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Catholicism is not only a Church and a faith, it is a way of life. Every day has its meaning for a Catholic. The succeeding days and weeks carry one over a cycle that never grows old that is repeated year after year, that re-enacts for us the life of the Saviour and of His followers. We come now to Passion Sunday, to Passiontide. In these days we see again the journey of Christ to Jerusalem to suffer and die. We travel with Him on that journey. We see the mourning purple covering the crucifix and the statue. We know that Christ hid Himself for a while from His followers, now He and His friends are hidden from our eyes.

The death of Christ is commemorated each day in Holy Mass. Daily the priest in offering Mass "shows forth the death of Christ." Daily shall he continue that great act "until He come." But surely the annual observance of Passiontide leading up to Good Friday and Holy Saturday renews in our hearts all that we have known of the Saviour and His Passion, and adds its new view or details heretofore hidden from us. May our thoughts be with Jesus throughout these days of sorrow!

Eleven new members in the harvest of the Lord join the ranks of the other priests of the Eucharist on the coming Saturday. Christ has called them, they have answered the call. The world, their families, preoccupations for business and social matters, have had to be left to follow Christ. For twelve months they have been living in death and hunger under the discipline of voluntary fast. They have lived close to God, close to the sacraments. They have studied all the secular subjects. They have studied the doctrine and the laws and the history of the Church. They have made their daily portion of intimate communion with the great philosophers and theologians. They have been trained men, chosen men, gifted men, well fitted for the life of consecration that lies before them.

The prayers and good wishes of parents and relatives and friends go with these new priests as they step from the secluded and sheltered life of the seminary into the responsible duties of a sacerdotal career. May their ministrations be unto many the means of salvation! In word and work, at the altar and in the pulpit, in the school and at the bed of sickness, may they have many years to labor as other Christians for the salvation of souls!

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[The page contains several horizontal lines, likely representing redacted information or a heavily degraded scan.]

A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a bearded man, likely a bishop or abbot, wearing a mitre and holding a crozier. The image is positioned on the right side of the page, partially overlapping the text.

King Langhairs of the horse-gold beard
And cheek with purpled scar
Had come, with victory on his shield,
Back from the Leinater war.
He summoned his clansmen that April day
To the castle on Tara hill
To thank propitious pagan gods
In riotous festival.

They came,—Ard-Righ's valiant knights,
Poets with painted scrolls,
Devil doctors with magic prayers,
Harpers, jesters,—all
Assembled at Tara, the Hill of Kings,
With revelry, feast, and games
That were played two thousand years before
By Tamlin's funeral flames.

When Day had locked the western door
With turn of the golden key,
And the Hound of Night took up the watch,
Laoghaire made decrees:
Great fires to honor Druid gods
Would flame throughout the land,
But none, on pain of death, should light
Ere Tara set the brand.

Serimes waited with ready torch
Till trumpet sign he gives,—
When out of the dark, on Hill of Maine,
A flame shot up to heaven!
Channemen lifted spear and shield
With furious battle cry,
Loaghaine cried, "What numerous
By order dare defy?"

A priest made answer: "It is none else
But the stranger from the South
Who depes the people with a new god,
And with sacrilegious mouth
Spurns our teaching. There is no god
Save his God,—on his claim.
He threatens the power of King and priest
Fetters to his name.

Laeghairs swore by Sun and Wind
 This stranger should die the death,
 While the forbidden flames kept high
 Above the plains of Meath;
 Then all that host, infuriate,
 Led by the King and Queen,
 Marched down from Tara, across the vale,
 And up the Hill of Slane.

Where Patrick, the stranger from the South,
 Had lighted the funeral fire
 To honor the eve of Sister Day,
 The first in the land of Ill.
 With crows in upland band he came
 Alone to meet the king
 Whose angry warriors shook their spears,
 Grumbling to make the coffin

Sped Patrick street Laghaire with words
Straight from Truth's own bow,
And wobbled people miraculous
False gods to overthrow,
Till Laghaire of the Hundred Wane
Enkiss on the Fire-Bell cog,
And vowed, with hand on Patrick's cross,
Allegiance to this God.

ALL this was written in 1960.
 Long since the poems are dead,
 Echoes of them are heard in the morning
 When the children are playing
 And the sun is shining and the
 About the world is a new
 And the children are playing
 And the sun is shining and the

[illegible]

I have never thought it advisable to use this column for theology. Still less for theological controversy. But once in a while such controversy, though undesirable is inevitable. It is thrust in our face. To pretend not to see it would be dishonest. To attempt to dodge it would be cowardly. So I think I had better come back, "just for this once" as the children say, to the challenge presented by John D. Rockefeller a while ago. The readers may remember that Mr. Rockefeller recommended in a public speech that the Church should not shut its doors to those who cannot accept its creed. His idea seems to be that creeds like sacraments are not indispensable, and that under the same roof all should be invited to worship whether they believe or do not believe what the church holds to be true. I said a few words about that opinion three weeks ago. May I have permission to say now a little more—

Well then let's take a few articles of the Apostles Creed, one by one and see if we can do without them. "I believe in God." There's a pronouncement. A manifesto: A challenge. It has sometimes been an act of heroism, an invitation to martyrdom. It may be no agony. If that day come might the "liberal" Christian say "Oh well if you object, I will not insist. Let's not quarrel about belief or non-belief in God?"

"The Father Almighty." That is to say God is no mere Power such as we experience in a cyclone or an earthquake or a tornado. Nor is He Beauty like that of a sunset or a snow capped mountain. He is not inanimate, impersonal like the Sphinx of Egypt, or the Black Stone of pre-Mohammedan Mecca. God is a Person who knows, wills, loves, in a word a Father. Is that article of the Creed unimportant? Can we hold it or drop it as we please?

"Creator of heaven and earth." God is not *Kham* vital (whatever Bergson meant by that) nor is He "Emergent Evolution," nor a "system of cosmic patterns," as one professor of theology told Dr. John A. O'Brien. Still less is He a "cosmic conundrum" or "an oblong 'I' in the sky," as other professors expressed it. He is not Eddington's "Great Mathematical" nor the Freimanian's "Architect of the Universe." A mathematician creates nothing, nor does an architect. They work with numbers or with materials. God made the numbers and the materials and the architect and the mathematician. May we question it? If we do is it the same as if we had affirmed it? Creator or non-Creator does it matter?

"And in Jesus Christ His Only Son our Lord." If one man says "I believe in Jesus Christ," and another says "I don't believe in Jesus Christ," should they be equally welcome in the Church of Jesus Christ? And at the altar of Jesus Christ? If one man says "Christ is God," another says "He is not God," the greatest of men," and a third says "He is neither God nor the greatest of men," will they all feel at home in the same Church? Our prayers and hymns be contrived to fit equally well the minds of all three! George Bernard Shaw has a violent dislike for the phrase of the prayer book, "through Jesus Christ our Lord." Should we invite him to worship with us and in deference to his feelings omit

"Conceived of the Holy Ghost." "We have not as much as heard of there be a Holy Ghost" said some sadly uninstructed incontinent Christians to Quaker preachers. Are the members of the Church after all these years to remain equally uninstructed? Would it not be a shame if Unitarianism is ~~uninstructed~~ is a church which under the sign of the Cross "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost?"

"Born of the Virgin Mary." If some one exclaims, perhaps with asperity, "Why refer to her? What part has she in the Christian religion?" must we smother our feelings, swallow our lamentation, surrender our conviction and say, "If your object to the Father of Jesus we shall leave her out?"

"Crucified, dead, buried, rose again." Should we suppose the painful torment of the Cross? And should we give Jesus purely symbolic, sentimental representation to the East of the Resurrection? St. Paul says: "I am not ashamed of the Cross . . . God with me. I should glory even in the Cross of Christ," and again: "I think that I shall have the Cross and the shame." But St. Paul is a native of Tarsus, in the province of Lycaonia, not in Galilee, the province of Jesus. St. Paul, himself, addresses the Galatians thus: "Ye have seen the Cross of Christ, which was a stumbling block to you."

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." If a theist says, "I don't believe in the Holy Catholic Church," must we admit him to all the rights and privileges of the Church? If no why do we demand that an alien taking naturalization should recite that he believes in our government and repudiates all claims to any other?

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