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DON'T TALK WAR
By GEORGE BARNARD
(Written for N.C.W.C. Easter Supplement)

At a time when we are keeping the Feast of the Risen Christ it is not unseasonable to ask ourselves what Christ and Christianity mean to us and to our world. Our Lord came to give peace. Now more than ever men are talking war.
At a time when we are keeping the Feast of the Risen Christ it is not unseasonable to ask ourselves what Christ and Christianity mean to us and to our world. Our Lord came to give peace. Now more than ever men are talking war.
I am no pacifist. I have never said and never thought that war is essentially evil. But I have seen war, and seen the effects of war, and I know that war is not a thing to be embarked upon lightly. War is ghastly, terrible, tragic, it snatches lives and souls, and it is not over when the last gun is fired. It is only then that its real horror begins.
I am no alarmist. I do not think

war is imminent. But I think it is possible, remotely, if the people of the nations accept war as inevitable and especially if they show a readiness to accept it.
Twenty Years Ago
No government will start its people into a war if the people are reluctant to engage in war. It is because I see happening again what I saw happening just twenty years ago that I write of war.
Twenty years ago, when my country had been at peace for a decade or so, people began to talk of battle. The papers were full of stories of spies, of wonderful new battleships. There were rumors of nocturnal visitations by mysterious airships which people thought had come from the continent. Dwellers in the peaceful countryside told the newspapers that they heard in the dead of night the humming of engines in the air; some people even said they had seen a dark shape gliding through the night sky. But other people wrote these stories down as newspaper space filled in the dead season; a variation of the "sea serpent" yarn which lately has been localized at Loch Ness.
So people thought of war. Military parades somehow became more frequent. The color and the glory of war veiled the blood of battle. Martial music became popular. And somehow, in some subtle way, the English people found themselves, not hostile but a little less friendly toward the Germans than they had been.

The stage was set. The curtain was rung up. War was started.
Equal Justification
Ask any Englishman and he will tell you that England could not avoid fighting. And that was true. But ask any German why he fought; he will be satisfied that he had equal justification and that would be true. There was no quarrel between any individual German and any individual Englishman; yet they fought fiercely, each for a cause, because the politicians who used them as pawns had decided the moves.
Let me tell you a story to bring war down to the individual. A friend of mine, a cavalry officer, met a German in battle in individual combat. His revolver was in his hand. His adversary's sword was descending. In a split second which has haunted him ever since he recognized the "enemy"; he was a German who had been his very good friend in days of peace. In that second the German also recognized. He tried to stop the sweep of the sword and my friend got only a deep gash across his face. But my friend's bullet went home and his friend died.

I have many friends in the United States. They are my friends because of the happy accident of fortune which brought me to know them. Nothing on earth would make me raise my hand against them as individuals. Why then (supposing the impossible—a state of war between their country and mine) should I fight against them in the mass, and against all they hold dear? I repeat that, in my view, England and the United States will never fight. I mention the United States only to bring the issue to a personal point.

When the last war was over, the war that was to end war, men swore oaths that they would never again glorify conflict. There was a feeling against toys that suggested war. There was no market for lead soldiers. After all, many of the children were orphans; and their fathers had been soldiers. You could search the toy counters in vain for battleships and guns. We were going to train our children for peace.
Toy Soldiers Reappear
Last Christmas in London the leading lines in all the toy stores were soldiers, anti-aircraft guns, cruisers, airplanes complete with airframes and bombs, and—crowning achievement—a machine gun that fired wooden bullets with satisfying rapidity.
Today nearly every very young schoolboy walks about with some sort of a toy pistol in his pocket, even if it is only a water pistol.
The redeeming feature about the situation in England is that we don't hate anybody, and there is a general feeling that we don't want to hate anybody. We have not forgotten the last war; we know enough about the application of scientific progress to warfare to know that a new conflict would be a nerve-shattering experience that no one could endure and still preserve his sanity.
But this is not to suggest that for a worthy cause no man should take up arms.
My Easter thought is that men should resist drifting down the stream of popular sentiment; should think about foreigners in the mass as they think about foreigners whom they know as friends; should talk peace and friendliness instead of enmity and hatred.

LOWER AND UPPER CHURCH
Paris. — (N.C.W.C.) — The great Basilica which is being erected at Lisieux in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus will consist of a lower, and upper church. The lower edifice has just been completed. The superior church should be finished within three years and be ready for use when the National Eucharistic Congress of 1937 is held at Lisieux.

The Tomb of Our Lord



This picture was made inside the Tomb of Our Lord in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The religious, who belongs to the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Places, is kneeling before the rock which was the funeral couch of the Saviour. The rock itself does not appear in the picture, since it has been covered over with slabs of white marble for hundreds of years. The Holy Sepulchre is about seven feet long and five feet wide. The funeral couch was carved out of the rock of the tomb. (Mombelli)

EASTER BRINGS HOLY YEAR OF DIVINE REDEMPTION TO CLOSING

(Continued from page 9)
The Christian master appears in all its splendor in that of St. Poppilius Maria Pirrotti.
And all this glory of sanctity receives and summarizes itself on Easter Sunday in the exaltation of St. John Bosco, the apostle of faith and charity; the educator who, starting the young generation on the road to good and withdrawing them from evil, prepares the future; the missionary who opens new paths to Christian evangelization; the martyr in the work of every moment and in the continuous sacrifice of all his life.
All these magnificent ceremonies of the Holy Year cannot be appreciated in their full beauty if we do not take into consideration the magnificent frame made by the pilgrims assembled in Rome from all parts of the world. While the pilgrims of the Holy Year 1925—which was also far superior to that of 1900 celebrated by Leo XIII—reached the heart of almost 600,000 people, this number has been more than doubled during the present Holy Year Extraordinary.
The pilgrims have come by all ways; from the airways which have often been ploughed with planes bringing parties of pilgrims to the ways of the sea and land, from rapid voyages made by the Atlantic liners, in express trains, in motor-cars, in bicycles and as humble pedestrians. Not less than 300 pilgrims arrived. Louis Wey came on foot from USTAITI CHINA, taking three years to make the journey. Among those who came on foot not less than 20 have travelled carrying heavy crosses on their shoulders.
From Australia and Polynesia, from Alaska and Patagonia, from Japan and China, from the Cape of Good Hope the Holy Year pilgrims have come to Rome to pray at the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, and to kneel at the foot of the Virgin of Charity. For the first time in history pilgrimages came from regions that had never sent them before, such as China and India.
Our reflections on the Holy Year would not be complete if we limited ourselves to the recalling of these magnificent spectacles. Beyond these, and a thousand times more precious and profound, is the spiritual fruit that this holy period has brought, permanently into the whole Church of God. It could be enough to reflect on the recommendation repeated a thousand times with indefatigable zeal and patience by the Sovereign Pontiff.
But the beneficent reflections of the great celebration have been felt even outside the Catholic Church, and still fresh is the memory of the Envoy Extraordinary sent the Pontiff by the Republic of Finland in which the Ambassador in the name of that Protestant Government, congratulated the Pope, among other things, on the solemnity of the celebrations of the Holy Year.
It is natural that these echoes which extend even outside the Catholic Church, have been heard with particular intensity in the countries of the mission. It is enough to recall two particularly glorious episodes. The first is the return to his country of the Most Rev. John Baptist Tong, the first native Annamite missionary of the most extraordinary and precious divine graces from which posterity can always draw.
At the side of these we see also shining forth the purpose of the martyrdom of the Blessed Rocco Gonzalez, Blessed Alfonso Rodriguez and Blessed Giovanni del Castillo, fallen to sanctify with their blood those admirable "Riduzioni" of South America in which the Catholic missionary genius found the highest and most perfect expression. A page of the Church that recalls the most painful trials to which the Spouse of God has been submitted by the arrogance of men, has lived again in the figure of the Blessed Joseph Pignatelli, and the humble, silent and assiduous work of the priest and the

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