

The Catholic Courier and Journal

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Friday, May 29, 1931.

TRINITY SUNDAY

Next Sunday is Trinity Sunday—the last day for making our Easter duty. Every Catholic who is loyal to his Church, and loyal, too, to his God, will not let that day pass without receiving Holy Communion, providing he has not already made his Easter duty.

Our Church—wise old mother that she is—teaches her children now to receive Holy Communion frequently, once a month, at least, and to cultivate a deep and lasting love for the Blessed Sacrament. No one who is imbued with this love will go an entire year without receiving Holy Communion, unless there is serious reason for it.

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART

June twelve will be the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Thirty-two years ago—eight years after he wrote his famous Encyclical on Labor—Pope Leo XIII solemnly consecrated the entire human race to the Sacred Heart. The beloved Pontiff considered this the "great deed" of his long reign.

Many indeed have never known these; many, too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart.

These words, part of the Act of Consecration, are known to millions of devout Catholics. That loving heart, throbbing for all mankind, is happiest when our hearts throb in unison with it—when we love and serve God with all our souls, and love and serve humanity for love of God.

"Come unto Me, you weary ones that labor; Jesus of Nazareth—lo, I am He! I am the Christ transfigured on Mount Tabor, I am the Christ transfigured on Calvary! What though you're sinned against My heavenly Father, yet have I pity on your souls distressed—You to My Sacred Heart I said would gather; Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

MEMORIAL DAY

Saturday this week is Memorial Day—the day set apart and dedicated by our Nation to our soldier dead; the day we are asked to extoll their deeds, to express gratitude for their sacrifices, to pray for the repose of their immortal souls. On this day all who love America, its glorious history and its heroic sons, will in their heart of hearts say:

"Here is my love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the tried and true; Here is my love to your streaming stripes, and your stars in a field of blue; Here is my love to your alken folds whichever they wave on high; For you are the flag of a land for which heroes sweat for men to die."

War is a regrettable thing, and terrible. But wars are necessary at times for the safety and life of a nation; for the protection of its people; for the championing of its rights; and for the elimination of its wrongs. When such wars come, it is the duty of every able-bodied citizen to go to the front and his country, and to die for it.

The Blue and the Gray

From the silence of sorrowful hours The desolate mourners go, Lovingly laden with flowers, Alike for the friend and foe; Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the rose the Blue, Under the lilies the Gray.

flag; for these our prayers and tears. God love them and rest them!

Of late there has grown up in this country a spirit which desecrates the grave of every soldier dead; a spirit which says to our country and its rulers: Whether you are right or wrong, just or unjust, we will not serve you in war, we will not help you in times of strife.

"Respect for authority is the very essence of military life, order and efficiency. It is plain, then, that your first and most important duty is prompt and cheerful obedience to the commands of your superiors. The sanction for this is found in these words of the New Testament: 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God.'"

This applies with equal force to all civilians in the land, not only in times of war, but equally in times of peace. This our Church teaches to all her children. It is instilled into their hearts and souls. It is part of their lives, part of the air of liberty they breathe. So that, when war comes, our sons are always found at the front, always willing and eager to give the best they have, even unto death, "for a land for which 'twere sweet for a man to die."

WHAT ONE PRIEST MEANS

We pray for vocations in the Diocese of Rochester, and encourage them in every possible way. And we do not wonder at it when a group of young men become priests year after year, and a still larger group of young women become Sisters.

In Augusta, Ga., a city of 55,000 population, a young man will be ordained to the priesthood to-morrow, and to the Catholic population of the city this will be a great event, a historic event. For it is a little more than sixty years since a priest has been ordained in that city. One priest, therefore, will mean joy, gladness, thanksgiving, as well as Faith and Hope, to the Catholic people of this Southern city. Children have been born, have grown to manhood and womanhood, and have died, since a newly ordained priest of their own has walked the among faithful of this city.

Augusta is part of the Diocese of Savannah, which comprises the entire State of Georgia. The total Catholic population of the Diocese and State is approximately twenty thousand out of 2,908,506 persons—one out of every 150 persons. If the same ratio prevailed in the city of Rochester we would have 2,112 Catholics here instead of nearly 150,000. We should encourage the Bishops and priests of the South in every possible manner, and help spread Catholic truths and ideals among our fellow-Americans in these states. There is a great field for apostolic work in the South.

GOD REST HIM THERE

"God rest him out there in his lonely grave in Kiangsi," the Very Rev. W. S. McGoldrick writes from Shanghai, China, of his beloved colleague, the Rev. Cornelius Tierney, newest martyr of the Church in the land of the Orient. Captured by Communists, he was mistreated and tortured until death came to him. He was imprisoned in a house where there were two little children, Father McGoldrick writes, and they loved him so they "were inconsolable and wept for days when he died."

Ireland, with a blessing and a prayer, sent Father Tierney to China. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith helped him there, as it helps keep many hundreds of other soldiers of the Cross in mission lands. He did splendid work. Everybody loved him. He learned the language of the people, their habits, their likes and dislikes. "He was always studying," Father McGoldrick writes. "He was always doing kind things for the poor, the needy, the suffering. And when martyrdom came the finest tribute that could be paid to him was in the tears of innumerable children. For he loved them, as our Saviour loved them." "Send the little ones to come

To Soldiers and Sailors of the World War

The honorable name of Soldier, which you bear, is synonymous with courage in the face of danger, patience under trial, fortitude in the hour of suffering, and perseverance in spite of every obstacle. The history of the Passion, found in the four Evangelists, shows that our Blessed Lord practised all these virtues in the highest degree. As the sorrow and suffering of Good Friday were followed by the joy and triumph of Easter morning, so may you, who now "sow in tears, later reap in joy." As you go to the front at the call of your country, you are "casting the seeds" of sacrifice by every wayside, but "coming, may you come with joyfulness, carrying your sheaves," as tokens of victory, and as pledges of a blessed and an abiding peace unto the Nations of the earth.—James Cardinal Gibbons.

unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Now he is with the immortals. The torch he carried, lighted always, he has thrown to other hands; his cross, too, red with his blood. And other hands will carry them, if we help provide the means—for the missionaries, the Marines of the Church, go forward ever, mounting upon the graves of their martyrs to newer heights of success and of glory.

OMAHA'S FIRST CITIZEN

The American Legion of Omaha has just designated the Rev. E. J. Flanagan, founder and director of Father Flanagan's Home for Boys, as "The First Citizen of Omaha." This honor, given once each year, is conferred upon some man or woman who has done outstanding work for the city or for humanity. Father Flanagan is the fifth person to receive it. During the past thirteen years Father Flanagan has cared for nearly three thousand homeless boys. What he says about this work gives an insight into the reason this County Roscomon priest was designated as "The First Citizen of Omaha:"

"The building of neglected and unwanted boys into good American citizens is a real patriotic work. It insures for the future dutiful and responsible good men and safeguards against additions to the ranks of criminals. Homeless and neglected boys do not want to be bad men; they do not want to be criminals. They have ambitions and desires just like any normal boy who is safeguarded by the love and care of good parents. But these homeless lads do want the chance to become good citizens. They have minds and hearts and bodies to be trained and developed, and will prove their worth to society if only given that chance.

"To take these helpless little ones by the hand, dry their tears, and suppress the sobs in their sad and lonely hearts will be far more effective and much less expensive than to build larger jails and penitentiaries for them later on.

WHAT GOOD EXAMPLE DID

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, recently a convert to the Catholic Church told why he became a convert. He was brought up in the Baptist Church, baptized by immersion and educated in that church. When he went to college he read Payne's "Age of Reason," and books by Rousseau and Ingersoll. He became convinced that all religions were nothing but great businesses. He almost lost all belief in God. He read books then that convinced him there is a God, but he worried about what religion is the right religion. He read about Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Mormonism and others, and all the time became more confused, more helpless in his faith.

In his last year in college this convert met a Catholic fellow-student. He didn't like him, because he says he had been taught to despise Catholics. So he black-balled him out of a fraternity. But other non-Catholic students, suspecting him, pleaded with him to change his vote and to get acquainted with the Catholic student and learn for himself what a fine fellow he was. He tells what followed:

"I did as the brothers suggested. I found him to be the kindest soul I had ever met. There was true devotion in his worship of God. He possessed qualities totally lacking in other boys I had known. He was a daily visitor to the Altar after his mother died; and when he passed his Church, of would come his hat. I wondered why he displayed such devotion.

"In his room one day, after he had been pledged to our fraternity, I found a book on Catholicism. It was "Loss and Gain—A Story of a Convert," by Cardinal Newman, who was himself a convert. This book inspired me. It contained an unspoken message that I should read more about Catholicism. I did."

He read many Catholic books after that, and some anti-Catholic. He thought he knew all about the Church, and went to a priest to be baptized. He was amazed when the priest told him he would have to "receive instructions" first. Such thoroughness he never before had encountered in any religion. It amazed him, and it made him feel that here was a religion that meant something, here was a religion that was not slipshod, that had truths and taught them correctly.

But the heart of the conversion lay in the Catholic fellow-student. His good example, his piety and devotion. For good example is more eloquent than all the sermons ever preached, and it brought him to God. There is a beautiful lesson in this for each and every one of us.

THE SCATTERED RURAL PARISH

There was a time when many a priest in a scattered rural parish felt lost and helpless. The old gray mare wasn't what she used to be, and it took a long time to drive from one village to another, from one farm house to another. There were a million handicaps and a thousand obstacles to concentration of energy, to centralization of work, and to successful accomplishment of worth-while results. "And where is the baby boy I baptized the last time I was here?" many a priest asked. His answer frequently was: "He's shaving in the woodshed with his father's razor." For thus swiftly did time pass in the rural parishes long ago.

The May bulletin of the National Catholic Welfare Council tells an interesting story of the rural parish to-day—of a parish in the State of Montana, 6,400 miles square, almost as large as the Diocese of Rochester, and with 320 Catholic families spread all over that vast parochial home. Thirty years ago it would have been a physical impossibility for any priest to visit all of his people in a parish this size, and likewise a physical impossibility for all of the people to visit their priest.

Conditions are vastly different to-day. Four years ago the Rev. A. J. Martins, O.Praem, went to Hingham, Montana, to take charge of this parish mammoth in territorial area. He bought an automobile—perhaps an old Tin Lizzie—and hit the prairies with a tank full of gas, a heart full of hope, and a soul full of faith. All of his 320 families were farmers except twelve. He visited every family, organized them into several missions and about twenty stations; talked with them about their crops and their problems, and advised with them about their business affairs, as well as about their spiritual. He organized Altar Societies, Women's Clubs and Men's Clubs in various places, and mapped out for each a certain work, definite study and a fixed plan of action. He drove from mission to mission, and from station to station, for holy Mass, funerals and weddings. The radio and the film camera brought the world to the door of each lonely farmhouse, and to the meeting hall of each club or society. Debates were held, film dramas were shown, local, state and national topics were discussed. Hingham and its missions and stations were no longer isolated, no longer lonesome and neglected. They had life, novelty, business and religion. And the results:

A happy parish, successful, alert, vigilant and full of faith. "I spent three hours a week ago," Bishop O'Hara of Montana wrote, "with Father Martins' Men's Club—fifty members in a parish of forty-eight families, one of the several parish units in this territory. It was the best men's study club I have ever attended."

The Radio, the automobile, the film camera—miracles of science—these have taken the soul of sadness out of the scattered rural parish and given light, life, joy and hope to all of the people. No longer will they live and die strangers to Church and priest, but are privileged now to sit close to the heart of the Church militant, as they will later, please God, sit close to the heart of the Church triumphant in Heaven.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Five hundred years ago, on the thirtieth day of May, 1431, a sweet-faced girl of nineteen years was chained to a post on top of a pile of faggots in the old market place of Rouen, France. She asked for a cross. A soldier made one from two sticks and held it towards her. She clasped it to her breast and said: "Take care that I have it always before my eyes until I die!" She prayed aloud while they bound her, while they denounced her as a heretic and a blasphemer, and went through all the hideous business that was to make her name a synonym of heroism for all time and all ages. Everything evil they called her. But she lifted her sweet young face towards God and answered them with this prayer:

"Holy Trinity, have pity on me. I believe in You. Jesus have pity on me. You all who are here, pardon me, as I pardon you. You priests, say each of you a prayer for my soul. Do not accuse my King. He is not to blame for what I have done, and if I have done evil he is innocent. Oh, Jesus, oh, Mary, protect me, help me!"

They lighted the faggots, and she kept her eyes upon the Cross and her lips moving in prayer hile the smoke and flames leaped up around her. From the holocaust her soul went to God. Sacrilegious hands gathered up her ashes and threw them into the waters of the Seine. St. Marguerite

England had ordered that not a bone, not a hair, should remain as a relic. She was to be obliterated—she whom they immortalized; she whom all the world loves today as St. Joan of Arc; she whose name is universally treasured, while the names of her accusers, civil and ecclesiastical, are detested or forgotten. For thus does the hand of God write truth.

England and part of France had a common part in her execution. England, grasping for the throne of France with dominant and bloody hand, virtually dominated, too, her trial and the verdict that sent her body to the torture fire. France, disunited, might have saved her had she been united. King Charles of France, to whose armies she brought imperishable glory, power and victory, might have saved her had he possessed more character and energy, though she defended him with almost her dying breath. Her death, and the manner of it, was typical of the age in which she lived. Her life, blameless and beautiful, flooded the whole tragedy like golden sunshine, moved every hex accusers to tears, and glorified a death that has thrilled the ages.

Long ago the Church threw her mantle of love and sympathy over the life of Joan; restored the good name that weak and deluded officials had sought to destroy, and finally crowned her with the glorious title of Saint. All this week all of France is honoring St. Joan. England, repenting the great cruelty of her leaders and warriors of another age, is joining in the celebration, and America is officially represented. For the River Seine, carrying the ashes of Joan to the sea, carried, too, her fame and her glory, until now she belongs not so much to France as to the world.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Reno is robbing the cradle, and bandits are robbing Reno. For two and two make four in life as well as in mathematics.

Everybody gets free wind from the heavens. Naturally very few of us can be induced to purchase an extra supply. Which accounts for the fact that the late Senator Heflin of Alabama—on a lecture tour now to save America from the Pope—had less than four hundred persons out of a total population of 135,866 in Jacksonville, Fla., turn out to hear him in a recent lecture in that city. Windy Tom had better get a job playing the tom-tom in a circus.

A campaign to raise \$100,000 to pay off the debt on St. Joseph's Hospital in Carbondale, Pa., Diocese of Scranton, was held recently. The population in the area canvassed amounts to approximately forty thousand. The chief industry is coal mining, which has suffered severely from the business depression. Most people thought the campaign was doomed to failure, because of the conditions. Yet it went over the top five hundred per cent, reaching the total of \$116,613. Bishop Thomas G. O'Reilly of Scranton presided at a victory dinner and gave an inspiring talk to the campaign workers.

Every depression, like every fence, has two sides to it. Deposits in the Savings Banks of New York State for the month of April, according to a report just issued by the Savings Banks Association of the State, amounted to \$5,000,270,647, setting a new high record for the State for this month. For the entire State there was a net gain of 36,578 accounts in April, resulting from the opening of 112,979 new accounts and the closing of 76,401 old accounts. Those of us who are hoarse from whispering to bill collectors, or lame from running around the block to dodge creditors, are privileged to get what hope and joy we may out of reading the above.

CURRENT COMMENT

CATHOLIC ACTION

Catholic action is everything a person does, does right, and does with the right intention. One may have the right motive, but to do things right, and know what is right, and do things as a person ought to do them, the way they should be done, takes study. The best way to study is at the study club, study committees, or local societies—the Knights of Columbus, Parish Societies, etc.

Why not set aside a half hour or an hour of each meeting during which a set program of debating and discussion of interesting subjects may be discussed and so make the meeting not only interesting but a schooling for the members.

The most important activities in which the laity can be of so much help to the development and perpetuation of the Faith, lies in the distribution and support of the Catholic Press. But, what do we find? asks a prominent author. We build schools, colleges, etc., but the Catholic newspapers through which these institutions can be defended are neglected. Here is our opportunity to do real Catholic work, for the spread and perpetuation of the Faith.—The Bulletin and the Catholic Action.