The Cross of Chaste Christian Courtship. (I).

Some of you—those who can never be satisfied—will not be content. They will say, as usual, that this is beating around the bush and that what they "really want to know" will remain unanswered. The Bulletin’s answer is that neither this little sheet nor the pulpit is the proper vehicle for discussing problems of sex. Besides that, nine out of ten of you know—if not ninety-nine out of every hundred—what’s right and what’s wrong; and whenever you do encounter an honest doubt you can get the answer from the priest, in or out of confession, as you may prefer.

Now, Christian courtship is quite different from pagan courtship—courtship as thought of and practiced by the world—a world that does not know Jesus Christ—or at least does not love Him; and philosophically, ultimately, the difference stems from the contrary concepts of the nature and dignity of man and of marriage.

It is a sad observation, yet true, that too many Catholics are more inclined to accept the world’s low standards for dates and courtship than the higher but infinitely higher and nobler standard of Our Lord. The one aim of these remarks is to lead you back to the Christian ideal—if you have strayed from it; and to convince you that only by practising it will you be happy both before and after marriage.

Take the nature of man. If you think of man as a high-grade animal or a cultured brute, you are not going to be very backward about taking liberties on dates and in courtship. And the farther you go, the more you will definitely regard your Catholic Faith as a burden, a brake, a nuisance, and an object of hatred and of rejection! Your conscience will harden! Your religion will cease to be a life-giving dynamo and the chief source of your strength, consolation and merit. You will begin to rationalize. You will find no particular reason not to indulge your lustful passion; to sacrifice to carry your Cross!

A Letter From Dream-Children. (II) (continued)

"In this land of dream-children, there are many like Lamb’s Alice and John who might have been born had not their dream-parents been summoned by duty to give up the dignity of parenthood. Such dream-children, one likes to fancy, are happy. It was according to God’s plan that they should remain among the unborn, and they are content to have it so. But there is another group, far more numerous, who are sad and play listlessly. They stretch out their hands with longing to the world of life, but their longings are not fulfilled, and they call in vain to their dream-parents. They are not wanted—and that hurts. So they have written a letter to their dream-parents explaining their case and pleading for life. It is a simple letter and runs as follows:

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER,

Yesterday we heard you discussing whether you ought to have children, and as we are the children in question we should like to tell you how we feel about this matter. Only too often, we think, our side of the question is left out in these discussions. We know that if you make us real children we will be a great care and responsibility to you—even quite an expense. We babies come rather high in this modern age. But, dear dream-parents, in your experience of life, you knew that everything worthwhile costs dearly; and you will be giving us the greatest of all gifts, life. Perhaps you have grown used to the marvel of your existence, and do not realize how sweet it is to be alive—to be somebody. But we are crying to you from our nothingness. We know. We are pleading with you for life which you alone can give us—life with all its tears and laughter, joy and woe, hope and fear, but at its conclusion an eternity of happiness with God.

Do you wonder then that if you are to draw us from our nothingness and cooperate with God in creating us some sacrifice will be asked of you?"

PRAYERS: (DECEASED) Aunt of Dr. Caton; one spec. intn; (ILL) Mother, Wm. Binet. (1st an) father of Dick Karr (Al); (4th an) Rev. Wm. Lenczner, SJ; father of Leo Hofschnider ’36; (ILL) Bill Schickel (Car); (LOST) By Bro. Nori, wrist-watch, black strap.