

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Friday, January 24, 1930.

A THOUGHT WORTH WHILE

From time immemorial, tawdry, painted women have been looked upon as below the society of refined people. Notwithstanding this fact, we daily see faces, which would be ordinarily attractive, rouged and painted to a hideous degree. Lips, also, come in for their share of carmine. Especially is it fast becoming the habit for young girls to use cosmetics, and this unsparingly! Mildly speaking, such a sight is disgusting. But is there anything more disgusting than to see girls approaching the altar to receive their God, their Eucharistic King, made up as we regularly see them? Does it not show an utter lack of reverence for the Blessed Sacrament? To dare to receive our Lord through painted lips is the height of disrespect. Shall we, Catholic girls, allow such a condition to exist without rising up against it? We should be, and please God, we shall be the first. A little consideration and a good resolution will do the work.

Catholic High School Girls of Western New York, we send this appeal to you. JULIA McANIFF, Nazareth Academy, Rochester, N. Y.

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY

The fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Holy Rosary parish was celebrated last Sunday by priests and people of that parish. It was a blessed and happy occasion. The Bishop of the Diocese honored pastor and people by pontificating at the anniversary Mass and delivering a sermon that was an inspiration to everybody.

Particularly edifying is the spiritual record of Holy Rosary parish during the forty years of its life—eighty sons of the parish in the priesthood; four students in St. Bernard's Seminary and eight in St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary, preparing for the priesthood, and twenty-two young women in the cloister, doing God's work in many Sisterhoods. This is a fine record, a remarkable record, creditable to the teaching of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, and to the fine example and leadership of the beloved rector, the Rev. Arthur A. Hughes.

No less remarkable is the temporal achievement of the parish—a splendid group of church buildings, all notable for their architectural beauty, for their adaptability and usefulness, for the excellent manner in which they are operated and maintained; and all with very little debt, and with no unusual efforts made to obtain revenue. Here, truly, the generosity of the people stands out, and the fine leadership of the pastor is evident. May his years be many more with his parishioners, and his accomplishments multiplied in his fruitful work for humanity, for religion and for God!

UKEVUKE NI BETE

Figure it out for yourself. What it means, we do not know. But it is the name of a congregation of native Brothers in the Fiji Islands—former savages who have embraced the Catholic religion and dedicated their lives to God. Their ancestors used to embrace missionaries with great enthusiasm, after which they cooked them for dinner—cannibals.

Now it is different. Religion has softened their hearts and changed their diet. There are some 78 Catholic churches and chapels in the Fiji Islands, five of which are large enough to seat more than 500 people. There are 45 Catholic schools, one preparatory seminary, one printing plant and several rectories and convents. Many of the schools board their pupils, the orphans and the poor.

The Fiji Islands comprise between 200 and 250 islands, of which 80 are inhabited, lying approximately 1,800 miles northeast of Sydney, Australia. The total area of the group is 7,451 square miles. The Islands of Fiji contains 12,518 Catholics and a total population of 157,286. The mission personnel includes 27 members of the Society of Mary and one

A Legend

The Monk was preaching: Strong his earnest word, From the abundance of his heart he spoke, And the flames spread, in every soul that heard Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:— The poor lay Brother, ignorant and old, Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"Still let the story, Lord, be thine alone!"— So prayed the Monk, his heart absorbed in prayer. "Thine be the story if my love have sown The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays, It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength Has been so blessed, that sinful hearts and cold Were melted at my pleading— know at length How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold: While souls that loved Thee saw before them also Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the Monk: when suddenly he heard An angel speaking thus: "Know O my son, Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred, And saints were edified, and sinners won. By him, the poor lay Brother charitable and Who set upon the path of star and prayed." —Adelaide A. Procter

native-born secular priest; 14 Brothers of Mary, and 25 native brothers of the congregation "Vukevuke ni Bete"; four congregations of Sisters—St. Joseph of Cluny, Marist Sisters, Third Order Regular of Mary, and "Vukevuke ni Sisia", a native congregation, total 69 foreign and 60 native Sisters. Twenty Sisters of the Third Order Regular of Mary are laboring in the Government Lepet Asylum of Makogai. Five Sisters of this congregation, which has 41 members on the Islands, are American. It is good for us to know these things, so we will help the mission work of our Church, keep our own faith active and alert, and stop thinking that the Fiji Islands are inhabited entirely by cannibals, alligators and hurricanes.

SNAP JUDGMENT AMERICA

A great furor has been raised over something the Pope has said. Editorial sections, news captions, associated dispatches have been boiling over. All must talk, no one can hold his or her peace and think. We shall reserve our comments on the most recent Encyclical Letter until we have the opportunity to read it all, study it all and think it all over. Such is the fair play of good criticism. Snap judgment on parts, paragraphs, excerpts, or news reports are all superficial and unscientific for constructive, historical criticism.

We may set forth a few guiding principles for those who will have the opportunity to read and study the Pope's Encyclical. This document must be read in two lights—Italian and American. The Italian nation, by treaty and fact, is a Catholic nation. The Pope, ex-officio, is arbiter of what is Catholic; hence his Encyclical rightfully details that which has been acknowledged in principle. As to the United States, the Pope does not pretend to dictate the character of the public school. His condemnation of aspects of modern education is justified by the fact of his position as a Churchman and anyone with the minimum knowledge of Catholicism and Catholic History knows that the Encyclical only binds the consciences of Catholics as to their own children—the Holy Father is not interested in the internal autonomy of Protestant, Jewish or pagan households. Incidentally it might be said, if these put the hat on and it fits, let them wear it.

The public school is a necessary and great American institution. Acknowledging this, the Catholic believes that it can be made just a bit better—since he is helping to pay for it, he at least has an economic right to the belief—by the inclusion of God, Christ the Son of God, and His pedagogic principles, in the curricula. The right to do this in their own schools has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the U. S. A. and the doing has been accomplished bit by bit—by pennies and nickles and dimes—by consecrated women whom we call nuns. This epic achievement in our national history has been slurred by recent editorial and press comment.

There are grave and good reasons why Catholics have their own schools—adding God according to their lights. One of many reasons is that men like James, Hall, Parker, Bagley, Huey, Hartshorn, May and others, seem to destroy the core of religion by the postulation of purely physiological, mechanistic controls of moral activation. More and more each day teachers and syllabi display inferential scorn or outright denial of Christian tenets. Such is the progression of public school pedagogy—that un-Catholic parents are turning to the Catholic school as the unique repository of credible Christian upbringing. Reserve, therefore, your judgment until you study and read the Encyclical.

What History Says of the Catholic Governor of New York, Thos. Dongan, 1682

He convened the first legislative assembly of New York, whose first act, Oct. 30, 1683, declares:—

"That no person or persons who profess faith in God, through Jesus Christ, shall at any time be disquieted or called in question, but all such may freely have and fully enjoy his or their judgments or consciences in matters of religion—they not using this liberty to the civil injury or outward disturbance of others."—(John Gilmary Shea, "The Cross and The Flag—Our Church and Country.")

When you do study it, keep this in mind: To bar positive, formal, religion from the school makes a criminal of religion. If you bar religion, by either positive or negative action, you destroy religion. There is no educational hiatus.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Twenty-five golden years ago the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, first Bishop of Rochester, sent the Rev. John P. Schellhorn from St. Michael's Church, where he was assistant rector, to the pastorate of a new parish, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, on Joseph Avenue, near Norton Street. There was no church property, no money, no organization—just a future, and a big field in which to work.

How well Father Schellhorn measured up to that future, and how faithfully and resourcefully he worked, will be admirably emphasized on Sunday morning when he and his people will celebrate the silver jubilee of the parish, likewise the silver jubilee of the pastorate of Father Schellhorn. For out of the fine field of his faith, and the fine faith of his people, he has builded nobly and well. A beautiful new church—the second erected by him in the twenty-five years of his pastorate; a fine modern school, with more than 550 children attending it, an excellent rectory, and a good convent home for the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the parish school—these are some of the temporal evidences of his zeal and his activity. The spiritual accomplishments of this beloved pastor in the twenty-five years he has labored with his people—these are almost numberless, and they bear rich fruit in the hearts and souls of his parishioners. Congratulations, then, sincere and hearty, to this good priest and faithful pastor. Well has he earned the honors that will be showered upon him during this anniversary. And well has he earned the prayers, the good wishes and the fine hopes of all his friends—prayers, wishes and hopes that will be centered in a fervent appeal to God to grant him many more years of useful life and work, rich in accomplishment and fruitful in spiritual graces and gifts for himself and all of his people.

WHEELS

Not baby carriage wheels, nor sewing machine wheels; not bicycle wheels, but just auto wheels. What a lot they have to do in our days with earth and even heaven!

"Remember," said the Almighty to Moses on Sinai, "that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." From the word "remember," it seems right to conclude that from the time Adam and Eve were condemned to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows some day had been set aside for rest, and likely it was one out of every seven in imitation of the example of God, who created the earth in six days or periods of time, and on the seventh rested. God, who made us, knows our necessities, our weaknesses and need of rest. And for many reasons God ordered that rest at least that often, and that they keep holy one day. Hence the third commandment.

We keep that day in our era on Sunday, the first day of the week; that is, we keep it on paper and sometimes in fact. An aviator hovering over the roads which lead from cities to other cities and towns would, on Sunday, be deceived by the difference in traffic. On Sundays, days of rest in theory would he not see double lines of cars going in opposite directions on their own side of the road, all in a hurry, hardly ever stopping, evidently impatient to get somewhere suddenly. His view would be that a lot of wheels are turning over and over, carrying human freight to many places, only to have them turn about and come back again to the place they left. Thousands spend Sunday that way, if we are to believe our eyes. Thousands start early in the morning on what is called the day of rest to go some place they have never been before; where they do not know any one; where they have no business to attend to, and from which they will just turn around and go back to where they came from—perhaps early Monday morning.

The older customs seem to be passing away for the time being. The quiet Sunday, the family all together, the visits of friends, the acts of kindness to those less fortunate, and the visits to the neighbor who has not been well—these, and many other good habits of Sundays, have been bugged in a sea of restlessness. We all seem to have the disease of hurry-it-is, or whatever one would call it. We are going from place to place with no other motive than to go, and then to get back. And God, and charity to family and neighbor, and quiet and rest according to the spirit of the Sunday, all have disappeared. Home life is dying out fast, and the cook stove has given place to the can opener; the clothes line to a tow rope for the car, and the baby carriage to the auto. And, ask ourselves, is that a change for the better, and are we any happier?

The wag who described the American home as a bed room, with a garage attached, and a car and nothing else, seems to have had a practical mind as to our present day needs.

Would it not be good to try to get back to the old-fashioned homes which were homes? How much better the Sunday spent by going to Mass in the morning, and to Holy Communion; a good homely breakfast at home and home-cooked; a visit to neighbors; some social calls, and the pleasure that comes from meeting real friends, with rest and quiet, and then the day finished with the beautiful and peaceful service of the Church, of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as darkness draws on, and the feeling that the day of the Lord was a holy and a restful day for us! Why not try it sometimes, if we are of the thousands who have forgotten what it tastes like?

A good name is a great asset to any man. A good man, likewise, is a great asset to any community. The State of Vermont sensed this when an item appeared recently in a Vermont paper to the effect that Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith was planning to buy a summer home in that State and spend his vacations there with his family and friends. Immediately Mr. Smith was deluged with hundreds

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The New England Puritans who burned witches at the stake long ago were not one whit more fanatic, or more dangerous to the stability and peace of this country, than are the fanatics, men and women, who are responsible for laws sending men and women to jail for life for selling liquor. The State of Michigan, where this outrageous condition of affairs existed; tried to erase this black stain from its records when Governor Fred W. Green recently commuted the life sentences of five people accused of violating the Prohibition law. One of the five was a woman, Mrs. Etta Mae Miller, mother of nine children. All five must serve from 7 1/2 to 15 years in jail, which is another horrible example of the lengths to which fanaticism will go. We dare say that many of the married men and women whose fanaticism has brought about such laws are guilty of the far worse sin of avoiding parenthood and living childless lives—a sin far more dangerous to the morality of the country and to the future welfare of the Nation than the selling of a whole ocean of liquor. We are not upholding the traffic in liquor. We are upholding something far finer and nobler—human kindness and common sense, and a simple touch of brotherly love. The fanatics who rub their hands in pious ecstasy over the sending of a mother of nine children to jail for from 7 1/2 to 15 years for selling a few bottles of cheap gin may well claim kinship with the witch burners of New England. That's where they belong.

There is a practical way to do everything. Ireland, anxious to solve its liquor problem and make the Free State a temperance State, is buying up established saloons, and permits no new ones to open. The cost of buying established saloons is charged to the saloons that remain in business, and it is spread over a reasonable length of time. The Irish people are heartily behind the movement, and excellent educational work goes hand in hand with the elimination of the saloons.

Mexico, a nation that many of us are inclined to look upon as a sort of helpless country, is also trying to solve its liquor problem. The Government will refuse to renew liquor licenses that lapse for any cause. The death of the owner of a license, sale or transfer of his business, or violation of the liquor laws in any way, automatically cancels a license. This experiment is being started in Mexico City, but will eventually be extended over the entire country. Excellent education work in behalf of temperance is being done by the Government.

These are practical methods, and it is safe to say the people of these countries will stand back of their Governments in ways that will make the Prohibition movement effective. America, with her shoot-and-kill methods, with her poison-alcohol methods, and her fanatical and furious attempts to force people to quit drinking liquor, is the laughing stock of the world. Our tyrannical and fanatical Prohibition methods have well-nigh wrecked the legal machinery of the whole country, and have bred more crime in the past ten years than all other causes put together. We might well learn helpful lessons from Ireland and Mexico in the solution of our liquor problem.

of offers of attractive summer homes, including one from the Governor of the State, Hon. John E. Weeks. Some of the homes were offered as outright gifts. Along with the offers came a deluge of letters from all over Vermont welcoming him to the State and urging him to be sure to come. Al. appealed to the Associated Press to publish a statement that he was not contemplating buying a home in Vermont, or moving to that State. The incident, however, brought out in a striking way the fine regard that is held for Mr. Smith all over the country, even in rock-bound Republican states like Vermont.

Sunday's Liturgy

By Dom Roger Schoenbechler, O.S.B.

Jan. 26

Third Sunday After Epiphany

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

Collect of the Mass: "Almighty and eternal God, graciously look upon our infirmity, and, for our protection, stretch forth the right hand of Thy Majesty. Through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To understand this Collect we must recall that the entire liturgy of the time after Epiphany envisages the King of Light in full possession of His Kingdom, seated upon His throne. The various Gospels narrate the miracles and doctrines which go to prove His majestic power and divinity.

In the Collect therefore, the Church, the Mystic Body of Christ, approaches her Head and King, asking Him to look with mercy upon our frail human nature, in consequence of which we need the powerful protection of "the right hand of His Majesty."

grace, and perseverance in grace. The Epistle points out the root of the infirmity referred to in the Collect. "Be not wise in your own conceits." Pride, namely, was the cause of original sin, the effects of which have come down to us, weakening our will and darkening our understanding. We are prone to evil, and unless we counteract these effects with true humility in the sight of God, we shall quickly be overcome by evil instead of "overcoming evil by good."

That the humble and faithful will receive this help for which we ask in the Collect, is assured us in the Gospel. Jesus, pictured for the first time as the Divine Physician, heals two of the most dreaded maladies of nature, leprosy and paralysis. The leper and the centurion are classic examples of deep humility and ardent faith.

For us, this narration contains a manifold lesson. We are given wondrous proof of the divinity of Christ, and we are invited to renew our faith in Him. We are also assured of His great healing power over our souls. In Baptism our souls were divested

of original sin, and the paralyzing effects thereof lessened. In the tribunal of Penance the Divine Physician is ever ready to "stretch forth the right hand of His Majesty" (Collect) to heal, not once, but many times, our repeatedly contracted leprosy of sin. We must, however, for our part, approach Him in the spirit of adoration, humility, and deep faith, as did the leper and centurion of old. Then can we hope that He will look upon our infirmity, "cleanse away our sins, and sanctify our bodies and souls for the frequent celebration of His mysteries and a worthy enjoyment of their fruits." (Secret and Post-communion.)

Seeks C. D. A. Convention New York, Jan. 24.—Atlantic City has taken the lead in presenting a formal bid for the 1931 supreme international biennial convention of the Catholic Daughters of America, according to announcement at the order's national headquarters here.

The Catholic Courier and Journal—A Paper that should be in every Catholic Home in Rochester Diocese.

Flames Fought By 40 Priests At Techny, Ill.

Techny, Ill., Jan. 24.—Forty priests from St. Mary's Mission House joined with firemen from nearby suburbs in the 15 below zero temperature last Saturday to conquer a fire endangering St. Ann's Home for Old People near Techny, Ill.

The flames attacked chicken houses and straw stacks behind the home, which houses 300 old people. The united efforts of the 40 priests and the firemen brought the blaze under control before it could reach the building. St. Mary's Mission House is across the road from the old people's home. The firemen were loud in their praise of the splendid work of the priests in fighting the fire.

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