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MULTINE WHITE RANGE &

Friday, May 10, 1999.

FATHER HARGATHER

In all the intervening years he had lived, young life, had held him lovingly by the hand,

Now he is dead. His work is done. His home wherein dwell the good Sisters of Notre Dame who knew appreciatively his them is but a sweet incense above his grave. even though we move away from them.

poor and the needy, and in the simplicity of life. by priestly character, he reflected the spiritual beauty and sublime perfection of Him with whom he walked. He was in all truth a sincere priest. He knew, therefore, that death would come not as a tragedy to life, but as a crowning glory to life, severing

St. Michael's parish grew and prospered people, devout and sincere; it grew in who blessomed in spiritual life in his parish school and at the altar railing of his church; thoughts of this speech now and always:

| Mary on earm and spoke to her words that, although they were an echo of ancient prophecies, had never before been spoken it grew in material and spiritual strength, reflecting in all its work and activities the rights as American citizens, fully cognizant thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt fine personality of him who guided its wel- of our duties and obligations as such, and fare and safeguarded the souls of its com- ever ready and willing to perform these name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall municants. The three vaulted aisles of his duties. Our loyalty to the Republic is writ- be called the Lord of the Most High; and church were to him and his people pathways ten large and clear on every page of the Lord God shall give unto Him the leading to God. And Father Hargather kept America's story. Sometimes it has been

knew and loved him he will talk of God's love and mercy; and always, in the homes of ware not epitemeral. They were linked with corrows and griefs of others—these will endure long after his mortal body is dust and

Beautiful is the Catholic faith in death Minks earth with heaven, the mortal with understood. the immortal, through the Communion of The Cherch, solicitous mother, has prejudice:

"No Catholic priest in the last twelve reflected from him, but that asked all men to practice:

"My conduct in the City of Baltimore has an exernal happiness and eternal

To Our Lady

Mother, into my heart to-day

Christ came a loving Guest: The same sweet Lord, a Babe that lay And to thy throne in Heaven above, I turn, that I may win

The faith, the gratitude, the love, That shield the heart from sin. Wilt thou youchsafe, from stain of earth,

To keep me pure alway? Check words of pride and scornful mirth, And govern all I say? Oh, may the lips that stole apart, Thy dear Son to receive Ne'er use a word that His kind Heart Would willfully aggrieve.

Sweet Mother, thou art mine to-day, By more than wanted ties, Since Jesus in my poor heart lay, In mystical disguise: And thou eanst hardly think of Him, Without a thought of me. hose heart held what the Seraphim

In speechless rapture sec.

—A Sister of Notre Dame.

This is so common and so true among us that we raise the question: Is cleverness killing our literature?

What constitutes the cleverness of our nodern novel? Nothing. And that is the true answer. They are about a snecze, an east wind, an unpaid bill, a casual adultery, a cock-tail, a smack in the face, a yawn. Yes, they are not even about these things. Once upon a time someone perceived these things. Now that someone is having a personal reaction to them. This is just the It is fifty-one years since Mathias J. reason why it is not a very big job to write Hargather gave his young life, reverently, a novel today. For proof, look at the tons wholly and gladly, into the keeping of God. on the shelves of the book store.

Please do not characterize this as nesworked and walked as though the Infinite simism. In spite of the astonishing large and eternal God, rejoicing in the gift of that number of interesting and clever novelists, -and the critic, the publisher, and the agent can bear us out in this—there is today no younger writer on the way to a solid and Missal of "life is closed. The Church he lasting reputation in the novel. And the loved—St. Michael's—and safeguarded for English novel is far from being exhausted. thirty-three long years; the people he And there are many brilliant people. In served with unfailing fidelity and devotion; fact there are far too many people who are the children, numberless in the passing afraid of not being brilliant. That is just years, who knew in their parish school his the cause of the trouble,—they are clever. fatherly care and solicitude; the convent Because they are clever, they lack real creative power. That power which lays hold of the author, makes him forget himself, his spiritual simplicity and personal kindliness; the author, makes him forget himself, his the brother priests who shared his hopes clever whether or not he is sentimental and desires, his sorrows and joys in life; the clever, whether or not he is sentimental, come for Mother's Day. Diocete of Rochester that drew strength from his hands, eager and willing, in the early days; the city of Rochester, for which he always treasured an exalted sense of life. loyalty all these have slipped like loose gar-thought, novels that present the whole plauded motherhood; and his specific mesments from his soul, and the memory of round of life so forcibly that they attract us sage was that the young woman of our day,

ceive the yoke of Jesus Christ he knew he This something must be real life. The passmust die to the world if he was to live and ing, transitory and ephemeral nature of the walk with God. He hid his life with Christ, modern novel is due to the clever conscious as St. Paul says, and in the fidelity of his personal reactions of our writers on incomfaith, in the unselfishness of his sacrifices, plete, and very often, untrue and unreal in his love for little children, and for the imaginary conceptions and cross-sections of

HE SAID SOMETHING

Every newspaper in the country should carry editorially excerpts from the speech of action to Mother's Day; and that is that, bonds that kept his soul from God, and His Grace, Michael Joseph Curley, Arch- had it not been for the Church, the chances bringing, by the grace of God, that soul to bishop of Baltimore. The occasion was the all are that the world would never have civic celebration, commemorating the silver risen to the creation of such a day. anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The meetings were in the cities of that time an angel from Heaven appeared to myriad flowers of Faith—the little children Baltimore and Washington. The Catholic Mary on earth and spoke to her words that,

them so through all the years of his pastor-written in the blood of our hero dead. We are not unmindful of bitter opposition and But death shall not still his voice or stop the bigotry which has been manifested his feet. Always to the hearts of those who towards us by self-seeking politicians, by men ignorant of our Faith and forgetful of the fine spirit of fair play and justice which those who were his friends and parishioners, was written into the Constitution of our country by its hallowed founders.

"The American people are fair-minded. eternal things, eternal truths. His memory, If they do not know the attitude of the enshrined in love; his Christian spirit, his Catholic Church on any question they are ris people, his unfailing sympathy for the willing to learn. I feel that I am not exaggerating when I say that the great bulk of the 120,000,000 people of the United States. are willing to give to the 20,000,000 Catholics fair play and justice, if they only

"With legitimate pride we can affirm to-Sweet converse we can hold, night that no bigoted movement was ever server with those whom God has fostered by Catholics. We have been the

the dead, that they may months deserted his pulpit to mount the least their sins. Myriad prayers, political platform and there say things be offered for Father Hargather, which are in direct opposition to the pre-

"My conduct in the City of Baltimore has been exactly my conduct in the great Capital City of the Nation. I number among my friends members of the House of Representatives and members of the United States Senate. Some of them are here to-Le was lay claim to reading night. They know, and the other Senators tising as clever. The pic and the other Congressmen know, and the poem, the play, the other leaders of the nation know, that I be eleverness affairs of the Government.

Catholics Love the Bible

The Catholic Church cherishes the Bible, ALL OF IT. She believes the Bible to be the Word of God-not a mere human document. She believes the Bible contains no errors. Catholics reverence the Bible so much that they rise and stand when it is read and KISS IT DEVOUTLY after reading it.

A CATHOLIC, CHARLES CARROLL, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF

INDEPENDENCE, BEGAN THE FIRST AMERICAN RAILROAD

"I was not ordained a priest, I was not consecrated a Bishop, I was not installed an Archbishop, to preach politics. My mission in life is to save my soul and to try to help you in saving your soul. That is my business, and God expects me to mind that

business and no other. "Respect for authority must be a part

of the very being of the citizen. Such respect must be placed in the hearts of the little ones and must remain in their hearts as they grow to manhood and womanhood. You cannot legislate men into doing good; you cannot command them by law to respect law and authority. They must have the desire and the will to obey the law, and to respect the law-makers and the law-givers.

"Let me repeat: The Catholic Church stands as the greatest moral force in this Republic. But for that force God knows what might be the fate of our country. Some men who have disregarded the rights of the Church, some men who are now scoffing at the Church, will come to realize this as others have realized it in the past.

MOTHER'S DAY

"The Catholic heart can find a warm wel-

Thus wrote recently a brilliant Catholic writer in a well-known Catholic Review. His fundamental thought was that the Church always has encouraged and apexcepting, of course, those to whom God When Mathias J. Hargather knelt at the Briefly, it comes to this: The novel that sends His special call to the Convent, should to this Bishop fifty-one years ago to re-lasts is the novel written about something. to the creation of new homes.

It was a splendid paper. There was a word about the mother that "gave the world Lincoln, and never knew". And there was many a word about possibilities of religious observance of Mother's Day. notably the reception of Holy Communion on that day by sons and daughters. But because it was not within the purview of his purpose the gifted writer was silent about a great truth, the most vital and significant of all, and fundamental to the Catholic re-

The possibility of Mother's Day began "We Catholics stand on and for our from the foundations of the earth: "Behold, bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His throne of David, His father; and He shall reign in the House of Jacob forever. And of His kingdom there shall be no end.

Thus began a new and sublime exaltation of motherhood. In the fullness of time the Child was born. The home was a manger rudely fashioned in some low hill near

Bethlehem: the cradle was rough straw; or perhaps even the bare ground; but the Mother was the noblest woman that ever graced the pathways of earth. And the Child was the Son not only of the Mother softly crooning to Him there in the desolate night, but also even the Son of the Most High God.

Later there was a better home in old Nazareth, that must have been the ideal home of all the centuries. Its sweet and sacred intimacies have not been recorded. There were nearly thirty wonderful years of which the world has almost no record. Perhaps it is better thus; because human words, the inspired words of the sacred writers, or the almost inspired words of our sublimest poets, could not tell adequately the story beautiful.

For all that in the after-years, once at least, after the fashion of His people, our Lord addressed Mary as "woman", we may be sure that in the sanctity of the Nazareth home He always addressed her, and tenderly, by the sweet name of Mother. And for all that "woman" that was upon his lips at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, there came thereafter an hour the tragedy of which fashioned every word and act of it in the memories of men forever, when "mother" was upon His lips. There were only a few words that shattered the suffering silence of our Lord on His cross at Golgotha; but one of them was "Mother!" And out of that mad chorus of His raging enemies, and the raging elements of Nature, there came forth sweetly, softly, to Mary standing at the foot of His cross the unforit not her thought, to the beloved John, also standing there, in whom at that moment were concentered all the children of all the ages who should call Mary "Mother!"

The Church has forever been loyal to its Divine Founder, and not the least loval in its devotion to His holy oMther. One of its first dogmatic definitions was that Mary properly could be called "The Mother of In every city where in old pagan days the triumphant cry had been: is Diana of the Ephesians!" the Church officially recognized and declared the sublimest dignity of Mary; so that the cry could be forever after: "Great is Mary, the Mother of God!'

We have many feasts of the Blessed Virgin in the Church calendar. We need not to name them here. But whatever the specific beauty of her life, or the particular prerogative of her career that is being commemorated, nearly always we are thinking of her as Mother, our Lord's Mother and our Mother. And during the centuries the Church has taken advantage of these feasts to bear eloquent testimony to the dignity of all motherhood, and to impress strongly upon her children their obligation of love for the Mothers that gave them life and are, under God and His Church, the supreme influence upon them for good. Therefore, 'the Catholic heart can find a warm welcome for Mother's Day.'

Whatever its origin, and whatever com-

mercial exploitation is, in our country at least, inevitably associated with it, the Church is glad of Mother's Day. She is glad of anything that will give a new glory to a mother, or a new joy to a mother's heart. She is glad, too, that in an expression of devotion to motherhood, the world, as Chesterton would put it, is beginning to catch up with her. Especially is she glad of this expression at this time when there is so much nasty and nauseating publicity given to things that violate the sanctity of the homes and degrade womanhood.

The Church probably will never officially adopt this Mother's Day, for all that it comes appropriately within our Lady's month of May. More and more with the years, perhaps, it will receive the religious recognition and celebration that we Americans now give to Thanksgiving Day and Memorial Day. In any event, the Church would have all her children, not the younger ones alone, but the older, unselfishly and lovingly devoted to their mothers; with a devotion not sentimental surely, that sometimes expresses itself in sweet mother songs sung in some other mother's home, or in a "Home, Sweet Home", sung only in an alien home; but a devotion real, sincere and enluring, because it is based upon eternal versities, upon true love and grateful appreciation, and upon the will of God!

THE COMMUNITY CHEST

The twelfth annual campaign for the Comnunity chest of Rochester will open next Monday evening, and will close on the folowing Monday. The Community Chest is great civic and humanitarian institution. t is broad in its ideals, in its work and in its charities.. It extends a helping hand to all people in need—to the orphans, the aged, the infirm, the sick and the dependent. It is never-failing friend of all asylums, hospitals and charitable and welfare institutions.

Catholic charitable institutions have always received the finest courtesy and most renerous financial assistance from the Community Chest. It has never been found wanting in any important work. It represents the combined charity of all people of Rochester, and it cares for the combined charities of all people. It is a "community" affair in the best possible sense.

St. Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, exalted Charity; placed it high among Christian virtues, and said to his people: "And if I have prophecy, and know all the mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not Charity, I am nothing." The Community Chest is Rochester's great charity. We should be glad of it and proud of it. We should work for it, and give to it as generously as possi-

This year especially there is need for more generous giving. Serious unemployment and unusual demands for assistance gettable: "Mother, behold thy Son!" 'She have caused a deficit of approximately \$100,-was beholding her Son, looking up to Him 000 in the Chest finances. This is a handicap to start with; but a handicar work and generous giving will overcome

> In all Catholic churches in the city on Sunday a letter will be read from the Rt. Rev. John Francis O'Hern, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, approving the Community Chest and urging the people to give generously to it. This appeal should be caught up and answered by our people. It should reach the hearts and souls of the people, so that by their generosity they will help safeguard the work and the ideals of the Chest, and through the Chest safeguard all worthy charities in the city of Rochester.

THE WAY TO LAW AND ORDER

President Hoover, in a talk to American newspapermen the other day, told of the alarming growth of lawlessness in America, and made a fervent plea for greater respect for law and order. If President Hoover could have come to Rochester Thursday morning of this week, Ascension Day, and seen the thousands upon thousands of men and women at masses in the various churches; if he could have gone into every other city and village in America and seen the same sight, he would be convinced at once that this was the right way, and the only way, to law and order; to respect for authority and respect for Governmentthrough the Church.

Sunday's Liturgy

May 10 Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension

On this Sunday, in the interval and the feast of Pentecost, the Church in her liturgy presents a very marked contrast to the liturgy of previous Sundays. Then, she abandoned herself to shouts of joy and praise and jubilation, and seemed not at all to feel any of the pain of parting with her Spouse upon his ascension to the Father.

But what a different feeling today! Jesus has left the earth and-His Spirit, the promised Paraclete, is not yet come. Hence she is unusually wistful, and a bit lyrical; yearning and longing for her absent Spouse, she sadly prays (In the Introit) for His presence: "Hear, O Lord my voice, with which I have cried to Thee, Alleluia; my heart

hath said to Thee, I have sought between the feast of the Ascension Thy face, Thy face, O Lord I- will seek: turn not away Thy face from me . . . " This prayer is, as it were,

> the Church's eager response to the Angel who said at the Ascension: "He shall so come, as you have seen Him going up into heaven." In the Allelufa-chant, the prayer

> of the Spouse is granted, she sees the heavens opened, and there obtains a gampse of Him: "The Lord hath reigned over all the nations; God sitteth on His holy throne," and in answer to her longing, yearning glance, He consolingly says: "I will not leave you or phans: I go away, and I come unto you, and your heart shall rejoice." It is necessary for Him to leave us for a little while, in order to prepare mansions for us in heaven, so that when He shall come again, our joy will be full,

In the Gospel, this divine colloquy [Port Chester School seems to be continued. Christ, as it were, directs our glance back to earth. Here much work is to be done, and we should not stand idly looking up to heaven. He promised us a great advocate and strengthener, the Paraclete, who gives the Church the strength needed to await, patiently and courageously, through all her trials and tribula-

tions. His second, final coming. As the final tableau in the liturgical drama of this Sunday we have (in the Communion antiphon) another glimpse of Christ in heaven, sitting at the right hand of the Father, praying for us, showing us that He did not, and does not leave us orphaned and alone, but that He will "keep us," whom the Father lias given Him, unto eternal glory with Him.

Blessed by Cardinal

Port Chester, N. Y., May 9 .- On Sunday afternoon Cardinal Hayes of New York City, blessed the new Holy Rosary community centre and parochial school building of the Holy Rosary Church, in Port Chester, in the presence of a congregation that filled the building, which cost \$150;-

Priests from all parts of Westchester County, members of the Knights of Columbus and representatives of various church societies met Cardinal Hayes's party on the Boston Post Road and escorted them to the

After the building was blessed it was dedicated to the memory of Father John Bosco, founder of the Salesian Order, whose beatification will take place in Rome on June 2d.