

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Friday, August 16, 1929.

MORE ENDURING THAN GRANITE

Within the past few weeks eight priests of the Diocese of Rochester have been called out of lives of usefulness to join the great army of the faithful departed. The memory of their devoted service to God and people will live. Some of them have left their own monuments in the church edifices their zeal has erected or enhanced. All will be remembered shortly by their spiritual children in memorials erected on or near the spot they loved most.

ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH, AUBURN

Every man has the right to regard his home town as the most sacred place on earth. Will the editor, then, pardon a few reflections and recollections apropos the recent celebration of the diamond jubilee of the founding of St. Alphonsus Church at Auburn?

It is seventy-five years since the Prisoner of Love took up His earthly dwelling in that hallowed spot. In the passing of the years what has he not witnessed from his silent throne! What great resolutions have been made there! What sacred vows have been registered! What heroic sacrifices planned and undertaken! What hearts have been purified! What doubts settled! What streams of consolation and tenderness have flown from the tabernacle upon the faithful!

How quietly He has dwelt there through the years, yet with what power! What burdens have been laid at His feet! What troubles told! What hearts long fallen to dust have sought peace and comfort there! How many bridal couples has He blessed! How often has He gone forth on an errand of mercy to the dying! How many mothers, fathers of the long ago have come there and offered a son or daughter to His service and made the sacrifices never asking who was to pay them back! Ah, I love to think they have met Him since and He has paid them back a hundred fold.

I was a boy of nine when the Auburn troops marched away to the Spanish-American war. That Sunday night in May, 1898, the good pastor of St. Alphonsus gathered his flock in the old church to pray for the boys who were called. From the steps of that loved church I watched the marchers go, and from the same spot, on another night twenty years later, I saw the grown-up little brothers of the heroes of '98 go to fight for their country. A sad day that I have not known. But in the months that followed it was consoling to see the mothers coming back, seeking relief from anxiety from Him who had promised that they were to be returned. And the boys never came back. It happened that the only consolation was that the heartbroken mother was the mother of the boys who were called. God's priest was near, and the Sacred Precious Heart of Jesus was near. The Sacred Heart was near His own!

That Which Abides

I named them over, one by one, Land, houses, diamonds, silver, gold— Such priceless things, they seemed alone Worth striving for. Then, clear and bold, There came a solemn voice that said: "Such things belong to earth; the dead Have no need for them when life's spent. To you, these precious things were lent."

I named them over, one by one, Love, faith and character and prayer— Such splendid things, and these alone Are worth life's striving. Treasured here, They are our own. When ends life's day We do not lay these things away. But in our hands, like fragrant flowers, We bear them with us. They are ours. —John Richard Moreland.

ONE-KNEE CATHOLICS

Several years ago the writer was at a mission given by two religious order men. The first night of the mission for men they had to combat a trouble that they partly cured on the first night for the women. The mission father looked from the pulpit at a number of empty seats, and at a crowd of men at the rear, standing. He began with the statement that there were two men who went to the temple to pray. A publican remained in the back, but unlike those in that church he prayed, with head bent, tears in his eyes and sobs of sorrow shaking his frame. A Pharisee stalked up to the front and stood before the reading desk and told the Lord He should be glad to have a man like him come into the synagogue, for he fasted and prayed and gave away his goods—and he might have added, what he could not use himself. But those in the seats and in front were not like the Pharisee. They were devout men, some of them hard of hearing, but all earnest.

Then said the preacher, we have a lot of sharp shooters, or one-knee Catholics, in the rear of this church. There is plenty of room, so please fill in the vacant seats. There is no charge tonight for them, or at any time. Some of the men hesitated, for it was a new experience for them to be in a pew during divine service. But when the companion missionary, at a nod from the preacher, turned to go down the aisle, they came up slowly, and with a shake of the knee dropped into the pews. They were called sharp-shooters or one-knee Catholics and the reason is plain. We see them in many churches, but, thank God, not in all. Pastors find it impossible to cure it in some places. They drop on one knee at the elevation at Mass, and at Benediction, if perhaps they find themselves in the church, they act the same way.

They say there is a reason for everything. Why do so many churches have this condition? Some, because there is no room and all the seats are filled. But only some can make this excuse. Most churches have plenty of room, and to them we give our sympathy. Why do they, men and women, stand in the back?

The writer has some notions on this subject, gained from actual experience. Reason one: Some are of that type of Catholics who act as if they thought God ought to be glad to see them there for a few moments. They are busy and have a lot to attend to; they have business that takes their attention; a fishing party is planned that day, or an auto trip, and they are willing to give God a few moments in the rear of the church before they start, and must leave before Mass is over. God gives them a week for themselves, and asks an hour on Sunday, but the sharp-shooter makes it a half hour, or less, in his way before the Mass is ended, and to make it worse he is satisfied with himself.

Reason two: They, some of them, have no spirit of prayer. After low Masses, prayers are ordered said for the welfare of the church, for them included, and that is too much. These prayers may take two minutes, but those precious two minutes are needed by them to get out on the side walk before the crowd begins to come out.

Reason three: Some come late and are ashamed to go up where they belong. In their favor, it is good that they are ashamed, but why not take their places in their own sittings and make a resolution that they who never miss a train by being late will never miss Mass through tardiness.

Reason four: They have no sittings in the church. They could well afford to pay for one, but the announcements of the pastor asking his congregation to take sittings has the same effect on them as water on a duck's back, except that it never seems to touch the duck. It just runs off, and so do the pastor's words.

Reason five: The writer has many a time had the unpleasant work of passing the collection basket. It is too bad that priests have to pass collections baskets, as some must do to make both ends meet. On his trips through the church, those in the pews as a rule give and give generously. But what a difference when we get to those in the rear. They look prosperous. But that poor collection basket! Many of them put nothing in the basket, and some a little. You remember the widow's mite. Our Lord praised that poor woman for the tiny coin, all she had, that she put in the treasury of the temple. But many of the sharp-shooters in the rear of our churches, if like those the writer has been in contact with, would pinch flat the inscription on the mite if the poor widow had asked them to put it in the basket for her. That explains why we receive so many poor Indian heads that

The Sign of the Cross

A Catholic makes the Sign of the Cross by placing his right hand to his forehead, then to his breast, and then to his left and right shoulder, repeating as he does so, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," ever reminding him that Christ died on the Cross to save him and of the Blessed Trinity, three in one, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

AMPERE, DISCOVERER OF THE UNIT OF ELECTRIC CURRENT, WAS A CATHOLIC

THE LABORERS ARE FEW

Catholic parents should treasure and foster even an incipient desire on the part of their children to consecrate their lives to the service of God as a special grace not to be wasted. Indeed, they have a duty to plant in the hearts of their little ones the seed of this noble form of life.

How unfortunate it is that so many of our Catholic fathers and mothers are utterly unfamiliar with the subject of the religious life, so unappreciative of its profound significance.

All Christians are called to holiness of life. Not to aim at a perfect union with God, through love, is to jeopardize one's salvation. Not to attain it, is to lose one's soul. There are only saints in heaven.

But, though all men are called to self-sanctification, priests and religious make perfection explicitly their business. By voluntary vows of poverty, obedience and chastity they cut off all danger to their souls from the pursuit of riches, the love of honor, the allurements of pleasure. They consecrate to God the inherent right everyone has to accumulate money. They forego, for His sake, even the legitimate pleasures of family life. They surrender to Him their liberty of action. And in return they have His infallible promise of a hundred-fold in this life and everlasting happiness in the next.

There never was a great work that did not demand pains and tears and heartaches. And, as in the Christian economy, there is nothing nobler than the religious life, so nowhere do you find a call for greater heroism.

Our Priests and Sisters are God's own heroes and heroines, living witnesses to an unbelieving and sinful world that holiness and virtue still flourish among men. Our Priests and Sisters stand for the highest ideals, so high in fact that they are ridiculed by a proud world unable to grasp the folly of the religious life in a variety of foolish ways. But always our boys and girls who cast their lot with Christ have only one motive influencing their lives. They love God.

They have been flattened on the coppers dropped into the basket for God's work, and the many maimed coins we count when we go over the collection.

Well, to come back to the first thought, let us see what happened the next night at the mission for men. There was quite an improvement in the matter of using the pews, due chiefly, perhaps, to the fact that one of the missionaries remained in the vestibule of the church and kept a sharp eye upon every man who showed signs of lining up against the wall. The writer heard later that several of those who had contracted the custom of standing in the rear of the church were always seen in the front seats at theatrical shows, and at the baseball park they fought for a front place back of the catcher's box. Such human nature. It is not humility that keeps men near it is not humility that keeps them near the stage and far from the altar.

sincerely. They love intensely their fellow-men for His sake.

When the young seminarian takes the leap that places between him and the world an unfathomable gulf, it is the spirit of love that invigorates him to follow in the footsteps of the Master. When the young girl closes the convent gate on the world behind her, she does it with an aching heart. But she smiles through her tears and departs. And to what? To expiate, by a life of penance, the crimes of a wicked world and to work and pray for sinners. And, though in the performance of her duty, seeking out her poor and sick, she may walk through haunts reeking with vice, God has given His angels charge over her and she will remain a lily among thorns, living a prayerful, laborious life, counting as the reward of her vocation the right to follow, in the world to come, the Lamb whithersoever He goeth and to sing the canticle that only virgins may sing.

Time was when every Catholic family longed and prayed to dedicate at least one of its children to the service of God. Is the Faith dying out among us? Is love of God dying? Has the irreligious atmosphere in which we live obscured our supernatural vision? Is it self-interest that is hampering the work of God and the spread of His Kingdom?

During the World War every parish had its service flag, and honored was the family that might hang out the star to tell the passerby that patriotism flourished in that home. Why should not every parish have its service flag of the boys and girls consecrated to battle under Gods standard? Why should not every home aspire to the star that would tell the world that genuine love of God flourishes there?

Catholic parents, the greatest honor God can bestow upon you is to invite your children to His service. There was celebrated recently the funeral Mass for a departed priest. His bereaved parents were supported and consoled in their hour of trial by two other sons, priests also, and by the memory of a daughter who had died in the service of God. The years remaining to that noble couple may not be many; but when all is over, and Jesus comes to them for the last Communion day, what a treasure of love and fidelity they will have to offer Him! Catholic parents, do you expect to enjoy the same eternity as they?

START ON TIME

Much depends on a good start. Errors and shortcomings in the beginning are seldom, if ever, overcome. This is especially true of any progressive action like education. The weakness of the mistakes show up in some form or other all along the line. Delays are costly, and some delays can never be recovered at any price.

Very soon now schools will reopen. Far in advance a definite day and hour has been set for their beginning. Those who attend school, and those responsible for their attendance, have entered a tacit contract and agreement to begin on time. It is very important that all parties concerned fulfill their

Sunday's Liturgy

By Dom Roger Schoenbecher, O.S.B.

(Prepared for the N.C.W.C. News Service by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.)

Today the Church prays for "an increase of faith, hope, and charity," and furthermore asks God to "make us to love what Thou commandest" (Collect). The virtues of faith, hope, and charity are the foundation stones of the whole Christian life. An increase of them means greater perfection, greater holiness, more perfect fulfillment of God's commandments.

That Christian faith is so all important for holiness and for making us want to embrace the law of God and put it into practice, is very emphatically pointed out in the Epistle for the day. There St. Paul is writing to the Jews of Galatia, who wanted the Christians to embrace exclusively the Mosaic Law. The Apostle shows that even four hundred and thirty years before the law of Moses, Abraham and his seed were made holy by their faith in a coming Redeemer.

Therefore the promises made "to Abraham and his seed" still hold good and the law which came later

by no means took away the need or merit of faith. The law was only given later on account of the many transgressions of the Jews, and could not of itself in any way "give life." Indeed, justice was never verily done by the law. It remained for Christ to come so that "the promise by the faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe" (Epistle). In the Introit the Church very dramatically puts us in the place of the Israelites who in their misery cried out: "Have regard, O Lord, to Thy covenant, and forsake not to the end the souls of Thy poor—and forget not the voice of them that seek Thee." In their zeal for the deed letter of the law they had forgotten the spirit of the law, faith in the promises of God. This faith with its promises comes to us in Baptism as a most precious gift from God.

As a consequence of our faith in Christ, we must also place all our hope in Him. This hope is fervently expressed in the Alleluia verse: "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, from generation to generation;" and in the Offertory verse: "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: I said, Thou art my God, my times are in Thy hands." But lest we forget the great treat-

ure which we possess in the gift of faith, and become negligent in thanking God for it, the Gospel story of the ten lepers reminds us that we are never to cease in showing our appreciation and gratitude to God for the inestimable gifts which He has given to us in faith. Nine of these lepers fulfilled the letter of the law, but only one was filled with a spirit of gratitude and love and therefore returned to give thanks. Jesus even complained rather bitterly at the ingratitude of the nine: "Were not ten made clean? And where are the nine?" For this reason therefore we pray today for an increase not only of faith and hope, but also of charity.

It is charity, namely, which makes us love the law of God (Collect) and practise it not only according to the letter, but also according to the spirit, so that we may the more securely arrive at the promises of faith in Christ.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

President Hoover has found the eighth wonder of the world—a boy who never heard of Lindberg. The boy, an 11-years-old mountain boy of the Blue Ridge region, Va., handsome, uneducated, unafraid, had a long visit with the President at the mountain camp where Mr. Hoover is spending his vacation. He told the President many of the mountain folks voted for Governor Smith and that his "Paw" was such a bum guesser he had to climb a tall hickory tree after election.

Six prohibition agents raided a Catholic convent in the city of Los Angeles, Cal., late one night on the 13th of June, after the Sisters had all retired for the night, smashed in a door, routed the Sisters out of their beds, and searched the convent from top to bottom in search of booze. They had been tipped off by some snooper who has put the Prohibition banner above the American flag that the Sisters were making hooch and selling it. They had no search warrant. They had no right to break into that building or any other building under such conditions. But these heroic champions of a new patriotism in America didn't stop for a little thing like that. Possibly they expected to find a lot of rifles, bombs and poison gas secreted in the Convent, alongside of the hooch. Greatly to their chagrin, all they found was a lot of badly frightened Sisters, and many evidences of piety and prayer. So they left. The next day they came back and humbly apologized for their unlawful and cowardly act? Nothing of the kind. They offered to pay for the door they broke! It took their superior officers exactly eight weeks and one day to discharge these cowards and remove the liberty of the United States government off their backs. And President Hoover, in solemn language, wants us to have respect for this law and for its manner of enforcement!

duty and obligation. Parents and pupils alike would be the first to complain if the school, as a responsible social and educational agency, announced far in advance an opening hour and day, then failed to keep it.

We frequently hear it said that a few days or a few weeks make little difference. My John or Mary being natural members of the high I Q's can easily make up for the lost time spent at the lake resort or the countryside. These are faulty notions for which there is neither reason nor justification. The school of today has a highly organized high-tension system. Its work is comprehensive, broad and diverse. It is well planned, highly articulated and correlated. It needs all its time, if it is going to produce properly and efficiently. It is unjust to demand that tardy delinquents receive special tutoring. All this upsets the systematic plans of study made many weeks in advance; it upsets the smooth running of a finely-perfected piece of machinery. Schools open on the day and the hour appointed. Pupils should be there on that day and at that hour, and parents have the duty to see that they are there.

The American schools are doing a good piece of work, but they are far from doing all that they can do. They fully realize this. In this deficiency many factors enter. A very prominent, powerful inhibitory one is a lack on the part of parents of sympathetic participation in the work of the school. If the American parent would possess the same attitude toward the school as he or she requires in business, the home or society, things would be much improved. Just on this point of punctuality there is opportunity for correction. It is useless for the schools to try to teach punctuality against the home. And if the parent belittles the punctuality which the school requires, that parent is demoralizing the school system, public or private. Be fair then towards such a benefactor as the school. Do not make weak apologies for tardy entrants. The opening day and all days count much, for it represents the start. For the pupil much, very much, depends on getting a good start. There are great numbers running in this big race, EDUCATION. The race itself is highly mechanized and intricate; start at scratch and win.

Ireland Adopts Italian Church Architecture

Dublin, August 16.—Archbishop Byrne has blessed and dedicated the new Church of Our Lady of the Wayside, Kiltiernan, Dublin County. This is the third Church of Italian architecture to be opened on the outskirts of Dublin City within the last few years, the other two being at Killester and Marino. The architecture of these churches forms a remarkable departure from Irish tradition in church design, practically all the churches in Ireland being of Gothic architecture. Rare examples of Romanesque are to be found in Dublin and in other parts of the country. These examples were always very large churches, such as the Jesuit churches in Dublin and Limerick.

The Catholic Courier — A Paper for Catholic Homes