

THE SERAPH

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The Virgin Interceding for the Souls in Purgatory
Luca Giordano

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EDITOR

Bishop Giles O.F.M.

PRODUCTION

Mr. Francis Y. No
Bishop Giles O.F.M.

CONTRIBUTORS

Fr. Joseph O.F.M.

CIRCULATION

Bishop Giles, O.F.M.

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Tel. (585) 621-1122
e-mail: friars@friarsminor.org
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November

Bishop Giles, OFM

In the last issue of THE SERAPH (October 2016), we have finished publishing in serial form the book on the history of the *Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England*. We hope that our readers have found this historical account, not only, interesting, but also uplifting and encouraging. We find ourselves (at least here in the USA) in a Protestant society and it is good for us to be reminded from time to time of the sacrifices our ancestors have made so that we may still practice the True Faith and Religion.

With that last installment in the series, we began considering what to put into this now vacant space in THE SERAPH. Our desired focus is to put into our readers' hands spiritual works that will aid us in advancing in the spiritual life. There are many and varied aeseetical or mystical works that we could reproduce for our readers, and we do have one such old, but beautiful work currently running in serial form (*The Prudent Christian*). We

also desire to have variety in the topics for our readers, so with this in mind, we began looking for something historical that may be of interest and benefit to the souls of our readers. In seeking and praying for such a work, God happened to put in our hands a book that seems very much suited for this purpose.

Our world today is very much inundated with wars and the consequences of war. We have many historians writing and re-writing the histories of the past wars. We see, frequently, justifications made for the United States of America in the various roles she has played in these wars, as well as justifications of those who fought against the USA. Historians tend to glamorize war. Usually, the history books are written by the victors of the conflict, and so it is with caution that we read their biased works. Today, it seems, that even the looser in these wars are able to present their side of the story. They can find readers on the internet, and in social media. If

we try to understand from such biased works where the truth is, we are often frustrated or left vacillating from one opinion to another. It is only in God, that we can find the real truth and the whole truth. So it is to God that we seek enlightenment.

Wars are punishments from God. There does not ever seem to be any real victories for men. Even the supposed victors of wars have paid a very heavy price. In addition to the loss of lives, there are many and great material losses that have to be borne. The sacrifices are tremendous. The greatest tragedies are truly the spiritual ones. The displacement of men from their homes, families and friends often to a world they have never known or even seen; often engenders a sense of anonymity that tempts to all manner of immorality and sin. Many women are robbed of their feminine dignity by wars; and many children are left as orphans; where physical survival becomes their constant worry and concern, morality is often left far behind them.

We can talk almost endlessly about the principals of just wars, but in the end, we find that war is

a great evil. Even if one side can lay claim to some sort of justice or righteousness; it is seldom if ever truly just. God makes use of both sides to inflict punishments upon everyone, because we have failed to obey the second of the two Great Commandments: *To love our neighbor as we love ourselves.*

The work that we are presenting to our readers is written by an Irish priest living in Italy during and after World War II. His work was among the citizens of the country rather than with the armies or military; and his principal work was to aid the children. We invite those who are old enough to remember the past, but we especially desire that the younger generation should read this, so as to learn a lesson from the past, and do what is in their own power to prevent the same evils from recurring in their own times.

While crosses and suffering are our lot in this life, and it is through bearing these patiently for the love of God; that we may advance in grace and virtue, we must ever strive that we avoid becoming the occasion for the loss of the souls of our fellow

men. We must bear with others, while seeking not to burden them. Christ has said that it is necessary that there should be scandals in this world, but He pronounces woe upon those who are the source of these scandals. For, it would be better that such a one be drowned in the depths of the sea, rather than to allow him to cause one of God's little ones to sin.

as encourage us to bear patiently and virtuously with our own crosses. The solution to our problems is not in the killing of our fellow men and all the evils that are concomitant with this; but rather in truly loving one another and seeking to bring all to Christ. Blessed are they who suffer persecution for Justice's sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is our hope and prayer that this series, we are beginning, will shed a more rounded historical view of wars; as well

May you find *A Chance to Live* by Monsignor John P Carroll-Abbing as instructive and thought-provoking as we have.



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A Sainly President?

Fr. Joseph Noonan, OFM

Part 2

We are reminded of the words of Our Lord to Pilate when Pilate made a weak attempt to exert his authority. Our Lord said, “You would have no power if it had not been given to thee from above.” It seems as though Pilate did understand Christ’s words.

It would be interesting to know how many leaders of nations over the course of time have understood that their authority was given to them from God. Did they do their best to reign in His Holy Name? Did they in some way consider Christ’s Kingship and their responsibility of carrying out His Kingship in their respective countries? We know a few did, but for the rest ...?

One of the clear ways to determine whether or not a person would reign justly is to consider the virtues of charity and justice. These virtues shed light on who the person is and what are his motives.

It is commonly known and understood that typical politicians speak their own

duplicitous language and is, therefore, difficult at best, to know their true intent. This is why observing their actions are a better measure of their intentions.

Charity, in its simplest understanding is love of God. How much does a leader love God? You may have the rare occasion where the person publicly acknowledges his love of God, but it is more likely to be displayed in his concern for those in his charge. Is this leader one who has done all in his efforts to defend the nation against unjust foreign aggression, provide an environment where the average person is able to find employment and live a decent livelihood? Local authorities are called upon to secure the safety of the citizens in cities and states.

A quote from *The Framework of a Christian State* by Fr. E. Cahill, S. J. will confirm the duty to practice charity with our neighbors. “*According to the natural law, the moral virtue of Charity or benevolence should result in interior acts of love when circumstances*

require as well as in those other dispositions of the soul that flow from the love of others-viz., Joy, Peace, and Compassion. Above all, the virtue of Charity should express itself in acts. To assist others in their spiritual and corporal needs is the practical application of the virtue of Charity. In fact, all the duties of supernatural Charity as taught, and practically enforced by, the Catholic Church, including even the love of one's enemies, are founded upon the natural law, and are obligatory, independently of any positive precept either human or divine."

The author provides us with an explanation of Christian Charity, thereby giving Catholics a more detailed and elevated understanding of this virtue. *"It remained for the Christian religion to elevate the whole concept of Charity to a higher plane, and to cause the virtue to be practiced more widely and with greater perfection than was previously known. Further, by its counsels of perfection the Catholic Church has in every age induced immense numbers to aim at ideals of love and benevolence far beyond the limits of what is strictly obligatory according to the natural or even*

*the Christian law itself. The realization of the Christian ideal is in fact rendered possible only by the assistance of supernatural grace, aided by the example and appeal of Him who, though the God of glory, **'emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant'** for love of man, and even laid down His life for His enemies."*

"Christianity for the first time," writes Lecky, "made Charity a rudimentary virtue. ...It effected a complete revolution in this sphere by regarding the poor as the special representatives of the Christian Founder, and thus making the love of Christ rather than the love of man the principle of Charity. ... No achievements of the Christian Church are more truly great than those it has effected in the sphere of Charity. For the first time in the history of mankind, it has inspired many thousands of men and women at the sacrifice of all worldly interests, and oftentimes under circumstances of extreme discomfort and danger, to devote their entire lives to the single object of assuaging the sufferings of humanity. It has covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy absolutely unknown to the pagan world. It has indissolubly united in the

minds of men the idea of supreme goodness with that of active and constant benevolence.”

One of the common problems any politician in the U.S. today faces regarding “charity” is, there are a growing number of persons who are looking for government aid of some type. In itself, this is quite a troubling sign, when, presently (2016) over half of all working-age Americans are, indeed, the recipient of some type of aid. Some of this aid is justified, i.e., the truly disabled and the unemployed (as examples). It is a badly kept secret that the “system” is riddled with fraud.

For the purposes of this article, the principles of charity for political leaders will be the guide, not current political expediency.

A leader of nations is called upon to oversee the common

welfare of his citizens. This means he must examine the needs of the nation and make correct decisions centered on the virtues of charity and justice. If this is not the goal of the national leader, he has failed in his duty. In today’s world, there should be no concern for corporations and special interests of any type that detracts from the common good or common welfare.

True charity in persons of civil position will compel those concerned to consider themselves last. They will be individuals of good character and morals, i.e., honest persons of noted integrity. Charity, or love, displays itself in such a way that people are able to see the goodness in the leader. Human nature is such that evil people cannot hide who they are for very long. Eventually, they will expose themselves.

(To be Continued)

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Canonizations and Modernism

Bishop Giles OFM

The process of canonization (declaring a deceased person a saint in Heaven), is a dogmatic process. When the True Catholic Church declared someone a saint, every Catholic throughout the world and to the end of time is bound to believe that this person (officially declared a saint by the Catholic Church) is now, and will ever remain in Heaven. It is, therefore, with the utmost care and precaution that the True Catholic Church proceeds in this matter. She does not attempt to declare that only those who have been officially declared saints are in Heaven. She assures us that there are many who have gone through this life and entered into Heaven without being noticed. There are probably many more of these than there are officially on the roster of those canonized.

The process of canonization is usually a lengthy one because it must be proved, beyond any shadow of doubt, that this person led a virtuous life and died in the state of grace. Since it is only God Who can read hearts

and minds, and only God Who knows all things; the Church is always cautious in this matter. It is far better that someone not be placed upon the roster of saints here on earth; rather than to demand that everyone believe that such a person is definitely in Heaven, when in reality they are in Hell. Such a false declaration would make of the Church a liar, and would thus make a liar of the Holy Ghost, Who protects and guides the Church in such matters. Such abuses also tell us that those who do such things are not guided by the Holy Ghost, and therefore do not represent the Holy Catholic Church.

Such abuses we have long seen in the many different Protestant Churches. They routinely declare their members to be in Heaven immediately after their death. All that is necessary in their minds is that they were baptized. There is no need of living a virtuous life. The Scriptures easily declare the falsehood of this: "Faith without works is dead." (St. James 2, 14-26) There is also a complete denial of Purgatory.

We now see this same false ideology manifested in the Modernist Novus Ordo Church, that ostensibly claims to be the Catholic Church. This false Catholic Church routinely declares the departed to be in Heaven, or now “walking with Jesus.” The fostering of this sinful presumption leads people to no longer pray for the souls of their departed relatives and friends. Aside from committing the sin of presumption, it is also a great injustice against the charity that is owed to our loved ones. How many poor souls are suffering in Purgatory with no one to pray or sacrifice for them simply because some “priest” has assured the living, that their departed loved one is already in Heaven? The Novus Ordo does not wear black vestments of mourning for funerals, but instead wears the white vestments, in celebration of resurrection and life. This practice is an outward manifestation of their denial of Purgatory and Hell. Such denial of a doctrine is only practiced by heretics. Hopefully, the conclusion is obvious. The Novus Ordo is heretical and is not Catholic.

In addition to this, perhaps daily, funeral insult to the doctrine of Purgatory and Hell, there is often added greater and more formal insults with their so called “canonizations” of saints. Often “religious leaders” that are popular – regardless of the soundness of their doctrines – are simply and rashly elevated to “sainthood” by this impostor Church.

One of the latest acts of this Modernist Novus Ordo Church, is the “canonization” of the late Mother Teresa of Calcutta. Because she is popular, and because she obtained the honor of the world with the Nobel Peace Prize, the Modernists have felt obliged to put her upon the roster of their “saints.” This was done in an expedited manner with little or no caution; and with no regard to the doctrine of the deceased.

Here is a short testimony of someone who was closely associated with Mother Teresa for 23 years: “I am a Hindu and I never saw the slightest evidence in all my 23 years of knowing Mother Teresa in the Missionaries of Charity, of converting. ...

When I asked her whether she

converted, she answered, 'Yes, I convert. I convert you to be a better Hindu, or a better Muslim, or a better Protestant, or a better Catholic, or a better Parsee, or a better Sikh, or a better Buddhist. And after you have found God, it is for you to do what God wants you to do.'" (http://www.motherteresa.org/08_info/2015-Coverision.html)

While such a humanitarian view sounds good to the Modernist and Humanist world, it is directly opposed to Catholic doctrine and practice. It is even opposed to Jesus Christ Himself, Who has instructed us to go forth and baptize all nations so that they may be one with Him.

The Constitutions of the Missionaries of Charity state: "We shall not impose our Catholic Faith on anyone, but have profound respect for all religions, for it is never lawful for anyone to force others to embrace the Catholic Faith against their conscience."(Ibid.)

We are not sure what a Missionary is or is supposed to do, if not bring Christ and the Faith to others. It is true that the Faith cannot be forced upon

anyone; and consciences need to be respected; but how can a false religion be respected? Falsehood needs to be denounced and exposed, not out of hatred or malice towards anyone, but rather out of love and concern for their immortal souls.

Considering just this one point, it appears that the latest "darling" of the Novus Ordo, was not Catholic in her belief. As such, she is outside of the Catholic Church, which makes her ineligible for consideration as a canonized saint in the Catholic Church. However, if we acknowledge that the Novus Ordo is in no way shape or form the Catholic Church, then it seems reasonable that this New Church can say or do whatever they want without regard to Truth or doctrine.

Some will and have argued that the Modernists are running the Church. This argument depicts a woeful ignorance of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is not limited to buildings, land, statues etc. The Catholic Church is the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ. The Catholic Church existed long before any physical structure was erected. The

Catholic Church existed before St. Peter's Basilica was built; even while Rome was Pagan. While heretics may occupy the material structures, that does not put them in control of the Catholic Church. It simply means that the buildings are no longer Catholic Churches, but are now Protestant or Heretical churches. But, they have all the relics of the saints? Again, what does that prove? They have the prayers and devotions? Some Protestants still use the terms and the names of the saints, which they have taken with them when they left the Catholic Church. The Anglicans in England possess once Catholic Churches, they recognize some of the same saints as the Catholic Church does... This does not make them Catholic. The same is true, now on a world-wide scale with the Novus Ordo. St. Augustine once said that the heretics may have the same prayers and ceremonies, but the one thing they do not have is grace.

In fact, the late Karol Wojtyla (AKA "Pope John Paul II") con-celebrated "Mass" with Anglicans. The Catholic Church has dogmatically declared that Anglicans do not have valid

orders. This means that Anglican "priests" are not really priests. They are nothing more than lay men dressed in clerical garb. They have no power to offer Mass. The Catholic Church has forbidden all Catholics (under pain of excommunication) from participating in non-Catholic worship. Yet, there was the head of the Novus Ordo Church doing exactly that. The only rational conclusion is that this man Karol Wojtyla was not Catholic and the church that he was the head of, obviously, is not the Catholic Church.

Then, there is the worn out adage that "we are not qualified to judge." Or that "no one may judge the pope, but God." But, if this man is not Catholic, then he is not a pope, and as such, we are bound to reject him based on the false doctrines and practices that come forth from him. Once we see clearly that the Novus Ordo is not the Catholic Church, every true Catholic is obliged to forego any participation in their religious rites and ceremonies. Again, remember that, Catholics may not participate in non-Catholic worship. It does not matter if they have an impressive, beautiful, or magnificent

ceremony, ritual, or structure. It does not matter if they have it in Latin or any other language. It does not matter if they use all the correct matter, form, and intention in their ceremonies. Once outside the Church they are without grace. If they do not have valid ordinations (like the Anglicans) all the correct matter, form, and intention does nothing for them. What they have is nothing more than a stage production. It is entertainment rather than religion (You may wish to refer to last month's issue of THE SERAPH for an interesting consideration of the differences between religion and entertainment.)

All the praise and adulation of the world does not make someone a saint; it does not make a man the head of the Catholic Church; nor does it make the New Church (Modernist Novus Ordo) Catholic. The Catholic Church is not True because the world loves Her; the Catholic Church is True because God loves Her, guides and protects Her – living within Her. As the spouse of God, it is God that speaks through Her, therefore all that She declares in matters

of morals and doctrine is true, because God is true. It is God Who has revealed these things to us through Her. The Novus Ordo has rejected many of the doctrines of the Catholic Church and logically, we must conclude that it is not the Catholic Church. It is, therefore, not the Bride of Christ, not the Mystical Body of Christ, nor does the Holy Ghost live within it or speak through it.

This is not a pleasant topic to have to visit; and the observations are not new and have been written about many times before. It, however, seems necessary to review these things from time to time, to arm ourselves with some knowledge of what the heretics are up to, so that we may have something to say to our dear friends and relatives that are sadly following the wolves in sheep's clothing to their own spiritual ruin. We do not desire to determine the culpability of so many souls. This, we leave to God, but we do have an obligation to preach the doctrines of Christ and point out the falsities and errors in the beliefs and practices of all the non-Catholics. In this way, we obey God as His true disciples.

A Chance to Live

Monsignor John P. Carroll-Abbing

PROLOGUE

“Who are you, who like the others have no identity . . . who flood the world with your innocence . . . even your evil, your unconscious evil?”

IN 1915, the position of the Allied armies with respect to Serbia would have rendered possible a very successful enveloping operation. It was impossible however to take full advantage of this circumstance. The Austro-Hungarian armies, weakened by their withdrawal from the Isonzo Front had not been able to launch their offensive against Serbia.”¹

This, by now, was history.

I sat down at my desk and turned over and over in my mind the world events of the past thirty years and the causes that had brought them about.

The volume I had been reading was a critical analysis of those events, as observed through the

lenses of time, gathered thoughts that had slowly matured in the minds of men capable of considering them with detachment and freedom from the passions of the hour.

The years between World Wars I and II had erased the old hatreds of the first titanic struggle and nurtured new ones, new alliances, new interests in the battle of life, new means of destruction, new forms of annihilation.

As I pondered, it occurred to me how, in a few years, the events which had cut so deeply into our lives and the new bitter experiences through which we had passed would in their turn be studied, catalogued, interpreted, shelved.

The daily bulletins no longer stared at us from morning and evening papers. Gone were the war words flashed from the radio to anxious listeners. We had only facts now, cold figures, international agreements, political conferences. . . .

A never-ending stream of values, documents, names followed one

¹ Falkenhayn: Die Oberate Heeresleitung 1914-1916 in ihren wichtigsten Entschliessungen-Berlin-Mittler, 1920. Page 137.

upon the other, date succeeding date, the whole bringing about a confusion of thought that even tomorrow might serve to divide nations and unleash the fury of another and more brutal conflict.

Thus would World War II also pass into history to be cogitated over by student and scientist alike, and by us who, in the perusal of endless volumes born of the War, might not even remember how we, too, had lived in that orgy of blood and horror.

The Maginot Line, Dunkirk, Coventry, Tobruk, Anzio, Cassino, the Gothic Line, Okinawa, the Pacific, Hiroshima, all of them will be only names, I figured, associated no doubt with the many words that had been newly coined in technical phraseology.

Encirclement, scorched earth, partisans, these must be defined and written down for posterity to study and understand.

The true sense of their meaning would be forgotten. Few would reflect as they read them upon the passionate human elements hidden within. Few would realize the fact that an order given for the prevention of certain moves on the Mediterranean Front

might have caused the death of thousands of human beings, that because of that general's initiative other thousands lay dead or wounded on a far-flung battlefield or that countless villages peopled mostly by the very young or the very old had been completely wiped out.

I dreamed on. The years between '39 and '45, crowded, living years rose before me. I saw never-ending lines of young unknown boys and mature men, ghosts of the past, of the immediate past. They had died in every corner of the earth, in every clime, from the margins of the Poles to the jungles of the Equator, in the waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic, on the fields of France, in Russia, in Japan, in China. Other faces were smiling and gay. Happy faces of bright lads whose names rose in my mind as I gazed at them — Pasquale, Jackie, Gennaro, Hans. Here they were in that silent sea of ghostly faces, ghosts of the once living, breathing boys I had known . . . now no longer with us.

The sea of faces dimmed and others appeared. I recognized Toni, Joe, Charlie. They looked at me with sad eyes, eyes that were still large and expressive, wide with suffering, as they had

been, when gazing at me from their hospital beds. Where are you all now? Where are you, Carlo, with your arms cut clean at the elbow? Remember how hard you tried to smile to cheer up your old dad? How you succeeded in hiding your black thoughts from him?

The sky darkened. The youths of twenty and twenty-five, the mature men passed on, and their places were taken by others, mere boys in their teens now and little children who still spoke shyly. Jimmy, Franco, Bobbie, Teresa, children with no eyes, no arms, no legs. Orphans who in the fury of war had lost all the tender care of their young years. No one walked with these as they wept for the home destroyed, the fireless hearth, the child's thirst for love.

The procession moved on. Barefoot boys and girls, hungry tots, ragged, faces caked with the unwashed dirt and grime of months, hopeless with the misery of lonely children. Who are you, who like the others have no identity, who like them flood the world with your innocence, your simplicity, even your evil, your unconscious evil? Is Enzo there who in a hospital ward smiled his last smile as I passed?

Or Michael who succeeded after all in reaching the African coast where he had been born? And Beppe who fell under the wheels of the monster tank?

Mourning, pain, death in the procession, in the endless procession. Curly heads, sleek ones, fair golden ones and dark, thin scrawny bodies barely covered by strips of rags. Along with these small beings who wandered aimlessly and hopelessly the streets of a dark city, town, or hamlet stalked the living proof of what hate can and does do.

I

SUFFERING SCHOOL OF LOVE

"Remember always that God is near and He will be your strength in time of need"

The day of the Italian armistice marked the beginning of a new way of life for the Romans. Everything had fallen apart as it were. Any form of organization had disappeared; morale was at its lowest. They thought of themselves as a lost people. Face to face with God and their own consciences, many individuals sought to awaken a degree of personal initiative, but with all

central authority gone, a day soon dawned when anarchy was ready to lift its ugly head.

The need for peace and tranquility was imperative, but how was it to be achieved? I saw strong men weep like children as they spoke to me of their men dispersed, their homes destroyed, their country prostrate and helpless. They longed for escape from everything and came to me begging for a corner in which to live alone, far from the all-encircling, stalking horror.

In the Hospital of the Knights of Malta where I was stationed, we needed more and more workers. Here at least a number found a haven of safety from the danger of being drafted for the armies fighting in the North or of being sent to the concentration camps of Germany.

Hour by hour, day by day, the tension grew. The fear of some sudden German move was in every heart, but the work at the hospital went on as usual.

Refugees from the northern provinces came drifting in. For a time they stayed in Rome, hidden away in attics and cellars. Then, as the opportunity offered itself, they crossed the German lines and sought refuge in the South.

One incident came to my attention, which in its simple significance needs no explanation. How often a shading in the forming of a judgment can cause useless misunderstanding!

On a Roman street a gaunt red-haired youth nervously paces before the door of a church. He keeps at it for all of an hour. Finally he turns and enters the dark interior after glancing suspiciously up and down the street.

A short time goes by and he emerges accompanied by a white-haired priest. The two walk in silence along the narrow streets, purposely avoiding the busier thoroughfares. They reach one of the poorer sections of the city. No marble palaces here, no blossoming gardens, only a dense mass of starving humanity.

The priest and his tall companion halt a moment before a modest home and then climb the steps.

Their story was told to me some time later. The man was an English prisoner of war who had made his escape from a German concentration camp in Italy. Some weeks earlier, the old priest had been able to hide him, by making arrangements for him

to live with a family that had been willing to give him the care and protection he needed. He had been given a room, a fairly good bed in it; he was allowed to listen to the radio and follow the news of the advancing Allies. The food was not too abundant, but he could not complain. No one was eating much those days.

“They treat me well enough, Father,” he had said by way of explanation of his sudden visit that afternoon, “but I wish they would stop being so hard to talk to. They never say a word to me, beyond a short greeting. Why can’t I be given a friendly smile once in a while? Why don’t they ask me to share their meals with them at their own table, instead of letting me eat by myself day after day? Why can’t I go into their sitting room? Am I poison? They may be good to me in their way, Father, but to tell you the truth, I think all they are interested in is the few pennies I bring them . . . I’m fed up with it, I tell you.”

The priest listened patiently and accompanied him back to the house.

“It’s this way, Father,” the woman of the house said almost apologetically. “There are four

of us in the family, he makes five. You know how hard it is to get food these days and yet my husband, my two children, and the captain must be fed. I spend hours and hours in my search for bare necessities. Yesterday I found some rice and two eggs. The captain ate the eggs and the rice, my children had only the rice. How can we let him see how things are? He is our guest . . . he is far away from home. At least we are together . . . we did not want to embarrass him.”

A little time later the priest left the house. There was a look of satisfaction on his face.

The Englishman and the Italians remembered the word enemy only as a word after that. A brighter comprehension of the true meaning of life, far above mere boundaries or contrasting ideologies and interests, replaced the misunderstanding of the days that had gone by . . . forever.

Episodes such as this revealed the basic goodness of man, true charity offered without a thought of self or of selfish aims. And I marveled then, as I was to continue to marvel in the future, how it was the very poor, those whose sufferings had been greatest, that showed the

most sublime spirit of Christian charity. It has been well said that in the school of suffering the lesson of love is always taught and often learned.

Several months later, during the retreat of the German Army from the capital, another incident was brought to my attention.

A number of German soldiers were going through the San Giovanni Gate. Some of them, exhausted and spent, threw themselves on the ground for a moment's respite. They crouched, silent and brooding, under the arches of the Basilica, and waited.

The Italian women of the nearby buildings led by pure compassion went in and out of their homes to give them food and water, in complete forgetfulness of the oppression that still lived in their hearts and in their flesh for the anguish and the terrors of the occupation.

Some might call this weakness. To others this simple act speaks of the real greatness of the Italian soul. I compared these women to Veronica who took pity on Our Lord as He climbed to Calvary.

But hate was still alive. It continued to spread its terror

upon the helpless city. The raids, the arrests, the deportations tore children from their mothers, husbands from their wives. Rumors of unspeakable cruelties were frequent and most of them true.

The news of the Fosse Ardeatine massacre froze all hearts with its horror, a horror that destroyed all my hopes of saving many lives I had fought for so long.

My own sorrow would have been much greater if I had known that among the victims was a certain Lieutenant Giglio. Tall, blond, only twenty-one years of age when I first met him, I have remembered him through the years for his honesty, his simplicity, the childlike loyalty of his great soul. He had left the hospital after a few months and I had never seen him again.

He had escaped to the southern end of the Peninsula and then had returned to Rome, sent there by the Allied Command on a secret mission. He was betrayed and tortured with the most refined of cruelties together with his faithful attendant in a Roman "pension" which in subsequent days became abjectly famous.

Weakened by torture, his body reduced to a bloody mass by

scourgings and beatings, but proud to the end, taking upon himself all responsibility for his actions, he had not betrayed any of his companions. He died a hero.

Lieutenant Giglio's moral stature had risen to great heights in two short years. The hardships he had endured had only strengthened his spirit.

In the account written by his faithful attendant and friend, no one can fail to be deeply moved by the simple narrative: "The lieutenant found the strength to lift a cup of water to my lips and hand me a piece of bread . . . he blamed himself alone and often said to me: 'Poor Scotti . . . all because of me . . .'

"His captors brought the man who had betrayed him to his cell. When the latter tried to deceive him with protestations of friendship, he did not even bother to answer him. He just said as he went out: 'Walter, you are another Judas . . .'

"At the Fosse he encouraged others . . ."

In 1947 his mother came to see me. She had become interested in a small boy she had found in the street, an orphan. Her eyes

filled as she greeted me. Seeing me reminded her of her son.

"I'm sorry, Father. I thought I was stronger . . ."

Her words sounded an echo in my heart, as she handed me a book which I had given her son and in which I had written these words in dedication to him:

"Remember always that God is near and He will be your strength."

Strange, paradoxical and often humorous incidents arose in that ever-changing conglomeration of people who sought refuge in the capital or who came to see me at the hospital for diverse reasons.

Two visitors came to see me one morning. They were both tall, fair, with healthy looks and a certain air of care-free good humor about them. We spoke at length in my office. On our way out of the hospital, one of the orderlies called me back.

"Monsignor, I wouldn't go with those two, if I were you," he whispered mysteriously in my ear. "You can see a mile away they are guards in disguise."

He was sincere and anxious. I laughed heartily and assured him

everything was all right. They happened to be two priests from Ireland. Their very blond looks had been enough to brand them as suspicious characters.

The Romans with their mordant wit and their habit of ridiculing everything and everybody often proved that even under the stress of the moment they had not lost their inborn feeling that time in one way or another solves all problems. It was the lesson of centuries of struggle being once again put to the test.

Below the walls of Castel Sant'Angelo, where the magnificent bridge leads to the Mole Adriana, a German sentinel stood rigid and ungainly in his ill-fitting uniform. Now and again he took a few steps, trying hard to get the stiffness out of his legs.

The air of the Tiber blew cold and damp. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Rose-tinted clouds moved slowly across the intense blue of the sky in one of those unforgettable Roman sunsets.

Two men came sauntering down the length of the bridge chanting and gesticulating. On reaching the spot where the sentinel stood, they halted. He looked them

over suspiciously. They returned his stare and then leaned over to read the inscription at the foot of a group of statues that stands at the entrance to the bridge.

"Have you seen this inscription?" one of them asked turning innocently to the frowning guard. "No? Well, let me read it to you. Listen. It says, that many years ago, a French soldier stood on the very spot on which you are standing now . . . understand?" He added no other comment, but a sly smile hovered on his lips as he strolled off with his friend.

The German gazed after them, a puzzled look on his face. The walls of the ancient castle frowned down upon him, the Tiber continued its ebb and flow against the old pillars of the bridge, as it had done century after century.

The women showed a greater degree of self-control than the men under the pressure of circumstances. They grumbled a lot, but the love of their children sustained them, while they walked miles of dusty roads in search of food, often only grass or roots for the daily meal. We saw long lines waiting hours for a draught of milk, well-watered most of the time, or for a bit of

coal, damp, crumbling at the least touch and insufficient for their needs.

On those slowly moving lines, the maid and the mistress, the washwoman and the schoolteacher talked and exchanged opinions, impressions, the various means of procuring the much-needed something for the ones waiting patiently at home. Long trips had to be made, at times as far as the Umbrian hills, that the children might not suffer too much.

And while the mothers searched and waited in line, the fathers fought in battle, languished in concentration camps, hid in caves and in cellars, died.

The children lived an unnatural existence, far removed from that of years gone by, when, from their very cradles, they had had such tender care. The home and its control vanished and the youngsters enjoyed a limitless freedom, an easy independence that was soon to have dire consequences.

One small boy, with dark, bright, intelligent eyes, was brought to the hospital late at night. His trousers in shreds showed his legs cut and bleeding from the

all-too-evident shrapnel wounds. No complaint came from his lips. To the contrary, he told of his deeds with the air of a man of the world, accustomed to battle and the risks it involved.

After the curfew he had been on his way to deliver a message to a relative hiding in some corner of the city. On the return trip, he had been stopped for questioning by the German patrol. The questions were far from his liking and he had made a dash for freedom. The hand grenade fell short, but a number of fragments had found their mark in the boy's body.

I talked to him as he lay on the operating table, trying to keep his mind from the ordeal. The doctor was busy and the little patient continued to chatter and joke.

“That was a big one, eh, doctor ... it took a long time to dig that one out. ...”

He was proud of his prowess and richly embroidered the true facts. He was all of twelve ... he spoke like an old man.

The heavy German uniforms, the slow movements of the wearers gave the swift-footed youngsters of the streets a

good advantage. Giovanni and Mario and Giacomo tormented their unwelcome hosts in every conceivable and often inconceivable way. They poked fun at them, laughed at them, tricked them and usually came out the victors.

A group of them would hide behind a door watching and waiting while another was being questioned, while arguments rose and fell. The arguments at their height, the second group went to work. A call, innocent enough, the whistling of a few bars of a significant and perhaps compromising tune, and more boys appeared, two, five, ten. An indolent air, a wink, a hand deep in pocket, a hunched shoulder, a goose step, then a word said in apparent jest, yet subtle, drew the attention of the patrol. Off went the first group, the second strolling on, starting a game or

standing about, a friendly silly grin on each mischievous face.

The Germans raged and fumed, but there was little they could do. Luckily for Rome, the child population was numerous and it soon turned out to be the main problem of the occupying army. For their friends, the youngsters were invaluable, for under what might be called an outer mask, an ever-growing army of men of all social distinctions slowly wove a thick net of messages and counter-messages, at the same time eking out a miserable existence in broken ruins, in walled-up rooms, ready at a moment's notice to shed their blood in defense of an ideal, or for the safety of a friend. The children kept communications open.

(To be continued)

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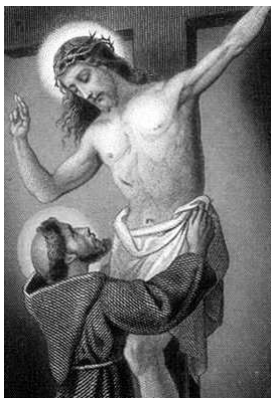
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Sister Agnes' Favorites

Jesus, Master, Teach Me



Teach me, teach me, dearest Jesus,
In Thine own sweet loving way,
All the lessons of perfection
I must practise day by day.

Teach me Poverty, sweet Jesus,
That my heart may never cling,
To what'e'r its love might sever,
From my Saviour, Spouse, and King.

Teach me Meekness, dearest Jesus,
Of Thine own the counterpart;
Not in words and actions only,
But the meekness of the heart.

Teach me Chastity, sweet Jesus,
That my every day may see
Something added to the likeness
That my soul should bear to Thee.

Teach Humility, sweet Jesus,
To this poor, proud heart of mine,
Which yet wishes, O my Jesus,
To be modeled after Thine.

Teach Obedience, dearest Jesus,
Such as was Thy daily food
In Thy toilsome earthly journey
From the cradle to the rood.

Teach me Fervor, dearest Jesus,
To comply with every grace,
So as never to look backward,
Never slacken in the race.

Teach Thy Heart, to me , dear Jesus,
Is my fervent, final prayer;
For all beauties and perfections
Are in full perfection there.



Franciscan Saints

NOVEMBER 4

THE SERVANT OF
GOD PAMPHILUS OF
MAGLIANO

Confessor, First Order

This learned and saintly friar was born on August 22, 1824, in Magliano dei Marsi. His family name was Pierbattista, and in Baptism he received the name of John Paul. He was given the name of Pamphilus when he entered the Franciscan Order at the age of sixteen. According to a practice in vogue for many centuries in certain religious orders, the first superior of the New York Franciscans was known publicly as Father Pamphilus of Magliano, from his birthplace.

On July 5, 1839, he pronounced his solemn vows as a member of the Abruzzi province, and on December 18, 1846, he was ordained to the holy priesthood. Soon after his ordination he was placed at the head of the departments of philosophy and theology in his province. The

general of the order recognized his exceptional talent and ability, and called him to Rome in 1852, appointing him to the chair of theology at the College of St. Isidore.

It was during this stay at St. Isidore's that Bishop Timon of Buffalo was negotiating to secure a community of Franciscans for educational and missionary work in his diocese. Father Pamphilus had long felt a call to sacrifice his life in the "American foreign missions." Two other Italian fathers were as anxious as he to exercise the sacred ministry in neglected regions of the United States. Bishop Timon gladly accepted their offer. Fortified with the blessing of the vicar of Christ and commissioned by the minister general to start a new province when circumstances permitted it, the little group of

Franciscan pioneers, with Father Pamphilus as superior, set out on May 10, 1855. They reached New York on June twentieth.

Twelve years make up the span of Father Pamphilus' activities on American soil. What he accomplished in this period seems almost incredible. When one reflects that at his coming there was no Franciscan community of any kind in the eastern states, and few Catholic churches in western New York, these accomplishments seem prodigious. A custody of six formed friaries; two new communities of sisters, one at Allegany, New York, the other, the Sisters of St. Francis of Mary Immaculate, at Joliet, Illinois; five well-organized Franciscan parishes, twenty-two mission churches, a college and seminary (St. Bonaventure's College and Seminary) and two academies for young women — these institutions point to a ministry crowded with activity and crowned with success, but accomplished at the price of great hardship amid humanly insurmountable obstacles. It was a mystery even to his brethren how he could do so much work.

It is difficult at times for human nature to realize it, yet afflictions of body or soul

are an unmistakable sign of divine favor. So it seems that almighty God meant to give posterity the surest proof of the sterling character of this saintly Franciscan when He visited him with trial and sorrow after a span of years spent solely in His service and for His honor and glory. This must have been a sore trial, but Father Pamphilus bore it with truly Christian fortitude and patience — a true soldier of the misunderstood Christ.

At the summons of the minister general, Father Pamphilus hastened to Rome, where he gave a detailed account of his activities in America. He then humbly begged to be relieved of his burden, that he might retire to one of the friaries of his native Italy.

In the solitude of the cloister of San Francesco on the banks of the muddy Tiber, he took up his abode. Shortly after his arrival the community was despoiled by the Italian government and he repaired to the friary of San Pietro in Montorio. Here he welcomed the opportunity to take up his pen in defense of his faith and to record the glories of his order. Among his extensive contributions to literature, his "History of the Franciscan Order" is the greatest. He had

the happiness of seeing two volumes published, the object of great praise in and out of the order. As he began to formulate plans for the third volume, he was seized with a serious illness from which he never recovered. He died on November 15, 1876.

Father Pamphilus will be remembered and loved as a builder, author, preacher, and professor of rare ability, who was filled with the seraphic spirit, Catholic in word and deed, and loyal to the Chair of Peter; with a heart going out in tender sympathy to every race; an ardent imitator of the sweet Poverello of Assisi; profoundly learned, thirsting for souls, affable, kind, and childlike. He has been referred to as the embodiment of Franciscan zeal for education.

ON TRUE HEROISM

1. What greater joy does a soldier experience than that of the boast of victory? No matter how battered and bruised his body, if victory in a noble cause was his, it remains a subject of pride to him for the rest of his life. Witness the proud figure and firm gait of the veterans of the various wars who take their places in parade. Witness the tales of gallant deeds they relate.

But if they are proud of their feats, what shall we say of the heroes in the spiritual combat? Can any battlefield compare with that to which the soldier of Christ must go? Any enemy, with the powers of Satan? True soldier of Christ, how glorious is your victory if you have won the battle against so mighty a foe! With what firm step you may cross the threshold of eternity to join the ranks of God's heroes when your General greets you: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matth. 25: 23).

2. But there are degrees of heroism. Of all the battles we must wage, few require greater virtue than to keep silent in the time of suffering. We long to defend ourselves when unjustly accused; nature prompts us to seek consolation from our friends; our evil inclinations urge us to retaliate. And so, Thomas a Kempis (3:28) says, "It is no small prudence to be silent in the evil time and not to be disturbed with the judgment of men." The saintly Franciscan under consideration today was misunderstood and misinterpreted by those who were nearest to him, on whose support he should have been able to depend. This test of his

virtue was a keen one, yet he bore it with a patience that was admirable and truly heroic. No word of resentment ever passed his lips. True soldier of the misunderstood Christ! — What an example for us! Let it urge us to make stronger efforts to fight our battles more courageously.

3. “Jesus held his peace” (Matth. 26:63). With a single utterance Christ could have confounded His accusers and become the object of praise and admiration. But the great General chose otherwise. He knew that His followers would

expect to learn from Him how to proceed in their struggles with the enemy, and so He taught them the surest lesson — silence. How frequently we aggravate a situation by speaking when our heart is disturbed. We fail against charity, justice, and patience; and instead of victory, we carry away with us only the consciousness of defeat. — Let us take heart from the example of saintly Father Pamphilus, who, in imitation of his divine leader, preserved the majesty of calmness in the face of trial and thus gave us a lasting lesson of true heroism.

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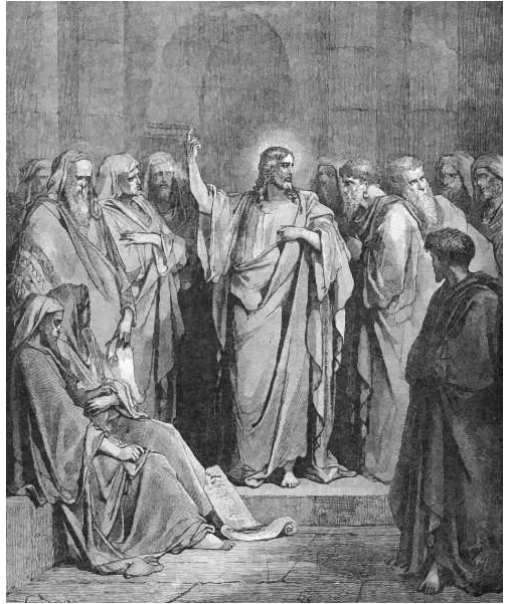
OR,

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE IMPORTANCE, AND HAPPINESS, OF ATTENDING TO THE CARE OF OUR SALVATION.

BY THE REV. J. FLETCHER, D.D.

“Give me understanding, and I shall live.” — PSALM cxix.

1834.



CONSIDERATION VI.

ON THE PRESENT ADVANTAGES OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

IT is not the prospect of future happiness, that is alone calculated to attract us to the cultivation of virtue; nor the prospect of future misery, that is alone formed to restrain us from the pursuit of vice. Such, even in this life, are the advantages of virtue, as, by themselves, should engage us to cherish it with fondness: and such, also, the disadvantages of vice, as should, of their own nature, impel us to shun it with abhorrence. The fact is, such is the goodness of God, —that to the inestimable blessings, which

he hereafter bestows upon the faithful observers of his law, he has been pleased to unite a multitude of present benefits, and satisfactions, which invite us urgently to the practice of innocence, and piety. Whilst, again, in like manner, to the unspeakable miseries, which await hereafter upon sin, it has equally pleased His justice to append a variety of temporal evils, which forcibly discourage us from *vice*, and dissipation. Such as this is the order of things, established, both by the great Author of nature, and by the Divine Founder of religion. So that precisely as virtue conducts to happiness; so also does sin conduct to misery.

The connection in both cases is necessary. Virtue is the direct source of peace: — sin, the direct principle of uneasiness, and pain. Whence a distinguished pagan philosopher, consulting but the dictates of reason, and experience, has said: — *In order to be happy, we need only to be good: to be unhappy, we need only to be wicked.*

I. We all know the immortal rewards, which God has prepared; and promised to us, in the life to come, provided that we love Him, and walk faithfully in the ways of His commandments. In this case, we are assured, we shall be inebriated with all the delights of heaven, and be plunged in an immense, and boundless, ocean of unspeakable consolation. It is, therefore, in order to encourage, and urge us on, to labor for these blessings, that the Divine Wisdom, by way of a slender foretaste of them, has appended to the cultivation of virtue in this life a variety of comforts, and advantages.

Among these, the first, and best, is that *peace of mind*, which is always the sure, and immediate, effect of virtue. It is even the natural effect of virtue, both because virtue is a conformity

with order, and with reason, and because, of itself, it is pleasing, and lovely. There is a harmony in it, that always charms us. We ourselves have always found, that we never perform a virtuous action, but we experience in doing it, a sensation of pleasure, and a feeling of secret joy. If, then, to these satisfactions, (the effects of the natural order of things,) we superadd the consolations of religion, and the sweets of grace; and consult the situation of the virtuous, and pious, Christian, we shall always, and everywhere find, that he is the most contented, and happy, of human beings. Without any of the misgivings, or alarms of a guilty conscience, and reposing with confidence under the shelter of the divine mercy, he is full of interior peace. "*Peace,*" says the Holy Ghost, "*and honor, and glory, are the portion of the good.*" Eternal hopes are settled in his heart: and while he enjoys all the real consolations of this life, he looks forward with delight to the brighter prospects of the next. Whence, it follows, that, if virtue be not, itself, happiness, it is, at all events, the high road, — the sure, and only, path, — that conducts us to it. The state of our minds, under its influence, is something similar, or analogous,

to that of our bodies under the enjoyment of perfect health.

II. Considering the many evils, to which human life is subject; and the heavy crosses, which we are, not unfrequently, condemned to bear, — there is hardly any quality, more essential to our happiness, than the spirit of patience. Well; and this, — appended naturally to the spirit of interior peace, — is another, and *immediate*, effect of a virtuous life. Thus, let the virtuous man be what he may: suppose him, for example, *poor*; — *we* always find, that under the influence of his piety; he is calm, humble, and submissive. His piety more than supplies the place of riches; and administers consolations, which affluence could not. Or let us suppose him, — for, this is more trying still, — to be now poor, and neglected, after having lived, perhaps for years, in affluence, and honor, — we shall again discover, that, even in this painful situation, he is little or nothing disconcerted. His fall is scarce, to him, a subject of regret. He had never ambitioned riches. He knew their emptiness, and uncertainty; and he, therefore, resigns them without complaint. Or if, indeed, he does sometimes lament their loss, it is chiefly

because he has no longer now the means of assisting the needy, or of promoting the comforts of those around him. Again, let us look at the virtuous man under the visitation of the perhaps severest trial, that can awake the feelings of a tender heart, — the loss, for example, of a wife, a child, or some dear, and beloved, friend. It is true, that, here, his regrets are sensible; and his tears abundant. The loss is irreparable; and he feels it deeply. Still, however, his grief is mild, — moderated by his submission to the will of God; and soothed by the hope, that, soon, he shall again be reunited to the dear objects of his love. It is so, too, in regard of every other subject of his sufferings, or distress. Thus, let him be oppressed with pain; or overwhelmed by sickness, — he feels, of course, the evil; but his piety supports him under it, — furnishing him with consolations; and exciting the hope, that his present afflictions will hold the place of future ones; and contribute to procure his pardon. By this means, his sufferings are rendered, not only meritorious; but, in some sense, voluntary. At all events, they are lightened, and rendered much more easy, and supportable. Not even is death itself, to him, a frightful,

or unwelcome, messenger. He expires in its arms, as if reposing in a soft, and gentle, sleep. The fears of death are for the wicked.

III. If there be any thing, that does really disturb the peace; or distress the feelings, of the pious Christian, it is the difficulties, and suggestions, which, from time to time, his passions, and the enemies of his salvation, raise up against him. These do, no doubt, sometimes annoy him seriously. However, they are but passing trials, that serve to prove his fidelity, by giving him the occasion of fresh victories. For, here again, that same piety, which inspires him with patience, animates him also in an equal degree, with fortitude. Hence, he is enabled, not only to resist; but to come off triumphant, in all his conflicts. To the efforts of temptation, and the importunities of his passions, he opposes the strong buckler of his faith, and the best weapons of his reason. And knowing well how to use his spiritual armor, — and being, at the same time, habituated to combat, — he, therefore, obtains his victories, if not without some difficulty, at least without any distressing contest.

The same fortitude which thus supports him under the

difficulties, excited by his passions, supports him, of course, equally amid the allurements, and dangers, of the world. Living, as he does, in society, and perhaps moving, — as is frequently the case, — in its higher circles, — so, in regard of everything, that is innocent, he, without hesitation, conforms to the established rules of fellowship, and politeness. He is, perhaps, even the most cheerful among the gay, and the most refined among the polished. But, let anything occur, that either wounds, or interests, the tenderness of his conscience, — any violation of decorum; any insult of religion, — here, he is nobly resolute, and brave. As in regard to those customs, which are completely harmless, he bends, like the reed, — so here, in regard of whatever he looks upon as sinful, he stands unshaken, like the oak. There is no fortitude so heroic, as that of the virtuous Christian.

IV. To the foregoing advantages of a virtuous life, there may be added that cheerfulness of temper, — that gaiety of heart, which are the ordinary appendages of innocence, and piety. Cheerfulness, and even gaiety, — not less than calmness, and serenity, — are the natural

effects, — and the very proper effects, of a heart at ease; and of a conscience, un-agitated by remorse; and undisturbed by the misgivings of self-reproach. For this reason it is, that, generally speaking, there is not, in the circles of society, any character more amiable, than that of the virtuous, and enlightened, Christian.

Neither is it to the mind, and heart, alone, that virtue is thus both useful, and ornamental. It is advantageous, also, to the body. It gives to the body increased vigor; and to the constitution, fresh force, and elasticity. For, not only does the virtuous man abstain from those vices, which enfeeble the human frame; but, — as the mind acts upon the body, and he enjoys peace of heart, and tranquility of conscience, — so also he experiences a freer circulation of blood, and better animal spirits, than do the wicked, and the disorderly. His sleep, is more calm, and gentle. In short, just as vice violates the order of nature; and deranges the economy of the human system, — so is virtue the surest means of preserving health; of strengthening the constitution; and, therefore, of prolonging life.

There is too another effect of virtue in relation to the body, which, if not very important, is at least pleasing. It is an ornament to the body. It sheds, and imprints, upon the countenances of its possessors a ray of serenity, — an air of contentment, which endear them to our esteem. It gives a regularity to the features, — a grace, and embellishment, — in which we trace the expressions of candor, modesty, kindness, and goodness of heart. It renders rank more exalted, and dignity more noble. It makes beauty itself more beautiful: — insomuch that in order to heighten their charms, the vain, and the sinful, not unfrequently, put on the mask of innocence; and the pleasing, smiling, forms of simplicity of heart. Such, even in regard of the body, are some of the advantages of a virtuous life.

V. How much the practice of virtue contributes to recommend the private character of its possessors; and to promote the public benefit of society, — these are facts, with which we are, all of us, well acquainted. Thus, whatsoever may chance to be the situation of the virtuous man, — in whatsoever sphere he may chance to move, he always, and everywhere, enjoys the respect

of those around him. If it be his lot to be rich, — then his great aim is to do good, — his chief happiness to make all around him happy like himself. He is a kind of father to his dependents, — the reliever of their wants; the arbiter of their differences; the consoler of their griefs. Whence, also, he is honored, and beloved; and the voice of praise is, every day, re-echoed round the precincts of his mansion. If it be his fate to be *poor*, — still, such is our innate esteem for goodness, — he is, everywhere, in the eyes of those around him, an object of esteem. Virtue gives a luster to *all*, who practice it. It carries with it its own brightness, just like the diamond, which shines alike in the shade, as it does in the blaze of day. But, in short, whatever may be the state, or situation of the virtuous man, — rich, or poor; in purple, or in rags, — he enjoys a tribute of regard, and respect, which the wicked, though invested with power, or surrounded with splendor, do not. Virtue, while it is the best of all possible recommendations, is, too, at the same time, in the eyes of all, the most amiable, and engaging.

It were needless to state, how much virtue contributes to the

public good. In reality, virtue is the sole foundation of all social order, — the only true source, both of national prosperity, and of domestic comfort. Under its delightful empire all is harmony, and subordination. The child is dutiful, and obedient; — the parent watchful, and affectionate; — the servant faithful; the master kind; — the poor patient, the rich benevolent, — *every* class of society, honest, industrious, sincere, &c. Whilst, moreover, it is the property of virtue to infuse a spirit of satisfaction into the breasts of all, who cultivate it earnestly: it cheers the workshop of the artisan; enlivens the toils of the laborer; softens the fatigues of the soldier, — in short, lightens all the hardships, and crosses, of the world.

Wherefore, seeing thus, that so great, and so many, are the advantages of a virtuous life, let us not be so imprudent, — such enemies to ourselves, — as to neglect it. Let us, on the contrary, attend to the important interest with that care, and assiduity, which it so justly merits. Let us print deeply upon our minds this both Christian, and philosophic, maxim, — that, "*in order to be happy, we need only to be good.*"

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