

Catholic Courier and Journal

Courier Established 1829 - Journal Established 1880

Published every Friday in the year at Rochester, New York

VOL. IV. APRIL 29, 1932. NO. 7

Official Newspaper of the Diocese of Rochester With the Approval of the Most Reverend John Francis O'Hern, D.D. Bishop of Rochester

SUBSCRIBER TO N. C. W. C. NEWS SERVICE

Entered as second-class matter in the Postoffice at Rochester, New York, as required under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscriptions, \$2.50 per year in advance, postpaid. Single copies, five cents. Foreign, \$3.00 per year.

Published by CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, Inc. 237 Andrews St. Main 1567, Rochester, N. Y.

"I would make any sacrifice, even to the pausing of my ring, precator cross and rosary, in order to support a Catholic newspaper."—Pope Pius X.

"With prudent counsel from men of good judgment and of experience in business affairs, and with the approval of the Diocesan Board of Consultors, we have constituted the Catholic Courier & Journal as the official Catholic newspaper for the Diocese of Rochester. We ask God's blessing on the undertaking, that it may serve to bring to our people timely information on religious topics, instruction in the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, messages of an official nature from the hierarchy of the Diocese, and we would urge all to be numbered among its subscribers."

MOST REV. JOHN FRANCIS O'HERN, D.D. Bishop of Rochester. March 15, 1929.

WHERE COMMUNISM RAGES

"There was just time to saddle my horse, take the chalice and make a mad dash for liberty," says Rev. Patrick O'Connell, missionary in China, writes in the magazine, "The Far East", in telling how he escaped from an army of Red bandits and Communists that swooped down upon his mission.

Riding a little ways, this heroic priest looked backward, he tells us. All around the church he had just left flames were visible. They were the houses of Catholic Chinese that were ablaze. The countryside was black with people, dozens of unbroken lines of refugees, men, women and children. Village after village was set ablaze. Several thousand homes were consumed, and many thousands of people left homeless because they love the Cross.

This picture is a fairly common picture in China. It is a picture, too, of the rage, the hatred, the marvellous persecution that exists everywhere that Communism rages. Russia, Mexico, Spain—these have written in fire and in blood their hatred of religion. Let us watch and pray that such a condition never afflicts America, and with jealous eye let us see to it that the red hand of Communism never throttles our religious freedom. We were frightfully shocked when Spain fell to the Communists, and we should learn from that the necessity of ceaseless vigil and prayer.

Columns of the Catholic Courier and Journal will now be filled with activities taking place in the new Holy Family community building. A home bureau unit meets there. A play has been presented. Card parties are planned and banquet dates are being set. With all these activities, the building will be fulfilling its purpose of keeping the parishioners and friends of Holy Family happy amidst proper surroundings.

UNMASKING POISON PEACE

There has been widespread uproar in this city over the arrest of three young women "found guilty of distributing anti-war literature in the streets illegally." The uproar would be thoroughly justified if that were the sole reason back of the arrests. But there is something else back of this case, and the public owes a debt of gratitude to Judge Arthur L. Wilder for his vigorous statement of facts and conditions in the case. In deferring sentence on the three defendants the other day he made an explanation that is creditable to his sound judicial sense, and that will win the approval of all people who love justice, virtue and orderly government. Speaking directly to the recognized leader of the three young women, Judge Wilder said, among other things:

"It should be said here and now, and especially to you, Miss Rabinowitz, that you have not been denied any rights or privileges which you are entitled to enjoy. You are here because, despite warnings, you insisted upon interfering with a lawful assembly of others. Your offense is that you do violence to those principles which you pretend to champion. You and your associates cry that your liberties have been violated. All that is merely a part of the promotional strategy which clamors for peace and freedom in order to divert attention from destructive objects. Miss Rabinowitz, your sponsors have not asked you for the role of an apostle of peace and a champion of freedom. The sort of peace your organization represents is peace through terrorism and carnage. The first great experiment in Russia saw the butchery of defenseless thousands. Behind you

lurks sinister influences which aim to profane and destroy all that this nation holds sacred, ethical and moral. Yet you make capital of the universal desire for peace. The hypocrisy of the movement of which you are a part is plain to those who know what is happening. What lies beneath becomes apparent to one who goes no further than to study the report of Jan. 17, 1931, issued by Mr. Fish of the Committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate Communist activities.

"Numerous specimens of the pamphlets and dodgers which your group distributes are on file in the local police bureau. One can search them in vain for a constructive suggestion to help mankind. Instead they bristle with counsels of hate and violence. They contain detailed codes to govern the action of agitators, which urge the use of insolence and abuse toward the constituted authority. Your conduct and that of your associates in this case followed your code.

Following a detailed system, with all possible secrecy, you and your associates have been working in and around the schools. You pass out incendiary writings to the pupils. That is but a preliminary step in extending to this country the subversive practices toward youth, carried on in Russia. The Fish report states that there, young children are taught hatred of religion, and that documents presented to the committee indicate that the most terrible kinds of vice are encouraged among the young to break down the family influence which is the foundation of all religion. That is the real appalling phase of your methods. The cause for alarm is not as much the fear that your system will prevail, but rather its debasing effect upon the moral and ethical concepts of the rising generation.

This is plain language, and to the point. Much good sympathy, wasted already upon these young women, will be withheld now. Rochester is fortunate that it has a judge who goes to the bottom of things, as Judge Wilder has in this case. Clothing Communistic poison with the mask of peace is like dressing a horrible skeleton with fine silks. Vigorous action by the police and the courts against organizations of this kind is necessary, is commendable and should be supported by all people who do not want things that are sacred, ethical and moral destroyed in this Nation.

An energetic group of Catholic laymen and laywomen are working for the success of the play "Safety First" to be presented Friday evening, April 29th, in Columbus Civic Center. Their goal is not alone the successful production of the performance, but the raising of a sizeable sum for the Sisters of Mercy Mother House on Blossom Road. Assisting the Sisterhood is always an enjoyable undertaking and one that is appreciated.

A LONGING FOR ONE FOLD

In December last year Pope Pius XI issued an appeal to all Christians to unite with the Catholic Church. This appeal, cordially worded, kindly and sincere, was received everywhere with profound respect. Many non-Catholics, including numerous ministers, spoke of it with appreciation, yet expressing doubt that it would be effective. But it was effective in many ways, and it warmed many hearts with fires of affection for the old Faith.

A striking example of this is seen in a recent article, published in "America," the celebrated weekly of the Jesuit Fathers in New York City, by P. W. Wilson, former member of Parliament, widely known journalist, and now a resident of America. Mr. Wilson's article asks "Can Protestants and Catholics Unite?" He is a Protestant, but he writes with keen sympathy and appreciation of the Catholic Church, its spirit and its mission. "Manifestly," he says, "the churches broadly known as Catholic can trace their ancestry to the Founder Himself. The Roman Catholic Church could have had, and did have, no other origin."

Mr. Wilson is skeptical of church union, and indeed of its advisability. But he sees a friendlier atmosphere between Protestant, Jew and Catholic. He writes: "I am no less convinced that there has been and is still proceeding a profound amelioration of atmosphere. Hitherto we have seen a Christendom, as we regarded it, in which Catholic confronted Protestant. It is a situation by no means ended. Such situations do not end quickly. But, nonetheless, the new situation has arisen. The Catholics who deserve to be called Catholics, and the Protestants who deserve to be called Protestants—indeed, I would add, the Jews who deserve to be called Jews—are facing the simple issue whether or not this is to be a world where life at its best is still possible."

Many minds have changed and are changing, Mr. Wilson says. He thinks as much as ever of the Protestant faith, he says, yet "On the other hand, I have lost entirely any conscious enmity against, or suspicion of, the Roman Catholic Church. The service of the Mass is to me—may I illustrate the point by an allusion to Handel's Messiah—a superb expression of Christ's redeeming presence among men; nor is it possible in these days to escape from the spell of that transcendent painting, poetry, architecture and music which were contributed to civilization by the piety of the Medieval Church."

About the unity of Churches Mr. Wilson writes: "It may not be possible, here and now, for all to share the same worship or accept the same ecclesiastical authority. But it is possible for all to love one

Pity All the Sleeping Poor

Pity all the sleeping poor, as they lie upon pallets rude and iron bench, waiting for the dawn;

Dawn that comes and shows each face, a pallid, weary thing; Dawn that brings another day of pain and hungering;

Dawn that sweeps with silver broom the black night from the sky; Brings no joy to those who war, and daily, hourly, die

Poverty that kills the soul; hopes that, slowly fled, Into the limbo of their dreams, mingle with the dead;

Living, out their emptiness, cope with a plan; Apathetic, worn and spent, woman, child, and man;

Pity all the sleeping poor, who do not feel the springs, To whom the dawn brings only day, and dull remembering!

—Eleanor Allen, in "The Miraculous Medal"

another as they love themselves, to pray for one another, and to help one another, and above all, to be associated as far as may be in the task of serving this sad and sorrowful world.

"No one can be other than grateful to a Church, international and therefore removed from the causes of war, which uses that special influence to promote peace between and within nations. This influence, added to a strong and persistent plea for the basis of home, has impressed many who are not themselves numbered among Catholics.

"Conversely, may I suggest, in respectful and friendly conclusion, that, in the life of Protestant families and communions, there is also a deep regard for what Catholics are striving to maintain?"

"How soon and in what manner these great forces for good will be concentrated on the objective—namely, the Kingdom of God upon earth—who shall say?"

Mr. Wilson may not sense it, but this is the first step towards unity—confidence, respect, understanding. Discerning minds will discover the truth, when they are free from bias. They will not reject doctrine, but will accept and welcome it. They will not throw formulas aside, but will want to know and understand them. Pope Pius covered this point beautifully in his appeal for church union when he wrote:

"We are confident that they, convinced by history, life's teacher, will be able to feel at last a longing for one fold under one shepherd, and for a return to that true Faith which is jealously conserved, ever secure and inviolate in the Roman Church. We recall to those who govern flocks separated from us that the Faith which their ancestors solemnly professed at the Council of Ephesus is unchanged and is strenuously defended at present, as in the past, by this supreme chair of truth."

It is good to have men write as Mr. Wilson wrote—good to have them pile high the fuel of love upon the fires of Faith. For not by bickerings, jealousies, misunderstandings, suspicions or hatred will unity ever come. This pathway will never lead to clasped hands at the foot of Calvary's Cross.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

There was a time, if you threw a brick at a man, that he would have had you arrested for attempted assault. Now he hails you something after the manner in which Columbus hailed the sight of land in America, and he asks, hopefully: "What kind of yeast will I use?"

Twenty years ago that great ocean liner, the Titanic, sank off Newfoundland after it had struck an iceberg, and carried 1,635 passengers to their deaths. Prayer services for the victims were held in a number of places in America on the anniversary day. It seems like a distant yesterday when the news was flashed over the land that the Titanic was sinking, and that no help was near at hand for its great regiment of passengers. Yet the World War occurred since, and its years of sad aftermath, as well as many other tragedies of serious consequence to the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind.

The great Ringling circus, we are told, is on its way to the great open spaces. Babe Ruth is knocking out homers with a vengeance and a bat; small boys are forming sand-lot teams, determined to break records and windows, and thousands of young Americans are polishing up the old buses, getting ready for Spring traffic and early farm fruit. The only fly in the ointment of normalcy is that prosperity is still hiding around the corner, and that the corner appears to be receding. However, it is great to see the sunshine and the early flowers, and hope lives in the heart that better days are coming, as well as relatives from distant places.

At this critical time in the political life of America, Germany injects a note that dissevers the union of our hearts—she is celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the brewing of Beck beer.

The new British budget makes no mention of the \$171,500,000 due America. Maybe it is packed in ice with the Irish oath of allegiance.

The Literary Digest poll begins to look like a bowl.

CURRENT COMMENT

THE AGE OF SPADES

He has a pretty fair income. He wears clothes that just miss fitting him because he likes to have people mistake the bulge in his coat and the sag in his pants for marks of genius. He has no story to tell and really doesn't know much that goes on outside his own little circle. But he writes novels that live up to their provocative titles. Very often, someone in Hollywood is sufficiently intrigued by the title to read the book and to make a motion picture from it. While the picture is being made, the author protests that his brain-child is being slaughtered. He goes to Hollywood and hires lawyers. They talk about injunctions and the rights of an artist and lawsuits and the sacredness of art. It is good publicity and helps the picture make money which, for all his raging at Hollywood, he forces himself to accept. Between novels, he fights for some Cause that will permit him to be photographed and quoted. At these times, he suffers martyrdom daily. He would like to show his scars but they, as he says, are on his soul. He published another book the other day and it should be a best seller. At any rate, the critics tell us that he has surpassed himself. He has called a sweet pea a spade.

There are Catholics, strange to say, who have been buying and reading his books since he made his first modest start by calling a spade a spade. They do not see anything wrong in this. They like to play at being enlightened and up to date and they feel vastly superior to their brethren who do not understand that a dirty story becomes literature when it is put into type. They like to read frank, realistic discussions of the problems of life—or, at least, of those problems closely related to adultery. Occasionally they are accurately described by their pastor and they do not like it. They feel that he should not call them spades.—Columbia.

INSURANCE FOR ETERNITY

There never was a time when men were taking such care to insure themselves against hazards as in the present age. People insure their vacations against rain, their dogs against biting the neighbors, themselves against tires blowing out on the highway, and they even take out insurance against the wrong party winning at the polls. A tea taster will insure his tongue, a blender of perfumes will take out a policy on his nose, to be reimbursed in case of catching cold. Charlie Chaplin has his feet insured for more than their weight in gold, and Ben Turpin has insured his eyes against straightening. Farmers insure their crops against failure; parents insure their children against kidnapping. In some of this insurance, the rates are quite high, but people are willing to pay them rather than run the risk of being unprotected. The Church has been in the insurance business for a long time, but she insures against accidents in the next world—accidents that cripple people for all eternity. The premiums, unlike this earthly insurance, are quite low, so that any one can take out a policy. The frequent reception of the sacraments, which will assure a permanent state of grace, is the only charge. And yet few people, comparatively speaking, keep up their payments on such policies with strict regularity. Is it that eternity is nothing as compared with time, or that the soul is not so important as the body?—The Catholic Messenger.

IRELAND'S PRIVILEGE

America, which remembers with emotion of pride its own Eucharistic Congress, salutes the land from which many of its Catholic people are sprung, Ireland of holy memories. For there in the fifteenth centenary year of St. Patrick, the world's fealty to the Eucharistic King will be paid with all the fervor of love and all the pomp of adoration.

It would be very unfortunate if American Catholics remained away from the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin from any mistaken idea that the crowds there will be too great for comfort. Ireland has been making preparations for the past year to entertain her guests from overseas, and there is every reason to believe that these preparations are adequate. True, the times are hard, and many who had planned to go must stay at home for lack of funds. But even in this regard Ireland offers an advantage, at least to American Catholics. The distance, after all, is not great according to modern standards, and steamship lines are offering tempting rates. In many cases it will be possible for the pilgrim to live during the Congress on the ship which takes him over.

It will be a memorable event, a Eucharistic Congress in the land which spread Christ's message to virtually all but the Latin countries, on the occasion of the 15th Centenary of the Saint who gave that message to Ireland—The Miraculous Medal.

There are many world-powers among the nations, but the great, unshaken world-power is the Catholic Church. Her strength abides forever, because She is sustained by the promise of Her Divine Founder, that the forces of destruction shall not prevail against Her. Other Churches divide and disintegrate, like all human institutions; She remains forever one and undivided.—Catholic Columbian.

Back Through the Years

A Glimpse Through the Files of The Catholic Courier and Journal December 7, 1889

Relative advantages and disadvantages of State Schools and other schools were discussed by R. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D.D., in a lengthy article. Among other things the Bishop wrote: "There are at the present time considerably more than 600,000 Catholic children in the parochial schools of the United States. Surely this can be called a notable number. The parents of these children are unwilling to deprive their offspring of an effective Christian education. They prove the sincerity of their convictions by bearing patiently with the sacrifices they are called on to make, and revel in the 'luxury' of suffering for the sake of conscience." The article was quoted from the Forum.

St. Mary's Church, Genesee, was dedicated Sunday, December 1, 1889. Bishop McQuaid officiated assisted by Rev. J. F. O'Hare of Rochester; Rev. James A. Heeks, Genesee; Rev. James E. Hartley, Rochester, and Rev. William Mulhern of Auburn. The cost of the church was estimated at \$18,000 including the windows.

The Knights of St. Michael chose officers as follows: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. F. Pascale; President William Saenger; Vice President, Valentine Krieg; Secretary, Joseph Kessel; Treasurer, George Matter; Captain Joseph Schwab; First Lieutenant, John Schneid; Second Lieutenant, Michael Schoop.

Rev. Alphonse Notabaert, pastor of the French Church of Our Lady of Victory, returned from Europe. He was met in New York by Rev. J. Champion, his assistant.

St. Francis De Sales' Church, Geneva, was the scene of a particularly interesting ceremony on Wednesday morning, December 11, 1889. It was the formal investiture of Rev. James T. McManus, Vicar-General of the Rochester diocese, with the dignity of monsignor or domestic prelate of the Papal Household. Bishop McQuaid officiated and celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass assisted by Rev. James F. O'Hare, Rochester, deacon; Rev. D. English of Canandaigua, sub-deacon; Father Horrigan of Binghamton and Father F. Oberholzer of Rochester, deacons of honor; Very Rev. Msgr. De Regge of Rochester, first master of ceremonies; Very Rev. J. W. Seymour, D.D., of Auburn, second; Rev. F. Sinclair, D.D., of Rochester, read the Papal Briefs. A purse of \$1,000 in gold was presented. Monsignor McManus on behalf of the parish.

December 14, 1889

On the morning of December 28, Sister Mary Aloysia, known in the world as Miss Teresa Lee, died at Nazareth Convent, motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. J. J. Hartley received 30 children into the Angel Guardian Society at the Cathedral, Sunday, December 8.

December 21, 1889

Rev. Father Champion, assistant pastor of Our Lady of Victory Church transferred to Detroit.

Bishop McQuaid confirmed a class of 350 at St. Mary's Church assisted by Very Rev. Msgr. De Regge and Fathers F. O'Hanlon and M. J. Cluney.

December 28, 1889

St. Mary's new church, Waterloo, was dedicated by Bishop McQuaid. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hickey, pastor; assisted by Rev. John E. Hartley as deacon; Rev. W. A. McDonald, Seneca Falls, master of ceremonies, and Rev. John P. Hopkins, sub-deacon.

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Published every Friday in the Year by the

CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, Inc. 237 Andrews Street Rochester, New York Telephone, Main 1567

Communications regarding the conduct of this newspaper, articles and illustrations for publication, should be addressed to

The EDITOR, Catholic Courier and Journal

If the return of manuscripts or pictures is desired, they must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, but the Editor does not hold himself responsible for such communications.

Business communications of whatsoever nature should be addressed to the Catholic Courier and Journal, Inc., to the attention of the Business Manager.

MECHANICAL REQUIREMENTS Width of column: 13 ems (2 1/4 inches). Depth of column: 20 1/2 inches (full length).

Size of page: 14 3/4 column inches (7 full columns); 15 1/2 inches by 20 1/2 inches.

DEADLINE Forms close noon of Wednesday preceding publication date.