Stabat Mater.

At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed,
Was that Mother highly blessed
Of the solo-begotten One.

Christ above in torments hangs;
She beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with blood-stained scourges rent.

For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above
Make my heart with thine accord.

Make me feel as thou hast felt,
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ, My Lord.

Amen.

Why Did She Stand?

At the foot of the Cross Mary stands. The day is bleak. The sun is hid. Dark clouds lie low. Heaven presses on the brink of Calvary. Mary is alone with Christ and Magdalene and John. A few miles off, on the knotted branch of a wayside tree, Judas has already hanged his wretched head. Peter and the others have made their flight.

But there stands by the Cross of Jesus His Mother. What strength in Our Lady! What a test of faith! What earthly reason should encourage her now to stand by the Cross? If her Son is God, why should He die on a cross? Can God play the lead in a tragedy? What can one find at the foot of a cross—but emptiness, failure and desolation?

And still she stands, this Lady of Holy Cross. Stand also, absolutely unshaken, all her convictions. Not calamity, not death, may not even the mangling death of the Cross can tear her from the certainties of the past. For this day was she born. All her life, in her heart, she has pondered God's plan. Can faith and hope and love fail her now? As well ask, can God cease to be?

Slowly Our Lady of Holy Cross raises her sorrowful face. She meets the pitiful, pitying glance of her Son. They talk the understanding language of eyes. They can only suffer and love. . . Yet, stricken with grief and compassion, Mary is calm in divine content. . . She remembers. . .

She remembers the wine at Cana. She remembers Jairus's daughter and the son of the widow of Nain. She remembers the stinking corpse of the Magdalene's brother. She remembers . . . no, she feels the fiery edge of Simeon's sword . . . the nails that pierce Christ dig into her own most exquisite flesh. She is dying. She dies a mystical death in union with Jesus.

. . . The Redemption is nearing completion. She still stands. How? Why? The rabble savagely cries: "If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross!" And Christ comes down! down to enlighten and strengthen His Mother. Bright beams from the Light of the world flood into her anguished soul. She understands. And power leaps from the wounds of God. That is why, at the foot of the Cross, Mary stands.

PRAYERS: (deceased) sister of Mae Carroll; friend of Denny Dineen (Alumni); John Dickinson (Belleville, Ind.); Raymond Cook; friend of Joe Palmer (Cav.); Ill, mother of Luke Kelly '35; sister of Rev. Joseph Corcoran, C.S.C.; friend of Al Ferrine (Padin); mother of Joe Doyle (Fr.); father of Bob Richardson (St. E); cousin of Geo, Landry (How.); mother of Charles Walter '33. Four special intentions.