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Though New Year's is two months ahead, I have made a Resolution! It is not a new standing in conscience; so, like the proverbial New Year Resolutions, it may later need modification. In the future, I will not tell beforehand what I am going to write about subsequently, or the following week—except . . .

My correspondents are responsible for that Resolution. Some want to know what more I have to say about the Regional Language and their influence on Catholic life in their home-lands. Others ask when I am going to tell what I really think of the The Song of Bernardine. "You told us only what you think of the form of the book; but what do you think of the substance?" I understand that you promised that," writes one correspondent. "And when," asks another, "will you give us another article on The Little Flower and Sainthood? Your article seemed to us to be just a defense of Superiors in general and of Mother Gonzaga in particular; and an attack on the 'Sentimentalists.' You did not name them, but I can imagine . . .

Well, dear Readers, I am flattered that I have so interested you on these subjects. I will answer these questions some day, but in consequence of my Resolution, I will not anymore say "Next Week." COME HOME TO ALL.

This week we celebrate two festivals that, as it were, "come home to the business and bosom of all of us." They come into the family circle whether that family be an humble home, a school, college or Religious Community. We are all "called to be Saints" (St. Paul speaking), and we all humbly feel that we shall have to pass through Purgatory on our way to Heaven. We feel also and hope that some whom we have known in these circles are already among the uncanonized Saints in Heaven, and that some others we have known are detained in Purgatory; and we are consoled on these two days by the thought, the infallible Catholic doctrine, that with all of them, we form one mystic body of which Christ, our Saviour, is the Head. It is a goodly and glorious Company. We can rejoice on these days and throughout this month that we belong to it. It is the Communion of Saints. Such is the thought, the article of the Apostles' Creed, on which the Church would have us reflect during this month of November. As Catholics we are united in life and in death in this world and in the next.

Hilare Belloc has expressed it beautifully in that article of his which the COURIER published at my request some time ago. Having shown what the Catholic Church really is, "the home of the human spirit," given "certainty and light on eternal things" having compared "the certainties of the Faith" with "the peculiarities and despairs" of those who seek an answer to the problems of our existence and destiny outside that home of the human spirit, he proceeds:

"Those of us who boast so stably an endowment make no claim thereby to personal peace we are not saved thereby alone. But we are of so glorious a company that we receive support and have communion. The Mother of God is ours also. Our dead are with us. Even in these our earthly miseries we hear always the distant something of an eternal music and smell of native air. There is a standard set for us whereunto our whole selves respond, which is that of an inherited and endless life, quite full in our own country."

Thinking Without Faith
For one who has the Faith it is difficult to imagine what he would be and what he would do if he had not that precious gift of God. For myself, when I endeavor to do that, my line of thought runs somewhat in this fashion. "Well I can't believe. To me, a Rationalist, this world is an insoluble mystery. I can find no answer to the questions that torment me when I reflect seriously on the problem of my existence and destiny. Where have I come? Whither am I going? Why am I here at all? It was not my choice. I was not consulted. They tell me to pray. Pray to whom? I do not believe in a personal God. How can I pray to Him, hoping that He can hear me and has the power to help me? Yet I know that I have intelligence and free will. My conferees tell me this is a delusion; but I know it is truth. Sometimes I regret what I have done, but why regret, if I could not have done anything different? I know that I am master of my own acts, of my own choice. To deny it would

be to deny my very being. It is part of myself. It is part of every human being; for I cannot see that in this I am different from any other man. The whole theory and practice of what we call government rests on that basis. Hence, that basis and we must certainly and necessarily have chosen. All governments punish the criminal because he chose freely to commit the crime. All reward, or at least, the benefactors of the State because they freely chose to serve the state or their particular community.

"What should I do then with my intelligence and free will? Serve humanity? But there is no such thing as humanity. Humanity is an abstraction. There are human beings, like myself, though we differ in what we believe, what we aspire, what we desire, what we strive after in search of relief from this problem, in search of happiness, contentment. How can I serve them?"

JOY IN SUFFERING
"Here I am confronted with another problem. There are these Catholics, 500 millions of them scattered throughout the world, of every race and clime and color. They claim to have found a solution to the mystery of their existence and destiny. They claim to have found fellowship, contentment, and happiness. Yet that they escape the pain from which we all suffer, in that they claim to find joy in supporting these very things. "Enjoyment, again I say," says the Apostle. "The joys of this life are not to be compared . . ." And Christ Himself, whom they adore as God made Man, has told them, "Blessed are you when they persecute and calumniate you . . . Rejoice and be glad for your reward is very great. Heaven."

"That I cannot believe, but, evidently, they believe it. That I think a delusion, but they believe it to be infallible truth, and in it they find consolation, happiness, an answer to all the questions that torment me. What should be my attitude to these strange people? How should I treat them? They are not an abstraction. They are human beings, men and women of flesh and blood and spirit, like myself. Well, even in the light of

my own principles I have to answer: Leave them alone in their delusion. Don't antagonize them. Don't persecute or calumniate them. They do me no harm. They find happiness in their delusion. Let them have it. Let them enjoy it."

That it seems to me would be my attitude, if I had not that precious gift of God, which we call the Faith. And, it is encouraging to me, that in the attitude of many unbelievers today. On the other hand there are also those of whom I speak in the article: Why do they all think that? They are not moved by reason or love, but by hate. They hate "humanity"? But they hate these 500 million men and women, humans in the concrete.


And let us not deceive ourselves. There will always be such people, during the war and after the war.

Appointed Organizer Of Men's Societies

ST. LOUIS — The Rev. Leo Wilkins, S.J., recently added to the staff of the Queen's Work here, national Society organizer, has been appointed national organizer of men's parish societies, according to an announcement by the Rev. Donald A. Lord, S.J., National Society Director.

and until the crash of 1929. For this we have the infelicitous words of Truth told in the American pageants where our Divine Lord draws the contrast between His Kingdom and "the World." For the Church and for every one of us this life is and will remain a warfare.

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