It must have been the Archangel Gabriel who greeted Father Hudson on the steps of heaven this morning, for Gabriel is the Blessed Virgin's special friend. When Mary, out of the fulness of her humble joy at Gabriel's message, declared, "Behold, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed," Father Hudson was in the divine plan that inspired her prophecy.

For fifty-five years, as Editor of the "Ave Maria"—"Hail Mary"—Father Hudson was the chief advocate of Mary's praises wherever the English language is spoken. His little magazine went everywhere, and it was quoted more widely than perhaps any other Catholic magazine in the English language. More distinguished pilgrims have come here to pay the tribute of their presence to Father Hudson than have ever come simply to see Notre Dame.

The angelic quality predominated in the nature of this little white-haired priest. His fame drew the students of the old days like a magnet whenever it was announced that he would preach. His usual topic was Mary; his usual plea was for imitation of her purity. There was the stillness of the grave in the church when his little voice sounded the praises of the Queen of Heaven. No student who heard Father Hudson ever forgot him.

He was the most priestly priest that Notre Dame has ever known. His saintliness had a bright, radiating quality; to look at him inspired one to love virtue. His beads were his storehouse of grace. His tiny fingers wore them out. With his childlike simplicity, he never tired of saying, "Hail Mary, full of grace."

So it must have been the Archangel Gabriel who led him up to Mary's throne this morning, and Our Lady must have said: "Here is my little angel back again. You taught my boys to love me, to look up to my Golden Dome. I have saved a special place near me for your eternal rest." And Father Hudson must have replied: "All this for me? Surely, there must be some mistake. Why, you're even nicer than I thought."