way. That He would heal him. That these eyeless sockets would again be filled. That he would be as other men. That he would see!

And then his heart would beat fast with the joy of the thought. A glorious exultation in merely thinking that it could happen.

And then, again, the hopelessness of it all would close in upon him, enveloping him in a choking, stifling despair.

And so he would dally with the hope. And then in terror put it away. But it kept coming back. Until, now, finally it was his one thought. His one dream! His one hope. A hope torturing his thoughts by day, and haunting his dreams by night.

Thus, on this glorious Spring day, he crouched forlorn in the shadow of the wall. Half starved, miserable, lonely. Begging from the few and indifferent passers-by. Yet within, clutching to his heart this impossible hope.

When suddenly to his ears comes a murmur of voices, low and reverential. His very soul is stilled with the wild thought of what it might portend. The voices come closer and closer. Suspense rocks his very being. He moistens his lips, forces his tongue to move, as he pleads with the unknown and unseen bystanders. "Who is it? Who is it, that is coming this way?"

Some one answers. Probably a child with a child's careless and indifferent kindness. "It is the Christ."

THE CHRIST!

As a sudden tropical tempest sweeps down from out of nowhere, so does a tearing, driving burst of emotions sweep over his soul in the frenzy of unbridled conflict. Hope and despair, confidence and terror, longing and stark fear, all battle and struggle within his tortured soul until he can stand it no longer. He must cry out his plea. Half rising to his feet, he affrights the gathering throng with his wild and piercing scream: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!"

The crowd, startled, probably ashamed of their momentary panic, angrily try to silence him. Some by brutal and savage blows. Others by jeers and scorn, telling him to be quiet.

But he must have his answer. Even though they kill him, it matters not. For to him it means light or darkness, day or night, life or death. But he is utterly helpless, powerless, completely at the mercy of the careless, brutal, jeering throng. Yet his anguish swelling up within him, again he must shriek out, but now piteously, despairingly, hopelessly: "Son of David, have mercy on me!"

The cry dies away. Losing itself in the noise of the crowd and the hum of the conversation. There can be no answer. Even hope has passed him by.

Slowly he crawls back to the sheltering shadow of the wall. Burning, scalding tears flow unheeded from the eyeless sockets. He buries his face in his hands. How had he even dared to have such a mad hope?

But suddenly, kindly hands are laid upon his shoulders. He hears voices, calm and impersonal: "Come, the Master has directed that you be brought to Him."

He is guided forward. The hands loosen and are taken away. He sinks to his knees. Tears now streaming down his cheeks, and dropping one by one, on the filthy rags which served as clothing. Tears of humiliation, shame and tortured helplessness.

All about him is hushed and quiet. He can feel the crowd that surrounds him. It is there, but it is motionless, still, waiting. A reverential silence envelops all. Before him, a Presence. The Presence! The poor wretch cowers lower and lower in the dust.

And then, into the depths of his heart comes a voice of unutterable tenderness, compassion, and divine understanding. "What wouldst thou have Me do for thee?"

* * * *

From his heart, almost breaking now with the agony of his hope, comes forth his

abject pleading: "Lord, that I may see!"

"And Jesus said to him, 'Receive thy sight.' "

* * * *

Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us all!

That we, too, may see.

See what?

See, at least somewhat see, the love of Almighty God for our worthless, selfish, little souls!

That infinite love of God, that incredible love of God, and that overwhelming love of God. That infinite love of God which we have become so accustomed to, so habituated to, we utterly fail to realize, to appreciate, to even see it, any more. For, God help us—we are really blind!

Is it because we are human, just selfish, grasping clods, that familiarity seems almost fatal to our sense of appreciation?

Why are we like that? Some one has well pointed out, in a similar manner, how we utterly fail to realize the incomparable beauty of the star-lit canopy of the heavens over our heads. Suppose, for instance, that this glory were revealed but once in a century! How all mankind would eagerly

await that night. How all activity would be stilled. How all peoples would be hushed and silent! How all traffic would be stopped. What preparations would be made. How all lights would be extinguished. The tension and excitement as the time came near. And then, the joy of ecstasy as all of us would raise our eyes above. The shouts of amazement and happiness as the glory and the power of God would be revealed to His creatures. The stories which would be told to future generations, of the beauty and wonder of that night.

But because God is so bountiful in His goodness, night after night, we shrug our shoulders and turn away. Indifferent and callous. Blinded by the littleness of our souls, and the greatness of God's goodness. With the greatness of God's infinite love.

The blindness of the soul! So blinded by sins, by selfishness, by childish conceit. How often do we stop, even for a moment, in our mad rush through life to consider the incredible love of God for us?

For instance, why are we here? Certainly we did nothing to deserve this priceless gift of creation. It is only because of God's infinite love.

And while He might have created us as rocks or trees or beasts of the fields, instead He has created us as lords and masters of all creation. All created for our welfare. And why?

And when the first parents by their sin deprived us forever of the Kingdom of Heaven, the "Word was made flesh" and the God-man dwelt among us, that as true God He might atone for the infinite malice of our sins, and as true man, assume the guilt of humanity. And by His expiation and atonement, suffering and dying as no man has ever suffered and died, He opened for us again the gates of the eternal kingdom. And why did He do this? Again only because of His infinite love.

And in our own individual lives, do we not recall those sinful days, weeks, and even months and perhaps years, when if Almighty God had cut us off in our sins as we richly merited, we would not have had a fighting chance to save our immortal souls. But God, in His infinite patience, suffered us to live. Silently but constantly pleading with us to turn back to a life of decency again. God praying to us to live up to our glorious birthright. To gain our priceless heritage of eternal life in Heaven. And why such forbearance and patience? Simply His infinite love for us.

And when we finally did come to our senses, and resolve to turn from evil, how eagerly He hastened to wipe away the past in His infinite mercy and forgiveness. And why all this? The same answer as always, His infinite love.

Why do we not see all this? How true it is: "There are none so blind as those who will not see!"

Certainly, Christ did all possible to make us realize God's love for us. So much so that it would seem, at times, to be almost His one desire. Is it not a very striking fact that He never tried to convince men of the existence of God. Search the Gospels from beginning to end for "proofs of God's existence," and there is none to be found!

Why?

Because He knew that from reasonable observation of the law and order in the world, from the very fact that we existed, from the voice of conscience and our knowledge of right and wrong, surely all men must inevitably realize that God was, is, and always will be. Because the overwhelming weight of proof would force us to deny our reason, intelligence, and common sense even to question that God exists. Surely Holy Writ settled it once for all in that

blunt, blasting summary: "Only the fool says in his heart, there is no God."

Hence the great theme of Christ's teaching was not to prove that God existed. Rather it was to bring to mankind the revelation of the great eternal truth: *What God is! That GOD IS LOVE!*

And the first, soul-searching fact He would make us realize is that God is our Father. Even in the brief accounts of His teachings as recorded in the Gospels, the name "Father" occurs more than a hundred and fifty times. It is in His first recorded boyhood utterance, "Did ye not know I must be about My Father's business?" It was His last word as He slowly sank in the pain and suffering of His death on the Cross: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

Thus the vague conception of God's Fatherhood, which had become more and more dim in the passing of the ages, Christ restored, once and forever, to the true place it must hold in the hearts of all.

"When you pray," He said, "pray thus: 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven.'" God is "our Father!"

But how can we grasp this stupendous, incredible truth? How can we realize its consequences?

Surely—it is not difficult—it is only too simple. We can remember, for instance, the simple fact that while a father loves all his children, yet does he not love each and every one of them singly, and in particular? And it is this individual love that God has for you as His individual child that really makes your life worth living. And there is the word of St. Augustine, who sums it up in that never-to-be-forgotten phrase, “God loves us every one as though there were but one of us to love.”

But above all, do we not have Christ’s beautiful, telling parables? Surely they teach us this all-important truth, and teach it with all His divine force and beauty. Yet with that divine simplicity that all may understand.

How can you persist in your blindness?

Consider, for instance, “the parable of the Good Shepherd.”

It is only the simple portrayal of God’s infinite love for you. God’s love for the individual soul. It would seem to be the sole purpose of this parable. Why Christ told it! That you might realize and understand.

The Good Shepherd has a hundred sheep. But one of them insists on going its own

way. But only too soon it becomes a victim of its stupid folly and conceit. For eventually it is caught, and held fast, in the thickets. Death is inevitable. Death either from starvation, or from the freezing cold, or from some wandering beast of prey.

Yet it is its own stupid fault. And what is one lost sheep?

So, does the Shepherd forget it and leave it to its fate?

Not at all!

But to the contrary, the Good Shepherd leaves the rest to search diligently, far and wide, for this lost sheep. Up steep hills, and down into the deep valleys. Into the thickets and briers. Over rocks and through streams. His hands and feet torn and bleeding, yet the Good Shepherd will not give up, even in the darkness, until He find it.

And when He has found it, does He remember what He has had to go through? His long hard search? The time lost? The scratches and wounds? The stubborn folly of the wayward sheep? In fierce anger does He abuse it, beat it, along the way home?

Not at all!

The Good Shepherd lovingly takes the poor sheep in His arms, and gently carries

it home. Petting it; soothing it; calming it. And when He has arrived home, joyously He calls together His friends and neighbors, crying: "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost."

And then, that you may not possibly misunderstand, Christ comes out plainly to tell you: "I am the Good Shepherd."

But is not all Christ's revelation emphasizing this truth. God loves you with an everlasting love! Your salvation is God's great concern! At every hour of the day God is with you, watching over you, protecting you. Loving you as a loving father loves an only child. Thinking of you, remembering you, asking only your love in return. Rejoicing when you rejoice, sorrowing when you are in sorrow. Pleading with you in your conscience, night and day, that you live worthy of your eternal birthright as His child. That you make yourself worthy of your priceless heritage, the eternal Kingdom of Heaven.

And if you have failed—wandered far—caught in the toils of sin and despair—still you are His own.

That is why the Good Shepherd leaves the ninety-nine sheep in the fold and goes out after you who are the lost sheep.

That is why: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that does penance, more than ninety-nine that need it not."

And did not Christ teach this by the best of all teachings, His own example? See Him in His daily life among men. The multitude surge around Him, but is it not the individual soul He constantly is seeking?

Thus at Jericho it was the wretched blind man to whom He listened, and for whom He wrought this miracle. Restoring sight to those barren, eyeless sockets.

It was at this same city of Jericho that He left the crowd to go as the guest of the sinful and despised Zaccheus.

Are there more beautiful and inspiring words in all the Gospels than the words of Christ to the lonely Samaritan woman who had led, and was leading, a life of sin.

At the gates of Naim it was for a poor widowed mother, burying her only son, that He worked His miracle and restored the dead boy to life.

At the pool of Bethesda He sought and found the paralytic who had been waiting for nearly forty years for succor and restoration to health. And healed him, knowing

the man would turn and inform against him in the vilest ingratitude. Would become an informer against Him.

It was with the troubled Nicodemus that Christ walked alone in the concealing darkness of the night. And on and on, without end!

Again and again, it was to the individual soul that he extended His mercy and compassion. The wretched poor and the despised, the downcast and troubled, the lame, the blind, the sick, the leper, even the vilest of sinners; when they came to Christ, they found His love and mercy given to them as if no other soul existed. A broken life to be set right; a broken body to be healed; a broken soul to be restored; it mattered not, for that individual soul was a child of the eternal Father Who loved that child with an everlasting, eternal, and infinite love.

What more could Christ do, or say?

“Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. That I may see!”

Perhaps before the coming of Christ into the world, a soul might have questioned the love of God. But surely since then, since Christ came, and lived and died for us; after He made known to us the eternal Fatherhood of God, no question, no doubt

could ever tempt any soul in this regard. For now each and every soul knows—God is: “Our Father, Who art in Heaven.”

But of all the parables of Christ, surely the one nearest and dearest to our hearts, is the so-called “parable of the prodigal son.” For while the parables are the divine revealing of the heart of God, they are also, it would seem, a revealing of the human heart. The human mind and its innermost thoughts. Bringing to light those deep recesses of the soul where only God and you may enter.

Thus with the prodigal son. The wayward, stubborn folly. The puerile pride. The lack of guile and the innate decency which make him an easy victim of the evil influences and companions which he seeks. And finally the halting self-abasement. The hesitating realization of his foolishness. The grandeur of his humility. The magnificence of his return in repentance to his father.

As you hear the words of Christ, you realize it is to, and of, your own self and soul that Christ is speaking. You, and every other human being, who have utterly failed to grasp the incomprehensible love of the Eternal God: “Our Father, Who art in Heaven.”

For here was this son, safe and secure in his father's domains. With all the greatness, dignity, power and place that went with being the son of such a father.

And then comes the incredible folly of youth. The mistaking of happiness for dullness. Mistaking true contentment for drabness. Mistaking decency and goodness for boredom. For is not youth always the time for mistaking sober truths for flamboyant errors.

So does folly entice him more and more. The lights of the city glittering in the distance. The seductive stories of forbidden things. Stories of wanton pleasures and sordid excitement. The challenge to questionable adventure and still more questionable achievement.

Until finally there comes the day of his hot, fevered, insistent demand: "Give me the portion of substance that falleth to me." The looking away to avoid the pain in the father's eyes. The moronic ignorance that refuses to learn except from brutal and bruising experience. Experience that hits fast, hard and low.

"And not many days after, the son gathering all together, went abroad into a far country."

The inevitable, always-recurring tragedy begins anew.

For in this far country, he "wasted his substance, living riotously." It is the old story that all of us know only too well. Our gullibility, and our trusting, hoping attitude that make us only too easy victims of the professional sharpers. Our susceptibility to fast-talking, slyly flattering acquaintances. Our desire to be known as someone of importance to the set which quickly surrounds us. The refusal to realize that these companions make their own livelihood from such as we. Little by little, but faster and faster, we must go on, and on. Until the inevitable crash! Dazed, we look around, and finally we realize nothing is left.

The prodigal son was no exception.

"And after he had spent all . . . he began to be in want!" How well we know this part of the story also! These so-called friends in our days of plenty. At first, the polite excuses until the certainty that things had changed. Then the caustic remarks, the definite snubs, and finally, the sneer of contempt. The lad knew them now for what they were. Saw them in their true light. And it did not help him any to realize that the scorn with which they

regarded him was justified. He had been a simple, conceited fool. And such a realization as this is never sweet. Even as you and I. We have to learn the hard way. We ask for it! And so, too, we are taught our lesson!

But life goes on, as we soon live to learn. And the world has no time nor sympathy to waste on stubborn folly.

But here it was that the boy's innate sense of decency asserted itself. His inherited strength of character, the example of his father, his training at home, the environment in which he had grown to manhood, began to count in his favor. He would make the best of a bad situation. So instead of moaning his fate, pitying himself and sinking lower and lower, he went to work, at the only kind of work he knew, back to a farm.

And the owner "sent him into the farm to feed swine." Earning in a month what he had oftentimes thrown away in an hour. "And there came a mighty famine in that country . . . and he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

He had gone a long way since he left home. But the going was always down and down.

But now, at least he had time to think. And his thoughts more and more turned back to the days of old. The peace, love, and the true happiness he had known in his father's house. How even the hired servants of his father had a joy and contentment which he would never know, could never know, in this far country where he was. For the father's home was his rightful place. It was that place for which he had been born. Which he had forfeited, thrown away.

And then the thought came to him, that he could return. Not as a son of his father, not as an heir, not as a member of the family, but at least he could return—as a hired servant.

How well Christ knew the human heart! It is so easy to put yourself in the place of this erring, foolish son. Wanting to go home, and yet being held back. Held back by pride, the memory of his boasting attitude when he was leaving, his bragging words, his superior manner to his father. Even in the remembering his face burned with shame and humiliation. How could he go back now? His brother with his sharp tongue. The servants with their sly sneers.

And is it too difficult to read between the lines? The son was longing for the love of the good father. Just to look into those

kindly, understanding eyes. To see that face light up with that loving smile as it did in the days gone by. Just to see him again, and to hear again that strong, yet gentle voice say: "Hello, Son." Memories that blessed and burned.

But the boy was now a man. And in his manhood he would go back. He would face them. The love of the good father conquered foolish pride, and the still more foolish fear. In his sufferings, folly and stupidity, all that was dross, had been burned away.

And notice, if you will, that now, it was not the thought of his own welfare. That now, it was not the thought of the food, the prosperity and good things on his father's farm. Now, it was only the longing for his father's love and his father's presence, that possessed his soul. For, as Christ tenderly relates: "And rising up, he came to his father."

And thus begins the long journey home.

In the boy's mind, surely again and again, there came the thought, How would his father receive him? Would the father be severe? Stern? Unrelenting? The son knew that he deserved nothing less. Was he not returning in disgrace? Perhaps the father

would not even receive him? Would not even want to see him? Many probably already knew, and now all would know, of his folly and stupidity, his licentiousness and riotous living. The squandering of his time and his inheritance, until he was destitute. In a sense, he was coming home because he had nowhere else to go. But his love for his father? He had remembered that! Yes, but he had remembered that only when his stupid foolishness had finally caught up with him.

So he made up a little speech. Probably repeated it to himself, over and over again. "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee: I am not worthy to be called thy son: Make me as one of thy hired servants."

Then heavy forebodings would sweep over him.

Perhaps his transgression had been too much?

Perhaps it was too late?

Perhaps the servants would meet him at the gate with his father's orders for him to go away and stay away?

Like every other human being, he pictured everything except as it was in

actuality. For who ever really knows, ever really comprehends, the depths of a father's love?

It never occurred to him, lost in the misery of his own soul, that the loving heart of his father might be longing for his return. How his father's eyes, day after day, from morning until nightfall, would search the far horizons for the sight of his beloved child. He did not realize that he was never out of his father's thoughts, even for a moment. That his father's whole being longed and yearned to have his child with him again.

Until that day as he was nearing home. His shoes, long worn out, had been thrown away. His clothes were in tatters. Hungry. Tired. Worn out. With bowed head. With heavy heart. With leaden feet. Filled with dread.

Yet he steadfastly plods along.

And what happened?

Listen to the words of Christ:

"And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him fell upon his neck, and kissed him."

Surely here is heart-moving drama. A drama of love, forgiveness and mercy that is without equal. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him." Saw him and, despite the rags and the bowed head, recognized him.

Does the father stand there severe? Stern? Angrily wait to receive him?

Picture the heart-stopping emotion of the son as he looks up and sees his father, as he, "running to him fell upon his neck, and kissed him." In his father's eyes and voice, that undying love, tenderness, and devotion that never fails.

The son sinking to his knees begins to repeat the little speech he had prepared. "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee." And then, his heart breaking with the piercing pain of his father's love and burning with the sense of his unworthiness, he forces out the words of self-renunciation: "I am not now worthy to be called thy son."

But the father clasping the son in his arms, tears streaming down his face, and yet trying to conceal, as all fathers do, the love within him for his own. Brusquely commanding the servants, "Bring forth quickly the first robe . . . and put it on

him . . . and put a ring on his hand . . . and shoes on his feet . . . and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry. Because, this my son, was dead, and is come to life again . . . was lost, and is found.”

There are none so blind as those who will not see.

That each one of us is the prodigal child is indisputable. That the loving, forgiving Father is God is only too obvious.

Surely as we read and understand the prodigal son, each one of us can say, “It is I, Lord.” For each one of us is a living child of the Living God. We too, completely and foolishly, have been taken in by the glitter and shallow things of the world. And then the inevitable disillusion. The abandonment of erstwhile friends. Sore at heart. Mocked. Derided. Betrayed by the world to which we have given all.

But yet we have within us that immortal soul, stamped in God’s image, which is ever reaching out beyond the far horizons, into the realms of eternity. Searching for that love, happiness, and peace, which can be found only in the arms of “Our Father.” That true happiness and contentment which

alone make life worth while. Yet which we have rejected, thrown away by our own folly, ignorance, and sin.

So many follow the prodigal son even to the feeding of the swine!

But why remain there? Is it that you have forgotten God's goodness? Or is it your pride and hurt vanity? Or is it that fear has overcome you?

How can you forget that no matter how low you may sink, you are still a child of the living God, and when you rise from the mire of sin and return to your Father, you will find there a love and mercy beyond all human comprehension.

It must be that you do not understand because you are only a human being with human thoughts and shortcomings. You may forgive at times, but you always remember. You forgive, but you demand that the offender reinstate himself. Make good the wrong to the fullest extent. You keep bringing it up. You keep rubbing it in. You are so egotistical. Selfish. Conceited. Jealous of your fancied rights. Your puny souls can think of a thousand and one reasons why you should be severe and stern to every offense, real or imagined.

But God?

“My son was dead, and is come to life again . . . was lost, and is found.”

Insult God, your Heavenly Father and Creator, if you will, by breaking His commandments. By wallowing in sin. By sinking down to the living with swine. But surely, if you have the least spark of decency, do not ever doubt, question, or fear concerning His love for you and the immortal soul which is the real “you.” And do not ever give out such diabolical lies as excuses for not returning to Him. Down in your heart you know how He will welcome you back again.

For did not God Himself come to earth in the person of Christ, to bring you the truths of life, death, and eternity. To tell you of this infinite love of God for you. To teach you: “God IS love.”

And how well Christ lived this truth. For three years, He went about doing good to all men. Healing the sick, the lame, the halt. **GIVING SIGHT TO THE BLIND.** And when they crucified Him, and put Him to death in the terrible agony on the Cross, even His last words were, “Forgive them, they know not what they do.”

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“And whatsoever thing ye ask for, in My name,” he said, “it shall be granted unto you.”

Even as on that glorious spring day, two thousand years ago, He came to the blind man of Jericho, so Christ is at this very moment close to you—standing before you in all His power and love.

So cry out to Him, in all the strength of your heart, mind and soul.

“Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.”

And when He asks, in His infinite mercy and understanding, “What wouldst thou that I should do for thee?”

“Lord, that *I* may see!”

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by Rev. Wilfred G. Hurley, C.S.P.

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