

that Ireland wants no more English filth, just as she wants no more English misrule. We may never hope to secure much support from the press of this country; still less from a Government that has banished from the schools the one thing that can teach boys and girls the high value of purity in time and in eternity. But we have a Catholic Federation which has already done great work in this direction, and we can do our best, each in his own way, to co-operate with the Federation in this matter.

\*

Have we no need of an Anti-Smut Campaign in this country? Personally we cannot speak authoritatively on the Picture-Shows, as we never go near them; but we have evidence enough to convince us that they are not the best places to send young people, who ought to be kept away from temptation and suggestion at an age when awakening passions only need fuel to feed their destroying fire. We have as part of our daily duty the penance of reading the daily and weekly press, and we know that there are papers in circulation that ought to be allowed into no Christian home. If we were to name one we should select a certain Australian periodical that pretends to aim at elevating and improving the aesthetic taste of the people by publishing mawkish pictures and not infrequently suggestive verses. Other papers publish details of shocking divorce cases and of criminal assaults so fully that their aim can be no other than to pander to prurient minds. In the trains and in the public streets, one cannot help hearing from time to time the foul language of some of our young hopefuls, who in a civilised community would be treated to a reformative acquaintance with the cat-and-nine-tails. And, last but by no means least, owing to the zealous efforts of certain parsons to purvey for impure minds the sort of gutter-literature they demand, books that used to be sold furtively by obscure and shady dealers in contraceptives and similar immoral devices are now paraded in the open as "Protestant literature." Those so-called ministers of the Gospel have made it possible for depraved dupes to read the ravings of the prostitute Maria Monk, or the calumnies of Chiniquy, or the anti-Christian fictions of Robertson, than which no more poisonous and malodorous fuel for lewd minds could well be invented. What the results of all this are we can see only too plainly. We need not go beyond the opinions of the magistrates if we want to be convinced that there is work enough to do for those who feel keenly for the good name of the Dominion.

\*

Of all the virtues, chastity is the one that demands most care and precaution, the most scrupulous attention, the most active surveillance. A word, a look, a thought is enough to tarnish the whiteness of a young soul and to corrupt an innocent heart: and one word or look or thought may readily mean the ruin of both body and soul for eternity. The Bible teems with warnings: a look was the cause of the fall of David, who had lived a long life in the fear and love of God; a desire of concupiscence delivered Solomon, the wisest of men, as a prey to his passions: and if such men fell, what are we to think of those who are so far beneath them in wisdom and strength? What hope is there for young people to whom the name of God means so little, for whom the restraints of religion mean nothing, whose minds are exposed continually to the haunting suggestions of an imagination roused by evil words, by pictures that depict men and women enslaved by their desires, of "literature"—blessed by parsons—that reeks with obscenity. What hope is there for them in a community that is taught to regard religion as unnecessary and that holds the marriage bond so lightly? Surely, if an "Anti-Smut Campaign" is needed in Ireland, it is a thousand times more imperative here. Things have gone so far without sign of improvement that no man can close his eyes to the seriousness of the plague. If we had a Government worthy of the name, something might be

done in the way of public reform, but the Government that is seems intent on helping the flood of demoralisation by keeping God and religion as far from the souls of the children as possible.

## NOTES

### Saints and Sinners

It was perhaps the strongest thing He ever said: *Because ye are neither hot nor cold, I will begin to vomit ye out of My mouth.* But it is among the sayings we love most. From the safe man and woman, from the temporiser and the opportunist, O Lord, deliver us! What is vomited from the mouth is a thing of disgust. Such too were the gloomy, shuddering souls in that grey, wintry circle of the Inferno, not bad enough for hell nor good enough for Heaven. And the Roman poet's scorn was a grand thing:—

*Guarda, e passa, non ragioniamo di loro!*

One of these never makes a martyr or a hero. Mary Magdalene whom the dour Pharisees passed by with averted faces—when men were looking—would never have been commemorated in every Mass said by a priest since Christ died were she such a soul. Business people, whose heads are developed at the expense of their hearts, are often of the tepid class. Even in the view of worldly men of right ideals, financiers and profiteers are people to be shunned with a scorn like Virgil's. They are the "safe men." People who have not crushed out their hearts, on the other hand, may be great sinners, but they have it in them to become great saints. Magdalene is the eternal type of all such. Once let them find the Love of Christ and they will follow Him to Heaven, without one backward glance at the world. Without the heart, high virtue is not possible: mere apprehension by the head leaves people cold and slow and hesitant. Heroic virtue and heroic sacrifice have their roots in the affections, and without their help the burning Word will leave men as indifferent as a proposition in Euclid. Father Rickaby says that a man who will not hear of high virtue is scarce fit to be a Christian. Equally true is it that the man who will not make high sacrifices is not a sincere Christian.

### The Will

Man is elevated a little less than the angels through two faculties of his soul: the intellect that is capable of knowing Truth, and the will that is capable of loving Good. One day the just man will find in the vision face to face with the Eternal Truth the end of all the haunting questions of life: and in union of the will with the supreme Good the eternal, halcyon question of his restless will. The will is the driving force in man's life, and on the right or wrong use of freewill depends finally man's destiny. Among the philosophers who tried to solve the problem of the endless human yearning that lasts as long as life was Schopenhauer, who came to the conclusion that there could be no peace as long as the will remained unsatisfied. So far he was right, but when he went on to explain how peace would come he made a huge mistake. The will, in his conception, is a pendulum that swings back and forward from the cradle to the grave. Zenith follows nadir, and nadir zenith. One wish is attained and a new one born. An imaginary happiness is grasped and found unsatisfying; and a new quest begins again. To and fro, to and fro, from rest begotten of momentary satiety to ennui that drives again, the pendulum swings, year in, year out. And the end? It can be no other, says this sophist, than the total annihilation of the will: a state of Nirvana in which there is neither capacity of volition nor possibility of pleasure or disgust. Schopenhauer, like all materialists, ignored the true solution. Not in inanition and annihilation, but in the very plenitude of action which unites the will to its only adequate object, the eternal