

The Catholic Courier and Journal

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ST. PATRICK

Next Tuesday, March seventeenth, is St. Patrick's Day. On that day, fourteen hundred and thirty-eight years ago, the Apostle of Ireland closed his eyes in death.

One thousand years before America was discovered, his life work done, the Irish nation converted to the faith of Jesus Christ, the whole land dotted with schools, convents and convents, the Cross reaching towards Heaven in every settlement.

Two after year, the world over, for many hundreds of years his feast has been a day of gladness and of rejoicing of prayer and thanksgiving, in the hearts of the children of Ireland, the exiles as well as those at home.

RELIGION WITHOUT DOGMA

One of the tendencies of the modern world is to ask for a religion without a dogma. Something easy to swallow, beautiful to talk about and entailing no sacrifice.

Well, it would be just as sensible to expect a child without life to walk, or a woman without eyes to see. "To ask for a religion without dogma," says the Rev. Dr. Patrick J. Sheehan of the Catholic University at Washington, "is to state a dogma."

A dogma is a thought, and when a man begins to think, he thinks dogmas, otherwise he would not be a rational being.

The stability of a nation is never in its armies or its battleships half as much as it is in its homes. For in the home is centered all law, all order, all patriotism, and when the stability of the home dies, these things die also.

The Fighting Race

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back. And Kelly dropped his head. While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—Went down the list of the dead.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke. "Whoever fighting's the game, Or a spile of danger in grown man's work."

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place," said Burke. "That we'd die by right, In the cradle of our soldier race."

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy. Said: "We wore at Ramillies; We left our bones at Fontenoy; And up in the Pyrenees; Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain, Grenona, Lillo and Ghent."

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out, If they seldom die in bed, For love is fast in their hearts, no doubt," said Burke, then Kelly said: "When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands, 'The angel with the sword, And the battle-dead from a hundred lands—Are ranged in one big horde, Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits, Will stretch three deep that day From Jehonophat to the Golden Gates—Kelly and Burke and Shea."

NEXT TO RUSSIA

America holds the unenviable position of standing next to Russia in the number of divorces granted, according to a report just made public by the Reich Statistical Bureau of Berlin, covering the divorces of the world. The statistics are based upon the population of each country, and they tell a sordid story of matrimonial conditions in Russia and in America.

In spite of our already bad record in the matter of divorces, three states recently enacted laws to make divorces easier and quicker—Idaho, Arkansas and Nevada, while a fourth state, California, is considering the question of adding to the charm of its sunny scenery the new attraction of easier divorces.

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IRELAND

In that little country, smaller than the State of Maine, are to be found the largest lake, the greatest river, and, with one exception, in the loftiest mountain in the Kingdom. Irish products are famed the world over—the marble of Connemara, the china of Belleek, the crochet of Cork, the lace and becom of Limerick, the linen of Belfast, the poplins and tweeds of Dublin and other centers.

THE FIRST SUBMARINE WAS INVENTED AND BUILT BY AN IRISHMAN NAMED HOLLAND.

ABOUT PROSELYTING

When Pope Pius XI recently protested in a vigorous way against promiscuous proselyting in the city of Rome, there were some in this country who were quick to say that the Pope was showing an intolerant spirit towards non-Catholics.

Proselyting activities in Italy, this paper says, have recently been redoubled in intensity, accompanied by the wide distribution of pamphlets in which the most grossly false attacks are made against the Catholic Church and its dogmas.

"To attract humble people with the bait of money," the paper says, "to introduce clandestinely into the homes of good Catholics pamphlets in which the Papacy is described as the creation of an Oriental emperor who was among other things an assassin; in which confession is asserted to be an invention of the thirteenth century; in which Rome is accused of having falsified the decalogue—can all this be considered religious discussion? Such methods cannot be approved even by cultured and enlightened Protestants themselves.

HOW CLOSE TO THE HEART

How close to the heart of great events are we, is shown by the recent death in Lourdes of Bernard-Pierre-Soubirous, the last surviving brother of Blessed Bernadette, the little French peasant girl to whom our Blessed Mother appeared many times in the grotto at Lourdes—the little peasant girl whose glorious visions resulted in the founding of one of the most famous shrines in the world.

Bernard was born in 1850, the year after the Blessed Virgin had appeared to his sister. Bernadette was his godmother when he was baptized. He was seven years old when she entered the convent, dedicating herself completely to God.

Thus are we reminded that in our own day and time miracles are not entirely of the mystical long ago, but are of our own age and hour—for the great miracle of Lourdes has brought health, happiness, comfort and consolation to many thousands of afflicted people the world over.

"Miracles," says the cynic, "are mirages of ages long ago dead and forgotten."

But here—here, just laid at rest, is a man who was brother and godchild to a girl who saw and talked with Mary, the Mother of God. And in the shadow of the dominant mountains where this took place—in the grotto where Mary smiled upon the child she loved—many hundreds of positive miracles have taken place—cripples walking who had never before walked; deformed children blessed by the God-given benediction of physical perfection; chronic invalids made well—and all of these cases beyond medical help or relief.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The way of the world is not such a hard way, after all, for some of us. Life has its blessings, its comforts and compensations if we live aright, work zealously and faithfully, and love and serve God with zeal and devotion.

Seventy years ago, on a Christmas morning when all the neighbors were wishing each other a happy and blessed Christmas, John Kenlon was born in a little cabin on the shores of Dundalk Bay, County Louth, Ireland. Last week, after forty-four years of service, he retired as Chief of the New York City Fire Department, and will receive a pension of \$12,500 per year for life.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The dry law is not wet, the United States Supreme Court rules.

Mayor "Jimmy" Walker of New York has achieved fame at last—he is being made the subject of pulpit sermons along with the Volstead Law and other passages of the Bible.

Russia is not opposed to religion, persuasive men and women tell us every little while, as they go about the country, lecturing. Russia recently issued an order forbidding the importation of Bibles and religious works of all kinds, under penalty of seizure. Figure it out for yourself.

Signs of Spring: We saw a robin. The Fordham football team has commenced to practise. Babe Ruth hit a home run in the South. Knute Rockne has been interviewed. Our coal dealer wants a check. Overcoats are cheap. Our son traded the family snow shovel for a baseball bat.

Columbia University, presided over by Nicholas Murray Butler, that arch foe of hypocrisy, petty and political tyranny, has a total registration this year of 37,984 students. This includes 13,731 graduate and professional students, and 18,887 who are registered for Columbia's summer school.

A lot of people have the idea that George M. Cohan, famous actor, is a member of the historic Hebrew race. But George is as Irish as Brian Borou, or Red Hugh O'Neill. His father had the euphonistic name of Jerry, and he was an actor of much ability. His mother, Irish, too, was an actress of much talent.

"I desire to state that whatever property my beloved husband and myself have, die possessed and seized of, has come from the unselfish generosity of my beloved son, who has earned and enjoyed our everlasting gratitude and affection."

CURRENT COMMENT

INGRATITUDE OR FORGETFULNESS

The human memory is exceptionally short. Back in 1919 the streets of our towns and cities were lined with madly cheering throngs to welcome the homecoming of young men who had made the world safe for democracy. We thought that we couldn't do enough for them then.

Eleven years after we became scared to death that lending them a billion dollars would bankrupt us. We could lend billions for battleships and bullets. We could sacrifice thousands on the battle fields of Europe's carnage but when it came to lending them a few hundreds of dollars, we drew back. Well, it is the same old story: We just forget. We forgot to be thankful that American young men were willing to forget all for this country. And while we forgot, we were unmindful of the fact that we have spent and lost three times as much to enforce a law that has caused more deaths than the actual loss of life among American troops in the fields where the poppies now grow above their sunken coffins.—Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Texas Senate chamber, crowded to capacity for this unusual event, presented a most impressive scene as the Cardinal appeared in his beautiful robes before the assemblage. One can almost see how profoundly moved these good people of Texas were when the Cardinal said to them: "Under my Cardinal's robe is a heart that pulsates with the highest sentiments of gratitude to the Almighty God that I am at the same time an American citizen."

Cardinal Hayes—the fine Christian patriot that he is—spoke beautifully, impressively, eloquently. His presence on that rostrum, and the fine American spirit of his thoughts and words, will not soon be forgotten in the State of Texas. When he closed with the beautiful prayerful wish: "May God's blessings come down upon this great Commonwealth of Texas, may they rest upon the Legislature," there was a solemn and significant silence, followed by a storm of applause and cheers. The heart of America in Texas had answered the heart of America throbbing devotedly beneath the robes of a Cardinal. It was a momentous event, pregnant of great good for the Church in the South.