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Priday, July 24, 1981.

THE YORKTOWN ANNIVERSARY

Dischantred and fifty years ago, on letober nineteen, 1781, Lord Cornwallis, world the flag of his country at York-town, admitted defeat, and sent one of his officers to surrender his sword to George Washington. But Washington waved the British officer one side and directed him to give the sword to General Lincoln, who had surrendered an American force at Savannah some time before. Lincoln accepted the sword, then gallantly handed it back to the British officer. Thus ended the long, dreadful and sometimes almost hopeless struggle of America for liberty. Thus ended the slaughter on battlefields, the burning of villages and cities, the massacre of men, women and children by Indians of the British, the hunger, the want, the

This sequicentennal of the surrender of the British army at forktown will be attingly celebrated during the months of September and October of this year. The celebration will be a memorable event, rich in historic pageantry and in patriotic pronouncement. Every good American will take part in that celebration, in spirit if not in person; every heart will be warmed and every soul enthused by recollection of this splendid climax to a desperate and determined fight for freedom.

It is to be assumed that good part will given in this celebration to the share of Catholic France in this triumphant ending of the American Revolution. And when we say "Catholic France" we mean exactly that. For the French forces carried the Cross with the Flag. Field Masses were debrated for them as they marched from place to place and State to State to the ansistance of the Americans and in co-operation with Washington, The first of these Masses was celebrated at Hartford, Connectacut, when General Rochambeau, commanding an army of French veterans, set sland, to attack Comwallis in the South. Every Sunday the French soldiers attended Mass devouly, and when the war was over the French ambassador, Chevalier de la Luzerne, arranged for the singing of a Te Deum in old St. Mary's Church in Philadelphia. Members of Congreen, Generals in the army, members of the Pennsylvania legislature, and many ledding citizens were invited to this service. It was a great religious thanksgiving to Almighty God for victory, for peace.

All through the long and dreary years of war the Catholic loyalty, not only of the land, but of a large part of the world, warmed the heart of Washington and helped give him hope and courage. Ireland, already in the shadow of years of terrible new persecutions from England, was among the first to pass resolutions of sympathy and make contributions to the American cause. Irishmen, to a unit, joined the patriot cause. Men like Commodore lack Barry, experienced sea fighter and ather of the American Navy; Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the wealthiest of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Archbishop Carroll of Battimore. Colonel Stophen Moylan; seven Catholic signers of the Declaration of Independence. Larayette Pulsaki, Rochambase. Count DeGrasse, Beaumarchais, and are of others of Catholic faith were pillingly power and lights of hope for Washington. Alley Forge had its sunrise in Vision hald manages and otherwise. Then have been days. The French fleet was light. General Lincoln was forced to surface and the army. American commerce was a large for a light of hope and the surface and the large. American commerce was large for a light of hope for Washington. Then had been a light of hope for Washington. Alley forge had its sunrise in Vision hald manages and otherwise. Then had a light of hope for washington and the surface and the large country worthless.

American currency worthless.

Capital and Labor

Universal experience teaches us that no nation has ever yet risen from want and poverty to a better and loftier station without the unremitting toil of all its citizens, both employers and employed. But it is no less self-evident that these ceaseless labors would have remained ineffective, indeed could never have been attempted, had not God, the Creator of all things, in His goodness bestowed in the first instance the wealth and resources of nature, its treasures and its powers. For what else is work but the application of one's forces of soul and body to these gifts of nature for the development of one's powers by their means?

the Grand Monastery of the Augustinians in Paris, under the presidency of Cardinal De La Rochefoucald, Archbishop of Rouen, the clergy of France unanimously voted thirty million livres to the King for the American cause. Part of this money was used to outfit a new French fleet, and to equip and transport a French army to America. It was this fleet, and it was this army which made Yorktown possible, and which brought in full and final measure liberty to America. And it was the resources of the Catholic Church in France which made the army and the fleet possi-

As Catholics and as Americans, then, we have a deep and warm interest in the approaching Yorktown celebration. In common with all our fellow citizens of America, whatever their race, creed or color, we will be glad and happy to unite in the spirit of that celebration; for it is a joy inexpressible to love America and to live in happy harmony with all her people. Our blood and our Church helped make America free, and our loyalty to our country is not to be measured by words, but rather by deeds of sacrifice and fidelity in the future as in the past.

CATHOLICITY IN TEXAS

The spoken word dies. The written word lives. This is one reason why the Knights of Columbus of the State of Texas have undertaken the monumental work of publishing the history of Catholicity in Texas.

Some of us think of Texas as a great cattle country, Others think of it as the home of the heros who died at the Alamo. Still others remember it as one of the Democratic states that defeated Al. Smith in the last presidential campaign because of his religion. Traveling men look upon it as a State of great hospitality, filled with warm-heated people and good "corn pone". Not many of us know that the early history of the State is rich in Catholic lore and legend—that ruined missions dot the land, and that the Franciscans and others left historic footprints innumerable behind

When the Knights of Columbus of Texas undertook to write the history of Catholicity in the State, we doubt if they realized what an important, and what a tremendous work they were assuming. Eight years ago they commenced work, expecting to get enough material to fill a large volume. Now they have more than enough to fill six large volumes, and they are planning to publish the history in the form of an Encyclopedia of numerous volumes. Treasure houses of documentary material in many lands yielded unexpected documents of rare historic value, not only from a religious point of view, but from other points of view. For these early missionaries saw things with keen and discerning eyes, and they wrote of the land, its people and of life, of which religion is the most vital part. The story, combined, promises to be one of the most romantic and entrancing of all stories of colonial life in America.

A happy circumstance in connection with the writing of this history is that, for the first time in the experience of American Catholic annals, all the Dioceses in the State have combined to help promote the work that is being done by the Knights of Columbus. There are six Dioceses, including the Archdiocese of San Antonio. To date, nearly seventy thousand pages of photostatic copies of priceless historic documents have been assembled at the headquarters of the Commission in charge,

St. Edward's University at Austin, Texas. Here is a happy work; indeed, a wonderful work. Social events and the like are good in their own way. But instead of saying: "We held numerous dances and banquets during the year," what a mar-velous thing it is for the Texan Knights of Columbus to be able to say: "We traversed the plains with the Franciscans; we ran the gauntlet with the Jesuits; we built mission churches here, and we built them there; we saw the first martyr in North America die-the renowned Padre Padilla, and we lived with God in the forests and on the plains." Adversture, sacrifice, herotiful faith, sublime trust in God-what a wonderful story to dig out of the archives covered by the dust of the ages! Catholic societies, everywhere look to Texas and learn a lesson of mighty accomplishment. Our own home places rnay hold simple and beautiful stories, trazic and wonderful stories, heroic and inspiring stories. Shall we have them hidden by the dust of the west, or shall we do, as the Texans are doseeing them out into the nunlight, that

-Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical, "Forty Years After."

Vera Cruz, a Mexican State, passes a law limiting the number of priests to one for every hundred thousand persons. That, of course, is virtually eliminating religion. An appeal was taken to the national government in Mexico City. There the Chamber of Deputies, after discussing the situation, passed a vote of confidence in Governor Adalberto Tejeda of Vera Cruz, the man responsible for the law, and a notorious enemy of the Church. But in the discussion in the Chamber of Deputies it was neoticeable that many of the speakers, while upholding the Governor of Vera Cruz, spoke respectfully of the agreement between Church and State that made possible the resumption of public worship in Mexico.

THE MEXICAN ATMOSPHERE

The State of Vera Cruz, as far as is known here, has made only one attempt to forcibly remove a priest from his church. That priest appealed to the courts, and the courts restrained the State from interfering with him. The priest was promptly kidnapped, taken to a strange place and ordered to leave Mexico under pain of death. He returned, instead, to his parish. The Catholics of Vera Cruz, comprising the great majority of the people, have shown determined opposition to the law limiting priests.

These things indicate that the heart of the Mexican people is religiously sound; that Communistic and Socialistic rulers are still in the saddle, but that there is a growing respect for the strength and necessity of religion. Vera Cruz, apparently, does not dare enforce its rabid law on a large scale and there are indications that better day are coming for Mexico, even though they come with lame and halting step.

SOCIALISM IN SPAIN

Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that Spain—"the most Catholic country in the world"—is a hotbed of Socialism, and that the de-Christianizing of the Spanish people has been going on ever since the French Revolution. A former professor at St. Bernard's Seminary, the Rev. Owen J. McGuire, now a resident of Spain, is authority for this statement. Read he is interesting article, "The Immediate Future in Spain," in this issue, and read also his article on "The Spanish Revolution," in last week's paper, and you will get a pretty definite idea of why churches, schools and convents were burned in Spain when the Revolution broke out.

And where has Socialism been bred in Spain? In the newspapers, in the universities, and among the "intellectuals." These three sources have been undermining the faith of the people for generations. They have been Russianizing the souls of the Spanish people. One hundred thousand mourners in the city of Madrid a few years ago followed to the Civil Cemetery the body of Pablo Iglesais, the Lenin of Spain. a man who taught them, as Lenin taught the Russians, that religion is "the opiate of the workers," and must be destroyed if the workers are to succeed and better their condition. And a few days ago, in Madrid again, a crowd of 150,000 Socialists, glorifying the Revolution, marched to the tomb of Pabilo to decorate it and pledge their fidelity to his principles.

There is a Communist association in every city in Spain, and a Communist association of students in every university. The outpouring of the Socialists in Madrid, therefore, can be duplicated in some way in every part of Spain. When we know these things it will help us understand why Catholic Spain permitted the destruction of many churches, schools and convents. It

S. D. L. De Miller

Ave Maria Bells

At dawn, the joyful choir of bells, In consecrated citadels, Flings on the sweet and drowsy air A brief, nelodious call to prayer; For Mary, Virgin meek and lowly, Concelved of the Spirit Holy, As the Lord's angel did declare.

At noon above the frettul street Our souls are lifted to repeat. The prayer with low and wistful voice; "According to thy word and choice, Though sorrowful and heavy laden, So be it done to thy Handmaiden;" Then all the sacred bells rejoice.

At eve with roses in the west,

The daylight's withering bequest,
Ring, prayerful bells, while blossom

bright
The stars the liller of the night

The stars, the lilles of the night;
Of all the songs the years have sung us,
'The Word made Flesh had dwell among
us,"

Is still our ever-new delight.
-- Charles Warren Stoddard

is hard to fight and shed blood for the things you love when you have sons and daughters in the mob that is desecrating and destroying the things you love. One prays then, rather than fight, and weeps rather than act.

And what of the future? The Socialists and Communists, peaceful now, are already deeply disgruntled with the new Government. Friends of Spain, and of Europe, will hope and pray that the new Government may succeed, Father McGuire tells us. If it does not succeed, if it fails and falls, one does not need to be a prophet to picture what will happen to the Church and to religion-for if it fails and falls it will be succeeded, as surely as night succeeds day, by a Socialist and Communist Government that will trample religion underfoot, and make a mockery of the religious work of the ages in the land of Ferdinand and Isabella.

THE NEWS FROM MEXICO

Not so good is the news from Mexico. Governor Tejeda of the State of Vera Cruz, in which there are more than two thousand Catholic churches, has notified the Church authorities that, beginning Saturday, the State will enforce the new law limiting the number of priests to one for every hundred thousand population. Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate, appealed to President Oritz Rubio of Mexico to stop the enforcement of this law on the ground that it violates the terms of agreement made between the Church and State some time ago. President Rubio replied that, the Government does not wish to interfere with the rights of the individual States, and suggested that the Archbishop appeal to the Legislature at Vera Cruz. In other words, the Archbishop is advised to to back. to use a homely expression, to the dogs that already have bitten him and let them take another bite.

There are two Bishops in the State of Vera Cruz, and they have joined the Apostolic Delegate in a declaration that they will not recognize a law which virtually means the abolishment of the Church in the State. They agree, instead, to ignore the law. If the priests are forcibly expelled from the churches they will remain in Vera Cruz and continue to minister privately to the people. Eventually they may become like the Irish priests of long ago-like hunted outlaws, with a price upon the head of each. The Bishops will not appoint any priests to represent the Church under the new law, and if any priest accepts an appointment from the State he will be suspended immediately by his superiors.

Better days seemed to be in sight in Mexico. Better days are in sight, we believe, in spite of the trouble in Vera Cruz. Governor Tejeda may triumph to-day, tomorrow and for years to come-triumph over liberty, over decency, over service and sacrifice, at the muzzles of machine guns. But when Governor Tejeda assimilates with the unworthy soil from which he sprung the Church will be singing Te Deums in Vera Cruz, and the Cross will be reaching its arms towards the God who reigns, not for a brief span, but for all time and for all eternity. The Neros, old and new, may shout their anathemas, swing their swords, and shed much Christian bood. But when the dust takes their dust the Church of Christ will be teaching the truths of Christ to the people whom they terrorized and enslaved for one brief and pitiful span of time. For man dies, but God lives forever.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Al. Smith doesn't have to go up in the air. The air comes down to him. He gave a dinner the other day to Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, aerial circumnavigators of the globe, and their wives. It was a happy affair, delightfully cordial and informal, and it was greatly enjoyed by the guests. Al. is greatly interested in aviation, and it would be hard to find an aviator who isn't interested in Al.

Twenty-five Catholic colleges and universities in the United States conferred a total of 747 degrees upon that many individuals this year. The degrees were divided as follows: Masters of Arts, 584; Masters of Science, 74; Doctors of Philosophy, 89. This is a splendid showing, indicating how superbly the Catholic colleges and universities are growing in the land, and along what diversified lines their roses of learning are strewn.

We feel better now. We have just been reading that Commissioner Woodcock, America's supervisor of drought for the gullet, is delighted with the way the Volstead law is being enforced, and with the fact that nearly one hundred thousand people were arrested in the past eleven months in America for alleged violation of the law that is growing so dear to the hearts of the people. Keeping up this record of loving loyalty to the Constitution means that by the end of the next ten years we will have more than one million fellow-citizens ready for jail. The rest of us will be so busy building new jails then that it will be easy to forget the Hoover depression, the drop in eggs and wages, and we'll all be ready to join in singing that beautiful new national anthem: "How Dry I Ain't.'

It has happened. Preachers are tackling marathons. In Cotton Valley, La., a Baptist preacher talked continuously for fifty-eight and one-half hours last week, with just one intermission—to change his shirt. We doubt if anyone can beat that, although we had a dear friend, a country pastor, who used to talk longer than that about his collections once a year, when the interest on his mortgage came due.

A friend writes and asks: "What was the religion of Trader Horn?" Well, his middle name was Aloysius, he was educated in a Catholic college in Liverpool, he ended his days as a fervent Catholic, and was buried with a requiem Mass in Takerton, Kent, England. Whether he lived up to his religion when he was hob-nobbing with the Zulus and the cannibals we do not know. But the Faith never left his heart, and he sleeps in the consecrated earth of the children of the Church—he whose life story set the whole world agog not so long ago.

The Irish were terribly neglected in the Spanish-American War. The Sixty-Ninth Regiment — the "Fighting Irish"—was never able to get the second pair of trousers for its men. No energetic soldier should be expected to go through a war, to say nothing of a barbed-wire fence, on one pair of trousers. But the Irish did. The boys had to patch their one pair with pieces of army blankets. Then their shoes gave out, and they had to cover them with burlap. That's what happens when a million men "leap to arms over night," as William Jennings Bryan used to orate. They should have taken Bryan's wardrobe when they jumped. The Irish, with woolen blankets where the army blue should have been, and with burlap bags over their feet, built corduroy roads through Cuban swamps. Martin K. Feneion, State Treasurer of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was one of the 69th in that war, and is authority for this information. Now, who could fight a heroic fight for liberty, or even for "chow," with that kind of a uniform.?

The expression: "He would roll over in his grave if he could hear that," is a common one. We never saw a man roll over in his grave, though there has been evidence that some have tried to do it. But if. Big Tim" Sullivan, Tammany King of the Bowery in his life, doesn't roll over in his grave it will be a strange thing. His successor as Tammany district leader, Harry C. Perry, resigned last week a leadership he had held for seventeen long years—resigned in favor of his political foe, Albert J. Marinelli, Italian-American. Thousands. of Italians, with brass bands and torches, turned out to celebrate the fall of the remnants of the Sullivan clan. Birth-controlists had better give some thought to that. Children are potential voters, and it's the men with the votes who will rule not only the Tammany Bowery district, but the State and the Nation. The Nordics may rave about blood and genius; the scientists may write about selective breeding; the blue-bloods may plead poetically about the idealism of a home with one child who has plenty of playthings and six pairs of knickers. But it's the man who is able to say: 'Come Tony, come Giuseppe, come Maria, come Francesca, come Salvatore, come Pasquale, come Gallo, come Michele, come Luigi, come Emilio, come Mama, we go down and vote like hell"—that's the man who will shape the future of America. and also of the world. The Nordics will be in the ain cam when Tony dumps it in the

When You Make Your Will

Always, in every Diocese, there are churches and institutions which have heavy financial burdens, and whose work is handicapped by these burdens. When you make your will, the best way in the world to help these needy ones is to insert a paragraph something like this in the will:

"Igive and bequeath to the Rt. Rev. John Francis O'Hern, D.D., Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Rochester, N. Y., or his successor or successors in office, the sum of \$_______, to be used at his or their discretion for the work or the institutions of the Diocese."

If you are interested in some particular church, charity or institution a clause like that may be added: "I am interested particularly in Bequests, large or small, are a great blessing to religion, and it is highly edifying to read of them in any will. No Catholic will should be without one or more such because.