

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Friday, July 12, 1929.

CAMP STELLA MARIS

Every boy just loves to camp. There is something about an outing at the lakeshore or in woodland that makes a strong appeal to the youth of our land. What a splendid opportunity is afforded the parents of our boys in Camp Stella Maris's, situated on the east shore of Conesus Lake. There, under most telling influence, the boys are given the advantages of camp life and discipline. Last year, the writer had ample opportunity to study this camp. Regulated hours, wholesome meals, practical instruction, abundant recreation, an admirable Catholic atmosphere are evidenced at the camp.

Related indeed is our tribute to Max Russler, whose love for boys made the camp a possibility. Since his death the interest of Mrs. Russler continues the project, along with the invaluable assistance of friends of the movement. For a number of years Father Lambert, just recently ordained, was in charge, helped by a number of seminarians. That Father Lambert continues in charge, along with his priestly ministrations at the chapel on the lake, guarantees the future of Stella Maris if Our Lady Star of the Sea will bring to the boys benefactors like Max Russler. Last year there was one regret in connection with the camp. There was a ball team that had a good record until trimmed at Stella Maris. Still, in defeat, the vanquished learned true sportsmanship and hospitality.

If with your own eyes you would see an exemplary camp, motor to Stella Maris on the east shore of Conesus Lake; if this work appeals to you, meet the director, Father Lambert. We may remember that there is within reach of all a real camp for our boys. This is a work which might well have the support of the Knights of Columbus in our sector.

WILD-ROSE

Everybody will soon realize that with the smaller-sized currency the dollar will really be less than ever before.

Among members in a distinguished group lately, the fitness of some worthy testimonial to Bishop McQuaid, patron of parks, was discussed. While the memory of Rochester's first bishop will outlast time in the annals of the church in America, still the interest of the great pioneer churchman in the city's welfare should be remembered. South of St. Bernard's Seminary a bronze monument will soon be unveiled, the gift of the priests in the diocese. Fitting, too, would be the city's tribute to one of her greatest benefactors.

During the pontificate of Pius X, there was set in motion the Revision of the Vulgate. The results of the work are becoming manifest. The first book, Genesis, has been available since 1926. Within the last fortnight the Books Exodus and Leviticus were given to the Holy Father in revision. While Dom Gasquet, head of the commission in charge, has been called to his eternal reward, the work will continue as a monument to Benedictine scholarship, an incalculable boon to Mother Church.

Recently at one of the conventions of religious organizations, disparaging remarks were cast upon rural churches in general. The aspersions ill fit Catholics in this country. There is a strong rural Catholicity. It is true that in the villages there are not so many churches, it is true that in some places the machinery of organization is not so intricate; but after everything is said, in our country churches there is wonderful faith, in our country churches there is a Catholic life, in our country churches, in our village churches, there is a charity that makes every parish a brother in the household of God. The natural increase of the population is due greatly to the rural churches, which move into the cities, and with them their faith and their strength.

A Thought

The summer rose the sun has flushed With crimson glory, may be sweet; 'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed Beneath the winds and tempests' feet.

The rose that waves upon its tree, In life sheds perfume all around; More sweet the perfume floats to me Of roses trampled on the ground.

The waving rose with every breath Scents carelessly the summer air; The wounded rose bleeds forth in death A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken— And yet a truth that all may read— It is with roses as with men, The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom Out of a heart all full of grace, Gave never forth its full perfume Until the cross became its vase.

—Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

WHAT MODERNS THINK ABOUT EVIL

A strange thing has taken place. People, once upon a time, abhorred evil as nature abhors a vacuum. Now in quite some few instances many would effect a compromise—in fact, if you can judge from actions, one might wonder if some people make any longer the distinction between good and evil. Sad will be the state of our social body when men, women and children become unconscious, voluntarily, and oblivious of the existence of evil.

The author of that ancient dramatic masterpiece called the Book of Job was, perhaps, the first to deal with the problem of evil. Sophocles, who saw life steadily and saw it whole, still wondered how the gods could look down complacently upon so much suffering and sorrow; and later in Persia Omar gave up the riddle of explaining human sorrows and proposed the easier method of drowning them in the fruit of the vine. Do we moderns attempt to disabuse ourselves of the existence of evil, not by the now illegal application of the fruit of the vine, but rather by an insane worship of the god of pleasure?

Economic resolution has forced the historic interest in the problem of evil into the background. With this has come an increase of wealth and material comforts. Science has, partially at least, conquered pain and disease. And with all this has come a change in the modern attitude towards evil, sin, sorrow. It is vastly different from the ancient. The ancients, with their contemplative attitude toward nature, simply saw the evil, wondered at it, and tried to explain it; we, with a Christian philosophy of life, should not do only this and nothing more. We have an extended duty to perform. As we recognize the existence of evils a plenty about us, there arises with that recognition the proposed task, not of explaining them, but of overcoming them.

In days gone by when there could be a "just war" the physical and moral test of the soldier was the battle. Time has not passed when evil is the test and measurement of the Christian. And it is interesting to note the attitude of man toward evil. He is a supreme apologist. Varied reasons, excuses, explanations and pretexts does he give. Sometime evil is so mysterious, then it may have a place in the great economy of life, but what this place may be is hidden from mankind, so what is the use of bothering? Perhaps, after all, it is only disciplinary. This is something like the fear of the ancients for the jealousy of the gods; a feeling that it is safer not to be too inquisitive about such things. But he who looks on life steadily and entirely with honest eyes cannot take that timorous attitude towards evil. Nor can he be so self-confident, nor compromisingly complacent. Religion must temper him and guide him on the way. Once we have the conviction that the thing is evil, immediately we have the corresponding obligation to hate it.

THE SAINTS OF AMERICA

Sanctity is linked with the old world in the minds of many; martyrdom with the missions of the Far East, or darkest Africa. Yet America can list almost a hundred who have laid down their lives or lived them in an heroic degree. The list is surprising, as well as enlightening, made up of men and women who listened to the words of the Master: "Be you perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

To call from among the many mention is made of Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton—foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States; Catherine Tegawitha—the Lily of the Mohawks whose life beyond doubt was extraordinary; the Franciscan Juan de Padella, the first American martyr who was slain while at prayer in Hall County, Nebraska in 1544; the celebrated Father Junipero Serra, O.F.M., the Apostle of California; the Jesuit Father Isaac Jogues, whose blood has sanctified the region in which we live; the beloved Redemptorist and Bishop of Philadelphia, John Nepomocene Newman. These are but a few who grace the annals of American sainthood. There is scarcely a section of the country that has not been hallowed, that does not hold sacred the memory of some one who lived very close to God, yet serving his fellow man. If our readers desire, we shall be glad to give them from time to time sketches of American saints who have fought the good fight and have won the joy of the Lord.

Catholics--Public Schools

Catholics view with delight the efforts being made to give public school children some religious instruction. They hope these efforts may be successful, and the rising generation come to know Almighty God, and knowing Him, love Him and serve Him. That is why the Catholic Church builds and maintains her own schools, that her own children may have a knowledge of God.

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES WAS OPENED BY CATHOLICS

IN ST. AUGUSTINE, IN 1600

WHICH WAY FOR YOUR BOY?

Within the next few weeks mothers and fathers who are going to send their sons away to college will have selected the institution to which they will entrust the future of their boys. What college will it be—Catholic or secular, or an out-and-out-Catholic college?

In making their selection, parents should remember that nothing is so essential as the salvation of the immortal souls of their sons; nothing so sublime and beautiful in all the world as Faith. Not in a historic background, not in a select or exclusive atmosphere, nor in a wealth of worldly comforts, does the worth of a college lie. The truths it teaches, the influence it bears, the character it builds, the love it holds for Jesus Christ, the greatest Teacher of all time—these are standards by which parents should judge a college to which they send their sons.

The teacher, after all, is the school. The material structure is comparatively unimportant, as far as the welfare of your son's soul is concerned. The history of the school is likewise. For not in the white milestones of the past, nor in great piles of architecture, does the safety of immortal souls rest. Emerson said he would cross the ocean to talk with one great man rather than to see all the monuments of the ages. Only teachers who have been rightly developed and educated can develop and educate others correctly. One college professor, by inuendo, by insinuation, by deft sarcasm and smooth fallacies, can undermine the faith of many a boy, knock the props of religion from beneath his soul and leave him helpless and hopeless amid the rising waters of doubt and unbelief.

Our country is fortunate in its Catholic colleges. They are splendid institutions, comparable with the best secular schools of the land. No matter what course your boy wants to take there is not only one, but many. Catholic colleges splendidly equipped to give him what course, be it medicine, law, engineering, or otherwise. And while he is being educated, his Faith in God is being built up, strengthened, stabilized. It is not being undermined, weakened, torn down bit by bit, left at the end a poor bedraggled thing. His character, safeguarded and sustained by his Faith, is shaped in right channels, and his feet trained to walk the safe pathways of virtue and morality.

There is no intention here to criticize any of the many excellent secular colleges of the land. But most of them, all of them in fact, lack in some degree the safeguards of religion and morality found in the Catholic college. It is better, therefore, for every parent to give his son, or his daughter for that matter, these safeguards, that their young feet may not stray from the pathways lit by the glory of God's love. Every father and mother should give serious thought to this matter, watch and pray and work that the growing irreligion of the world may not find a fertile spot in the hearts and souls of their loved ones. It is a responsibility no parent should shirk.

A PECULIAR-MENTAL TWIST

One who deals in the philosophy of good and evil experiences a strange reaction. It is this—the sympathy of the mob is almost always with the one who speaks of the sorrows of the world rather than of the joys. The optimist, or the one who looks on the better side of life, has at the very start a handicap. It is strange but true, no one likes to be told what a good world this is. This may account for what is sometimes called abnormality. It is easy, if unguarded, to fall into such habits.

The powerful conviction in the minds of so many that there is something essentially wrong with the world is one fact that must be reckoned with whether we will or not. It sure does take much of the joy from living. This is the way the supposed difficulty is usually stated: If God created the world, or if He sustains, manages, or supervises it, and if God is infinitely good, how shall we explain all the pain and evil, all the sin and sorrow and suffering, and all the thwarted plans and disappointed hopes which are evident everywhere? If He could not prevent them, He is not God; if He could, and does not, He is not good. When you look into this form of reasoning, when you think it over, as everyone should, you will see that the whole matter rests on man's fallacious and erroneous view of God. After the fashion of the finite mind it pictures God contemplating the creation of the world and sitting down in heaven to meditate on what kind of a world to make, and then foreseeing all the sin and evil and the pain and suffering and sorrow nevertheless with malice aforethought issues the creative fiat. Is this not a peculiar mental twist of man on God?

But the ethical world, the world of good and evil did not come into existence in any such way. If for the moment we think of this world as a growth, a development, a realization of values, we are on a right way to a solution of the difficulty. Contemplate God not so much a monarch, but as a force and power in our lives making for righteousness, working hand in hand with us to overcome every obstacle to good. As we rise on the ladder of values and of virtue, higher and higher, the lower levels become for us wrong or evil. A consistently-lapsing Christian is generally wrong.

From a society learn a lesson. Social organization and co-operation represent a better way, a new value; egoism and narrow individualism become evils. With our widening social and economic interests, internationalism represents a new value, selfish nationalism becomes an evil. In early times war served a purpose in making social groups strong and sturdy; conditions have changed, through the advances in science the almost instantaneous annihilation of social groups becomes possible—war is under judgment and it may have to go.

All this does not by any means inculcate that good and evil are just relative terms. In life there are certain ideals to be attained, certain virtues to be possessed; in struggling to attain and possess them certain obstacles are encountered. These obstacles are

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Strange are the ways of peace. Many Irishmen, who years ago would not have shed any tears if the king of England had been elevated out of the world by a dynamite bomb, are now praying for his recovery. Justice, tempered with kindness, finds the way to every worth-while heart. And Irish hearts have always been worth while.

His Excellency Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the U. S., made a brief social call upon President Hoover the other day. Immediately there was an uproar in the country—the Pope was to receive an ambassador from America, the Italian embassy had been slighted, the President had gone back on Bishop Cannon, and what not. The U. S. Department at Washington humiliated itself and the country by joining in the uproar to the extent of issuing a formal statement that the call of Mgr. Biondi was merely a personal one, that the Apostolic Delegate had been in Italy when President Hoover took office, and that he had visited the President to extend his personal good wishes to him—a mere matter of courtesy.

Well, well. The Senator from Alabama won't have to shed his coat or his blood for a while yet. But this land of ours is in a strange mental condition when the State Department thinks it necessary to assure the people that Mgr. Biondi's call was a social and not a diplomatic one. Shades of Lord Baltimore, father of religious liberty in America; of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, foremost signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of thousands of brave Catholics who gave their lives that America might be free, look down with prayerful pity upon the troubled U. S. State Department!

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, touring the State on an inspection trip to hospitals, was shocked at conditions in the State Hospital at Utica, N. Y. He found 1,700 patients in an institution with a rated capacity of 1,279, an overcrowding of 33 per cent. In some of the wards the overcrowding reached 100 per cent, causing conditions the Governor called "shocking and disgraceful." Strange to say, the hospital officials told the Governor the overcrowding was due largely to the increased number of "alcoholic patients." In a country enjoying the "noble experiment" of prohibition at the muzzle of sawed-off shot guns, this is a strange and disheartening anti-climax. Prohibition was to bring us peace and prosperity, not insanity. However, there is a condition to be met, and Governor Roosevelt says the State will have to build a new hospital immediately to take the overflow from the Utica institution.

Years ago, when Al. Smith was serving his first term as Governor of this State, he visited the Utica State Hospital and found similar overcrowded conditions. The Chairman of the Hospital Board, an influential Republican, had been trying for years to get relief from Republican Governors. He didn't even get sympathy. Al. took one look at the institution, situated in the heart of the city. Then he asked the Chairman of the Hospital Board to drive him out on the Marcy hills—a beautiful stretch of farm country overlooking the city and all the Mohawk Valley—here he bought for the State 1,200 acres of land, and high up on the hills, far from the highway and from all settlements, he had erected the great Marcy Hospital, one of the largest in the world for people with mental trouble. It was thought this would care for the overflow from all State hospitals for many years. But no one figured on the beneficent results of Prohibition, now so dreadfully emphasized, and the State will have to build another institution for these unfortunate people.

real and offer real resistance; they must be overcome. It is generally found that they have this peculiar mental twist who make no effort to overcome the obstacles to virtue. Precious gems and minerals are, by nature, buried deep beneath the surface. Labor is necessary to discover and unearth them.

Sunday's Liturgy

By Rev. Joseph L. Lord

July 14 Eighth Sunday After Pentecost

"You have received the spirit of adoption of sons, wherein we cry: Abba (Father)" (Rom. 8, 15). So speaks St. Paul in today's Epistle. To make men ever more conscious of their divine sonship in Christ, and so to spur them on to an ever more devoted love for Christ—that is a never-ending purpose of the Church in her liturgy. Easter and the Resurrection is long past but for the Church the Resurrection is yesterday, and today, and tomorrow. During the Sundays after Pentecost, her liturgy ever happens back to our glorious resurrection in Christ. We died with Christ, we rose with Christ, we are members of Christ, received into the divine sonship with Him, participating in his divinity—a new creation into life eternal in Christ.

So today the Church begins her divine service singing: "Great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised" (Introit), as he, in contact, yet conscious of the powerlessness of many words, she is striving to comprehend in a single word the immensity of her gratitude to Christ, her divine Spouse, for the gift of regeneration she has received at His hands. And after the Epistle, in which St. Paul, for whom life itself was Christ, tells the Romans of their divine sonship and inheritance in Christ—then again in the Alleluia verse, she sings her gratitude to God, as in the Introit.

But as she is ever mindful of her inheritance of glory in Christ, so she never forgets that her life in this vale of tears is a warfare. The Church is never all joy, never all sorrow. On Good Friday, when she recounts the bitterest moment the world can know, she yet cries triumphantly to the Crucified dying on the Cross: "O Immortal, O Holy, Strong One." So today, immediately after the cry of joy in the Introit, she reminds us, in her fear for us, that sons of God though we be indeed, yet is God alone who will give us the desire and the will to live up to our calling (Collect).

"Madonna And Child" Bought For \$30,000 At Auction in London

London, July 11.—A beautiful old painting, "The Madonna and Child" by Ghirlandaio, bought 40 years ago for a few hundred dollars by Sir George Womaldson, was sold at public auction here for \$30,000. The panel shows the Madonna at three-quarters length seated, holding in her lap the Infant Christ. Behind them is an open window through which one sees a picturesque landscape of a medieval castle surrounded by trees and hills.

K. of C. Secretaries to Meet Milwaukee, July 11.—Former Knights of Columbus overseas and home secretaries during the World War will hold their annual meeting in Milwaukee in conjunction with the supreme convention of that organization, August 20th to 22d. There are 1,600 former Knights of Columbus war secretaries. The first meeting was held at Atlantic City in 1922.