

Mass, Sat. of Holy Mary ,
#4 p. 1071. 2nd col. of
SS. Faustinus & Jovita, p. 751
and p. 1102; 3rd col. of Holy..

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...Spirit, p. 1185....De-
ceased, father of George
Lynch (Sorin). Three spec-
ial intentions.

The Intellectual.

A young man is making himself a scandal and a mystery to a small coterie of fellow-students. He is quiet, serious, studious. He is deep. He is a reader. He hurls objections that no robust sophomore can answer.

Ah, but he is noble. Though a skeptic he tries to keep his profound difficulties to himself; that is, pretty much to himself. He doesn't want to destroy young faith and young convictions, he always explains,

Religion? Prayer? My, my, how can such a profound young man of eighteen years pray or believe? Maritain and Gilson and Chesterton and Belloc and Dawson and Chevalier and Claudel, they can be intensely religious. The young man of eighteen years knows too much.

But, curiously, he never approaches a professor of theodicy about his difficulties concerning the existence of God. He never advances to a professor of psychology his arguments against freedom of the will. He never questions, to a professor of epi-
cristology, the objective validity of human thought.

He never challenges the divinity of Christ or the infallibility of the Church to one of acknowledged competence. No, it is always to the sophomore. Why?

Ah, why? He prefers to remain to himself and to his little group, the skeptic--a kind of Scarlet Pimpernel of intellectuals. Why? Maybe he has built up the illusion that he is truly intellectual and maybe he doesn't care to risk his reputation in a contest that might bring him to earth. Maybe.

And maybe, under it all, he is just one of those poor mortals, too weak to live out Catholic teaching, too proud to confess the fact. It is difficult, you know, for an immoral man who wants to appear noble and intellectual even to himself. For him there are only two possible adjustments: either he can change his immoral habits of living --and this amounts to that humiliating experience known as conversion; or, something easier and quicker, he can change his theory of living to fit his immoral life. He can give up his Faith and save his pride.

Anyway, our young man chooses the latter of the two courses. He prides himself on being strictly scientific and independent of dogma. Yet he presents these curiously unscientific anomalies: he doesn't acknowledge freedom of the will, but can't tell precisely what freedom of the will implies; he doesn't admit God's existence, and can't set down one of the five proofs demonstrating that God exists; he scoffs at the Bible as a mythological book, but doesn't know the facts that make it true history; he shoots blank cartridges at the miracles and divinity of Christ, and doesn't even care that his cartridges are blank.

To get along, let us project the young man into the future. If it matters much to him in affluence, he will probably marry outside the Church.

One day he will fall deathly ill. Because it will matter much to him, he will probably ask to be taken to a Catholic hospital. Sisters will take better care of him!

When death clamps earnest fingers on his throat, when he is moving into the long, black corridor of eternity, will he come to his senses? He thinks now that he will call for a priest--not a priest carrying big books, full of new arguments, but a priest to absolve and to bring Holy Viaticum.

What are his chances in the hour of death? What are the wages of the obstinately proud and hypocritical life?

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Phil Hosterman; uncle of Bob Filson (C.C.).