

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
May 1, 1931.

-----  
"From the Rising of the Sun Even to the Going Down..."

When Blessed Ferdinand, crown prince of Portugal, languishing in a Moorish dungeon, was told that the price of his ransom would be the Christian city of Ceuta, he refused liberty that had to be bought so dearly. Calderon de la Barca, in his beautiful drama, El Principe Constante, states Ferdinand's reasons thus:

Is it right the sacred walls  
Of their chapels become stables,  
And their holy altars stalls?  
Or if this should not so happen,  
Turn to mosques! My cheek grows pale:

.....  
For it is not the first time  
**Stalls** and stables gave a lodging  
Unto God. But oh! the crime  
Of becoming mosques!

.....  
If there were no reason  
But that Ceuta doth enfold  
A divine church consecrated  
To the eternal reverence  
Of the Conception of Our Lady,  
Queen of heaven and earth's events,  
I would lose, so she be honored,  
Myriad lives in her defense.

These lines came to mind last summer on a visit to a Mexican town on the lower Rio Grande, the terminus of the "million-dollar highway to hell," as a magazine writer had described it. Both sides of the road were lined with "joints" of the variety pictured in "western" movies; there was the inevitable "cuartel" housing typically Mexican soldiers; there were all the signs of decay except evidences of starvation (which are rare in Latin countries).

On one side of the plaza stood the ruins of what had evidently been a stately parish church. It had been shelled by Carranza's troops during his revolution against Huerta, and the central nave was gone; the right nave had been walled in for use as a stable. There were no windows left, and the floor was rough, worn by the feet of horses. But with the makeshift of peace that had come to the country, the stable had once more become the House of God. Painted rocks hid some of the ugliness of the walls and made an improvised Mount Horeb of the plain wooden altar. The floors were swept clean, there was fresh white linen for the altar, and there were flowers..... and in the midst of this decent poverty of a reclaimed stable the BLESSED SACRAMENT WAS EXPOSED FOR ADORATION.

"From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My Name is great among the gentiles, and in every place there is Sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation." Even in war-riddled Mexico, even in a sanctuary reclaimed from desecration, there is Bethlehem, the House of Bread.... As in the old slave-quarters in the log cabin to which the Sisters in Alabama went back last year when their convent was destroyed by fire. The prophecy of Malachias is fulfilled throughout the universe.

In your Adoration today and this month, offer reparation for the neglects, the desecrations, the blasphemies to which the Blessed Sacrament has been exposed; pray especially for those who have been taught to believe that when Christ said, "THIS IS MY BODY," He did not mean what He said.

PRAYERS are requested for nine special intentions.