

Drawbridge And Castle.

In your everyday language you seldom distinguish between modesty and chastity. Yet they're different.

Modesty is an exterior virtue. It protects and safeguards interior chastity.

Modesty has special reference to the eyes, ears, lips and hands--to all the external senses. It admits of no glances or touches for example which would endanger chastity.

Modesty is a drawbridge and chastity is the protected castle behind it.

If the guard spies an enemy approaching the castle (an obscene book, smutty chatter, an evil touch, the wrong kind of kiss or embrace) without delay he pulls up the drawbridge and prepares for his javelin thrusts.

As long as you revere the virtue of modesty, you need not worry about falling into sins against chastity. Never lower that drawbridge! Spear the enemy on the spot! If you do, you never give it a chance to jump the moat and scale the wall, much less sneak into the castle and despoil it of its treasure of chastity!

Do you lower your drawbridge? The answer is yes if you fool with hot magazines or spicy novels; yes if you feast your eyes on a ribald floor-show; a more disgusting yes if you hunt for the animal in human nature in a tawdry burlesque house; it is yes again if it is your delight to swap smutty stories or to paste exhibitionist pictures all over your room; and most decidedly yes if you dilly-dally when tempted to immodest glances or touches.

The world, which you love too much; the world which hates Christ and has set its heart on ensnaring Christians; that smart, devilish world will whisper into your ears as you read, "Laugh. . . . It is priestcraft. . . . He preaches a mediaeval prudery. . . . He is for hoop-skirts. . . . He despises love. . . . Laugh again."

If you laugh, you will not laugh last. The world will laugh last and with it Pluto and the treacherous witch of your own fallen flesh. These three will laugh forever: a dirty laugh. They will be laughing at you because you despised Christian modesty and so permitted the theft of your priceless chastity!

Wise college lovers will not reject the homely parable of the drawbridge and castle.

First, A Discussion And Then A Dance.

Somehow the dance at St. Mary's Saturday night reminded one of a certain movie --"A Hundred Men and a Girl." . . . But the Confraternity weekend was not principally play. . . . Midwest student and parish delegates worked--on talks which were more than thin air, on committees which committed themselves for Christ. This Confraternity health will grow even more robust as long as regional conventions are stirred to effervescence by bubbling leaders like Sister Magdalita; as long as the National Center spins on perseverance like Miss Miriam Marks', radiates zeal like Father Leven's.

PRAYERS: (DECEASED) John McDill Fox, former Dean of C.U. Law School, Notre Dame, '09; friend of Art Oberhofer (Al); aunt of Don McGinley (Ly); mother of Joe Hughes, '37; Mrs. Helen Byrnes; (ILL) aunt of Jack Joyce (Dil); grandfather of Bill Carbine (Dil).