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members, have forestalled the distress and want that so often follows in the wake of bereavement.

The COURIER congratulates the L. C. E. A. on the splendid accomplishments of fifty years, on the eminently Catholic spirit that has governed it, on the high type of executives it has raised up from its own ranks. May it continue to grow in membership and in power for good in the parishes of our country for all the years to come.

New Church of St. Paul of the Cross

The Parish of St. Paul of the Cross in Honeoye Falls has every reason for rejoicing in the dedication of its new church edifice. Through the sacrifices of a devoted people it has gathered together a building fund which has now been put to use in the erection of a parish church of unusual architectural beauty.

Fond memories shall long continue to linger about the old frame church that has served practically from the first days of the parish. But the new church is to all the parishioners the fulfillment of the dreams of many years. Bishop Kearney in his dedicatory sermon applied to each of the parishioners the words of the Psalmist used in the Mass: "I have loved O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Every walk to the church, every attendance at Holy Mass, every approach to the Sacraments, will stir up in the heart of the faithful parishioner that sentiment of concern for the dwelling place of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Kilhickey is to be congratulated on the fine work he has done in his five years as Pastor of St. Paul's. Called back to the scene of his boyhood years, he has been a worthy successor of those who have labored before him for the Church in Honeoye Falls. The plans of a revered predecessor, Father Martin Cluney, for a church edifice worthy of the parish and well fitted for the service it was to give to its people, have been more than accomplished in the strictly building that was dedicated on Wednesday of this week. The attendance at the service of numbers of the non-Catholic people of the village, of the ministers of the neighboring churches, of the pupils of the high school, is a pleasing evidence of the spirit of good-will that marks the community life of Honeoye Falls.

The dedication of the new St. Paul's Church is a happy event for Pastor and people. May the beautiful house of worship be the source of many blessings for them in the years to come.

"Why Are Ye Fearful?"

To those that love God, all things work together unto good. It can not be otherwise, because God is all good, and came to earth for the good of all men. God has willed our salvation, our greatest good. But God is interested even in our worldly affairs.

Those who have proper faith will show that faith by confidence in God. In prosperous times and in evil times, in days of rejoicing and in nights of sorrow, the soul that lives by faith shall have no fear. No evil can befall it, except through God's permission; and God will bring good out of the evil.

In the Gospel of the coming Sunday, Christ was awakened from sleep by His frantic disciples, who feared that death was near because of the storm that assailed their little fishing boat. Christ answered their appeal, but upbraided them for lack of faith in Him. Then He commanded the sea and the waves, and there came a great calm. So in the trials of life, in the misfortunes and tragedies that come into every life, Christ will be at hand to help us, to rule over those things that have brought us sorrow, and to bring into our souls that great calm that can come only through faith in Him.

Selected

It cost us exactly \$35,000,000 to take the last census, and what we learned was that Mrs. Margaret Sanger and the other Fifth Columnist Birth Controllers are doing a magnificent job. We find New York Times' writer, Luther Ruston, advising doctors to specialize in old people's diseases rather than babies, and predicting that the market for wheel chairs is likely to outlast the market for perambulators. We find William Lane Austin, director of the Bureau of Census saying: "We don't have enough babies, and we are not building up with immigration from abroad." Father, whereas in the decade from 1920 to 1930, we increased our population 16.7%; during the decade just closed, the Fifth Columnist Birth Controllers have persuaded the country to drop its birth rate more than half, down to around 7%.

What success will be theirs when they cast through their growing clinics, their peralant propaganda, their ill conceived contempt for the parents of large families, reduce our population to the state level, and then help it drop still below the rate of decay? They do not want to live, unless, once more, I say, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and the Mikado, all rulers of pro-life nations, must love them with all their hearts.

Five Years Ago--

From October 11, 1935, Edition Once more His Holiness Pope Pius XI, fervently petitioned prayers for peace in all those parts of the world, "above all Europe and Africa, where peace, alas, is already too disturbed and gives fears of worse misfortune."

Probing into problems affecting the rural home, school, banking system, economic and social conditions of the country were delegates gathered in Rochester from all sections of the nation. They were here for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and the National Catechetical Congress. High church dignitaries, government officials, learned priests, zealous nuns and distinguished laymen and laywomen participated. The sessions demonstrated that the Catholic Church is seriously and definitely concerned with the temporal economic welfare of her members because of her resultant effect upon their spiritual development.

Formal dedication of St. Monica's new Parish Rectory Hall by Archbishop Mooney took place in the presence of 5000 school children and in the presence of parishioners. Assisting the Archbishop were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John P. Brophy, pastor, and other priests of the diocese.

The Rev. Charles J. Butler was named chaplain of the Monroe County, diocese of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

ATHLETE OF CHRIST. Will bestowed on ST. JEROME the GREAT, FATHER OF THE CHURCH, by the Pope. Pope Sixtus II, in honor of his priestess in more than 40,000 letters against the TURKS. BLUE MASS VESTMENTS. THE MOST SACRED SACRAMENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. THE MOST SACRED SACRAMENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. THE MOST SACRED SACRAMENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

WILD WISDOM

By the Right Rev. Msgr. Peter M.H. Nyphogen, Bishop of the Diocese of the Holy Spirit

"Clark's Kloth on Kredit" The above-mentioned electric sign kept on tauntingly winking every time we looked out of our New York hotel window. It reminded us how imprudent Americans are. The following happened in North Carolina, not so very long ago. A writer at one of the plants appeared one evening on Main street wearing a brand-new suit and with a big cigar in his mouth. This had not happened for years, hence people at once became suspicious. He had never before been seen in any body in particular. He was a low-weight mechanic of foreign extraction. Presently he must be a secret agent lately paid by either the Nazis or Russia. He could not be an ordinary American. He was not in the FBI men. After they finished shadowing and checking on him, it was proved that, as was suspected, he was not a regular-run citizen of the United States. He was a hard-working, slow-peddling, thifty fellow born of European parents who had instilled into him the principles of frugality, always consistent of the uncertain future. Hence, he was never seen in public places and he strictly minded his own business, finding his recreation at home. It had been four years since he bought his last Sunday suit. He had been putting aside money for a long time, accumulated thirty dollars for his new attire. He felt so happy and proud that, the first time he wore it, he walked out and celebrated the event by smoking a fat cigar instead of his nicotine-soaked crutch. All this made him an unusual type, worthy of suspicion in these dangerous days. Certainly, and security are the basis of happiness. But on the decline and fall of people do not take much stock in this well-established principle. They simply want to save money for anything, spending it as soon as they can. They are bound to come, sooner or later. They go about with the senseless idea that they will worry about it when the time comes. No money will drop down to fall that they will buy themselves a silver calling on relatives, friends and acquaintances to advance the funds for the needed umbrella. Of course, you are a lawyer who has back again as soon as I am on my feet again," which most of

the time, judging by returns, never seems to happen. Daughter was given the best of educations. The folks at home had to stint themselves to make this possible. Daughter graduated and secured a job at \$18 a month. She has now worked five years, her salary having increased. She regularly gives Mamma \$15.00 out of her monthly pay check. She has no savings account, but over the department store gets a bill every month, new clothes. Mamma is very proud of her, for she is an attractive, pretty girl, always so tastily dressed.

She will soon get married. Her present fiancee makes the monthly boy friend makes \$13.25 a month as a clerk but that monthly has completely eroded her orb. For he must take "Sugar" out of a couple of times a week and then, she has to dress correctly to match her elegant appearance. This is a true story, which, said to relate can be duplicated a million times in this happy-go-lucky country. Building for the future, or laying the foundation for personal success, is not the aim of normal life, is not considered. "Gone with the Wind" is a perfect expression of this. Somebody is mentally unbalanced. Cuckoos will not build their own nests. They lay their eggs and try to force their own nest into the nests. Sometimes they succeed, but often a fight ensues, and they are thrown out and all. The number of Americans people who are unbalanced is increasing. They have their own home is comparatively small. They would rather spend their money on nonessential things, including rent. The result that if the day comes when you are a landlord, you will find they are out. What a prospect for a family!

Diocesan Recordings

(Catholics may not have looked at this but the Rev. Dr. Maynard Connell of St. Bernard's Seminary faculty said Monday evening at the St. Patrick's Jubilee banquet that when you exercise your ballot you are conferring on chosen representatives a sacred power which comes from God. "It is something to think about from the time you vote, then on that day vote for the men whom you conscientiously believe will respect that sacred trust as conscientiously as they can in these times of momentous decisions."

Library Signpost

This is the great mystery of which St. Paul, the eloquent Apostle, the Mystery of Christ, fulfilling Himself through all the ages, re-establishing (gathering into a head) all things in Himself, for the building up of His body. "until we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ, that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men... but doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up into Him who is the Head, even Christ." (Ephesians, IV, 13-15.)

The crying need of our day is the replacing of this doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ back in the center where it belongs. Our contemporaries are trying to find a center of unity. We Christians have it. We have it in Christ, in His Church, which covered it in His own blood by the Father through Jesus Christ. But most of us are only dimly aware of it. It is to fulfill its boundless energy of redeeming the world, it must be intensely known and intensely loved. But how can we know it or love it intensely, unless it is brought to us, not only once, but day in and day out, as the great central Christian doctrine to which all others are related and which influences all the activities of life?

Feast Days

- Sunday, Nov. 4 - ST. HUBERT, BISHOP. Monday, Nov. 5 - ST. CHARLES BORROMEO. Tuesday, Nov. 6 - ST. BERNARD, ABBOT. Wednesday, Nov. 7 - ST. LEONARD.

Pity Poor 'Prexy' Butler

By REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P., Editor, The Catholic World

If a carefully prepared speech by a university president is misunderstood by the mass media, we do not wonder if it is misunderstood by editors of the better sort of newspaper, we suffer mild surprise, but when it is misunderstood by the faculty and the academic world at large, the matter must be looked into. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University stirred up a hornet's nest by a speech on academic freedom. It is a ticklish subject. No one knows just what is meant by "academic freedom." At least I have never met anyone who knows and I have never read a little in academic circles. I would put down here a dozen questions about academic freedom which I have never seen answered. Dr. Butler calls attention to the fact that he has discussed the subject several times in his annual report, particularly in 1938 and 1939. I have read these reports, and I think almost all of his addresses for the last 20 years. Thanks to his excellent system of publicity, we get neatly printed advance copies of all his important utterances. I take this occasion to express my thanks for them and in general for the pleasant intellectual stimulus I derive from them. But on that subject of academic freedom I cannot see the President's mind functions with its usual clearness.

So in this recent speech, in common with a good many other well-intentioned and sympathetic readers, I have been mystified. Dr. Butler says he is mystified because we are mystified. The critics, he says, misinterpret his meaning, but, as the New York Sun says, even when he had explained what he meant, "he didn't interpret the speech any too well himself."

I think I know why. Academic freedom cannot be explained. In the sense in which it is used by the extreme "liberals" it cannot be defended. In the sense in which it is used by relatively conservative educators it is a compromise. A compromise in the matter of academic freedom is particularly difficult to explain, and still more difficult to defend. Those who take a stand for complete academic freedom can be logical; those who take a stand against complete academic freedom can also be logical. But those who go part way in advocacy of academic freedom must expect to be misunderstood. George Eliot said about the religious faith of the English gentleman, "He doesn't know how far he goes, all he knows is that it doesn't go too far." One who moderately champions academic freedom doesn't know how far he goes. He may go too far on certain occasions and not far enough on other occasions. In the present instance, Dr. Butler is hampered by the fact of the war between Germany and England, or as he prefers to call it, "the war between beast and human beings." With that war in mind he makes a distinction between academic freedom and university freedom. The distinction, he says, is that of academic freedom (which, by the way, came out of Germany—Dr. Butler mentions specifically Halle and Goettingen), was that the freedom of the professor to believe and to teach was limited by

nothing absolutely nothing—except his own intellectual integrity. He could say whatever he thought true. He could say it on campus and off campus. Together with the professor, the student could believe and pass on to others what he thought to be true. It did not matter whether or not it was what the President called "subversive." President Hopkins of Yale said at Amherst in 1938, "The student has as good a right to say that even 'pernicious doctrines' may be taught to college boys and girls. Only one thing, Dr. Hopkins demanded—that the antidote for the poison be not denied the students. You may poison their minds but if there is some other professor on the campus who has the antidote or your poison, you must not prevent his handing it out."

Dr. Butler doesn't agree with that. He says that for students this phrase is "those in state parliament." The phrase academic freedom has no meaning whatever. "Sauce for the goose or the gander is not sauce for the goiding."

The whole matter is much more intricate and important than the possible conflict between academic freedom and university freedom. Academic freedom must not be "hampered by particular and specific religious or political tenets." But it does not and cannot include the right to "tear down the foundations of principle and practice upon which alone the university itself can rest."

No wonder certain members of the faculty at Columbia were surprised. No wonder a group at Harvard was shocked. Even I myself was—to use Dr. Butler's word—"mystified." I should imagine that the most fundamental principle and practice in a university like Columbia was that of the professor's right to teach whatever he thought after deliberate consideration, to be true. It seems not. It seems that as the professor believes certain things the university has its own beliefs. If the professor's beliefs contradict the fundamental principles and practices of the university, Dr. Butler says the professor should resign. I repeat, it is no wonder that intelligent persons were mystified.

There are indeed universities that have a clear-cut concept of the principles and practices upon which they rest. But in those universities there is no pretense to academic freedom of the sort imported from Halle and Goettingen. The logical outcome of that sort of freedom is intellectual anarchy. Dr. Butler wants that freedom, but he deprecates the anarchy to which it leads. Perhaps he will clarify this matter in another address. He did attempt to clarify it. He said, "Our faculty members are certainly at full liberty to think and to talk as they please upon any subject which interests them, whether it be popular or unpopular." Whereupon a spokesman for eight professors who had asked an explanation, said "your few sentences leave nothing whatever to be added. The spokesman was easily satisfied. There is much to be added. Some day in the near future Dr. Butler should show us how these two statements can both be true. The professor is entirely free to think and talk as he pleases if his opinions conflict with the principles of the university he should resign." (Copyright, 1940, N. C. W. C.)

Button, Button, Who's—

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

One of the phenomena noted by everyone during the present presidential campaign is the prevalence of political buttons. For long years the lapel button had apparently gone out of business. While campaigns were fought in the olden days, candidates wore a button except those worn by a few boys who regard buttons as part of youth's natural adornment. There is something of the matter in every small boy, each goes in strong for buttons. But the widespread appearance of political buttons this year is a striking contrast to other occasions. During the late '30s and early '40s, any campaign worth its shouting found all partisans adorned with the picture buttons proclaiming their favorite candidate.

My first political memory is the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896; yet all I remember out of it was the McKinley buttons that I collected and wore all over my small person. Four years later, I recall one of the great moments of my life when, as a small companion and walked down the street, we saw "spilled out" on the sidewalk a generous handful of political buttons. We made a flying tackle through the air to get on them first, grabbing with small, energetic, and grubby hands. I remember I got five, my companion got six, and the victor of the day was the one who had made the most of his catch. The victor would have made us even-tempered, he shouted the mystic and inconvertible "Dibs on that one!" which had power to keep me from claiming my rightful portion of the spoils.

The fact that the buttons represented Bryan alarmed in no way our delight in the precious find. For truth to tell, among the small boys, the buttons had no political significance. They were worn as personal adornments, Republicans and Democratic candidates riding in perfect harmony on the same youthful coal-lapel. In fact, as many advertisements in those simple days advertised their wares with buttons, so youngsters walked the streets unpaid collaborators with some shrewd sales manager.

Besides, as every man knows, buttons made the best possible gambling stakes—with the possible exception of marbles. So we tossed buttons as other older and wealthier boys might toss pennies. We threw them in the air for a heads and tails game, precisely on the same principle as matching coins. And when the games were over, we counted our winnings and our losses merely in terms of buttons as such. Whose pictures were there, made little difference, except that we preferred a button of Della Fox to one of the Great Commoner.

I don't know whether a button ever won a political war. I do know that they have given small boys a certain delight. Long may they continue to be issued by political headquarters.

The young Catholic librarian looked over her counter at the little three-year-old who popped her bright, blue, head over the edge of a book. The child's book. Her eyes were sky blue, and she was a cherub all but the wings. Then suddenly she dropped her book. Without warning, and in the sweetest childish voice you could imagine, she let out a string of profanity that would have done credit to the most hardened of men. The young librarian stared, and then dashed around the counter and was down on her knees beside the infant.

"Darling," she protested, "you simply mustn't talk like that. It's terrible, and coming from a sweet little girl like you."

But the blue and gold angel looked at her proudly. "My mother says that's the way to talk, and then with a little smper. 'She thinks it's cute.' Let's start a new society to take care of parents whose IQ has fallen below the level of common sense and decency."

"We Are Christ"

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

God our Father sent His Son into the world to gather into one all the children of Adam. That "Oneness" is a thing of life—as the branches are one with the vine, as the members of the body are one with the head.

Adam's sin brought division, and all the children of men are now born into the world with this law of division in their nature. The Son of God is a second Adam, who has healed the division of the first Adam. But the separate children of the first Adam cannot be united without going through a second birth. "Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." This second birth is a birth into the life of Jesus Christ. It is effected by Baptism, and by His Jesus gathers into one body with one life all those who believe in Him. "As many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God... who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

This is the great mystery of which St. Paul, the eloquent Apostle, the Mystery of Christ, fulfilling Himself through all the ages, re-establishing (gathering into a head) all things in Himself, for the building up of His body. "until we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ, that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men... but doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up into Him who is the Head, even Christ." (Ephesians, IV, 13-15.)

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The Catholicism defines the Church as "the congregation of all those who profess the faith of Christ, partake of the same Sacraments, and are governed by their lawful pastors under one visible Head." It is much better to call it with St. Paul, "The Body of Christ," we the members, Christ the Head. According to this grand concept, then, the Church is Christ-in-His-Christians, praying through the centuries as one Body, offering Calvary's Sacrifice as one Body, doing the work of salvation as

one Body. The Church's history ought to be regarded, not so much as a series of teachings and laws and deeds, but deeper than that, as the extension of Christ's incarnation, making Christ present to all the ages in His Christian.

We cannot be holy, or get to heaven, apart from this Social Body of Christ. It is in union with this Body that the Father wills us to work out our salvation—joining its corporate prayer, offering its corporate Sacrifice, doing its corporate work. A Great thinker are confidently forecasting that the twentieth century will be famous in history for an overwhelming resurgence of this doctrine of the Social Body of Christ; it certainly appears, at the moment, to be the Christian counterpart of the Communist "Social Body."

If there is any one book to which the future will look back as a sort of Magna Charta of this twentieth century Christian resurgence, that book will quite surely be Abbot Marmion's Christ the Life of the Soul. Someone with a right to say so has called the greatest masterpiece of spiritual writing which the century has so far produced.

The first part describes God's work for man—Divine Providence enveloping in the same design of predestination, Christ and ourselves; the mediation of Christ, who is the Sanctifier of our souls, our universal Model, the meritorious Cause of our salvation, and the Origin of our supernatural life; and finally, the realization of this Divine Plan by the Holy Ghost in the Mystical Body, the Church.