

The Catholic Courier and Journal

Official Paper of the Diocese of Rochester
Published at 237 Andrews St., every Friday by
THE CATHOLIC COURIER and JOURNAL, Inc.
With the Approbation of the
Right Rev. John Francis O'Hern, D.D.,
Bishop of Rochester
TELEPHONE MAIN 1567

Courier Established 1929
Journal Established 1889
Subscriber to the N. C. W. C. News Service
Entered at the Postoffice at Rochester,
N. Y., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Payable in Advance
One Year \$2.50
Foreign, one year 3.00

Make all checks payable to Catholic Courier and Journal, Inc. Advertising Rates gladly furnished on application. This newspaper will not accept unreliable or undesirable advertising.

Editorial Staff:

Priests of the Diocese,
Maurice F. Sammons, Managing Editor

All communications for publication must be signed with the name and address of the writer, and must be in the Courier office by Tuesday preceding the date of publication.

Friday, April 11, 1930.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

On Tuesday evening this week the Rt. Rev. David Lincoln Ferris, D.D., Episcopal Bishop and the Rt. Rev. John Francis O'Hern, Catholic Bishop, sat side by side on the stage in Convention Hall. Around them sat ministers of many churches, rabbis and priests, men and women of all races and creeds. Before them was a great audience, representative also of all races and creeds, black and white, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic.

The purpose of this meeting was to champion religious liberty in Russia. Bishop Ferris did not say: "I want religious liberty for my church and my people." Rabbi Jeremiah J. Berman, of Temple Beth-El, did not say: "I demand liberty for the Jews, the chosen people of God." The Rev. W. S. K. Yeaple, pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church, did not say: "I came here to champion liberty for the persecuted Baptists of Russia." Bishop O'Hern did not say: "Our priests and bishops are being murdered in Russia, and I am here to protest against these crimes in the name of the great church I represent."

Not at all. But all these representatives of various churches, all of them, altogether, as if speaking with a common voice, as if influenced by a common thought, said: "We are here to champion religious liberty for all churches and all creeds, for all races and all peoples; we are here to ask that Russia give the inalienable God-given right of freedom of worship to everybody!"

A meeting of this kind in any community is a splendid thing. It brings together men and women who should be friends, neighbors, comrades; men and women who should have confidence in one another, and respect for the religious beliefs of one another. A meeting of this kind warms human hearts. It enriches human souls. It brings a blessing and a benediction upon a people and a community. It helps draw all people into that ideal comradeship, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Suspicion cannot live in such an atmosphere; nor hate, bigotry or injustice.

The blood of martyrs, shed in Russia, has enriched the spiritual atmosphere of Rochester. The voice of religion, crying out for justice in Rochester, will surely be heard in Russia, and will have weight there—for it speaks not in wrath, but in kindness and in charity. It appeals to the better nature of the Russian rulers; to their sense of fair play, to their sense of humanity, and their love of liberty. We may be sure, therefore, that this great meeting in Convention Hall will do much good and will have a far-reaching effect for humanity, for religion and for God. The promoters of it deserve the gratitude of the entire community.

GOOD FRIDAY

Next Friday is Good Friday, anniversary of the day on which our Saviour died on the Cross on Calvary's heights long, long ago. We who walk, haltingly or timidly, in His footsteps; we who lift hearts and hands in appeal to Him, for favors and for graces—we, that day, will walk saddened by the thought that our sins, and the sins of all mankind, made this day a reality, a necessity, a tragedy that has forever left its shadows upon the Christian world.

The Stations of the Cross take us, step by step, from the beginning of that day to the end of it—through the Garden of Gethsemane, with its bloody sweat; to the pillar where he was scourged; to the mock throne where He was crowned with a crown of thorns; to the streets, where the rabble spat upon Him—and cried aloud for His blood; to the spot where the heavy cross was placed upon His shoulders, and he was dragged along the path where He was weighted and weary, up to Calvary's heights, where, nailed to the cross, he remained three awful hours, for the people; and to the tomb, where he lay in his grave so good, so kind, so loving, so gentle, so meek, so kind, so good, so meek, so gentle, so loving, so good, so kind, so meek, so gentle, so loving, so good, so kind.

MY CRUCIFIX

I Hear It Everywhere. I Prefer It
to All Things

I often read of beautiful things
That carry my soul aloft on wings,
But aught they say, or e'er can sing,
Such peace to me can never bring
As my Crucifix.

It brightens my day and cheers my night,
And makes life's heaviest burdens light,
Nor beauties of nature, nor charms of sea,
Such depths of thought can unfold to me
As my Crucifix.

It speaks in a low, mysterious way,
And says what creatures can never say,
Ahl! who will tell me the value of pain,
And the merit patient suffering can gain
As my Crucifix.

When bowed beneath the weight of woe,
That only our Crucified Lord can know,
Who then can comfort my aching soul
And urge it onward towards the goal,
As my Crucifix.

The trees and flowers all speak of God's
Love,
And the sky reveals it from above,
But neither flowers, clouds nor sun
Can tell what His love for me has done,
As my Crucifix.

--Selected

Walking this pathway, in pity and with prayer, with sympathy and with love, will help bring us all a little closer to God; a little nearer to Him who suffered and died for us, and will help give us a realization of the fruits of sin and of iniquity. With this understanding, it should be simple and easy to stay closer to God, to His commandments and to His Church.

Our Saviour taught peace and He taught love—peace on earth to men of good will; love of God and of humanity; love of truth and of spiritual beauty; love of virtue and of kindness; love of all things that are pleasing to God and helpful to our immortal souls. And if we walk with Him in the Way of the Cross, feel its weight and know its agony, and kneel by the tomb, immortal in its sanctity, our souls will be the better for it. Let us, then, on this coming Good Friday, say to Jesus Christ: "Never again will I leave you; never again walk away from you; never again let you, alone, carry the Cross that belongs partly to me."

DOUBLE DARE YOU

How often you have heard that expression when you were a boy. Ladies, please do not read this. It may make us men feel uncomfortable. Men are more bashful than women. Or, at least, they act as if they were, most of them. It is a good quality, as a rule, bashfulness; but now and then it should be put on the top shelf where many of the ladies put it to follow the modern pagan styles.

But we bashful men hide our devotions in most towns. We like the Mass and Benediction and other services of the Church, but some one may notice us there, and unless we have to go, as on Sunday, we stay away so we may not be noticed. This is true especially in regard to the most richly indulged devotion of the Church, The Way of the Cross. How many times have you made the Stations this Lent, which is nearly over now? "Every Friday," you may say with some satisfaction. Yes, but we ask did you not make them then with the congregation with the priest leading? But how often have you made them alone on other days? The answer is represented by zero, perhaps.

Jim, a city man, dropped in to visit an old friend in a smaller town. Tom, the friend, was not at home and was expected, in about six that evening. Jim was a stranger, but he took a walk and around the corner saw the church. He went in. He started around the Stations. He and many of his men friends had been doing that at home for years. There were some women and children also performing that same devotion. But the crowd did not help but see that he was being watched. He put his hand to his head to ease if he had kept his hat on. He had no vanity case with mirror to look at his face to find out if he had a smudge on his nose. But he kept on. And the rest watched, not continually, but by glancing at him as he followed them. He finished the devotion, which was one he loved, though he was a hard-headed business man. Then he returned to his friend's home. He was there. And after greetings, Jim asked: "Is my face clean? Or do I look like a crook, or is there anything the matter with my clothes?" Tom looked him over carefully, laughing, and said: "No, your face is clean, and you look like a fashion plate. You are all right, as far as I can see. Why?"

"Thanks," said Jim. "What is the matter with your people here, or did I get into the wrong church? I went into the church around the corner, to make the Stations, and they looked at me as if I were in need of repairs somewhere." Tom had an answer: "Jim," said he, "men do not make the Stations here, except a few old fellows who have one foot in the grave." Jim came back: "Why not? Are you scared? I dare you to come with me after supper, if that church is open, and to make them with me tonight." Tom hesitated. "O," said Jim, "we men make them in our own town. A lot of us do, and no one spies on us as if we were crazy. And what you men need is to get over being bashful. Why leave

Catholics Agree With St. Paul

Catholics believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is whole and entire, both under the form of bread, and under the form of wine; hence it is not necessary to receive Holy Communion under both forms. Consult your Bible, authorized version of 1881 (Cor. II, 27). "Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread OR drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner shall be guilty of the body and the Blood of the Lord. See Cardinal Wiseman's Book on Holy Communion and Real Presence—At All Book Stores.

ST. PETER WAS A ROMAN CATHOLIC

"A.E.'S" WEEKLY IS DEAD

"The Irish Statesman" is dead. Founded seven years ago by "A.E.," George W. Russell, it became a powerful factor in the upbuilding of Irish national life; a clarion voice in politics; a sustaining-voice in the same and safe growth of Irish agriculture and in the development of co-operative farming and marketing in Ireland. It stood not only for the life of Ireland, but for the spirit and the soul.

For nearly half a century of time "A.E." has stood at the forefront of modern Irish writers. His poetry has won him world fame; his prose and poetry have nourished and strengthened the anaemic blood of Ireland. He writes with great beauty of thought, with clearness, with vigor, with a fine sense of Irish individuality, holding fast to the glory and the beauty of his home land, to the richness of her memories, the wealth of her tragedies.

These things he reflected in the pages of his celebrated weekly newspaper, prematurely dead now. His friend and comrade, W. B. Yeats, lighted fires of Irish love in the same pages. So did a group of other chosen friends, writers par excellence whom he had gathered around him to endeavor, to beautify and to glorify the cause he loved, the truths he preached, the ideals he championed. Close to seventy now, his massive head towers above the great ungainly form his countrymen know and love so well.

"What can it profit my race," he asked long ago, "if it gain the empire of the world, and yet lose its own soul?"

He carried the torch of Irish nationality in a firm hand. The right to choose their own ideals, to make their own laws, to govern their own lives, according to the God-implanted law within them; the right to "teach our children our history, the story of our heroes, and the long traditions of our race, which stretch back to God"—these are among the things that "A.E." championed. The beautiful in literature, in art, in poetry, he would teach, too. But alas! the unwelcome hand of modernism is clutching the heart of Ireland, and he laments:

"The Police Gazette, the penny novels, the hideous comic journals, replace the once familiar poems and the beautiful and moving memoirs of classic Ireland. The music that breathed Tir-na-og, and overcome men's hearts with all gentle and soft emotions is heard more faintly, and the songs of the London music halls may be heard in places where the music of fairy enchanted the elder generations."

"It is better to remain unbroken to the last," he declares, "and I count it as noble to fight God's battles as to keep His peace."

Turning to poetry, his genius flashes: "Unto the deep the deep heart goes:
It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the Mighty Mother knows
The wounds that quiver uncon-
fessed."

"Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose:
Withers once more the old blue flower
of day;
There where the ether like a diamond
glows,
Its petals fade away."

"The careless sweetness of yore mind
Comes from the buried years behind."

"A cabin on the mountain-side, hid in a
grassy nook,
With door and window open wide, where
friendly stars may look."

it to the women and children? Why let those indulgences slip away from you, because you are afraid? A missionary gave us men a love for that devotion in our parish years ago, and he told us to remember that a man, Simon, helped our Lord to carry the Cross and that we could make the devotion in a few minutes by thinking of him and walking in his footsteps and by trying to imagine what he saw after he took up that Cross after our Lord.

"Pardon me, Tom," said Jim, "I did not mean to preach. But, I double dare you to make the Stations with me right now. And tomorrow I will make them again, and introduce me to some of the men you know and I will double dare them to come with me. Start something, if you are not scared and show that you are not bashful in walking the road of the way of the Cross in memory of the other Man-made-God who walked it for us men as well as for women and children."

CURRENT COMMENT

REAL PROGRESS

The clergy of a parish in northwest Dakota—distributed 166,684 Holy Communion last year. In announcing the number the pastor pointed out that it exceeded the financial income in dollars by about 12,000. He said he was pleased with the splendid financial report, but still more gratified with the spiritual balance sheet. The latter, he explained, shows progress in the greatest of all things, the salvation of souls.

No doubt many other parishes in Detroit can report a similar number of Holy Communion. We cite this instance because there has been criticism, justified at times, that American Catholics boast too much of brick and mortar progress.—The Michigan Catholic, Detroit.

CHAIN PRAYERS

Many letters have been received from subscribers during the past week stating that the chain prayers are going the rounds. The usual promise of good luck or damnation accompany their circulation. This time, it appears, they are called the "Saint Anthony chain prayers." We are asked whether it is proper to continue the chain and whether such prayer chains are efficacious. Primarily, these prayers are based upon a threat—and a superstition. "Unless you do so-and-so—that is the threat. 'You will have seven years' bad luck'—that is the superstition. One might as well play a ouija board, visit the palm reader at a 10-cent circus, carry a rabbit's foot or go into seclusion after smashing a mirror. Because the chain prayer is mailed by an anonymous sender is proof of its spurious character. It is not sanctioned by the Church, never was and never will be. We will say quite positively and authoritatively that the chain prayer is a fake and does irreparable damage by ridiculing Catholics in the eyes of our non-Catholic friends. The proper place for it is neatly tucked away in the family waste basket.—Union & Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DIGEST POLL

The Literary Digest poll on prohibition enforcement, modification and repeal is, of course, interesting. Whether the question and problem is entitled to the center of the stage and the glare of the spot light, remains to be seen. If the sensation of the hour is due to expert propaganda and agitation, the coming congressional elections will return about the same brand of legislators, who reserve the right to vote one way and drink the other. The True Voice warns that Catholics should not make it seem to be a vital issue of particular interest to them as a class.

This is wise warning. Every temperate person can now satisfy his thirst and need not overthrow prohibition as if it were a curse that needs a crusade by Catholics. Championship of prohibition sometimes comes only after people seem to believe that its abolition is vital to the Catholic Church. Less stirring up takes from it some of the zest that rallies defenders and contributors of support.—Catholic Universe-Bulletin, Cleveland, O.

We have a medical friend who reads detective stories so he will become proficient in finding clues to diseases.

"Where the cool grass my aching head
ernbowers,
God sings the lovely carol of the
flowers."

To him Ireland is a holy land, a glorious land. He would take all his people up on the mountain tops, among the trees and the stars, and have them reach strong Gaelic hands towards the mystic world people with their strong Gaelic ancestors. Friends of Ireland will regret, therefore, that his newspaper, Irish from Alpha to Omega, is numbered now among the dead. But even with growing age, and "The Irish Statesman" gone, his voice and pen will not be mute. He will still find melody hostile to the atmosphere of the London music halls, and the spirits of great men and lovely women of other ages will still whisper to him of the beauties and the glories of the past—the things he would love to keep dear and sacred in the spiritual and national heart of Ireland.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

A pedestrian always has the right of way—when he's in a hurry.

Russia is killing religion—with results like the old fellow who cut his foot off to stop the pain in his toe.

Peace societies are trying to fix things so the next war will be fought by Radio. It will be a terrible war unless they kill the static.

There is no truth to the story that the Methodist Bishop Cannon is going to move to the Sahara desert because it is strictly dry.

There is a poem entitled "Speak Well of the Dead". A judgment of \$25,000 has been granted against the Liberty magazine because it didn't speak well of the dead. In 1928 the magazine published an article on General Sam Houston, Texas liberator. The article referred to Temple Houston, a son of Sam, as a heavy drinker and a dangerous citizen. Temple has been dead for some years, but his widow sued the magazine and was awarded the above verdict.

A New Jersey theater attempted to show a birth-control film the other day, "No More Children". The police put the lid on the attempt. The theater owners have gone to the courts, trying to get an injunction prohibiting the police from interfering with their degrading film. It was the old-fashioned saloonkeeper, who sneered at decency and spat upon the law, who was chiefly responsible for the death of his business. The movie men had better learn a lesson from that. The American people will not tolerate such films, nor will they look with complacency upon the promoters of them. The movies have enough mud on their skirts now without adding more to it.

Life is tragic. Eddie Foy, son of Irish immigrants, made millions laugh the world over. He was one of the greatest stage comedians this country has ever had. Known and beloved the world over, he died in Kansas City two years ago. Now his widow is threatened with eviction from a little restaurant she has been operating for the past year and a half at 3,432 Boston Road, the Bronx. She says the business depression has made it impossible for her to pay her rent, and that if she had \$500 she might be able to retain her business. She has no other means of support. The millions who laughed at Eddie—will any of them help his widow?

THOSE FALLEN AWAY

The State of Oklahoma numbers about 10,000 fallen away Catholics whose homes no priest enters, says Father James A. Garvey, in The Catholic Courier. It would be interesting to know how many fallen away there are in every State of the Union, to hear the reason why they fell away, and what is being done to salvage these people. We always think of those fallen away when we hear or read about "making America Catholic." Why not tend to people who were our own first? Of course, that kind of work is not done by spectacular Billy Sunday methods, but by continuous "Kleinarbeit," humble work.—The Daily American Tribune, Dubuque, Iowa.

REMEMBERING OTHERS

We Catholics of America get our religion so comfortably that we are beginning to find even the Lenten fast a hardship. It is a salutary lesson for us, therefore, to read what others must suffer for the Faith. Indeed, it would be a sad situation if our own prosperous Christianity should insulate us against the sufferings of others. Above every other people we ought to be sensitive to the sufferings of Catholics abroad, for the very roots of our virtues lie deep in the soils of the nations of Europe. There should be a ready response of prayer and fasting on this side of the water to the appeal of our Holy Father for united activity against the atheists of Russia.—The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

The appearance of Colonel Callahan before the House Judiciary Committee's hearings on legislation for dry law repeal, however little one may agree with his reasoning, should be productive of at least one good result. It should serve to show our fellow citizens that Catholics are not of one mind on this question—as they are not, indeed, upon any purely civic or political question. Bishop Cannon, and others of his ilk, would like to convince their followers that all Catholics are against Prohibition simply because they are Catholics; that they are marshalled against the Eighteenth Amendment by their ecclesiastical leaders. Colonel Callahan's arguments and Msgr. Foley's letter should effectively dispose of such calumnies.

Most Catholics, we think, are for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. But this doesn't mean that there are no members of our Church who are honestly convinced that Prohibition is a good thing and who will work hard to keep it on the statute book.