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Fr. Dowling Asks Court Abolition

Answers Fr. Lord's Defense of High Tribunal in Debate

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 18. — At the St. Louis University Auditorium, St. Louis, Missouri, the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., and the Rev. Edward Dowling, S.J., editors of The Modern World, monthly magazine of the Society of Our Lady, met in a debate on the question of the Supreme Court this week.

Father Lord supported the Court as it is now constituted, and Father Dowling held for the Roosevelt proposal of change and for eventual abolition of the Court.

Father Lord, basing his case on the need for an interpreter of our written Constitution and on the part that the Court has played in protecting fundamental human liberties viewed the Roosevelt proposal as dangerous precedent for later possible dictatorship.

"The Administration is being a poor sport," he said. "The Court has thrown out six of the New Deal proposals and now Roosevelt says that he will have to give the chance to appoint six new umpires before he will play any more."

Mr. Roosevelt, I should hate to see the door opened to dictatorship by his action.

Only 66 Unconstitutional

"The accusations of party voting and protection of capital by the Supreme Court are unsupported by an unbiased examination of the figures of the 24,000 laws passed by Congress only 66 have been declared unconstitutional, and in the votes taken during the past four years the Justices have agreed on 93 per cent of their votes in 84 per cent of the cases which have reached them."

Father Dowling branded the theory of the separation of powers on which the Court is based as "Christian, unchristian, un-American, unsafe, undemocratic, unnecessary and unconstitutional."

Constitutional Supremacy

"It is to the Court," he said, "that has given more weight to a cemetery in Virginia than to the votes of 120,000,000 people. Constitutional and cemetery supremacy are not democracy."

"The legal soviet has long been a despotic dictator in this country. It is not a question of opening a door to executive dictatorship, but of closing the door on judicial tyranny."

As a substitute for judicial veto on the acts of Congress, Father Dowling proposed Congressional supremacy.

Montesquieu's theory of the separation of powers is directly opposed to the Christian concept of government, he said. "The Christian concept holds that authority is unitary and St. Thomas makes the case of that authority reside in the legislative power of the people."

He thought that a small body of the judiciary properly a subsidiary of the executive branch which, in turn is a funky function for the legislative can turn back the will of the elected representatives of "the people."

In response to the popular demand for this debate in printed form The Queen's Work press will issue it in pamphlet form within the next week.

OPEN CATHEDRAL HOLY WEEK RITES

Full repository on the Epistle side of the Cathedral as in other years Singing of the Tenebrae by students of St. Bernard's Seminary will commence at 4 p. m. on Holy Thursday. The Archbishop will preside at the throne.

Holy Communion will be distributed every half hour from 6 until 9 on Holy Thursday morning.

Members of the Rochester Nocturnal Adoration Society will assemble in the Cathedral at 10 o'clock for the beginning of the continuous all-night vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. They will be addressed by the Archbishop. At hour intervals hands of the society will keep the vigil until 6 o'clock, Good Friday. The Cathedral will be open throughout the night.

Mass of Presanctified will be celebrated by Archbishop Mooney on Good Friday at 9 o'clock. Solemn Stations of the Cross will take place at 12:30 p. m. with Reading of the Gospel according to St. John.

Veneration of the Cross will take place throughout the day. Offerings of the faithful on that day go for the Holy Land.

Blessing of the Easter water will be followed by Solemn High Mass to be celebrated by Monsignor Shay on Easter Saturday, services to begin at 7:30 a. m. Those desiring to receive Holy Communion can do so at the proper time in the Mass.

The Solemn Lenten fast closes at noon on Holy Saturday. Saturday morning is a strict time of fast and abstinence.

Easter Sunday will be marked at the Cathedral by Solemn Pontifical Mass to be celebrated by Archbishop Mooney at 10:30 a. m. Students of St. Bernard's Seminary will assist. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Alphonse Crimmins, assistant pastor of the Cathedral.

Rosary and Benediction are scheduled at 4 p. m. Easter Sunday.

Father Gillis is recognized as our Number 1 Catholic columnist. His column is in this issue.

The Coming Of The MONSTER

Copyright, 1936, Longmans, Green Co. A Story Of The Masterful Monk

THE STORY SO FAR:

In Paris, in January, 1910, a French police is greeted by an officer with whom he served at Verdun. A flaxen-haired schoolgirl passes by. In Hollywood Terry Barcourt visits the film studios. Verna and Terry now live together in a flat in London. With her friend Terry, returning to England, she meets Captain Louis Vivian, of the Intelligence Service, who recognizes her as the flaxen-haired schoolgirl who had listened for a moment on a Paris corner to his conversation with the police. Father Anselm, the Masterful Monk, visits Verna to speak to her of Captain Vivian, who has asked her to marry him. Verna has decided to become a Catholic, although her father, who is wealthy, has threatened to disinherit her. Plotters in Moscow make a report from England. They refer to an incident of a few years before, when Father Thornton, bound to a tree in north Russia was left to die, but succeeded in making his escape. Russia receives a commission to go to England to deal with the Masterful Monk. Captain Vivian sends Kovalov upon his arrival in England, and warns Father Thornton of the danger. Kovalov makes an attempt on Father Thornton's life, but the monk disarms him, and in making a break for liberty Kovalov is run down by an automobile and killed. Verna makes a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

She roused herself to the sight of the Canopy returning down the center of the Place, and made a fierce effort to pull her attention back; despairingly, almost angrily she had come here for some peace. She was finding none.

A vast silence was descending, as on the terrace before the entrance to the Church, the Canopy came to rest.

She grew calmer. The mighty volume of the Latin hymns rolled up stilling the tumult within. A bell rang from down beneath. She saw a tiny figure in white and gold raise the monstrance for the Benediction.

There was a dead hush... her prayer came.

"Lord, that I may see... Lord, that I may hear!"

She knew it, quite suddenly, on her way down the steps into the familiar doorway, blind June Campton had guessed. She had guessed nothing, when they were together on the Pilgrimage journey out. Yet somehow, with her strange insight.

As though an angel had descended from heaven to assure her, she came face to face with the monk at the foot of the steps. He must have seen her and been waiting for her. She stepped quietly.

"Have a talk with June Campton, will you?"

Verna found her, after a search amongst the throng on the Place, talking with a brandcardier at the foot of the steps. She recognized the brandcardier's back with its leather straps instantly. It was Louis.

She hesitated, waiting a little while, as if she were waiting for a strange thing to be engaged in. She dared not trust herself to speak to him naturally.

He moved and she saw his face: the clean-cut line of his chin, the faint, courteous smile, the immensely lovable equality in his bearing with blind June.

She loved him!

Loved him so utterly.

He turned and saw her, she was only ten yards away.

He came to her immediately.

"My Verna."

She stood there unable to move. There were people passing. He took her hand, she drew it away. Her action bewildered him. She whispered pitiously.

"Louis some other time."

"It hurt him, terribly."

"But—it was 'some other time' yesterday. I do not understand."

"Please."

June was coming in the direction of their voices, tapping her way with her stick.

"Louis, I can't. You've to trust me."

She went forward to meet her, leaving him alone.

"June!"

The blind girl stopped and held out her hand.

Verna slipped it through her arm, taking the stick.

"June, I've got to talk to you. I must!"

She led her without turning, in the direction of the Gardens. When she looked back, Louis was walking across the Place with his head down.

Away from the crowd, among the trees beyond the Asile, June said:

"You're crying Verna... Tell me."

Maimed and twisted, sightless and speechless—that tide of broken humanity surging round her feet. The slim white statue in its rickety rickety—Immaculate Mary poised between heaven and earth. Pilgrims endlessly filing in and out of the cavern beneath; clusters of candle-flames flickering in the wind. The brandcardiers on duty, standing still and straight, or wheeling the sick to and from the Piacines. The blue-uniformed girls moving quietly amongst the stretchers and chairs. And all the while the incessant, murmurous gushing of that throng. This tremendous organized daily routine before the Shrine. The strange absence of emotionism.

Each day Verna had watched. She had watched the sick being taken into the Piacines to be bathed, and brought out again.

Three O'Clock

(Continued from Page 2)

ful will have listened to the story of the Passion, will have followed the drama of the Crucifixion by the way of the Stations of the Cross, will have kissed the symbol of the Crucifixion which is also the sign of our Redemption. I know some mean streets in a Thames-side slum; I know the people will follow their great in the roadway passing now and then to listen to an exhortation on the Passion, kneeling now and then to write a word and together "We adore Thee O Christ, and bless Thee, because by Thy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

In Hyde Park in London's west-end there will be a Stations of the Cross, standing aloft among a crowd of people, some merely curious watchers, but mostly Catholics who know what they are about. At three o'clock, having recited the devotion of the Way of the Cross, with pictures held up in succession to depict each incident, they will have reached the meditation on Christ's death, and kneeling they will adore Him.

But the world will pass by.

But you never see a man give his party as a matter of sacred principle if he is still on the payroll.

By that tremendous Will... "Mademoiselle!"

The voice started her. The girl from Savoie was being wheeled by. She roused herself and went forward. The girl stretched out her hand, and she took it. The brandcardier who was wheeling her stopped, and moved away for a moment from the stretcher. Verna bent over, and heard in French: "I return to-morrow to Savoie. But I pray for you."

The sunken eyes, with their haunting spiritual beauty, were holding her own. Verna bent down, and kissed the thin, drawn cheek. "Thank you so much. Please, will you?"

The girl whispered: "Because I have watched you, when you look at the Grotto."

Next moment the brandcardier was wheeling her on.

"Because I have watched you?"

Had she seen, like June, guessed something? That child broken on the wheel of life? So manifestly one of those the monk had meant. "God asks at Lourdes for victims... He chooses; you do not choose yourself?"

"You do not choose yourself?"

She was—

Wasn't?

She was anything but choosing herself.

It was Louis who had first wanted her to come to Lourdes. Dear God!

Louis!

There came a wild surging of her heart.

On a stretcher? Yes. A cripple? Yes. But her health? Her strength? Her life?

Her life?

Her life?

There was no vagueness now... She awakened to a movement about her. The steady murmuring of prayers had ceased. Stretchers and chairs were passing by—streaming to the Place for the Blessing of the Sick.

She moved back, apart from the surging crowd, and stood waiting until the way to the Grotto was clearing.

Then she looked at the slim, white statue above her head. Her mind flashed back... to a November evening of last year, in London... the monk before that shop in Shaftesbury Avenue... that evil smiling naked and fantastic... the initial promptings of that tremendous Will... her change of outlook... her growing spiritual insight... a vision looming ever larger... thrust into the background from sheer fate, she knew it now—the fear of losing Louis... Louis, who, unwittingly, and by some inscrutable design, had set her feet upon this path, the whole long supernatural process by which she had been led...

Expiation?

(To be continued)

The King's Case

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