As a particularly bothering question, the question of the "empty grave" has been put to me, often. A friend once surprised me with the explanation that Jesus had not died and that his friends rescued him, sent him safely off to India where he taught for a long time hereafter. He thought that this was a perfectly satisfactory explanation. I thought that he was silly and childish.

Despite the happy ending of his version, I don't like it. And I do not believe it because of the happy ending.

The Old Church applied the names of the tragic theatre to its celebration of the Mass because, in its faith, it saw the Greek tragedy superseded by the Cross. Death was recondite and contained by life and born fruit. Gentiles need tragedy as their last and most consummate value. Christianity certainly was convinced to overcome tragedy. The alleged happy ending as a college professor in India, for this reason, is the most radical condemnation of the "Jesus of Nazareth." He is, in that case, accepting the values of paganism, saying death as tragic, and preferring to live ever happily hereafter.

I was unable to explain to my interlocutor, then, at the time, my utter disquiet with his interpretation and his attitude toward it. I myself could say that pretexts the acceptance of a myth—whether just or primitive man is. Unwilling to face the fact that Jesus was not brutally slain, he had to pour the glycerine of a Hollywood ending around the shroud of a real corpse. Because to him, his culture is elevated to the place, and the endless occurrences of which they remain triumphant.

But I cannot say that my disquiet with the cheap explanation is justified by any certainty as to the "real" explanation. I think that there was the real fact but that explanations never are real. They always remain of the brittle nature of a ghost. My attitude is the same as expressed by John Chrysostom in his sermon on the resurrection, in St. 7, 4, C. "Don't tell me, 'but how can bodies rise again?' That the might of God operates, the addition of the "body" is worthless."

Then I see a child born or justified receiving the rights of a citizen of the United States, the two facts seem miraculous to me, and I know that no interpretation of the "how" will ever match the bigness of the two events, and their mystery. I challenge any reader who has once or twice mastered dating and forced himself to think...
ty of the performance. One can do many things, but in the end, the result is the same: to fulfill the purpose of life, to bring victory.

In the supreme order of the soul, the destruction of our inner man, Jesus empowers us to carry over this mortal life. Only then can we find God's presence and His love. For Jesus, who was the Son of God, was the only one to carry over the mortal life to the eternal life. This is the foundation of the revelation, to bring victory.

Jesus contains the deficiencies of our inner man, is the reason behind everything. The inner man is not perfect, but Jesus is. Through Jesus, we can find our true purpose in life, to bring victory.

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Our generation though not killed yet has not the ear of the country. Lindbergh who at least is a child of the machine age and without the paralysing effects of college education, knows that industry is the real problem. And instinctively, the people feel that he has something to say though they do not like his mind of a mechanic especially. You humanists should beat him easily knowing that officers are indispensable inspired leadership. But you decline to think in terms of the new era, of the Iron Man. Who discusses the real issue, the moral mobilisation of our industry, the conquest of the disastrous mildew on our life, that this thinly populated bleak beach of a vast continent has too many people, that life should become easier year after year, that the Western Hemisphere, by some magic circle called Monroe Doctrine, is immune against the rights of mankind to occupy empty spaces?

We are undermanned, and we are entering a phase in which it will be harder than ever to keep vitality, the will and stomach to live. The industrial mankind of this country has to be rebuilt. He who in the face of this task reiterates the outworn phrases of the French Revolution, is a real menace to this country. He blocks the road to life just as John Simon and Montague Norman whose credits, in honor of laissez faire, brought the Germans to Calais, just as much arm as we The English governing class has ostracised any member, that has not believed in the gospel of the easier and always easier life. The general of the Tanks, Fuller, who said in 1923 exactly how this war would be fought, is not with the British E. F. Four other of my English friends lie fallow, because they all asked for realism. Is my generation here resolved to repeat the umbrella policy?