# The Hunger That Upset The World

Isn't it awful, after you've had a cup of coffee, when you sit at the table and wish you had a cigarette and the one beside you lights up, and your flesh fairly crawls, because you've given up cigarettes for Lent?—Isn't it hard to watch a box of chocolates going the rounds, with your mouth practically oozing for a crisp, chocolate-covered almond, to have to say, "No, thank you!"—because you aren't eating candy this Lent? Is there anything more flat than toast without butter, coffee without sugar, or cold salmon, rolled out of the can for the umpteenth time?

Sure!—it's Lent. We're all miserable, with our lean fare of fast and abstinence.

But we have only ourselves to blame. Adam started it all back in the Garden of Eden by insisting on having his own way. That crime almost wrecked our race. Every tombstone is a monument to that wretched hunger which led him to taste the forbidden fruit; every headache, every cold, every pain, every last twinge recalls the fact that Adam rebelled against God and that we are his flesh and blood.

Of course, we ourselves aren't doing much to help matters. We carry on our own little rebellions—some of them not so little, day after day, against the cause God who offered to forgive Adam's sin. We will have our own way; we will do as we please, without regard for the Ten Commandments, Church Law, or common sense. So we keep adding to our misery and piling it up—because, with sin, the more you have, the more you want, and the more you get, the more miserable you become.

So, with each year's Lent, we put our foot down hard on our own neck. It sounds queer, doesn't it?—but it's almost as hard as that to say NO to our comfortable habits of life. Remembering Adam's hunger, so tragically glutted, we go hungry ourselves; mindful of our own selfishness, we turn against ourselves and become, for at least six weeks, the enemies of our own bodies.

There's nothing easier than to exhale a last "drag" on the night of Shrove Tuesday and, saturated with nicotine in every pore, to swear off for Lent. The last comes Wednesday morning, and every day after that, as with all our Lenten resolutions. It's hard, but we need it, and it's good for our souls.—Rev. Richard Felder.

## 101 Radio Stations

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# TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven

Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

## SELFISH PARENTS

We happened to meet two friends on the Twentieth Century Limited, between Chicago and New York. Their invitation to come into their drawing room was accepted. Like train conversation drifted to the subject of friendship. One maintained that all friendship was more-or-less selfish. In the heat of the argument, he went so far as to assert that even mother love was not free from this taint.

To prove that mother love can be selfish would call for much argument. But, to show that maternal interest is not always genuine and wholehearted would not be difficult, in the case of many a parent. From casual observation, it seems that fathers and mothers not infrequently are motivated by their own selfish inclinations. The choice between personal parental pleasure and convenience and the real welfare and best interests of their children is, often and unfortunately, too much influenced by the thought and the desire to lay the lines of least resistance. The children's benefit is often momentarily relegated to some dark corner. Hence, one cannot escape the conclusion that parents are sometimes more considerate of their own temporary satisfaction than of their children's permanent welfare.

When a mother goes regularly to her pastimes, or flits around socially, she may succeed in finding excuses for her so-called frazzled nerves, or, still better, get her name in the paper occasionally; but her name in dark print may not make it bright in her children's hearts in the days to come, for she steals time from them. She is a plain daylight robber. The tired father who thinks his physical reserve can be built up only at the club or in a barroom poker game, every time he has a chance, is a self-deluder. He may win some money, or he may make profitable "contacts" at his diversion, but he squanders priceless values for his children, in whose play and work he is little interested.

Judas money is saved, and destructive economy is practiced, by sending children to free schools, where character training is neglected, and the moral law is ignored. There are parents who refuse to stint themselves to make possible an education that would fit their sons and daughters for God and man. No, they would rather save, in order that Mamma can get a new fur (or non-fur) coat, or that installments may be paid on Daddy's new car, which also are grand, conservative aims.

The practice of religion and church attendance is considered a nonessential of life by entirely too many parents. The parent who treats the moral and the divine least lightly has a heavy weight on his conscience, which, generally, will more than bear him down. Moreover, God is not mocked. Yes, the man who forgets God is not a loyal father to his own children. He supposes them not only in the danger of unhappy, unimportant lives, but he also risks their eternal destiny. And for what? Simply to save himself a little trouble, a trifle of inconvenience, or an obligation of his own creation, to the obligations of parenthood. Busy fathers think more of their pleasure in hunting or fishing or golf playing every Sunday than they do of giving their children a Christian example which will redound to the youngster's best interests.

It may be retorted that all these arguments are too inclusive, and that, irrespective of any philosophizing, parental love is the finest, the most deep-rooted affection on earth. As proof, it is quoted that no parent, seeing his child in imminent danger, would hesitate a second, or give a moment's thought to his own safety, in trying to rescue the youngster, even in the face of certain death. A mother will rush into a burning building, or plunge into the river to try to save her baby, at any time, under any circumstances. This is true—but what does it prove? A cat will do the same thing for her kittens.

The mother instinct is the same in people as it is in animals. The question, however, is, Why should people be satisfied with having their young grow to the same degree that cats and dogs do, and no more?

Parenthood carries most serious obligations. Parental love that is marked only by physical attachment, or manifested by animal instinct, is not worthy of man. There is a soul, an immortal soul, in each child, which one day will be required by God. Constant, intelligent and studied care alone can rear children correctly and successfully. This care will be given only when parents are inspired by a rational love that will prompt them to forget about themselves and spare nothing to give their children the best in the development of character and soul.

Because the Chinese people considered it indecent to appear bareheaded in public, Pope Paul V permitted missionaries to wear their biretta while saying Mass.

## UNBELIEF

*"For God has shut up all in unbelief that He may have mercy upon all."*

St. Paul, Romans 11, 32

Go to your empty Deity,
I'll have no part of Him.
The world is good enough for me,
I'll enjoy myself the interim.
This body's an ephemeral clod;
You've been a person dead,
And when you talk about a God,
Would he allow the worms to tread?

Drone all your fabulous psalms;
Finger your holy jewelry;
Give the stupid poor your alms,
And come for help to me.
I'll laugh right in your pious face:
Why don't you pray for me?
I could use some so-called grace
From that convenient Deity.

I promised I would pray for him
That he would see the light,
And now he chants my Hymn
Of God and His great Might.
He came to me with tearful eyes,
And fell upon the ground,
God's mercy helped him realize
The Truth at last he found.

He tried to avoid Him everywhere;
He looked at all creation.
All things showed His loving Care,
And His Administration.
When he came to know Him,
A consequence thereof;
He felt just like a Cherub
And gave Him all his love.

—Daniel L. Harris

# Books Reviewed

**Frederick the Great and the Seven Years War**, by Reginald Lucas. Macmillan Co., New York. 1943. 300 p. Price $3.50.

The idea that martyrdom ended with the passing of the catacombs, or at least is restricted to hard days to pagan countries, seems to persist among Catholics despite rather numerous evidences to the contrary. A striking instance is modern times is Fr. Andrew Prashko, better who was "Condemned to Hang by Frederick the Great" in 1757, a martyr in the word of our Saviour.

More Plain pamphlet is particularly timely. The action takes place in the midst of war, the action for the young priest's connection in his refusal to enter known what soldiers had confided to him in confession, and the ignorant responsible for his death is the Prussian king, Frederick the Great. As a final coincidence the priest bore


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