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ABOUT LOSS OF FAITH

This paper, in a recent editorial, made some comments in a kindly way upon the case of a minister who confessed a doubt as to the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. He confessed, humbly and sadly, to his people that the acids of modern life had eaten away his early faith. In the official bulletin of Notre Dame University, for 1930, there is a kindly foreword to non-Catholic readers, in which this very subject is touched upon in the following manner: "The average Protestant minister of the 'more liberal' sects is inclined to lose his sense of proportion in the presence of a Renan, a Bauer, a Strauss, a Harnack, a Paul Sabatier, or a John Dewey. Aside from the supernatural gift of Faith (by which a Catholic understands not a 'confidence in God' but a supernatural act of the intellect, elicited at the command of the will, under the influence of divine grace, by which we accept as true everything that God has revealed, whether it be communicated through Scripture or through tradition, because God has revealed it), the informed Catholic is neither disturbed nor impressed by either the flippancy or the apodictical statements of heretics or infidels, be they modernists or agnostics, deists or pantheists. He is not impressed, because he is quite used to scholarship and has learned to distinguish it from pseudo-scholarship. When he hears of a 'new' difficulty in regard to a revealed truth or in regard to the whole body of revelation, his first impression is one of wonder that its author is just now encountering it. He says to himself (and too often does not trouble himself to say aloud): 'Pelagius stated that so much more happily, and St. Augustine's answer was so complete!'

AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO MORALITY

In an excellent book, "The Belief of Catholics," by the Rev. Ronald Knox, a convert-descendant of John Knox, father of Scotch Presbyterianism, there is a timely chapter devoted to divorce and birth control. Father Knox says that in the past fifty years an open challenge has been issued to traditional morality in matters concerning sex. A steady, ceaseless flow of propaganda has shaken the faith of many people in the indissolubility of marriage; fifty years ago divorce was a disreputable subject. Now it is not, and within the past few years a second challenge has been issued against the fruitfulness of marriage. After telling of these changes and challenges, Father Knox says:

"Now the healthier part of our fellow-citizens does not want to see the effects of either propaganda carried to their logical conclusion. No decent person wants free love; no decent person wants race suicide. They live, therefore, not by principle, but by a compromise between principles; they are in favor of divorce, but not of easy divorce; of small families, but not of too small families. Consequently, they feel themselves responsible for the decision where exactly the line shall be drawn, within the generous limits which our legal system allows. They do not like the responsibility; who would? Who, in tampering with institutions so sacred as those of the family, would not like to feel that he had an authority behind him? A 'warrant' from somewhere to ratify his behavior? If only there were some great spiritual institution which would act, in these matters, as a sort of public conscience, guiding, from a higher point of vision, the moral choice made by the individual? The non-Catholic has no 'warrant,' no institution to help him in these matters," Father Knox says. Consequently, the non-Catholic is left to

The Greatest Sight

In Atlantic City on a hot August Sunday morning is 12,000 Catholics attending Mass at one Church, while all other Catholic churches are crowded to capacity from 6:15 A. M. until noon. No matter how varied the attractions or how great the hardships, the Catholic's first thought on Sunday is to honor his God. "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day," like all the commandments, places a definite obligation on all who profess to serve God. Jesus Christ celebrated the first Mass the night before He died. He then ordained His Priests, and gave them power to celebrate Mass, in which bread and wine are changed into His body and blood. Catholics go to Mass because it is the highest form of worship to God. St. Paul says in I Cor. 11, 26, that the Mass was instituted by Christ to show His death until His second coming. (Read all about the Mass in "Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons—at all book stores.)

THE LARGEST SINGLE SUBSCRIBER TO THE LIBERTY LOAN OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS WAS A CATHOLIC, THOS. FITZSIMMONS

solve his own problem, unaided, unadvised, and filled with worry and doubt. It is not a pleasant situation for a man or woman who is honestly anxious to live a God-fearing life. It leaves a troubled soul at sea, with storm clouds growing darker and darker all around.

THE ROMANIST HOLD-UP

The earth was revolving on its axis. The White House clock was ticking. Babe Ruth was trying to hit a home run in Boston. The Chinese war was moving towards Kwei-chow and Shen-si. John Brown's body lay moldering in the grave. The police of Kalamazoo were dragging the canal for a Chinaman's dog. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, enthroned in the witness chair of the Senate Lobby, was glaring at five illustrious Senators, like a pinch-hitter at an umpire, or a prodigal son at a fatted calf. The atmosphere was ebullient. Outside of that the world was serene.

Suddenly a smartly-dressed lady loomed upon the horizon—a new Joan of Arc, or a manicurist—who knows? She had fire in her eye, and she wore biggie hosiery. She had the look of a woman about to die for a great cause, greet a delinquent husband, or promulgate a new recipe for a dry drink. Rushing to the side of the bellicose Bishop, and raising her voice and her diaphragm, she screamed, ethically, and according to the cycles of liberated womanhood:

"This is a Romanist hold-up in free, Protestant America, and I protest!"

Just like that. Right out on the placidity of the arid atmosphere. And the Pope away off in the Vatican City, never suspecting that Vesuvius, or Genevieve, or whatever her name is, was about to erupt. And the Cardinals away off in their respective cities, wishing the weather was cooler. And Senator Walsh gasping for breath in front of her and wishing he had his baptismal certificate or razor strop with him. And four Protestant Senators who had never kissed the Pope's ring wondering if they were participants in the hold-up.

Suddenly, from the juxtaposition of a convenient ante-room, there appeared a tall policeman, unemotional, nameless, mayhap a married man meek at home but belligerent abroad. Fresh from his lunch or his siesta, he seized the lady by an arm and hustled her, ungraciously, towards a famous trysting place marked "Exit," whence he delivered her to the aroma of the auelian atmosphere, shaking his fist and his foot at her in a way distinctly anti-Sir Galahad. There she disappeared like a permanent wave in a rain storm.

But the heavenly-minded Bishop had written his epitaph on the tombstone of Time. He had asked the Lobby Committee to let him appear before it as a voluntary witness, then with his own voice, and with the voice of the commiserating lady, he had blamed the Romanists, and given the Pope another Evangelical wallop in the course of inspired righteousness, and from the substratum of his political soul. Thus is American liberty safeguarded, and the lady and the Bishop preserved to posterity as champions of revealed religion and human idiosyncrasies.

WAR MOTHERS BACK HOME

Several hundred of America's war mothers are back home from Europe. Guests of the Government, they saw and visited the graves of their sons who died in battle and are buried in war cemeteries "over across". Each mother, we are told in the news dispatches, brought back one exalted thought, one significant feature that stood out and impressed her more than aught else on the trip.

For one mother, it was the rows on rows of white marble crosses in Romagne Cemetery, each cross lettered alike: "Here rests, in honor and glory, an American soldier known but to God."

For another mother, it was the poppies in the great Somme Cemetery, thousands upon thousands, beautifying the grave of her son, and the graves of all other sons.

For still another mother, it was the sight of hundreds of French mothers, all dressed in black, who came to the dock to meet the American mothers, and who wept in silent sympathy as the visitors landed from the ship. "We could not talk to each other," said this American mother, "for we spoke different tongues. But we didn't need to talk. We understood."

And so each mother, moving through France, or kneeling by the grave of her son, brought back some outstanding memory of her memorable journey to the shadows of the valleys of death.

All of this is very beautiful, very touching and pathetic. But the most beautiful and appealing feature of all—and one upon which few of the news-writers touched—was the spiritual side of this wonderful journey. The mothers who knelt and prayed by the graves of their sons—knelt and prayed, not only for their own sons, but for all boys at rest in all cemeteries—the mothers who visited the wonderful churches in France and prayed before the altars of God for their boys and for all boys; the mothers who lifted their hearts and souls to God, in sorrow and in hope—all of this was beautiful, and all of this will be lasting. The white crosses, row upon row, will be remembered long after all else is forgotten, and mother lips will say over and over again, until death comes, that simple and appealing prayer: "Lord, have mercy upon his soul, and upon all the souls of the faithful departed."

Religious or racial lines did not divide the boys when they died on battle field or in hospital; religious or racial lines did not divide the war mothers who knelt and prayed above the graves of their sons in France. Nor should they divide us here, we who are heirs of their sufferings and beneficiaries of their sorrows. Americans, united, those died; Americans, united, these prayed, and Americans, united, we should live.

VACATION. WHERE?

There was a storm on the lake. Three were in a row boat when the wind raised the waves suddenly. All were frightened. And, as usual when scared, some one did the wrong thing. They were seen from the shore. But only two were taken in alive. The other was on the bottom of the lake. In a short time the body was recovered, quicker than it was thought possible. They rowed with haste to the shore and began to try to bring back life. And one said, phone for the priest. But they were 43 miles from the nearest Catholic rectory. The priest was at home and though he broke all speed laws in hastening to the scene of the disaster, he was too late to do anything. And we naturally ask, why take a vacation so far from a church?

If we have money to go off for two or more weeks rest, then we can suppose that we have enough money to go to some place not so far removed from civilization. We can suppose that the true and zealous Catholic will not seek rest and recreation where he has to miss Mass on Sundays. I know of one man, who could have had a fine summer outing at no expense to himself. He asked one question: "Where is the nearest Catholic Church?" It was so far that he had no hopes of going to Mass, and he declined. His friends thought more of him for it. He showed that God had a part in his life in summer as well as in winter.

Our Bishop has arranged chapels at the more important summer resorts in our Diocese, so that those who are on vacations need not leave God out. God should not be left out of our pleasures. We call on Him in our sorrows, and let us have Him in mind in our joys.

Sensible Catholics will show that their faith in God, and their love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and in the Mass is real and solid, by spending their days of rest near some of those chapels which the Bishop has erected for that purpose.

And when we go into some strange place, city or town, the first question we should ask is "Where is the nearest Catholic Church?" If it is Saturday night, find it before you retire so that you can reach it easily next morning in time for one of the Masses. And do not forget this—when the collection basket is passed, do not be wrapped in prayer so deeply that you are unconscious of worldly matters. You are getting the use of that church and should give to its support even though you are a generous giver at home.

But—and this is most important—Do Not Go on a Vacation That Will Keep You from Mass. God first, pleasure second.

Efforts are being made to have the Monks in the Alps tie vacuum bottles of hot coffee to the necks of their famous St. Bernard dogs, instead of flasks of brandy, for the use of tourists lost or snowbound in these mountains. If this is done a lot of people won't bother getting lost anymore. They can get plenty of coffee at home.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Our Cannon—the Bishop—is back-firing. He is threatening to sue all Catholic papers that published libelous editorials upon him. We wonder if it is possible for any of us to libel a gentleman so versatile and so politically pious?

Heroism still lives. Emmett Ryle, 19 years old, a high school boy in Chicago, was driving a young lady friend to her home. Their automobile crashed into an elevated railroad post but he righted the car and soon reached the girl's home.

"I am glad we were not hurt," he said, as he left her at the door of her home. "Good night." He walked a little ways, staggered and fell dead from a badly fractured skull which he had sustained in the accident, but which he bravely sought to keep from her, lest it cause her worry and fright.

When the Association of American Colleges was founded in 1915, only 13 colleges for women applied for membership. Not one of these was a Catholic college. To-day there are 80 colleges for women in the Association, and 27 of the 80 are Catholic colleges. This statement was made by Dr. Robert L. Kelly, Secretary of the Association of American Colleges, at the recent celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of that splendid educational institution, Elmira College, the oldest college for women in the country. "And the end is not yet in this field, either in Protestant or Catholic development," Dr. Kelly said.

SIGNIFICANT BACCALAUREATES

Three very significant baccalaureate sermons were delivered last Sunday, one at Harvard College, one at Princeton University, and the other at Yale University. Emphatic reference was made to the necessity of religion in all three of these sermons.

One of the greatest defects in the world to-day is the lack of wisdom for the common guidance of mankind; President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard College told the Senior Class of the College—such wisdom, he said as is "part of religion" and an "emanation of God," to guide the State and human relations, and find solutions for such problems as war and crime and prohibition.

In his baccalaureate sermon at Princeton, President John Grier Hibben of the University urged that a sincere and intelligent consideration be given to religion by the graduates. He said there is, in the present age, an attitude of insolent superiority "towards all who hold to the essential principles and practice of the Christian way of life." He said there is something within man's nature that "gives us an assurance of the reality of those ideas which have ever kindled the aspirations of our race, the ideas of God, freedom and immortality."

President James Rowland Angell of Yale University was even more emphatic. "The period in which we are living," he said, "may well come to be known in religious history as the 'age of unbelief,' the latest of many, for the lineage runs direct and substantially uninterrupted from the Greek philosophers of the fourth century B. C., with occasional later high points such as the British skepticism of the eighteenth century and the radical movement of the French Revolution. Hardly a week goes by that some new book does not appear attacking one or another of the strongholds of religious faith, while the popular magazines are flooded with articles of like character. Even college professors vie with itinerant lecturers and casual essayists in the chorus of atheistic propaganda. I doubt whether any vital element in Christianity, to say nothing of other religions, has wholly escaped this assault."

This assault upon Christianity vitally affects the Nation, according to Dr. Angell. He says:

"That any appreciable part of a nation should be genuinely indifferent to issues as crucial for social well-being as are the basic principles of morals and religion bodes no good to any one. Such indifference has too often in the historic past been associated with the breakdown of national integrity and morale to be regarded without appreciable dismay. Certainly if one looks into the ethical principles of this group, the scene is rather depressing.

"The mantle of modern morals is assuredly a motley garment, if one judge it by the deliverances of many of our leading novelists, essayists and short story writers, by much that is most popular in the theatre, to say nothing of the cases in the courts of domestic relations, all of which reflect more or less truly the attitude of these flagrantly indifferent ultra-moderns."

There is but one answer to these assaults, evils and dangers—the right kind of a Christian education. The baccalaureate addresses of the presidents of these great educational institutions indicate in a striking way that they are deeply worried over the modern irreligious trend—the trend to get away from religion, and hence to get away from God and from all law and all authority. Parents who send their sons or daughters to colleges where professors join "in the chorus of atheistic propaganda," as Dr. Angell says, will surely have to answer to God for the injury that will be done to the Faith of these young people.

The Bridge

Where, as a lordly dream Glides, the deep-winding stream forever—more; Calm, as in conscious strength Bends thy majestic length from shore to shore.

Life in its fevered heat Surges, with pulsing feet restless above, Doomed, in its anxious flow Like the strong tide below onward to move.

Strange is the motley throng! Hearts yet untaught of wrong, thoughtless of pain Mingled with souls accurs'd Sands in a desert thirst— Clouds in the rain.

While o'er thee and below Swift the twin currents flow, Thy form serene, Still as the shades that sleep On the reflected deep Arches between.

O that all strife above Strang in the strength thereof, Man evermore built with a broader span Love for his fellow-man From shore to shore.

—Father Tabb.

CURRENT COMMENT

TASK FOR BISHOP CANNON

The U. S. Federal Bureau of Education reports that Virginia, "the Mother of Presidents," is also the mother of more illiterates than any of the original 13 States.

She also has more illiterates than Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nevada, North Dakota and Oregon combined.

And this is the "old Virginny" from which Bishop Cannon, M. E., waged his campaign of bigotry against Hon. "Al" Smith in the last Presidential campaign. He had fine material to work on.

The State authorities of Virginia now propose to "inaugurate a vigorous educational campaign."

Newspapers and politicians join in the chorus that "the blot of illiteracy must be wiped out" from the fair name of Virginia.—Indiana Catholic and Record, Indianapolis.

PATRIOTIC GESTURES

We care not how much the flag is waved in religious services so-called. We are more interested in the manner in which the home is held together by constant and repeated effort to blot out the scourge of American family life—Divorce. We care not how loudly a congregation sings the national anthem or who expatiates on patriotism. We are concerned with Protestant acceptance of birth control as a modern cure for our economic and social failures. Preachments on patriotism and platitudes on the flag are poor and unworthy substitutes for that active assistance necessary to make America proud of each citizen because of his willingness to smother personal passion for the stability of the American hearth side.

No matter how proud we claim to be for the stars and bars of Old Glory, if we do not rise up in religious importance to to give battle to the common foes of the American home, vain is our preaching, vain are our acts to instill the abstract proofs of patriotism if we do not give concrete evidence that patriotism is founded upon respect for the institutions of family life that guard the sanctity, the inviolability and the stability of the home. We cannot find consistency in waving the flag with one hand and throwing out solace to the enemies of our national life with the other.—Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S DAY

Last Sunday our Archbishop, Edward J. Hanna, said Mass for and distributed Holy Communion to 1,000 children at 8 o'clock, and spoke to them encouragingly; at 10 o'clock, he entered the same church in a long procession, sat through a long Solemn High Mass, got up during the ceremony and preached the sermon we print in this issue, preached it with joy and enthusiasm; stopped in for a while at a dinner in the hall of Dante Knights of Columbus, ate a little, spoke again encouragingly, rushed away to confirm children in the afternoon; and at night he was in another procession in the sanctuary of Sacred Heart Church, Oakland, congratulating Monsignor Sampson and his parishioners in kindly enthusiastic, well-chosen words. When it was all over he had time to step aside and congratulate the men in Father Boyle's choir.

On Monday he looked as fresh as a daisy and told me about his work among the Italians of New York State, when he was a young priest. "Could do things when I was young. Did not mind it," he said.

It was a tale of work during his vacations for the people whose language he alone among many priests could speak.

The thing I could see in that story was the giving of himself to others. As the youth, the man.—The Monitor, San Francisco, Cal.