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CHRISTIANITY AND THE MODERN MIND

by

Rev. John A. McCloyey, S. J.,
of the University of Detroit

Six addresses delivered in the Catholic Radio Hour,
Sponsored by the National Council of Catholic
Men with the co-operation of the National
Broadcasting Company and its Asso-
ciated Stations.

I. Culture and Religion. II. Reason and
Revelation. III. The Authentic Four.
IV. Religion, Science and Art. V. The
Necessity of Religion. VI. The Crown-
ing Argument: the Divinity of Christ.



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PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

These six addresses on "Christianity and the Modern Mind" were everywhere received with the utmost favor by those who heard them in the Catholic Hour. Non-Catholics as well as Catholics praised them and urged their publication. This interest in them has continued, so that it is felt their presentation in this form and at a nominal cost will serve a useful purpose.

In large part these addresses are selections from volumes of sermons by Father McClorey—"The Unknown God" and "The Brazen Serpent," both of them published by the B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo. The Herder Company generously consented to the use of the selections in these addresses.

Father McClorey was the eleventh speaker in the "Catholic Hour."

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

One of the paradoxes of Christianity is the obliviousness of most so-called Christians with regard to Christ. Christ stands before men to show them how to live, and few consider Him. Isaias said: "A child is given to us; the Prince of Peace." But the majority of men will not be led by the Child nor accept His peace. They are sufficient unto themselves. They can play the game of life without His direction. He will do for pietists, but not for men of the world. He is relegated to the church. He has little place in the office, the workshop and society. He will do for the moment of death, but not for the busy years of life.

The thought of Him is to be an occasional distraction from business, a pleasant bit of spiritual sentiment, a casual ethereal indulgence, a rare luxury, like the reading of poetry or the contemplating of the stars; like being impressed by the ocean or awed by a mountain, or charmed by a strain of music, or regaled by the fragrance of a flower.

But tell the generality of men that the spirit of Christ is to permeate the flesh and blood, the bones, sinews and nerves of their daily lives in the world, and they will wonder! Tell them that Christ is to be with them when they make war and when they make love; when they dance and when they fight; when they work and when they rest; at their feasts as well as at their fasts; and they will wonder! They forget that Christ went through the phases of a human life, to show them how to live.

If Christ were a living reality to us, how little hardness there would be among employers toward labor! How little sullen violence among laborers! How little ill feeling in the home! How little frivolous indulgence among the rich! How little complaining among the poor! If Christ's spirit had been abroad the Great War would not have occurred. But because men were too earthly and selfish; readier to make claims than to make concessions; fonder of rights than of charity; more willing to take than to give, therefore, we saw what we saw; and see what we see! Christ is the leader of men, and if they will not enjoy His peace they must endure their own wars; if they will not follow Him to heaven, they must follow their own noses to hell.

The purpose of this course of six addresses has been to put Christ before the people and to arouse in their hearts a great love and devotion to Him.

TO THE
LITTLE FLOWER
WHO FOSTERED THESE ADDRESSES

CULTURE AND RELIGION

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, September 28, 1930)

Life contains the three fundamental factors: Morality, Culture and Religion. Morality is the end of life; culture and religion are the two means for the attainment of that end. Culture is an aid to morality but an inadequate aid; sometimes it even panders to vice! Religion is necessary and sufficient for morality; and also is capable of refining in a human way.

Culture may be defined as natural refinement, human development, the expansion of our mental, imaginative and emotional faculties. It is refinement of mind, keenness of intuition, breadth of view depth of reflection, saneness of judgment, exactness, clearness, swiftness of education, solidity of mental principles, tenacity and capaciousness of memory, splendor of imagination, quickness of wit, vivacity of fancy, warmth of emotion, delicacy of instinct, correctness and nicety of taste; grace, dignity and ease of deportment, and eloquence of speech;—in a word, culture is that assemblage of intellectual and aesthetic qualities which constitute the lady or gentleman.

Now it must be evident in the first place that culture thus described,—something, namely, quite distinct from morality—is an excellent thing, worth having for itself. Even if there were no heaven to be won, no virtue to be practiced, no morality to be acquired, no commandments to be kept, even if everything were to end with death, culture would be worth acquiring and preserving. For surely, aside from any question of morality, a clear mind is bet-

ter than a dark one, warmth of affection is preferable to insensibility, a good memory is more desirable than a poor one, grace of manner is better than boorishness, social amenities are better than social aloofness, and power of expression is better than poverty of speech. I do not say that culture is the best thing in the world; morality is better, virtue is better, common honesty, laboriousness and diligence are better; but I do say it is very good.

Culture is good in itself; and it is good as a means (though an insufficient means) to morality. For (all other things being equal,) the better a man's mind, heart and imagination are developed culturally the better he ought to be morally. I do not say the better he will be but the better he ought to be. Surely the faculties given us by God have not been given in vain; but they would have been given in vain if they did not help morality; for morality is the service of God, which is the only thing in life not in vain. Culture, it is true, is not a sanctifier; but it is at least a civilizer; and civilization ought to be an ally of sanctity. A good natural education, like a good natural soil, ought to have a beneficial effect upon the seed of virtue. Therefore good breeding ought to lead to good living. Poetry ought to aid prayer. Literature ought to be an ally of piety. Sociability ought to be kin to fraternal charity. A good judgment ought to help a good conscience. Refinement of manners ought to help refinement of virtue, and the very preoccupation of the mind with arts and sciences ought to be a means of excluding from it numerous immoralities. This ought to be the case; and it *will be, so long as no adverse element interferes.*

And as culture lends itself to the personal mor-

ality of the cultured man, so it lends itself more powerfully to the moral improvement of those with whom we may have to deal. You must be Apostles, all of you, drawing your neighbor to a better life. Now an Apostle must be not only a moral being, but also as far as circumstances permit a naturally cultivated lady or gentleman. The grace of God is more excellent than the refinements of man; but the refinements of man are hardly less important in dealing with men. For while men of the world are too often blind to the loveliness of grace, they are keenly sensitive to the gifts, the accomplishments, the amiability of mere humanity. You may possess the purity of an angel and yet, if, through your own fault, you do not possess a corresponding purity of diction; you may have the grace of God in abundance, and yet, if through your own negligence, you have not a like grace of natural character, your influence for good upon the too natural world will not be what it ought to be. If you were to approach pure spirits with pure spirituality, you would succeed with them; but not with men. But if you attempt to draw men with the "cords of Adam," with the silken bands of human amenities, numbers of them will first love your natural gifts, then your gifts of grace and finally the Giver of both. Thus they enter through the door of nature and pass on and upward to heaven, through the portals of grace. Since, therefore, you are Apostles, all of you, why not cultivate your natural powers according to your opportunities so as to increase your efficiency in dealing with the world?

The devil draws men into sin by the attractiveness of refinement; why should you not draw them to God by the same means? Men do not embrace sin

for the sake of its ugliness, but on account of its fair natural disguise, and they will not readily accept what they think is the ugliness of virtue unless virtue is clothed in the same disguise. The difference, therefore, between an apostle of Christ and an apostle of Satan is not that the one is naturally refined and the other is not. Both of them may be polished to the finger tips; the difference being that the one employs his accomplishments for the devil and sin; the other uses his for God. If we do not believe and act on this truth, we shall give worldlings occasion to imagine that all the human attractiveness is on their side and none of it on ours; that they, forsooth, are to go through the world arrayed in purple, crimson and gold; and the virtuous, in sackcloth and ashes. Let us not mislead them.

The post says: "Beauty should go beautifully;" and God wishes that the beauty of virtue should be enhanced by the graceful garb of natural refinement.

But when we have said this much in favor of culture as an aid to morality, we have said all that can be said for it. It is an aid to morality; but not a sufficient aid. Something else is necessary.

The insufficiency of culture for morality can be easily explained. For these two forces, culture and morality, are continued in two distinct spheres of activity. Morality is in the will; culture is in the mind. The object of morality is the *good*; the object of culture is only the *true* and *beautiful*. Culture only refines a man; morality makes him strong. Hence, a gentleman can be refined to the nicest point without having a shadow of morality. He can be mentally exquisite and morally vile; a paragon of culture and yet a degenerate. The fair

lily of artistic and social refinement is sometimes rooted in a swamp of turpitude; nice manners often veil unspeakable corruption, elegant conversation frequently distils from leprous lips. No, the mind is not the will; culture is not virtue; refinement is not morality; elegance is not purity; intellectuality is not spirituality; a good judgment is not a good conscience; clear, clean-cut thinking is not clear clean living;—refined instincts, delicate tastes, aesthetic sentiments, graceful attitudes of mind, social finish, quickness of perception and the other qualities belonging to culture, however sweet and amiable they may be, are distinctly quite a different thing from virtue, from morality. And it is well for us in cultivating them to keep in mind what they are, and what they are not; what purpose they do not serve; to remember that they are graceful adornments of life; negative dispositions for morality, but nothing more. And yet no heresy is more prevalent today than to mistake cultural qualities for virtue; today, when in our literature, in social life and on our stage (when it is not corrupt,) humane accomplishments, finished manners, mental tone, aesthetic attitudes of mind are presented to us as being the sum total of things worth while.

The Philosopher in Samuel Johnson's *Rasselas* said to the youth: "Study philosophy, young man, and your virtue will be immune from attack." Shortly afterwards the youth found the Philosopher in great distress. "What's the matter?" he asked. The only answer was: "My daughter, oh, my daughter, death has taken her from me." The youth said: "But this is only one of the superficial vicissitudes of life; your deep learning should make you immune from grief." "Young man," he said, "of what

good is my learning to me now? Can it help me to bear this crushing blow?"

No, it could not. And when grief, discouragement, temptations to sensuality, pride, anger, sloth and hatred come upon us, culture is not a sufficient defense. When a man stands at the open grave of his beloved, his broken heart is not mended by aestheticism. When a young man is being allured from a clean and wholesome life by the glamour of lasciviousness, something more than a natural sense of respectability is needed to check him. The equipment of social, literary, and artistic life is sufficient for fair weather morality, but when the storm comes it is shattered to bits. We all have passions, and when the passions arise in their volcanic might, the whole exquisite fabric of cultural defenses breaks before their maddened rush.

But the insufficiency of culture is not its worst feature. Culture often becomes an enemy of virtue. Learning leads to pride; literature deifies nature and humanity; aestheticism lies close to hedonism; refinement degenerates into effeminacy. How many poets, without purity! How many artists, without manliness! How many gentlemen, who are not men! How many ladies, who are not real women! Has not history borne witness that too often nations rise from crude ways to natural refinements and then sink into unnatural crimes? We know the depths of moral infamy to which Greece and Rome sank from the apex of artistic and literary excellence. And think of our country! We can remember ruder days; but these are the days of American wealth, luxury, social amenities, intellectual pretensions. God grant that we too may not go down from the crest of the wave into the trough!

Yes, culture is good in itself; it tends to help morality; but it is an insufficient help; indeed it sometimes harms morality. Something else is needed for a virtuous life; and that is religion.

Religion contains three essential factors; 1st, a Creed; 2nd, Commandments; 3rd, Prayer and Sacraments, requiring of us three corresponding activities: Faith, Morality and Use. For we must have faith in the Creed, are morally obliged to obey the Commandments and must use Prayer and the Sacraments. Now it is evident that religion is sufficient for a virtuous life; and indeed incomparably superior to culture. The truths of the Creed are far more appealing than those of reason. The prohibitions of sin, as expressed in the Ten Commandments amid the lightning and thunder of Mt. Sinai, are far more arresting than those same prohibitions, as expressed in the natural law. Prayer and the Sacraments are far more strengthening than the natural aids of the will. The Creed teaches the truths of Heaven, the beauty of God, the charm of virtue, the ugliness of sin, the wrath of God, the punishment of sin, the nobility of self-conquest so forcefully that now we have a most persuasive motive to be good. The Commandments show us how to be good; Prayer and the Sacraments strongly and sweetly help us to be good.

Religion does still more. It not only helps morality; it also refines in a human way. Culture can civilize but cannot sanctify. Religion can sanctify and civilize. It was the civilizer of Europe for centuries, as even those outside the Church admit; and we fell into the barbarism and savagery of the World War because sovereigns of Europe attempted to settle their differences by worldly prudence

alone, according to the dictates of naturally cultivated intellects, without letting the religious teachings of the Prince of Peace direct their courage. Diplomacy, statesmanship, embassies, ministers, peace conferences, and Leagues of Nations; Navy Parleys, World Courts, and in general, the whole apparatus of civilized life will never preserve or restore peace without the Prince of Peace.

When we turn from states to individuals, how often are we not surprised to find the members of so-called cultured, irreligious families, perfect vulgarians;—ladies and gentlemen who consider themselves privileged by virtue of their standing in society, to do things which would reduce less pretentious people to the ranks of the underworld! And how often do we not encounter poor women and men who, without having educational advantages, are perfect ladies and gentlemen! Their refinement may be instinctive; it may be inborn, a natural inheritance, like a fair flower springing from a rude soil, but most likely, in most cases, it is the natural by-product of supernatural religion. Newman tells us that when he went into poverty-stricken and desolate Ireland, he was astonished. For the poor men received him into their homes with all the courtesy of a Lord welcoming him to the manor; and the poor women had the easy grace of hostesses of social standing. Their religion was all they had but that was enough; for it sanctified and civilized. And why ought not religion have that effect? For since Our Lord was not only the Son of God and the preacher of morality but also the Model of courtliness; and since Mary was not only a saint, but the perfection of ladyhood, ought not women whose religion teaches them to contemplate her

become ladies; ought not men whose religion teaches them to contemplate Him, become gentlemen?

REASON AND REVELATION

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, October 5, 1930)

While walking through the streets of your city, I saw an altar raised to the Unknown God. Him come I to preach to you. Thus speaks Paul to the Athenians in the Areopagus.

Paul and the Athenians! Paul the herald to Jesus Christ! The Athenians, the cream of the culture of mankind! Paul, the preacher of the Gospel! The Athenians, devotees of the Epicurean and Stoic systems of philosophy! Paul, small of stature, poorly-dressed, a traveler from afar! The Athenians, handsome, well-groomed, perfectly at home in Athens, the center and symbol of the intellectual aristocracy of the world. Here is a picture in contrasts for a lover of opposites. Paul burns, his eyes sparkle, the expression of his face is tense, his whole frame is alert and eloquence pours from him overwhelmingly. His audience is polite, attentive, but sardonic and sceptical. Paul has just come from the roaring furnaces of Jesus Christ; the Athenians, from the cold lamps of Grecian philosophers. Paul is all light and heat; the Athenians shed a glacial radiance. Paul is a flaming enthusiast; the Athenians are detached, aloof, critical, self-contained, and proudly immune from the "vulgarity" of being aroused by any appeal. Paul is volcanic in his magnificent earnestness; but when he comes to a close, expecting tremendous results, the Athenians starve him with the husks of courtesy and applause. They are charmed by his eloquence but callous to his spirituality. "Your speech was Godlike," they say to him. "Well, then," says Paul, "accept my God." "As to

that," they answer him, "we shall think of it. Come around some other day." And Paul makes his way from the Areopagus to his obscure lodging, discouraged and wondering. But one little consolation sustains him. Dionysius, Damaris, and a few others believe. All is not lost. His words have not been utterly in vain.

Culture, refinement, intellectual keenness and polish (not indeed in itself but when divorced from religion) is the worst enemy of Christ. For Culture is beautiful; it is graceful; it is spirituelle, esthetic, refined. For Culture is the embodiment of the strength, majesty, and enlightenment of humanity. It is precisely this high glory of culture that is its curse. For numbers of educated men are satisfied with it as being, they think, the utmost of things desirable. Culture is the antithesis of the gross, the ugly, the mean. If, therefore, they say, one is cultured, will he not be a clean, wholesome, and majestic man? And what more than this can religion do for him? Is Christianity the religion of love? Well, culture is the religion of graciousness: and graciousness is the equivalent of love. Does Christianity teach humanity? Well, culture instills modesty; and modesty is indistinguishable from humanity. Does Christianity hold up the ideal of purity? Well, culture sees a rare beauty in cleanness of life; and purity and cleanness are synonymous. Does Christianity preach the virtue of hope? Well, culture is a propagandist of optimism: and who can tell how optimism differs from hope? Suggest any virtue of Christianity, they say, and culture can offer its parallel. Honesty, prudence, temperance, fortitude, joyousness, gentleness of speech, dignity of thought, seemliness of action,—culture believes

in all these nobilities not less than Christianity. Indeed, are not the professors of Christianity less delicate, refined, honorable, clean, considerate, and broad than the followers of culture? Why leave the higher plane of culture for the lower one of religious practice and belief?

But this is not all. Culture, besides being charming, is indifferent and sceptical. Now scepticism has a languid winsomeness, genteel poise and easy tolerance which allure. Cultured sceptics do not scoff at Christianity. Only the ignorant and vulgar do that. But scepticism is worse than scoffing; because it makes its victims immune from argumentative approach. Ask a cultured sceptic, "Is Christianity a necessity?" He will answer: "I do not know." "Has God spoken to men?" The answer: "I do not know." "Is there any means of discovering this?" "I do not know." "Do the arguments for Christianity prove?" "I do not know." "Are you obliged in conscience to examine them and weigh their value?" "I do not know." He doubts whether the Scriptures are authentic documents. Whether they have not been substantially tampered with in the course of centuries. Whether the authors of them are credible. Whether they were not deceived and did not deceive us. Whether Christ was true God. Whether genuine miracles were worked and real prophecies uttered in the name of God to confirm Christ's claim of Divine Sonship. He does not affirm the alternate judgment against Christianity. He does not deny it. He is not interested enough to affirm or deny. He is bored to death with the questioning. He yawns at these manifold proposals. They disturb his genteel self-sufficiency, they spoil the luxury of his passivity. It is hard to answer

these questions. He declines the hardship and lolls back in sceptical ease on the beautiful softness of the couch of culture—an enemy, at least a passive enemy, of Christianity.

Culture sins against Christ by scepticism. It sins against Him also by its pretended efficiency in the sphere of felicity. Culture claims to be able to make men happy. But its claim is an empty boast. For, from the beginning of time they have sought surcease from sorrow in the study of philosophic truth and in the pursuit of artistic beauty; but have not found it there. They have stretched out their hands to pluck these resplendent fruits and found them bitter to the taste. How many times have not we ourselves flung a book of literature aside, or shut our eyes to a masterpiece of painting, or run away from classical music, because these embodiments of beauty could not fill the void in our heart; because they seemed to mock us in our quest of peace and joy? Francis Thompson in his "Hound of Heaven" has perhaps said the last word on the incapacity of natural and artistic loveliness to satisfy the soul. It is far from being evident that Aristotle and Plato in philosophy, Shakespeare and Dante in poetry, Mozart and Chopin in music found rest in their pursuits. Quite the contrary: the highest geniuses are generally the unhappiest men because they have sounded the depths of truth and beauty, in so far as this is possible to man, and found mud at the bottom. How then can we be so foolhardy as to think, with the whole cultured past crying out against us, that culture will be an adequate response to the longings of immortal spirits?

And worse than this, culture panders to sin. I am aware, of course, of the claim that culture pre-

serves one from sensuality. I grant that the delicacy, refinement, and fastidiousness which spring from intellectual and aesthetic studies engender a disinclination to indulge in the grosser forms of vice. But sensuality is not the only sin, nor the worst. Pride is infinitely worse. Now, pride grows apace with culture when the latter is separated from religion. A cultured man is more exposed than any other to the danger of thinking himself all sufficient for the exigencies of life; of minimizing religion, despising the vulgar multitude, contemplating complacently his own exquisite mental proportions and of being cynical and sceptical about the elemental virtues: courage, fidelity, love, patriotism and faith. From his ethereal height of artistic or philosophic contemplation he looks down on these moral sublimities as superstitions of the gross, unregenerate masses. They are, he thinks, shibboleths to conjure the crass herds of humanity with; but they have no intrinsic worth; they are only fictions, manufactured by priests and politicians for their own selfish ends. The cultured man forsooth understands their game of make-believe, and will not be fooled by it. He starts out by professing an admiration for the fundamental virtues of human conduct; but in the end his polished conceit leads him to condemn them.

Moreover, while, as I admitted before, culture sometimes and to some extent wards off gross indulgence, it does not do so all the time and in all circumstances. Against the volcanic fires of passion culture is helpless. Men (and women, too) of choicest sensibilities and nicest tastes will sacrifice the whole accoutrement of refinement acquired by the study of a life-time, when a masterful passion

assails them. Science will seem flat and colorless to them, poetry will appear insipid, mental poise will assume the character of contemptible passivity, philosophy will look like dry and profitless mooning when a Romeo approaches with his magnetic personality or a Juliet with irresistible charms. And if the personal charms happen to be linked with vice, the devotee of culture will rise from his knees and flee his chill shrine, following the lead of the seducer wheresoever he goes. Indeed, one of the strangest paradoxes of life is that the cultured will go farther along the path of obscene grossness than common men. Their former artistic abstention from indulgence seems to have whetted their appetite for it; and they take an unnatural delight in defiling their lily mind, precisely because it had been so white, in devouring grossly, precisely because they had been accustomed to intellectual viands; in revelling brazenly, precisely because they had been so proper and exquisite. You yourselves have known people, plain in body and untutored in mind, who yet were lovely in their every gesture and attitude of soul. And possibly you have come in contact with others, the quintessence of bodily and intellectual graces, who in spite of them, or rather on account of them, are slaves to the most abandoned impulses and tastes.

The bulk of the Athenians rejected the doctrine of Paul. But Dionysius and Damaris accepted it because it was beautiful and good, true and practical.

Paul's doctrine was beautiful and good. For it was the doctrine of a Divinity, essentially existent from all eternity, necessary, not a mere contingency, all perfect, Creator of the myriad splendors of the world, infinitely removed in dignity from the

gods of marble, silver, and gold of pagan mythology; a God who by His essence, immensity, power, and knowledge is everywhere, pervading all things, especially the souls of men, "in whom we move and live and have our being;" who, as Conserver and Lover of everything, is very near us; who made us sons by raising us to the supernatural life by grace; who, when we had sinned through Adam and on our own account, decreed to be merciful and sent His Son, who lived, died, rose from the dead for us, and now reigns at the right hand of God, where, at the end of the world, He will pass judgment on men according to their deserts. In sheer beauty, goodness, and majesty, let alone truth and practicality, the doctrine of Paul was incomparably superior to the teachings of the Athenian Stoics and Epicureans, with their cultured self-sufficiency, scepticism, fatalism and quest of happiness in this life. And that is the first reason why Dionysius and Damaris accepted it.

Paul's doctrine was true and evident. For the existence of the God whom he preached is plainly proven by the arguments of cause and effect, cosmic order, conscience, the concordant testimony of mankind, and Revelation. And Revelation rests solidly on the foundation stones of miracles and prophecies while the historical truth of miracles and prophecies in favor of Christ's mission and Divinity is vouched for by witnesses, namely, the Apostles, whose knowledge of the facts in question and whose veracity in narrating them are as unimpeachable, from a natural point of view, even according to the testimony of many rationalistic critics like Harnack, as the authority of the best narrators of profane history. Paul's doctrine, therefore, in point of evi-

dent truthfulness, threw into the shade the dim philosophic uncertainties of Stoics and Epicureans. Paul came with flaming words of inspiration straight from the lips of God. The Athenians came expressing tentatively mere man's groping thoughts. Paul was a witness who had had personal experience of a fact. The Athenians were only speculators who argued about the theory. Paul had a dead certainty to offer; yes, a dead and risen One! The stock-in-trade of the Athenians were shrewd guesses, spasmodic glimpses of truth, wavering views, hollow plausibilities. Paul appealed to miracles; yes, and worked them. The last appeal of the Athenians were human opinions, unsubstantiated by Heaven. Paul spoke truths, seen clearly and strongly from God's side. The Athenians spoke truths, or seeming truths, glimpsed confusedly from man's side. Paul stood in the open spaces of the world under the sun of rational and revealed truth, seeing things distinctly and pointing to them. The Athenians carefully closed the shutters and absurdly drew the blinds of the chamber of their souls; then peered futilely at the problems of life by the blinking and sputtering candlelight of their little intellects. In point of evident truth, not less than of goodness and beauty, the doctrine of Paul was incomparably superior to that of the Athenian Stoics and Epicureans. That is the second reason why Dionysius and Damaris accepted it.

In the third place, Paul's doctrine fitted in with the needs of the world; it was practical. The fatal error of nearly all philosophers and artists has been that they have thought and acted as if truth and beauty were the be-all and the end-all of life: as if thoughts, not deeds; as if intellect, not

will; as if contemplation and self-expression, not wrestling with sordid realities; as if philosophic mooning, not prosaic suffering were the chief criteria of human worth; and as if life should be made to conform to their ideals, not is if their ideals should fit in with life. They forget that facts are brutal things, that no amount of theorizing is valid against a fact, that Utopias of speculation don't work out, that in the world are sin, suffering, and passions; and that any system of life which shines serenely in the rarified atmosphere of abstract thinking, above and away from the reeking welter and pandemonium of concrete human action, is a toy for dreamers, not a weapon for fighters. That is the reason why their programs of righteousness, admirable enough in themselves, invariably have limped and broken down in practice.

But Paul came preaching a doctrine of facts; suffering, sorrow, fighting, and conquering. This was far from being beautiful; but it was true, good, and practical. Best of all, Paul came preaching a Conqueror of these things: Christ, a living Person; not a barren theorist; One who had done things, not one who had merely thought things; One who had practiced, then preached; not One who had preached the impracticable; One who had tasted life in the laboratory of experience; not One who had woven a charming system of life in the looms of Apriorism; One with an appeal to the bulk of humanity, not One with an exclusive call to the intellectually elite. The doctrine of Paul in practicality as well as beauty, goodness, and truth was incomparably superior to the teaching of the Athenians; and that is the third reason why Dionysius and Damaris accepted it.

What happened to Paul that day in the Areopagus happens today. For the Church is Paul. And the world is the audience of Athens, and the comparatively few followers of the Church are Dionysius and Damaris. For the Church preaches Christ, all aglow with the love of Him and of men. And the sceptical world, finished to the finger-tips, raises its eyebrows superciliously at her eloquence. But one here and one there is enthralled. And the Church is broken-hearted at the general iciness of men, but is comforted by the responsiveness of the few.

And this vast continent is the Areopagus, and you are the Athenians, and I, as one of the teaching body of the Church, am preaching the same beautiful, good, true and practical doctrine that flowed from Paul's lips. And it is necessary for you to prefer Christianity to culture or culture to Christianity. For this is the sublimity, but at the same time the terror, of Christianity, that it is not merely an historical fact, glorious but dead and gone, like for instance, the Roman Empire. It is, unlike the Roman Empire, a living reality, making its demands on human intellects and wills as urgently now as it did when Christ, and Paul after Him, walked the earth. No man can avoid the choice, either for or against Christianity. Every man must either accept it or reject it. And the choice is the most momentous one possible, involving eternal destiny to the chooser, for weal or for woe. Nor can one say: "I shall neither accept nor reject; but remain passive." For, not accepting, sooner or later, in view of the clear evidences for Christianity, is tantamount to rejecting: remaining passive is the same as disowning.

What then will you do? I answer briefly but completely: Do not subscribe to the empty culture of the Stoics and Epicureans; nor of their followers of today; but accept Paul, accept Christianity, accept Christ.

THE AUTHENTIC FOUR

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, October 12, 1930)

The four Gospels are one of the foundation stones of the Christian Faith. It is altogether seemly, therefore, that in a series of addresses on "Christianity and the Modern Mind" we should weigh the authenticity of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Authenticity means integrity, genuineness and authority.

A document has integrity if it is substantially the same today as it was when it was written. I say, "substantially the same." For incidental identity in grammar, punctuation and spelling is not necessary for integrity.

A document has genuineness if it was written by the persons to whom it is attributed;—or at least by their contemporaries.

A document is authoritative if its authors knew what they were writing about and told us truly what they knew.

In regard to the integrity of the Gospel narrative, two preparatory observations must be made. First, no original Gospel text written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John exists. The four originals were lost or destroyed centuries ago. Second, all theologians, Catholic and Protestant alike, admit that thousands of incidental changes in the Scriptural text, of the kind we have just referred to, have occurred in the course of centuries. Indeed, in view of the thousands of copies that have been made by hand from manuscript to manuscript, some of the manuscripts being almost illegible, it would

have required a miracle to avoid all such mistakes: and we have no right to expect a miracle to preserve integrity in *minutiae*.

What we claim for the four Gospels is substantial completeness, i. e., integrity in faith, morals and the narrative of historical events; and the argument is this: We have in our possession two manuscript copies of the four Gospels which date back to the fourth century. One of them is called the *Vaticanus* and the other the *Sinaiticus*. Now, our Gospels of today are substantially in accord with these. To appreciate the value of this argument, consider that the oldest copy of Caesar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War," a document of undoubted integrity, goes back only to the ninth century, and the most ancient copy of Thucydides' "History" is thirteen hundred years younger than the original! Consistency requires, therefore, that rationalistic critics should admit the integrity of the Gospels if they subscribe to that of Caesar and Thucydides: or, if they deny the integrity of the Gospels, they should launch a more emphatic denial against Caesar and Thucydides.

In the Fathers of the Church, a group of holy and learned men, ranging from the Second to the Ninth Century, the four Gospels are contained in the form of quotations which are in substantial harmony with our Gospels of today.

Not a single word of protest was ever heard from the early Christians against any attempt to mutilate the sacred text, or negligence in preserving it intact. But if meddlers had tampered with the text or if the careless had allowed it to deteriorate, their sin would have drawn down on their heads a storm of opposition from the fervent followers of

Christ. For the early Christians knew the Gospels by heart, loved them and regarded their truths as the breath of their nostrils, and the foundation of their hopes for eternity. An example of their jealous watchfulness was the decided opposition they made to St. Jerome's translation, called the Vulgate, because, though it was correct and approved by the Pope, it was new.

Again, in the fierce controversies waged by orthodox and heretics, if either party had changed the text to suit their purposes, the other would have cried out against the sacrilege. But though their debates were characterized by the greatest acrimony, the charge of falsification has never been heard.

Finally, from the earliest days, copies of the Gospels were multiplied and translations were made. These were scattered throughout the world and read publicly in all the churches on Sundays and feast days. Now while a variation could have been introduced into one or other copy, it was impossible for changes to have been made in all of them, without being observed — especially identical changes.

In view of all these facts, it is not remarkable that rationalistic critics of our day, at the head of whom is Harnack, are unanimous in judging that the integrity of the Gospels is beyond the shadow of doubt.

The same men assert that the books in question are also genuine. Some few years ago it was the fashion among rationalistic critics to assign the writing of the Gospel story to a time centuries after the life of Christ. But all of them now admit that the Gospel of St. John was not composed after the year 100, while the Saint was still alive; and that

the other three were not written after the year 50,—hence, within seventeen years of Our Saviour's death.

And the rationalistic critics may well make this concession to the orthodox. For, a group of ecclesiastic writers, living before the year 200, chief among whom were Tertullian, Irenaeus, St. Justin Martyr, St. Ignatius of Antioch, Tatian and Papias, all say without hesitation that the Gospels are due to the work of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

That a Gospel could not have been forged in the life-time of the Apostles without protest from them is evident. That the early Christians, with all their jealous watchfulness over the deposit of faith, would not have accepted as genuine a spurious gospel is also evident. So observant and critical were they, that the Apocryphal Books, forged gospels, were rejected by them in due time; and the four genuine Gospels were admitted into the canon of inspired and historical books only after the closest scrutiny!

A far more important question is: Are the Gospels authoritative? Did their authors know what they were writing about and did they tell us truly what they knew?

Two of the Evangelists, Matthew and John, were disciples of Our Lord. Of the other two, Luke was a disciple of St. Paul, and Mark a disciple and follower of St. Peter and the other Apostles. If anybody was in a position to have an accurate knowledge of the events of Our Saviour's life, surely they were.

Moreover, hundreds of other men, as we know, not only from the tradition of the Church but also in part from secular history, saw and heard the things narrated by the Evangelists. Most of these

men were enemies of Christ, who did not deny the miraculous facts, but attributed them to the devil and forbade the disciples to publish them. These witnesses were not visionaries, given to mysticism, imaginative extravagance, blind enthusiasm. Quite the contrary, they were plain, blunt men; indeed, doubting Thomases. The facts in question were recent, obvious, done in the light of day, in public, in the view of all Israel. The miracles were extraordinary. Hence the witnesses would not have misapprehended them through lack of attention. The miracles and the doctrines which they confirmed were subversive of the monopoly of the Jewish religion. Hence the Jews would not have made a mistake about them through indifference and inadvertence.

This being the case, either the witnesses saw rightly what they thought they saw, or they were the victims of hallucination, or their eyes and ears were essentially, by nature, incapable of perceiving obvious facts. In the circumstances which we have just rehearsed, hallucination is inadmissible. One or another individual could have been the victim of hallucination. But it is too great a tax on our credulity to believe that hundreds of men, some of them Christ's enemies, should have experienced the same trick of eyes and ears at the same time and have made the identical mistake in broad daylight, in public, in regard to plain and open facts. To attribute their mistake to an innate incapacity of eyes and ears to perceive obvious facts aright is to fall into universal scepticism. For, since all other men have the same five senses as those witnesses had and since we depend on our eyes and ears for our ideas of things, it follows that our ideas, be-

ing possibly vitiated in the five sensuous sources, would be untrustworthy; and thus scepticism, the absurd suicide of the mind, would be inevitable.

Did they tell us truly what they knew? They did. For, first, there is every evidence of truthfulness in their narrative; second, they had no motive to deceive; third, they had every motive not to deceive.

The Evangelists either wrote in collusion with one another or they didn't. In either case they told the truth. If they wrote in collusion, they told the truth. For, men conspiring to propagate a lie would have been careful not to admit into their narrative discrepancies, inconsistencies, and apparent contradictions lest they should lay themselves open to accusations of inconsistency and even of mendacity from observant and critical enemies. But as a matter of fact, the Evangelists admitted into their narrative discrepancies and apparent contradictions. True, these are only incidental, do not militate in the least against essential consistency, and can be easily explained. Nevertheless they are there! Hence, if the Evangelists wrote in collusion with one another, they told the truth.

If they did not write in collusion, they told the truth. For it would have been nothing less than miraculous if four mendacious men, writing independently of one another, about the same series of detailed events in the life of fictitious characters, had hit upon the same fiction, and then had succeeded in being substantially consistent in their narrative. But the Evangelists, writing of the same series of detailed events in Our Saviour's life, did portray the same Christ and did succeed in being substantially consistent in their narrative. There-

fore, if they wrote independently of one another they did not lie.

Futhermore, had they been deceivers with any hope of being believed and welcomed by the world, they would not have narrated almost unbelievable things; they would not have proclaimed a most austere system of morality which naturally was doomed to rejection by a proud and sensuous generation; they would not have told things redounding to their own discredit and to that of the principal characters of their narrative.

But as a matter of fact the Evangelists narrated almost unbelievable things: for example, miracles and mysteries. They proclaimed a most austere system of morality. They told about the execution of Christ, the betrayal of Judas, the denial of Peter, and the cowardice of the other Apostles;—occurrences which would discredit their message in the eyes of the world. Therefore, they were not deceivers.

Other evidences of truthfulness in their narrative are these: They make no apology for asking people to accept miracles, mysteries, and a crucified King. They do not write like men pleading a cause. There is no bombast in their style, there are no passionate appeals, no rhapsodies over the miracles, no comments; only simple statements of facts.

In the second place, the Evangelists had no motive to deceive. Surely not the motive of glorifying Christ! For if Christ did not rise from the dead as He promised them, (and He didn't rise if they lied, for they said He rose,) they would have hated Him as an archdeceiver. Not the motive of expecting a reward from God! For God, they knew, would punish them direfully if they promulgated a

blasphemous lie. Not the motive of glory for themselves! For the success of their lie would have been hopeless. They were ignorant and cowardly men despised by Romans and Greeks. Their story, on account of its mysteries, austere morality and humiliating facts, was naturally repulsive. Obstacles in the way,—the hatred of the Jews, the power of Rome, the culture of Greece, and the soddenness of the lower classes and barbarians—were, humanly speaking, insurmountable. And the restoration of a dead and decayed world to moral life at their hands would, they knew, have required a miracle. No, the motive of hoped for success could not have instigated their lie!

In the third place, they had every motive not to lie;—inevitable accusations of imposture from the Jews their enemies, who also were witnesses of what they narrated, and would have triumphantly accused them of mendacity if they had lied; ridicule from the Greeks who would not countenance their absurd story; and imprisonment, suffering and death from the Romans who could not tolerate the demands of their crucified Leader.

Now, men whose narrative bears every evidence of truthfulness, men with no motive to lie, with every motive not to lie, do not lie. For if they did, their lie would be attributable to natural in-born mendacity. But if men are liars by nature, the absurd consequences would follow, that all history which is founded on the knowledge and truthfulness of witnesses would be untrustworthy; society which rests on the mutual trust of men in each other's word would be impossible; and God, Infinite Truth, the Author of man's mendacious nature, would be responsible for its mendacity.

It is evident, therefore, that the Evangelists not only knew what they were writing about, but told us truly what they knew.

If this evidence does not suffice, let me ask: Could a handful of uneducated men have conceived in their imagination the sublime fictitious character of Christ, which, according to all authorities, surpasses every other noble character of fiction and history? To have done so would have proven them incomparably greater geniuses than Dante and Shakespeare. Parker says: "Only a Newton could have imagined the character of Christ." Rousseau says: "For these ignorant men to have exco-gitated the fiction of Christ would have been a greater miracle than that Christ should have existed in reality." Could they have thought of and formulated the doctrines of Christianity, in comparison with which the philosophic system of the sages of antiquity pale? And where did they get their exquisitely simple and simply exquisite style, the admiration of the ages, if not from on high?

Furthermore, could a religion founded on a lie have produced such fruits of civilization and sanctity as have been due to Christianity? Could it have persevered triumphantly through ages as Christianity has done? Could a religion founded on a lie have done all this despite the mysteriousness of its doctrine, the austerity of its morality, the inefficiency of its promoters, the unspeakable pagan immorality and pride it had to encounter and the brilliant and powerful opponents who have challenged it at every step of its progress through the world?

The man who would answer "yes" to these questions would be a more astounding miracle of credulity than any of Christ's miracles which his

incredulity will not allow him to accept.

It is no wonder, then, that modern rationalists are unanimous in admitting that the Gospels are sober history and that their authority is greater than that of any secular history of ancient times.

Catholics have also the authority of the Church. For the Church has always taught that the authenticity of the four Gospels cannot be questioned.

Moreover, the Providence of God is at stake. For surely it pertains to His Providence to preserve men from necessarily falling into grave error. But the evidence of the four Gospels is so clear that a reasonable man, after studying them thoroughly, is morally obliged to accept them. Hence, either there is no good God in Heaven, directing the destinies of men and saving them from necessarily falling into grave error; or, (if such a God does exist) **the four Gospels are true!**

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND ART

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, October 19, 1930)

Sciolists are half-educated people who know just enough not to know how little they know; who do not discover or originate anything themselves, but learn their lessons from others, and do not learn them well; who assent to a proposition without perceiving the reason for it; who mistake mere theories for proven principles; who subscribe to a scientific statement in the bulk, leaving out of consideration qualifications, limitations, and explanations of it by its original proponent; and who are allured by a scientist's literary style into accepting, without weighing, its doctrinal content.

Science is novel; revelation is old. Science originates with hypothesis, postulating theory before facts. Revelation postulates the fact of God's existence and proceeds from fact to theory, inquiring not into the truth of God's statements but into the fact of His utterance. Science asks: What phenomena do our senses reveal to us and how does our reason explain them? Revelation asks: Did God speak to us? If so, what did He say? Science reveals the order and harmony in physical nature; revelation discovers the order and harmony in spiritual and divine things. Science depends on the evidence of the senses; revelation depends upon the evidence of God's spoken word. Science is an appeal to human reason; revelation is an appeal to divine authority. Science seems to give a certain latitude to the inquiry of the mind; revelation seems to place restrictions on the free use of reason. Science

seems clever and bold; revelation is made to appear commonplace and dull.

Now novelty, liberty, cleverness, boldness, and sensible phenomena have an engrossing appeal for the superficial; whereas antiquity, intellectual and moral constraint, assent without the evidence of the senses, and belief founded on authority repel them. Out of these attractions and aversions grow the sciolists. They look like formidable enemies of revelation, but in reality they are a negligible quantity.

Great is the power of propaganda! Through its instrumentality the persuasion has become quite common that science and revelation cannot be reconciled. Yet, as a matter of fact, by far the greater number of genuine scientists have been believers in revelation. The two Bacons, Copernicus, Kepler, Kircher, Newton, Harvey, Descartes, Ampere, Volta, Mendel, Lord Kelvin, Clarke-Maxwell, Faraday, Pasteur—these are a few of the great believing scientists who occur to the mind at once. Can any group of non-believing great scientists be compared with these?

I shall also mention great names in philosophy and the arts, because brains in every sphere of activity are an argument for or against revelation.

The gigantic intellects of the patristic age—Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, Athanasius, Leo, Basil, Chrysostom and Nazianzen—were steeped in devotion to Christianity. Nearly all thinkers of the Middle Ages, with Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, and Bonaventure at their head, were holy as well as learned men. In poetry, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Tasso, Calderon, Corneille, and Racine; in sculpture and painting, Michael An-

gelo, Raphael, Murillo, and Titian; in music, Mozart, Chopin and Gounod; in architecture, the builders of the Gothic cathedrals; in eloquence, Bossuet, Massillon, Lacordaire, Burke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox and Webster. We do not subscribe to the statistical argument nor take satisfaction in merely counting heads, but we do maintain that it is a fact that great scientists and great intellectual leaders in every age have found no difficulty in reconciling their scientific knowledge with their faith in revealed truth. This fact is a valid argument against those who say that the two are inherently incompatible.

It is amusing, therefore, but at the same time exasperating, to hear shallow sciolists prate about the essential opposition between intellectuality and Christianity, about the "historical fact" of the utter divorce between the two, and in particular about the darkness of the Middle Ages. They wave aside Thomas Aquinas and his gigantic compeers with an easy smile. Generally speaking, it is not the founders of scientific systems who oppose religion; but their camp-followers. How little Darwin claimed as scientifically proven; but, how much is claimed by the Lilliputian hangers-on of Darwinism! And in some universities where the doctrines of big men are retailed by little professors—it is there we find the hosts of anti-Christian propagandists. Heretical views are always novel and striking, offering to rhetorical exponents of so-called science a fine opportunity for declamatory display and brilliant brazenness. And so, callow youths and maidens, caught by the glamor of intellectual rebelliousness and intoxicated with the thrill of cutting port-moorings and sailing into uncharted seas, exult. They

drink, but not deeply, of the Pierian spring. They get the ends, edges and shreds of ideas, and think forsooth that they are at the center and heart of truth. They mistake theories for certain principles; plausibilities for incontrovertible facts; enthusiastic interest for solid advance in study; and unbounded assurance for real certainty. They forget that the hall-mark of genuine science always has been modesty, hesitancy, circumspection, exquisite carefulness, slow assent, respect for alternate views, and humility. Flamboyancy, gaudiness, theatric ostentation, egotism and conceit have always been the fellows of superficiality. But of this the camp-followers are not aware.

And so the new-born Solomons of the day look down from their heights upon the belittled mountain of Aquinas. I have sometimes wondered how many of the dogmatic iconoclasts of medievalism ever saw a tome of Aquinas; how many of them could decipher the contents of the title-page; could read the Latin text, and if they could, could understand what they read; and if they could understand it piecemeal, could comprehend the gigantic proportions of the whole system of philosophy and theology which St. Thomas elaborated with such masterful genius.

But have not some great scientists been inimical to revelation and faith? Yes. Their opposition, however, can be easily explained. They did not know the evidence of religion because they did not study them aright; and they did not study them aright because in their opinion the study was uninteresting or too difficult or not worth the effort or not obligatory in conscience, or because the question of religion is insoluble anyhow. Moreover,

since most of their time was spent in their favorite speciality, they had little or no energy left for religious inquiry. The knowledge of religion draws in its wake a series of grave obligations which they wished to decline. Learning from authority lacks the natural appeal of learning by experiment. The mysteries of religion appear to them to be absurdities. They chose to ponder objections to religion without weighing its positive arguments. Though well fitted for physical sciences they were destitute of mental equipment for theology. While they demanded the best of brains and training for physics, chemistry and the other experimental sciences, they imagined that anyone without theological education could essay with impunity the far more difficult field of religious thought. In some cases they mistook a mutilation of religion for religion itself; and rightly objecting to the former, wrongly opposed the latter. Or, misunderstanding the teachings of the Church, they made her suffer by their opposition on account of their error of judgment.

These or some other such reasons must explain their opposition to revelation and faith. Their opposition could not have been founded on truth. For science and revelation alike come from God, the Infinite Truth; they must both be true, and truth cannot be opposed to truth. The reason of the apparent conflict between science and faith is clearly pointed out in the Decree of the Council of the Vatican: "There never can be any real discrepancy between faith and reason, since the same God who reveals mysteries and infuses faith has bestowed the light of reason on the human mind; and God cannot deny Himself, nor can truth ever contradict truth. The false appearance of such a contra-

diction is namely due, either to the dogmas of faith not having been clearly understood and expounded according to the mind of the Church, or to the inventions of opinion having been taken for the verdicts of reason."

We ought not to place too much confidence in the judgment of scientists on religious truth. They are excellent in their own line of endeavor, but often times lamentably ignorant of the Faith. Who would take the opinion of a medical man on fine points of law; or of a lawyer in regard to intricate questions of medicine? Why should Edison in America or any other scientist anywhere else be taken as an authority in theology? Let the cobbler stick to his last.

Scientists in their particular field contract the habit of assenting to propositions on internal evidence only, which is right. Then wrongly, they carry their habit with them into the field of religion, where not evidence of the senses but the authoritative statement of God is the motive of assent.

Every specialty tends to narrow the mind. Scientists are specialists. Their minds, unless enlarged by liberal studies and religion, are apt to run in a groove. Like a trolley-car they are confined, in their mental progress, by the narrow rigidity of tracks. If they depart from these, ruin results. They lack versatility. Unlike automobiles, they are not safe on many roads of inquiry, and in many paths of truth. Their findings in part are only theories; and something more than a theory is required to overthrow the historical fact of the living Christ and His miracles. They argue *a priori* against religion, instead of weighing it, as they ought to do,

in the light of the historical evidence on which it rests.

Rationalistic scientists have enjoyed a vogue during the past century because they have proposed new things, opened the way to greater latitude of morals and so-called freedom of thought, and flourished a style that captivates the impressionable. Huxley and Tyndall were stylists as well as scientists. Even the ignorant Ingersoll could hold an audience because he could turn a phrase, and H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" would not be read but for its style. But we must remember that new things are not always true things, that "greater latitude of morals" may be a euphemism for rank immorality, that "greater freedom of thought" may be a nice name for license of thought, and that a fine style is no guarantee of the truth and solidity of the doctrine which it reveals—and sometimes insidiously conceals.

Besides these scientific objections to revelation there are two more which may be called artistic. Anything in excess offends the aesthetic sense. But to some artistic minds, revelation and especially the Incarnation seem to be too good and beautiful to be true; to others they appear too repulsive to be true. The first objection may be stated thus: The Incarnation is a gilded fairy tale, a divine romance, a majestic epic; it is too good and beautiful to be true; things like that simply do not happen in life. Do not ask us to accept It as a fact.

But fact is stranger than fiction. If this objector went a step farther he should logically deny the fact of the physical world. For the physical world is an eye-opening wonder, a poet's dream.

Alas! we get used to it, custom films our eyes with the cataracts of disillusionment, and the glory disappears. But I am convinced that if a man came into life suddenly in the full possession of his powers, he would be smitten with rapture at the first sight of the universe, and would exclaim: "The sun, the stars, the sky, mountains, oceans, flowers, fragrances, colors, sounds, four-footed things, men with two eyes, with an intellect and free will. Impossible! This is a unique extravaganza, a poet's majestic imagining! I am dreaming! This cannot be true." But we know that it is true; and we know from "The Authentic Four" that the Incarnation is a fact, against which *a priori* speculation cannot avail.

Besides, aside from the testimony of "The Authentic Four," antecedent presumption is in favor of the Incarnation, though at first sight it seems to be against It. For since God is infinite goodness, and since goodness is essentially diffusive of itself, therefore God tends, with an infinite impulse of generosity, to expand to an infinite extent—to give nothing less than Himself. To those who think meanly of God, the Incarnation seems impossible. To those who think grandly and therefore rightly of God the Incarnation appears to be the only thing quite worthy of Him.

Then, for the sake of those extreme realists who reject the Incarnation because it is so gloriously poetical, let me hasten to state that, paradoxically enough, the Incarnation involves hardships for us, as it did for Christ, which keep our feet firmly fixed on the ground of prosaic reality.

The second objection: The Incarnation is too repulsive to be true. It is the economy of the Cross;

but for human beings the Cross is impossible. How could God expect to win men with the Cross?

But there is no use in arguing against a fact; and the fact of the Incarnation, as we know It from "The Authentic Four," is the Cross. Besides, men have accepted the cross. Moreover, in another sense, the cross is the only economy of grace quite worthy of God. Mere man would have used the panoply of nature to succeed with; mere man would have courted the arms of Rome and the culture of Greece as allies; but it became a God to fly in the face of the whole paraphernalia of worldly power and to employ means which, humanly speaking, were infallibly destined to fail.

Again, since sin is due to earthly power, wealth and pleasure misused, the wisdom of embracing earthly ignominy, poverty and pain for the regeneration of the race becomes evident. Then, to the bulk of humanity, poor, miserable and bleeding, a God on a cross is more appealing than a God on a throne.

Finally, the cross is not incompatible with the full use of man's best natural powers, provided they are employed not for self but for God and his neighbor. He who clings to power will misuse it; he who is willing to yield it, can be trusted to use it aright. Remember the old paradox of Christianity: Lose yourself and you will find yourself; die and you will live; give and you will receive; sacrifice the world for Christ's sake and you will be in the best position to employ it with moderation. Thus Christ did; and thus we, with God's help, in our own poor way can do.

THE NECESSITY OF RELIGION

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, October 26, 1930)

Religion has fallen into desuetude. The sensuous reject it because it is a curb to their passions. So-called intellectuals despise it because its evidences have broken, so they think, beneath the pressure of modern science. Modernists drop it because its antique dogmas are out of joint with the times. Utilitarians decline it because it is not practical enough for the business world. Free-thinkers sever themselves from it because it puts a brake on intellectual independence. Numbers of sincere men have given it up in despair because it seems to be a shattered remnant of what it used to be. They look for union and find it not. They listen for the Gospel and hear secular discourses. They long for dynamic apostles, and are chilled by clerics, genteel but ineffectual. They are hungry for the meat of truth, and are served with the unsubstantial breakfast foods of personal speculation, private opinion, and political views. This, I believe, is a fair statement of the present-day attitude of multitudes toward religion and the Church.

There was a time when religion was a driving force in the world. Men and women laid down their lives for it, sacrificed fortunes for it, spread it enthusiastically, fought for it, drank it in with their mothers' milk, saturated their minds and hearts with it, studied it deeply, knew its structure from cellar to roof, were comforted, warmed, and strengthened by it, heard its voice with respect and ate its truths as their daily bread. However much modernists be out of sympathy with the old-time

followers of religion, they cannot but admire apostolic men who, like St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Francis Xavier, went to the earth's ends in poverty and hunger, with a flame in their hearts and a light in their eyes, gladly leaving home and native land to preach the faith; men of the desert, who, like St. Anthony, lived in solitude with religion as with a bride; men of doctrine, who, like Sts. John Chrysostom, Nazianzen, and Ambrose, spent the best energies of their mighty intellects and gifted tongues to expound religion to the people and to defend it against its enemies; men and women of martyr caliber, who, like Lawrence, Sebastian, Agnes and Cecilia of Rome, like the Irish Plunkett, and the English Campion, Fisher and Thomas More, met death with a laugh for religion's sake. Through the centuries thousands of such men and women have lived and died. Their devotion is a strong argument for religion. For they were not stupid nor effeminate nor unlearned nor fanatical nor out of touch with the world nor naturally callous to the attractions of earth. But they were normal men, red-blooded and grey-brained, convivial, fighters, thinkers, lovers of freedom; just as representative of genuine manhood and womanhood as we are today. Oh, how the sceptical thinking of modernists pales in comparison with their doings! One big deed is better than a thousand thoughts. For the chief criterion of value is not speculation, but action and sacrifice. The crimsoned, gold-flicked track of their passing was like the effulgence of the setting sun; while the feeble vacillation and unproved negations of doubting Thomases are as watery as the dead, cold moon.

Is religion a failure? That is a question we

have heard frequently enough. We shall answer it. But before doing so, we should like to ask a question of our own: Is not irreligion a failure? Irreligion has been the boast of our day. The pre-war civilization of Europe was emphatically irreligious. Modern science scoffed at religion, and modern science was the idol of Europe. Darwin, Huxley, Spencer in England; Renan in France, Kant and Marx in Germany were the icons of the century,—and they were rationalists. Before them the French Encyclopedists ridiculed religion, and they are in honor even yet. Irreligious science was going to renew the face of the earth, cleanse the world of superstition, and allow men to think for themselves,—and it has made a mess of things. Men did think for themselves, formulated their own rules of conduct and lived according to their own sweet wills. They boasted that they had arrived at the acme of civilization, that cavemen had finally become supermen, that men whose trammelled reason had been unchained would use their reason to settle their differences, that war was a relic of the superstitious past. And the great war came; Mars laughed at Athene, brute force clubbed reason, and blood instead of brains had to settle the argument. It is just possible, of course, that the sequence between the period of irreligion and the period of the war was a mere coincidence, but it looks for all the world like a case of cause and effect. At any rate, irreligion did not save us from the war, and therefore it lies open to the charge of failure. Even its most enthusiastic defenders have been shaken in their faith—their faith in infidelity. They lie prostrate amid the charred ruins of a world,—sceptical of their scepticism. They pulled down the pillars of religion

with Samsonian rage, and now grovel beneath the fallen superstructure of civilization, with plenty of time to meditate on their foolhardiness.

And has not irreligion been directly responsible for the war and the subsequent economic chaos of today? Religion with its Creed puts graphically before the mind supernatural truths which uplift. Irreligion obliterates these truths. Religion, with its Ten Commandments, emphasized the evil, offensiveness, guilt and punitive deserts of sin. Irreligion removes the emphasis. Religion, through prayer and the Sacraments, enriches souls with helpful grace. Irreligion closes the channels of grace. Religion sets before us the heroic proportions, alluring graciousness, and thrilling example of Christ. Irreligion erases Christ from the tablets of our memory, nullifies the force of hero worship with regard to Him and leaves us cold and untouched by His lessons of morality. Moreover, irreligion dulls the appeal of historic Christianity, abolishes the calendar of martyrs and saints, pulls down Heaven out of the sky, cabins us in with the horizon of earth, denies to broken-hearted humanity the hope of immortality, and places us only a degree or two above the level of the beast which dies, and in dying, perishes utterly.

Take religion from a man and place him on the plane of mere nature, and forthwith he will not see clearly what he ought to do, **nor** feel strongly the desire of doing what he ought. The sublimest intellects of antiquity, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, after the most exhaustive study of the natural code of morality, did not know at all some of the fundamental laws of life, saw other laws only dimly, and did not observe the few which they clearly knew.

What must have been the darkness and weakness of the mass of humanity, since these outstanding men were so pitifully blind and ineffectual? Humanity needed religion for its illumination and strength; we need it today and are starving our need by an irreligious life. Christ healed the world. Like the Good Samaritan, He found man prostrate, wounded and all but dead on the road of life. He stooped over him, pitied him, poured oil into his wounds and put him on his feet again. True, the Christian era has not been altogether a heaven on earth; but in comparison with pagan days it has been a blessed time.

One of the most plausible arguments against the necessary of religion for the purposes of life is that human nature is sufficient unto itself. We hear men say: "Human nature is adequate for the attainment of its own ends,—without supernatural aid. Reason is king in the domain of man and is capable of ruling well, without religion. A normal government has within itself all the means requisite for fulfilling the purpose of government. If an automobile is well built, it works. Why, in like manner, cannot human nature work all right by its own intrinsic power? Why introduce religion from outside to assist it?"

If human nature were in a normal state, all this would be true. But if it is subnormal all this is false. If a man's constitution is subnormal through sickness, it is not sufficient for itself,—it needs a doctor. Now one of the gravest and most common mistakes of history has been the assumption that human nature is normal. Human nature is not normal; and the most ordinary observation shows us that it is not. What has history been for

the most part but a record of wars, sin, discord, suffering, sickness, tears and blood? Do not cynics say that the God who made our world is either very unwise and impotent or very cruel;—for who would not have made a better machine than the botched machine of human society? Very cruel, if not unwise and impotent; for if God could have made a better world, the reason why He did not is that He is a malignant deity who wishes to spite himself on humanity. Their contention is not true; but it implies their belief in the abnormality of the world.

The philosophers of pagan Greece and Rome saw clearly that there was something essentially out of gear in the human race; and they argued from the universal decadence of society that society had been mortally wounded in its inception; that the head-waters of the stream of life had been poisoned. Why, they asked, is irrational and inanimate nature so beautiful and orderly? The sun rises each day, pursues its course, and sinks in the west without fail. Stars circle in their fixed orbits harmoniously. The seasons follow one another in orderly succession. Fields produce their crops and fruits, with only occasional blights. Rivers run to the sea, with only occasional floods. Oceans swell and sink rhythmically, with only occasional storms. Flowers bud, bloom and reign in their many-colored and fragrant glory for their allotted time; then only do they wither and die. Cankers sometimes gnaw at the buds; but these are exceptional. Why is the world around and beneath us so beautiful and orderly, whereas the nature of man is generally awry, out of joint, defaced with the manifold ugliness of mutual hatred and uncleanness? Why do men fling art, science, culture, civilization, common de-

gency, family love, domestic peace, civil concord, and international amity to the winds when their passions are up, when their ambitions are stirred and their selfishness roused? Oh, there are good people, thank God! But how few! And what heroic efforts the few make, to become and to remain even passably good! We have gotten used to our crippled condition; we are bravely optimistic and accustom ourselves to our moral deformities. But if we take an unbiased view of life, must we not admit that life at best is a makeshift, that hours of happiness are few and brief, that falls are frequent, that our tendency downward is as pronounced as the gravitation of a stone, that if we stand, we stand with an effort, and if we drive forward and upward, we are all the time keenly conscious of the pain of the ascent? And who would call this constant struggle a normal condition of life? Is it not evidence rather of a total misplacement and disjoining of the essential constituents of life? We might expect chaos in the jungle, but that men should so habitually fling reason to the winds, sacrifice purity to lust, belittle love for the fellow man, mutilate works of art, burn smiling fields, wreck homes, tear down governments, dot the ocean with iron monsters of destruction, and pride themselves on their scientific power of destroying life with engines of war,—all this is monstrous and would be unbelievable if we did not know it to be a fact.

And are we not all dimly conscious of a lost Eden? Do we not realize that we are not what we ought to be, that there must once have been a sweeter existence from which we have fallen; that there must have been some great sin committed somewhere, sometime in the past, which wrecked

a happy world and made the earth a scene of desolation and valley of tears? Yes, even unilluminated reason indicates that we are a fallen race; and the dogma of religion that we have been cursed in our first parents is only a clear revelation of what we could have guessed without having been told.

Therefore, since human nature is subnormal through the disease of sin, there must be a supernatural power called religion, which can raise us from the depths and place us once again on the plane of morality.

THE CROWNING ARGUMENT: THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

(Address delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., in the Catholic Hour, November 2, 1930)

There are many proofs of Christ's Divinity;—the scriptural proofs from Christ's claims to Divinity and from the miracles He worked and the prophecies He uttered to confirm the truth of those claims; the proof from the Old Testament prophecies; from the Fathers; from the testimony of the infallible Church; and from the five points which I shall give tonight.

I limit myself to these five points (partly Scriptural and partly not) because they are less commonly known than the other arguments; and because in the limited time at my disposal obviously I cannot treat the other proofs with the fulness they deserve.

The five points of tonight's argument are the character of Christ; the sublimity of His doctrine; the marvellous initial spread of His Religion; the bloody testimony of the early martyrs, and His Resurrection from the dead.

Even according to the testimony of rationalists, Christ was the superbest character in all history. His reverent and tender love of God, His unbounded devotion to men, His utter selflessness, His flaming zeal, His courage, His meekness and humility make Him worthy and more than worthy of the highest encomiums that men can give.

Complementary to these moral qualities of Christ were His intellectual nobilities: His wisdom, calmness, poise of mind, equableness of judgment, prudence and eloquence. There was nothing unbal-

anced in Christ; no fanatical excesses; nothing of the zealot or monomaniac. He was all for heaven, without neglecting the just claims of earth. He loved men like a mother, without closing His eyes to their weakness and sins. He was humble, without loss of dignity; enthusiastic, without extravagance; pure without coldness; courageous, without rashness sweet, without effeminacy; calm and equable, without passivity; eloquent, without wordiness. He carried Himself like a God without ceasing to be human: He carried Himself like a man without ceasing to be divine.

Now, Christ claimed to be God. Therefore He *was* God. For if He were not, His claim of Divinity would imply this monstrous alternative: either, knowing that He was not God, He yet deceived men in saying that He was or He Himself was grossly deceived as to His divine identity. According to the first supposition, He would have been a villain of the blackest dye, a deceiver of men, and a blasphemer of God. According to the second supposition, He would have been nothing less than an idiot. But neither of these two characterizations harmonizes with the sublime, sweet, and wise character which all men, from the most heroic saint down to the chilliest rationalist, have attributed to Him. Therefore, Christ was and is God.

Supplementary to the argument from Christ's character is the one drawn from the uniqueness of His doctrine.

The doctrine of Christ is unique. Every other teaching similar to it either was a foreshadowing or has been an imitation of it; and some religious beliefs which at first glance look like it, on closer examination show their feet of clay.

The Fatherhood of God, the Divine Sonship of Christ, the Brotherhood of Man—these three elements of Christ's doctrine make it unique. St. Augustine thought the doctrine of Christ could not be of purely human origin, but must have been divinely revealed; and hundreds of millions of men have accorded with him in this belief. Through lack of time I must confine myself to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Up to Christ's time the Fatherhood of God had been practically unknown. Among the Jews of old, God the Creator, God the Holy, God the Just had been known; but hardly God the Father. To speak more exactly, a few of the Jews had known God the Father, but even among these His Fatherhood had not been emphasized. Moreover, in so far as ancient Judaism contained this doctrine it may be regarded as a foreshadowing of Christianity. Among Greeks and Romans, Zeus, Jove, the Thunderer, had been known; but not the Paternity of God. A few people had believed in no God; some had thought of God as a hidden and unspeakable terror; others as a malicious deity, cruelly toying with men before killing them, like boys with flies or as a cat with a mouse. The Greek dramatists had viewed Him as implacable Fate. Dreamers had pondered Him pantheistically; and materialists had regarded Him as blind, impersonal Force.

But Christ came, saying: "Our Father who art in heaven." He represented God in an amiable, fatherly light in the parable of the Prodigal Son. By the mouth of His Apostle He called Him: "The Father of Mercies and God of all consolation, who consoles us in all our tribulations," and said: "God so loved the world that He sent His own Son that

He might redeem us from our iniquities and fashion to Himself a people acceptable." At the Last Supper, with most exquisite tenderness He drew together into one ineffable family His Father, Himself, and His true followers. "For them do I pray," He says, "that they may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us." According to Christ, God enriches us with a multitude of material blessings because, loving us, He wishes to see us contented even on earth; and when He sends us tribulation, He does so because we need chastisement at His fatherly hand. In the supernatural order He has prepared homes of bliss for us, where we shall satisfy our thirst for happiness. So sweet a doctrine could have come only from Heaven.

The second element in the doctrine of Christ is the brotherhood of man. "The brotherhood of man" means brotherhood in human nature and brotherhood in divine. The former kind is knowable by reason; the latter is not. For how could man, without Revelation, ever discover that he has been destined to the Beatific Vision, raised from the level of creature to that of adopted son of God and made not a fellow-creature, but the very brother of Christ? By that dignity, conferred on Him through sanctifying grace, the humblest man becomes grander than a transcendent genius; a leper is greater than a king; an illiterate boy than wisest philosopher. If I were to see a rude but good swain on one side, and on the other side an unsanctified man with wealth, learning, power, and natural amiability, I should prefer the former to the latter, because the latter is only a son of man, the former is a son of God. This is the secret of Christ's pre-

cept of fraternal charity. Christ loved men so because they were sons of God, and He would have us do the same. Indeed, He clothes the poorest son of Adam in His own irresistible Personality, and says to us: "I am he; if you love Me, love him;" and He makes the passport to His Kingdom consist in brotherly love: "Enter into the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world—for when you did this to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me."

Philanthropy is having a vogue today. But though apparently like the brotherhood of man, it is really utterly unlike it. Philanthropists love the neighbor because he is a son of man: Christians love him because he is a son of God. The philanthropist, in his closet of humanitarian contemplation, forms an exalted idea of humanity in general; but when he comes in contact with the unvarnished reality of concrete human beings with all their imperfections on their head, he shrinks from them disillusioned, having, he thinks, little motive for love. Hence his ministrations will lack the touch of personal regard, will be characterized by condescension and fastidious aloofness, and will take the form of a "system" of charity, a mechanical benevolence which will and must fail to elicit responsive love in the hearts of its beneficiaries. Philanthropy is a discovery of reason; but philanthropy is not the brotherhood of man.

Here, then, is the teaching of Christ on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man,—a doctrine so unique that it could have come only from heaven.

The marvellous initial spread of Christianity is another proof of its divinity.

According to the testimony of Scripture, the pagan author Pliny and ecclesiastical writers of the first few centuries, the spread of Christianity was rapid and extensive to a wondrous degree. For example, Tertullian writes: "We are only of yesterday and fill all your cities, islands, and fortified places, leaving you only your temples." Later on, St. Augustine uttered his memorable dilemma: "Either Christianity was founded on miracles and is therefore divine, or it was not founded on miracles. If not, its spread is a miracle, proving it divine."

The circumstances which make the spread and acceptance of Christianity a miracle were: the unspeakable corruption of the pagan world, the natural unattractiveness of Christianity, the power of its enemies, the weakness of its promoters and the extent and rapidity of its success.

The conditions which Christianity had to meet were: Polytheism with all the human vices deified into forms of beauty and power, and with a lasciviousness of worship which openly consecrated uncleanness and murder; the utter degradation of women into a state of sexual slavery; the legal right of parents to murder their own children in case of deformity in the children or undesirable fecundity in the mothers; the abolition of home and the family; the enslavement of the large majority of the human race in the then known world, and unmitigated horrors of war. As bad as our times are, they are heavenly in comparison with conditions which Christianity had to face and exterminate. Literally, the earth was a huge brothel and charnel-house.

Christianity was difficult and unattractive to the natural man. For its doctrine was mysterious;

its code of morality, austere. Its two symbols were the triangle and the cross. Its great mystery was the Trinity; its great moral lesson was the mortification of Calvary. Who would welcome a religion like that?

Its opponents were Judaism, the Roman Empire, Greek culture and barbarism—Judaism with its exclusiveness, its contempt for the Gentile, and its ecclesiastical rule openly challenged by Christianity; the Roman Empire, whose polytheism and pagan ethics were at stake; Greek culture, to which the Christian demand of intellectual submission would look like a joke; and barbarian soddenness, irresponsive to spiritual appeal.

Then the poverty of means! If Christ had sent forth an apostolic band of Caesars, Ciceros, Vergils, and Horaces, with military power, eloquence and poetry, there would have been some human hope of success. But think of a band of fishermen, fresh from their nets, with the brine of the sea still in their hair and on their clothes, conversant with the topic of fishes and possibly redolent of them; men without education, manners, knowledge of the world or power of expression; afraid of their own shadows; without any natural motives for their epical expedition for the conquest of mankind and utterly devoid of human hope of success;—think of this ridiculous handful of Jews marching out of the East under a banner emblazoned with the figure of their convict Leader, perishing on a gallows, against Rome from her seven hills ruling the world!

But they unseated Rome. For they drove back Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Apollo, and Mars into the shadowland of fiction, whence they had come, and enthroned Christ in their place. They cleansed the

temples of filthy orgies and established the worship of the one true God. They placed a halo on the brow of woman, they hedged in children with their protection, they set up the home, they made war less terrible, they freed slaves: in a word, this absurd group of Oriental adventurers re-created the world!

In view, therefore, of the unimaginable pagan corruption which Christianity cleansed, the natural unattractiveness of Christianity, its powerful enemies, its weak promoters, and its renewal of the face of the earth, the spread of Christianity cannot be attributed to natural means; it postulates divine assistance, it was a miracle of God. Hence it was sponsored by God and what it taught is true. But its fundamental doctrine is the Divinity of Christ. Therefore, Christ is God.

But the success of Christianity was paid for in blood, and the heroic testimony of the martyrs is still another factor in the spread of Christianity which proves it divine.

The argument is this: The martyrs gave bloody testimony that Christianity is divine and Christ is God. But God the All-truthful sponsored their testimony by miraculously helping them to give it. This is evident. For no merely human power could have endured what they endured. Therefore, their testimony is true, Christianity is divine and Christ is God.

According to Christian and pagan writers alike the number of martyrs ran into the millions. They were of all conditions of life, of all ages and both sexes, educated and ignorant. They endured the rack, the sword, arrows, fire, water, and filthy dungeons. They met these horrors with a smile; calmly, with-

out fanaticism; not in the glow of sudden thrilling impulsiveness, but with a staid resoluteness born of solid conviction. They had not the soldier's incentives of action, patriotism, banners, trumpets, companionship and hope of recognition to spur them; for their deaths were passive and ignominious, without colors and martial music; oftentimes they died singly in obscurity, regarded as enemies of the State and the refuse of society. They had no honor to gain even among friends; for in many cases the very place of their graves remained unknown. They did not die for an opinion (which is common enough); but for their faith in Christ, who was a reality proven unmistakably by historical evidence. They were urged by the pagans and sometimes by their dear ones with flattering promises and touching appeals to relinquish Christianity; and they could have acceded to the tempters without temporal loss or inconvenience. They claimed that their endurance was not human, but supernatural; and witnesses averred the same. Therefore, the heroism of the martyrs was miraculous; God was with them. Hence their testimony in favor of the divinity of Christianity and the Godship of Christ was true.

Besides these four arguments for Christ, from the divinity of His doctrine, from the marvelous spread of Christianity, from the bloody witness of the early martyrs, there is a fifth, built on the words of "The Authentic Four," namely, Christ's Resurrection from the dead.

Behold Christ standing behind and above Paul in the Areopagus! His head is circled with a nimbus of light, His face is suffused with loveliness. His eyes shine like stars, His five wounds shoot forth

flashes of crimson, His whole body is bathed in a golden mist, His Divinity radiates through His flesh like a light through a translucent vase, and His lips are rich with the oft-repeated words: "Peace be unto you;" "Be not afraid;" "I am the salvation of the world;" "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Behold Him in the effulgence of Divinity no less than in the beauty of His Humanity, and tell me, is it any wonder that Paul, preaching Him and knowing the full value of what he preached, acted like one beside himself; that his eyes sparkled, that his face was tense, that his whole frame was alert, and that eloquence poured from him overwhelmingly! Is it any wonder that Dionysius and Damaris, caught by his ardor and seeing in spirit the vision of Christ, became Christians forthwith and carried on heroically to the end! And on the other hand, is it not a wonder that the bulk of the Athenians could still prefer the lovely but lifeless mask of culture to the radiant living countenance of Christ?

What will you do? For the Church is preaching Christ to you as Paul did of old in the Areopagus. And behind and above me tonight is the same Christ. For Christ still lives, still loves and still wishes to save the world, as He did once before.

In the world today there are millions who accept Christ, and more millions who do not accept Him.

Oh, you who have not accepted Christ, accept Him now! See the reasonableness of His appeal, see the grave obligation you are under to accept, see especially the necessity of humbling yourself by a virtuous life to receive the incomparable favor of

faith. Do this, and in due time the favor will be given. Then you will enjoy true peace on earth, a prelude of eternal bliss.

And you who have the faith,—how I congratulate you tonight! Your faith is more precious than anything else in the world. Hold fast to it! Keep it at any cost, live up to it, and spread it! Help to convert men to Christ, so that this dear old world of ours may be saved from threatening ruin by the only One who can save, by Him who saved it 2000 years ago and is just as willing and able to save it today.

And do not be discouraged by your fewness! The Christian enthusiasts have always been a minority. The lone Christ was a minority, the twelve Apostles were a minority, the martyrs over against the power of Rome, the Fathers of the Church at a time when, as St. Jerome said: "The world woke up one morning and found itself Arian;" the Popes against the medieval emperors, and the Church in the world today:—all these have been glorious minorities. A little yeast leavens the whole mass of dough. A spark sets a city afire. A grain of mustard becomes the wide-spreading tree. And you, a few, however insignificant you may be, can do wonders with the help of God, which surely will be given you if you ask for it. The pity of it is we have not enough confidence. We do not dream magnificently, we do not aspire grandly, we have almost forgotten the art of hoping in a godlike way. Let us resolve tonight to aspire for one brief moment at least in a manner worthy of a disciple of Christ!

CARDINAL HAYES STATES AIMS

OF THE CATHOLIC RADIO HOUR

(Extract from his address at the inaugural program in the Studio of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, March 2, 1930).

Our congratulations and our gratitude are extended to the National Council of Catholic Men and its officials, and to all who, by their financial support, have made it possible to use this offer of the National Broadcasting Company. The heavy expense of managing and financing a weekly program, its musical numbers, its speakers, the subsequent answering of inquiries, must be met. That responsibility rests upon the National Council of Catholic Men

This radio hour is for all the people of the United States. To our fellow-citizens, in this word of dedication, we wish to express a cordial greeting and, indeed, congratulations. For this radio hour is one of service to America, which certainly will listen in interestedly, and even sympathetically, I am sure, to the voice of the ancient Church with its historic background of all the centuries of the Christian era, and with its own notable contribution to the discovery, exploration, foundation and growth of our glorious Country. . . .

Thus to voice before a vast public the Catholic Church is no light task. Our prayers will be with those who have that task in hand. We feel certain that it will have both the good will and the good wishes of the great majority of our country-men. Surely, there is no true lover of our Country who does not eagerly hope for a less worldly, a less material, and a more spiritual standard among our people.

With good will, with kindness and with Christ-like sympathy for all, this work is inaugurated. So may it continue. So may it be fulfilled. This word of dedication voices, therefore, the hope that this radio hour may serve to make known, to explain with the charity of Christ, our faith, which we love even as we love Christ Himself. May it serve to make better understood that faith as it really is—a light revealing the pathway to heaven: a strength, and a power divine through Christ: pardoning our sins, elevating, consecrating our common every-day duties and joys, bringing not only justice but gladness and peace to our searching and questioning hearts.

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