

# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XV. No. 8

November, 1948

Subscriptions  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## Eminent Dignity of the Poor

(Address of Pope Pius XII to a group gathered at Rome for the beatification of Jeanne Delanoue. Nov. 10, 1947)

In 1659, in the presence of Vincent de Paul, "Father of the Poor," then already in the evening of his life, Bossuet delivered a famous sermon in the Chapel of "Providence." The echo of his words still reverberated when, on June 28, 1666, seven years too late, Jeanne Delanoue was born. Her contemporaries spontaneously called her "Mother of the Poor," as they named her home "Providence." Her life shall be the commentary, the living illustration of the title which Bossuet gave to his discourse: "The eminent dignity of the poor in the Church."

In what does this dignity consist? and how does it manifest itself, dear daughters, in the life of the Mother whom you venerate, and who is today resplendent in the glory of the Blessed? *The voice of the poor is the voice of Christ; the body of the poor is the body of Christ; the life of the poor is the life of that Christ, who although rich, made himself poor, in order to enrich us by His poverty.*

**The Voice of the Poor is the Voice of Christ**

The voice of the poor, that begging voice, penetrates like a sharp point to the depths of the heart. Whoever resists it knows well, whether he wills it or not, that he closes his ears to the very voice of Christ.

This voice of God, from the

beggar's mouth, is heard by all; by each one walking the street. It speaks to the hearts of certain ones in a most tender and pressing tone, gently bidding.

"Give me to drink," says Jesus to the Samaritan woman on the stone at Jacob's well; and his request for a little water veils a more intimate request, a request for the gift of herself; it is a calling, and at the same time, an offer of the gift of God, of his living water which springs up unto life everlasting. To the saints, the servants of God, that moving voice addresses the decisive words: "Go, sell what you have, and give to the poor . . . and follow me." So Francis, the young worldling of Assisi heard it; and his life was conclusively guided and transformed by it. So too our newly beatified heard it.

Quite unlike her pious mother, and more concerned with her worldly interests than her soul's, she had been wholly occupied with the profits of her shop, which she opened on Sundays and feast days, just as during the week. Jeanne welcomed few wanderers except for the profit which she knew how to extract from them. She drove away the poor who hazarded a knock on her door with these hard words, as soon as she saw them: "I have no bread."

Yet one day, in a better moment, she lodged a wanderer, Françoise Souchet, for a few sous. "God," Françoise tells her puzzlingly, "sent me this first time only to

(Continued on page 3)



"If the rich do not work they steal"—Bishop de la Rive

## Redemption and The State

By ROBERT LUDLOW

*"There were the giants, those renowned men that were from the beginning, of great stature, expert in war. The Lord chose not them; neither did they find the way of knowledge. Therefore did they perish" Baruch 3: 26 & 27.*

It was among certain of the Old Testament writers, and particularly the prophets, that there was an anticipation of the mind of Jesus Christ. The prophets scolded the peoples because of their departures from the ways that the Lord had ordained in the beginnings of time. Since then many things had been tolerated because of hardness of heart. Polygamy and war among others. And of this latter Christ has reference when He forbade His Apostles to call down fire on those who would not receive His message. And He brought to their attention that despite their day to day association with Him they yet retained the mind-set of the Old

(Continued on page 4)

## ST. PETER CLAVER

The strong sound of Isaias keeps ringing in my ears today: "Loose the bonds of wickedness; undo the bundles that oppress; let them that are broken go free and break asunder every burden." The words of today's epistle pulled me to think about Peter, the Negro saint. That great hearted man who was so fired with divine love and clearly comprehended the force of the Church's teaching on the Mystical Body that he sold all he had and taking on the form of a slave went to live with his brethren the galley slaves. I begged him to intercede to God for mercy on those who had not yet the courage and love to break through the morass of prejudice we swim and sink in daily in regard to our Negro fellow members of the human family. Suddenly I remembered that a few persons do cry out the truth; men like John Winslow Martin in Harpers August issue

(Continued on page 2)

## MASS PICKETING

### CW and Strikes

The Catholic Worker has never advocated strikes as the ideal solution of the problems of labor. We have, however, frequently supported strikes; we have joined picket lines; we have helped man soup and coffee kitchens for the benefit of strikers. All of these things were done when we were convinced that the measure of justice weighed in favor of the striking workers, and when we felt that the workers had exhausted all other legitimate and peaceful means of trying to get justice done. We felt that non-violent striking was a justifiable Christian weapon to be used as a last resort; that frequently it was the only weapon workers had to use against the combined force of capital and capital-controlled law enforcing agencies.

### T-H Law and Striking

Recently Irving Rogosin, NLRB trial examiner ruled that mass picketing, either violent or non-violent, violated the Taft-Hartley Law. He went on to say that it "exceeds the bounds of peaceful persuasion and it is not privileged or protected as free speech." Every person knows that an unsuccessful strike is worse than no strike at all. There is a loss of prestige; a loss of the sense of solidarity among union members and a loss of faith on the part of the union members in their union to accomplish anything for them. These are just the things that employees opposing the strike are eager to accomplish. A token picket line which the Taft-Hartley Law allows and the banning of large lines will accomplish just these very things for employers. When six or seven hundred men should be on a line from a plant of thousands of employees and only fifteen or twenty are permitted, there will be an immediate sense of futility smothering the union members; non-striking employees will not feel that many of the union are in favor of the strike and will not be encouraged to join it and in many cases will be confirmed in their lack of faith in trade unionism.

### Oppose This Act

We have the opportunity now of repealing the Taft-Hartley Act. From now until the time the new Congress is called into session, there should be discussions on this vital piece of legislation on the part of both management and labor. Certainly the fact that it prohibits the use of a peaceful weapon and invalidates the right of the worker to see justice done is reason enough for its repeal. It could be suggested too, that labor, instead of insisting only on wages and hours and other immediate aims, should begin to insist that they take over actual plant ownership. Under the new Congress, probably the most favorable to labor in the history of the nation, we have the opportunity of beginning, as Peter Maurin says in this month's easy essay, to create "a new society within the shell of the old."

—JACK ENGLISH.

## Appeals

Speaking of appeals, our fall appeal has not brought in enough to pay our accumulated bills and the only thing that cheers us are the words of the Holy Father concerning the poor contained elsewhere in this issue. He certainly encouraged us to go into debt in our service to the poor, using all we have ourselves, first of course.

To our own appeal we add the following, begging our readers to sow what they can. Undoubtedly they will reap a hundredfold, if not materially, then spiritually.

I used to think it a bit selfish to sow in order to reap, but after all, it is under our Lord's direction. If you sow sparingly, you will reap sparingly, He said, commending this kind of sowing. And St. John of the Cross said, "If you want to have everything, desire nothing."

With the cost of living what it is, one is truly giving one's life blood these days in sending alms to the missions. Our readers are mainly the poor and the generous. So we pass on these names for money, clothes, food.

Fr. K. S. Michael Dindigue, S. I., Mettupatti, India, says there is a strike among the 6,000 tannery workers he serves. The children are starving.

Fr. Joseph Cavagna in Pakistan, writes to thank our readers for help in erecting a mud chapel. He still needs help as the harvest was poor. His address is: Fr. Cavagna, Bineedwar Mission, Dharmoir P. O. Bogra Dt., East Bengal, India.

Widow Frances Szabo Marv' any ucu 23 sz 6, Budapest, Hungary. (needs food).

Another Indian request from: (Continued on page 4)

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Our Friday night meetings have started at 115 Mott street, and they begin at eight. The four speakers last month were Shamus McManus, Fr. Buckley, Fr. Crouzy and I. The first told of the story tellers of Ireland and held us all spellbound with accounts of the well at the world's end and the fairies in Ireland who were the angels who took neither the side of Lucifer or Michael, and so for their penalty were banished to the earth. We realized on hearing Mr. McManus that we too had a storyteller of a kind in our midst, Slim Borne who can hold visitors spellbound with his hyperbole. His stories of *The Catholic Worker* movement and its leaders, (and not of complimentary nature) go on for hours and hours. He has the kind of voice St. Anthony must have had, since people can hear him a block away. He could easily address ten thousand without a microphone. But then I may be exaggerating a bit myself. Fr. Buckley's theme was why men work, the kind of work they do, what work is for, and emphasized that the instrument used, man, should be taken into account. "One does not use a fountain pen to hold up a window, or a watch hand to clean one's finger nails," he said.

From France

Fr. Crouzy is a Jesuit from France, a friend of Fr. Perrin who wrote "Priest Workman in Germany," and he told us something of the life of the worker priests, (Continued on page 2)

## EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Reprinted from an earlier issue.

### 1. WHAT COMMUNISTS SAY THEY BELIEVE

1. Communists believe that the capitalist system has reached the point when it does no longer work.
2. Communists believe that when the workers come to the realization of the downfall of capitalism they will no longer tolerate it.
3. Communists believe that the capitalist class will resort to all means that may be in their power to maintain its existence.
4. Communists believe that the Communist Party knows how to assure the production and distribution in an orderly manner according to a pre-designed plan.

### 2. WHAT FASCISTS SAY THEY BELIEVE

1. Fascists believe in a national economy, for the protection of national and private interests.
2. Fascists believe in the regulation of industries so as to assure a wage for the worker and a dividend for the investor.
3. Fascists believe in class collaboration under State supervision.
4. Fascists believe

(Continued on page 3)

## MOTT ST.

Last month when I voiced my preference for Wallace for President, I was expressing my choice of candidates. And I didn't expect anyone to dash out and vote for Wallace after simply reading my one paragraph support. I know from painful experience how difficult it is to change people's ideas on any given subject. I could never persuade a single soul to follow my method of getting rid of a simple cold. My influence on people was borne out very conclusively on election eve. A poor, simple, naive voter came to me, eight hours before the polls opened, and asked my advice on a choice of candidates. This person was completely unable to decide—so he told me. Would I please decide for him? I smacked my lips and gloated over the very definite opportunity of swinging a vote for Wallace. After five minutes' spiel my listener blurted out, "But someone told me that Wallace is for birth control," to which I replied, "Please don't interrupt me." And on I went boosting Wallace for the next few minutes until I was fully satisfied that I had won a supporter for my man. The next day I learned that my not so apt pupil voted for Truman.

### Criticisms

Within a few days after the October issue appeared I was the recipient of innumerable letters, well, there were at least twenty, which bitterly attacked my opinion of Mr. Wallace. Even Westbrook Pegler wrote in for a copy of the issue that supported Wallace. With much trepidation we sent him a copy, sort of hoping that it would get lost in the mails because we know Mr. Pegler is not above using brassknuckles, black-

(Continued on page 2)



# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
(Member of Catholic Press Association)  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN, Founder  
Associate Editors:  
JACK ENGLISH, IRENE NAUGHTON, ROBERT LUDLOW,  
TOM SULLIVAN  
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY  
115 Mott St., New York City-13  
Telephone: CANal 5-8498

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly  
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one  
hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office  
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

who live in the slums, go to work in the factories as mechanics, offer up Mass in the evening at the home of some worker; and later eat with him and his family and talk with groups that gather in the evening. The subject of my own talk was *Love and Hate in the Modern World*, and of course that brought in a discussion of the use of force. We discussed compulsory military training with the French Jesuit also, and still do not understand why it has never occurred to the seminarian or priest to object to this compulsion on the part of the state. To this day there is no resistance to conscription, though as Fr. Crouzy pointed out, such conscription is against canon law.

### Objectors

There have been many young students to see us during the course of the month, talking about the new draft law, what provisions are made for conscientious objectors, and how now it is up to the state to define what "religious belief" is. If the state acknowledges the validity of your religious conviction that war is wrong, then there is exemption. There has been no machinery set up for conscientious objector camps. It is either the army or jail.

### Visitors

Many people take their vacations in October when they intend to visit New York, so I was glad to welcome Louise Mulherin from Augusta, Ga., who is working as dietician in a veteran's hospital there; Isabel MacCrae who was head of the Seattle, Washington, group during the war and Edith Mary Bown, also one of our Seattle friends, who did not come to the office, but who met us at Grand Central station as I was seeing Isabel on the train. Edith Mary is a wonderful pianist and accompanied Marian Anderson on her visit to Seattle. The former is here now to study and prepare for the concert stage. Her mother is one of the founders of the Martin de Porres center in Seattle, and her father is a longshoreman who has placed *The Catholic Worker* on many a ship sailing out of Seattle. I always visit the Bown home when I am there, and it is a big family, full of great talent.

Bill Ryan, an old Milwaukee friend, who fought in the Spanish civil war and spent two years in Sandstone penitentiary for his conscientious objection (political, not religious) to the last war, visited us for a week on route from Maine to Chicago. Since we were mailing out the paper in the city during his visit, I didn't get a chance to talk to him until we drove to Newburgh and then he talked for three hours straight on life in jail, the Dunne brothers who were Trotskyite unionists from Minneapolis, Jehovah's witnesses, Negro Moslems and his friend George Collins. Francis Coyle and Tommy Hughes were along with us, all of us spell bound.

### And More Visitors

Pittsburgh people always arrive in the middle of the night. During the Summer retreats we never

knew whom we would find sleeping on the side porch when we woke up. And one Monday morning at the farm this month we were awakened at four to greet Nancy Ott, Mary Thornton, Kay Bracken and Mary's baby,—who came for a flying visit and returned home after twenty-four hours.

The farm these days is brilliant with fall colors. There have been brisk days when walking was good and three of us took a hike over to the next highway, along Rock Cut Road to see a new neighbor, Eula Short and her father and two children who have moved into an old farm house there. We discovered the hidden lane that marks the end of *The Catholic Worker* property and if it were not that hunting had begun and we were afraid of being shot for deer, we would have explored it. Other days when we were tempted to go, there was the job of getting a field cleared of posts and wire from the tomato vines in order that John might do some ploughing. We are trying to trade in a bull calf of good pedigree for a drag plough for the tractor. There were negotiations going on when I left the farm last. Money is so scarce and our bills are still so high that we cannot afford some equipment we badly need. We did borrow a plough from a neighbor and one field was made ready for winter wheat, just a small sample patch it will be. There have been some delightful evenings in front of the fireplace burning some of the sycamore and pine the Oblate Fathers gave us and which Louis and John Burke hauled in the old Columbia. There are apples to eat, and molasses candy, and hickory nuts, and good books, and reading aloud and discussions of the encyclicals and the new translation of Genesis. Alan Bates is a beautiful reader and scholar and he is anything but dull in imparting knowledge.

There are good days at Maryfarm, beginning with Prime at six thirty and Mass at 6:45. Thank God for Fr. Foley! Other priests come and visit, among them a Franciscan on his way back to China the next day, and it was Mission Sunday when he called, and Alan delighted in giving him some language cards and a book on the Chinese language, to refresh himself with on the boat, and Dave Mason had a good time showing him the Chinese typewriter he had been working over for some twenty years, in between jobs and Catholic Worker activities.

### Lodging House

I forgot to mention that during Isabel MacCrae's visit to New York, I took her for a tour of the East side, including the Municipal Lodging House for women and children. At a recent conference of Fr. Oesterreicher on the New Testament, one of the comments he made on the sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt was that they must have lived in the Jewish quarter in a section like our own lower East side. There were slums in those days too, and the Holy family was poor. They were the

first dispossessed, and I thought that perhaps they might even have had to accept public hospitality as so many now do in New York. The night manager of the lodging house on 25th St. talked to us about the attempts of the city to care for transients and homeless. We saw only the first floor where supper was being served cafeteria style, and there were separate tables for the families. There were over three hundred there, women and children, since the men have to stay at the lodging provided for them on East Third Street. They are so crowded at E. 25th Street that only upper berths are empty and it is hard for the older women to sleep there. There are no mattresses, only blankets on the springs. More quarters are being prepared down on East Sixth St. Even during the depression there were not these hordes of women and children, homeless and with no prospect of finding a home. It is the Marshalsea of Dickens over again.

## ST. PETER CLAVER

(Continued from page 1)

upset the apple cart of complacency with his vivid story of the Hickman case in Chicago. Hickman, a negro from Mississippi, lured to the big city by higher wages came with seven children and no place to live. After desperate months he finally settled for a rat nest on the fifth floor of a condemned tenement to the tune of 60 dollars a month. Later faced with eviction by an absentee landlord, he refused to budge. He had made a vow to God to protect his beloved children. One night the tenement went up in flames and four of his children were roasted alive. He then murdered the man who owned the building after the court had discovered that kerosene had been smeared all over the building by a stooge.

### "A Stone"

Turning a corner of the street my reverie was interrupted by a stone hurtling through the air two inches from my head. I watched as two boys about eighteen years old; one white and one colored were hurling stones at each other from a ten foot distance. The still air; the golden haze and mysterious peace of the land of autumn twilight; the shine of green laurel on the roadside and the tight little fist-like brown leaves under my feet all pieces of the beauty of God were crushed and distorted by the invasion of the madness of the Prince of darkness that hung over these poor children of ignorance living through hell on earth; for as St. John of the Cross says "Heaven is Love," Hell must be wherever there is Hatred. And the crowd watching; not moving; just lazily watching and waiting and, the stones kept coming. All at once the "superior" white boy picked up a stone the size of a cabbage and with a wild cry lunged it at the colored boy who ducked and ran flying up the street with "the superior" panting after him.

Those Negroes watching that scene had then another burden of shame on the broken backs; perhaps violent racial anger and hatred will grow in that little neighborhood; and what poison will fester from the scarred mind of that young Negro who ran for his life. Walking further up the street a group of young white boys passed me, one of them spitting out "I hate niggers."

One feels the urge to take sides; to shout out at indifference and injustice; Yet one stops and thinks: will they listen? and the boy, the victim, was gone; he was the one to talk to. And then the idea of Albert Camus in "The Plague" came to me; should we then not take sides either with the oppressor or the oppressed but take the third way of peace?

MARY HELEN ADLER.

## Mott Street

(Continued from page 1)

jacks and razor blades in his shoes when he decides to take someone over the coals. After answering the first letter I received, I decided to bunch all the other replies in this column, since I neither had the time nor the incentive to answer each and every letter that I received. All the criticisms can be listed under three headings. First, if Wallace took office he would turn over the White House to Joseph Stalin, since Wallace is supported by the Communists. Secondly, Wallace is a Red himself. Thirdly, Wallace is a materialist.

### Same Charge

Just twenty years ago this month, Al Smith, a Catholic, ran for the presidential office against Herbert Hoover. Smith had a very good chance to win, since he appeared to have more qualifications for the job than did Hoover. But he too lost out since the similar charge was leveled at him that he would turn over the White House to the Pope. Everyone knew that Al was a Catholic, and he admitted to be a member of our religion. Whereas Wallace states that he is not a Communist and no one has proven him to be one. It is quite obvious how stupid it was to level that asinine charge at Al Smith twenty years ago as it is today to level that identical charge at Wallace. If the Communists supported Wallace it doesn't follow that he will carry out their program, since Wallace is basically opposed to Communism, as I will prove from a pamphlet he wrote entitled, "The Price of Freedom." (Published by the National Home Library Foundation, Washington, D. C.)

### Proof

In his pamphlet, "The Price of Freedom," Wallace treats of Capitalism, Democracy, Religion and Schools and Government. In dealing with Capitalism he substantiates his ideas by quoting four paragraphs from the Papal Encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno" by Pius XI. In a chapter on Religion he quotes the Scholastic Philosophers to back up further claims of his. The following are a few quotes I ran across during my reading of this pamphlet: "It is up to religion to tell both capitalism and democracy what is the chief end of man." Regarding the State, "The Nazi and Communist concept of the State is such as to glorify the State beyond any possible service to the individuals composing the State." Also, "Nearly all the prophets of the Old Testament preached the doctrine of social justice. Jesus Christ in His Sermon on the Mount preached the doctrine of social justice in its most extreme form. Karl Marx preached it in a distorted form because he was too much under the influence of British economists and scientists of the early nineteenth century." Throughout the pamphlet Wallace quotes Christ, St. Paul, and finally winds up his scriptural quotations with the fourth chapter of Micheas from the Old Testament. He states, "Somehow it has always seemed to me that the final triumph of peace, democracy and justice was never more beautifully portrayed than by the prophet Micheas." And he goes on to quote Micheas. I could go on and quote numerous other statements which would prove that Wallace is unalterably opposed to Communism, materialism and totalitarianism, but you would probably be more satisfied if you read the book yourself.

### Communism

We are still playing the popular American game of Red baiting. And we are still refusing to get at the roots and eliminate the social injustices which are the causes of communism. I hope that each one of our readers will obtain a copy of the book, "What Is Man," by the late Swiss poet and novelist, C. F. Ramuz which is published by Pantheon Books. The title is indicative of the contents of the book and Ramuz has some very important comments regarding Com-

munist. I thought the following worth quoting. "Again, these questions: What is man? Where does he come from? Where is he going? Here they are again, always these same questions which are absurd, of course, and we know that they are absurd, but that is why we ask them. We envy the minds in which they do not arise—delicate, sophisticated, cultivated, trained in all the subtleties of analysis, but with one failing: they approach a problem, all problems, from the outer edge—if you can put it that way. They are the minds which the Ecole Normale produces every year and the Sorbonne too, and the Centrale, and Polytechnique, and all the other universities—minds which are doubtless very diverse, but have one common trait: a strange fear of radicalism, in other words, an eternal refusal to dig down to the roots. The Soviet mind is more crude—and for this I prefer it. The Communists are more brutal, but therefore more human. The Communists, as we have seen often enough, are not afraid of being ridiculous; whereas specialists in every field fear being ridiculous beyond anything else, and that is why they take refuge in specialization. Meanwhile, the world falters on. The world stumbles along as best it can, and the specialists leave it alone, for they say they are incompetent outside the limits of their own specialization. But the Soviets intend to remake the world."

### Bourgeois

And Ramuz points out further the obligations of the Articulate. "Articulate people who express themselves aloud, the articulate few who write and can thereby demonstrate that they exist and have opinions, these people are guilty of having divided humanity into two parts: and because they have the luxury of leisure, they concentrate upon that small part of humanity which also has the luxury of leisure. But the Communists concentrate upon that part of humanity which has no leisure at all. The articulate few have turned their backs—out of good manners and social conventionality, somewhat as though they were in a parlor—on questions which they do not need to ask, on those very questions which people without leisure are compelled to ask. But the Communists ask these necessary questions. The articulate few have been far too indulgent and considerate of bourgeois thinking—and by "bourgeois" I mean people with incomes, living in security, who never have to ask themselves whether society is badly organized since they owe their security to the way it is organized; who never have to ask themselves whether injustice in that society is not the rule rather than the exception, since they have the best reasons for not thinking that society is unjust." All this from a non-Catholic although a deeply religious man, if there is any contradiction.

### Joseph Davin

Seventy-three year old Joe Davin is back in the hospital with a broken hip this time. While Joe was convalescing from his last trip to the hospital for pneumonia he took a spill on the curbstone across the street and had to be sent to Columbus Hospital up on 19th street. Since Joe is going to be in that hospital bed for quite a stretch we do hope some of our readers will drop him a line. The address is as follows: Joseph Davin, Columbus Hospital, 227 E. 19th St., N. Y. C.

### Monks

Two elderly monks paid us a visit late one afternoon, this week and asked to be shown throughout the house. So we gave them a real tourist jaunt. After asking the exact number of individuals we feed, clothe, shelter, and the annual turnover, one of the monks coughed, cleared his throat and inquired as to what precaution we take against contagious diseases.

Tom Sullivan



# Eminent Dignity of the Poor

(Continued from page 1)

learn the way," and then departs. This woman, obviously ignorant, a strange wretch, of herself utters only unintelligible words, greeted in the district by loud laughter. But at other moments, she assumes a majestic tone, to express with peremptory authority what the "voice" makes her speak. What voice? The voice of God, who speaks through the mouth of the poor.

Little by little, this mysterious voice invades Jeanne's heart more completely, awakening her conscience. She listens and answers, and falling to her knees, asks, "Is it then, my God, that you wish me to hear your voice through this simple woman?" From that day, the voice gradually becomes clearer and more urgent; the answer more docile. It is the call to the "way of perfection," and Jeanne feels rising to her lips the plea of Saul on the way to Damascus: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Next, it is the call to a complete renunciation of both herself and her all for the poor.

Continuing to obey, she empties her cupboards to carry all they contain to the poor. That evening, on her return from the charitable trip, she hears, through the mouth of Françoise, the "voice," telling her that her alms have appeased all the complaints of God against her, and that the veil of forgetfulness has descended upon her past, hiding it forever from the eyes of the just judge.

Jesus said to the Samaritan woman, "If thou didst know the gift of God, and Who it is who says to thee 'Give me to drink,' thou, perhaps would have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water . . . the fountain springing up unto life everlasting." And Jeanne in an ecstasy of three days and three nights, one of the most marvelous to be read in the annals of the saints, drinks in long draughts of the heavenly water.

When she regains her senses, her way of life is laid out; she knows, she sees clearly what the Lord expects of her; charity to the poor, and an endeavor toward the highest perfection by complete indifference to herself.

## The Body of the Poor Is the Body of Christ

We have all read, more than once in the golden legend of charity, some of those wonderful accounts, in which the Saviour, after being aided in the guise of a beggar or a leper which he had assumed, appeared in the most pleasing splendor of his glory. Bodily symbol of a yet greater and more beautiful spiritual reality.

As the shepherds sought Jesus on the heavenly night, when they were sent to Bethlehem by an angel of the Lord: "You will find there an infant . . . lying in a manger," so Jeanne too, on the word of the poor Françoise Souchet, messenger of the Lord, went to seek in a stable six poor little children lying shivering and almost naked on the ground with their parents, all wasted by sickness and poverty. She cleans and straightens up the hovel as best she can; then takes food and clothing there in abundance. Several times a week she may be seen traversing the two and a half miles which separate St. Florent from her house, as she bends under the weight of a heavy basket.

Passersby look with surprise at the aged shop-keeper, in her hard task of charity; only recently she was a little vain and very avaricious. Some admire her conversion, and praise God for it; others take her for insane; others finally, smile, a little sceptical, and wait to see how long she continues in her exemplary zeal, which they think a mere flash.

And to those who, whether in-

terested or sporting, ask where she is going in such a hurry and so heavily loaded, Jeanne answers: "To feed and clothe my little Christs." They shrug their shoulders and accept it without understanding. Jeanne herself understood; she was not deluded. No special attraction, she later confessed, drew her to help the needy or to interest herself in their troubles. "But when I hear Jesus Christ say in the Gospel: 'Whatever you have done to these least of my brethren, you have done to me,' I shudder to deserve this reproach on the last day; 'I was hungry and you did not give me to eat . . . ' It is this which drives me to all that I undertake, all that I do."

That she does? Why, it is what anyone will do who sees in the poor what she saw: Jesus Christ. She treats them, whatever they are, as she would have treated Jesus Christ in person—with the same devout eagerness, the same unaffected tenderness, the same reverent devotion.

For the same reason, nothing restrains her; no matter how many come to her, nor how great their distress, or vast their needs. It is Jesus and because it is Jesus there can be no thought or refusing them. At whatever cost, food and shelter must always be found, there must always be a place for Him. There will be squeezing, there will be expansion, the debts will grow: what does it matter?

"My God," she said, "these are your debts; you will clear them when it seems good to you." And the immeasurably rich Father of the divine Poor Man always repays the debts contracted by His Son. Unforeseen aid comes from without; from an unnamed point; the most insurmountable barriers give way by themselves; bread, clothing, money, seem to grow in her hands.

How to keep up with a work growing without respite?—she had only her own two hands. Vallant partners brought her theirs, and thus a new Institute, which the ecclesiastical authority soon approved, and the people spontaneously called Providence; and a little later, Great Providence.

At the death of Jeanne Delanoue, the Congregation of St. Anne of Providence had already achieved a considerable expansion. Over it, as over all religious families, the revolutionary storms passed, but without destroying it. Since then, zeal and charity have had to face relentlessly many different trials, in consequence of persecutions, wars, crises of all sorts. Nevertheless, continuing piously and developing the work of your Mother, you labor in a great number of houses, always, like Her, at the service of the poor.

## The Life of the Poor Is the Life of Christ

The identification of Christ with the poor, such as we come to speak of and to admire, is only a moral identification; it renders the poor favored and qualified representatives of God, so that God considers as done to Him what we do for the poor. But this could not suffice for his love of preference. He wished to realize a perfect identification; genuine, complete, carried to an extreme, even to a physical identification. So He became man, He became flesh to dwell among us, why He became poor to take upon Himself all the troubles of poverty, "that He might become merciful," and He did thus fully, so that His life was above all the life of the poor, so that all the poor, certain—in the sufferings, anguish and humiliations of poverty—to be understood by Him, might learn to seek and to find in Him consolation, help and example.

He knows from experience what it means to be cold, to have no place whereon to lay His head,

what it means to be hungry and thirsty, what it means to see His modest garments divided and distributed by lot before His eyes, and to die, stripped, with a crude cross for His bed, He who had been born in a manger of rough boards, softened only by a handful of straw.

Eminent dignity of the poor; envied, it seems, by God, who wished to adorn Himself with it. Even before she fully understood this dignity, Jeanne Delanoue apprehended and perceived it intuitively. Seeing that Jesus aspired to it, she also aspired to it. Such is the secret of her dreadfully austere life.

The poor are hungry; she eats only three times a week. The poor take the left-overs from the tables of the rich; she eats scraps of bread left by the poor, and spoiled meat which none of them had the courage to taste. The poor are shabbily clothed and their rags are disheveled; she arrays herself in repulsive remnants, and tempers this mortification only because of obedience.

The poor are embarrassed at being seen in their wretched clothes; she appears, despite her natural revolt, in church in the most outlandish garb. The poor are ill-housed and sleep on cots;



BL. MARTIN DE-PORRES.

she reposes a few short hours, fully dressed, sitting in a chair with her head propped against the wall, or crouched up in a narrow box—a child could not have stretched out in it—which she calls her manger. The poor beg; she decides to try that in order to know the embarrassment that the poor knew who are ashamed to beg.

How far all this is from the world! And how much the world needs the sight of these foolish saints to know and to appreciate true wisdom, or at the very least to have a glimpse—in its supernatural splendor—of the eminent dignity of the poor and of poverty, for this world shudders at the thought of poverty for itself.

As for you, daughters of such a Mother, what shall we ask her for you? That the power of her intercession with the heart of God, and the power of her example on your hearts, will replenish her spirit in you, heirs of her solicitude for the poor and her love of God, who for our love became poor.

Confident in this desire, We paternally give to you, to your Institute, to all who are dear to you, and especially to your beloved poor, Our Apostolic Blessing.

# DAVID (A Story of Love)

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

Bill Gauchat has charge of Martin de Porres House, 2305 Franklin Ave., in Cleveland, and Our Lady of the Wayside Farm in Avon, Ohio. Here is the story of one of his tiniest guests.

David came to us last winter—to die. The doctor and his parents told us that almost casually. A week of life, perhaps (a day maybe) but not a month. Sometime that January, a spasm, a convulsion, a slight cry in his sleep, death would come like that.

He was six months old. The nurse who wrapped the last blanket about him told us, "He can't see—he is blind; can't hear—he is deaf; can't feel—atrophied; water pressure on the brain—hydrocephalus; lesion of the spine—spinal bifida;" (there was a lump larger than a baseball, full of fluid, soft as a balloon, ready to break.) Dorothy got violently sick when we got home. I cried bitterly, the first time since I can remember . . . We thought of our three beautiful girls—and David . . . waiting for death.

The first evening he was with us I made the sign of the cross over him—his dull eyes followed the motion of my hand. "Dorothy, he can see!" Of course, he could. The children verified that the very next morning, the way children will . . . He chuckled at the antics of a torn teddy-bear. He loved it.

He grew into our hearts—instead of sobs and nausea, he was the Christ-Child in the manger. He became beautiful.

After two weeks or so he wouldn't take his bottle. He sank into a coma, broken with little-walls. His temperature, 105. It lasted seven days . . . we called his parents: "It is probably the end."

We called the doctor who attended the birth. "Isn't he a mess?" And he said it so indifferently.

David pulled through that spell, and the next one, and so many more . . . but each time farther apart.

He could see, he could laugh, and he could love!

He was our boy . . . June came and his parents took him. The house was empty. He had been the center of it for so long . . . we never realized it until he was gone.

Remember, we'd say afterwards, how David used to laugh, when Daddy came in from a trip to market and say, "How's my boy?" And so many other things like that.

And we used to remember when we'd question "Why?" . . . Why, but always unspoken . . . A broken, maimed, boy child, in pain, doomed to die, why, God, why? . . . The unspoken question in our eyes as we paced the rooms those nights his shrill voice protested . . .

The sense of loss we experienced when he was gone gave us a clue to the answer. Six months later we saw him again and his parents. David had learned to talk a little—and his mother and father had learned to love him. That was the beautiful thing . . .

There is no love without the cross, and no cross without a victim. And whether we be on the cross or beneath it weeping, there is Christ, and sorrow shall be turned into joy.

# Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>in the co-operation of employers' unions and workers' unions.</p> <p>3. WHAT SOCIALISTS SAY THEY BELIEVE</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Socialists believe in a gradual realization of a classless society.</li> <li>2. Socialists believe in the social ownership of natural resources and the means of production and distribution.</li> <li>3. Socialists believe in a transition period under democratic management between two economic systems the system of production for use and the one of production for profits.</li> <li>4. Socialists believe in freedom of the press freedom of assemblage freedom of worship.</li> </ol> <p>4. WHAT DEMOCRATS SAY THEY BELIEVE</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Democrats believe in universal suffrage universal education freedom of opportunity.</li> <li>2. Democrats believe in the right of the rich to become richer</li> </ol> | <p>and of the poor to try to become rich.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3. Democrats believe in labor unions and financial corporations.</li> <li>4. Democrats believe in the law of supply and demand.</li> </ol> <p>5. WHAT THE CATHOLIC WORKER BELIEVES</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. The Catholic Worker believes in the gentle personalism of traditional Catholicism.</li> <li>2. The Catholic Worker believes in the personal obligation of looking after the needs of our brother.</li> <li>3. The Catholic Worker believes in the daily practice of the Works of Mercy.</li> <li>4. The Catholic Worker believes in Houses of Hospitality for the immediate relief of those who are in need.</li> <li>5. The Catholic Worker believes in the establishment of Farming Communes where each one works according to his capacity and gets according to its need.</li> <li>6. The Catholic Worker believes in creating a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

## BOOKS

### and Christmas Cards

ON PILGRIMAGE by Dorothy Day  
175 pages, 115 Mott St., New York 13.

DECENTRALIST BOOKS, Chesterton, Belloc, Gill  
David Hennessy, Stotler's Crossroads, West Virginia.

ST. LEO SHOP, ST. BENEDICT'S FARM, Upton, Mass.  
15 cards and envelopes \$1.00

WM. and DOROTHY GAUCHAT, Our Lady of the Wayside Farm,  
Avon, Ohio., 20 for \$2.00

JULIA PORCELLI, 197 Hester St., New York 13, 10 cards for \$1.00

SISTER MARY of the COMPASSION, O.P., Blue Chapel,  
14th and West Sts., Union City, N. J.

BETTY CLENDENNING, Martin de Porres Farm, McKean, Pa.  
unpainted, 12 for \$1.25; painted, 12 for \$1.75.

CARLOS and MARY COTTON, St. Luke Shop, Collegeville, Minn.  
25 for \$1.50.



## Redemption and the State

(Continued from page 1)

Dispensation "you know not of what spirit you are of."

The distinctive note of the New Dispensation was that of non-violence. As Christ rejected the temptation of Satan to become a great earthly ruler so did He reject the means of force that earthly rulers use to perpetuate their power. And as Christianity does not stop with the individual but goes also into society and by a kind of indirection permeates it and transforms it so is it true to say that as society becomes Christian so will war cease and that it is the obligation of all who realize this to refuse participation in war as they would refuse to participate in anything that was contrary to the spirit of Christ. And it can be stated categorically that war at any time is contrary to the spirit of Christ. Are the crusades to be mentioned as disproving this? They failed as St. Francis predicted they would and you have only to read St. Bonaventure's life of Francis to know the circumstances of his prophecy. Is Joan of Arc to be cited to disprove this? You have but to read Book two of *The Ascent of Mt. Carmel* by St. John of the Cross to encounter the reasons why any private revelation which contradicts the spirit of the gospel should be rigidly disbelieved. Or Father Parenti's *THE MYSTICAL LIFE* to see that St. Joan did in fact misinterpret the voices who indeed spoke to her of liberation by death but she invoked them as having spoken of liberation through military victory.

### Death

For there is no escape from this argument, there is no way to get around the fact that the way of Christ is the way of pacifism. That we are not called on to judge other peoples and arrogate to ourselves the role of vengeance. "Judge not that ye be not judged" was given to us as the norm of our actions, so that we cannot escape the argument by pointing out that Christ drove the money changers from the temple. He did so in the role of judge, a role we are specifically forbidden to assume. Nor did He kill and the attempt to justify war by this example is as far fetched as to try to justify slaying an infant because it is sometimes necessary to spank it. If we could but resign ourselves to die rather than kill we at least would have opportunity to prepare for death without having to answer for those who went beyond at our instigation and who had not this opportunity. How can we deny that this is the Christian way, how can we deny that it is better to follow this way than to defend ourselves by killing others? For quite some time this was the accepted teaching of the Church, so much so that it was incorporated into canon law as obligatory on all those vowed to perfection. Now we are coming to realize that the world is in such chaos that it can only be saved as all Christians and men of good will realize that rational conduct is in accord with the call of all men to be "perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

### Hope

This attitude of the primitive Church has become obscured. Aristotle, Plato, Mohammed, ecclesiastical materialism, have all contributed to this. It is, of course, a mistake to appeal to the primitive Church against the authority of the present living Church. But there is no heresy when the Church today is silent to point out this tradition and to beg that it once more be considered an integral part of the Christian message. That unless it is we will have compromised ourselves before God and have lost the respect even of the world through fear of which we have delayed utterance this long. Now, at this time, when surely the great majority of theologians must see that (if they will not go all the

way) at least the means used in modern war are intrinsically evil and that to counsel people to participate means counselling them to commit at least material mortal sin—at this time then is it not in order to implore that the Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, condemn recourse to the sword as did His Master and point out the duty of all Catholics to follow in the pacifist way of Christ?

For we have been redeemed in Christ and by that redemption there has been given to us possibilities that go beyond what man was capable of before the Fall. The Christian outlook is not the pessimism of the Right; it is more akin to the hope of earthly justice of the Left—except that there can be no ultimate perfection and no final settling of things this side of eternity. But it is not only our bodies and souls that have been redeemed in Christ, it is all creation. It is the supernatural that brings harmony back, the harmony lost by the fall. That brings it back between the soul and the body and nature. And inasmuch as this does not take place, as this harmony is not evident, then we know that it is our fault and that the possibility of it exists and that it is our continued rejection of it that keeps things as they are. For does not the Church sing of "the happy fault," the happy sin of the original transgression only because a yet higher life is possible in the redemptive love of Jesus Christ. Was it not that happy follower of Christ, St. Francis of Assisi, who demonstrated this harmony of the body and the soul and nature? Who loved man and nature in Christ, who saw all things as the expression of this love, as samples of divine attributes.

### Harmony

As always it is in apparent contradictions that the Christian lives. For he finds this harmony by transcending nature, not by imitating it. Just as he finds harmony with the body when, through grace, he controls it with reference to its eternal destiny—when the body acquires dignity because it is used for God rather than for sin. And all these things are together—the soul which is the life giving force in the body, nature which enters the body to become part of it—all are redeemed together. That is why the separation of evils into physical and moral, as regard man, is such an artificial and unreal thing. Why it is absurd to speak of the evils of war as only physical and of no consequence in the face of moral evils? The evils of war are all moral evils, they are the sins we commit against the bodies and souls of our fellow members in the human family. They are the sins we commit against redeemed bodies and nature, for we use the elements of nature to prosecute these atrocities. In our egocentricity we justify it all by reference to the defense of ourselves and our people. We overlook that the primary intention of war is to kill first, to be the aggressor. We overlook what killing does to the one who kills. That war brings discord and the supernatural brings concord. And that you cannot attain to the harmony of the supernatural by patterning society or individual life on the discord that exists in man and nature as unredeemed. There can be no escape from the conclusion that war is the triumph of unredeemed nature and that the Christian who participates in it engages in war against the supernatural "He that is not with me is against me."

### Communism

It is only by reason of the supernatural that there is any hope of anything that would approximate Communism. Any hope that a stateless society wherein each contributed according to his ability and received according to his needs could be realized. A society in which all but personal necessities

would be held in common. This, which is the economic goal of Communism, is a desirable goal, a good and Christian goal.—it is the expression of love in society. And it is possible only to the degree in which man utilizes the supernatural. For it means harmony, and only in the supernatural is there harmony, in the natural is discord. Such harmony will come only from transcendental values, otherwise it becomes a tyranny as it has indeed in Marxist society.

The Christian should desire to perform personal and social actions that are meritorious. Purely natural actions can have no merit attached to them, even though they may be good in themselves. For we can do nothing of ourselves to merit the supernatural unless we proceed in grace (which is a supernatural affair). Our actions have merit only in Christ and because of Him. Having then this possibility before us, we are surely guilty of treating Christ lightly, of placing small value to the redemption if we do not look forward to a society which will utilize the supernatural, whose sociology will be a supernatural sociology, whose economics will be a supernatural economics. For all will be informed by the spirit of Christ. It is surely demonstrable that our societies, founded as they are on purely natural grounds, have proven inadequate. That they have fostered injustices and have discord as their prevalent note. That discord has been canonized in capitalist society. That it is quite inevitable in capitalist society and that no amount of preaching can do away with this discord until, for the love of Christ, acquisitive class society is abolished and the Christian aims of Communism realized. If there is collaboration with an exploiting class we do not lessen the tension, we increase it. For we help to prolong a system in which class collaboration means the continuance of a proletariat for whom gains are only a bread and butter variety. Man does not live by bread alone and that is why man cannot live in capitalist society, cannot live in any real sense of the term.

### Capitalism

Of course the Christian does not expect perfection short of eternity. For, paradoxically again, though he is redeemed, though greater possibilities lie before him than ever before, he has yet in him the discord that came from original sin and the effects of which persist. But it should be our aim to strive towards the lessening of this, it should not be our aim to deliberately look aside from the supernatural and proceed as though it were not possible to inform ourselves and society with Christ. This we do when we make our program that of expediency. When, for prudential reasons, we uphold capitalism because (so it is argued) at least the capitalist does not interfere with our religion. We forget that the materialism and practical atheism of capitalist society is that which sets the tone of the world into our children and that capitalist society by its indifference to God, by its lack of conscience, is a subtle and creeping enemy. The mentality it breeds has permeated all classes so that only by the acceptance of other values, of values rooted in Christ, will the proletariat find redemption. It can hardly find expression economically in half hearted reformism, in New Dealism. That is also why the program of groups like the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists is of so little avail. They refuse to face reality, they refuse to see that an acquisitive class society can only become Christian by dissolving itself. That the answer lies in personal and social revolution and that, ways of violence having demonstrated failure, it must be a revolution in non-violence.

### Appeal

Zwickl Matthias  
Maichingen (14 a)  
Bismarkstrasse 21, U. S. Zone  
Kr. Boblinger Wurttemberg  
Deutschland, Europe

## Appeals

(Continued from page 1)

Father Angelo, O.F.M. Cap. Atlas K. A. Pokhra, Azamgarh, U. P. India. He is starting a mission there.

From Florence, Italy, comes a letter of gratitude from the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, and they still need help. Instituto Santa Reparata Via Santa Reparata Florence, 95, Italy.

Clothes for orphans, mostly boys needed by: Schwester Regina, St. Mario-Joseph Walsenhaus, Ahrweiler 1 Ahr Rhineland, French Zone, Germany.

Mr. George Schulz, Esseneistr. 8, Dortmund, Westfalen, British Zone, Germany: needs food parcels to help poor families.

St. Xavier's College, Ranchi, India: needs books, on either science or arts, English literature, history, economics; second-hand or new. Also any apparatus for physics, astronomy, chemistry, geology, etc.

Help sent to Fr. E de Meulder, S. J., care of this same college in Ranchi, would be greatly appreciated. He has one of the most progressive of Indian missions. He has been a personal friend of thousands of Indian farmers whom he has tried to save from loan sharks through Catholic cooperatives and farmers' leagues. He fought the British government for land for his farmers and brought hundreds of unscrupulous landlords to court on behalf of his poor.

Another request for help comes from Fr. Gregory, O.F.M. Capuchin, Director, S. K. Trade Union, Gall Road, Mangalore, South India.

A letter came in last week from Mrs. Pietro Leone, about her work for the homeless children of Palermo, Sicily. She can be reached

through her Association, "siamo con voi," via Libertà 26, Palermo, Sicily.

Herr A. H. Marich, Reit im Winkl, Postfach, Bavaria, Germany, American Zone, who is a D. P. from Hungary, wishes to send pictures in return for food, clothing and soap.

Fr. P. S. Antonisami, Batlagundu, Madura Dt., India, is working among what are called "criminal tribes," three of the lowest castes, who have neither land nor property of any kind and live by stealing. He has seven villages to take care of and 1,200 Catholics among them.

Fr. William Garcia, of St. Joseph's orphanage Liceo 17, Guadalupe, Mexico, writes and begs for money. Food and clothing are impractical to send as the duty on incoming things is very high indeed.

Sister Clare Marie, Sisters of the Most Precious Blood, Parkgatan, 1a, Helsinki, Finland, can always use help.

And as for help at home, Helen Marconyak, of 653 Meldon Ave., Donara, Pa., would like books to start a Catholic library in town. Only Catholic books, however.

Elaine Todd is starting a house for children in Washington, D. C., and needs help. Her address: Mary, Queen of Hearts House 1240 Fourth St., S. W. Washington, D. C.

Joseph Long  
Sinsheim-Elsenz (17 a)  
Silderstrasse 220  
Baden, Deutschland, U.S. Zone Europe

Ary Laszlo  
Csepel. Mentoallomas. Pest.m.  
Tancsics Mihaly u. 80  
Hungary, Europe

## The Pope to Farmers

Continued from last issue

This then is the inner reason of the present conflict between town and country; it shapes completely different men. And the conflict grows worse in proportion as capital forsakes its noble mission of furthering the good of society in each of its component families and trespasses within the rural world itself or otherwise involves it in similar misfortune. It dangles gold and a life of pleasure before the dazzled eyes of the land worker to induce him to desert his holding and to squander in the town—which more often than not has nothing but disappointment in store for him—his hard-won savings and not seldom his health and strength too, his happiness, honor and very soul. Capital hastens to make its own the holding thus deserted, which thus becomes no object of love but one of cold-blooded exploitation. The soil, that generous nurse of town as well as of countryside, produces now only for speculation, and while the nation starves and the debt-laden farmer sinks slowly into ruin, the economy of the nation is exhausted in order to buy at dearer rates the provisions it is forced to get from abroad.

This perversion of private ownership in farm land does untold harm. The new ownership has no love or concern for the plot that so many generations had lovingly tilled, and is heartless towards the families who till it and dwell upon it now. This abuse, however, does not spring from the institution of private ownership as such. Even where the State completely monopolizes capital and the means of production, even there the interests of industry and export trade—interests typical of the town—have the upper hand. The real farmer then suffers even more. But in either case violence is done to the fundamental truth always upheld in the church's social teaching, the truth that a nation's economy is an organic whole in which

all the productive possibilities of the national territory should be developed in healthy proportions allowing for give and take. Had this fundamental truth been kept to, opposition between town and country would never have gone so far.

### Farmers

You farmers certainly desire no such opposition; you desire each part of the national economy to receive its share, but you also wish to preserve your own share. Hence a reasonable economic policy and a healthy juridical order cannot but lend you their support. But your chief help must come from yourselves and your co-operative union, especially so in the problems of credit. Then perhaps the recovery of the whole national economy will proceed from the quarter of agriculture.

Lastly, a word on work. You farmers are with your families a working community; again, you make up a working community with your partners and associates; and finally you wish to form one great working community with all vocational groups throughout the nation. This is in accord with God's and with nature's ordinance; this is the real Catholic conception of work. Work unites men in common service for the needs of the nation, in a common endeavor towards their own perfection to the honor of their Creator and Redeemer.

Continue firmly to regard your work in its true light, as the contribution of yourselves and, your families to the general economy. You may then justly claim a sufficient return from it to live in a manner that will do justice alike to your human dignity and to your needs of the mind. At the same time you must recognize the necessity to link yourselves with all those other vocational groups who work for the various needs of the nation; and you must give your consent to the principle of social peace.