

In order to keep from falling into sloth and becoming a prey to the spiritual diseases that it engenders, we should make every effort to keep joy alive in our heart. In fact, spiritual gladness is the best safeguard against every sin. Let us therefore, close our examination of conscience with the words of our Father Francis: "The devil exults most when he can steal a man's joy of God from him. He carries a powder with him to throw into any smallest possible crack of our conscience, to soil the spotlessness of our mind and the purity of our heart. But when spiritual joy fills our heart, the serpent pours out his deadly poison in vain."

"The demons cannot hurt a servant of Christ when they see him filled with holy mirth. But when his spirit is tearful, forlorn, downcast, it is readily swallowed up completely by sadness, or it is carried to the extreme of vain joys and joysments . . . When a servant of God, as commonly happens, is troubled by anything, he ought to rise and pray, and insist on staying in his sovereign Father's presence until He restores the joy of his salvation to him. For if he lingers in his gloom, that Babylonian mess will ripen to the point where, if it is not finished out with tears, it will generate permanent corrosion in the heart" (II Celano, 11).

St. Bonaventure University

Fr. Philotheus Boehmer, O. F. M.



There are many people who devote themselves to prayer and devotion and practice bodily mortifications and lacerations of many kinds, but at a sign of pain or at a word that seems offensive to their person, or at anything taken away from them, they are quickly troubled and perturbed.

Such people are not poor in spirit, because anyone that is truly poor in spirit hates himself and loves those who slap him in the face.

Saint Francis

But the desire to become a saint, besides being a necessity for us, is likewise of great value to us. Every real desire is both a pledge of good will and a powerful prayer. When we desire holiness, it means we are trying our best. Either that, or the desire is not genuine. But if we are trying our best we shall be pleasing to God. That is a mighty consoling thought when we discover ourselves embarrassingly weak in climbing the stairway to perfection. Nobody, however, blames a little child for not being able to make it up a steep flight of stairs. And so also our loving Savior will not condemn us if now and then we find a step too high to manage, so long as we keep on trying. Maybe that step is the overcoming of an aversion for a particular person, or the conquering of impatience, or the acquiring of perfect detachment. God indeed does not approve of our failures in these matters, but He certainly is pleased with our efforts. And, sooner or later, when He decides that we have shown enough good will, He Himself will stoop down and lift us up to the step we have been trying in vain to mount.

Furthermore, our sincere desire to improve constitutes one of the most efficacious prayers we could make. Not only will it assure us of God's all-necessary grace, but it will also hasten its bestowal. God does not need words to recognize a prayer. The very longing of our hearts pleads our cause better than words could ever do. Holy Scripture confirms this view in more than one text, such as: *Seek, and you shall find* (Mt. 7, 7); *I wished, and understanding was given to me* (Wis. 7, 7). And Saint Lawrence Justinian claims that the prophet Daniel received so many signal graces because he was a "man of desires". By the way, he is referred to under this title three distinct times, as if God thereby wished to emphasize how pleasing to Him were the desires of this holy man. Yes, God is always touched by the good desires of pious souls, and if He has promised to hear each prayer that we say, how ready will He be to grant the request for our sanctification contained in the desire to become a saint!

Now there remains one more question to answer about this desire—What are the *qualities* which should characterize it? Since its object is the most important business of our life, in fact, the very *raison d'être* of our existence, it is evident that this desire should be predominant, that it should take precedence over every other desire of our heart. Anything at all that may rob us of this desire or even lessen its influence must be given up without hesitation. For in actual practice this desire is nothing else but the longing to grow in God's

love, and of that Christ said: *This is the greatest and the first commandment* (Mt. 22, 38). When Lindbergh was preparing for his epochal solo flight in 1927, he was fired with a driving ambition for just one thing—to reach Europe. Everything else was secondary. Willingly he made all sorts of sacrifices to insure the success of his daring venture. The same spirit should animate us in our quest for holiness. It is the “one thing necessary”, the absolute “must” of our lives, to gain which no sacrifice is too costly, no effort too great. Our Lord taught this unmistakably in the words: *Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice* (Mt. 6, 33). Therefore, in all our actions, in all our plans, in all our striving, the prime consideration must ever be: “How does this tie in with my obligation to become a saint?” To anyone who reflects on the eternal consequences of fulfilling or the neglecting of that obligation, this line of conduct is the only one that makes sense. It is simply a matter of putting first things first! *For what does it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his soul?* (Mt. 16, 26).

But in order that our desire to become saints may thus have the power to influence every aspect of our lives, it must be strong and forceful. *Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall be satisfied* (Mt. 5, 6). A starving man craves food, so we must crave perfection. *My food is to do the will of him who sent me* (Jo. 4, 34). As a parched desert traveler longs for the refreshing taste of cool water, so we must long to acquire holiness. *As the hart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after thee, O God* (Ps. 41, 2). There is no place in this matter for a spineless “I would like to”, but only for a vigorous “I will”. One homespun philosopher, speaking of obstacles on the road to success, made this sage observation: “When I meet such obstacles, I either climb over them, or run around them, or tunnel under them. But if all these methods fail, then I simply lower my head and bow my way through them.” That expresses perfectly the determination we should have in striving for perfection, and it is in harmony with the statement of our divine Master that *the kingdom of heaven has been enduring violent assault and the violent have been seizing it by force* (Mt. 11, 12). Sanctity is like gold buried deep in the hills; only hard, painful work will win its possession. There are no “ten easy lessons” to become a saint. True, the God-given directions are simple to understand, but it is quite another thing to carry them out. That calls for all the strength of will, all the spirit of sacrifice that a person can muster. The easy-going Saint has not yet been canonized—and never will be. Heaven

is exclusively a home of heroes and heroines. Only those will merit a place in this eternal hall of fame who *labor as good soldiers of Christ Jesus* (2 Tim. 2, 3).

They must labor, not for a day or a year, but for a lifetime; not sporadically as moods entice, but consistently as principles dictate. And that points out that our desire for sanctity should be, in the third place, persevering. We know what Holy Scripture has to say about perseverance: *Which of you, wishing to build a tower, does not sit down first and calculate the outlays that are necessary, whether he has the means to complete it? Lest, after he has laid the foundation and is not able to finish, all who behold begin to mock him, saying, ‘This man began to build and was not able to finish!’* (Lk. 14, 28-30). We religious have set ourselves to the task of erecting the tower of holiness. God has drawn up specific blueprints for each one of us, corresponding to our individual strength and talents, and to the graces allotted to us. We have only so much time to complete this project, for the *night is coming, when no one can work* (Jo. 9, 4). How terrible it would be were we never to build this tower at all! The devils would laugh us to scorn on Judgment Day. Less tragic, of course, but still sad enough would be our failure to complete this tower according to the Divine Architect’s specifications. What a loss would be ours for all eternity in terms of the full measure of reward that had been prepared for us! Lest such a calamity befall us, we must persevere relentlessly in our determination to attain sainthood. There are three dangers to perseverance against which we must always be on our guard. The first is discouragement which is never warranted under any circumstances whatsoever. It is to be met head on with an humble trust in God’s merciful forgiveness for past mistakes, and in His powerful assistance for each fresh attempt to scale the heights of sanctity. *To him that is little, mercy is granted . . . Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me* (Wis. 6, 7 and Prov. 9, 4). The second danger is smugness over past accomplishments. This can be avoided by the alarming realization that pride goes before the fall, and that in the remaining stages of our battle for heaven our surest safeguard is to take the attitude of Saint Paul who said: *Forgetting what is behind, I strain forward to what is before, I press on towards the goal, to the prize of God’s heavenly call in Christ Jesus* (Phil. 3, 14). The third big danger is mediocrity—being satisfied with efforts scarcely greater than those put forth by good lay people. Refuge from this danger may be found in the grim warning that *to whom much has been given, of him much will be required* (Lk. 12, 48), and that our models in striving for perfection are not the lay people but the Saints of God.

Despite the most careful watching and the best of intentions, how desire for holiness will never be persevering unless it is at the same time. In aiming at sainthood, we shall miss the mark just as surely by setting sights too high as by setting them too low. Virtue's path is always the mean. Hence, our determination to become saints must find its realization in the faithful performance of our ordinary religious duties. For us the channels of God's grace, without which progress is impossible, wait for opportunities of performing headline deeds and all the while to back up simple duties is to pursue a chimeric type of holiness. Unless we will to the contrary is manifestly evident and attested to by the endorsement of a prudent director, we must be convinced that our perfection is bound up with the unsensational and often humdrum tasks of the religious life's routine. And we should be grateful that such is the case, for it places holiness within the reach of all of us and proves that we are not presumptuous in desiring to become saints.

Some years ago, I heard a story about a young man who had a desire to scale a very forbidding peak in the Alps. Seasoned mountain climbers tried to dissuade him from the hazardous undertaking. But he set out on the same. When no word was heard from him or about him after a number of days, a searching party followed the trail he had taken. They found his body on a grassy ledge where it had fallen from the cliffs above. Knowing how much the lad had loved mountain climbing, they decided to bury him on a spot where he had been killed. And on the rustic marker over his grave they wrote this simple inscription: "He died climbing." Of course, we can admire the foolhardiness of this young man, but maybe we can draw a little inspiration from the terse statement on his grave. We religious have also set out to climb a very steep mountain, the mountain of perfection. Our one ambition should be never to stop till we reach its summit. If we will only keep this desire burning brightly in our hearts, it will carry us over many a rough and harrowing spot, and it will nerve us to keep driving onward and upward even though figuratively speaking, our knees may be bruised and torn and our fingers bleeding. And when death finally overtakes us, what sweet consolation there will be in the thought that—we died climbing.

Westmont, Illinois.

Fr. Herman Doerr, O.F.M.

GLORIOSUS CHRISTI ATHLETA

A Portrait of the Martyred Archbishop of Tsinan, Cyril Rudolph Jarre, O. F. M.

Was he a saint? No. Is he a martyr? Yes. But no one becomes a saintly martyr in a day or two. Each martyr has to go his purgative way. He does not simply depart this world "strengthened by the last rites of the Church." He must atone for his sins, failings, and negligences by offering to God his physical and mental sufferings. The total surrender of his life, his passing away, must be a conscious meeting with the Eternal, a seeking of union in pure love with Him Who is his Savior.

This journey to the altar of heroic sacrifice can be reduced to a few steps; but these steps will be so terrible that they suffice to change a sinner into a saint. On the other hand, it may take months and years before the sacrificial journey comes to an end.

So it was with Archbishop Jarre. For almost four years the Lord tried him in the school of suffering. Hard, very hard, was the training he had to undergo before reaching full spiritual maturity. He himself wrote: "How often have we prayed: *Lord, not my will, but Thine be done!* But when the time really comes when God hears our prayer, how hard it is for us to accept everything with total resignation to the will of God." To bring to completion the image God had in mind for His servant, the chisel had to cut deeply time and again. But the bishop himself realized more clearly than anyone else how much he needed that chisel, and he stood firm and courageous under the hand of the Divine Artist.

The Man

Archbishop Jarre was from the Ahr, in Germany. Men of the Ahr reflect the character of the region. Like the little river that flows to the north and then suddenly turns to the south, the people of this district are subject to rapidly changing moods. Sympathy may quickly turn to antipathy; those who are praised to high heaven today may be in bad odor tomorrow; those out of favor today may become intimate friends and confidants tomorrow; the smooth-flowing tale of the narrator surrounded by friends turns to dead silence at the appearance of one who is not welcome; hours of bickering over some question or other will be peacefully concluded by a walk through field or forest, or amidst the ruins of the past. The bishop himself belonged more or less to the past in virtue of a brief military career under the old regime. He served, however, not on the banks of the Rhine but in far-off Tsingtao, which was then a German possession. The *gloire de la patrie* burned brightly in him, a heritage from his French forebears;

but at the end of the last war, with Stalingrad, Nagasaki, and the fall of T, his patriotism lay buried forever.

Archbishop Jarre was a twin. In his youth he had been physically weak, but he had tried to overcome his handicap by vigorous daily gymnastics. He did these exercises with an iron will; even in his seventies he went through the same every morning after rising. Although actually rather short of stature—he was the smallest of all the missionaries in his diocese—he seemed rather tall. Everything about him gave evidence of rigorous physical training and discipline. Mountain climbing and swimming in the Yellow River were his fondest recreations. It was his pride that he was the first missionary in China to use a bicycle instead of the slow and expensive mule. Even as bishop, when on tour for Confirmation, it was the beloved bicycle that carried him to remote Chinese districts. According to tradition, a whole village once went out to meet the bishop in true Chinese fashion—band, banners and fireworks. As the good prelate waited patiently far outside the village gates for the arrival of the episcopal carriage, His Excellency came rolling down the road on his bicycle from the opposite direction, trousers clamped up and tropical helmet yellow with sweat. He was delighted at the joke of slipping into the empty village unnoticed, but when the people discovered what had happened they were far from amused. Indignantly they protested against such an improper entry. It once happened that another missionary, who wore a long beard like the bishop's, came to a certain village in a carriage. Bowing to all sides and lifting his hand in greeting and paternal benediction, he looked for all the world like His Grace. With fire banners he was escorted into the church. Once in the sacristy he changed places with the real bishop, who had arrived unnoticed some time before on his infamous bicycle. It was only gradually, and with no little reluctance, that the good people came to accept their "bicycle-bishop". During the later years of his episcopate, however, when China was torn with suffering, the people learned to love and appreciate this modest, unassuming man who was yet a prince of the Church and their spiritual father. In his old age the people no longer saw him riding his bicycle; he journeyed on foot.

He was a Franciscan. Having gone forth from the strict old school of Harreveld, he kept the Franciscan ideal faithfully throughout his life. His love for poverty was extreme. His clothing was so poor that when I first arrived in Tsinan I mistook him for a lay brother. He always wore Chinese clothing. His long black gown was mostly a collection of patches; his cloth shoes were worn down on the sides. Once, for his feastday, some of the Sisters presented him with

a new outfit, but the next day he appeared again in his old clothing. Smilingly he excused himself before the questioning eyes of the Sister: "*Ach, ja*—a Chinese priest came in from the interior. He was desperately in need of something to wear. These old clothes will do me a while longer." He was most economical in the use of things. He salvaged every little scrap of paper that could still be used. A Chinese priest once showed me his letter of transfer. It was written on a sheet of paper, on the back of which could be clearly seen the kind regards of Sister Superior X. He loved books and took the tenderest care of them. His beautiful missal was his treasure. He would not even permit the new Mass texts to be pasted in for fear of spoiling the binding. His breviary was as clean as on the day it came off the press. Considering his natural meticulousness, one can understand why on one occasion, when his breviary got a shower, he lost his temper. It happened that a priest from an outside mission was to have a High Mass in the cathedral. Just before the *Asperges*, the sacristan whispered to him: "The Bishop is here; use plenty of holy water." After the *Asperges* the celebrant went up and swung the aspergil three times over the bishop and his breviary, leaving them both dripping. It must not be supposed, however, that this exterior cleanliness was merely an idiosyncrasy; it was rather the expression of the bishop's interior purity and cleanliness, just as his love of order was an expression of his interior discipline. Yet in spite of his fussy nature, love of poverty made him the shabbiest—and the gayest—of men.

He was a professor—a born teacher. As a young priest he taught in the minor seminary; later he lectured in Rome. As bishop he always helped out with teaching and filled vacancies whenever someone was needed. With deep and infectious enthusiasm he began the translation of the *Codex juris canonici*¹ into the highly technical language of Chinese law. It was the first time that Rome ever gave permission for a private translation of the *Codex*. After three years of diligent work, he presented to the Church a 622-page volume, a masterpiece in every respect. The bishop loved to lecture. Not only in pulpit and classroom, but at table, when walking, even when playing chess, he lectured. Adding to these details the fact that the bishop was a canonist whose legalistic mind found more pleasure in propositions and analyses, in divisions and classifications and distinctions, than in the beauties of art or symphonies—though he loved *potpourri*—the portrait of this jurist-professor-bishop becomes more complete. The program of his entire day was carried out with the exactness of a clock. Before he said Mass he finished the whole office, even Compline. Meditation, rosary, stations of the Cross, study, recreation—all followed a fixed schedule.

¹ Cf. THE CORD, Oct. 1951, p. 240.

His day began at 4 o'clock in the morning and ended at 9 o'clock in the evening.

He was a bishop. Of the approximately fifty years he spent in China he was a bishop for twenty-five. He saw the rise and fall of more than a dozen dynasties, but his episcopal chair stood firm amidst the turns of political upheavals, and the people's esteem for him increased with the turns. The dignity of Archbishop crowned his old age. The consciousness of being the voice of the teaching Church, and the final authority in regard to ecclesiastical rights and the observance of the liturgy, was very strong in him. He was a missionary, full of enthusiasm for the newer trends in the liturgical movement. He often enough had a long fight on their hands before they could convince him of the value of these new conceptions. On the other hand, many of his over-eager zealots had to capitulate before the decisions of this quiet, unassuming, promising Romanist.

Truly, for all his greatness, Archbishop Jarre was a complicated character, and there were times when those under his authority had to suffer much from him. But he himself was aware of this, and the older he grew the more he felt his inadequacy. He petitioned Rome for a successor, a younger man whose strength would better enable him to bear the burden of the pallium. Rome refused the petition. Meanwhile the Communists were gaining strength. One rumor reached Tsinan—rumors of the massing of Red troops in the North. Rumors of persecution in Red China. Archbishop Jarre packed his trunks. What did he do this? Was he trying to force Rome to appoint the successor he asked for? Did he think that his departure would leave his people free to take care of themselves when the storm broke? Did he think that he could do no good working from unoccupied territory? Or was he simply fleeing from the Communists? Whatever his motives, we do not know; we can only conjecture. We know only that when the Red armies began to move south he packed his trunks and prepared to leave for free China. No one thought of blaming him for he was an old man in his seventies.

The Prisoner

Then the amazing thing happened. Exactly twenty-four hours later the bishop unpacked his trunks. He was going to remain. On July 14, 1948, he wrote his great letter of farewell. "In regard to myself," he wrote, "I feel urged and fortified by the grace of God to persevere on the battlefield of my life, the more so the nearer the hour of crisis approaches. Indeed, in my perhaps presumptuous state of mind I dare say with Saint Paul: And now behold I feel irresistibly urged to remain in my beloved episcopal city of Tsinanfu, not know-

ing what will happen to me; but the Holy Spirit warns me, saying that imprisonment and persecution are awaiting me. But I fear none of these (with the grace of God), nor do I hold my life in any account as being dear to me, if only I may accomplish my course and the ministry that I have received from the Lord Jesus, to bear witness to the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that you all will see my face no longer (Acts 20; 22-25)."

The call of God had reached him. God Himself urged him to remain with his flock. He answered the call, and by so doing took the first steps toward the altar of sacrifice. Soon the devastation began. One mission station after another, one city after another, fell into the hands of the Communists. From the South news reached him that priests had been imprisoned; and from the North, that churches had been desecrated. He could no longer visit the many flourishing Christian communities in his large diocese; only the episcopal city was still free. "You can perhaps imagine what this means to me," he wrote, "if you consider that since 1904 I have given myself—first the enthusiasm of my youth, then the full vigor of my manhood, and now the waning strength of my old age—to the service of the Tsinan mission. With bleeding heart I see the almost certain destruction of this work to which I have contributed the best of my talents and abilities for more than forty years."

Then came the leave-taking from friends and confreres. He himself would remain, but he insisted that all the aged and sickly missionaries, foreign and Chinese, were to leave the country. Every day new groups of departing missionaries went to the airport—priests and brothers, sisters and seminarians. Among them were his oldest confreres, the men with whom he had shared the joys and sufferings of mission life for so many decades. Not only his confessor and personal advisers left him, but also many a dear confrere, like the ninety-four year old Brother Corbinian Paugger who pleaded with tears to be allowed to end his days in the beloved home of his choice. He had not seen the home of his birth since 1894. In all these trying situations the bishop remained energetic, yet friendly, pressing each hand warmly and gratefully in a last farewell—forever.

The younger men who had volunteered to remain gathered around their courageous bishop. His heroic example inspired them. Those who still hesitated in hours of fear found a strong support in him. At the end there was a total of forty priests and a few brothers at his side. Some of the Sisters² also remained to

² The Sisters who remained were Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Hospital Sisters of Saint Francis, (Springfield, Illinois), and Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception (Paterson, New Jersey). It is not known for certain what became of the members of the several Chinese congregations that had houses in the city.

carry on the most important duties in the big orphanages of the city and hospital. When his eyes rested fondly on this little group of faithful souls encouraged and yet saddened, for he knew that quite possibly none of them would ever see home again. Often he sighed under the terrible pressure of responsibility: "For the time of persecution this impressive number of missions is much too large for our mission . . . but it is edifying to see so many priests offering themselves to God to work for souls amidst the greatest dangers, and for the sake of Christ to be willing to suffer imprisonment and even death. Such a sacrifice toward the end of life makes up for hundreds of faults and frailties of the past . . . It is and will always remain an honor for the two provinces of Saxonia and Colonia that half the number of this band of heroes belong to them."

He who has the courage to give himself unreservedly to God, once he has done so, no longer worries about the future. A mature tranquility, a spiritual balance, takes possession of him. With the bishop, this interior tranquility and harmony increased day by day. Only once, when we heard that the Reds were planning to flay him alive, did he lose courage; and then he quickly regained it. I still remember him like a little general standing on the truck which brought him out of the bombed suburbs of Tsinan. He had come out to get us and bring us into the comparative safety of the city.

The following day saw the complete encirclement of Tsinan. A terrible battle followed. The episcopal residence, from which the police forces fought gallantly until their general turned traitor, was the target of more than a hundred grenades and mines. The bombardment was terrific. Roofs—even the great cathedral roof—were hurled into the air; walls burst apart; the wounded screamed and groaned in agony; the stench of decaying corpses filled the air. Eight days of combat, then Tsinan, the key city between north and south China, between Red and Nationalist China, was betrayed into surrender. During the days the non-combatants in our section of the city had found protection only in one small shelter. Again and again the beads of the rosary glided through the fingers of the bishop. He prayed the *Our Father* aloud with a none too pious Protestant in order to dispose him to some kind of contrition. After the last shot was fired, the bishop sang the *Te Deum* in gratitude that no one connected with the mission had been killed, although more than 50,000 people had lost their lives. The sight of his residence reduced to a heap of rubble made him realize the perishableness of all earthly possessions.

He found a loving reception, however, in the little convent. But God con-

tinued to wrestle with him; the final renunciation was still a long way off. The bishop now found himself deprived of personal liberty; he was not allowed to leave the city. His mountain climbing and his long trips through the valley came to an abrupt end. He once applied for permission to go to Tsingtao, and he was refused. He had to have permission even to spend the night outside his living quarters. Deeply humiliating for him were the many appearances at police headquarters, the repeated questioning that went on for hours, the sudden inspections at night. Once he was forced to answer a list of stupid questions put to him by an eighteen year old mental defective. But he could still pray: *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*. When, however, some of the Catholic teachers, an ex-seminarian, and even his vicar-general made friends with the Red-organized National Church, that was a knife plunged into the depths of his soul. In humble, pleading love, he knelt at the altar of his apostate vicar and served his Mass; but all his efforts were in vain. The vicar remained obdurate, and some weeks later, after he had been deposed and excommunicated, he declared open war against the bishop.

Meanwhile, most of the Chinese priests had been imprisoned. Four European priests, who had been teaching in the upper school, followed them. Clergy and laity were being subjected to severe penalties for belonging to the Legion of Mary. Finally, in the July of 1951, the bishop himself was sentenced to room imprisonment. He who loved sunshine and water and mountains and fresh air had to sit day and night in a little room. He who loved silence had to listen to the constant chatter and singing and carousing of the soldiers on guard. He, the great lover of activity, had to sit idle. From the window he could see the police coming and going, but he never knew who was involved. How were his imprisoned priests? What was the situation of the Church? What about the "New Movement"? Why was it that his right hand, the Father Procurator, was suddenly put into the "red auto"? Had he been sentenced to banishment from the country? If it were only this, it would still be for the best. But perhaps it was something worse—he could not know. The only way to keep informed was to have little notes slipped into his room. But soon the trick was discovered, and the writer of the notes had to appear before the police every day until he finally submitted and wrote a letter of repentance. In grinding monotony the hours, the days, the weeks, the months passed without Mass, without Holy Communion. But the rosary never left the bishop's fingers.

The Martyr

Then came the long-dreaded day. On October 17, 1951, the bishop was led

to jail. We know nothing factual about what he went through, but we can reasonably suppose that he was dealt with just about as we were—only with even greater severity. The first day brought us a trial lasting six hours in the course of which we had to stand uninterruptedly in one spot. The things were discussed over and over again. When one judge became tired, another came and started all over.

Every statement of ours was written down, and woe if our statements did not agree in the smallest detail. Then began a cross-examination that came out to gibbering idiocy. Tired to death and mentally paralyzed, we had to repeat our confessions. We tried, but in our exhaustion all we could manage to do was scribble out a few meaningless sentences. The judge became furious and ordered us to rewrite the confessions, stating why, with whom, on what, at what place, for what purpose, etc., etc. A few hours of sleep on three hard benches and the trial began anew: during the day, in the middle of the night, before the judge, before several. The trial dragged on for six weeks; then, in the middle of the night, transportation to another jail. Again six weeks, but this time a trial. Six agonizing weeks of waiting and fearing, of thinking and brain-racking. No book, no breviary, not even a rosary. Then followed the third, and fourth, and fifth prison, each one worse than the other. Imprisonment itself is a torment, for the Communists have introduced a system of torturing prisoners that is inhumanly cruel. From 5 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, prisoners have to sit on the bare ground. They are not allowed to move, nor to speak, nor even to turn their heads. For any change of posture they must have permission from the guards.

This is what we went through, and no doubt it is also what the bishop went through. We have no details of what he suffered in prison, but an eyewitness has related how he fell victim to the illness that resulted in his death. It happened that one morning the bishop moved a little toward the window without permission. For this he was reprimanded immediately. The guard delivered a long sermon on his disobedience and violation of the rules. Then he was forced to sit in such a position that his face was exactly opposite the guard's peep-hole. From then on he was treated with greater harshness. One very cold morning the bishop wished to put a cloth over his head, because he was sitting directly beneath the window. He had already caught cold and coughed much. Although he humbly asked for permission, it was not granted. He had to expose his bare head to the cold draft of air. Day and night he wore the terrible handcuffs, which made eating with chopsticks very difficult and the necessary private performances a real torture.

Between the handcuffs and the vermin, he had no real rest. He must have suffered intensely during the winter months. He grew feverish; night perspiration and coughing spells became worse; severe pleurisy brought him close to the grave. His condition became so serious that it was feared he would die in jail. Naturally, no foreigner can be permitted to die in a Chinese jail; that would mean irreparable loss of face. He was transferred to our hospital—too late. The best physician was consulted, but he pronounced the case hopeless. One would think that even the most rabid Communist would have had heart enough to let the aged prelate die in peace. But no; two soldiers guarded him day and night, one at his right and one at his left. Not only that; there was a final six-hour trial, a last attempt to force a confession from this poor skeleton. But to all their questions, the dying bishop merely replied: "I shall give you an answer to that in the grave." When at the approach of death he asked for the Last Sacraments, he was told, after prolonged deliberations, that Extreme Unction is only for good citizens and should not be wasted on such as he.

Thus, in the spirit of sacrifice and holy resignation, he committed his last hours into the hands of his Lord Whom he had striven to follow all his life. He died on the afternoon of March 8, Fatima Saturday, at three o'clock, the hour in which his Lord and Master died on the Cross.

Fr. Dagobert Voss, O. F. M.

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EPILOGUE

The apostasy of Tsinan's vicar general, Chung Wen-lung, has been a source of deep grief to Chinese Catholics, especially to the faithful clergy. Among those who felt most keenly his shameful defection and betrayal of Archbishop Jarre was his friend Father Pacificus Li Hsuan-te, a Franciscan of the Fengsiang Commissariat. On December 28, 1951, Father Pacificus was named bishop of the Diocese of Yen-an. Although, in raising him to the episcopal dignity, Rome was in effect offering him the martyr's crown, he not only accepted the appointment with joy, but went further and made a solemn offering of his life to God for the apostate vicar general. He had not long to wait. By the first of the year (1952) the Reds placed him under arrest. Nothing has been heard of him since.

THE BURIAL OF ARCHBISHOP JARRE

The burial of the Franciscan martyr-bishop of Tsinan, Cyril Rudolph Jarre, has been described in recent months in several newspaper articles. The following letter, from one of the few Franciscan Fathers left there, is an eye-witness account of what took place. The pertinent passages are taken from the first draft of the letter as printed in Mission Crumbs published by the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Paterson, New Jersey. Explanations of the allusions in the letter are taken from the Acta Ordinis Fratrum Minorum, May-June-July, 1952, pp. 166-167. Although the archbishop is not mentioned by name in the letter, it is clear to whom the "He" refers.

Was it a dream or a reality? For the first time in my life I was gazing upon the body of a saint. Unforgettable! To see Him lying there so peacefully freed at last from all burdens and care, reposing in the brightness of glory. You will be happy, I'm sure, to hear something from me about Him. In case you have already heard, it won't do any harm to hear such things a second time.

It was on February 3 that they brought Him half dead from the prison to the hospital. In His room were three beds close together—one on the right hand and one on the left, both occupied by guards, and His in the middle. No one was permitted to enter the room. On February 5 we heard that He was very lonely and asked permission to bring Him the Last Sacraments. The answer: "We have to consider that first." Finally, came the result of the considering: "The holy anointing is to be administered to good citizens only; it is not fitting that it be administered to people like Him . . ."

And then . . . came March 8. It was Saturday—Fatima Saturday—around 3 o'clock that He died. His body was released. There was rejoicing among the people that His sufferings had come to an end. A few days before, they had still subjected Him to six hours of questioning. But He had given only one answer: "You can ask me about that in the grave." And now He lay on the bier in the little chapel, clothed in red vestments. It must have been truly sublime. The people poured into the chapel to see Him. On Sunday morning, after High Mass, it seemed as if all the Catholics in the entire district were migrating to the city. Naturally, the others eyed the scene with considerable distaste. Within a short time the situation became really hot—but the people paid no attention to it and made no attempt to hide their feelings. The chief of the police department for religious affairs in Tsinan went around with his men and tried to terrorize the people into dispersing; they took names, confiscated hymn books, threatened and argued, but it all ended by their having to have the chapel closed. In a last

desperate attempt to save face, he commanded Brother D—— to take the body away immediately. That was one order that was promptly and gladly executed, for it was exactly what Brother had come to do—to bring the body back to Hungkialou and have it laid out in the seminary chapel.

(On Sunday, the ninth, in the same chapel the first Requiem Mass was celebrated in the morning. So great was the crowd of people that the police were astounded. A member of the "autonomous church" broke out into loud expressions of grief before the coffin and in the presence of the police and the faithful. The Christians who filled the chapel and the adjacent garden chanted the *Te Deum* continuously. At noon, the police forced the people from the chapel and ordered the burial to take place immediately outside the city in the town of Kukiafen, twelve kilometers away. A. O. F. M.)

The police chief for religious affairs was glad when He left the city, and we were glad to know we could welcome Him. He came about 5 o'clock,¹ amid the pealing of the bells. When the coffin was opened (Fr. Th—— and I stood in the choir—the church was packed) the people with one accord broke out into the *Te Deum*. Then the endless line filing past the coffin. The people were not satisfied with merely looking at Him, they had to kiss Him. The local police in Hungkialou had given us permission to postpone the burial until Tuesday, but apparently they did not know at the time for whom we were asking that permission. About 9 o'clock that night, after we had all gone to bed, there was a terrific racket at the monastery door. I anticipated nothing good. I was out of bed and dressed in a wink. I hadn't much to put on, because in these times we don't take much off. When I got to the gate I saw four men planted there. And the order? "He has to be buried tonight! Orders are orders. And furthermore He has to be buried by ten o'clock." In the meantime, the police chief for religious affairs had arrived with his staff. Until midnight there was a hearing on the question of why He had been laid out in red vestments. While all this was going on His Body was removed to Kukiafen, a nearby village where there have been Catholics for over three hundred years.

(Chung Wen-lung, the deposed ex-vicar general who had lodged the accusation against the Archbishop and is now the leader of the autonomous church, advised the police that the red vestments in which the body of the Archbishop had been clothed signified that he was a martyr. At once, at ten o'clock at night, this matter was investigated, and orders were issued that the

¹ I. e., to Hungkialou.

body should be brought immediately during that same night to Kukiafen and buried there. A. O. F. M.)

When the police were informed, about 2 o'clock in the morning, that He had been buried, the order was given to bring Him back, and to see that He was back by 8 o'clock A. M. At five o'clock we started out, took Him out of the grave, and brought Him back to Hungkialou. We put Him in Stanislaus's room. The police chief and the "Man from the East"² led the way. The "Man from the East" had brought black vestments for the body. And he did it. The people were furious. They put on a wonderful show! The people demanded white vestments, and the gentlemen had to give in. The people demanded that He lay in state until Tuesday, and the gentlemen had to give in. The people demanded a funeral band, and the gentlemen had to give in. The atmosphere became so oppressive that the gentlemen found it expedient to disappear.

(At ten o'clock, Chung Wen-lung, the ex-vicar general, in the presence of the police, stripped the body of the dead man of the red pontifical vestments, wishing to clothe it in the garb of captive criminals. The people protested and cursed him. Permission to use white pontifical vestments was granted. New testations and petitions from the faithful. The police telephoned central headquarters which gave permission to postpone the burial until noon of the following day. A. O. F. M.)

On Tuesday about 9 o'clock we held the solemn burial from the seminary chapel. There were eleven Friars there—the holy remains of our community. The rest of us were locked up, or—. But the people! They had come from everywhere—I don't know how many. I know only that they were one people in mind and heart. They all had to see Him once more before the coffin was closed, they all had to kiss their bishop-father once more. Twenty men carried the coffin and to the accompaniment of jubilant singing they bore it high above the heads of the people all the way to Kukiafen. Everyone wanted to help carry it. The police were there, of course, but they kept discreetly in the background. In the cemetery the singing died down, and just before the interment the whole crowd began to weep. The police looked on in surprise. "You Catholics, why are you crying?" one of them asked. "We've always heard that Catholics don't cry at funerals."³ But no one bothered about the police, and, as far as I know,

² "The Man from the East" translates the surname of Chung Wen-lung.

³ The pagan Chinese custom of loud and usually theatrical weeping at funerals frowned upon by Catholics.

no one bothered to answer their questions. I could tell you of many beautiful incidents that occurred at the cemetery, but this much will have to be enough for now. Suffice to say that His burial could not have been more beautiful. The people remarked that the red vestments in which He was first laid out symbolized His martyrdom, and the white in which He was buried symbolized His eternal glory.

(The account in the A. O. F. M. concludes: During this last morning more people kissed the hands and feet of the Archbishop than in the twenty-three years of his episcopate. With the holocaust of the Archbishop the movement in favor of the independent church seems to be dead. Chung Wen-lung, the ex-vicar and apostate, was so cursed, derided and mocked in Hungkialou, in the presence of the police, and especially by the women, the young folk, and the children, that he no longer dares to come into that locality. We hope that the dead Archbishop will become the martyr-patron of Tsinan).



Blessed is the servant that takes direction, blame, and reproof as patiently from another as from himself.

Blessed is the servant who, on being reproved, cheerfully agrees, modestly complies, humbly confesses, and readily makes amends.

Blessed is that servant who is not quick to excuse himself, and humbly accepts the embarrassment and the reproof for a sin when he was not guilty of any fault.

Saint Francis

SAINT JOHN CAPISTRAN ON STUDIES IN THE ORDER

In this letter Saint John Capistran reveals himself as one of God's angels. During his first term as Vicar General of the Observants he wrote against the zealots who were convinced that studies opposed the purity of the Rule and been carrying on a campaign of calumny against him ever since he had succeeded Saint Bernardine of Siena in founding a school of theology at Perugia in 1427. In throwing up a protective wall around the enclosure of proposed studies, he barbed his charity with sharp and critical comments.

To the reader of this letter he bares an impetuous nature, driven to by zeal and—from a worldly standpoint—by a lack of prudence. But the saints were ever prone to defy conventions; and the same impetuosity that led him to chaplain the Christian army against the Turks spurred him on to insist in his subjects a zest for combating the ignorance and consequent heresies of the age through more intensive study.

If we read this letter as it was written—with clenched teeth—the voice of the angry saint may still reach us across the centuries and stir us also to a zeal for the better gifts.

Venerable Fathers, respected and dearly beloved sons: for you I intercede prayerfully for saving grace and eternal peace in the Lord.

I am forced to wonder not a little that where I was expecting the most prompt obedience and concerted efforts in a matter touching the glory of God, the common welfare, and the honor and furthering of our holy Religion, precisely there I encounter rebellious obstinacy in some of you. Before I was burdened with the office of Superior, these were the very men who were wont to treat me as most loyal friends, hastening to consult me for advice and following it without delay. Yet now they have become obstacles to me and opponents, contumacious and rebellious, even setting themselves up as judges on our holy Rule against the commands of their lawful Superior regarding studies.

Are we unaware that a priest cannot treat of holy matters if he does not know them? Do we not realize how necessary are the keys of the Church? Are we ignorant of the fact that for their right use adequate knowledge is necessary? Is not knowledge enumerated among the gifts of the Holy Spirit? O ignorance, foolish and blind mother of all errors, who has courted you, what has increased your darkness, except sin? Here I refer not to positive fault, but rather to the fault of omission caused by neglect of study. Can anyone benefit others if he

does not know how? How will he know unless he learns? How can he learn unless he is taught? Alas! How stupid, barren, and sluggish is the counsel of the ignorant!

Untold is the harm caused by shameful ignorance and neglect. He who despises knowledge is an enemy of nature; for man naturally desires to know. Therefore, he who hates knowledge sins against nature; and he who neglects the gifts and talents of God blasphemes the Holy Spirit. "For this resistance is as wrong as the sin of fortune-telling, and not to submit herein is as sinful as idolatry." Is it not written: *For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom* (Wisdom 7, 28)? *For by wisdom they were healed, whosoever hath pleased thee, O Lord, from the beginning* (Wisdom 9, 19). *For regarding not wisdom, they did not only slip in this that they were ignorant of good things, but they left also unto men a memorial of their folly, so that in the things in which they sinned they could not so much as lie hid* (Wisdom 10, 8).

Dearly beloved, be careful lest there be hurled against you that malediction: *For wisdom shall not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins* (Wisdom 1, 4). Do you perchance consider it of more value to spend your time in murmuring, condemning, slandering, lying, and foolish talking, and in objecting to superiors as well as to subjects, than in the useful study of those doctrines necessary for one's own salvation and that of others, for the worship of God, and for the control and government of souls? Can anyone doubt that the Commandments must be kept to gain eternal life? And what of the Church Militant? Can the ignorant man give her proper service? In the words of the Apostle: *If anyone ignores this, he shall be ignored* (I Cor. 14, 38). Which means that he shall be ignored for salvation, but not for damnation. Are you not bound to know *our* law, and by that I mean our Rule? Are there not more precepts in it for you than in the common law? Oh, the abominable stupidity of a darkened mind! What is it but an inert clod, a dead cinder, a confused blackness and a hateful rivalry deceived in the gloom of evil! Will you believe me, or do you prefer to become obstacles to your own selves?

You say that Brother John is seeking honor from this project of his, just as he sought honor from the reformation of the Order in the time of Martin V. If I desired the reform of the Order, if, with all my strength and with all my heart, I sought and strove for this, how can you picture me as so vile, so base and despicable? Would that I had passed out of this miserable life before I saw this day! I long for your advancement, for your salvation; I want you to be useful; and I desire your honor and glory. Pardon me, please, for having

sought to stir you to zeal for the better gifts. Without the gift of wisdom, can you grasp the meaning of faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, or of the other virtues and holy gifts, including the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, or the distinctions between original, venial, and mortal sin, together with the various types of mortal sin differing in gravity and species? Are you not bound to be versed in these things? Being ignorant of these virtues and virtues, how will you be saved? If you are enclosed in the darkened theater of your mind, how will you *let your light shine before men*? Rather will you fall one by one into the pit.

"For whoever lives in rebellion and refuses to speak well and to do well is no member of Christ, but rather a member of the devil; no Christian, but rather an infidel." Do you not need Guardians? And do not Guardians have the care of souls? And having that spiritual responsibility, can they discharge their office properly without knowledge? Indeed, a priest, inasmuch as he is designated for holy things, should know about holy things. And both priests and clerics should have at least enough knowledge of grammar that they can recite the divine office correctly and clearly, and not slovenly; that they can pronounce the words properly according to syllable and sense; and that as they read they can understand something of the text. Those administering the Sacraments should understand the efficient, material, formal, and final causes of the Sacraments. Of course, they must know the proper manner of administering them. And if a preacher merely memorizes fables and stories, and recites them mechanically like a lyre or an organ, not knowing whether he is speaking well or badly, does he not leave himself open to the ridicule of his audience? Oh, how base is the doctrine (and it must be retracted!) tainted with heresy which some preachers, like dogs, chew over and belch forth! And sometimes this happens merely from blind ignorance.

And you, my confessors, so prompt to absolve. Do you know that if you pass a false judgment you are held to retribution? Do you know that the Lord will ever require an account of that ignorance from your hands? In the Valley of Josaphat this Divine Arbiter will judge you because of the keys of knowledge you despised. *For the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth: because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts* (Mal. 2, 7). Yet he is not an angel unless he announces truth; but he cannot proclaim truth which he does not know; nor can he know unless he learns; and to learn without a teacher is impossible. Can you both flee and serve your devilish teacher? Satan, clever and experienced, will seduce your ignorance just as he seduced Eve; and

ADVENT SUMMONS

Come forth from the holy place,
Sweet Child,
Come from the quiet dark
Where virginal heartbeats
Tick your moments.

Come away from the red music
Of Mary's veins.
Come out from the Tower of David,
Sweet Child,
From your House of Gold.

Leave your lily-cloister,
Leave your holy mansion,
Quit your covenant ark.
O Child, be born!

Be born, sweet Child,
In our unholy hearts.

Come to our trembling,
Helpless Child.
Come to our littleness,
Little Child,
Be born unto us
Who have kept the faltering vigil.
Be given, be born,
Be ours again.

Come forth from your holy haven,
Come away from your perfect shrine,
Come to our wind-racked souls
From your flawless tent,
Sweet Child.

Be born, little Child,
In our unholy hearts.

Poor Clare Monastery of
Our Lady of Guadalupe,
Roswell, New Mexico

Sr. Mary Francis, P. C.