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> Erlday, March 4, 1982.

THE DEATH OF DEAN MCGRATH

(By Father Dan)

Early Friday morning, February twenty-sixth, there passed forever from the pleathood of Rochester Diocese a colorful, dramatic, Christ-like figure who for more than four score years stood out fearlessly as a champion of all that the sacerdotal life stands for to the Catholicyes, even to the world.

Dean McGrath, the subject of this writer's tribute, never served outside of what we know as the Auburn district of the Diocese, but throughout the Diocese, and even beyond its confines, he was known, respected and dearly loved.

The manner of his accepting the call to the priesthood was typical of the priest Dean McGrath turned out to be. He was toiling in the fields on his father's farm in the town of Galen, Wayne County, New York, when the inspiration came from Heaven, it seemed, to follow in the footestens of the Master. Without a word of explanation, he turned over to his brother. working healds him, the care of the horses, hurried back to the house and announced to his bewildered but happy Irish mother that he was off to the Seminary. And that very night-it was back in the late seventies he was knocking at his Bishop's door to offer himself as a candidate for the highest calling given to man. And John McGrath of Galen never looked

> To the community of Auburn, with its old-time faith and proverbial love of the priesthood, the news of his death comes as a dreadful shock. Auburn without Father McGrath—well, it is going to be fearfully hard to get used to it. The drawn curtains on the windows of almost every Catholic home in the city on Friday last was eloquent of the saddened hearts that were mourning his passing.

It is you, Catholic people of Auburn, who will miss him. Full well-you know what his priestly life meant to you. You know what he meant to you when as a helpless babe he cleansed your soul from the sin of Adam, clothed it with the white garment of God's grace and made you a child of God and an heir to Heaven. You know what he meant to you when for the first time he placed upon your innocent lips the Body and Blood of Christ to equip you for life's battle. You know what he meant to you time and again when he heard the trembling confession of your childish faults and your promise of repentance, and how much more he meant to you in later life when you were weighed down with grosser and graver failings. You know all that his sacred character stood for, and how he shared the burden of your daily joys and sorrows; and you know what he meant to your loved ones when they were saying farewell to you in death.

This sounds like a sermon on the priesthood, but Father McGrath was the priesthood the "sublime dignity," as he so often and so affectionately expressed it. And if there was one thing that characterized-him-more than another it was his intense love of his fellow-men. His love embraced every living thing that had an immortal soul. He loved the little infant brought to him for Baptism, and kept it in his thoughts and prayers and rejoiced in its growth and development. He loved the innocent child and the growing adolescent. He loved the weary mother and the heavy-laden father, the poor and the sick end the aged. And, above all, he loved the sinner. He hated sin, and struck at it like Is he went out in search of them, welomed them and prayed for them. His ove extended beyond the tomb, to the suf-ing in Purpatory. They were his dead, low man, of them he had laid in the which was that he is gone, the love proceeding for him is best expressed

nam who stood weeping at his

A Legend

The Monk was preaching: Strong his ornest word, From the abundance of his heart he spoke.

And the fame spread in every soul that Sorrow and love and good resolve

The poor lay Brother, ignorant and Thanked God -that he had heard such words of gold.

Still let the glory, Lord, be Thine alone So prayed the Monk, his heart absorbed

in praise. Piring he the glory: If my hands have The baryest fipened in Thy mercy's

rays. 11 was 'Phy blessing, Lord, that made my word Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble Has been so blest, that sinful hearts were melted at my pleading knew at

How sweeth Thy nervice and how water While souls that loyed Thee saw be fore them rise Still holier sacrifice." heights

So prayed the Monk when auddenly be 'An angel speaking thus "Know O my

-words had all been vals, but hearts were stirred. And white were edified, and sinner 184 him the hour fat throsture white ble

aid. Who sat upon the pulpit stair and -Adolaide Ann Proctor-

casket, with this tremendous prayer on his "Sweet God, 'tis a heart-breaking, tear-

blinding sight-To see him asteemin St. Mary's contents Up to a few months ago, when serious illness overtook him, Dean McGrath was surely a splendid specimen of manly vigor,

tall, strong-limbed and broad-shouldered. If he-possessed fine physical qualities to match those of his soul, it was as the Irish say it, "kind father for him," or mother, too, for that matter; for he came of an athletic stock. He was good-natured and gentle withal, and there was an air of transparent honesty about him which there was no mistaking. He was one of nature's noblemen, to whom a lost child would instinctively extend a trusting hand or run to from danger. Kindly, genial, sympathetic, God-fearing, he was the beau-ideal of an Irish "Soggarth," as nearly faultless, I believe, us-it is possible or mortal to be. They are tranging from in death, to steep among the mortal inmains of so many of his schoolmates and fellow-priests in Holy Sepulchie Cemetery. And may his angel guardian pay a stolen visit betimes to the verdant mound, and water it with tears of fond remembrance, and scatter the earliest seedlets there, that it may ever be as fresh and green as the graves of the other Fathers who await the great awakening.

- IN MEMORIAM ...

O make him a grave where the verdure is brightest, Where the soft summer rains and the night dows fall lightest;

Where the white sunbeams scatter their soft warm glow Over God's holy shepherd who is sleeping

bolow: Where sweet flowers will bem the bright tel

dure above him. Fresh as prayers, sighs and tears from the bosoms that love him;

Where the soft summer winds, like fair spirits appointed. Kiss the turf where is lying their Master's

annointed. A bright star is quenched in the gloom of death's night.

And the warm ray has vanished that gladdened our sight, God's image has walked in his way from his

birth. "Till God found the picture too perfect for earth.

THE LOVES OF RADIO FANS

The Kansas City Star conducts an annual contest to determine the most popular radio programs that pass over its station. A local-Protestant service won first place; Amos and Andy, second; Seth Parker, third; the Catholic Radio Hour, fourth among all the broadcasts, and third among the national broadcasts.

· Here is concrete evidence that the Catholic Radio Hour is greatly appreciated by many non-Catholic readers, as well as by our own people. The Catholic population in Kansas is not large, and when a popular vote places the Radio Hour in fourth place locally and third nationally, it is excellent evidence that the Hour is

well worth while. The Catholic Radio Hour is sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, with headquarters in Washington. Attorney Frederick J. Mix of Rochester is one of the Directors, and like all Directors is greatly interested in the success of this hour. It is on the air every Sunday evening, with splendid talks and other features that carry a deep religious appeal. Tune in on it once, and you will look for it every week as you would look for an expected friend.

Why Man Was Created

Man was created to praise God our Lord, to show Him reverence, and to serve Him, and by so doing to save his own soul; and everything else on the earth has been created for the sake of man, and to help him attain the end for which he was created. Hence it follows that he must make use of these things insomuch as they help toward that end, and if ever they stand in his way, he must shake himself free from them.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

A FOOTBALL MAYOR

The city of Cleveland has a football Mayor-Ray Miller, who played with Rockne at Notre Dame twenty years ago. Don Miller, one of the famous "Four Horsemen" at Notre Dame, is a younger brother. Ray learned to fight in a clean and manly way on the griding. Later he went to the Mexican border, following the Mage When America entered the World War he went across, and at St. Mihiel his exceptional bravery under shell fire won him a Captain's commission. The war over, he returned to Cleveland where, as a lawyer, he soon became an outstanding figure in politics. His affiliations were with the Democratic party, submerged in Cleveland for seventeen long years. But Miller kept bucking the line and tackling the opposition. Five years ago he was elected County Prosecutor, presented a group of grafters with Grand Jury indictments and sent some of them to jail. He had learned honesty at Notre Dame, and he taught it to city officials in Cleveland. The politicians howled; but the people applauded.

Now Ray Miller, is at the head of a city with more than one million inhabitants. He has big problems confronting him. But he is not afraid of them. He has youth, energy, cloquence, ability. And il-he-lives up to the truths and ideals taught him at Notre Dame; if he lives up to the manly fighting principles he learned by the side of Knute Rockne, he will make a good Mayor, and Cleveland will be proud of him. May he be a credit to his Alma

THE WAR ON RELIGION

The war on religion, says the Catholic Missions magazine, characteristic of the Communist program in Russia, is likewise one of its features in China. Captured and murdered missionaries, pillaged and descrated churches, blasphemous speeches and prints: these signs of authentic Communism are being written large and dreadful across the Chinese scene. Some securican missionaries, including two bishops, have been slain in China during the last three years, and the guilt for the most of these murders is on the red hands of the Communism that on Good Friday night, 1923, shocked the world by slaying Monsignor Budkiewicz in Moscow.

One of the eloquent souvenirs that the missionaries of St. Columban have of Red activities is a painting of the crucifixion that hung over the altar in Sientaochen, where tathers Laffan and Linehan were seized and their church wrecked nearly two years ago. Up through that picture run the gashes of two Red bayonet thrusts, one of them widehing at the very wound in the side of Our Savior.

In Lichwan, a Kiangsi parish of the missionaries of St. Columban, the Reds were in possession for five weeks last summer. Every day they herded the people into the church-where smashed Stations of the Cross told their own story-and there they forced them to listen to tirades against the missionaries and Christianity. That priests were spies, servants of imperialism, that they were responsible for the aeroplanes with which the Nanking govcrnment was just then attacking the Reds: these were some of the doctrines propounded. Others were blasphemous denials of the Divinity of Christ and of the Catholic Faith. Missionaries, thundered these Communist preachers, should be put to death!

An endless series of examples could be given, showing the hatred that Communism in China has for religion. Every missionary society could fill pages with its own records proving the melancholy fact.

The early payment of the Federal Income Tax is asked by the Government. Ours was paid long ago in tears and in eyestrain looking for the income.

OUR SPEED MANIA

Automobile accidents in this country in 1931 caused the deaths of 34,400 persons and injuries to nearly 1,000,000, according to statistics just made public by one of the large accident insurance companies. The number of accidents is placed at 860,000, while the year before they were estimated at around 865,000. The number of persons suffering injuries during the year is placed at 997,600, as against 999,000 the year before. More than forty-one per cent. of the injuries were of a serious nature.

More than 36 per cent of the accidents involved the collision of cars with pedestrians, while nearly 47 per cent involved collision between automobiles. The collision of cars with pedestrians, however, accounted for 42 per cent of the deaths, and collision between cars, practically 25 per cent of the fatalities.

Whatever way you figure it out, the fact remains that we are killing and maining one aunther at a frightful rate of spred Our auto fatalities at the end of a year read like the results of World War battles. Our speed-mania-is-accountable-for-mostof the accidents. We are going nowhere in particular, as a rule, yet we want to get there with the greatest-possible speed, cost what it may. Our humanitarians eitting in peace conferences at Geneva, might well devote serious thought to our auto accidents. There is great need of drastic action. Let us have it before airplanes come at us too numerously from the skies, so that some of us may survive for posterity and for civilization.

CONGRESS BLESSES SNOOPERS

Congress, supine before fanaticism, voted the other day to continue to allow Prohibition agents to tap private telephone lines in efforts to get evidence that a thirst still exists in America. Not long ago the Supreme Court of the United States, by the close vote of five to four, gave official legal blessing to the same kind of snooping. Justice Brandeis, writing the dissenting opinion in this case,

"Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the Government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to Freedo to repel invasion of their liberty by evilminded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

Which covers the case with sufficiency. As for us, we see little difference between opening a man's private mail and tapping his private telephone line. The thing can be covered in one word—snooping. And snoopers are contemptible. With this kind of legislation blessed and promoted, we may yet live to see the day when keyholes will be enlarged for the benefit of Prohibition agents, pockets searched as well as cellars, and water mains tapped as well as wires. We might well build a statue to Justice and picture her as a snooper carrying a wire-tapping machine. For thus has she degenerated under the guidance of "men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding.'

When you hold out on the Sunday collection enough to buy gas for a pleasure trip, the devil rides on your spare tire.

Ike Jenkins missed church on Sunday because his power tube was out of com-

Two great political parties will hold their national conventions in Chicago this summer. It would be a kindly act if the Government would let Al Capone out of jail for these events. His services would be appreciated, especially by orators on the blessings of Prohibition.

FATHER McGRATH

CURRENT COMMENT

The death of the Very Reverend J. J. McGrath, pastor of St. Mary's and head of the Auburn deanery of the Catholic Church, extending as far south as Elmira, removes one of the most familiar and best known figures in the religious life of the community.

The chief part of Father McGrath's work here was done during the long years he spent as pastor of St. Aloysisus Church. By unremitting labors and devotion to his duties he developed the parish and left it free of debt. Upon Father Payne's death he succeeded him a few years ago in the larger field of St. Mary's.

To his own congregations he played the part of a friendly helper and wise counselor. But his position in Auburn had a secular as well as a religious significance. He was sincerely interested in the welfare of the whole community regardless of creed and race and accordingly his friendships extended and were reciprocated among ail groups and classes. Sorrow at his passing will be widespread in equal measure. — The Citizen-Advertiser, Auburn, N. Y.

MEXICO IS AFRAID

Mexico's rulers are afraid. Our Lady of Guadaloupe is still venerated by Mexicans and by the rest of the world as the Mother of God. So great has been the manifestation of Taith that the reaction has been more than usually bitter. The anti-priest campaign has been extended to the very heart of the nation. A ridiculous note in press disputches was that Protestant churches—seventeen in all—were subject to the ban equally with those of Catholics. But if the faith has flourished during the most oppressive sort of persecution for many years past, it would seem that the present harsh laws are duing little more than bringing the issue to a head. They may even bring many heads to an issue—the final issue of the scaffold. Where once we felt fear for our brothers in Mexico, we have almost come now to the time of rejoicing as the early Church did in her martyrs. Western Watchman.

MOB VIOLENCE

A commission of Southern, editors, clergymen and educators which made a survey of the twenty-one lynchings of 1930 finds that there is real doubt of the guilt of at least half of the victims, and that the excuse usually offered, the failure of the courts to punish the guilty, has no basis in fact.

The Tuskegee Institute in Alabama reports that there were thirteen lynchings in 1931, as compared with twenty-one in the year previous; nine were in the South and there were none in Georgia.

The number of lynchings seems to be dwindling with encouraging regularity, tions during the past year, we have a great distance to travel before this barbarous evil is corrected.

The most heartening feature of the efforts to wipe out lynching is the attitude of the responsible and representative people of the South, as reflected in the press.

It is significant that the spirit which fosters the spirit of lynching and mob violence is strongest in those circles in which the spirit of bigotry flourishes .-The Bulletin, Atlanta, Ga.

NOT RED RUSSIA

"If a boy and girl are attracted on a purely physical basis, let them live together as long as the attraction lasts; and when it fades, let them no longer torture each other by being forced to pretend happiness together."

This is not a translation from one of Stalin's lying screeds where marital immorality is state-engineered but a word. for word rendering, as carried by the daily press, of an editorial in a college magazine. It emanates from Kentucky, home of many colonels, blue grass, and labor troubles.

The editorial appeared in an issue of the Centre College paper, Cento. In all fairness we must add that the authorities immediately ousted the editor from his

But the appalling fact still remains that a pagan atmosphere must have permeated the surroundings of the editorial sanctum to make such a brain storm possible. If this is the cultural influence of colleges we had better close them up. From an economic standpoint it is a terrible waste of money to pay high rates of tuition to learn barnyard philosophy.

Instances such as this are startling revelations of the tendency of the age. It is little wonder that the Church insists upon her young people being brought up in her own schools where the principals of Christianity are a safeguard against the mire of indifference and infidelity.

Unless we are greatly mistaken this is the college that attracted universal attention some few years back by going into a huddle and then calling for prayers on the football gridiron before each play. Might we suggest that these tactics be transferred to the editorial rooms of their college paper. We might not then confuse it with Red Russia's ravings.—The Universe-Bulletin, Cleveland, Ohio.

The fires of Faith warm the soul, but the pastor would like a generous donation to the coal collection just the same.

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:

"I give 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 this 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 bequests.