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And Journal

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**ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO**

One hundred years ago the Tuscarora and Canawaugus Indians roamed the forests in this vicinity. There were few crosses on Church steeples hereabouts. In 1822, history tells us, there were in this great State of New York but two churches in New York City, one in Albany, one in Utica, one in Auburn, and one in Carthage. All were served by one Bishop and eight priests. The following year Rochester raised her first Cross to the sky—old St. Patrick's—at the corner of Platt and Frank Streets. A modest little building, erected by the toil-worn hands of immigrants, and cemented by the love of their hearts.

Seven years later, in the heart of the woods, where giant trees had formed the great Cathedral of Nature, a little spot was cleared at "Paddy's Hill", at what is now the junction of the Latta road and Mt. Read Boulevard. Here hardy pioneers erected the first country church in New York State. Here love built a little Cathedral of its own, and Faith beautified it with prayer. The Indians called it "The Church in the Woods." Poets wrote about it. Writers marveled at it. Visitors drove miles to see it. But, best of all, the feet of many a pioneer—immigrants homesick for the churches they had left behind in Ireland, Germany and elsewhere—wore pathways to its sacred door. There they heard holy Mass. There they worshipped God. There they received the Sacrament of the Altar. There their children were baptized and confirmed. There young couples were married, and there the tired, worn feet of the faithful were carried in love before the altar when death came.

That was one hundred years ago. On Sunday the centennial of this Church will be celebrated. Fittingly, the celebration will be a religious and civic one—a religious one, because the Church, venerable with the life of centuries, is ever proud of the age, as well as of the youth, of her children; a civic one, because a church that has inspired love and devotion for God and for country—as this Church has inspired such love—is a priceless asset to any community. The Governor of this great State, Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, will be present at the celebration, and will speak. A representative of the President of the United States, the Hon. Charles H. Tuttle, Federal District Attorney of New York City, will be present and will speak. The Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. John Francis O'Hern, D.D., will celebrate a Pontifical centennial Mass and will preach. Present and former parishioners, and many friends, will be there, all eager to pay tribute to a Church that has lived close to the heart of God for one hundred years, and that has done God's work in a beautiful way; and all eager to congratulate the fortunate rector, the Rev. Daniel B. O'Rourke, and his people, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of noble and pious pioneers.

What a soul-inspiring world of thought it gives us to look back on these one hundred years. The Indians are gone. The forests are gone. Churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums and homes for the aged lift thousands of crosses upwards to God in this State where so few crosses were to be seen then. Thousands of pious men and women—successors of the one Bishop and eight priests—are doing God's work in this State in every conceivable way. The good-will and the good wishes of millions of non-Catholic people are ours, and we are enjoying the sweetness of American liberty, the fruits of Catholic enterprise, and the blessings of an ever-loving God.

Happy, therefore, are the good people of Our Mother of Sorrows Church on "Paddy's Hill". May the combined love of all children of the Church—the living and the dead—for these one hundred blessed years smile down upon her on this centennial day, and be beautified by the presence and the blessing of God, well-earned during a century of her life.

**CONFESSION**

When Christ said to His Apostles, "Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven them; whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained" (John 20:23), He made confession of sin to a priest necessary. He made the Apostles and their successors judges; they were either to forgive or not to forgive the sins. No judge can decide a case unless he knows what the case is. Go into a Court Room and say to the Presiding Judge, "Judge, I am guilty." Would he not immediately reply "Guilty of what; what is your crime?" Confession therefore is absolutely necessary.

Read all about confession in "Thoughts for All Times"—Vaughan Publishers: Benziger Bros., New York.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, GREATEST ARCHITECT, ENGINEER AND PAINTER OF HIS TIME, WAS A CATHOLIC

**THE NATION NEEDS RELIGION**

Former President Coolidge, in a recent letter to the editor of The Christian Herald, wrote:

"I have tried to point out a great many times and in a great many different ways the fundamental importance of religion in sustaining our present civilization and government. The whole fabric of society rests upon it. If The Christian Herald can do anything to awaken people to the importance of this principle it will serve a most useful purpose. I do not see any method of improving our social and economic relations except through the teachings of religion. In fact, it is my belief that we have gone as far as we can in progress and reform until we have a more general acceptance of the truths of religion. If these are permitted to slip away from us the progress and reform which we have already accomplished will vanish with them."

This is a thoughtful statement from a thoughtful man. It covers the situation exactly as it should be covered. Lacking respect and love for God, there is nothing to keep one from losing respect for law and order. The anchor of life is gone.

Passing laws will never make a good nation, a law-abiding nation, or a virtuous people. But if boys and girls, and men and women, are taught, as the Catholic Church constantly teaches them, that all law and authority are founded in God, and that our rulers are actual representatives of God, and must be obeyed, then all just laws are bound to be respected, and they are bound to be effective.

There has been much rabid criticism of the Catholic Church because it teaches religion in its schools, and because it insists that religion shall be taught to all its children. When the Nation learns, as Mr. Coolidge bluntly tells it, that the whole fabric of society rests upon this, it will learn a lesson that is sadly needed in America. Mr. Coolidge is right.

**DOWN WE GO**

"All together. Down we go. Keep in a line. Down they go, the minister, the bride and groom, the witnesses and their friends, and as they go down a height of 5,000 feet from an airplane from which they have jumped in parachutes, the minister asks: "Wilt thou?" and the groom and bride answer: "Yes." They join hands and finish the ceremony as they light on a wheat field. And their names are in the papers, for seeing that no one would know a thing about them otherwise, they have tried this sensational way of contracting marriage. Perhaps we are a little ahead of time in the above account. But we do know that marriages are performed, in airplanes, in lion's cages, in diving bells at the bottom of the sea, in diving suits with the minister and interested parties at the bottom of a pond, and it is hard to say where not.

Is it any wonder that there are so many divorces in our days when this Sacrament is treated so lightly? Man and woman join hands in the sacred union of marriage. It is a state ordained by an all-wise God. It has been planned to perpetuate the human race. It is a union in which each promises to aid the other in carrying the sorrows, the burdens and trials of life, which begin with the cradle and for some do not end even at the grave. Yet this sacred institution, which is one of the foundations of the country and on which its very life depends, is treated as a joke. Insignificant individuals who wish to be in the lime-light, at least for a day, seek in their small minds for some sensational way that will bring them publicity. If the figures could be obtained no doubt we would find that publicity will come to them when their matrimonial wars will be aired in the courts of the nation.

What a contrast to the devotional services of the true Church. When the couple enters the church they stand before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and in the presence of His priest in that holy place, they have their ring blessed and make their promises to each other, promises to endure as long as life lasts. And the solemnity of the nuptial Mass, with them and their friends receiving our Lord, to ask His blessings on them for years to come, are far different from the flashy, empty-headed and frivolous manner in which many marriages are performed in our day to attract attention to the insignificant.

**THE SECRET IS OUT**

The secret is out. No longer is there any doubt about who elected President Hoover. Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, told the Senate Lobby Committee the other day that he was the writer of a magazine article which contained this paragraph:

"The fight was won, not by the Republican party, but by the churches, the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League and other temperance organizations."

He still sticks to that opinion, he said. His society made no report of political expenditures, as required by law of all organizations engaged in political activities, because he said it was not engaged in political work, but in a great moral issue.

And how did they elect President Hoover? Here is part of Mr. Pickett's answer, as contained in his testimony before the Senate Lobby Committee:

By sending out thousands of circulars reading as follows:

"The Enemy's Line-up:  
"Candidate: Al Smith.  
"Convention-Lieutenants: Hague, Brennan, Proskauer, Olaney (all Catholics).  
"Treasurer: Lehman, a Jew.

"Campaign Manager: Raskob, private chamberlain of the Pope, Knight of Columbus, director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment (temporary Democrat).  
"When the newspapers tell you that Governor Smith has named so many Protestants to office, don't be deceived. It does not indicate tolerance. These men constitute his 'front.' The men enumerated above are behind the front."

And was not this raising the religious issue in the campaign? Senator Blaine of Wisconsin asked Mr. Pickett. It was not, the benign gentleman declared. It was fighting for a great moral issue, although these circulars were, by very force of their wording, mailed entirely to non-Catholic voters.

Was Mr. Hoover cognizant of this touching, non-political, non-religious moral support? Let Mr. Pickett answer. He is the gentleman who helped dish out the porridge with his non-political spoon. He says in a magazine article which he admitted he wrote, and which was read into the Lobby Committee records:

"Late in October" remember the election was early in November—"Mr. W. T. Gallifer and the writer (Deets Pickett) were sitting on Mr. Hoover's rear porch at his home on S Street, Washington.  
"There is a beautiful garden, the porch is broad, the day has been warm, and as usual in the Hoover home, glasses of lemonade stood on the table."

All of these lovable non-political, non-religious circulars, exploiting the religion of Alfred E. Smith and some of the men who were associated with him, had been mailed to hundreds of thousands of non-Catholic voters all over the country, together with hundreds of thousands of other circulars sent out by the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, attacking Mr. Smith from every other possible angle. All of this work had been done, and late in October Mr. Deets Pickett and his fellow non-political soldier, Mr. W. T. Gallifer, were sitting on the rear porch of Mr. Hoover's Washington home, enjoying the Hoover hospitality, lemonade and garden included. Not on the front porch, where they might be seen, but on the rear porch, feeling, undoubtedly, as contented as setting hens in the golden autumn sunshine.

We would make no unkind comment to mar this beautiful non-political picture. We would not even intimate that Mr. Deets Pickett and Mr. Hoover had talked over the effect of these benevolent "moral" circulars exploiting the religion of Mr. Smith and his associates, or that the name of Lehman had been added to the list for the purpose of arousing prejudice against the Jews, and therefore against Mr. Smith, their friend. We would merely say, in non-political and non-religious kindness:

Mr. Hoover had better have his rear porch scrubbed with potash and lye, if it is not already too late.

**A Child of the Sacred Heart**

A simple, tranquil little maid,  
On lowly tasks intent,  
Her heart is haunting night and day,  
The Holy Sacrament.

No matter what may be her work,  
How busy head or hand,  
Her thoughts forever round her Lord,  
A guard of honor stand.

And she hath grown to envy, quite,  
The lamp that swings and swings,  
And sheds its ever-burning light  
Before the King of Kings:

"Blest be thy glow!"—she whispers low,  
"Star of the Sacred Heart!  
O little lamp! thou dost not know  
How privileged thou art!"

So muses she;—the busy while  
The mill of life whirls on;  
But thro' the worry and the toil,  
She prays from dawn till dawn:

"Sweet Jesus! since Thy will ordains  
These holy cares of mine,  
And since I may not break the chains  
That keep me from Thy shrine;

"Oh! make me as a little torch  
Of purest clarity,  
To kindle in indifferent hearts  
The tenderest love of Thee!"  
—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

**HIS FAITH EATEN AWAY**

In the city of Utica, N. Y., the other evening a minister, the Rev. Albert S. Cole, pastor of a prominent church, made the following statements in an address to a church club:

"The acids of modern life and experiences have eaten away my early faith, until now I cannot believe in God as a Father, and for the life of me I cannot tell you how Christianity is going to solve some of our great social and moral problems. I do not know exactly the standard by which to determine whether a man is a Christian or not, and in regard to the immortality of the soul, I neither affirm nor deny; I do not know, but am anxiously waiting for any light which may be shed upon the subject."

As was to be expected, the utterances of the clergyman caused a furore. Ministers of many churches criticized him, denounced him, and some called for his dismissal from his pulpit.

We sympathize sincerely with him. In the first place, he undoubtedly never had the right groundwork for Faith. The results of unreligious education are bound to appear in the pulpit, as they have appeared in a terrifying way among the Protestant laity. The atmosphere of a great many churches has brought about this spiritual calamity—and it is a spiritual calamity for any man or woman to lose his or her faith. Sermons on current topics, political sermons, rantings and ravings about Prohibition, talks on moral uplifts, sermons on books and motion pictures, discourses on Science—all of these, and a hundred and one other things, like dripping water, wear away one's love for God and one's faith in God. Ministers are no more exempt than the laity. The whole atmosphere is bad. The system is bad. There need be no surprise if a shaken soul falters or falls at the turn of the road.

A priest of God is educated in religion from his childhood. He is trained to walk with God, as it were, to think with God, to love God immeasurably and unreservedly. The Catholic Church is very exacting in her demands. The priest, Cardinal Gibbons tells us, is required to be a man of profound learning and of solid piety. He is obliged to study diligently for many years. The acids of modern life and experiences are spread before him in his student days. He knows the fallacies and the pitfalls. He knows the false and the true. He is sure of his ground, and is not shaken by false philosophies, or drawn aside by the lure of new religions. There is only one God, and all the changing notions of man for thousands of centuries can never change His truths, or add to or subtract from the glory and beauty of them. Truth is eternal, just as God is eternal.

We dare say there are many ministers who feel as this unhappy man does, but who have not the courage to say so. Their cases are pathetic. They need our prayers, our kindly sympathy and interest. Fallen and wounded by the roadside, they need good Samaritans to care for them. Let us not fail them in their hour, of spiritual agony.

**DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART**

The month of June is dedicated by the Church to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Since the word heart is symbolical of love, the month is therefore dedicated to the love of Jesus, to the love of God—to God who so loved the world that He gave the world His only-begotten Son, to be our Redeemer, our Guide and our Protector.

From the days of the early Christians devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was manifested in many ways. St. John, the beloved Disciple, standing by the Cross on Calvary, knew that love to its fullest and most complete extent. St. Peter knew it. The sick and the poor in Judea knew it. But it was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, the beloved disciple of the Sacred Heart, that the devotion grew to one of the most important in the Church. The whole life of this beloved Saint was encompassed by love and devotion to the Sacred Heart, and her simple recitals of the apparitions to her of our divine Lord

**WAYSIDE WHEAT**

By the Managing Editor

Vacation days are coming. Pick a spot, as an old Irishman advised, where there is a church in the neighborhood and no snakes in the grass.

When Congress overrode President Hoover's veto of the Spanish-American War pension bill the other day, the President must have felt like the Scotch aviator who jumped out of his plane, leaving his parachute behind so he wouldn't damage it.

Poetic fire is sometimes a literal fire. When the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Tyng was destroyed in Southampton, L. I., a few days ago, the fire also consumed 643 poems, submitted for entry in an international poetry contest. The American editor of these poems had taken them to Mr. Tyng's home for study and review. Now they are but dust and ashes, a poetic fire burned out.

A man was killed by a train in Bayonne, N. J., recently. A woman identified the body as that of her brother, Anthony O'Donnell. She arranged for a funeral Mass, and had his grave dug. Then a neighbor met Anthony walking down Broadway, New York. Anthony was surprised to know he was dead, and was to be buried in the morning. So he hurried home and cancelled his own funeral arrangements.

A fine upstanding Catholic gentleman was honored by Columbia University this week, when Justice Victor J. Dowling, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, received the degree of Doctor of Laws. In conferring the degree upon Justice Dowling, President Nicholas Murray Butler of the University referred to him as "highly honored both by the Vatican and by the governments of France and of Belgium, as well as by his fellow-citizens in many honorable ways; dispensing with learning and courage that justice which Burke described as the great standing policy of civil society."

electrified the whole world.

St. Margaret Mary was the chief exponent, as well as the apostle of this devotion, world-wide now, and recognized by the Church as one of the most beautiful of all devotions. The purpose of the devotion is to make us feel and understand the intensity of the human love and the divine love for us of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; to encourage us to try and return this love, love for love, as best we can, and to induce us to make reparation for the coldness of so many human hearts towards the heart of Jesus.

Let us ask Jesus to warm our hearts with the great love of His heart. Let us say, over and over, each day during this month of June, that simple sweet prayer: "Oh Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more." The reception of Holy Communion on all first Fridays, and on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, visiting Jesus and praying to Him in the Sacrament of the Altar, and the utmost thought and care to do nothing offensive to Him, are admirable ways of showing devotion to the Sacred Heart.

June 27 is the Feast of the Sacred Heart. All through the month, let us keep our hearts close to His heart, and preserve inviolate the common bond of love that should unite our hearts with His all the days of our lives. Then shall we know and feel the wonderful inspiration that induced St. Margaret Mary to become an apostle of love and of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Here in Rochester we have a church dedicated to St. Margaret Mary—on Rogers Parkway, with the Rev. C. J. Bruton as the rector. This church, one of the newer ones of the Diocese, should be an inspiration to us to know more of the beautiful life and the beautiful devotion of St. Margaret Mary—she whose sacrifices, whose unflinching fidelity, whose sweet and saintly character gave this beautiful devotion to the world and linked our hearts for all time to the heart of Jesus, the personification of love lasting and enduring.

**THE CHURCH WILL BE HARSH**

His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes of New York City, in presenting diplomas this week to 132 young lady graduates of the College of Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, warned them about immodest dress.

"It seems appropriate at this time," said the Cardinal, "to warn you that the evils of the world are many, and one of the greatest of evils is immodesty. Especially is this true of immodesty in dress. The Catholic Church in the future will be harsh in its disciplinary measures toward those who persist in dressing immodestly." He added that the church did not want young women to lose their feminine charm, but wished them to "use it spiritually."

The warning by the Cardinal is timely. Pope Pius XI recently expressed himself in strong terms on this same subject, and Bishops and priests all over the world have taken it up. Much good will surely come of this, and it is just as well to let the world know that the Church will be harsh in its disciplinary measures towards those who prefer style to religion, fashion to morality.