

PANEGYRIC
OF
SAINT PHILIP NERI,
PRONOUNCED, ON THE FEAST OF THE SAINT,
IN THE CHURCH OF THE LONDON ORATORY.
1856.

BY
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN, A.
ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,
&c. &c. &c.

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1856.



TO THE VERY REV. F. NEWMAN, D. D.,
SUPERIOR OF THE BIRMINGHAM ORATORY,

AND

TO THE VERY REV. F. FABER, D. D.,
SUPERIOR OF THE LONDON ORATORY.

Very Rev. and dear Fathers,

I dedicate this discourse to you jointly, because a common bond unites you to one another, and to me; the love of the holy St. Philip. If I have been his elder, either of you has been, by far, his better son. You have made him known, you have made him loved in this country, as dearly almost as he is in his own. You have naturalized him in English hearts, you have given him a second—an English home.

But under his auspices, you have done much more. Though apparently the paths you have trodden may have seemed different, they have been parallel and concurrent, and have formed a single road. One has brought the resources of the most varied learning, and the vigour of a keenly accurate mind, power of argument and grace of language, to grapple with the intellectual difficulties, and break down the strongly-built prejudices of strangers to the Church. The other has gathered within her gardens sweet flowers of devotion for her children; and taught them, in thoughts that glow, and words that burn, to prize the banquet

which love has spread for their refreshment. Thus can you truly say, "*In domo Domini ambulavimus cum consensu.*" Hand in hand you have walked together, the one planting, and the other watering; while God above has given to your united work increase. My share in it must be confined to such grateful recollections, and ardent hopes, as may be expressed in a short Panegyric.

Anything done by me for St. Philip's sake could not be separately offered to either, but must go to the common stock of what belongs to him. Words of praise, or rather of affection, spoken concerning him, however worthless, belong to him, and if they have his blessing on them, are so absorbed and appropriated by this, that they must go where it goes, impartially and equally to all his children.

Let this Panegyric receive some additional value from the sentiments of affectionate regard and friendship which have prompted this dedication; additional, that is to what may result from that love of "the Saint," which in it struggled so poorly to express itself. This only could otherwise render it worthy of your notice.

Earnestly recommending myself to your pious prayers, and to your love in St. Philip, I am ever,

Dear and Very Rev. Fathers,

Your affectionate Servant in Christ,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

London, June 1, 1856.

SERMON,

&c.

PSALM cxviii. 23.

“Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri cum dilatasti cor meum.”

“I have run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou didst enlarge my heart.”

If we saw a man running with the greatest speed and anxiety along a steep and arduous path, we should naturally expect to find his eyes intently fixed, his countenance flushed and glowing, his limbs, and his whole frame, convulsed and quivering. And we should well know that all these visible and exterior symptoms were only indicative of one which we could not, indeed, *behold*: we should know that his *heart* was beating and throbbing: that it felt to him as though it were seeking to burst through the very walls of its prison, against which it was beating, heavy and distinct. And when at length he rested in his flight, were it from the influence of fear or the eagerness of hope, we should not perhaps see him seek to repose his weary limbs by casting himself down, but we should see him press his hands upon his bosom, as if to check and compose the panting of his swelling heart, and to confine it within its ordinary limits. It is the same in the world of grace, which bears such analogy to that of nature. He who *runs* in the way of God's commandments may like David

speak the words of my text, "Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri," "I have run along the path of Thy commandments"—but he will check himself, and, since "non volentis, neque currentis, sed miserentis est Dei," "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God alone who gives mercy"—he will say "cum dilatasti cor meum," "when *Thou* hast enlarged my heart." *I* have run to the best of my power along the way of Thy commandments, but it is *Thou* alone who hast enlarged my heart.

If this could have been, at any period, and in any part of the Church, the language of a Saint, in none surely has it been more simply, more completely and more literally fulfilled, than in the Saint of this day, the Saint to whom the Church especially applies these words: the Saint who of all others, addressing God, could have said at the end of his life, "I have run the way of Thy commandments, for *Thou* hast enlarged my heart." The Blessed Saint Philip could have spoken those words, and no doubt often did speak them, in the fervour of his love, his gratitude and his praise; especially in that last hour of his life, when he looked up smiling to Heaven, and rendered back to God, not only the soul, which had already tasted the joys of Heaven, but the *heart*, that had gone before him, overflowing beyond the ordinary measure with grace and with love. Then let us see this day how these words could be applied to him; how they give us the key to the peculiar character of holiness with which God was pleased to adorn him.

We easily fall into a delusion, when we compare ourselves to the Saints of God, and the way on which we tread with that by which we think they have passed. We know that we have to reach Heaven along the path that has been described to us as narrow, and steep, and beset with difficulties; and we feel ourselves miserably creeping on, step by step, sometimes indeed discovering, that instead of advancing, we have perhaps fallen back, and have to make good ground over which we have already trod. We know that, as we advance heavily and slowly, our hearts reproach us at every step, especially when we look at the progress of God's Saints. It seems as if we were children spelling each day a lesson, not as reading the book of God's grace, as a poem filled with beauties over which we should spend hours, feeling that it is, in the language of the Psalmist, more precious than gold, more sweet than honey. And we imagine while it is our fate to go on thus wretchedly slowly on this path of growing virtue, without scarcely daring to think of perfection, that the Saints move in another sphere, or are raised upon another plane. We contemplate them, even in this world, as if borne above us, on an amber cloud of glory, bright and beautiful, God conducting them magnificently through the sky without obstacle or hindrance; and we look up to them with reverence, and think we see them look, not indeed disdainfully, but as having pity upon us, with beaming and majestic countenance. But this is an error. It is a common saying, that there is no royal road to

learning. So there is no saintly way to Heaven. The highest and the lowest must go upon the same path of "God's commandments."

On that same path on which we tread, now indeed dry, hard, scorched and dusty : again perhaps slimy, slippery and defiling ; at another time cold, frozen, and clad with snows,—on that same path the Saints walked, and each day walk, before us, around us, and behind us : and by no other way do they reach that goal than by that same one which we tread. It is in the difference of the *manner* in which we advance, that consists the vast distance between us and them. "Beati *immaculati* in via, qui *ambulant* in lege Domini," says the Psalmist in the beginning of that magnificent hymn which the Church sings daily, "Blessed are the *undefiled* in the way, who *walk* in the law of the Lord," "non enim," he continues, "qui operantur iniquitatem ; in viis ejus *ambulaverunt*," "For they do iniquity, they have not *walked* in His ways." Here therefore are the two classes of men ; those who walk not at all in the path of God's commandments : and the rest, who, keeping themselves clean from sin, walk slowly indeed, and amid a thousand dangers, and perhaps with many discouragements, but still walk in the path of God's law. The Saint moves along the same path : but he *runs* instead of walking. "Viam mandatorum tuorum *cucurri*." This is the difference between the two classes of those who walk in God's ways. And the difference will be shown likewise in the *hearts* of both classes of men. We, who *walk* along the difficult path of the divine

law, we, who seek indeed day by day to improve in virtue, and to feel fervour in our souls, we know our hearts are cramped, are narrowed, are straitened. They know not that bounding and expanding action which would make us think of nothing else but hastening forward along that path. Our hearts, alas, have a pulse in accordance with the music of this world : if it praises and applauds, our hearts are warm and throbbing within us, in harmony with its voice : if it is cold and neglectful, our hearts are languid and weak. If it opposes and discourages us, our hearts become perplexed and irregular, and at last perhaps cease almost to beat at all. This is natural in us, who, while indeed we are walking in the way of God's commandments, are looking ever to the right hand and to the left, seeking the few flowers which grow on one side or the other of our way, stretching forth our hands on one side or another for human sympathies. But the Saint, who *runs* along his path, sees but one object before him. "Videbitur Deus Deorum in Sion," the God of Gods is before him on that mountain of Sion, which closes the view, and forms the object of his path. There is God above inviting him forward : "ascensiones in corde suo disposuit," and then in his heart he disposes himself to ascend that mount—from one point to another—from height to height of grace—bounding along in his course—leaping over every chasm that may come in his way—forcing his way through every obstacle, without diverging to the right or to the left. He is for ever going forward in his *heart*

and carries his aspirations into execution. "Ibunt de virtute in virtutem:" "They go from virtue to virtue"—he goes on from strength to strength, never stopping one moment. And while thus hastening onwards, his heart is swelling with motions of ardent, unrepressed, unlimited desire: it is beating as that which we described in the race of the body, not merely the heart of hearts, the inward soul, the seat of sentiment, but every part that is in his body, pants and languishes, as it does when some desire agitates it and some object of hope is before it.

In contemplating, then, the character of our glorious Saint, the blessed Philip, it is this double characteristic of sanctity which I wish to keep before your minds: how he "*ran* in the way of God's commandments," and how, in consequence, or in concomitance, his heart was ever "enlarged."

How do you hope to be saved? You will tell me, by the performance of those duties which fall to the lot of every Christian; by the practice of those virtues which are enjoined by God's law, by the observance of every duty towards God and your neighbour. This is what Saint Philip did. You look upon him in his moments of ecstasy; you contemplate him when almost seeing God face to face, in those long nights of rapture when he lay before the tombs of the martyrs, in those hours which he stole from his public duties, and was entranced before God. But you must look upon him also in the performance of those duties which procured for him those extraordinary graces.

These were enlarging the heart, indeed, but it was only because he ran faster than others on the way of God's ordinary commandments. Take the early part of his life, and what do you read? Assiduity in every religious duty; constancy in prayer; intentness in meditation; frequenting the Churches; receiving the Sacraments; visits to the Adorable Eucharist; devotion to the Blessed Mother of God; charity and kindness to all around him; obedience to superiors, in fact, the simple observance of precepts by which he alone, in common with you, have to be saved. And when we come to that period of his life when his virtues shone more brightly before the Church, when his example is more easy to analyse, when he has entered into the state of holy orders, when he has established his Congregation in Rome, and has begun to exercise his public ministry, what do we find in St. Philip different from that which any of his sons endeavour, to the best of their power, now, and here, to do? You find him in his confessional for hours, listening to the miserable history of the penitent's sins; you see him in the pulpit, instructing the faithful. You come to him, and you find him going from house to house visiting the sick, or the distressed; you see him in his room with his books, preparing for the duties of his ministry, or writing his letters. You find him each morning at the altar in the church, or in his own oratory, offering up the same Victim of salvation. You find him as a priest, exact in the discharge of his duties, discharging them all according to what he would

have told you was the extent of his weakness. And what is the difference between him and us? between him and us, who would blush to put our lives, in the discharge of the same duties, in comparison with his? We are walking in the same path. Yes! we are *walking*,—Philip was *running*.

You might go to Rome, and visit the spots in which he dwelt, tread upon the paths on which he walked, go up the same stairs by which he ascended and descended, to discharge his duties; nay, by favour, perhaps you might even occupy the same place in the discharge of the same duties; and then you would see the difference between walking in the way of God's commandments, as we poor frail ones may try to do, and running, as do the saints of God. You might obtain, perhaps, at his own church, the Chiesa Nuova, permission to say Mass where he said it. You might hope to draw from the inanimate objects he touched, some portion of his fervour or his grace; to kneel in prayer at the very same desk on which he leant; to have before you the very crucifix before which he so often and so devoutly prayed. You might go if you pleased into the same confessional, (which is still preserved) and ask the penitent, in the hope that your words would be words of life to him, to kneel there; and you might sit in the same chair (it is still there,) in which St. Philip sat, and endeavour to instruct others to walk in the same path in which he ran. And what would be the difference? That while you

knelt there your heart would be wandering to a thousand thoughts distant and near; that in spite of all the efforts you might make, distractions would disturb your devotions, while you know that Philip, on the same spot, with no other objects around him, was burning in his supplications, until at length, after he had knelt there some time, with quivering frame, at last the words would break from him, which were eagerly waited for by those who had asked him to pray. "My prayer is heard!" You might call the penitent to your side, and speak to him in the same spot where St. Philip converted so many to God; you might speak to him with all the eloquence you could command,—words full of unction and light; alas! the penitent remains cold at your side. But St. Philip has scarcely opened his lips, has hardly allowed one of those loving exclamations of his to break from his mouth, with which he was wont to address the sinner, nay, he has perhaps merely put his hand upon his head, when he bursts into tears, his sins flow out in a torrent of grief, and in that moment he is penitent and convert for life. Or you might ascend his chair, and preach with eloquence, and out of all the sinners present you would be glad if one came afterwards to ask for a conference with you; where, if in that vast assembly there had been just but that *one*, the words which Philip would have spoken, simply, gently, without vehemence or excitement, would, assuredly as the magnet would have drawn the steel in the midst of other substances, have drawn that sinner

from the crowd to him, and brought him not merely to consult him, but to crave pardon at the feet of the holy priest. Or you may, those of you who go to Rome, enter into the churches which he frequented, and kneel before the very altars, unchanged and untouched since the days when he, passing by, and finding the doors open, went in and knelt, and made his visits to the sacred fountain of his virtue and life, the Adorable Sacrament. You may there, if your eyes wish to feed themselves for a moment on this association, represent to yourself how St. Philip was there, how his eyes saw the same architecture, the same rich marbles before which you are on your knees. You cast up your eyes, and contemplate the heavenly image of the Blessed Mother of God on the Altar, and think how it spoke to his heart. You can realize the Presence of your Lord in that same Tabernacle, in which He has never ceased to dwell from the time He was adored by the Saint there. You bend yourself there in adoration, and kindle yourself to love. You are in the same path. Everything about you, and around you, surrounded him in his day. But he saw nothing of what you have seen. His knees had scarcely touched the ground ere his heart flew at once into the Tabernacle, and joined himself with his Beloved, and they lived and panted together as one, melted in the same love. Their union was indissoluble. He saw none of those objects which have engaged your attention, and as you think, have excited your enthusiasm. He was *running* on that path, and running so that

outward objects upon the right or left caught not his senses, but going straight to its goal he found Him whom he had sought through life.

And so the priest may be privileged still further : he may at this day stand upon the steps of the same altar on which St. Philip day after day stood ; nay, he will be allowed to take into his hand the very chalice in which he offered up the priceless Blood of the Lamb of God ; he will say the same prayers over it ; he will speak the words of consecration, as effective and as certain, as those of St. Philip ; and there will be present, without difference and without partiality, and without preference even for the greatest of saints, the same as ever, the same Adorable Body, and the same Precious Blood. In what do you differ from him ? You take a chalice with hands undefiled, indeed, by sin ; you hold it with additional reverence because you know what hands have held it before you ; and you feel perhaps some additional glow of devotion in your soul, because you drink the stream of life from the same chalice which the Saint's lips had consecrated. But when that chalice was in the hands of St. Philip, his whole frame was seized with convulsion ; his whole body became agitated as though the wings of seraphs were beating against it, and swaying it from side to side ; he was raised from the ground with that chalice in his hands ; not only the power of God seized upon his holy frame and caused the expansion of his blessed heart, but it seemed as if now he was not able to grasp it, and as if angels held those sacred elements in the air above him. St.

Philip in the meantime in an ecstasy is joined to God so closely that it seemed as if it was in the power of man almost to add something to the sacredness of that which is All-Holy. Philip was running along that path in which we poor every-day priests are content to walk. Is it wonderful then that the heart of Philip should have been enlarged? If he was running in the way of God's commandments, is it not a necessary consequence that God, in proportion, should give him that dilation and expansion of heart which was to be his reward; nay, is it not necessary, that running thus in the way of God's commandments, that heart should have already have been expanded. And how is this? Our ordinary language will teach us. We have no hesitation in saying what sentiments, what characteristics enlarge the heart of a man; and what, on the other hand, straiten it, and close it in, and shut it up. There are gifts in particular to which we apply this phrase:—they are joy, generosity, and love. It was by these that the heart of St. Philip was ever being expanded, ever being enlarged.

Where, in the whole history of the saints, has *joyousness* been the characteristic of any one, in so marked a manner, as in St. Philip? That sweet, angelic smile which refused, even at the most advanced age, to put on its sternness; that venerable head, which, even after the snows of old age had covered it, and its icicles depended from it, could not scare away the child, but seemed to draw it closer to itself, more than a mother's smile could do; those hands, which, whether they supported

the now curved form on the staff, or held the rosary, as the Saint advanced through the streets, instead of repelling the boy, make him rush forward to caress them; or, if possible, still more, to obtain from them not only a caress, but if it pleased him a playful blow: these are not marked elsewhere in the lives of the saints, as being ascribed to an aged priest above eighty years of age. He, too, it was, who, first of all others, may be said to have softened the canons of the penitential ages; the first who fully carried out what now the whole Church acknowledges to be the truest principle of the administration of the Sacrament of Penance; sweetness to the repentant, mildness and kindness to the sinner, mingled with a due proportion of mortification and obedience, and good works. This system may be said to have dated from the time of St. Philip, who made the confessional become, what under God's grace it continues to be, not the terror of the sinner, but on the contrary, his very *lure*; and fills it day by day, not merely with those who are struck with remorse for sin, but with those who approach it as the means of reaching higher perfection.

That gladness of heart also, which was peculiar to St. Philip, which showed itself in a way that made his enemies accuse him of levity, and which would prompt him to break out into songs in the midst of any of his occupations; which made him love to be surrounded by youth, and made him glad when they approached him; by which peculiar atmosphere of joyfulness we are told that so many

were cured of the darkest melancholy and most perplexing scruples, and where he laid his hands upon their heads, or pressed them to his bosom, he seemed to drive away at once, all that was dark and discouraging; that cheerfulness which we are told made some of his admirers be content to stand at the door of his room, saying, when invited to enter, that it was sufficient to be so near to Philip to find their hearts filled at once with joy;—all this was surely a characteristic of sanctity, which none else has exhibited. And I know not when it exhibited itself more beautifully than on the last day of his life, when, having risen joyously on the Feast of our Lord's Body, towards which his devotion was so great, when foreseeing it was to be the last day of his life, he continued his ordinary every-day existence; but when he came to celebrate the Divine Mysteries, in his private oratory, at the *Gloria in Excelsis*, he, instead of reciting it as at an ordinary Low Mass, was rapt in the Spirit, and sang it forth from the beginning to the end, to give some outward expression to the exultation of his heart. Nay, so great was that joyfulness within him that he was obliged to take means if possible to enable him to check and restrain it. What wonder, if a heart ever filled with joy, ever being expanded, ever enlarging, became greater and greater!

But we say also in ordinary language, that a man who is generous and noble, has a great heart. There is the open heart as well as the open hand. The two go together. And surely, if ever gene-

rosity was the characteristic of a Saint, it was that of the Blessed St. Philip; a generosity which puts itself almost in contrast with other forms of holiness. For we admire certainly those Saints who exclude themselves from the world, and are given up to mortification, to penance, to prayer, and contemplation; who rarely allow themselves to be disturbed from their ordinary course, and who see and know little of the world, and never more than seems necessary. The generosity of St. Philip was so unselfish, that everything which might seem to be for his own good, his highest and most spiritual good, was counted for nothing by him, compared with the slightest service to others. When he had himself retired to spend an hour in meditation, a call to the confessional, from whomsoever it might be, however illiterate or poor, the desire that he should attend the sick-bed of some one who sought consolation, or any penitent or stranger who wished to speak to him,—this was enough to bring him down instantly, and then, no matter what the length of time was, nor how worldly the business might be which it involved him in, that same cheerful smiling countenance was there, the same as though it had not been, a few moments before, absorbed in ecstasy of meditation and prayer. When an apology was made, his answer would be, “Oh, to come down to do a little good, is no distraction, it does not hinder you in prayer; on the contrary, it sanctifies it more.” And his generosity was shown not merely thus, but in the way in which he mingled in the world, to

an extent to which no other Saint had done; he was to be found at the banquets of the rich, and equally so among the haunts of the poor; he was to be seen walking in the public squares of Rome, and assisting in the most public festivals; and not only in the way of self-sacrifice, (which to a Saint is far greater than we can conceive,) was his generosity shown, but it showed itself also in the sacrifice of what an inferior mind would have deemed it perhaps a duty to accept, for the sake of the Church,—honours, which would have been poured upon his head, and would have made him glorious in the sight of the Church; and honours, which, he must have felt conscious, would have put it in his power to do great good. But never did the thought of ambition tempt him. On the contrary he felt that he could not devote himself to the duties of that simple priesthood, to which he believed God had called him, if he once involved himself in matters of greater magnitude; and so he generously renounced, for the sake of every-day duties, those higher spheres of action, which in that time required the greatest holiness and the greatest ability.

And what was the *cause* of his generosity? what was the source of that joyfulness of his? but simply, *love*. It is love, after all, that opens and expands the heart. “Os nostrum patet ad vos O Corinthii: cor nostrum dilatatum est,” “our mouth is opened to you, O Corinthians, and my heart is enlarged,” (2 Cor. vi. 11.) says the Apostle Paul: and what a picture is here presented! The

open mouth, eager to pour out the fulness of a heart that is swelling with affection. Such is the representation the Apostle puts before us of himself in his charity towards the Corinthians. This is the expansion of heart which proceeds from love. And who does not know, if he be but slightly familiar with the life of the glorious St. Philip, that it was this extraordinary charity, this love, which made his very heart become a symbol in the Church, distinguishing him from other Saints, because the charity of God was diffused so completely through his heart, that it was the secret of his entire life, in its external operation, and in its inward union. It was love towards man, the purest, the chastest, the simplest, which made him, from morning to night, and if necessary, in the night itself, to be devoted to works of charity: and made his house become frequented by crowds of every class, from children to old men, from the poor man to the Cardinal: nay, the love felt for him was shared by those whom he revered as the Vicars of Christ. He was bound by love to all, nor will you find, in the course of his whole life, one expression, which appears to be even slightly at variance with this universal, and not less individual affection. Who shall speak of what that heart contained of love, which seemed, in the words of St. Paul, to have no life in it but that of Christ; and of which it could truly be said that it lived not, save in the life of Christ; and which knew nothing but Him crucified: and which, in moments of prayer, could lose sight at once of all

in this world, and be united with Him, so that even those who were themselves Saints, marvelled at the facility with which it at once became abstracted from the world, and ravished in devotion, and in direct contemplation of God; so as not to require to pass through preliminary stages, or the most ordinary preparation? A love so intense was his, that every time he celebrated the Divine Mysteries, an hour of ecstasy intervened between the consecration and the consummation of the Sacred Sacrifice; a love, so intense, so completely uniting him to God, that it appeared as if he could live, with no other sort of nourishment than that which the love of his Saviour, especially in the Adorable Sacrament, could give.

It has been a privilege reserved for modern times, that instead of the martyrdom of blood, there should be in the Church of God instances, glorious and beautiful, of martyrdom of *love*. Thus Saint Teresa was raised by God, like St. Philip, to such fervour in the contemplation of Him, and His love and mercy, that her heart swelled and burned, and became agitated within her. Had she lived in ancient times, it would have perhaps been her happy lot to lay down her life, and carry out that which in her youth she sought, when she fled from her father's house, to seek for martyrdom: she would have been laid on the rack, and the burning torch would have been applied to her sides, and she would have been made to feel the flames of earthly fire, that it might burn her with the love of her Divine Spouse. But here no outward fire

or flame, was necessary : God allowed such a fire to be enkindled within her, that she felt the pangs and at the same time the joys of martyrdom ; and at last, she beheld an angel approach, with a burning dart, and thrust it through her heart, to show her, in the words of the Church, in her hymn—that she was to die rather through the violence of Divine love than through any disease to which human nature is subject.

“ Sed te manet suavior,
Mors, pœna poscit dulcior
Divini amoris cuspide,
In vulnus icta concides.”*

So had St. Philip loved, and languished with love, in those nights in which he descended into the catacombs, and spent the whole of the silent hours praying before the martyr's tombs : where if it had been revealed to him, that days of persecution would return, and that he, one day, would have not only to live but to die as those did, in the midst of whom he prayed, he would have rejoiced in his heart, and would have thanked God, and would have looked forward with boundless joy to the hour when he should be stretched upon the cross, or upon the ground, and made to sustain the tortures under which the martyrs die : and he would have contemplated with delight the prospect of the executioner with his iron bar, breaking down his sides, and causing his heart to burst, in joyful

* “ But thee a sweeter death awaits. A nobler fate is thine,
Pierced with a thousand heavenly darts to die of love divine.”

Caswell's translation ; *Lyra Catholica*, p. 182.

death, within him. But as St. Teresa, so St. Philip, was to be, in like manner, one of those martyrs of love, and that which, in ancient times, (had it pleased God to place him in such times,) might have been put in the Calendar of the Martyrs, may be said to have befallen him in a more loving but not a less real way. For his heart, filled with joy, overflowing with generosity, bursting with love, did expand and enlarge itself so materially that it inflicted upon itself, in the excess of its charity, that which martyrdom could have given him: the bands of his chest were broken asunder, in order that the expanding heart might have room to receive a greater overflow: and thus it was that he died, after having gone through a life of martyrdom, in which his executioner was Divine Love, that Spirit of God which had filled him from his infancy, and had gone on filling him more and more through life, and had made it impossible for him to live as other men live, with a less capacity for love. For to St. Philip belongs that beautiful exclamation, which has been such a favourite in the mouths of Saints ever since, "O God, if while Thou art so amiable and loving, Thou wouldst be loved by us, why hast Thou given us only one heart, and that so small a one?" And God heard his prayer, and said that his heart should not be so small as that of any ordinary man, and so He enlarged it, and made it to swell, until it brooked no longer the ordinary portion of humanity: and as Saint Paul desired to be delivered from this body of death, so the heart of St.

Philip seemed to anticipate less death than *liberation*; that so it might pour out the waters of its charity more fully upon the Church, on his own congregation, upon Rome, and upon those who should love him. Then well might Saint Philip say, "Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri cum dilatasti cor meum." "I have run (not walked) in the way of Thy commandments, for Thou hast enlarged my heart."

Our hearts this day are joined with that great, that generous, that noble, and loving heart of Philip. We not only think of it and meditate upon it, but we are not content with thanking God for having given him to the Church; we even seem to know him, to behold him, to love him. It appears to me as if I had a thousand times seen him in the streets of Rome. That face of his is as familiar to our eyes, as though it were a familiar portrait in every one of our houses. We know him as the innocent cheerful boy, which he is in his youthful portrait; we know him afterwards as the Saint kneeling before God's altar, in one of his every day ecstasies, or as walking along the streets, smiling on all around him, dispensing blessings by word, by touch, by look. It appears to me as if I had seen him, standing by the Church of San Girolamo, as he was wont, watching my predecessors, the students of the English college, who, like myself, used to pass by it to go to school, and that I could hear his familiar salutation, (verified, alas! in too many of them,) in which he used to address them in the words of the hymn of the Church,

“Hail, flowers of martyrdom !”

It seems as if I could see him at that altar at which it has been my happiness, often upon this day, to celebrate the divine mysteries. Mothers at Rome now speak of him to their children, as though, at the farthest, their sires had seen him. His sayings are familiar household words ; and the beautiful expressions which he had commonly in his mouth, have almost become those of the Church. So that he is a Saint with whom in truth we can unite ourselves in affection and in heart : and whom we can attempt, feebly indeed, and at a slow and creeping pace, to follow in the way of God's commandments.

This day has thus carried me back ; but let me take you with me likewise to that city in which, at this hour, perhaps, or while we were celebrating the commencement of these Divine Mysteries, all that is holy and venerable and great, in Rome, has been assembled around the tomb of St. Philip. There was the Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ ; there was the Sacred College, that assists him in his august ceremonials ; there were the Bishops and Prelates of Rome ; there were the Nobility ; and there was a crowd of men and women from every part of the city,—all that is devout, all that is illustrious in Rome were assembled around that altar. They felt that St. Philip was there, his sacred body, and precious remains, all but breathing and living among them ; but in spirit certainly in the midst of them. And depend upon it, there was one great thought passed through the hearts of all, beginning with the generous heart of our

glorious and holy Pontiff, down to the poorest peasant, holding his beads in his hands, and praying in some secluded nook of that glorious Church. One thought pervades them all—“*Quare fremuerunt gentes.*” Why, at this moment, this bitterness directed against that See, and against him who rules in it, with the sway of a Father, with justice mercy and benignity! Why, after we have been endeavouring to open the arms of our tolerance to the whole world, and to overlook even the distinction of baptism, and the difference between the regenerated and the unregenerated,—why, after having boasted that in an expansive liberality, Turk and Moslem, and the denier of Christianity, or of the Holy Trinity, are to be cordially embraced; why is he who represents that Holy Power which for centuries alone preserved the faith to the world, become the object of scorn, of calumny, and reproach? Why should it seem that we have scarcely put our swords into the scabbards, when some new and unheard of principle makes us desire to sharpen them, and whet them again, that they may be turned against our fellow-Christians? It is this thought, I have no doubt, by the Tomb of the Apostle of Rome, by the side of those remains of him whose hand has always been stretched forth to protect it,—it is this thought which has filled not a little the anxious heart of our Sovereign Pontiff on this day of St. Philip. Let us too, who are loyal, and are inspired with affection for that country of our faith—that city of our love—let us who have this in mind, entreat St. Philip, that as he is

revered as the Protector of Rome, he will stretch forth his powerful hand against those who, in their ignorance and blindness, have become its greatest enemies.

But as St. Philip there has votaries who will pray to him with more earnestness and greater right to be heard, than we can, and as St. Philip has come to us, and has dwelt among us, by the establishment of his congregation; and as on this day we are commemorating him to the extent of our power, and as lovingly as he can be there where his ashes rest; let us ask him as a proof of his patronage to us, by his fervent prayers in Heaven, to calm the rising billows of causeless indignation, aroused by artful, and sometimes by malignant storms of passion; that he will cast the sweet oil of his charity upon them, and restore peace. Leaving however to those to whom they belong matters which are not to be touched upon in the neighbourhood of God's altar, let us pray that religion may not be disturbed, that nothing may be said or done that can wound the heart of our Father, and our Pontiff, the Head of the Church; let us pray St. Philip that the hearts of Catholics may be filled with that kindness, charity, and love, which will make them ready to disregard the anger of our enemies, opposing all that we revere; used as we are to rely only on the arms of charity, prayer, and supplication to God through the intercession of His Saint. May the charity of the Blessed Saint thus reign and rule in the Church; may it spread from us through the whole of this country, and among

all who may have been until now estranged from her; let that greatest, and noblest, and most beautiful of his virtues, the charity which filled his heart to overflowing, become the characteristic of our age and of our land!

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