Looking Back Over The Week

One of the pictorial magazines gave birth-control a big plug this week, filled two or three pages with pictures of maternity health centers in one of the Carolinas, editorialized on the need of extending the service to all forty-eight states, including Massachusetts and Connecticut where birth-control still is taboo.

It would be a tactical blunder to take off on a shouting campaign against the pictorial magazine; to cry, "Away with the filthy sheet." They don't look at the thing that way. Their background is different, their philosophy is completely natural, secular, utilitarian, grounded not in immutable principles but in expediency.

The fight on the birth-control front is more than a hollering campaign and whoever shouts loudest wins. It is definitely an ideological war and the side of the pagans, the naturalists, the people who stake their all in this world is winning. Winning, at least apparently; winning, at least if the judgment is made by their standard.

But one wonders whether the birth-control propagandists are as worldly-wise as they think they are. What of the future? What of the national defense in years to come? What of the public health when "safety" has been guaranteed and sanctioned for every brute on two feet and every supine, selfish and cowardly woman who glories in "smotherhood"? Promiscuity on a national scale cannot but lead to the debasing debacle of another pagan and fallen Rome.

The Christian side of this ideological and practical war is to hold fast to principle and to God and to the nature, dignity and nobility of man. It is to suffer privation and pleasure heroically for Christ and an eternal reward; it is to endure the poverty, the scorn and shame of Our Blessed Lord; it is to weave His beatitudes into life——"Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the land." The day must come when there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth in the swamp of all who flaunt God and nature.

It will be for the ardent in mind and eternity, and to the happiness of the true lovers of the Holy Cross (again in time and eternity) that when that fateful, inevitable future day comes, they will not be weeping and gnashing their teeth.

It is well and good to treat in maternity clinics, the social diseases. It is stupid and insane than to reach for paper and pen and proscribe the means of propagating more social disease. Sages will say, "No...No...civic health against social disease is made secure by these very devices." * Is not this an ideological war? Even supposing physical safety, they must be shown (this will shock men of faith and women of love)—that birth control is a cancer threatening the Mystical Body of Christ! A re-Christianization of the masses, including lukewarm, watery Catholics is the only solution. A regard for the Holy Ghost (whose Temples men are, whose greatest feast is tomorrow) must be re-kindled in human hearts. Pray tomorrow that you and the world may develop a spine.

One Hundred Years A Saint

Above is the sketch of a young priest canonized just a century ago: a priest who loved the poor and founded a congregation of priests to serve the poor. By a century and a half, this priest anticipated the needs of Leo XIII and Pius XI and Pius XII "to go to the workingman, to go to the poor."

A month ago in New York the Redemptorist Fathers conducted a solemn triduum in honor of their famous founder, Saint Alphonsus. You may read with great profit, in Our Lady of Prompt Help Magazine (389 E. 180 St., N.YC) for April about this "Apostle of the Poor," "The Prince of Moral Theologians," "The Loyal Knight of the Eucharistic King," and "The Herald of the Crucified."