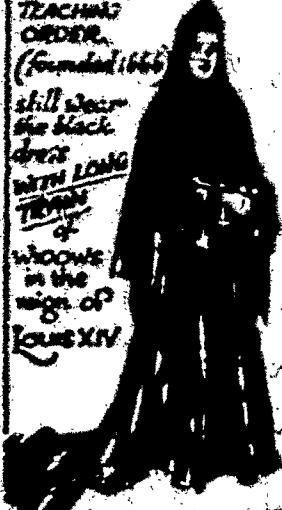


STRANGE BUT TRUE Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

Games of St. Malin



TEACHING ORDER. (Founded 1666) Still wear the black dress with long train of wools in the reign of Louis XIV



THE ALBION MEDICAL TRAINING CLASS 25,000 \$9.95 / 100 MORE THAN ALL THE OTHER CHURCHES IN ENGLAND TOGETHER!

SAINT ROSE OF LIMA slept for years on a BOARD MATRESS LITTERED WITH BROWN GLASS!

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The World For Fifty Saints

By Rev. Benedict Elmanna of St. Bernard's Seminary

(This is the title of an article by Nazareth College Senior Frances Clare O'Reilly which stirred nationwide scholastic attention when it appeared last semester. At her graduation this June she received the Grand Cross, highest award of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, and the first to be given to a Rochester student. With the kind permission of "The Shield" Crusade publication in which her article appeared, we are reprinting it here for our discerning readers.)

At first glance, collegiate outlook for 1942 is a disheartening one. Indeed, that the majority of Catholic college graduates in the past have shown an appalling social unconcern is an undeniable and mysterious fact. After four to eight years' passive reception of the inspiring and compelling doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, with its renewed emphasis in this our time, we have come forth, a cool, detached, self-sufficient little group of people who learned best to be very efficient about minding our own business.

You don't think so? Well, if we were what we like to picture ourselves as being, by now we should have taken the U.S.A. by storm. I venture further: Perhaps in the providence of God total war alone, with all its ghastly consequences, was enough to wake us up to the dangers which have been threatening the foundations of our social order.

We are confronted by these vexing and deeply complicated questions: How have the majority of our Christian people sunk so deep in their indifference to blood-brothers in Christ?

Why, apparently, have few men been thinking in their hearts? Where is that love of man which is inseparable from the love of God?

The answers to these questions can, in the last analysis, be boiled down to four pointed monosyllables: We are not saints.

Pope Pius X once said: "Give me five saints and I will convert a city; give me twenty-five saints and I will convert a nation." May I make bold to add: "Give me fifty saints and we will convert the world!"

With all our degrees, with all our superlative intellectual advantages, we have not yet responded to the challenge of Leon Bloy's great affirmation: "The only tragedy is not to be saint." What struck me most forcibly about Raissa Maritan's Les Grands Amis (English title: We Have Been Friends Together) was its revelation that Jacques Maritain, perhaps the greatest intellect of our time, was converted to Catholicism not by long, subtle and involved arguments, not by an extended course in apologetics, but by the lives of the mystics and the living example of Leon Bloy, who dared to lead the Christian life honestly, with all its exactions.

We lack character and color because we secretly fear that if we follow the Light unwaveringly, seeking first the Kingdom of God, all things shall not be added unto

us. What goes by the name of Christian meekness is too often a cloak for laziness and cowardice. For we are still bourgeois. And a bourgeois, as Peter Maurin explains, is a person who follows the crowd, seeks first to be like everybody and as a consequence is a nobody.

What is needed is personalism in our plan of life. A personalist is one who follows the Truth unflinchingly and, as a consequence of losing himself in the blinding light of the Gospel, finds himself and his own personality.

It is this that accounts for the fact that we lack sufficient initiative and drive, determination and pluck, perseverance and gumption, to start something effectual in the social order and keep it going. It is this that accounts for the fact that we are not leaders (and we should be the leaders) in the thought, words and action of our day. As Father Gilles says, we are apologetic: when we should be affirmative, and whisper what we should shout! In short we have an inferiority complex because we are ignorant, unappreciative or unaware of our own incomparable intellectual, cultural and spiritual heritage.

And because we are, we associate tattered hair, queerness and a haunted and unhappy look with holiness. Whence sanctity superabounds in joy, and is not so much an attained achievement as a sustained effort "to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect"—undaunted in the face of repeated and inevitable failure. But we are busy about many things—what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and especially what we shall put on, forgetting, or at least in part neglecting, the one thing necessary.

The editors of The Shield have asked: "Amid the distraction of war, what practical course shall we suggest to the college girl for keeping first things in her mind?" I venture this answer: Daily Mass and Holy Communion and an hour's meditation, including daily spiritual reading for one who wills to be a really serious lay apostle. In order to convert the world we must first convert ourselves and in order to accomplish this we must be contemplatives, submitting ourselves to perpetual personal renewal. St. Bernard of Clairvaux cautioned his monks seven centuries ago: "Be reservoirs, not just pipelines," and this advice is equally pertinent for us. Exactness, you say? Most of us waste at least two hours a day anyhow. Why not "how time"? Secondly: Keep immune to the bacilli of hate which are infecting

Reason For Rationing

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

Unconformable and restricting rationing is every man's business. While we get a sense of its absolute necessity. For instance... Many Douglas, who in our office has been doing a most important job with cooperative and ardent interest, before a business trip went down to get a pair of shoes. The department was crowded, for it was shortly before the inception of our Fashion Course, Number 12. Contrasting with the many who clearly were buying shoes because they needed them was a woman of wealth and on particular matters. At least, it was a lack of other manners or good sense. She was buying...

Well, Mother, Are Like That. He was a young anxious priest. But in the family he was still their son. And to his mother...

Something New. I had climbed onto the Pullman plenty tired. So I headed straight for my berth. As I sat on the edge, I noticed a soldier looking at me lazily. But after a nod to him, I closed the curtains, got myself undressed, and into bed.

"This is a civilian. Well!" There was a brief pause, and then my curtains were opened and the youngster's head stuck in between. "You're a civilian, aren't you?" he asked. "Well, how about coming back to the club bar and having one a couple of bottles of beer?"

It's something new in army games. Sorry, but I referred him to a less clerical civilian.

Reconciliation. Recently it was my obligation to read a book by a man who is deeply interested in religious because he does not believe in religion. He is supposed to be a scholar, and his facts were really marvelous. But his conclusions, if they had been true, would have dynamited religion; and his whole handling of the religious he examined was deeply anti-God.

As I read along through verities of religious data about which I had known nothing I sometimes felt myself a little troubled. The man was evidently a scholar. He was cold, dispassionate, devastating, destructive. Yet he seemed so sure of his facts, so certain in his war atmosphere, and the poison of false nationalism which hides under the name of patriotism. Remember that in war as in peace there can be no moralism on Christianity. To a Christian sinner for peace there is no such thing as resorting to expediency.

What integrity is there for a Christianity which is Christian in season and not out of season?

Thirdly: Take the long view, you who are privileged to remain in school and pursue your studies. Plunge as far as you are able into radically constructive activities. Now as never before have we the opportunity to perform the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. But first of all attend to your studies. They are our primary duty—but we forget. Develop your talents to the utmost. Writers, write. Speakers, speak. Doers, do. And don't forget to pray. In a special way, this coming year, we are all called to love God "with our whole minds." Much is expected of those to whom much is given.

As Monsignor O'Grady of the Catholic University of America has well pointed out, Frederick Ozanam had the greater part of his life's work done when he was 21! How do we stand in comparison—we who have "power in each hand to do the deeds of Christ"? Why, we should be driven souls—"ransoming the time," hounded by the ever-recurring idea: "There is so much to be done! There is so much to be done! Will there ever be enough time?"

In this season of Pentecost let us beg the Holy Ghost to raise up new apostles intimated with the v. n. of His Spirit, who will burst forth and infuse the world, so that onlookers will affirm in truth, after Moses and St. Paul: "Their God is a consuming fire!"

Along The Way

Then we hit a chapter given over to the Jews. At last we were on ground that I knew and was dealing with facts that I had studied and loved. And as I read, I smiled, I sighed with relief, I sat back utterly relaxed. For the picture he gave of the Jews was the same old nonsense I'd read in any one of a hundred anti-Jewish books. It was a distortion of what little history he presented; it was facts that never had happened and conclusions that did not follow from the facts which never had occurred. And I dismissed the whole book with contempt. The one section that dealt with things I knew intimately was ridiculous. It was bad history, wrong interpretation, the opinions and slanders of Jewish apologists accepted as their true story. Why worry about the rest of the book? If the one chapter I could deal with correctly was still and nonsense, the rest was probably of a piece.

And most unreligious books are like that. Don't trust the facts; you are not sure about. Check the facts you know to be true. And find out how they've been twisted.

"Dad's pretty low," he said quickly. "I know," his mother replied. "I think we'd better call a priest."

"And what," demanded her son, in mock wrath, "do you think I am?"

Let us train young hearts for their holiest vocation—the love and service of Christ.

QUERIES and REPLIES

Doesn't The Bible Tell Us That Only Four Thousand Years Intervened Between The Creation Of Adam And The Coming Of Christ? (asked by Reader Story About The Age Of Man)

Neither Sacred Scripture nor modern science enables us to determine the exact age of the human race. The Bible refers to a certain chronological period—the Hebrew text of the Old Testament reckons about four thousand years from Adam to Christ; the Greek Septuagint about six thousand years. Verifiable history covers biblical times and about thousand years. In addition to this most evolutionists place the age of man at more than a thousand thousand years and a few even at a million years. These difficulties however are unimportant considerations made only to bolster up the theory of evolution with demands of various lengths of the gradual development of man.

The Jesuit Father Keppel gives thirty thousand years as the minimum for the age of man, and the late Father Richard S.V.D. agrees with him as do most Catholic scientists who have made investigations in this field (of Truth Vol. 4, nos. 1 and 2). From the pen of Father Richard Potts, S.V.D., Superior of the Priory, Chesapeake, Missouri.

Spiritual Thoughts

Am I going to the full the grace of God? Being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Mass. V. L.

National Legion of Decency List

Table with 3 columns: Name, Address, and other details. Includes entries for various organizations and individuals.