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CONFLICTING STANDARDS

Catholic Theology vs. Worldly Philosophy

by

Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P.,
Editor of the Catholic World.

Eight addresses delivered in the Catholic Hour, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, with the co-operation of the National Broadcasting Company and its Associated Stations.

(On Sundays from November 6, to December 25, 1932)

- I. Religion and Politics.
- II. Citizens and Aliens.
- III. White Man and Black.
- IV. Radical and Conservative.
- V. Gentile and Jew.
- VI. The Individual and the Organization.
- VII. Christianity, Challenge or Compromise?
- VIII. Christmas.



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✠ JOHN FRANCIS NOLL, D. D.

Bishop of Fort Wayne

DEDICATION

**To my Patron
St. Paul
Lover of Social Justice.**

**“Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who
is scandalized, and I am not on fire?”**

II Cor. xi. 29.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

I have indicated in the Dedication the spirit in which I have approached the difficult problems treated—so briefly—in these talks. My greatest desire in connection with this task would be that St. Paul could be reincarnate and make use of the radio, this new and miraculous method of sending a message to the ends of the earth. He would make the world listen! After St. Paul, comes the scarcely less powerful St. Gregory the Great, of whom it has been said that his hunger and thirst for justice was so great that no one who made appeal to him, even from the remotest corner of the empire, was left without a champion. And later, St. John Chrysostom, from whose mouth might very well have come Robert Browning's sentiment, "I was ever a fighter." Centuries later, Savonarola, and again after some centuries, Bartholomew de las Casas, and to mention at least one champion outside the fold, William Lloyd Garrison. It were desirable that our present generation should have such giants as these, for I cannot but feel that we who attempt to speak the message they would speak must sound by comparison like a "tinkling cymbal."

RELIGION AND POLITICS

(Address delivered on November 6, 1932.)

The phrase "Religion and Politics" bursts like a bombshell upon American ears. Not that we have suffered more than Europeans from the conflict of Religion and Politics. We have not. In Europe for the 300 years preceding the American Revolution almost every war was wholly or partially a war of religion. Between 1689 and 1763 France under Louis XIV waged four wars with her various neighbors (amongst them always England) and every one of these wars had its repercussion in America. All the wars on the North American continent previous to the Revolution were, as Professors Hayes and Moon remark in their *Modern History*, "side shows" of "more grandiose military conflicts" in Europe. The last of them (called in Europe the Seven Years' War, but in America, The French and Indian War) closing only thirteen years before the Declaration of Independence, was still fresh in the minds of the Colonists, and they were determined that once they got rid of England they would fight no more of England's wars. It may not be amiss to remark in passing that with the World War we have recommenced after 150 years the old custom of fighting Europe's wars. But the principal point in mind now is that those 17th and 18th century wars were complicated and embittered by religion. An old professor of mine, Father Vuibert, used to say that civil wars were fiercer than international wars and that religious wars were the fiercest of all. Having experienced that fact, the colonists were determined



to ban religious wars forever from American soil, so they wrote into the Federal Constitution clauses to prevent the mingling of religion and politics. Hence the American tradition. With those laws and that tradition no good American will find fault. They have probably saved us from a great deal of bloodshed. The provisions of the Constitution have not always been obeyed, nor were they corroborated immediately by the constitutions of various states. Even in our own day we have seen religious animosity in politics that might have eventuated in a minor civil war if the victims of discrimination had retaliated. Quite recently Walter Lippmann in one of his invariably judicious syndicated articles speaking of the religious issue in politics, declared that there are still amongst us "passions of such force that if they are not wisely guarded will tear apart the bonds of the community here as they have in the past and in other lands." But all in all the tradition, properly understood, has worked well.

However, there is another sense in which we may understand the alienation of religion from politics, and in this second sense it is not only undesirable but impossible.

Indeed it is true to say that religion is essential to politics. Politics is a notoriously dirty business and nothing short of religion can make it clean. It sometimes seems so hopelessly filthy that no one but God can purify it. Hercules did the legendary job of cleansing the Augean Stables, but to clean away all the muck from the political life of New York and Chicago and Philadelphia and Washington would overtax the strength of an army in which every man was a Hercules. Only God can do that job. Now if you rule out religion you rule out God. If you rule

out God you hand politics over to the devil. Sometimes even the stoutest hearted patriots feel inclined to do just that. The Puritans felt that way about art and literature and music and the drama. And now again in our epoch decent men and women are subject to the temptation to be puritanical. Art has become so vulgar and obscene, literature has become so erotic, music has so degenerated that even the lovers of culture feel like saying "The devil take them all." Just so of politics. In our impatience we may be tempted to believe that politics is hopelessly, incorrigibly foul. What with the Teapot Dome revelations, the report of the Wickersham Committee, the incessantly repeated disclosures of municipal corruption, even a brave heart might be excused for despairing.

But no *bona fide* patriot can remain for long a defeatist. He would hate to see this government, built at the cost of so much bloody sacrifice, surrendered without a struggle to the new horde of barbarians that has descended upon our civilization: bootleggers; racketeers; organized bandits; grafters, great and small; boodling politicians; conscienceless lawyers who instruct criminals how to evade the law and defend them with sophistries if they are apprehended; judges on the bench who play both ends against the middle, the both ends being the "big shots" of crime and the petty thugs who do their bidding, and the middle being the mass of honest citizens; and even beyond and above the corrupt lawyers and the venal judges, the Grand Moguls of Crime who have their lair under the very dome of the national capitol or in its shadow. Truly it does seem that these cohorts of corruption are as numerous and as ruthless as the Goths and Huns and

Vandals who swarmed down upon the Roman Empire in the days of the last Caesars, or the Saracens who inundated Spain like a tidal wave and left their high water mark in the centre of France in the 8th century, or the Mongols, Turks and Tartars under Tamerlane and Genghis Khan who threatened Europe in the middle ages. But if the ancient Romans and the medieval French had the courage to meet those semi-savage tribes, shall the modern American be too cowardly to withstand the rising tide of neo-Barbarism?

However, it must be admitted that the task is, as I have said, more than Herculean, and if it is to be accomplished, it will be only by virtue of a power that is supernatural. Religion, the deepest and purest passion known to man, is the only agency powerful enough to wash away, or let us say rather burn away with a refiner's fire, the ever-accumulating mass of corruption that has cursed our American politics. To keep God out of politics is to hand over the nation to the powers that are not of God.

Years ago when Robert G. Ingersoll went hither and thither preaching his gospel of Agnosticism, he fell foul of at least one antagonist who was more than a match for him. Bishop John Lancaster Spalding's reply to Ingersoll on the question of God in the Constitution is a masterpiece packed with logic and afire with the spirit of religion. Ingersoll had said, "If God is allowed in the Constitution man must abdicate. If the people of the great Republic become ignorant enough and superstitious enough to put God in the Constitution the experiment of free government will have failed." Bishop Spalding answered, "If to recognize God in the Constitution is to be ignorant and superstitious, to believe in God *at*

all is evidence of ignorance and superstition, and since Americans as a matter of fact with few exceptions do believe in God, Colonel Ingersoll must hold the whole people ignorant and superstitious." "I know not the method," said Edmund Burke, "of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." But Burke was a responsible statesman, Ingersoll only a rhetorical demagogue.

Ingersoll, furthermore, had made the extravagant statement that the sentence in the Declaration of Independence, "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" must seem in the eyes of religious people "blasphemy—a renunciation of the Deity," and that the fathers of the country who wrote or signed that statement "politically tore down every altar, denied the authority of the Sacred Book and appealed from the providence of God to the providence of man."

The bishop had no difficulty in dealing with that bombast. The founders of our country were almost to a man deeply religious. Ingersoll's interpretation of the thought in their mind would have appalled them if it did not seem too ridiculous to be appalling.

The simple fact is that without God there can be no stable government of rational men. All authority is ultimately of God. If God be not the prime author and final sanction of law and of government, then the first cause and last support for law is the mind of man. But who is man that he should legislate for man? The laws that man makes, man breaks, but if God be recognized as the alpha and omega of law you shall have at least some stability in government. Man will obey God, and he will obey man if he believe man represents God. But to obey man as mere man is obsequious and servile!

I am fully aware that talk of this kind sounds preachy and smacks of the sermon, but we need no preacher to tell us that without religion morality is uncertain, precarious, and even impossible. If, as is obvious, our only salvation is to inject morality into politics, where I ask will you secure morality—I mean a virile, certain, sure, unwavering morality—without religion?

And what, I ask, is the value of religion if it exist only in the home, or as the Scripture says if it be hid under a bushel? Is it not a commonplace remark that if a man considers his religion a matter for the Sabbath, throwing it aside like a Sunday suit when he goes to business or to pleasure, that man's religion is vain, his business probably dishonest and his pleasure sinful? By what principle then, or by what rule of reason shall a man leave his religion behind when he goes into politics, or—if he be not a professional politician—when he goes to the polls to select the representative he shall send into political life?

The truth is that when a man says glibly—and as is usual, dogmatically—“Religion must be kept out of politics,” he doesn't mean what he says. He says “religion” but he means religious bigotry. He says “politics” but he means partisan politics.

But why damn religion by confounding it with fanaticism, and why damn politics by confounding it with partisanship? “Religion” and “politics” are good words. Sometimes indeed good words like good men go wrong. “Sanctimonious” for example used to be a good word until it fell in with hypocrisy and was corrupted. “Propaganda” was and is a perfectly good word, though it is so often seen in company with organized systematic deceit that its reputation

has suffered. So too "religion" smacks of fanaticism in the ears of those who have suffered in one way or another from a bogus religion. And "politics" used to mean and still is defined in the dictionaries: first, "The science and art of government"; and second, "The theory or practice of directing affairs of public policy." Politics has a noble etymology. Only by association with chicanery, duplicity and all that is Machiavellian has politics come to have a sinister sense. I grant you that pure religion would be abased by an alliance with dirty politics; and on the other hand, that decent politics is dragged down by association with fanatical religion; but a coalition of true religion and pure politics would be to the advantage of both of them.

If you ask me what ails our country and, by way of good measure, what ails Europe and South America and most of the remainder of the civilized world, I shall say that we are suffering because religion is booted out and bolted out from the great conventions wherein the fate of mankind is discussed and determined. Religion is at the present moment locked out of the council halls at Geneva where men are discussing disarmament. It was ruled out 14 years ago at Versailles. Religion would have inculcated "Forgiveness," but the dominant note at Versailles was "Revenge! Retaliation! Reparations!" The most unwelcome sentiment at that meeting of the victors in the war (*victors*—what a hollow sound that word has today) would have been the sentiment from the Sermon on the Mount, "You have heard that it hath been said 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but I say to you to return good for evil; it hath been said 'thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy,' but I say to you,

Love your enemy." If that religious principle had been followed instead of the savage demand for "*Revanche*" the world would have had no depression today. When men get together to patch up a broken world and follow only man's wisdom, they make a mess of the job; if they would permit God to have a look in, and to take a hand, the result would be universal good will, and universal good will would produce prosperity in the twinkling of an eye.

To descend from world politics, what a beneficent revolution would quickly be wrought in this our own nation if we could persuade the campaign orators to stop in their blatant denunciation of one another and hearken to this piercing sentence from one of St. Paul's epistles, "Why judgest thou thy brother? . . . thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest. For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself. For thou doest the same things which thou judgest" (Rom. xiv. 10; ii. 1).

To any one who really loves his country and hopes for its regeneration the most distressing fact in our political life is not the existence of corruption but the spectacle of candidates for office, even for very high office, berating one another, flinging epithets at one another, telling half truths and perhaps whole lies about one another, misinterpreting one another's statements, misjudging one another's motives, dissipating energy, mental and moral, when it should be concentrated, seeking partisan victory instead of the good of the nation, at the very height of the worst economic crisis we have ever known! In Babylon they feasted and drank themselves drunk while the Mede was at the gate. In Rome they dined and danced and enervated themselves with debauchery when the hale and rugged Barbarians had al-

ready crossed the Alps and were about to storm the walls of the capital. In one of our liberal journals of opinion I see the advertisement for a little book by a former professor of Economics—a book entitled *Must We Starve?*—and with the caption in heavy black type, underscored, “The World Stands Face to Face with Mass Hunger.” Making allowance for exaggeration—the author is a Socialist and perhaps a Communist—is there any sober minded person who dares to say that the threat of mass starvation is nothing but the product of a mad imagination? One fact is beyond question, whether or not we are face to face with starvation, we are in the depths of the most desperate economic predicament we have ever experienced and yet the candidates who one and all profess to be our saviours are browbeating and ballyragging one another, bawling at one another like Hector and Achilles before the walls of Troy.

Now the sardonic feature of this painful phenomenon is that every one of these men, or almost every one, has a religion which inculcates justice, mercy, charity, forgiveness of injuries, the golden rule and the commandment, “Thou shalt not bear false witness.” Where is that religion? Where have they left it? In church? Locked up with a beautiful silver hasp inside the family Bible? I suggest that they go home and get it out of the Bible, or go to church and rescue it from its hiding place in some dark pew or under the kneeling bench, and bring it with them and show it to us from the platform whereon they stand to plead their cause before the people.

Do I hear some one say, “Ridiculous! the father is pleased to be facetious! Religion has no place in the political arena?”

Well then listen! I have used the analogy of the Barbarians swooping down on the Roman Empire laying waste all in their pathway. It may be of service to our politicians to remind them that the remote impulse that drove those Goths and Huns and Vandals westward and southward came from what is now Russia. If our leaders and our voters persist in divorcing Religion from Politics there may be another Barbarian invasion having its impulse from Russia, and in the end we may succumb to Bolshevism, the only system thus far known in the history of the world that professedly bases itself upon the absolute separation of Religion from Politics.

CITIZENS AND ALIENS

(Address delivered on November 13, 1932.)

It has recently come to be recognized by the more enlightened students of human affairs that the chief enemy of peace and prosperity is nationalism—exaggerated hypertrophied nationalism. If the Disarmament Conference at Geneva dissolves with insignificant results, nationalism is the cause of its dissolution. If the League of Nations, in itself a majestic ideal and a noble project, fails to function, nationalism is the impediment. If a live-and-let-live international policy is abandoned in favor of a dog-eat-dog policy, nationalism—I repeat—*excessive* nationalism is the diplomatic marplot.

In the midst of the vast deluge of campaign oratory that recently flowed over the land a statement was made by Newton D. Baker that the international policy of the United States for the past few years could be expressed in brief, "let the foreigners stew in their own juice. We're going to be fat and comfortable ourselves, no matter what happens to the rest of the world." I pass no judgment upon the accuracy of that statement. I quote it as a vivid expression of the sad lengths to which nationalism may go. There is much talk in certain circles amongst us about "splendid isolation." But I fear that some of our fellow citizens fail to distinguish between splendid isolation and selfish isolation.

I have heard men boast that such and such a state (Colorado, for example) could build a wall

around its borders and live by itself, buying and selling, manufacturing and consuming without having recourse to its neighbors and still less to foreign countries. I doubt if that were ever true. Even if it were true at some time, I feel sure it is not true now. And on one fact I am sure all economists will agree. A nation of 123 millions cannot shut itself off from the rest of the world and survive. The days of the Great Wall of China are past. The Roman Wall of the Emperor Hadrian was smashed through. No nation, no empire is resourceful enough to despise all contact, social, political, mercantile, with all other nations. What Benjamin Franklin said of the thirteen colonies, "If we don't hang together we shall hang separately," may now be said after one hundred and fifty years not merely of the states of the Union, but of all the civilized nations on the globe. The hand cannot say to the eye, "I have no need of thee," the foot cannot say to the brain, "I can walk without thee." Even the ignoble belly is essential to the organism. If we arrogate to ourselves the position of the brain in the international body and think of some less progressive nation as the belly, still we ought to remember that if the belly is empty the brain sickens and dies.

As we talk of "isolation," France talks of "security." But there is no such thing as security, achieved by physical means. If France in the interests of security cripples and paralyzes Germany, France will commit suicide. France cannot live if Germany dies. Likewise Germany cannot live if France perishes. Armies and navies, fleets of airships and battle tanks ruin the nation they are supposed to save.

And by the same token, a nation cannot isolate itself and save itself with a tariff wall any more than with a wall of steel. To revert to Mr. Baker's phrase about our getting fat no matter what happens to the rest of the world, the prime objection is that it cannot be done. If Europe and Asia starve, America starves. For weal or for woe the whole world has become a unit. Therefore, a misguided, unbalanced nationalism is not only a crime against the rest of the world: it is *felo de se*, suicide.

Obvious and platitudinous as these observations may be, it is going to be difficult to root out extreme nationalism from the human heart. A selfish nationalism is only an amplified clannishness and clannishness is a primitive passion. At least as far back as Abraham and Lot, perhaps we should say as early as Cain and Abel, local and racial animosity began. Of Ishmael, the son of Abraham by the serving maid, Agar, it is written "his hand will be against every man and every man's hand shall be against him, and he shall pitch his tents over against all his brethren." The spirit of division and antagonism between man and man is, therefore, at least as old as the first book of the Bible.

William Beebe, the naturalist, has assured us of the existence of an earthly paradise, Galapagos, where the wild animals show no timidity at the approach of man, and where they seem to dwell in amity with one another. But there is, alas, no human Galapagos. As far back as we have the annals of the race, distinction has been made between friends and enemies, citizens and aliens. It was understood that the tribe on the other side of

the mountain or the other shore of the sea, or the other edge of the desert, was an enemy, not for any particular reason, but simply because it was on the other side. In fact, "alien" means merely "other" and "rival" comes from "*riva*" the river bank. The fellow on the other bank was *ipso facto* your rival; you must kill him or he would kill you. Not that he had done you any wrong or that you had done him any wrong, but that he was born on one side of the river and you on the other. When the "black robe" missionaries came among the savages of North America, they found the Cherokees periodically on the war path against the Iroquois and the Apache against the Sioux, and when they asked the reason, the red man thought he had sufficiently explained by saying, "He one tribe, me another tribe."

This of course is primitive, raw, naked savagery, but thanks to the sophistication that we are pleased to call civilization, we have a way of disguising our savagery. We prate of "patriotism," of "security," of "national honor," of "making the world safe for democracy" (what a hollow pretense that has turned out to be). The problem of the causes of war is entangled with discussions of "concordats" and "alliances" and "ententes." But if we were as naive as the Indian we should say, "he one nation, me other nation," and let that suffice as justification for drowning a continent in blood and dislocating the civilization of the world.

It will be seen from what has been said, that I believe the root cause of war and hence the root danger to civilization to be national antipathy. I do not say the only cause. There is always a host of secondary causes, most of them trumped up,

many of them, as we have learned in the late world war brazenly manufactured. Adventitious and fictitious causes are on the surface; the radical cause remains undetected like the subliminal self in the Freudian psychology. In other words I believe that the most deep-seated cause of wars and all manner of international conflict is something mental, a fear, a hatred, a suspicion, a sentiment, and I believe it was one of the chief purposes of Christ to eradicate that mania or that phobia from the hearts of men.

He set about that prodigious work—men will say “impossible” work—not merely by preaching abstract virtue, but by that most effective of all rhetorical devices, the parable—and of the parables none is more touching, none more significant than that of the Good Samaritan.

Now the Samaritans, as all readers of the Gospel will remember, were detested by the orthodox Jews. Their history for a thousand years seemed to provide reason aplenty for detestation. Achab, prince of Samaria in the tenth century, B. C., had married the infamous heathen Jezabel and had introduced into Palestine the lascivious worship of Baal and Astarthe. The fate of Jezabel was scarcely more hideous than that of her husband, for “the dogs licked the blood of Achab in the gutters of the city.” But the worship of the impure gods and goddesses had continued, and the high hill of Samaria had even been enriched with sacred spoils from the temple of Jerusalem. Samaria was known not only for these heathen abominations but for regicide and frequent assassinations. Worst of all in the eyes of the Jews was the fact

that when Sargon took to Assyria some thirty thousand captives from Samaria there were planted in their place a motley horde of Chaldeans, Syrians, Arabs—heathen all. Again in the days of Alexander, the Greeks overran the province, and so the population in Jesus' day was a mongrel group, hated by the Jews. Now therefore we see the full significance of the fact that in the best known and most beautiful of the parables a Samaritan is the hero, a better man in the eyes of Christ than priest or Levite, who considered themselves the purest of the pure. The moral is not only obvious, it is stunning. It is as though at the height of the war a great popular preacher in Paris had driven home a point with a story of a noble German at the expense of a couple of extremely patriotic Frenchmen. Or as if Christ were to say that a conscientious Bolshevik is nearer the kingdom of heaven than a hypocritical 100 percent American.

One of the few contemporaries of Jesus keen enough to see the moral, and brave enough to proclaim it was St. Paul. "The middle wall of partition," the wall that excluded Gentiles from the holier courts of the temple, "is broken down," he cries. There is now no longer Jew or Gentile, there is neither Greek nor Barbarian, bond or free. All who have God for their Father and Christ for their Brother are brethren one of another! That magnificent revelation if apprehended would recreate the face of the earth, abolish warfare and solidify civilization. St. John the Evangelist caught the same divine truth, but being of a mystical temperament expressed it by means of a vision. He saw in heaven, he says, "A Great Multitude which no

man can number of every tribe and tongue and people and nation."

The idea is that no race and no nation can call itself exclusively the people of God. No people has a monopoly of salvation. Harlots shall enter heaven before Pharisees. Heretics who are such unwittingly, and heathen, "lesser breeds without the law," will be judged without the law and will sooner achieve everlasting happiness than those whose only claim to salvation is a meticulous orthodoxy, without humility, without mercy, without pity. "Many shall come from the east and from the west," says Jesus, "and shall sit down in the kingdom with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and the children of the kingdom shall be cast out."

Friends, shall I be accused of cynicism if I say we have not yet learned that lesson? Have we eliminated race hatred, and nationalistic antipathy? Do Anglo-Saxons look down with contempt upon Latins? And do the Latins shrug the shoulders and tilt the nose at the very word of Anglo-Saxon? Does the Celt hate the Briton with an ineradicable hatred? And does the Briton say of the Celt what the polite and sophisticated Roman pagan said of the vulgar horde: "I hate them and shun them"? Does the Englishman in India insult the native, be he Brahmin or pariah? Does the native American spew forth his contempt for the Canuck, or the Paddy or the Bohunk or the Greaser? And do these self-imagined superior races count themselves Christians? Have they never read the parable of the Good Samaritan, or the story of Magdalen, or the withering denunciations of Phariseism?

If this were a sermon, I might venture to conclude with a prayer asking all to join with me: "Lord, I dare not ask Thee overmuch, knowing the limitations of my character. I ask Thee not that I may be a saint. I ask only that Thou make me just a Christian, that and no more." But the Lord cannot grant that prayer unless the heart be first cleansed of all sense of class superiority, all trace of race hatred, and every remnant of nationalistic antipathy.

WHITE MAN AND BLACK

(Address delivered on November 20, 1932.)

We come today to a ticklish problem, the inter-relationship of the white race and the black. I shall probably be condemned as rash for even proposing a problem that is usually considered too hot to handle, and whatever opinions I presume to submit will probably be rejected out of hand by those who feel that the simple and sufficient solution of the problem of the Negro is to "keep him in his place."

That familiar formula, however, begs the question. What *is* the black man's place? Was he designed by nature to be, and must he ever remain a subject race, less than wholly human, a footstool for the white man, a "lesser breed without the law," a pariah, an "untouchable," segregated, disfranchised (constitution or no constitution), an alien in the land of his birth, a victim of discrimination and of persecution? Was there placed upon him aboriginally by his Creator the mark of the beast, or the stigma of Ishmael? Was he in the beginning anathematized by God, and must he be in consequence, interdicted and excommunicated by God's favorite, the white man?

By way of answer, let us first be rid of the impossible theory that the Negro is not wholly a man: impossible theologically, for it is heresy to say that the Negro has no soul or that he is not destined to the kingdom of heaven; impossible ethnologically, because there is no atom of scientific evidence that the Negro is sub-human.

Of course there are evolutionists, of a most extreme type, who insist that *all* men, black or white, are essentially animals and nothing more, but even the most materialistic evolutionist admits that all human branches are derived from the same animal source. If the Negro, therefore, is a mere animal, the white man is a mere animal. Color doesn't matter essentially. A white horse is a horse, a black horse is a horse; a Jersey cow is a cow, and a Holstein is a cow. Nor do certain other dissimilarities of shape or of size matter. A bull dog, a mastiff, a collie, and a Newfoundland are all equally dog. Even a Pomeranian and a Pekinese are dog. And so, a white man, a red man, a yellow man and a black man are all equally man.

Discrimination because of color is therefore not scientific. It is merely snobbish. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," no matter how high the Colonel's lady may tilt her nose at mention of that simple biological fact; and so, too, the black man and the white man are brothers under the skin, no matter how much the white man may rebel against that incontrovertible scientific dogma. We may talk of the black race, the brown race, the yellow race, the red race and the white race, but there is only one race, the human race. I am speaking now, not metaphorically, but scientifically, physiologically, anatomically, biologically: the white man and the black man are brothers, not even cousins in a collateral line of descent, but brothers, children of the one original couple.

As a matter of fact, one of the results of the investigations of Darwin was to strengthen the argument for monogeny, the theory that all men are descended from one pair of ancestors, and to weak-

en the argument for polygeny, the theory that there were two or more source-origins of the human race. And in this, at least, the Catholic teaching coincides with Darwinism. With us it would be heretical to say that the white race is from Adam and Eve and the black race from some other aboriginal pair. We are all of the one same stock.

Another physiological fact links the black man with the white and separates him from the brute. The cranial capacity of the highest apes is about 45 cubic centimeters. The cranial capacity of men is from 1250 to 1600 cubic centimeters. It is true that certain Negroes still in the jungles show a lower figure normally than that of most white men, but whereas the skull of the highest ape has never a capacity of more than 450, the skull of the lowest Negro seldom if ever goes below 1100; it is generally from 1250 to 1400; the skull of the white man is never larger than 1600 and there are vast numbers of white men whose cranial capacity is no more than that of the Negro. Not that the precise number of cubic centimeters matters, for at least one excellent scientist tells us (Guibert: *Les Origines*), "above 1100 c. c. the size of the brain is no guide to the power of the intellect."

And finally if any further proof be necessary that the Negro is fully and exclusively human, there is the fact that marriage of white and black is not unfruitful. In fact there are those who maintain that as much as one-third of the whole population of the United States has some strain of Negro blood. Be that statement accurate or exaggerated, the unquestionable fact remains that however much man, both white man and black man, may revolt from mis-

cegenation, Nature does not abhor the union of the races. If Nature does not, God does not, for the laws of Nature are the laws of God. And the Church takes Her cue from the law of God, rather than from the feelings or prejudices of man. The Church will baptize a mulatto, ordain him priest or consecrate him bishop. She has done so here in the United States. She does not consider the offspring of a Negro and a white as a monster.

Enough! The ape is an ape, and man is man, be he black or white.

Now therefore, if the Negro is man just as truly as the white man, it follows that whatever rights or prerogatives belong to man as man, must not be denied to the Negro.

And yet in certain parts of our country disabilities are heaped upon him because he is a Negro. In many localities he is denied the vote, even though that denial involves fraud or force upon the part of the white man. In some sections he receives lower wages than the white man for the same work. In other sections, he is charged higher rent than the white man for the same housing. His natural ambition to rise to something better than menial occupation and to fit himself for it is frustrated by local law, by custom or even by physical violence; he is refused admittance to certain trade unions; in many states he is denied membership in white churches; he dare not attempt to take Communion with the whites; likewise except in the north, he cannot attend schools, public or private, with the whites, and the public schools into which he is segregated are inferior in architecture, in location and in scholastic standing to the others, although the black man pays

his school tax like any other man. He is kept out of select hotels, restaurants and places of public entertainment, not only in the south but in the north. Where the Jim Crow law is in effect, he is taxed for parks, libraries and other places of instruction or entertainment which he is not permitted to use. In some localities there are different standards of justice in the law courts for blacks and for whites (a crime in the very place where crime is supposedly punished). In a thousand cities and towns and villages, he is segregated with his fellows away from white neighborhoods as strictly as if he were a leper. If he ventures to buy or to rent a house in a "white" district, his home may be bombed (one wealthy Negro's home in Chicago was bombed seven times) and he will be granted no legal redress. He is subject to mob violence, denied trial by jury and if suspected of certain crimes, he is lynched. His women folk suffer molestation, but, if in a fit of mad resentment, he retaliates, he is shot down or perhaps burned alive. And, of course, he is prohibited in certain states under terrific penalties from intermarriage with whites.

On the whole the Negro is considered an alien, an outcast, and as it were, a leper in our midst. He is ostracized if not exiled. He is the victim of such discrimination and injustice as would precipitate unending race riots if he were not more tolerant, more patient, and more law-abiding than his white neighbors. He must suffer incessantly and cruelly from them, and if he were to rise in rebellion for even so much justice as is guaranteed to him by the Federal Constitution, he would be shot down like a dog, and I fear that vast numbers of "liberty-loving Americans" would say that it served him right: that

he should take what he gets and be thankful for it: that he should know his place and be content with it.

Now, fellow citizens of the white race, let us confess that all this is manifestly and outrageously wrong. We are treating the Negro as unjustly, if not with quite so much bloody cruelty, as we treated the Indian. Whatever we are doing now to atone for our crime against the red man from whom we stole the continent, we are doing little or nothing to atone for the crimes we commit against the black man. We have not even ceased to deal unmercifully with him.

If we have, as the government now recognizes that we have, a duty to protect the Indian, why shall we not recognize our responsibility to the Negro? We have done him more bitter injustice than the red man. We robbed the red man and killed him. But we kidnapped the black man and enslaved him. The traders in human flesh and blood who sailed from New England and elsewhere to Africa, swooped down upon the blacks, butchered thousands of them, brought the rest back in chains and sold them into bondage, were guilty of as great a sin as that of Oliver Cromwell who slaughtered thousands of the Irish and sold the remainder into slavery in the Barbadoes. They were a "Godly" generation of church goers, Bible readers and psalm singers, but they brought down a blight upon this country and a curse upon their own souls. And if the curse of God, as the Bible seems to say, can pass to the third and the fourth generation, the stain if not the guilt of that sin against the black man is still upon the soul of the white man. It is for us to wash it away with the baptism of humiliation and with works of penance.

If works of penance are too much in these soft degenerate days, if in contrition for the sins of our predecessors and our own sins, we cannot bring ourselves to works of mercy to the colored man, at least let us give him simple justice.

If not—if we persist in the outrage our ancestors have done the black man, or the lesser crimes that we ourselves commit against him, let us understand that we are storing up danger for our descendants. The black man, thank God, is no longer a slave, nor does he continue to be as obsequious and subservient as the old tradition would have him. He is emancipated in more senses than one. Lincoln struck off the shackles from the black man's limbs, but the black man is now progressively throwing off the shackles of his mind. As one of his own newspapers has said, the black man is done with the "hat-in-hand, yes-sir boss" attitude. He will not always be bootblack and lick-spittle for the white man.

The black man has emigrated by hundreds of thousands from the south. Perhaps he was happier there. But his leaders kept taunting him to come away from what they called "peonage," and be free men in the north. "All you have to do," they said, "is to step on a train and ride for a day and a night to freedom. You don't have to wait year after year for the white people to build you a school. The schools are here and you are welcome to them. You don't have to tip your hat to a white man unless you know him and like him."

So they came north and they are feeling their freedom. Their new confidence, their strength, their talent (yes, they have abundant talent) can be used for this nation or against it. Some of them have

turned Bolshevik, like one of their poets (Claude McKay), who sings this terrible song:

“O kinsmen, we must meet the common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,
And for that thousand blows, deal one death blow.
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack
Pressed to the wall, dying but fighting back.”

If that hymn of hate had been composed in 1776 and sung against the power that was taxing Americans and refusing them adequate representation we should call it patriotic. But the black man suffers almost if not quite as much from us as we suffered from King George. The difference between patriotism and Bolshevism seems sometimes only in the point of view. Let us then be careful that we do not give the black man cause for rebellion.

But above and beyond that selfish reason for according him justice, let us return to the first reason; the black man and the white man are by God's creation brethren, children of the same father on earth and the same Father in heaven, redeemed alike, the one and the other by Jesus Christ, and having equal rights to the kingdom of heaven.

RADICAL AND CONSERVATIVE

(Address delivered on November 27, 1932.)

It is a natural tendency of mankind to affix a name, a title or a label to everyone and everything. Natural and necessary. It would be impossible to live in a world where nobody had a name, or where every one's name was changed every day. If a man writes you a check, signing a name he never used before and never will again, your banker may have a scruple about honoring the check. So! every man must have a name, a name that is permanent.

However, the idea of pinning a man down with a designation other than his given name may be a mistake or an injustice. In India it is true, a man is born into a caste and in that caste he must remain. "From first to last, he sticks to his caste." In England also it used to be understood that a man of one "class" could not pass over into another "class." If he was born middle class, he remained middle class even though he became prime minister. He couldn't even pass from "lower middle class" to "upper middle class." It simply wasn't done. But in our own country, thank Heaven, we have neither class nor caste. We are not tagged, catalogued, docketed in perpetuity. America is still to some extent the land of the free, and however much our freedom may have been impaired, we yet may pass at will, if we have ambition and ability, from one grade of society to another.

In a word, we do not have to "stay put." That principle being established, I beg leave to apply it in the matter of the designations "Radical" and

“Conservative,” with which we are concerned specifically today. The point is that a man, or an institution or a church may be sometimes “Radical” and sometimes “Conservative,” or both Radical and Conservative at the same time; radical in some things and conservative in others.

Take for example the Catholic Church. In the minds of many of those who look at Her not very closely, She seems ultra-conservative, or, as they would say, “hide-bound,” anti-progressive, anti-modern, *ancien régime*, reactionary, crystallized, fossilized.

However, the very alarm of the enemies of Catholicism indicates that they do not believe the ancient Church to be really dead. Do curbstone orators froth at the mouth about the wickedness of Amenhotep, or of Rameses II, one of whom passed away 3,300 years and the other 3,100 years ago? So, if the Catholic Church were as dead as the Pharaohs, anti-Catholic agitators could stop fretting and fuming about our being a very present menace. But the trouble is, as they very well know, that the Church is not a ruin but a living organism, not a dinosaur but a dynamo; not imbedded within the rock but standing erect upon the rock.

But to return to our immediate subject and to present-day reality. Is the Church radical or reactionary, liberal or conservative? The true answer I have indicated in the introduction. She is both. And still stranger, She is both at the same time. In theology She is conservative, in economics She is liberal. Perhaps some apostles of accuracy would prefer that I should say the Church permits Her members to be either conservative or liberal. And that is true. Our membership includes extreme

conservatives, and liberals so advanced that they are sometimes called radicals. In Catholic pews and at the Catholic Communion rail capitalist and anti-capitalist touch elbows, and neither dare call the other a heretic. But it is significant that the present head of the Church, Pius XI, and forty years before him Leo XIII, the two popes who have dealt most pointedly with economics, wrote encyclicals containing such liberal teaching upon social justice, the relation of rich and poor, capital and labor, that even certain petulant Catholics have been known to accuse these popes of Socialism, because—and here is the irony of the situation—because of the very documents in which they condemn Socialism. Those documents I shall not now discuss. I am for the moment concerned only with the fact that the Church, conservative in dogma, can be and is liberal in economics and social science.

Naturally, She doesn't satisfy either of the extremists, the stand-pat capitalists who think the present order good enough, or the Communists who would wreck the present order and build from the ground up a different social structure, not out of the ruins of the old but of brand new material.

Let us deal first with the latter. Capitalism, they say (if I may hurriedly change metaphors), is diseased from top to toe, gangrened to the heart. It cannot survive. It ought never to have been born. It is doomed, it is breathing its last. To suggest that its ills can be remedied is like suggesting a flax-seed poultice for a wooden leg. If the doctors were to pump oxygen into it, its lungs would burst; it cannot stand anything so vital as oxygen. So "stand back from the death bed," say the Socialists, "and let Capitalism die a natural death." No!

say the Communists, "rush up to the death bed and give Capitalism the *coup de grace* with a dagger in the heart—or perhaps they would prefer to throw a bomb under the bed and blow the moribund old carcass to smithereens.

Now it need scarcely be said that the Catholic Church will take no part in such violence. There is an old Latin formula, familiar to all ecclesiastics, *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*: "The Church abhors Blood." She prefers a peaceful social evolution rather than bloody revolution. The antagonistic attitude of the popes towards the Soviet government, for example, was not caused by any particular desire to perpetuate the rule of the Czar. The Czar was no friend of ours. He was in fact head of a Church that had given ours trouble for a thousand years. He was officially if not personally guilty of much cruelty and injustice. No doubt the time had come in Russia for a new deal. But that was no reason why the Bolsheviki, like a pack of savages, should murder the Czar and spatter his blood and that of his wife and children about the walls of a cellar in Ekaterinburg. Even a revolution can be conducted decently. In Germany when the Kaiser took train with his wife and children, goods and chattels to escape to Holland, the Germans didn't blow up the tracks. When Alfonso jumped in his high powered car and drove at 100 miles an hour across Spain to get over the French border, the Spaniards didn't even scatter glass on the road. They probably even said with their invariable politeness, *adios*.

Furthermore, and this is of greater importance, the Bolsheviki, not content to get rid of the Czar, put a price upon the head of God. Now, you

can kill a Czar but you cannot kill God. God remains when all else goes. But since God is Truth, Truth remains when all else goes. You must not dismiss God when His presence becomes inconvenient, and recall Him when you need Him, as if God were an oriental slave who must disappear when the master says "Go" and reappear on the instant with an obsequious "Yes, Sahib," when the master claps his hands. As with God, so with Truth. Truth does not come and go, appear and disappear. We consider that our Church has no right to add to or subtract from the "truth once delivered to the saints." We dare not tamper with the Apostles' Creed any more than we dare knock off one or two or more of the Ten Commandments.

Something must remain permanent, fixed, immutable. Archimedes the great Greek astronomer used to say that if he had a *Pou Sto*, a sufficiently rigid fulcrum for his lever, he could move the world. But if all is fluid, as some philosophers say, if Truth itself be like water or quicksilver that runs away when you try to grasp it, how can there be knowledge or education, or science, or religion, or morality? To move the world you need both a lever and an immovable fulcrum. Your lever and your fulcrum are Truth. Truth therefore—some truth—must be fixed. If it be "conservative" to hold to some fixed truth, then indeed the Catholic Church is conservative. However, a belief in certain fixed truth or permanent principles does not necessarily cramp one's liberty. A man may believe in the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution and yet be progressive and liberal. So a Catholic who believes in a fixed creed may yet be "liberal," or even in the true and good sense,

“radical.” Particularly is this the fact when his creed concerns matters theological, and his liberalism or radicalism concerns matters sociological.

And so there is nothing paradoxical in the fact that the Catholic Church, conservative in theology, is liberal in economics.

However, we are not so “liberal” as to throw away all that has been achieved through centuries of civilization. When Socialists, Communists, Radicals cry “Off with the old, on with the new,” we Catholics refuse to be stampeded. We ask “Off with the old *what?*” The old truths? No! The old God? No! The old religion? No! Old traditions of government? Perhaps. Old mistakes, old blunders, old injustices, old tyranny? Yes! with all our heart. Someone has said “a politician is a man who doesn’t make the same mistake twice, but a statesman is one who doesn’t make the same mistake once.” That would be a superhuman statesman. But the Church feels that our statesmen, economists, capitalists, industrialists, masters of money and of men, should not keep making the same mistakes again and again and a thousand times.

And let it be understood that if there are—and since there are—faults and injustices and tyrannies manifold in Capitalism, the Catholic Church feels no obligation to uphold the system as it now is. She suffered enough in earlier years because some of Her misguided members and even misguided prelates seemed to think that She was pledged to uphold a political system that was becoming effete—monarchy. In consequence, during the French Revolution, the assault upon the throne

was made the occasion of an attack upon the Altar. Throne and Altar were supposed to stand or to fall together. That was a mistake in history: the throne and the Altar, kings and prelates have been at swordpoints more often than arm in arm. At any rate, the throne is gone, but the Altar remains. In France today the Marseillaise, the battle cry of the Revolution is often sung in Church.

The Catholic Church refused to believe that Monarchy was a revealed dogma. It was not sacrosanct. Neither is Capitalism a revealed dogma, nor sacrosanct. Many a Catholic scholar following the Pope is crying aloud that Capitalism is largely discredited. Many a Catholic sociologist is "advanced," "liberal," and as some say "radical." For this they are none the less good Catholics. For, to repeat and conclude: the Church is at once conservative and liberal; conservative in theology, liberal in political and social economics.

GENTILE AND JEW

(Address delivered on December 4, 1932.)

I set myself the task this evening of promoting good feeling between Gentile and Jew, and to the removal of unreasonable prejudice of either one against the other. I feel that such a duty devolves upon me as a preacher of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ the One Savior of all men.

The greatest enigma in history is the Jew, the most inexplicable and paradoxical phenomenon in the annals of man. Of an ancient race, he refuses to follow the course of nature and perish. He is as vital and aggressive today as he was in the days of the Pharaohs or of the kings of Babylon. Babylon, city and civilization, is a ruin, not only dead but buried, buried so long and so deep that its houses and palaces have to be dug up out of the sands of a desert, like gold out of a mine.

As with Babylon, so with Egypt. The captains and the kings have departed and all their pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre. But the Jew who was a slave both in Babylon and in Egypt survives to laugh at the departure of his ancient oppressors from this planet.

Imperishable and inexplicable, he has by choice or by force violated some of the primary laws of nature, yet nature has not punished him. Inbreeding, for example, is supposed to be suicidal to any race, but the Jew has practiced inbreeding for centuries, yes for millenniums, and yet his race thrives and waxes ever vigorous.

His survival is embarrassing to his rivals and

infuriating to his enemies. The children of Israel who plagued the Pharaohs who had enslaved them, irritated the Assyrians who had led them captive, and were a thorn in the side to Alexander the Great, have in our day disturbed the peace and aroused the wrath of kings and kaisers and czars; they still present a problem and a predicament to congresses and parliaments; to Boards of Immigration, to administrators of colleges who are at their wits' end devising by-laws to exclude them; to hospitals and medical staffs, to hotel managers, commercial establishments; to secret societies; to "native American" patriots and what not. Centuries ago some one invented the legend of the Wandering Jew. But there are, or have been tens of millions of wandering Jews and they are no legend. No legend but fact, tangible fact, a problem, a challenge, an anomaly, and—according to one's point of view—the Jew is a blessing or a curse to the world, an asset or a menace, a boon or a blight upon banking and finance; a destroyer or a promoter of world commerce, a man without a country and yet at home in every land, courted and ostracized; exiled but ever returning to a home that remains exile; he is poor, he is rich, desperately poor, fabulously rich; he is a religious enthusiast and an agnostic, having no king but God, and not believing in God, custodian of the highest spiritual religion and a gross materialist; an ascetic capable of the most rigid self-denial and a worshipper of the flesh pots; a rebel and a sycophant; capitalist and communist, conservative and iconoclast; war maker and pacifist: there is no limit to the anomalies and paradoxes of the Jewish nature. But since we lack time to complete

this catalogue of contradictions, let us say it again in one word; the Jew is the outstanding enigma of the human race.

Evidently it is impossible in one of these hurried fifteen minute talks to discuss so bewildering a phenomenon from every point of view. One cannot compress the history of 8,000 years into one paragraph and an ethnological encyclopedia into another. I shall, therefore, limit my scope to a frank defense of the Jew against what I consider to be the prejudice and injustice meted out to him by some of my Christian brethren. Not that I consider the Jew in all things blameless; not that he needs a Gentile champion (the Jew has courage enough and talent enough to present his own case), but it may be that certain Christians will listen to a Christian whereas they would stop their ears against a Jew.

But first let me explain that this gratuitous defense of the Jew by a Catholic is not unnatural. We are and have been fellow sufferers. The first pagan edict against Christians—that of Nero—was worded, with the brevity characteristic of Roman law, *Non Licet Esse Vos!* “You have no right to exist!” That laconic death warrant has, in effect, been issued a hundred times against the Jews. Jews and Christians, now one and now the other, have been victims of the persecution of a pagan-minded world. The Roman Pliny in his letter from Bithynia to the Emperor Trajan called Christianity a “deadly superstition,” but he intended the phrase for Christianity and Judaism alike. Tertullian, the early Christian writer, complains that if the Tiber overflows its banks, or a conflagration

occurs, or there is a defeat of the Roman arms in the provinces, the cry goes up, "Throw the Christians to the lions!" And the Jews have been punished similarly in pagan times and—alas—in Christian times, because of calamities for which they had no responsibility.

In our own times, Bismarck persecuted the Jews, and then turned to fight the Catholics. He might have worsted one or the other, but the two together broke him and his journey to Canossa became inevitable.

In America the champions of a sacrosanct patriotism hate and fear us no less than they hate and fear the Jews; indeed rather more. Like the Jews, we are accused of being *imperium in imperio*, a state within the state, we are considered aliens even though we are born citizens. Like the Jews, we are accused of cherishing a foreign allegiance or of fomenting universal discord for our own purposes. Like the Jews we have been arraigned on the evidence of fables and forgeries; the so-called Knights of Columbus oath, the fictitious *Monita Secreta* (secret instructions) of the Jesuits and the trumped-up Protocols of the Elders of Sion are all in the same vein and couched in much the same phraseology. The Jews were expelled from Spain, Portugal and other European countries; so were the Jesuits; and not to prolong this catalogue of similarities, just as the Jew has been accused of ritual murder, the killing of a child in the synagogue, we were for centuries accused of killing and eating a baby at Mass in the catacombs.

Not, however, because Catholics and Jews have been fellow-sufferers but for the sake of justice

and right, many of the more enlightened popes and Catholic monarchs have protected and favored the Jews. Charlemagne in the ninth century, founder of the Holy Roman Empire and close friend of the pope, allowed Jews to hold public office and sent one of them as an ambassador to the court of the celebrated Haroun al Raschid. During the Inquisition in Spain, Jews in great numbers fled to Rome where they were protected by the popes who opposed and reprobated the rigors of the Spanish Inquisition. The popes Alexander VI, Julius II, Leo X and Clement VII all had Jewish physicians, a fact of special significance, for those were the days when poisoning was a fine art, yet the popes felt themselves quite secure in the hands of Jews. Cardinals followed the example of the popes and in consequence the Jews were in high favor at the Papal court. Indeed Pope Paul III was accused of being more kind to Jews than to Christians. When certain bishops of France, at Clermont, Marseilles, Arles and elsewhere commanded Jews to become Christians or leave, the pope restrained the bishops and brought them back to reason and moderation. A Jewish writer in a Protestant encyclopedia of religion (Wetzer and Welte) explains that what those bishops attempted in a small way, kings tried on a grand scale, but the popes intervened time and again to prevent the kings from persecuting the Jews.

Innocent III in the twelfth century, and Gregory IX and Innocent IV in the thirteenth issued bulls in defense of the Jews, exculpating them of the alleged crime of ritual murder. So also did Martin V, though it must be confessed that a few popes, like Eugenius IV and Nicholas V were less

friendly. One of the greatest and most forceful of all the popes, Sixtus V, abolished all restrictive laws against the Jews, gave them religious liberty, the right to engage in commerce, and civil and political equality with Christians.

When some of the Crusaders, going off to Palestine to wrest the Holy Land from the Turk, feared or pretended to fear to leave the Jews behind, and suggested that they be killed, St. Bernard, who was like an oracle for all Europe, even more than any pope, declared "You shall not persecute the Jews, you must not slay them, you should not even exile them."

It is therefore no rare or unheard-of thing that a Catholic priest should demand that justice be done the Jew.

So let us take up one or two of the chief accusations made against the Jew. It is alleged, for example, that he is a bad citizen, that no matter where he is born or where he lives, he remains a foreigner everywhere, that his patriotism is fictitious, that he has really no homeland, that he never becomes assimilated in any population. Now if there be any truth in this accusation (and perhaps one or two counts in the indictment are correct), the answer is that the Jew is homeless because for some 2400 or 2500 years he was not allowed to possess a homeland. As one of his own has written, "One part of the world puts him out and another part of the world refuses to take him in." If a tale of a man without a country elicits our sympathy rather than our hatred, shall we refuse all humane feelings to a whole nation without a country? And if the Jew still retains something of the psychology of an alien, it is because the

world has conspired to make him feel like an alien. Take for example, Roumania, where after 1500 years residence the Jews were until recently still classed as "vagabonds"; or Russia before the revolution, where the Jew being only 4% of the population was cruelly persecuted by the other 96% who pretended to fear him; or France where the notorious Dreyfus case gave evidence of deep-seated and fanatical hostility against the Jew, or Germany where a Kulturkampf was directed against the Jew no less than against the Catholic; and where at the present moment the Hitlerite movement is violently anti-Semitic; or take indeed our own United States to which the Jew came, like a good many other races, to find peace in a land that advertised itself as a haven for the afflicted. Once arrived on our shores, he has made himself useful, if not indispensable, and yet how often and how deeply it has been impressed upon him that he is not wanted.

If he assimilates slowly it is not altogether his own choice. And is there not a certain hypocrisy in damning him as an alien when we have helped so largely to make him an alien? It is like the English condemning the Irish for ignorance and poverty, after the penal laws had been enacted and enforced for seven centuries with the precise purpose of making the Irish ignorant and poor.

Again it is said that the commercial and financial customs of the Jews are a menace to our pure American ethics. But I venture to say that not one-tenth of our "malefactors of great wealth" are Jews. The corsairs of Wall Street, the bandits of big business, the murderous crew of exploiters, who a generation ago cornered the vast natural re-

sources of America and who followed the motto, "The public be damned," were not Jews: they came of good old American stock.

Likewise the charge is made that the Jew has demoralized the theatrical business and is responsible for the ever increasing obscenity of the motion pictures. But I remember that when some fifteen years ago a new adventure in indecency was tried on the New York stage with a show "Aphrodite" and some anti-Semitic critic pointed to the fact that one of the producers was a Jew, the obvious retort was made that the other partner was a Christian.

At any rate, if a man's business morals are bad, have we no laws to deal with him as a man and not as a Jew? If the theatre is becoming increasingly vile, is there no way to cleanse it except by having recourse to race hatred?

Another accusation against the Jews is caused by their apparently unprecedented growth in numbers amongst us. In 1800 there were only 500 Jews in New York City. (Among them, by the way, was Haym Solomon who had been coadjutor of Herbert Morris in financing the Revolution). As late as 1880 there were only 75,000, now there are probably a million and a quarter. They have perhaps increased more rapidly than the other elements in the population, but that is not due entirely to immigration. It is because they still follow the injunction of Genesis to "increase and multiply." If other nationalities deliberately and mechanically limit their own numbers, must the Jews be compelled to practice race-suicide?

Finally the argument goes that the Jew is a Bolshevik, a communist, an ally of Moscow sworn

to the destruction of our form of government. "The Jew!" "the Jew!" as if all the Jews voted the communist ticket *en bloc*. But there is no Jewish vote any more than there is a Catholic vote or a Protestant vote. And I venture the estimate that not one-hundredth part of the Jews in the United States are communists. As for Moscow, the Bolshevik leaders are by no means all Jews; Stalin, Tchicherin, Lunacharsky are not Jews. And incidentally, the Socialist candidate for the presidency of the United States, Norman Thomas, is not a Jew but an ex-Protestant minister.

To conclude, let us be fair, and true and just to the Jew as to every man. It is fanatical to see red, to froth at the mouth, to utter random reckless accusations when the name "Jew" is mentioned.

The Jew is not blameless or faultless, but let the Christian that is without sin cast the first stone at him.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE ORGANIZATION

(Address delivered on December 11, 1932.)

Ever since the beginning of the mechanical age, the idea has been current that eventually man would be dominated and destroyed by a machine of his own making. The notion has given rise to at least one literary masterpiece, Mary Shelley's weird romance, *Frankenstein*. There is also a suggestion of the same theme in Eugene O'Neill's equally morbid drama, *Dynamo*. Frankenstein, it will be remembered, succeeded in creating a soulless monster, a fiend that pursued its maker implacably to his end. And in Eugene O'Neill's drama, the chief character (one can hardly call him hero), having cast aside God, prays to the Dynamo, worships it and finally immolates himself to the mechanical deity by thrusting his hands into the live wires.

The idea is as fascinating as it is gruesome. And the time has come, I think, for some novelist or some dramatist to tell of the conflict of man with the most relentless machine of all, the political, industrial, financial, social machine which I ask permission to call broadly "Organization."

I hope I need not waste precious radio moments in explaining that I am not opposed to organization as such. Only an anarchist, a nihilist or the most extravagant individualist could think to dispense with organization. Even savages have an embryonic organization, the tribe. And as civilization becomes complex, the need of organization becomes great-

er. In fact all society, industrial, mercantile, political, is a vast network of organization.

However, there is a danger of our being hyper-organized. The machine made by man's hands may destroy man's soul. In a world pyramided with organization upon organization, a man needs the strength of Atlas to prevent the crushing out of his personality and individuality. Indeed, to drop the metaphor of the pyramid and resume that of the machine, if a person is to remain a person and not occupy the place of a cog or a nut or a bolt or a gadget of some kind, he must constantly remind himself that he is flesh and blood, body and soul and conscience, and not a piece of inanimate metal that clicks back and forth when some one turns a switch or pushes a lever.

Take for example, a man—an honorable man—who goes into politics. Let us say he has talent, force, independence, character. He is master of his own soul and keeper of his own conscience. He is, without affectation, a patriot. He could say—but he doesn't because he hates even the suspicion of cant—that he enters his country's service for his country's good. Being something of an idealist he feels a sense of consecration when he takes his first oath of office, almost like that of a priest vowing himself to a sacred cause. Years ago Paul Leicester Ford wrote an excellent novel, *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, with such a hero. Peter passes unscathed and untarnished through the lesser municipal offices and becomes a "boss" with clean hands and a clean conscience. The novel was written in 1896. Today the mention of a clean-handed, clean-hearted political "boss" sounds incredible, perhaps

ridiculous. We have seen too many bright young fellows of good mental and moral character, plunging into politics and coming out all covered with muck and mire, or, more likely, not coming out at all but remaining and floundering around in the morass of corruption.

I remember years ago saying to a friend of mine when a man of particularly high principle was elected to a great office, "That's the type. Thank heaven, we now have a man worthy of the job." The answer was disquieting, "Don't be so sure. I know him better than you do. They will wear him down. They will wear him down!"

Too often the cynical prophecy is verified. The clean-cut conscience becomes blunted; the fine principles are abandoned one by one as Quixotic; the ethical ideals which our hero and patriot used to proclaim without blushing and with no reason to blush, come to seem childish even to himself, like the priggish maxims of an old-fashioned copy book. In their place he has an entirely new philosophy, new on his lips but in itself as old as politics. His new code runs something like this: "It's a hard game. When you're in the game you must play the game as the game is played. In politics there is always a *quid pro quo*, something for something, nothing for nothing, give and take. You give a favor and you take your compensation—not necessarily monetary compensation. 'Graft'? What do you mean? Emoluments? Honorariums? Little friendly recognitions from constituents for favors received? An occasional voluntary offering, let us say a checking account or a stock account (without responsibility) as a present from a friend who wonders how you can meet your

obligations on an inadequate salary? Friend, call it not 'Graft,' that is a rude word; call it 'perquisites pertaining to the office.' It is the custom, and do not even professors of ethics in your most reputable universities teach that customs make morals and that morality consists of conformity with custom?"

However, to one principle even the most hardened politician remains true: "Be loyal!" But loyal to what? To conscience? To high principle? To the ideals with which you began? Don't be foolish. Be loyal to the *organization!* What you hear and see and know within the organization that wouldn't sound nice in public, keep to yourself. If you feel like making accusations, make them against the other party, never against your own. When a campaign is on you may have to speak in behalf of a man you know to be a rascal, but suppress the ugly truth, sound his praises; tell the people that the honorable gentleman whose name you are about to mention has by his services and his character merited the support of every forward-looking citizen. Say it if it chokes you. In a word, be regular. Never, never, as you value your political career, never bolt the party. It may be rotten to the core. You may know in your heart that a change of administration would be good. But admit nothing. Say—and say it without the flicker of a smile—that all the patriots are of your party and all the incompetents in the other.

So in conformity with this demoralizing code, our high-minded young fellow loses, somewhere between his entrance into politics and the achievement of his goal, all the idealism he ever possessed. He

stupefies his conscience, stultifies his reason. He falls to the level of the law of the jungle: "For the law of the jungle is this; that the wolf must hunt with the pack."

In a word he is just one more victim of the organization. The organization has swallowed the individual, body, bones, hide, hair. His identity as an independent, intelligent, responsible human being is lost.

As with politics, so in a lesser degree (though I know some who would say in a *greater* degree) with business. John T. Flynn opens his book *Graft in Business* with this pistol shot: "The average politician is a rank amateur in the gentle art of graft, compared with his brother in the field of business." He admits that such a declaration seems like "preposterous exaggeration," but he goes on to quote the Federal Trade Commission and other reliable sources in proof of his statement. The journal named *Commerce and Finance* says, for example:

"Federal investigations have shown the prevalence of commercial bribery which has been allowed to flourish unchecked because of a lack of adequate laws to put a stop to it. The secret giving of commissions or other things to employees of customers to induce them to buy or recommend the purchase of certain supplies has become a nation-wide system. It infests not only the ordinary lines of business but also the professions, even the surgical profession . . . Waiving the moral issues involved—a fact few will dispute—a practice authoritatively estimated to take a billion dollars a year out of the cash drawer of business should be stamped out for strictly business reasons."

And he adds: "The general manager of the New York Better Business Bureau confirms this estimate of a billion-dollar-a-year cost to business, and to business in New York City alone at least a hundred million."

Now, face to face with such appalling facts as these the individual realizes that business can be a machine which grinds down his honor, his independence and his conscience. A young man, fresh from a fine home, a college or a school, where he has learned a noble ethic, finds himself confronted by principles and practices which seem to him dishonest or dubious, but which he gradually comes to accept as inevitable. The business world, like the political world, "wears him down, wears him down."

As an employee he finds advancement delayed if he shows himself squeamish and scrupulous about the methods that prevail in his organization. Young men in business, like young men in politics, are supposed not to be hoity-toity, and not to assume a holier-than-thou attitude. "Business is business" is the slogan in many a house, and the slogan covers a multitude of methods that would shock a pristine-pure conscience. He is taken aside and given what purports to be friendly advice: "See here, young fellow, buckle down to work and forget the maxims you read in Poor Richard's Almanac. Ben Franklin is dead. Not only dead but debunked, like a lot of other pharisaical business men who, having made their pile, turned in their old age to writing hypocritical mottoes for schoolboys." And before long his conscience is bent, if not broken.

I hope I do not seem unsympathetic with the fine young fellows who go forth into the world of affairs and find themselves face to face with organ-

ized dishonesty. I realize full well how hard it is to "hew to the line" in business and in politics under contemporary conditions. Nor is my Church unsympathetic. She is an old Church, a wise and kindly Church. She does not lack understanding. But She is relentless in Her insistence that the individual conscience must not be sacrificed to machine-made custom. With that in mind She offers expert and disinterested advice in matters of business and political ethics to all who make use of the confessional. In Catholic moral theology the Treatise on Justice and Right is held to be perhaps the most important and incidentally the most difficult of all. Furthermore the popes have in recent years again and again laid down the principles of social justice which Catholics are supposed to observe; and very lately in the Archdiocese of New York as elsewhere there has been formed a Catholic League for Social Justice, every member of which makes this pledge:

"I resolve to inform myself on Catholic doctrine on Social Justice, to conform my life to its requirements and to do everything in my power, in my home and religious life, in my social and business contacts to promote its principles."

Finally, the Church appeals ever to the religious motive: She preaches that the ready-made maxims of the worldly-wise who attempt to justify what is essentially dishonest will not avail before God, and that if one were to attempt to speak them in the Judgment his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth. And as all the Catholic people can testify, there is no text more familiar in our Church than this: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world but suffer the loss of his own soul?"

CHRISTIANITY, CHALLENGE OR COMPROMISE?

(Address delivered on December 18, 1932.)

Somehow the impression has come to prevail, especially in recent times that Christianity is a complacent sort of religion, of an almost effeminate softness, pliant, non-resistant, a religion that accommodates itself readily to all varieties of belief and practice, and that is much more apt for compromise than for conflict.

It cannot be denied that there are ostensible reasons for this view of our Faith. We are accustomed to salute our Saviour as "Dear Jesus," "Sweet Jesus"; we sing to Him, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." We refer to Him as the "Humble Nazarene," "The Prince of Peace," "The Good Shepherd"; we call ourselves His flock, that is to say, His sheep and reversing the metaphor, we salute Him as the "Lamb of God," who was "led to the slaughter, not opening His mouth." We preach His gospel of non-resistance, using for text that difficult counsel, "If one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." Indeed it is possible that we over-emphasize the element of gentleness and sweetness in Christianity.

It is not strange therefore that certain aggressive critics have assailed the religion of Jesus as non-virile and bloodless. Nietzsche, for example, constantly jibes at us as "sheep." Even friendly observers have been scandalized at what seems to them the enervating, devitalizing, one might almost say

fatalistic, Buddhistic element in the Gospel, or at least in that part of the Gospel which we call the Sermon on the Mount. Francis G. Peabody, late professor of Christian Morals at Harvard, in the course of a famous series of lectures at Yale, quotes many such criticisms, among them one from a certain F. H. Bradley who wrote in the *International Journal of Ethics*: "We have lived a long time now the professors of a creed which no one can consistently practice and which if practised would be as immoral as it is unreal."

I therefore take it upon myself today to demonstrate—of necessity very briefly—that the Christian religion is not all milk and honey, not all "hearts and flowers," and most decidedly not a sleeping potion or a drug. To simplify the argument I assume that the authentic pristine-pure Christianity is that which reflects the character of Christ. "*Christianus alter Christus*"—"the Christian is another Christ"—and therefore I present the Founder of our religion as its best interpretation.

I remember that when some time ago in a bit of writing, I praised William Lyon Phelps of Yale as a good Christian, some one sent me the report of a speech in which the professor had said, "Jesus was a trouble-maker, a challenging and a provocative nuisance," and demanded to know how the doctor could be a good Christian and say that. For answer I referred the lady to the Gospels and asked her to observe that Jesus was exactly *that* in the eyes of a world that desired no rousing from its moral and spiritual apathy. There are terrible texts in that sweet Gospel: "Do not think that I came to send peace upon earth. I came not to send peace, but the

sword. . .” “I am come to cast fire on the earth.” “If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you.” “Blessed are you when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you.” “Yes, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God.” The real Gospel is not pap. It is red meat. The lamb of God was also the Lion of the Tribe of Juda.

In one chapter of Sir John Seeley’s incomparable *Ecce Homo*—a chapter significantly entitled “Christ’s Winnowing Fan”—he says: “To listen to Christ was no amusement for an idle hour. His preaching formed no convenient resort for light-minded people. . . His words spread around Him a perpetual ferment, an everseething effervescence.” As it was in His day, so should it be in ours. The Gospel is not really a soporific but a stimulant. Persons who sleep in their pews during the sermon or, as is more likely nowadays, doze in an armchair at home while a radio sermon floats softly into their ears like a lullaby, must not imagine that they are undergoing a religious experience. Good preaching sounds reveille, not taps.

On this matter of the misunderstanding of Christ and His religion I admit I feel strongly. I reject with indignation the idea common among a certain type of pious persons that Jesus Christ was namby-pamby. It is a part of our Catholic faith that He is not only true God but true Man, not a languishing, characterless neutral, neither God nor man. There are sentimental *dilettanti* who tell us in soft accents with pious rolling of the eyes to heaven, and with languid gestures, how much they love *Il poverello*,

St. Francis of Assisi. If by a miracle St. Francis could appear to them as he really was they would think him a fanatic or a mad man, as the more fastidious Assisians did. Likewise, there are, it is to be feared, multitudes of "pious" people who would not recognize Christ Himself if He suddenly stood before them. They have in their mind's eye a Botticelli, if not a Bouguereau Christ, perhaps a pre-Raphaelite Christ, pale and wan and languishing. They don't care for the Michelangelo Christ of The Last Judgment. But Michelangelo makes Him what He was—a man.

But to return to the question of Christ as a "trouble-maker, a challenge and provocative nuisance." It is the simple truth that no one ever irritated more people and more different kinds of people than He. There is a saying, familiar to students of ancient Christian controversy, *Athanasius contra mundum*. Even more justly we say *Christus contra mundum*: Christ alone against the whole world. And the world that opposed Him was a gigantic power. He was caught between the upper and the nether millstone, the Romans and the Jews, and between them He knew He would be ground to powder.

Now what does a weak man do when he finds himself all alone against the powers that be? He compromises, he keeps silent; he bides his time; he finds excuses for not beginning his work; he fills his mouth with maxims about prudence; he soothes his soul by reflections on the hopelessness of the situation; he eases his conscience with the consideration that God cannot command impossible things, that no man need court certain death.

But Christ was no weakling, He could not compromise. He had work to do and He would do it. He had something to say, and He would say it. He would not desist till His voice was smothered in His own Blood. He beheld His people misguided by a set of narrow, fanatical, casuistical bigots, and He would warn the people and scourge the bigots. He saw a nation being led into error by a jabbering crowd of blind theological guides. He saw an organization of hypocrites devouring the houses of widows, praying long prayers with bogus piety. In His eyes that hypocrisy and fraud cried to heaven for punishment. He saw the money-grabbers making the house of prayer a den of thieves, and He would put them to rout single-handed; He saw the lordly Pharisees wearing their phylacteries broad upon their foreheads, receiving salaams and salutations in the market-place, and He would bring down their pride by telling them that they were worse than the publicans and the harlots. They considered themselves the salt of the earth, the elect among mankind, the cream of the people of God, and He would tell them to their teeth that they were whited sepulchers full of dead men's bones and all rottenness. He saw the conscience of the people misdirected by a group of charlatans, and He would tear off the veil and expose the impostors before the eyes of the people who had almost worshipped them. They thought they had the keys of the kingdom of heaven, that when they opened no man could shut and when they shut no man could open. But He told them that they were closing the kingdom of heaven against men and that they would never themselves enter in. And not to attempt to mention each one of the articles of the stinging indictment of Christ against the Pharisees,

he called them "Blind guides, fools and blind, children of hell, serpents, a generation of vipers full of rapine and uncleanness, murderers of the prophets, upon whose hands was the blood of every messenger of God from Abel to Zacharias," and He predicted that they should not escape the "judgment of hell."

Christ was a prophet in the old tradition. Yes, more than a prophet. Sometimes I like to indulge the imagination as to what might have happened if Pontius Pilate had had a stiffer backbone. He knew that Jesus had done nothing worthy of death under the Roman law, but he could not deny the accusations of the Pharisees, "This man stirreth up the people." Suppose Pilate had said to Jesus what a certain administrator whom I used to know said to one who quite legitimately brought him a tale of trouble, "Go home, Sir, and do not disturb my peace of mind." It would doubtless have been phrased differently: "Go home, Galilean, to your native hills. Till your field, or mend your nets, or busy yourself in your carpenter's shop. Cease preaching—at least in this our province of Judaea. Keep away from the streets of Jerusalem. With these thousands who follow after you and thousands of others who oppose you there is bound to be conflict. Let the tumult die down and see that thou stir it not up again."

But in fact Jesus had forestalled this imaginary speech of Pilate's. He had said, "For this was I born and for this I am come into the world that I should give testimony to the Truth." One of His apostles, Paul, was to say later, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." Jesus would no more have gone back to the carpenter's shop and kept His peace than Paul would

have gone back to his tent-making. What though there was turmoil wherever He went? He had observed that fact. He deplored it, but it could not compel Him to subside. Also He foresaw the tragic outcome. With prophetic vision He also dipped into the future and saw that continents would be immersed in a bloody baptism for centuries as a result of His teaching. Jesus knew that there was to be no peace between the Church and the world, the Gospel and pagan philosophy.

Yet He wavered not. He disdained compromise. He went on relentlessly and without fear to the inevitable end. Be it remembered furthermore that Christ had no position, no throne, no army, no body-guard: He enjoyed no immunity from personal danger. Yet He hurled His thunderbolts into the face of sacrosanct individuals and divine-right potentates, backed by an army and a government that was the mightiest machine of coercion that has ever been organized. For His temerity He was put to death by the most barbarous means of capital punishment that has ever been devised.

Now the world, *as the world*, has not changed. Hypocrites and charlatans and whited sepulchers still hold high office. A true evangelist cannot write, nor a true apostle speak without irritating them. Christ could not do it, and the disciple is not more skillful than his Master. Jesus Himself said to the Jews, "You killed all the prophets from Abel to Zacharias." After the prophets, all the apostles were killed, all save one and if he was not killed, it was not due to any particular kindness on the part of his enemies—they threw him into a vat of boiling oil! The thirteenth apostle, St. Paul, declared plainly

enough, "If I were the friend of men I should not be the servant of God." So he too suffered the inevitable fate of those who tell the truth.

It is necessary I think to remind ourselves of these familiar facts—familiar though forgotten—in our soft times when numbers of timorous Christians demand that their clergymen preach an *inoffensive* gospel. There is no inoffensive gospel. If the Gospel were lived as it is, unqualified, unadapted, unexpurgated, it would turn civilization upside down as it did once before.

I shall not close without admitting that the element of vigor does not comprise the entire character of Christ, or of Christianity. Our religion, I have said, is not all roses and lilies. But neither is it all blood and iron. Paradoxically it is both gentle and stern, sweet and severe. Just as a man can be at once kind and strong, just as Jesus was both Lion and Lamb, true religion can be and is a sweet consolation and a fiery stimulus. To forget or to minimize either of these characteristics is to have an incomplete comprehension of Christianity.

CHRISTMAS

(Address delivered on December 25, 1932.)

"For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of Peace."—Isaias ix. 6.

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

The prophet Isaias, with his unflinching exuberance of thought and expression, presents to us in that one sentence enough material and enough inspiration for half a dozen Christmas sermons. But from his largesse I shall select only one idea, the last one in his litany of salutations to the new-born Babe: "The Prince of Peace." I know you will pardon my not dilating upon the *historical* phase of the great event of Christmas Day. For with that history we are all familiar. The expectation of a Messiah among the Jewish people; the annunciation to the village maiden Mary of Nazareth that she was to bring the Saviour into the world; her journey with Joseph to Bethlehem; their desperate and unsuccessful search for lodging at the inn; the final recourse to a stable; the marvel that happened there—the Virgin Birth; the angelic chorus, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus*, "Glory to God on high and on earth Peace to men of good will"; the coming of the kings from a far land: all these sacred happenings are as well known to us as the events that take place day after day under our own domestic rooftree.

But I am not so sure that the significance of that salutation "Prince of Peace" and of the angel's cry, "Peace to men" is so well understood. In fact I fear its importance has never been realized, even by us who make bold to call ourselves Christians.

For one brief moment when Christ our Lord was born, there was no war in all the known world; the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed—a symbol of peace—for the first time in 700 years. But the pity is that those gates were so soon opened again, and that they have remained open ever since. There can be no doubt that if the will of God were done on earth as it is in heaven, warfare would have been instantaneously and forever abolished, from the moment that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. But the annals of mankind, since Christ as before Christ, have been written upon pages wet with tears and blotted with blood. The continuation of conflict between man and man, nation and nation in Christian times is, I think, the greatest scandal in the history of our race. It is a monstrous incongruity that men who kneel one moment in all humility to kiss the tiny hand of the Prince of Peace should leap so quickly to their feet, unsheathe their swords and have at one another with murderous intent, one might almost say before they had so much as left the Presence of the newborn Babe. With one breath men have prayed piously, *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem*: "Lamb of God Who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace!" and with the next breath they have cried, "To Arms! To Arms!" The clash of sword upon sword has been heard even in the Holy Land, yes in Bethlehem. Blood has been spilled within the very church of the Holy Sepul-

chre, not the blood of martyrs slain by heathen, but the blood of Christians cut down by Christians. And the wide world over, the sacred name of Christ has been used as a battle cry, armies have clashed under the aegis of the Gentle Nazarene; hilts of swords have been fashioned in the form of the cross of Christ, the crucifix has been carried aloft into battle and even on occasion used as a weapon. Christians mad with blood-lust have thrust one another through with daggers, sabres, bayonets, at the same moment crying the Holy Name of Jesus, not as a prayer but as a curse or a blasphemy. Explain it as you will, defend it and apologize for it as you will, the bloodthirstiness of Christians remains an outrage to Christ, a stumbling block to those who would like to believe in Him, and an occasion for mockery upon the lips of those who reject His Church and His religion.

Looking at the all-but-everlasting warfare among Christians, one would imagine that we were ignorant that Jesus had come, and that we fancied the old bloody gods of paganism, Baal, Moloch, Zeus, Jupiter, Castor and Pollux, Mars, cruel deities all, were still dominant in heaven and on earth. In Milton's splendid *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* it is said most eloquently:

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn:

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thamnuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

But alas if the cruel heathen deities were indeed driven back into hell by the appearance of the true Son of God upon the earth, Moloch the pitiless, Zeus, the hurler of thunderbolts, and Mars, the god of blood and battles, seem most unaccountably resurrected from Hades. According to the ancient mythologies, the gods fought amongst themselves on Olympus and then transferred the celestial warfare to this earth, involving men in their prodigious battles. But this curious and savage idea was both abhorred and ridiculed by the early Christians. If you read Clement and Justin and Tertullian and Cyprian and Augustine, you will find that they inveigh with the high and holy wrath of prophets against the pagan superstition that men must fight with gods against other men and other gods. But now in our day, opponents of Christianity fling in our face the taunt that *we Christians* are a sanguinary and a superstitious race because we bless the banners of war with holy water and sacred incense and the name of Jesus, and go into battle praying God to give us power to kill our brethren in Christ. At the Last Supper, Jesus said, "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, he shall betray Me," and He evidently considered that to be the lowest depth of treachery. But are we not guilty of a

similar crime, we who pray to the same God, kiss the hand of the same Jesus, partake of the same Holy Communion, and presently turn and rend one another, slaughter one another? Mark you, I am not alleging that we consciously commit mortal sin, if we go to war. We are victims of an inveterate tradition, and we have reflex principles upon which we form our conscience, enabling us to act in good faith. But I am trying to set in high relief the essential anomaly, the horrible incongruity of warfare between armies of men who adore the Son of God the Prince of Peace and other armies of men who equally adore the Son of God the Prince of Peace.

I think I know all the alleged justifications for warfare, but looking at them in the light that emanates from the Manger, I find them all inconsequential, irrelevant and essentially worthless. Pardon me for seeming to speak over-vigorously my personal conviction. But if at this moment some hearer inwardly challenges the statement, "the alleged justifications for warfare are inconsequential, irrelevant and worthless," I shall take refuge behind a name far greater than my own, that of Franziskus Stratmann, of the Dominican Order, who has written a most excellent little volume entitled *The Church and War* with the subtitle *A Catholic Study*. Note the wording, "*The Church and War*," not "*Father Stratmann and War*"; also "*A Catholic Study*," not a *Pacifist study*. The volume was published with the imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. In that little treatise—little but weighty—Father Stratmann lays down conditions for a just war, taken from the highest Catholic theological authori-

ties, and though he offers to leave final judgment to the reader, he demonstrates sufficiently that war *as waged nowadays* is beyond all justification. He pays his regards in passing to those who remark that Jesus could not have condemned war because He worked a miracle for the benefit of the centurion at Capharnaum. Dr. Stratmann says:

“It is absurd to compare the horrors of the great war with the military service of the Captain of Capharnaum, and to argue from our Lord’s goodness to him that the infamy of the world war would have His Blessing. It is blasphemous to try and reconcile the Spirit of Christ with the swamp of sin such a war is from its beginning to its end. If we want to keep in Christ’s or St. Paul’s opinion we must not think of the humble soldier of Capharnaum, or of that other who stood by the Cross, startled and amazed by that great sacrifice; or of Cornelius the Centurion; but of those politicians and military leaders, industrial speculators and Stock Exchange speculators who play with men’s bodies as if they were dice. There is a mighty difference between war *and* war, and as we have seen, it is almost impossible, without God’s special help, for any war to be so conducted that the requirements of justice and morality are satisfied.”

He brings up the question of a “holy war.” But was there ever a “holy war”? The Crusades were fought in an ostensibly holy cause but they were not free from injustice and cruelty. “Even in the first Crusade,” says Father Stratmann, “on the way to Palestine, when the ideals were still pure, the murdering of Jews and the conflagrations were hideous. When the Holy City was at last reached, the Chris-

tian sword was lifted against everybody, even women and children, and the murder and plundering were endless. This was followed by going in procession in deep devotion to the Tomb of the Redeemer. Ruville (an illustrious convert to Catholicism) says: 'We ask in horror how the two can be combined—blind, indiscriminate murder and the undoubtedly real devotion and thanksgiving at the Holy Places.' "

I could wish to quote more from this little classic on war and peace, but I think I have given enough to show my hearers that my opinion on the matter does not rest on my own fallible judgment. There is important and powerful Catholic authority behind the denunciation of so-called "Christian warfare."

The sooner we Christians (and I hasten to include all men of good will who love and admire Christ, whether they call themselves by His Name or not), the sooner we stop making excuse for bloodshed, the sooner we recognize and proclaim the fact that war, especially as it is now conducted, is a mad contradiction of the spirit and the letter of the Gospel, the sooner shall we put an end to this hideous anomaly, "Christian warfare." They tell us that we religious-minded people have nothing to say in the matter. They call us "idealists," "visionaries," "dreamers," and tell us that the affairs of the world must remain in the hands of realists. But if we, the "terrible meek" rise in our might and declare that the religious and moral motive shall prevail over the utilitarian, the political and the militaristic, we can abolish warfare and change the face of the earth.

Enough! It shames me to broadcast the convic-

tion that we Christians have not yet, after nineteen centuries, caught the import of the prophet's phrase, "Prince of Peace," or the angel's song, "Peace on Earth!" But open confession is good for the soul, and without confession there can be no absolution.

Let us return to Bethlehem and to the new-born Babe. *Venite adoremus: adoremus et consideremus.* Let us adore and let us reflect.

As we look upon that tiny figure helpless in a cradle of straw, poor, unwelcomed—except by a few shepherds—unrecognized (He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not), one fact strikes us with the force of a revelation. He was to be no conqueror in the military sense. He had no intention of emulating Philip of Macedon or Alexander. He was to be no Caesar, no Hannibal, no Bonaparte. His method was not that of Attila the Hun who blasphemously called himself, "The Scourge of God," or of Mohammed under whose crescent banner a horde of fanatics made a trail of blood from Mecca to Gibraltar, and from those Pillars of Hercules to the Pyrenees and even to Chalons on the Marne.

Jesus was not that kind of conqueror. True, there were kings at His cradle; we will call them kings but they were more properly philosophers, Magi. If they were kings they came without their armies. They were not prepared to make a military stand against Herod; they left no regiment to prevent the slaughter of the innocents. Jesus Himself is called king. But He was the strangest king the world has ever seen—no sword, no armed retinue, no mansion, no wealth, no pomp. On one oc-

casation a handful of enthusiasts planned to make Him king, but He vanished out of their sight. Again some one offered Him a sword but He said, "put up thy sword into the scabbard." The last time He entered Jerusalem the populace gathered to shout Hosannah and to strew palms, the emblem of victory in His path. But when the excitement was over He slipped away on foot and took refuge from the throng in a cottage with a few friends. When those who were looking for the deliverance of the people from the Roman yoke demanded to know "Wilt Thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" He put them off with a cryptic answer. A king without a palace, with no body-guard, a monarch without an army, a conqueror with no ambition: let us not forget these simple facts when we sing *Venite adoremus Regem Angelorum*. King of angels! Yes, angels and shepherds. King of a few fishermen. Crown prince and heir apparent to a carpenter's shop. Lord of a stable for a day or two before His mother picked Him up and fled with Him to escape the wrath of a *real* king. King with a court of stable-hands, hostlers, cow-herds and perhaps a few poverty-stricken wayfarers who, like His mother and His foster-father, had come in out of the cold to be warmed by the breath and the body-heat of the cattle.

And yet who dare say that He is not a conqueror? Is there any Bonaparte or Charlemagne or Alexander, any Caesar, Czar, Kaiser, any Hohenzollern, or Hohenstaufen, any Bourbon or Guelph or Stuart, or all of them together who can boast of a kingdom like the kingdom of Jesus Christ? I speak not of a kingdom of angels but of men, of women—and by all means today let us hasten to add—a kingdom of

children. When Pontius Pilate asked Jesus, "Art Thou a king?" Jesus answered, "I am a king but My kingdom is not of this world." And Pilate, who after all had some lingering sense of decency and of pity, must have suppressed a laugh. A sorry king, standing there with the insignia of kingship cruelly caricatured; a blood-spattered robe, a reed for a sceptre and a crown not of gold and jewels but of thorns. None the less on this blessed Christmas day so many centuries after Bethlehem, there are more devout followers of Jesus, and what is more to the point, more worshippers of Jesus than Pontius Pilate or the great Caesar in Rome could have imagined possible in one empire and under one sceptre. There are in this generation—to say nothing of the other generations since the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem—some 500 or 600 million who love Him and adore Him, and doubtless some hundreds of millions more who call themselves skeptics or agnostics, but none the less accord Him such affectionate veneration as they give to no one else living or dead.

I have spoken of the most scandalous fact in history. It is only fair that I should now emphasize this most consoling fact in history. There has always been and there still remains enough idealism and spiritual insight in the multitude to recognize the one great glory of the human race. Nobody really bends the knee to a world-conqueror of the Napoleonic type. Crowds of curiosity seekers pass in and out of the great mausoleum where the sarcophagus of Bonaparté is exhibited. But does any one pray to him, or kneel and salute him, "Our God and King!"?

But here in this teeming metropolis on a continent undreamed of when Jesus was born, some two or three millions have arisen early, or indeed have assembled in the dead of the night to worship Jesus, to sing His praises: their hearts have leaped within them at the sound of the ever familiar *Venite Adoremus Dominum*, and they have communicated with Him mystically, really, with tears of joy in their eyes. And what has taken place on this eastern shore where the sun first breaks upon the North American continent, is repeated at the Golden Gate where they bid the sun farewell as he makes his swift way back again to the Asiatic continent whereon Jesus was born. And there is no land, no state, city, village, hamlet, one may say in truth no desert, no mountain, no deep forest in all the path of the sun on Christmas Day that does not hear the prayer, "Jesus Babe of Bethlehem, I love Thee, I adore Thee!"

Now why, I implore you in the name of Jesus Christ, why shall we not learn from this stupendous and soul-satisfying fact, the one great lesson: peace, not war is the means of universal and permanent dominion. They that take the sword perish with the sword. Kingdoms and empires built by force, sustained for a moment by force, succumb to force and their ruins crumble away. But a kingdom built upon peace and love and faith shall not pass. Thrones and palaces totter and fall, armies fight, die and lie buried, where they fall; navies grapple on the sea and in the air, crash to the earth, sink to the bottom of the sea. As the poet sings:

"Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"

Kings, soldiers, conquerors are forgotten, forgotten or perfunctorily remembered, thanks to a persistent galvanization of their fame, but the love of the peoples of the world rises spontaneously and overflows perennially in a universal flood of prayer and song and celebration of the birth of Jesus in a stable at Bethlehem.

CARDINAL HAYES STATES AIMS OF THE CATHOLIC 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. . . .

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 countrymen. 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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