

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Friday, November 15, 1929.

ROSES, LIPSTICKS, FUNERALS

This heading is a jumble. It is meant to be a jumble. And when you read you will agree that the title expresses the truth. But maybe you will find something that may go home to your mind.

A poor woman who had a very simple home, and none of the luxuries found in many homes today, took great pleasure and delight in caring for a calla lily. It was the only beautiful thing in that home. She watered it, kept it from strong sunlight in Summer and from drafts in Winter. Those who knew her wondered why she seemed to live for that plant. In time the blossom showed, and then came the flower in all of its purity, the white calyx and the golden center that glowed in the sun. It was the Forty Hours devotion she had been thinking of. She carried it to the church the day before the devotion opened, and asked if there might be a place for her treasure near our Lord. The next day there was a smile of joy on her poor old face as she looked at her flower near her Lord. And there was a void in her home, and often she looked towards the place where it had rested while she gave it so much loving care.

Have you ever had the pleasure of sending a flower to our Lord at the time of special devotions, on a feast of our Lord?

We are invited to a birthday party, and we prepare. We do not go empty handed. Perhaps a bunch of roses, one rose for each year is the gift. We may carry it ourselves, and we make the gift with the usual greetings. It brings pleasure to the receiver. Our Lord's birthday comes at Christmas. He died for you, and for us all. Does He get one flower from you to decorate His home and shrine in the tabernacle?

A wedding is coming. You are an invited guest. You are to be in the church and attend the breakfast. And you have new clothing and prepare according to the style of so-called beauty of the century. The lipstick has its place. Plenty of them are at hand, with the necessary shades, and the powder and other what-nots of decoration to be found on most feminine faces and even on the faces of some men, save the mark.

You prepare with expense to take part in the wedding, and it is your right and perhaps a duty. But when you reach the church where our Lord presides from His altar, is there a flower or any decoration on the altar that you gave personally to Him who is there to bless the couple and you with them? Personal decorations are there a plenty, but our Lord seems to have been forgotten.

Some dear friend dies. You enter the house that death has entered before you. You have strong faith and trust in God and you bring with you one or several Mass cards, showing that you wish to help the dead by your prayers and the sacrifice of the church. And you may cheer the living by sending at the same time a few flowers. Death perhaps is not so greswome when a few of the blossoms God has made to delight us are present there, too. In fact, they are to be used in children's funerals, according to the express direction of Holy Mother the Church.

But did you send any to the church for All Saints day? Perhaps your pastor made a request that offerings of flowers be made. But too often the spirit of "let George do it" is ours, and hence few if any celebrate that day of the dead who are in heaven by making a donation personally of flowers to decorate the church.

This may be a jumble. But if it makes us think a little bit about doing some personal service for God's home in our church; it leads even one reader to bring a few flowers to Him to lay at his feet in His tabernacle, then it is worth while. But let me add one more experience.

Not long ago a small boy came to the church with some garden-flowers. They were home-grown and were beautiful. He said they were for the Blessed Mother's Day. His own mother never goes to Mass. His father would not know what to do if he went to Mass. All efforts to get them into the church for their Sunday Mass have failed. But their boy who does go to Mass

The Cry of the Suffering Souls

Out of the sea of endering fire, Out of the fetters of torturing flame, Glowing with ceaseless insatiate desire, The cry of their need mounting higher and higher, Ever they call to us, ever the same: "Have pity on us! Have pity on us!"

"Oh stretch forth your hands to our help, We beseech you! Offer Mass, offer alms, offer penance prayers. If out of these fetters our spirits could reach you, How soon the sad sight of our sufferings would teach you Dread lessons of mercy and holiest fear! Have pity on us! Have pity on us!"

"Oh pray for us, plead for us, soon shall we follow us! And if your suffrages win us release, Happy with God in His Paradise glorious, We shall be advocates, mighty, victorious, To speed your glad souls to those man-sions of peace. Have pity on us! Have pity on us!"

Thus and forever out the fierce embers, Rinseth to Heaven that chorus of pain! (Wistfully walling like winds of November.)

Waiting their Advent, their dawn in December— Spouses of Christ are they, Christians, remember! Say, in Christ's name; shall they pray us in vain: "Have pity on us! Have pity on us!" —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

regularly, and he is in grammar school yet, came with his personal offerings to the Blessed Mother. He had not been sent. They were from their own garden, and were fresh and dainty. It was an offering that must have pleased the "Refuge of Sinners" on her throne in heaven, and must have led the Queen of Heaven to smile on the boy as he knelt next day before her altar and saw his flowers gracing her statue. Perhaps the conversion of father and mother will some day come through the devotion of the boy who gave personal service in bringing his own gift in his arms to Mary the Mother of us all. Let us, then, give some personal gifts to our dear Lord, and decorate His home, before we spend too much time decorating ourselves.

IT DOES MATTER

The indifferentist generally has an axe to grind. Back of all his axioms advanced to justify his views is a reason, a personal one—the life he is leading. "One Religion is as good as another, if sincerely followed." But why should it be? Is one medical treatment as good as another? Is one investment as good as another? One religion may be as bad as another, and we don't want any. When buying a suit of clothes we carefully discriminate between good, better and best, but when it comes to God anything is good enough. As creatures we are dependent and it is our duty to do the Will of God. We must square our created minds and finite intellects to whatever truths He makes known to us. We must reject as error whatever is opposed to these truths. One religion cannot be as good as another. Only that religion is good which is true, and it is true because it is conformable to the Mind of Truth Himself. Any other religion must be bad and false, even though those who profess it are unaware of it. It is true a person may not know which religion agrees with Divine Truth, but he knowingly ignores his position as a creature, his essential dependence on his Creator, if he views the Religious Question as indifferent.

And then they throw in the condition, "if sincerely followed." But can sincerity or insincerity affect the inward truth or falsity of a man's belief? Sincerity may prove one's honesty of mind, his bonafide ignorance may excuse him if his religion be wrong. But it can in no way be a test of the objective value of his belief. John Brown may be truly convinced that the sun moves round the earth, or that the moon is made of H2O. This does not make John's astronomical knowledge as good as Peter Smith F.R.A.S. The laborer may sincerely think that the pile of gunpowder near him is wet, or that the tank contains water not gasoline. But if the gunpowder be dry and if the tank contains gasoline, and he tests by throwing a smouldering ember on or into it, he may be blown to pieces for all his sincerity. Thus in a rational being true knowledge is always preferable to sincere ignorance. The mind is made for truth not for error.

"We are all serving the same God each in his own way." This is all very fine, but God requires us to serve Him in His way. Conflicting forms of service cannot all be true. "We are all making for the same place, heaven, but by different roads." But can we all be making for the same place, if on the wrong road? In walking from Rochester to Fairport I meet another tourist coming in opposite direction. We chat together: "And where are you going?" I ask. "To Fairport." "You had better turn right about and join me." "It really doesn't matter," he indifferently answers, "We are both making for the same place by different roads." Of course he may eventually get to Fairport, not in virtue of the route or direction he has taken, but in spite of it. But the point is that these different religious roads are in fact opposite ones. While we hope we are all making for the same place, viz. Heaven, again we must act according to reason and not travel on opposite (not just different) roads. "I am the way." If you are sure you have His truth, you're on the right road. Live and pray that you may continue on it.

Catholics Believe Christ

instituted seven Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Penance (Confession), Holy Eucharist (Mass and Holy Communion), Extreme Unction, Holy Orders and Matrimony. These Sacraments are seven channels whereby God's grace is communicated to our souls. The Sacraments are treated clearly and fully in Cardinal Gibbons' book, "Faith of Our Fathers," published by John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md., or for sale at any Catholic book store. It is also in most public libraries.

THE MAINLAND OF NORTH AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED BY

JOHN CABOT, A CATHOLIC, JUNE 24, 1497

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

These words suggest a picture as old as the human race. They suggest a forest, the sun streaming through the branches of the trees, and its warm rays shining on the cold dead face of the first one on earth who died. They remind us of the dead man's brother turning to flee with the blood-stained club still in that hand which had been raised against his brother. And they make us see how he ran from the scene of the crime, only to be stopped by the voice from heaven, which he answered with the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Are we our brother's keepers? And by brothers, we mean those our Lord meant when He gave us the second greatest of all the commandments, that we love our neighbor as ourselves.

Are we not expected by our Creator to have an interest in our neighbor and to think of his spiritual good as he should think of ours? We think that when God addressed those words to the murderer Cain, as he looked on the dead Abel, He may have meant the murderers of souls, too, people who care not for the life of the souls of their neighbors. If we keep the second of the great commandments, to love our neighbor as ourselves, then we are our brother's keeper.

You may ask just what is meant by this? We cannot live alone. We live with others. Our actions and words, whether we will it or not, have an effect on those who see and hear us. This is especially true of parents and teachers. We can destroy the souls of others by our bad example, as surely as Cain destroyed the life of Abel.

Sunday morning comes, father or mother remain in bed. Their children may get up of their own accord, prepare for Mass and attend. But father is at home, mother is at home. And the child who is going to Mass because taught to honor God on Sunday at school, secretly wonders why he must go and father does not. And often he decides that when he is as big as father he, too, will have a good sleep on Sunday morning. Surely our Lord meant something when He spoke of the mill stone to be tied about the neck of any one who would scandalize one of His little ones.

Laymen can do many things to show that they accept the responsibility they have of being their brother's keepers. Some time ago three men came to the writer. They said, we have a man out here who will not come into the church. We got him to come so far. He has not been to church in years, and we went after him and brought him here. But he seems afraid of confession. Will you come out to get him to come in. There was a mission on at the time. But while they were talking to the writer, the man had fled. They looked downhearted at their failure. They realized that they were their brother's keepers and had nearly but not quite persuaded their friend that it was time for him to come back to God.

We become friends of those not of the faith when we pass on our Catholic litera-

ture. Catholic papers should not be used to cover shelves. They are too valuable for that. They should be passed on to others, even to those who have not received the light of faith as yet. Some little spark of curiosity could be fanned into flame with a copy of our Catholic papers—then conversion follows. Laymen can do more to bring in men and women for conversion than we priests. Laymen are meeting them daily. They know the topics that interest them. Many questions are asked about religion. And the layman who realizes he is his brother's keeper will be ready to answer questions, and also obtain papers and books to give to the honest inquirer.

We are living under a delusion in some parts of the country. The United States is called dry by many who have eyes and who will not see. Much of the intoxication that disgraces the land to-day under an impossible law, could be removed if more men and women were their brothers' and sisters' keepers. There would be less abuse of dangerous beverages if children did not see, as they do, over the whole land more intoxicating liquors than they dreamed existed before the coming of these so-called prohibition days. An attempt has been made by fanatics to show the world that what is not harmful in itself, if used rightly, and what our Lord used at the Last Supper, is sinful to use at any time. In fact, one of these fanatics is reported to have said our Lord erred badly when He used wine at the Last Supper. They have the satisfaction of knowing that the increase of drunkenness—and that word sounds rather rough—amongst children of late years is a serious problem. But if our people were their brother's keeper, and if they would take care to lessen evils brought on by law itself, as the writer sees it, there would be far less crime in the land and less insults offered to God. We would have a more temperate nation. A friendly word spoken with charity, a little encouragement, a prayer offered earnestly for another, will make us our brother's keeper in the right sense and will save from death the souls of many.

Henry Ford is nothing if he is an opportunist. Immediately after the collapse of the stock market the other day, when a lot of people expected they would have to walk for the rest of their lives, Henry cuts the prices of his cars. All that a lot of people have to do now is to bet with their neighbors that it will be a fine day, win the bet, and buy a Ford. Life isn't so tough, after all.

What the church needs is more "whoopie," the treasurer of the American Federation of Lutheran Brotherhoods told his society at its annual convention in Chicago the other day. He is right. When churches go into politics, vaudeville, motion pictures and the like, getting farther and farther away from God as they try each new venture to attract people, they certainly do need "whoopie." And a lot of it. When this fails, it might be well to try prayer and sacrifice.

Sunday's Liturgy

by DOM ERNEST KILZER, O.S.B.

By Dom Celestine Kapner, O.S.B. (Prepared for the N. C. W. C. News Service by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.)

The approaching end is becoming more real to us with this Sunday's liturgy. The Kingdom of God is ripening into harvest. Our task as members of the Church Apostolate is to contribute our portion to the growth of Christ's harvest. With the approaching end of the ecclesiastical year, let us sincerely examine our conscience and ask whether we are deserving the praise Holy Mother Church gives us in today's Epistle.

We feel impressed at the encroaching solemnity of the final event. At the entrance song of the Mass we hear the gentle yet serious words of the Judge: "Thoughts of peace have I harbored and not the odium of dread punishment" (Introit). Again, the homeward stretch to our heavenly goal. Conscious of the fleeting moments, we return again with the prayers of the Church into actual

life. We should speak and act, we should reflect upon that which is pleasing to God. "Grant, we beseech Thee, almighty God, that ever living our thoughts on reasonable things we may both in word and deed do what is pleasing to Thee" (Collect). Should the Lord now come, how would He find the world, the Church, with our faith, our love? and our souls? St. Paul presents to us the picture of a loving community. How is it with our faith, our love? Does the Gospel also find a response in deed and a real fulfillment in our personal life? Are we an example to our fellow laborers? Do we really live in expectation of the Savior's arrival from heaven? In view of this ideal and in expectation of the Master's coming we again sing the pleading melody of the De profundis (Offertory).

The Gospel reflects the thought upon our conscience. The Kingdom of God must find its completion upon earth; it must arrive at an increase of life in men, raised from the death of sin. Two solutions should bring this about: from within all that is to be saved must be incorporated in the mystical body of

Christ, this will place the crown of glory upon the tree of the Church. Yet also within, the heaven of a god-fearing life must have saturated the entire mass of humanity. When this will have been realized according to God's plan, then shall the Church return to her home to don the eternal nuptial garment.

Besides the thought of the end the Gospel lends itself to different adaptations of the Mass: the grain of mustard seed is the Savior Himself planted here upon earth in His Church, which sprouts forth into a large tree; likewise it is the Holy Eucharist embedded in the soil of the human soul destined to emerge into the tree of Christian life. The Savior is likewise the heaven, which the women, the Church, mingle in the hearts of the faithful and thus transforms them into His own life. That is the purpose of the Holy Eucharist; it is the seed and the heaven, it is the strength and the grace, which becomes effective through the co-operation of the good will of man. May then today's Oblation like the heaven cleanse, renew, govern, and protect us (Secreta).

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

There was a time, in the dim long ago, when boys and girls worked their way through college in prosaic fashion—waited on table, washed dishes, scrubbed floors, sold books, and did hard manual labor in vacation time. But things are changing. Modern opportunities await modern youth. A young lady in Texas held up a bank with a gun a few months ago to get money with which to complete her college education, and now three young men are under arrest at Ann Arbor, Mich., on the charge of selling booze to other students to pay their way through the University of Michigan. Here in Rochester, not long ago, a drug store clerk, arrested for stealing from his employer, had nearly \$4,000 in a bank, all of it stolen from the cash register to pay his way through college. The other day we heard of a widow who is sending a son and daughter through college by the simple process of making one auto trip a week to Canada and coming back with the wherewith. Yes, times are changing. If you see a burglar on top of a ladder at 3 A. M. now you are not sure whether he is headed for the attic window or for some university. It's pretty hard for old-fashioned fellows to analyze this condition, unless we turn to poetry: "The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand, Is peddling hooch and makes a thousand grand."

Our sincere sympathy to Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. His own state, Virginia—ungrateful child of his love—has repudiated him as a political force. It has placed him among the non-entities. It has consigned him to Grover Cleveland's favorite resting place, innocuous desuetude. It has hit him a wallop. The good Bishop, boiling over with sublime love for humanity, and for his own brand of Americanism, hoisted into the political arena in Virginia a few short weeks ago a candidate pure as the risen sun. A foe to alcohol. A foe to Al Smith. A man to whom Raskob was anathema. A college professor whose skirts were clean and whose infinitives were not split. No other kind of a man would be acceptable to the Democratic party in Virginia; the good Bishop announced. No man who voted or worked for Al Smith in the late lamented presidential election would be acceptable. And all who voted for Al Smith would have to do humble penance before they would be recognized again by the Democratic party; or, in plain language, by the Bishop himself. For did he not carry his beloved State of Virginia for Hoover, hooting up and down its highways against the Pope, the Church, and its doomed minions, Raskob and Smith? To make doubly sure of his power he united in holy political matrimony his own candidate with the hitherto despised G. O. P. forces in Virginia. Then he hurled his banner of anti-Smithism, anti-Raskobism and anti-Romanism into the arena and sat back to wait for the sun of renewed political power to rise above the horizon. But, alas! political suns are fickle—almost as fickle as political bishops. For him, no rising sun appeared. Only a dark cloud. Only a landslide for the hated Smith-Raskob-Romanism foe. His own candidate, blessed by the benificent Bishop, went down like the stock market with which the Bishop is so familiar. Went down not only to defeat, but to political disaster. And with him went the Bishop who launched him, who blessed him. Illustrating that the howl of bigotry, terrible when first heard, is not so blood-curdling when renewed like a swan-song. And illustrating, too, that many many American people cling to the old-fashioned idea that the place for a Bishop is in Church and not in the political arena. Virginia, having exploded her noisiest Cannon, will now sit peacefully in the Smith-Raskob circle of Democracy, and we may have less political-religious bombast from the seat of Public Morals, from the seat of Anti-Alcoholism and from the seat of—but what's the use of pulling the buttons off a political corpse?

Sister 51 Years, Caring For Sick And Poor, Is Dead

Seattle, Nov. 15.—After 51 years' humble, patient service cooking for the sick and sewing for the poor, Sister Boniface of the Order of Charity of Providence, died here recently at Mt. St. Vincent's Home for the Aged. She was born in California in 1853 and entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Providence at Vancouver, Wash., in 1878.

For 30 years Sister Boniface supported the culinary department of Providence Hospital here until her advancing age obliged her superiors to remove her from the post. Then she filled her hours sewing and knitting for the poor, until two years ago when she became blind.

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