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Friday, November 8, 1920.

NO TIME

There are men who quite seriously allege: "I've really no time for religion." It's a very good thing for women and children, you know, but not for busy men, absorbed all the week in politics, finance, business, trade, the stock market, their professions. Such people, to put it mildly, are destitute of a sense even of humor. Imagine a man sent travelling abroad on his firm's affairs, all expenses paid. At his return the superintendent wants his report of business done. "On reaching Paris I fell in with an old and wealthy friend whom I had not met for years. He wished to give me a real good time. So he showed me the sights and enabled me to taste of the pleasures of the gay capital. We attended the races where, by the way, I made some successful bets. Then in his yacht we took a cruise in the Mediterranean." "Yes, yes, but business?" "Really I had no leisure for that sort of thing. What I have told you took all of my time."

We are all travellers, sent abroad into this world to do the business of the Master who created us, and do it His way. He has furnished us with the useful faculties for the purpose. Shall we venture to report to Him at the close of our pilgrimage that we had no time for that sort of thing, and so share the condemnation of the wicked and slothful servant, who neglected to traffic with the talent confided to him by his Lord? "Did you not know," said the Child Jesus, when found in the Temple, "that I must be about my Father's business?" If a man has no time for worshipping and serving God and thus saving his soul at death, then what pray, has he time for? Time is not ours. Time is trust, it belongs to God, just as we belong to Him. Time must be spent as God wills—not as suits our private opinion and inclination. Once more, this conclusion is simple reason and common sense for anyone who realizes the fact that God made him and that he did not make himself. Even a pagan who believes in a creating deity must accept it.

THE PRICE OF IRRELIGION

The price of irreligion is blood. Russia is paying that price. In a small way now, but the sparks will soon start flames; the flames will spread, and destruction and ruin will follow inevitably.

Schools of atheism are being established in many places by the government. Churches are being closed. Ruthless measures are used in crushing any and every opposition. A priest in Kimri, Moscow Province, rang his church bell recently when government agents came to close the edifice. Hundreds of people assembled—people who loved their church, and who were accustomed to worshipping God there. They shouted protests to the Government agents, whereupon the priest and four men of his flock were lined up at the side of the church and shot. The priest will pray no more. The church bell will not ring again—not while Communism and Atheism rule Russia.

All over the land the same story is being repeated. Fifty people shot in one day; twenty-six shot on another day, forty another day. No trial, in many cases. No evidence. No formality. Just a wave of the hand, and a word of command from the OGPU—the secret police—the guns blaze, and the martyrs fall. Even when trials are granted, the prisoners, "though they walk with the living are damned with the dead," as one writer expresses it.

This is but the beginning of ruthless measures, the Government announces, to put an end to all opposition to the program of Socialization. Communism must triumph; religion must go, says the Government, no matter what the price. The price will be blood, and an abundance of it. And if the policy succeeds, if Atheism triumphs, there will be more blood, more terror and more desolation. For then the passions and prejudices, the selfishness and covetousness, the hatreds and jealousies of men and women will have no spiritual influences to curb them, no common bond of religion to unite them, no God to instill peace and love into their hearts and souls. And without these things, in the darkness, but a few steps from the wild beasts of the forest.

The Unpetalled Rose

(Saint Therese of the Child Jesus) Jesus, when from Thy Mother's clasps I see Thee go, Held by her hand; To set Thy first wee step on this sad earth below, And trembling stand; Before Thee I would strew most tenderly a rose. In opening hour; That thy dear little feet so softly might repose Upon a flower. This rose, unpetalled, would a faithful image be. O Child Divine, Of heart unsharred and immaculate for Thee; Each moment Thine, Oft on Thine altar, Lord, a rose all fresh, all fair, Would dazzling gleam For Thee—but to bestrew my drooping petals there Is my one dream! O lovely Child, how beautiful the rose full-blown, For festival day! But fallen petals are forgot and idly thrown, Wind-tossed away. The rose, unpetalled, seeking nought, doth offer all, No more to be; I, too, O little Jesus, give without recall My life to Thee. Heedless, we tread the scattered petals of a rose. Simply they fall, Adorning without art, as nature might dispose; I know full well— O Jesus, for Thy love, my life, my future offer all. O'erspent for Thee, To fall as withered rose 'neath glance of mortal eye Is death for me. For Thee to die, O Jesus, loveliness divine! What joy for me! Oh, may I strew my life to prove my love is Thine, All, all for Thee! Lost 'neath Thy first two infant steps in mystery I wish to live, That solace to Thy last, worn steps on Calvary Gently to give. —From the French by the Prioresse Augustine of the Mother of God.

FT. WAYNE'S GOOD EXAMPLE

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Catholics are but a fourth of the population, officials, delegates and guests of the convention of the National Council of Catholic Men held there October 20-22 were received with a cordiality that impressed them and every other witness. This hospitality found expression not only in the welcome given by Mayor Geake, and in the editorials of the two daily newspapers, but also and equally in the demeanor of private citizens.

The Apostolic Delegate, official representative of the Holy Father, was treated with solicitous interest by non-Catholics. Admiral W. S. Benson, one of America's outstanding Catholic laymen, was honored by two large groups of which non-Catholics were a majority. Numerous non-Catholics attended the big mass meeting at the Shrine's Auditorium on the first day of the convention.

The explanation of this friendliness of a community three-fourths non-Catholics is undoubtedly to be found, first in the apostolate of Bishop John F. Noll and secondly in the principal theme of the convention. Bishop Noll's zeal and effort for a fair understanding between Catholics and those of other creeds have borne fruit not only in his own city and State, but in other communities and commonwealths as well. In Fort Wayne, at least, he has shamed and silenced bigotry in all but the ranks of professional and profit-seeking anti-Catholics.

The convention of the Men's Council was itself a proffer of good will to non-Catholics. The sermon of Archbishop McNicholas, the speech of President Walter T. Johnson, the address of Bishop Noll and the utterances of nearly every other speaker testified to the desire of Catholics for good relations with their fellow-Americans of whatever faith. Unquestionably the courtesy and friendliness of Fort Wayne were in large measure the fruits of Bishop Noll's work and the dispositions of the convention.

The experience is one that seems to justify, even to demand, the continuance and extension of the present endeavors to remove hostility to the Church by correcting the misconceptions by which that hostility is prompted.

THE AGE OF THE PICTURE MIND

The cinema tends to destroy intelligence, though it could educate it. It interferes with the memory, though it could assist it. It produces incalculable disasters on the imagination. It weakens the will. It does this to such an extent as to imperil personal, national and racial destinies.

A young man with fair education said he liked the movies because "you never need do no thinking." The daily press has recognized this aversion to thinking by writing shorter and shorter articles. They measure thought in terms of inches. They break up the thought by means of cross-headings, and by increasing the amount of picture material. Witness the Daily Graphics. Here is a queer paradox for educationists. The more people become able to read, the less able are they to read or perhaps desirous of reading. Motion pictures won't let you think; they

Armistice Day, Nov. 11

MOST GLORIOUS DAY IN AMERICAN HISTORY

On this day, especially, we honor the UNKNOWN DEAD

Let the Catholic poet, Theodore O'Hara, express our thought in those wondrous words of his, in the Arlington cemetery, the UNKNOWN'S final resting place—

"On fame's eternal camping-ground, Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards, with solemn round, The BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD."

May the soul of THE UNKNOWN, of his comrades, and of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

speed prevents it. Even the dailies give you a chance to stop, if you wish, and reflect, supplement or criticize.

If the idea has not penetrated deeply, the memory cannot take good hold and possession of it. The cinema prevents even a normal exercise of the memory. When asked, the movie goes seldom remembers what films they recently saw. The character of successive films is diversified for many reasons, principally financial ones. The romantic follows the adventurous; the adventurous, the comic; the comic, the erotic. One emotion pushes out the other. No emotion stabilizes itself. The imagination has a wonderful effect on the memory, but there is not time allowed for this in the movies. So many and diversified are the pictures supplied the imagination by the cinema that none of them predominate. When you have a number of interesting but unco-ordinated ideas, and surely when you have a number of emotions either simultaneously or in quick succession, no one "sticks" as it would, were it uncontested and alone. This may account for the fact that the simple religious truths, dogmas, rites and ceremonies, "stuck" so well with our great, great grand-parents. They led undistracted lives. Their romance was the Church. The furnishings and trappings of the modern imagination are quite different compared with those of a quarter a century ago. And habitual imagination has an effect on the mind, on behaviour and on conduct. We have developed a standard imagination, one highly standardized world over. Frequently the same film, the same sort of film, that is a product of the same mind, is being screened all over the world. The reactions may be different, at least for a time. But after the imagination has ceased to convey shocks to the moral sense, which it does once you are accustomed to what is shown you, it finds itself furnished with the same images. Thus a process of standardization has gone on; and look at it from any viewpoint you wish, the cinema standard is not a constant and high one.

Our case is not against the cinema, but rather against the cinema as it is. It makes millions of people live in a purely fictitious world. Years and years ago children might have been permitted once or twice a year to attend Wonderland or Fairyland. But they knew they were being admitted for an hour or two into these fictitious dreams. Now thousands of lads and girls go to the pictures, three, four, if not six times a week. What is the result? They resent, hurry through, do inefficiently and without heart, the work that occupies their real life, in expectation of the hours when they will be able to escape into their fake-life. Theirs is the fake-world of the cinema. "Happy Girls Make Holiday," "Stenogs at the Sea-Side"—these and many like them are a constant suggestion that you are and can be happy only when away from your job. Freedom of labor went first, and with it dignity of labor. Then will to work is going; then ability to work will go. This is true in so many lads who "chuck their job" not because of the job, but because it would have to be stuck to. Serials are gradually being abandoned

by the cinema; they overtax perseverance. The world's imagination is gradually but surely being standardized down to the level of vulgarity. The peasant in most feudal times could always be spiritually a gentleman. The modern picture fan never can be. If the cinema excites vice, it does so unconsciously as a rule. Ladies shooting rapids, young men dangling from skyscrapers, floods, red seas, eruptions of volcanoes and mountains, our Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin, are all thrills which may include good elements. The regular picture fan gets jaded and demands more sensationalism which the films cannot supply. Big productions cost money. Their only recourse is to twang the erotic string. The pictures "let you down." They dare not be openly indecent, though miles have to be yearly scrapped. We all, who go to such semi-decent, border-line movies, declare they do us no harm. But will they do us good? May they not harm our sisters? It is neither good logic nor a good ethic which declares that a film is all right provided virtue conquers. In order that virtue may conquer, virtue must have a struggle. It is the temptation-struggle that counts, not the conquest. It is not quite honest that we have our problems thrashed out for us on the screen. Such pictures seldom offer a single problem for discussion, nor do they discuss any. Ninety-nine point nine per cent. (99.9) of the audience who witnessed a certain domestic problem picture went for the first act, and having witnessed a seduction, became bored, because nothing more happened to irritate that particular nerve. Aside from any idea of disapprobation, the effect of the cinema on the imagination, memory, intelligence and will is corruption. This is the brief of C. C. Martindale digested and boiled down. It would be interesting to learn what the average American Catholic thinks of it. Reactions are always important contributions to the social history of the race.

WHO OFFERS THE MASS

It is true that only a priest can offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the ordinary sense of the phrase. It is equally true that all the faithful, particularly those actually assisting at the Mass, share in his action and are so far co-offerers. Father Gehr in his standard work on "The Mass," speaking of those who "through and with the priest actually offer the Sacrifice," has this to say: "Those of the faithful who personally cooperate in the celebration of the Mass, and who thus appear in a certain sense as joint celebrant co-offerers, obtain without a doubt a greater share of heavenly blessings. Among the various ways of participating by personal co-operation in the offering of the Sacrifice is chiefly the assisting at Mass. Whoever assists at Mass with reverence and devotion enters into the closest and most intimate connection with the Sacrifice; because as the priest prays and offers the Mass, such a one joins his prayers, praying and offering with the priest, and because, in

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Some of the names on the roster of the "Fighting Irish" foot-ball team of Notre Dame University would crack the jaw of any Cork caddy, and would make any son of Erin think he was mixed up with a national cyclone—Carideo, Gebert, Grisanti, Izo, Kassis, Kersjes, Koken, Kosky, Listzwan, Provisserio, Savoldi, Vezie, Vlk, Yan, Zoss, and Schwartz! But don't get alarmed. There are also Carmody, Cassidy, Cavanaugh, Collins, Conley, Conway, Cronin, Donoghue, Griffin, Mahoney, McMannon, McNamara, Moynihan, Mullins, Murphy, O'Brien, O'Connor, Twomey and Whalen, as well as many others. After all, it's the spirit that counts—the fighting Irish spirit—and that's what comes to the surface when Notre Dame carries its banner to victory over some of the strongest teams in the country.

Premier J. Ramsey MacDonald learned one lesson on his trip to America—that it is dangerous to tell "confessional" stories. At a dinner in Ottawa he told a story about a Catholic Scotchman who had to pay six shillings to get back and forth to his church, and who always got drunk before he went to confession, so he would get his money's worth of absolution. Many Catholic papers and quite a few priests on two continents immediately proceeded to criticize the Premier. Some called him bigoted. Others said the story showed the current of his mental stream, while some demanded that he apologize to the Catholic people of the world. We are not standing up for "confessional" stories. They are to be deprecated. They are a peculiar species of humor. The one told by the Premier not only made a joke of the confessional, but a sacrilege. But we have heard so-called good Catholics tell confessional stories just as bad; and worse. Practically all of the confessional stories, we dare say, originate with Catholics. So why get excited and abusive, or even critical, when an outsider merely imitates ourselves. If we object to such stories—and we should object to them—let us comb our own hair before we start pulling the hair out of the head of Premier MacDonald or any other non-Catholic.

In addition, the Church prays and offers for those present."

One most reputable theologian says: "There are several offerers in the Mass, though all do not sacrifice, because this requires the Order of Priesthood. But to offer the Sacrifice all that is needed is a certain moral conjunction with the priestly action, which conjunction admits the following degrees: First; Christ, the Principal offerer. Second: The priest who offers in Christ's name and in that of the Church. Third: Those who assist at Mass; the server particularly. Fourth: The whole Church." Hence a Catholic who is prevented by a legitimate cause from assisting at Mass can certainly, with great spiritual profit, associate himself in intention with the priest and worshippers actually present at the Mass. Indeed, since at every minute of the twenty-four hours, Mass is being offered somewhere by some priest, some Catholics have the praiseworthy devotion of frequently in the course of each day making such an intention. If in addition a person were to recite the very prayers of the Mass, he would make this act of devotion with all the greater devotion and profit.

Certainly this does not amount to actually assisting at Mass. It would not, for example, satisfy the Church's precept of hearing Mass on Sundays and other holidays of obligation. For "assistance at Mass" a person must form one of those who are together hearing and offering up the Holy Sacrifice. But the above teaching should be of great consolation to the sick, infirm and aged who are prevented from actually assisting at Mass. By use of their prayer books especially the Missal for the Laity, they become co-offerers in this great and essential Sacrifice of Our Faith.

Sunday's Liturgy

By DOM ERNEST KILZER, O.S.B.

By DOM CELESTINE KAPSNER, O. S. B.

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

The Mass of today is taken from the 5th Sunday after Epiphany. Easter this year came at an early date and so the last three Sundays after Epiphany had to yield to Septuagesima Sunday. Holy Mother Church does not omit these Masses from her Church calendar, but inserts them before the last Sunday after Pentecost. This Sunday is the second of its kind. That part of the Proper of the Mass which is sung taken from the twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.

He who lives himself in the spirit of this Mass becomes aware that the end is approaching. In her festival songs the Church presents to us the motivating thought of the fall period of human life. The fear of the approaching end reminds us of man's temporal journey upon earth and immediately we become conscious of a longing homesickness for the true heavenly home. The Church in her liturgy brings before us constantly

the great truths of life and so warns us steadily to be prepared for the real life that is to follow.

The instructions present to us two contrasting pictures of the Church: the one is pleasant to behold, the other fills us with a sense of watchfulness. The one presents to us the ideal life, the other the real life upon earth. In the Epistle St. Paul gives us a glimpse of the ideal Christian life, the Communion of Saints, in a beautiful wreath of virtues. Charity is the queen of them all, and close in her footsteps follows that of the peace of Christ. The fulfillment of God's word is to be found in the Communion of Saints, of this we become partially aware as we listen to the Psalms and heavenly songs of the liturgy. In private life we follow in everything the inner voice of the Holy Name of Jesus.

The Gospel gives us the contrast picture. Again we behold the Communion of Christians. But there is cackle growing with the wheat. The gentle Savior, always ready to help us solve difficulties, accounts for the evil that lingers about the Church and the human soul. Resolve, then, to keep the ideal picture

in view as an encouragement to greater perfection. However, as regarding the faults and shortcomings of others, be patient as was the Master, neither shall they be stumbling blocks in the way of spiritual progress.

The Proper of the Mass, then, is intended to prepare us for the dwelling days of earthly life. Both holy Mother Church and our own soul lie in wait for the "Day of the Lord." We see through the prayers the gentle King as in the distance kindly beckoning us to hold on, and already the lingering pilgrims are setting out for their true home (In-tro-itus). In the Collect we seek for protection during the final hour of earthly life: "Keep, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy household... as it relies only on the copy of Thy heavenly grace."

Then follow two beautiful instructions: 1. The end is near, the ideal should have been reached. Live as though the last day may overtake you at any time, life in constant expectation of the ideal Christian life. Even now he prepared to receive the great heavenly King by putting on the garment of mercy, benignity,

modesty, and patience (Epistle). 2. There is a hell and a heaven; the weeds, the cockle, will be burnt; and the good seed, the wheat, will be garnered into the heavenly granary. The wicked will be punished and the just rewarded (Gospel).

The Gospel of today teaches us that we must expect to put up with annoying weeds, we must battle against sin, which seems more threatening as we near the end of our life. The Holy Eucharist is likewise recalled by the wheat; even today at the Offertory God will sow the divine wheat into our hearts. We are then cautioned to reflect how much of weeds, of sin, is in our soul. May today's Mass then purge our weakened soul from sin and strengthen it with heavenly grace (Secret). The Holy Eucharist is the guarantee of our salvation. Even today the Heavenly Reaper garners our spiritual treasures and stores them away for our heavenly enjoyment. (Post-communion.)

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Nov. 10 Fifth Sunday After Epiphany