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THE COAL COLLECTIONS

Beginning this time of the year, the
pastors of most churches in the Diocese
have their annual coal collections. There
is no need of dodging the issue: Times
are not good. Many people are out of
work, and have been out of work for a
long time. In fact, the times are a good
bit like O'Reilly's horse long ago. "He's
not as sick as he was, sir," said O'Reilly
to a sympathetic neighbor—"he just
died."

But, whether the times be good or
bad, the fact remains that the cost of
heating churches, schools, convents and
rectories, has not decreased one cent. It
is a problem that worries every pastor—
a problem that runs into the thousands in
the larger parishes. This problem,
coupled with the problem of trying to help
the families who need help, of trying to
clothe children who need clothing, of
trying to do a hundred and one things "in
the name of God" for his people who are
suffering from the hard times—well, this
problem is one that every parishioner
should help his pastor solve.

Every one of us who can afford it
should give a little more this year to the
coal collection. Help make up the deficiency
that is bound to exist. Help give encour-
agement to the pastor who is worried
about the results. Help make the coal
collection the largest he has ever had, so
he will have a happier heart and a gladder
hope in facing the problems that confront
him on every side in trying to meet the
cost of upkeep of his parish property in
these trying days of depression and of
sorrow. Let's make it "hot" for him with
a good coal collection.

SAY A PRAYER FOR BRAZIL

Say a prayer for Brazil. A bloody
revolution is in progress there—a Civil
War which may develop into something as
terrible as our own of 1861 to 1865.

Brazil is a vast republic—larger than
the United States proper; nearly two
hundred thousand square miles larger. It
has a population of about forty millions
of people, more than ninety per cent.
of whom are of the Catholic faith. It has
splendid schools, complete freedom of
religion, wonderful public libraries and a
sound and stable government. Millions
of the inhabitants are descendants of the
native Indians, who were not slaughtered
in Brazil as they were in America.

Brazil is a child of Portugal. It was
discovered by a Spaniard, Vincente Yanez
Pinzon, in January, 1500. On Good Fri-
day, April 24, of the same year, a Portu-
guese squadron, under command of Pedro
Alvares de Cabral, was driven by storms
into a Brazilian port, where the ships were
anchored. The sailors landed, erected an
altar, and there on Easter Sunday the
sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for
the first time in the history of the land.
Portugal, from that time on, was the
dominant factor in the settlement, govern-
ment and progress of Brazil, and ruled
the land until it rebelled and obtained its
freedom in the year 1822.

Catholic by discovery, settlement,
sentiment and faith, the land and its
people have never lost the Catholic spirit
of the Catholic atmosphere. Eroselytizers
—Bishop Cannon of America among the
latest of them—have had hard sledding in
Brazil. The nation is inherently Catholic,
and most of the converts who have gone
over to proselytizers have been bought,
bribed or seduced by dishonorable means
and methods. We should be interested,
therefore, in our brethren of the Faith in
Brazil—interested in their happiness, in
their government and in their sorrows and
troubles. May Peace dawn soon upon
the land, and the Cross take the place of
the sword in preservation of law and
order, and the safety and its people.

OCTOBER

Come, forsake your city street!
Come to God's own field and meet
October.
Not the lean, unkempt and brown
Counterfeit that haunts the town,
Pointing, like a thing of gloom,
At dead summer in her tomb;
Reading in each fallen leaf
Nothing but regret and grief,
Come out, where, beneath the blue,
You may frolic with the true,
October.

Call his name and mark the sound,
Opulent and full and round:
"October."
Come, and gather from his hand
Lush increase of the land;
Head in his prophetic eyes,
Clear as skies of paradise,
Not of summer days that died,
But of summer fructified!

Hear, O soul, his message sweet,
Come to God's own fields and meet
October.
—T. A. Daly.

TWO BROTHERS O' BOYS

Two brothers o' boys are in this country,
trying to interest Americans in an indus-
trial exhibition that will be held in Cork,
Ireland, in 1932, about the time of the
holding of the Eucharistic Congress in
Dublin. They are Sean French and Barry
Egan, moving arm in arm through
America. But a little while ago they
were rival candidates for the exalted
position of Lord Mayor of Cork. So great
was their popularity, and so widespread
their appeal, that the successful candidate,
Sean French, had a plurality of only one
vote. It has been hinted that the election
would have been a tie, only for the fact
that Mr. Egan forgot to vote for himself.

However this may be, they crossed the
Atlantic together, and together they are
confronting big business interests in
America, seeking to arouse enthusiasm in
the forthcoming exhibition, which will in-
clude everything worth while of Irish
manufacture, much of interest in Irish
history and folk lore, and a multitude of
things that will warm the heart of every
son and daughter of Erin, their children
and their children's children. It is not
stated whether or not the leprechaun will
be on exhibition. He may be hard to influ-
ence. For

"He's a crabbed little fellow,
In a quaint old-fashioned suit,
Scarlet coat and waistcoat yellow,
And a three-cocked hat to boot.

He'll be turning, he'll be twisting,
He'll be peevish as a cat;
He'll deny the gold's existence,
He'll be saying this and that.

He'll be mocking, he'll be crying,
He'll be grave, and he'll be gay—
Every trick will be he trying
Just to make you look away!"

And the moment you look away, he'll
be gone—vanished like a flash. However,
leprechaun or no leprechaun, the exhibi-
tion is bound to be a great success. Ire-
land has a vast treasure of historical
keepsakes, beloved relics of ancient days
of glory; sad relics of ages of suffering
and martyrdom, and a great multitude of
articles expressive of the artistic handi-
craft of her children. Cork will gather
these in great numbers. In Cork the be-
loved Father Prout lived and wrote his
famous poems. In Cork MacSweeney,
martyr to liberty, died. In Cork Father
Mathew, Apostle of Temperance, wrought
miracles for his cause. In Cork the de-
tested Black and Tans, champions of Brit-
ish tyranny, did many a foul murder, and
in Cork a myriad of other notable historic
events occurred back through the ages.
A beautiful city, a glorious harbor for
ships, a gallant and kindly people, a hospi-
tality unrivalled in the world—what
fairer or better place would one seek to
visit in the year 1932?

So we believe the Irish exhibition in
Cork will be a wonderful success. It will
be the first in all Ireland since a greater
measure of liberty has been given to the
people. It will appeal to the children of
Erin everywhere, and Messrs. Sean
French and Barry Egan will no doubt go
back home thrilled with the spirit of
friendship they have found here, and filled
with enthusiasm for the cause they are
seeking to enhance and advance.

THE GENTLEMAN WOULDN'T PAY

The gentleman wouldn't pay his pew
rent. He said he didn't owe it. He said
he never used the pew. He said it was
always filled with other people. He said
he stood up half the time. And, anyway,
he said he didn't owe it. The priest
changed the subject diplomatically, and
was out his pew rent.

The gentleman, of course, tried the
same tactics with other people. He tried
them with the butcher, the grocer, the
baker and the candlestick maker. Some-
times he got away with them. Sometimes
he didn't. Anyway, he acquired a reputa-
tion of being pretty "slick." This reputa-
tion had preceded him to the studio of a
well-known artist, whither the gentleman
went to have his portrait painted—the
portrait of a "successful" business man.
So the artist made a hard and fast agree-
ment with him—five hundred dollars spot
cash, providing the portrait was a good
likeness of the subject.

But the gentleman raved violently
when the portrait was finished. He de-
clared it was not a good likeness. It was
terrible. It was horrible. It was
abominable. It didn't look a bit like him.
Any man who would beat a priest out of
his pew rent would beat a sad-eyed artist

Secrets of the Confessional

Many priests have died rather than violate the secrecy of the Confessional. In 1900 years there is not a solitary recorded instance of any priest revealing what was told him in the Confessional. The Catholic Church teaches Christ gave His priests the power to forgive sins, and Confession is the ordinary method by which forgiveness is obtained. John 20-23, "Whoso soever sins YE forgive, they are forgiven them; whose soever sins YE shall retain, they are retained."

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES GREW THE FIRST WHEAT IN THE UNITED STATES

out-of-his fee. So he offered the artist one hundred dollars for the portrait, and no more. He was continuing his role of "successful" business man. He was running true to form. The artist declined the offer, and timidly asked the gentleman to sign a statement that he had refused to accept the portrait. "I want to show it to my creditors," the artist said, sadly. He signed, with a sweeping flourish so characteristic of this type of humanity.

"Now, sir," said the artist, "inasmuch as you are so positive the portrait does not resemble you, you certainly will not object if I use it for a special purpose." So he hung the portrait in his show windows, with a big sign on it reading: "The Portrait of a Well Known Swindler."

BUILDING A GREAT WORK

Twenty-five years ago a group of men, lay and clerical, met with the late Archbishop Quigley of Chicago, a brother of the late Chief of Police Quigley of Rochester, and organized the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States. The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, then a humble priest, now the Bishop of Oklahoma, furnished the inspiration for the movement, as we understand it, and is credited with being the founder of the society. Father Kelley was the active head of the society for a number of years, until his elevation to the episcopate. Long ago the writer met him, talked with him about the society and its work, felt the surge of his genius and the intensity of his apostolic zeal.

The mantle of leadership passed from Father Kelley to the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William O'Brien, S.T.L., when the former was called to the exalted position of Bishop of Oklahoma. For several years past Monsignor O'Brien has guided and directed the activities of the society. His work, like that of his predecessor, has been fruitful of great good and of splendid accomplishment; and his ability and zeal have given the society increased vitality, influence and usefulness. Marvellous strides have been made, surpassing growth attained, and where once the society talked financially to its friends in thousands it now speaks in millions. For this does a good work grow, and a great cause thrive when guided and directed aright in the cause of humanity and of God. How marvelous this growth has been may be judged from the fact that the receipts of the society the first year of its existence amounted to \$1,934, while last year they reached a total of \$1,662,605.26, and passed the million mark the first nine months of this year.

And what has been the cause of this amazing growth? The energy and enthusiasm of its founders, the fidelity and zeal of its leaders, the far-seeing foresight and faith of Father Kelley and Monsignor O'Brien, the prayers and the gratitude of many thousands of beneficiaries, and the blessing of Almighty God upon a work that has been of apostolic magnitude in the promotion and expansion of His Church. Love of humanity and love of God were the foundation stones of this society, and a work builded upon these is bound to succeed and bound to grow.

The founders of this society, explaining its purpose, wrote that it was organized for: "The diffusion of moral and religious knowledge by the people of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, through the collection and disbursement of funds in any part of our country, such funds to be used to aid in the erection of religious edifices, to support clergy for them, or in any other way for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the Society in its work of Church Extension."

Following out this purpose, the society has built, equipped and helps to maintain many hundreds of chapels and churches in many parts of the United States where Catholics are few and poor. It has done mission work in a multitude of other ways, and always in a practical way, a kindly and helpful way. It has won the gratitude and the love of thousands of Catholics who, were it not for the society, would seldom or never be able to hear Mass, go to Confession, receive Holy Communion, and otherwise enjoy the blessings and the benevolence of the Church of God. Because its work has been widespread, and its charity and helpfulness widespread, there will be universal interest in the silver jubilee of the society, celebrated on Saturday of this week. And there should be universal interest in its future work, its growth and progress, that its usefulness may be safeguarded and its accomplishments increased, all for the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls.

IN THE LAND OF THE NILE

Egypt has to-day less than two hundred thousand Catholics, out of a total population of fourteen millions. There are twelve million Moslems in the land, shouting for Allah; one million Hebrews and Protestants, and eight hundred thousand Copts. Yet, in the earliest days of Christianity, Egypt was one of the fairest daughters of the Church. St. Simon, the Apostle, was the first to preach the Gospel there, and in the sixtieth year of the life of the Church St. Mark founded in Alexandria a church which became known as the "first-born" of Rome.

Names great in the annals of the Church were of Egypt—Athanasius, Cyril, Catherine, Apollonia, Paul the Hermit, Anthony, Pachomius, and a notable galaxy of saints and martyrs of both sexes. Egypt had more than one hundred Bishops a few short centuries after St. Mark founded his church. At the head of them was the Patriarch of Alexandria, successor to the Evangelist, who was Primate of all the Orient. St. John Chrysostom was consecrated for the See of Constantinople by Theophilus of Alexandria and it was St. Cyril of Alexandria who unmasked the errors of Nestorius at the Fourth Council of Ephesus. All this was before heresy devastated this garden of Christianity and before Moslems hordes blasted every smallest herb of verdure and sowed a desert where once flowed crystal waters of the Faith.

Time, using a ruthless hand, erased names of the faithful by the thousands, so that, in the year 1711, Father Cozza, the Franciscan, Custodian of the Holy Land, wrote to the Holy See that in all Egypt it was possible to count only one hundred and eighty-two Catholics. Thus lowly had fallen this glorious daughter of the Church, so that, creeping like an infant now, she comes slowly back to the arms of her Mother.

KEEP THIS IN MIND

These are political days: days of bunk and ballast; days of vice and virtue; days of patriots and patriots. The old scarecrow, Prohibition, is dancing up and down the cornfields of life-like mad. Fanatics are roaring through the land. Orators are sprouting like geysers, and ministers are turning their pulpits into circus rings of politics, frothing at the mouth with denunciation of everybody who does not agree with them.

We do not mean by this that there are not good men and sincere in politics. There are. It is the good men who keep America safe. It is the safe men who keep America good. What we started out to say is this: Be careful of the fanatic. Don't let the tricksters in any political party deceive you. And when you hear a clergyman talking politics in his pulpit—whether he calls it a "moral issue" or a "moral uplift"—tell him nicely, quietly and firmly that he is an enemy of American liberty and good will, and a menace to religion. Which he is. And above all things, guard against those who profess to speak for the Catholic Church on Prohibition or any other political issue. There is no layman speaking for the Catholic Church on American political questions. There is no priest speaking for the Catholic Church on these questions. Occasionally some layman of excellent character, afflicted by the contagion of fanaticism and the temptation to mind the business of other people, professes to speak for the Church. He is pompously announced as a "leading Catholic." Which may be true. But he is leading the wrong way when he is trying to lead the Church into politics.

Keep this in mind, please: The Catholic Church has never interfered in politics in the history of the American nation. The Church will not interfere in politics now. Fanatics have denounced her for not interfering along with them. They are denouncing her now, frequently and with much noise. But when the dust and dirt of this so-called Prohibition, and the dust and dirt of every other question that is the football of partisan politics, have been shaken loose from the governmental skirts of America, the Catholic Church will not be found in the heap of refuse awaiting the coming of the political garbage wagon. The Church has a higher and holier mission than that—the mission, to teach the Word of God. And politics is not, never has been and never will be the word of God.

There is one surpassing optimist in America—Fred Pabst, Sr., of Milwaukee, Wisc. He is installing a million dollars worth of equipment in his brewery, getting ready for the return of beer.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Clergymen who mix politics with religion need not be surprised if the political sponge absorbs all the religion.

"My son, Tommy," said Mrs. Mulcahy, proudly, brought home a percentage of 100 from his school. "And my boy, Timmy," said Mrs. Riley, just as proudly, "brought home a temperature of 103."

A fickle lass is Dame Fortune. John Callahan of Milwaukee, nationally known sportsman, good citizen and capable man, died in that city Sunday, aged eighty-six years. Out of all the years of his life, out of all the good deeds he wrought and the works, worth while, he accomplished, the news wires gave him space on one accomplishment only—he squirted Carrie nation from head-to-foot-with-ice-cold seltzer water years ago when Carrie was wielding her hatchet against saloons.

We think of China, Japan, India, and other countries as Mission countries. Let us not forget America. In North Carolina, for instance, the percentage of Catholics is below one per cent. of the entire population. Out of a total of 3,170,287 reported by the 1930 census, there are less than 10,000 Catholics. The Rt. Rev. William J. Hafey, Bishop of Raleigh, N. C., says the percentage of Catholics is lower in North Carolina than in China. Many other sections of the South are Mission sections, with few Catholics, no churches and a great field for workers for the Faith.

It's a shame to disappoint a man. Here is the Rev. W. W. Woodson, Baptist minister in Missouri, who refused to obey quarantine orders Sunday, due to an epidemic of infantile paralysis, and who held services Sunday in spite of the orders of the authorities. The Sheriff, whose little daughter was one of the victims of the dread contagion, tried to induce the minister to quit. But he told the Sheriff the world was coming to an end this week, and that he had to get his people ready for the great event. So the Sheriff ended the services by taking the parson to the jail as his guest.

Fifty years ago John Ringling was buying monkeys for his circus. The other day he bought a Rubens—a painting seventy by seventy-nine inches; one of the world's greatest masterpieces, priceless in value, for there are no Rubens painting pictures to-day. John Ringling and his brothers did their work well—gave the world a great and appealing circus. Hence, he is able to buy rare art treasures now. Moral: Do your work well; make it distinctive and appealing, insofar as you can, to those for whom you work, and if working for yourself, be a hard boss on yourself, and exacting to the highest point of perfection.

"The saying that 'Politics makes strange bedfellows' was never better illustrated than in the State of Montana this year. Senator Thomas J. Walsh, an outstanding Catholic, is a candidate for re-election on the Democratic ticket in that State. Running against him on the Republican ticket is Supreme Court Judge A. J. Galen, also a prominent Catholic. Walsh is "dry"; Galen is "wet". Now, who do you think is making campaign speeches for Galen against Walsh? None other than our old friend Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Koo-koo-s. Yes, sir, out bag and baggage, Bible and dictionary, sword and spear, for Galen, stumping the State. All the Koo-koo-who paid ten dollars a year dues to Imperial Wizard Evans a few years hence—many thousands of them—to help him rid America of the Pope and the Church, will have a chance to do some tall thinking now. As for Galen, we suggest that he turn his mattress upside down, and leave his political bedfellow under it. Isn't it a funny world, after all?

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

The price of progress is a severe one. Two missionary priests in Alaska, trying out a new mission airplane last Sunday, with the hope that they and their comrades would be able to use the plane in flying from mission to mission, were instantly killed when the plane crashed. Great hopes had been built on this undertaking. Alaska is a far flung land, nearly one-fifth as large as the United States in area. The spiritual needs of its Catholic people are looked after by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., and less than two score priests. Traveling from one mission to another is usually done by boat or dog sleds. The process is dreadfully slow. The missions are far apart, and it takes from one to two months to go from one mission to another.

So the Marquette League of New York city, with the Rev. William Flynn, formerly of Rochester, as its secretary and chief worker, raised funds for a splendid airplane, had one built to order, had it blessed and dedicated some weeks ago, and a Jesuit Brother, the only licensed missionary pilot in the world, flew it to Alaska from Roosevelt Field, L. I. Before it had been used in mission work the crash came, with two priests and the pilot giving their lives in payment of the price of progress, martyrs truly to the cause to which they had consecrated their lives.