

Suffering With Christ
Many Communions
Prayers For Dictators
Keep Being in Lent

By MONSIGNOR HART

Passion Sunday

Gradually but surely Lent advances on its course. Penitential days have advanced one upon another. Penitential practices have become part of the daily program. Lenten sermons have renewed our understanding of the love of Christ for man while the Rosary and the Stations of the Way of the Cross have helped us to suffer with Christ.

And now we come to Passion Sunday. We are approaching the climax. The prophetic words of the Saviour being to see their fulfillment. Penitential purple hides from us the statues and the Crucifix. We recall that Christ at the beginning of His Passion hid himself from men. We have opportunity to enter into close union with Him as He realizes more fully and begins to feel the foreshadowing of the entire program of the Redemption leading up to the climax and His agony and death.

Passion Sunday! The day that introduces Passiontide. May our hearts and minds be with our Suffering Saviour as He gives Himself so completely for our salvation. Every bodily suffering, every spiritual hurt, every insult to the personality of Jesus, was definitely willed for us; the next week will help us to know more perfectly that love of Christ for man that is reflected in the various items of His suffering and death.

More Frequent Communion

Our Holy Father has gone all out in his endeavor to win people to more frequent Communion. Especially generous has been his mitigation of the Eucharistic Fast. No more can prospective frequent communicants protest that the rigors of long fasting make it quite impossible for them to receive more than a few times a year.

Where water is allowed without restriction, most of us will find it definitely easy to observe the fasting requirements for any day of the Year. We can attend a late Mass, can receive Holy Communion at a late hour, and find the new regulations no hardship.

Our reaction? Many weeks have passed since the new regulation has gone into effect. Have we accepted gladly the new law to multiply our communions as receiving becomes easier for us? How easy for each of us to mark every Mass by a devout and loving reception of Our Eucharistic Lord?

Lent of 1933 should lead up to an Easter resolution to become a frequent Communicant in fact as well as in fancy. Are we ready? Are we prepared to assist at Mass frequently and to make the reception of Holy Communion part of every Mass we hear? Pope Pius XII has put the means within our power: what response may be expected of us?

A Better World Ahead

As the enemies of freedom pass one after another from the world, men may look for growing enjoyment of the freedom God wants them to have. How long have the powers of the devil been brought to work on nations and peoples. Too long have man's religious rights been denied to countless thousands.

Is it too much to hope that at last the mercy of God has come into its own?

A better world ahead! Surely our prayers should go up to God at this time when He has called from the world two of the infamous dictators. And with our prayers should go our sincere promises that we will amend all that is lacking in our program to serve God. Our new freedom from oppressors on earth, should invite us to use its advantages to gain grace for the world to come.

There can be a better world ahead, there must be a better world ahead! May our improved behaviour, our works of penance, our fasting from all sin and habits of sin, remain as a constant plea to Our Blessed Saviour for grace here and glory hereafter. Better Days Ahead!

Prayers For Our Enemies

The passing from life of men who have been our enemies and enemies to the whole world, gives all of us an unusual chance to practice the love of our enemies. "Do good to those who hate you—love your enemies!"

To pray for those whose enemies are in a denial of the law of the love of God and that love of our neighbor, is a real test of our sincerity of our faith.

These days offer all of us the occasion of praying for Stalin and Goddard. What shall our prayer be? Praying for the mercy of God upon their souls!

Prayers for the salvation of men still in the world, for their conversion from unfaith and in righteousness, are solemnly our Christian duty. When we pray that God may forgive us as we forgive others, we have the right to make a prayer for those who are still in the front row of the world's great sinners, the sinners who have been so wickedly laboring for the ruin of the world.

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JOSEPH BREIG

About Our Family Tree

The other day I received a letter from a grade school boy in some western state. The lad did not waste words. He went directly to his point. His note read about as follows:

"Dear Sir: Our class is collecting pictures of great Catholic men and women. Will you therefore send me your photograph?"

My son, Joe, who also is in grade school, is likewise no waster of words. But he knows his father much better than does the western boy.

"Dad," he said the other day, "I wish we were related to somebody famous."

He paused reflectively then added, "Somebody like George Washington."

BOTH MY SON and the western boy are wonderful, and both are wrong. The western boy has the wrong idea of what makes for a great Catholic. He thinks that if a Catholic can write his great, my son is wrong in imagining that we are not related to somebody famous.

I think I can point both these young men toward a truer view of life by giving an idea of what I told my son.

"You're related to George Washington, all right," I said. "You're related to everybody. You and George Washington are both children of Adam and Eve. So is everybody else."

"That's not what I mean," said Joe.

"I know it's not what you mean," I replied. "You mean you wish you could trace your ancestry straight back to somebody like George Washington. But don't you know that's got nothing to do with you?"

"How do you figure?" asked Joe.

"IT WOULDN'T make much difference if George Washington were your father, or your brother," I told him. "Don't go through life rating people on themselves. What you are depends mainly on what you make yourself. I don't mean that others can't help you. They can, and they do. That's what civilization is for—to help you make something worthwhile of yourself. That's what the Church is for. But they can't do it for you. You've got to do it for yourself. And you probably won't do it for yourself if you go around thinking about what your relatives have accomplished—or haven't accomplished—instead of thinking about what you yourself should be accomplishing."

I paused for a moment of thinking. "Besides," I went on, "you're related to somebody compared with whom George Washington is nobody."

"Who?" asked Joe.

"God," I said.

"Oh," he replied, "I know that, but that wasn't what I meant."

"I KNOW, but that's what I want you to think about. That's the way to get the right outlook on life. Keep in mind the fact that you're a son of God. He made you out of nothing. Then baptism made you His son. Do you realize that you're mentioned in His will as one of His heirs?"

"How do you mean?" asked Joe.

"He wrote his will in blood on the Cross, in the person of His Son, Christ in God. You're His son by baptism. He lives in you, and you in Him. Christ is a man, too. Therefore you're His brother by birth. You want a great relative? Joe, you've got the greatest. Relations there in You belong to the royal family of the King of Kings. You are a member of the noble house of the Prince of Princes. You are richer than any multi-millionaire who ever lived, because you hold title to God's own estate. I'm talking about heaven, and I'm talking about the fact that you're a Christian."

"I know," said Joe.

"WELL, E said, 'My true father is God.' Your Father, Christ is your Father. The Virgin Mary is your Mother and God is your Father. You are a man, too. Therefore you're His brother by birth. You want a great relative? Joe, you've got the greatest. Relations there in You belong to the royal family of the King of Kings. You are a member of the noble house of the Prince of Princes. You are richer than any multi-millionaire who ever lived, because you hold title to God's own estate. I'm talking about heaven, and I'm talking about the fact that you're a Christian."

Red China Days
Mission Nuns Diary

By SISTER PAULITA of Maryknoll

The March To Glory

Mr. Li came early... he wanted to get the most out of this great day—January 8. By eight o'clock he was sitting in our kitchen, straddling a chair backwards, just watching the four of us as we downed a bowl of rice and cup of weak coffee.

His arms were spread out on top of the chair-back. His chin rested on the back of his hands. His rattling eyes alone moved as they went from face to face, exulting in the humiliation coming to the American dogs that day. How he gloated!

At nine, the Head of the Home Guard stormed up the stairs. "Mr. Li!" he called in panic. "Honorable Li!... About a hundred Catholics are in the ball field already. They came at dawn and got all the best seats! They will certainly cause trouble."

Mr. Li turned on us. "You told them to come! You want a riot. You informed these people. You're destroying their obedience to the Government!"

WE COULD only protest. How could we rally a hundred people—we four women cooped up in three rooms with hundreds of soldiers outside and the Youth Corps itself just below? As for informing them—who had put up the posters, and taught the songs? Didn't you say everybody was to be there? How can you call that disobedience? They were quicker to obey than anybody else!

The Home Guard was sent a-running to disperse the Catholic group as much as possible.

"You are to wear sam-fu," Mr. Li growled by way of retribution. (Coat and trousers—the regular dress of Chinese women.) "We have none," Sister Marion Cordis assured him, and he did not press the point.

AT TEN, to the din of drums and cymbals and shouting, Father was led to our front door from the local jail. What a sight! Thin and pale, he was wearing solid pajamas, sneakers and a felt hat. Someone had filled a felt gun with ink and sprayed it all over his chest—to indicate his "black heart."

Ropes were tied tightly around his neck, arms and body. In China criminals are roped up so that the hands and lower arms

You Can Win Converts

The Power of Example

By Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. (The University of Notre Dame)

"Mother, we must pray for our Lady of Fatima for the conversion of Russia!"

These were the words which John Lynch, a youngster in the fourth grade, called out from the doorway when he came rushing home from Christ the King School in Milwaukee. Then sadly, his enthusiasm deflated, he added, "But you can't understand. You don't know anything about our Lady."

A few days later, when Mrs. Lynch was driving to the country, when her three children were to assist at Mass, Patricia remarked, "Mother, you'd better remain seated during the Mass as you don't understand."

"This did I notice," observed Mrs. Lynch, "what every non-Catholic wife and mother in a mixed marriage must sooner or later discover—that lack of unity in religious faith inevitably reflects itself in an inability to accompany husband and children into that spiritual domain where they're at home with God. I felt that I could go with them to the door but couldn't enter. I was a stranger to them in the very domain where most of all I wanted to be one with them."

RUTH MEYER was a devout Lutheran when she fell in love with William Lynch, a staunch and devoted Catholic. Realizing that they could never see eye to eye in the important matter of religious faith, they separated.

This happened not once, but several times, until finally they could endure the estrangement no longer.

Ruth took the required six instructions and, with many misgivings on the part of her devout Lutheran parents, was married by a priest. But this was only after her father had exacted from Bill the promise that he would never ask Ruth to embrace the Catholic Faith.

Carefully and prayerfully, reports Ruth, he worked until before my eyes the drama of life in a family which, except for wife and mother, was thoroughly Catholic. I taught the children their catechism, heard them recite their prayers. I helped prepare them for their first Holy Communion, for Confirmation, and for taking part in religious processions.

"IN RETURN, they loved me and told me in their beautiful childish way about their beliefs. They aided in their day-to-day lives the external of the Church which were so different from those in which I had been reared."

During those years, 16 in all, Ruth attended the Lutheran Church on Sundays with her parents, while her husband and children went to Mass at the Church of Christ the King.

There, unbeknownst to their mother, they prayed with all their hearts that God would give her the precious gift of the Faith. At every Communion they received, they breathed the same prayer. Finally their prayers and their example bore fruit.

GOD'S GRACE was working within Ruth. The significance of the tremendous words of Christ to Peter, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," broke through the stubborn wall of her resistance.

Here was the ultimate evidence of the divine foundation of the Catholic Church—15 centuries before Lutheranism had seen the light of day. No longer could the fight against God, Scripture, reason, history and the prayers of her husband and children.

After attending the Inquiry Class at the Gesù, she was received into the Church and with tears of joy knelt by the side of her husband and two children at the Communion rail. Her eldest son, a scolyer, held the paten for our Eucharistic Lord entered to nourish her with His own divine life.

"Could you single out, Ruth," I asked, "any one factor which was of especial helpfulness in making your decision?"

"YES," she replied. "Powerful beyond all words was the wonderful example my husband gave over the years. His kindness, thoughtfulness and helpfulness; his deep love and devotion for his family; his complete interest in us and in our home constituted, under God, the paramount influence which helped me find my way into Christ's true Church. Bill is a living example of the truth, beauty, goodness and love of the Catholic Faith. If all Catholics were like him, the whole world would soon be Catholic."

By living his Faith William Lynch won four converts: his wife and his three children. For if he had been a weak and vacillating Catholic, all four would have gone the other way.

The Apostles' Creed
'I Believe...!'

By Rev. Albert J. Shannon

(This is a series of articles on "The Apostles' Creed" written by Father Albert Shannon, professor at St. Andrew's Seminary and author of "Behind the Mass.")

HE WAS BURIED—Those who would deny the Resurrection of Christ often begin with the denial of His death. That is why the Creed says: "He was buried." It was to bury forever the charge that Christ did not die.

Roman Law forbade the burial of a crucified person without express permission. "Joseph of Arimathea," therefore, "went in boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus." Pilate was surprised. Within himself he wondered, "Could Jesus be dead already? Or was this another trick of the Jews?"

Sending of the centurion in charge of the crucifixion, Pilate learned from him that Joseph was up to no trick—Jesus was dead. Having received this testimony, Pilate granted Joseph's request. The disciples then buried Jesus.

Thus it happened that both enemies and friends testified to the reality of Christ's death. Pilate, by refusing to release the body of Jesus to Joseph for burial until he had made certain of Christ's death; Christ's friends, by burying His body. Certainly friends would never have buried Christ had He not been dead.

IF CHRIST REALLY DIED, and He did, for He was buried; if He really arose from the grave, and it can be shown He did; then we—who most certainly die—and should live in the hope of one day also rising from the tomb.

All the circumstances of Christ's own burial pointed to this truth. He was buried in a garden. It is to tell us that His death delivers us from the death we incurred through Adam's sin committed in the garden of Paradise. The tomb was "another's," as if to tell us He had died for the salvation of others.

Like Mary's womb, this tomb was a new one, untenanted by anyone else. No one, as a result, would ever afterwards be able to claim that it was not Christ, but someone else, who arose from the grave. The tomb, moreover, was hewn out of a rock. That meant it had only one entrance—and a guarded one at that! To rob the body, therefore, was out of the question.

THE EMPTY TOMB MEANT ONE THING—Christ had risen! On the day (July 14, 1804) Alexander Hamilton was buried, all New York turned out, all stores closed, even the ships in New York harbor lowered flags to halfmast, six weeks of mourning were decreed by the mayor of New York.

When Christ was buried only eight people were in attendance. Yet the honor, the love and the reverence they tendered Him were so great that Christian generations ever after outlasted the Greek and the Roman practice of cremation. Over seventy pounds of precious ointment and spices were used and linen cloths. That such honor in burial should be paid to one who had died so shamefully is a tribute to the power of the dying man.

Now it was not these spices and the ointment that kept Christ's body from corruption. Death and corruption are the wages of sin. Christ was sinless. Death came to Him only because He willed it. To show He willed it, He did not let His body decompose. "If His body had decomposed," to paraphrase the Psalmist (Ps. 28, 10), "the profit of the blood shed would have been lost."

I THROW A STONE INTO THE WATER. There is a splash. Then where the Stone had broken the mirror of water, rings are formed. If the stone is a small one, the rings are few. If the stone is a large one, the rings expand into ever-widening circles and last longer. Yet after a little while, whether the stone be large or whether it be small, the ripples cease, the water again becomes a sheet of glass; and at the bottom, the large or small stone lies motionless.

Every person is such a stone thrown upon the waters of the immense sea of history. The majority of men are mere pebbles; their trace on the waters of life is scarcely more lasting than the furrow a speeding ship cuts in the ocean. However, a few—the great men of history—cast up mighty waves around themselves.

BUT WHETHER GREAT MEN OR LITTLE MEN, their ends have always been the same: when they sink into the depths of the sea, into the silence of the grave, the waves begin to subside. A little while and they are all forgotten.

In their days what an impact Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon had on their times. But, outside of the classroom, who now thinks of these? Out of sight, out of mind has been the fate of all mankind.

There has been one exception to this general law of humanity: Jesus Christ. He hit time with such an impact that He split it in two. But the waves He set up did not subside with His burial—today He is loved with a love stronger than death or hated with a hate deeper than hell. For He is no mere man.

"With other men," said St. John Chrysostom, "especially great men, their deeds show forth in their lifetime; but as soon as they die, their deeds go with them. But with Christ, it was quite the contrary. On the cross it is all sadness and weakness. But as soon as He dies everything comes to light, that we might learn that there was no ordinary man who was crucified." Truly this was the Son of God.

WE ALL DESIRE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN. Else why the pyramids? Why tombs? Why snapshots? Yet there is only one way to conquer the grave: become like Christ. And there is only one road to Christ-likeness: self-sacrifice. "Self" is the seed that must die if death is to be the germination of life eternal.

That is why the Church celebrates the death-days of the Saints as their birthdays. For to those whose lives have been buried with Christ, death is the beginning of life.

How right old Dean Payramale was when, at the bedside of St. Bernadette at the moment she died, he whispered: "Your life, O Bernadette, begins!"

Sunday Sermon

By Monsignor Hart

JESUS HID HIMSELF This short sentence from the Gospel of Passion Sunday reveals a hidden truth, an amplification in the covering of the crucifix with the purple hangings. Jesus hid Himself!

Jesus hid Himself! Jesus on Passion Sunday hides Himself. His suffering and His death are reserved for the time set by Himself when He is to be offered up because He willed it. Wicked men can have power over Him only at those moments when He of His own will permits them to seize upon Him.

Men given to lies and the practice of lying were assailing Our Lord. He by His words was claiming divine qualities, divine powers. He stated that Abraham rejoiced to see His day; He told them: He was older than Abraham; before Abraham came to be, I am.

They knew what Christ meant, they knew He was claiming for Himself things that belonged to God alone; therefore they wanted to seize Him and put Him to death. But His time was not yet come; therefore He hid Himself and went out of the Temple.

Men could not harm Him during His days in hiding. Their hatred could continue, their zeal to destroy Him could be maintained in all its wicked strength; but it must remain ineffective because He had hidden Himself.

Men who were enemies of the truth, who were liars devoted permanently to lies, strive to convict Christ of sin, of the sin of lying. Christ denounces their sin, their lies, and gives them a last evidence of His power, when He quietly withdraws from their company in the very moment when they hoped to kill Him.

He will come out of hiding at the time He has set for His suffering and death: Palm Sunday will witness His coming into Jerusalem in triumph, ready at the appointed moment to deliver Himself into the hands of His enemies. Today we dwell with our hidden Lord as He prepares to come out of hiding and make a beginning of the great drama of suffering that will be consummated by His death on Good Friday.

Three Stories of Joy

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA

Professor of Literature, Nazareth College

THE EASTERN STORY, as related by Felix R. McKnight; Illustrated by E. Schmidt and E. Mennens. Holt, 1932, \$2.50.

THE SURPRISE, by G. K. Chesterton, with Preface by Dorothy Day. Doubleday, 1932, 185c.

PROMISES TO KEEP, by William E. Walsh, Jr. J. Kennerly, 1932, \$2.00.

Three strange and beautiful stories, all of them true, that lead from Main Street up to the City of God; the first, a new telling of our release from doom by the One whose Name is the highest privilege of language; the second, G. K. C.'s answer to the old plaint, "Why didn't God make us good, without possibility of being otherwise?"—and the third, the story of a young couple to whom God gave the dozen children and the hundredth harvest they had bargained for.

Felix McKnight's story even looks holy and joyous, with its springlike binding and many sensitive, allegre-fine drawings of Our Lord, against various backgrounds blending into the clear text.

IT IS THE Gospel story of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection, fresh and undimmed, ideally retold, as if the author after loving study of the inspired Word reported it again immediately and exactly, in the purest modern words we know, and with the special personal feeling that always imbues great reporting.

He misses on just one word: Mary in the garden cries out "Rabbi!" not "Master!" It's "Teacher!" Author McKnight is a journalist who has gained both pleasure and wide acclaim from this assignment.

THE "WITNESS" American tradition in the making; the work of the late Fulton Oursler of the Reader's Digest is part of it, and Stephen Vincent Benet's A Candle in the Window, an English version which South interpreters set not before he had finished the reportorial part of the work.

WHAT THE BOOK modestly does not tell, LIFE of October, 1930, does: the Williams. We were vowed to poverty and to a large family; they did more, they practiced charity to the poor (or); Mr. Walsh gave 230 for orphan children out of the proceeds of the sale of a not very large house.—they did things like that Mr. Walsh is so good a writer that this review should be sold quotation and nothing else.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PUPPETS of the first play are what we dream of, people who suffer to die, whose struggle is dramatic, but who cannot do wrong—and so the King wins his humble love and the Princess her Poet, and their Author counts them of little worth.

In the second play, the same situations recur; but the actors are real, they can do wrong, they do do wrong, disaster mounts in a chain-reaction, and the Author has to come down into His own play!

THE READER then creates the third play—you will, too.—it is exactly like the first but employs the actors of the second. (G.K.C. is an old magic act)

IN PROMISES TO KEEP the Walsh children are not chaper by the dozen; but they are healthier, handsomer, more lovable, more loving, better educated, holier. Family life is quarantined, dilemmas, predicaments, and FAITH; laughter, kindness, service, company, joy, FAITH!

MOTHER AND DAD are young, and the time is the 19-0's, the Depression: they suffer, sleep, sleep four hours a night, camp each night on "Midnight Island" to discuss their offerings and the world, but not their troubles (daytime for that); wake at dawn to new love, poverty, life.

The picture hasn't neat edges. This is Christianity without compromise. There is also success: the splendid twelve, Dad's Ph.D., finally a good salary, a 12-room house, and (all the year round) happiness.

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