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Friday, September 27, 1929.

F. EUGENE BONN, CHRISTIAN MAN

The announcement of the retirement of Professor F. Eugene Bonn from the faculty of St. Andrew's Seminary, where for four decades of years he has taught the future prelates of Rochester the beauty of ecclesiastical music and a love of it, records an event of more than passing significance.

If ever in the history of this diocese a layman merited the tribute of a priest, that layman is F. Eugene Bonn. And from out the heart of a priest, to-day, the writer would pay tribute. A genius whose name must necessarily be linked with the great artists of this day and generation, Professor Bonn is, at the same time, a simple man, with simple abiding faith, so humble that he would be the first to bid the writer pause.

God gave him talents manifold, and he used them all for God. He has, in very truth, grown old in the service of the Master, devoured by the beauty and sweetness of the house of God. His life before the altar is a rosary; his devotion in liturgical worship an inspiration. His simple reverence, as he passes before the tabernacle, is a lovely hymn of praise.

The writer has seen the light come over the eastern hill in glory, driving the hazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glistened in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray, and he thought it was grand. He has seen the light that leaped athwart the storm-swept sky at midnight, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into mid-day splendor, and he knew it was grand. But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the throne of Heaven, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction around the destinies of men and finding its rest forever in the sacred bosom of the Everlasting God. And such a life is that of Eugene Bonn. May God be with Him in the years that are to come.

YOU'RE RIGHT

Sometimes an editorial message strikes home. That on mixed marriage which recently appeared on the page of The Courier and Journal evidently did. "Tough but true," says one. The following paragraph is the excerpt of a letter from a non-Catholic who stresses the disastrous failure of mixed marriage from that view point: "When I married I knew nothing of your religion, and was passively indifferent to all religious dogmas. Now I know something of it and am converted to active antagonism to all things Catholic. I hate it with a bitterness you do not conceive, and if I allowed my children to be Catholics some of that hate would become detached and we should become estranged. I unblushingly plead guilty to a breach of faith—with your religion—but I do not admit that the promise to bring my children up as Catholics was made with my eyes open. I would never again make the mistake of marrying a Catholic."

If young people, contemplating marriage under similar circumstances would screen this picture of life for themselves and make it permanent, many losses to faith, family and future partners would be prevented. Religion is the mean—all and the end—all of human existence. Those contemplating marriage cannot set it aside with impunity. It is essential to human and eternal happiness. Differences are fatal, especially in the most intimate unity of married and family life. It divides the home, and hence the leaning, toppling structures of domestic society.

CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY

More than 50,000 people honored the memory of John Barry, father of the American Navy, in the cities of Boston and New York today. John Barry died in the Philadelphia 126 years ago this day. He was a County Wexford boy, 15 years old when he landed in America, and he was as much a duck to water. He was a Revolutionary War hero. He was a man of letters. He was a man of letters. He was a man of letters.

October

Come, forsake your city street! Come to God's own field and meet October. Not the lean, unkempt and brown Counterfeit that haunts the town, Pointing, like a thing of gloom, At dead Summer in her tomb; Reading in each Fall leaf Nothing but regret and grief. Come out, where, beneath the blue, You may frolic with the true October.

Call his name and mark the sound Opulent and full and round: "October." Come, and gather from his hand Lavish largesse of the land; Read in his prophetic eyes, Clear as skies of paradise, Not of Summer days that died, But of Summer fruited! Hear, O soul, his message sweet Come to God's own fields and meet October.

—T. A. Daly.

warship. Barry was given command of it—the first ship authorized by Congress. It was fittingly named "The Lexington." Barry's commission was dated December 7, 1775, and it was the first commission issued by the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress. It is well to remember these things when so-called experts are writing or talking about the father of the American Navy. Many historical writers have belittled Barry; some have ignored him altogether. His name cannot be found in some histories used in our schools. A few writers have ridiculed him. Efforts have been made, some of them downright malicious, to give the title "Father of the Navy" to other sea warriors. But facts are as immovable as mountains.

Barry captured a British warship in April, 1776, and brought his prize into Philadelphia. The British fleet bottled him up there. He promptly organized a group of volunteers and joined Washington's army in time to take part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In these battles he served as aid to General Cadwallader, and special aid to Washington, who held him in the highest regard.

In February, 1881, Barry was given command of the "Alliance," America's finest warship at that time. He took Col. John Laurens, special commissioner to the French government, over to France, captured several British warships, and did great damage to the trading ships of England. On May 28, 1881, he captured two warships, and was severely wounded by grape shot. In December of that year he took La Fayette back to France that he might plead for French help to America. In the following year he captured British prizes that were sold for \$600,000, a fine sum for the impoverished Nation. He fought the last sea fight on the Revolution, on March 10, 1883, and badly damaged a British warship of 38 guns. Peace was declared the next month, and the U. S. Navy went out of existence.

In March, 1794, the American Congress officially authorized the organization of the U. S. Navy. Six Captains were appointed by Washington. Barry headed the list. His commission, signed by Washington, authorized him "to take rank from the 1th day of June, 1794," and the commission was marked "Registered No. 1." All naval commanders were rated as Captains at that time. The rank of Commodore was not authorized by Congress until July 17, 1862. But Barry is popularly known as Commodore Barry. He was very intimate with Washington, and no sea commander was so highly regarded by Washington as was Barry.

Barry clung loyally to the faith of his fathers. This is well emphasized by the fact that he was married twice, both times to non-Catholics, and that both of his wives became converts. They are buried by his side in St. Mary's Church cemetery in the city of Philadelphia.

Barry was proud of his Irish lineage and of his Irish blood. He was an influential member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia, an organization that did a great deal for the patriot cause in the Revolution. This society erected a bronze statue in his memory in Independence Square, Philadelphia, in 1907. Congress appropriated \$50,000 to erect a monument in his honor in Washington, D. C., in 1906. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union erected a statue to his memory in Philadelphia in 1876. A movement is now under way to erect a statue in his honor in New York city.

Early in the war General Howe offered Barry a huge sum of money and command of the best frigate in the British Navy if he would desert the American cause. "Not if you gave me command of the whole British fleet," was Barry's reply. He was a true patriot, a brave fighter, a trusted and capable leader, and every true American should see to it that his name and his memory are perpetuated in the right way—as the Father of the American Navy; its first Captain in the Revolution; its first Captain when the Navy was re-organized and officially created after the Revolution, and one of the most loyal, patriotic and dependable leaders the U. S. Navy has ever had.

CATHOLIC MEN ADORE

The writer does not hope to see on this side of the grave a spectacle so sublimely beautiful as that presented by Catholic laymen kneeling in vigil before the earthly throne of their Eucharistic God. It was in the city of old Quebec he first saw that spectacle, and it has left a lasting impression

MYSTERIES

It is not surprising that there are mysteries in religion, when so many natural things mystify us. Who knows what electricity is, or gravitation? Yet we do not reject these facts because they are beyond our comprehension. So in religion there are truths that mystify us, such as the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation. If you cannot understand Nature, do not be amazed if you cannot understand Nature's God. Rom. 11:34: "For who hath known the mind of the Lord or who hath been his counsellor?"

GUTENBERG, INVENTOR OF PRINTING, WAS A CATHOLIC

upon his soul. In a splendid church edifice, named in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, two men knelt silently on silken precincts; two others awaited the beginning of their watch, and a humble bit of paper affixed to the main entrance told the visitor that all through the day and all through the night, and throughout all the years to come the Catholic men of that Catholic city would keep the Prisoner of Love uninterrupted company. O how beautiful is the piety of Catholic men!

Within the memory of the present generation, a so-called unbeliever, whose name, unfortunately, is well known in the average American home, was wont to shock his audiences each night through many years of lecturing by holding aloft his watch and calling upon God to prove His existence by striking the speaker dead within the space of five minutes; and when he had tolled off the allotted time in most dramatic fashion, he would cry out, in stentorian tones: "There is no God!" On the hill of Calvary, on the first Good Friday, the executioners of Christ stood beneath His cross, wagged their heads and taunted: "If Thou be the Christ, the Son of God; come down from the cross and we will believe."

From the day that Satan lead the Saviour into a high mountain and promised Him "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them"; from the day that the proud Jews demanded a sign from Calvary's cross down to the last loud blasphemous cry of the Nineteenth Century atheist, the incomprehensible love of God has been subjected to every manner of insult and reproach from the mouths of wicked men. And these insults, these reproaches, have been directed, in a very special way, against His Sacramental Presence among us.

To the wounded dignity, the offended majesty of the Creator reparation must be made. And Catholic men are determined it shall be made. Throughout the length and breadth of Catholic Christendom right thinking men are rallying to the cause and offering the love of humble hearts to the Blessed Sacrament to pay back to God, in so far as they can, the honor that men have stolen away.

When Catholic men and women, weighed down by the cares of life, stop to pray in a chapel of the Visitation nuns in one of our great cities and see the white robed figures coming and going in never-ending vigil before the altar, and breathe the atmosphere of peace that fills the holy place, they are inclined to envy those spotless virgins who have "chosen the better part." But even you Catholics of the world who are "busy about many things" may now experience in a lesser degree the sweetness that comes from hours of contemplation and prayer before the tabernacle; moreover you may, by fulfilling certain conditions, partake of the fruits derived from this close union with God.

It is now the blessed privilege of the Catholic men of Rochester to join the ranks of the nocturnal adorers—to hold tryst with Christ through the long hours, when sin is rampant, and wicked men are outraging their God.

Sunday's Liturgy

By DOM ERNEST KILZER, O.S.B.

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

The feast of St. Michael takes precedence over the Sunday's liturgy. Like last Sunday's Mass so that of today's feast commemorates a church dedication, the dedication of a church on Monte Gargano in Italy, in honor of the Archangel St. Michael. Of all the angels St. Michael is most frequently mentioned in the liturgy. He is the leader of the heavenly hosts in their combat with Lucifer and his following, and he continues to fight for our deliverance from the power of the bad angels. The name Michael when translated is: "Who is like God?"

St. Michael was the heavenly protector of the Jewish Synagogue formerly, and now he is honored as a patron of the Church. To him is ascribed the office of leading the departed souls into heaven (Offerory of the Mass of the Dead). He is the oldest and was formerly the only feast in honor of an angel. Together with St. Michael all the

holy Angels are celebrated in the Alleluia verse: "Holy Archangel Michael, defend us in the battle, that we may not perish in the dreadful judgment." The Gospel is chosen for its reference to the guardian angels of the "little ones," the children of God, whose advocates and protectors they are before God's throne. In contrast with the scandal and seduction of which our Lord speaks, the closing words of the Gospel throw a clear light upon the significance of the Angels in the scheme of our salvation. As the bad angels and their helpers are bent on seducing us, so the good angels protect us and help us to walk on the path of virtue. They plead our cause with God (Secret), and offer our prayers before His throne: "An angel stood near the altar of the temple, having a golden censor in his hand, and there was given to him much incense; and the smoke of the perfumes ascended before God." (Offerory). At every High Mass the altar is incensed and the fragrant smoke rising heavenward represents our prayer.

The last Gospel is that of the

NEGROES NOT WANTED

Negroes are not wanted in St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. The rector, Rev. William S. Blackshear, recently announced that he "discouraged the attendance of negroes" in his church. There were only five colored members in his congregation the day he made this announcement. The next Sunday he had ten.

Looking at it one way, the negroes are better off out of his church than in it. He is not fit to teach them. He lacks the first elements of Christian charity, love for his fellow man, love for the souls of men—a love that looks deeper than the color line. The Rev. Mr. Blackshear wants a select church, apparently. That kind of a church doesn't fit into the scheme of Christianity. It may fit into the compressed and restricted mentality of the clergyman, his view of life and his view of religion. But our Lord had a far different view, and a far different kind of charity.

The great commandment of Christendom is this:

"Thou shalt love the Lord, Thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

And "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus was asked. The answer was that beautiful story of the good Samaritan who went down to Jericho and found by the roadside the man who had been wounded by robbers and left to die. A certain priest and a Levite had passed him by, but the good Samaritan gave him sustenance and succor.

"Which of these three," our Lord asked, "was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers?" There is only one answer to that question. The Rev. Mr. Blackshear, imitating the priest and Levite, would pass by a colored man, his soul wounded by robbers of innocence, virtue and right living. He would pass him by because he has not learned what our Lord taught long ago, that his neighbor is "mankind of every description"—not the white neighbor alone, nor the red, the yellow or the black. But mankind of every description.

Every child in every Catholic school in the world is taught that truth. The Rev. Mr. Blackshear missed a great privilege when he missed the privilege of learning that lesson. He is like a man, partially blind, at the edge of a great field, unable to see distinctly the beautiful flowers that bloom in that field; unable to see the sunlight the trees, the grass, the meadows carpeted for his feet by God. We should pity him, not scold him. He should go to the neighboring Church of St. Charles of Borromeo, New York City, where a predominantly negro congregation assembles every Sunday to attend Mass. He should hear the rector of that church, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas O'Keefe, tell his people that "all light the trees, the grass, the meadows church, provided they come in the proper spirit to pay homage to their God." He should hear Msgr. O'Keefe say, as he said last Sunday:

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Be courteous to the street urchin. You never know what he may become in this land of opportunity. Not so many years ago Eddie Cantor was a ragged, hungry and almost homeless boy in the Bowery. His parents were dead. His poor old grandmother carried heavy trunks on her back up and down long flights of stairs for coming and going roomers for a small pittance, that Eddie and she might eat and have a place to sleep. Last Sunday a \$750,000 sanatorium was opened and dedicated on top of a mountain peak in the midst of a fifty-acre estate in the Adirondacks. This sanatorium will provide free treatment for sick vaudeville actors and actresses, specializing in tuberculosis. Eddie Cantor is President of the organization that built this great sanatorium, and one of its largest contributors. Poor no longer, he still loves the poor, and his manifold charities have made him beloved among the happy recipients of his generosity.

Looking sadly at the empty pews before him, the Rev. Dr. Gustav F. Beck, speaking in the West Side Unitarian Church in New York City the other Sunday on "The Decline of Christianity," said:

"What has given the Catholic Church its enormous hold through the ages? The Church has understood the one great secret; it has seen that its religious teachings should accompany the whole of human life from the moment of birth to death. Catholicism is an attempt to humanize religion entirely. The Catholic Church has always known how to remain in touch with unchanging human psychology."

He might also have added that the Church is a divine institution, founded by our Saviour, safeguarded by God himself, and that it has not failed and never can fail because Christ has promised to be with it all days until the consummation of time itself. There is the real answer.

North Carolina has made a bad mess of her labor troubles. Murders and counter-murders, kidnappings, floggings, dynamite outrages, and other flagrant violations of constituted law and order will never solve labor troubles. Industry, over-arrogant at times, and Communist agitators both walk the same plank when trouble comes—the plank of un-Christian action. Textile owners discovered some few years ago that they could get Southern people to work sixty hours a week, and at wages far lower than they had to pay highly-organized help in Northern states. Many of these industries moved South and started to make hay while the sun shined. Then the inevitable happened—the labor organizer came, the welfare worker came, human nature took its usual course, and the fight was on. It has been a bitter, and at times a savage fight. Come what may, there is only one conclusion that will solve the trouble—the industries will have to pay a decent living wage, and they will have to eliminate the sixty-hour week. That is the only way they can get rid of the Communist, the "red" agitator, the chronic disturber. Floggings will never do it. Murder will never do it. Dynamite hasn't a tenth of power enough to do it. The Communist agitator is usually a curse; but he is no more a curse than the industry that overworks and underpays its help. When industry and agitators get away from law and order; when they ignore Christian principles, they are a menace not only to labor, but to the Nation.

"Regardless of your color, nationality or creed; whether you are of this parish or another; whether saint or sinner, rich or poor, you are all equal when you kneel at the foot of God's altar. It makes no difference to God what sphere you have been placed in outside His tabernacle. Here you are all equally worthy and important in His sight."

"As pastor of this church I have but one request to make of you. Co-operate with me. Do not let racial or religious intolerance cause dissension in this church. Here let the great and small feel a common bond in that they are alike in the eyes of their Creator."

September 29 Feast of St. Michael the Archangel

nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost and speaks of the marriage guests. It reminds us that we are called to the happiness of Heaven, for which we are prepared by holy Communion. But to receive Christ in holy Communion and to share His Divinity in Heaven on day, our soul must be free from sin and clothed in the white garment of grace.

Creighton Student Wins K. of C. Award

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 27.—Patrick J. Heaton, of Central City, 1929, law graduate of Creighton University, has been awarded a three-year scholarship at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., after competitive examinations in which several hundred students took part. The scholarship is awarded by the Knights of Columbus, and includes tuition, board and rooming expenses for three years.

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