

### HE HATES HIMSELF!

He was a broken man. Only two days before, the prison gates had clanged shut behind him. Just a few months back, and he had stood forth seemingly without a peer amongst men; wealth was his, and high honors, a happy home, wife and children, and many friends. Then suddenly, devastatingly, had come the revelation of the crimes he had committed secretly through many years and kept hidden successfully from even his family and closest intimates. The trial had been brief, the sentence swift — and now the block-barred grey denim of the prisoner was all he might wear.

One day he met his old friend, the pastor of the church where he should have been attending. "Father," he said to the kind priest, "I'm getting just what I deserve. Pride and the greed for power and wealth seized my soul — I let them seize it — and I forgot God. May God forgive me! This life will be a martyrdom — and I'll try to take it in that spirit, to repair the evil I have done by being so misled."

In most of us, pride and the lust for power and wealth are not as strong as they had been in the heart of him who was merely "Convict 2974." But they are there in more or less degree, and so we must be on our guard against them."

For some, it will be social position and all the silly advantages that it would seem to bring. To climb the social ladder may entail many a breach of Catholic discipline, much trimming of Catholic principles. One's children must be sent to secular schools and colleges to meet the children of those who are a few rungs above on the ladder. Then "broadmindedness" comes for self and for one's children, and the two-thousand-year-old Church begins to look very much out-of-date in its faith, and especially in its morals.

For others, money will hold a snare, and so temptations will come on apace to get into "shady deals" and to take part in questionable transactions. Nothing bad at first; no, that would be too repellent. But as day gives way to twilight, and twilight to night, quite imperceptibly until darkness is complete, so will the darkening of one's sense of justice deepen, the instinctive Catholic recoil from dishonest trafficking grow less.

Pride is unfit for man, and nothing makes a man more despicable in the eyes of his fellows. We have, all of us, too many and too constant reminders of our lowly origin and our kinship with the beasts, for us to be tolerant of any real strutting on the stage of life. There is hardly a more damning comment to be passed on any man than "He hates himself!"

— CHARLES McIVOR, '47.