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"I would make any sacrifice, even to the pawning of my ring, pectoral cross and aubergins, 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 Consultants, 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 authorities 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 25, 1929.

Editorials

FATHER FARRELL

Loving hands carried all that was mortal of the Reverend John F. Farrell, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Hornell, New York, to his old home in Clyde, New York, last week. They laid him at rest in the quiet home cemetery, where after three-score years of life he sleeps with loved ones of other days.

For thirty-five years Father Farrell had served as a priest at the altar of God. He had fought the good fight. He had kept the Faith. He had preached Christ crucified. In Hornell, as an assistant priest; in Bath, as chaplain of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home; in Lima, as pastor of St. Rose's Church for many years; and again in Hornell, as pastor of St. Ann's, he had labored faithfully and well in the vineyard of the Lord. Humble, zealous, devoted, and with fidelity that never faltered, he gave the gold of his years and the jewels of his love to humanity, to religion and to God. When he left Lima all the community united in honoring him, in paying tribute to his worth and his work, in showering praise upon their friend and neighbor. For Father Farrell never left a scar upon a human heart, but in kindness, in sympathy, in tenderness he lived and wrought, and was beloved by all who knew him.

God rest him now, shrouded by tears and flowers, and with prayers sincere and true ascending to God upon the winds and clouds. Rich was his life in good works, rich his soul in Faith, and may the richness of eternal life be his beyond the stars where God liveth and reigneth forever and aye.

His father died when he was a child. Poverty, cruel, pitiless, tore him from his mother's arms. She sent him home to the land of her fathers, to Ireland which knows so much of suffering and of sorrow. At her lonely breast his lonesome heart was nurtured, on her tear-stained fields of green his sad feet walked. The mother remained in America, made a new home here, reared a new family, grew into the loveliness of years and watched, with fear and with pride, the stormy pathways of her son. He had not been nurtured in vain at an Irish breast. He learned even in boyhood that:

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man."
He was in the battle's van; he led a forlorn fight for Liberty; he faced the scaffold high, the firing line, the quickly-dug grave, while his mother prayed for him, far, far away. Then, suddenly, he was saved almost by a miracle. Perhaps his mother's prayers did it for him. A fugitive, with a price on his head, he won the acclaim of the world after that, the moral support of the liberty-loving world, the friendship of nations and peoples.

A mother, sad of heart in America, saw all these things. The days of her fears, happily, gave way to the sunlight of peace. She saw her son honored, respected, beloved, trusted by the people of her home land. She saw him rise in power. She saw him elected president of the Irish Free State. She watched him start and end the pendulum of Liberty in the land of the North, strike out boldly for a higher, better freedom for her home land, and prayed for the day when his shadow would bless the threshold of her home in this city of Rochester.

Then death came. Suddenly, silently, swiftly it took her from life at a time when thousands of eyes and daughters were going back to the old home land for the great Eucharistic Congress; going back to pay their legacy of love to her son, Ireland and to God. She was buried last week, peacefully, and with much love. Prayers and tears on her behalf were the prayers and tears of Irish men and women on this side of the world.

Catholic Irish mother was DeValera's mother. Thousands of other Irish mothers had loved her son, but this heart lived apart from them. She was a mother, but never, in all the sad, sad days of her life, hoping for them, for them, for them, as they sleep, for them, for them, for them, as they sleep, for them, for them, for them, as they sleep, for them, for them, for them, as they sleep.

Diocesan Recordings

MASS IN VACATION TIME

Vacation time is at hand. The seashore beckons. The mountains call. The lakes hold charm for all. The country offers rest and quietness. There are many places to go, and it is good to record that in nearly all of them there are Catholic chapels and churches. Which is well. For the first thought of the Catholic vacationist should be of this—can I go to Mass there? Not to the mellow-ness of the water, not the shagginess of the mountains; not the verdure of the fields, not the conveniences of the camp, but is there a house of God there?

For the first thought of every good Catholic should be of this. It is so easy when one is away and among strangers to be forgetful, to be neglectful. For this is the trend of the times, the way of the Nation and its people, to slide away from religion and from God. This is deplorable. One must not do it. One must cling closer and closer to God, even in vacation time. How pleasant to come home feeling spiritual rest and consolation, as well as bodily rest and strength. Better far such a vacation than the other kind.

So we will look for the chapel with the Cross no matter where we go. Morning Mass will help make the world better and brighter. Morning prayers will add to the beauty of the flowers, to the green of the verdure. Frequent communion will comfort the soul more than the song of the sea or the breath of the mountains. We will not fail in this, for if we do our vacation will not have done us good, but harm, will not have brought us rest and peace, but discontent and deep regret.

Current Comment

THIRTY YEARS

A Catholic exchange tells the story of Miss Rosanna Byrne of Dublin, Ireland, who for thirty years has been climbing innumerable stairways in five parishes of that city, collecting a penny a week in dues for the missions from this person and that. As is usually the case, the poor have been the heaviest contributors. Hence, the stairways. In 1905 Miss Byrne scraped together in this way \$500 for her beloved missions. Each year, despite war and hard times, the sum increased, until the total for 1931 reached the highly respectable sum of \$2,500. She spends twelve hours daily, except on Sundays, among these folk whom she loves, and who love her in return. According to our exchange "Living and working among the dullest people in the world, she has a vast store of 'good ones' and comical sayings, which she releases just as she takes her departure, leaving laughter behind her, 'Keeping the sunny side up,' she calls this."

Contemplate for just a moment what Miss Byrne has accomplished for the salvation of souls all during these years, and then contemplate what she has done for herself in the way of graces obtained through inconvenience and self-sacrifice. It is a veritable treasure heaped up in Heaven, and enough to make the rest of us blush for shame.—Our Lady of Sorrows Magazine.

THE CALCUTTA HERALD

As their contribution to the cause of Catholic Action, so warmly recommended by the Holy Father, some prominent Indian Catholics have inaugurated a Catholic newspaper, The Herald, at Calcutta.

Before it lies a vista of splendid service for the Church in the land made famous by the intrepid Xavier's evangelizing efforts. A greater field for interpreting Catholic journalism could not be found in any quarter of the globe.

In a region cursed by the infamous caste system that nullifies so many humanitarian impulses founded on our common brotherhood with Christ the advent of a journal advocating the principles of Christianity, whose motive force is the love of God and fellow-man, can not be but as the breaking of the sun through dark clouds.

We are glad to welcome The Herald into the fraternity of Catholic newspapers. May the immensity of its field be also the measure of its success.—The Catholic-Universal Bulletin (Cleveland).

JESUITS APPROPRIATE

The Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus throughout the world have read with the deepest gratitude the touching tributes paid to their brethren by all Catholics. Nowhere has this sympathy been more sincere and more outspoken than in the United States. Every one understands that the persecution in Spain is not the work of the truly Catholic people of that land, but has been made possible by the machinations of a small minority who have seized the reins of government over a people, divided into various political parties on issues of lesser moment. Catholics may now be aroused to defend the sacred rights of religion and to secure the Catholic training of their children, a holy cause to which the Jesuits have devoted their lives. No proof has been alleged for any accusations against the Society. Every Catholic in the United States should read the noble protest of the Provincials of Spain, in which the government was challenged to give any reason for the dissolution of the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits are used to persecution for their loyalty to Christ and His Vicar. It is a tradition among them that their founder, St. Ignatius Loyola, prayed that this might always be their portion.—Messenger of Sacred Heart.

A perfectly just distribution of property will indeed never be achieved on earth, because God has left observance of the higher moral order to human liberty, which never submits entirely to the Will of God. Nevertheless, among a truly Christian people the contracts between rich and poor will ever again adjust themselves in the most perfect manner possible.—W. E. van Ketteler.

Children are a stabilizing factor in marriage, according to a statistical analysis of American divorce made by Dr. Alfred Cohen. Only 3 per cent of American married couples having children end in the divorce courts, while 71 per cent of childless marriages so terminate. Every additional child cuts in half the chances of divorce. Quote these figures to your friend who preaches birth control.—Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

Love of the Blessed Sacrament was the keynote of the life of St. Pascal, who teaches us never to let a day go by without visiting our Lord in the Tabernacle. From earliest childhood, Pascal displayed this deep devotion. He entered the Franciscan Order and, although he was only a lay brother with very little education, his wisdom was so great that he became a master of theology and spiritual wisdom. He died near the close of the sixteenth century. St. Pascal is the patron saint of Eucharistic Congresses.—The Young Catholic Messenger (Dallas).

Dramatic Moments in Catholic Life and History

"How St. Bruno Left the World and Founded the Carthusians"

By CLETUS J. ROUBER

To the newly appointed pastors we wish a full measure of success in the administration of their pastoral duties.

The diocesan council of the National Council of Catholic Men is working on a plan to have a speakers' bureau organized in the fall to furnish capable speakers for various parish meetings. Speakers will develop various subjects of interest and will be qualified to speak on subjects assigned them. This project has many possibilities for being effective in increasing interest in parish society meetings.

About six miles from Letchworth Park in the Church of the Holy Angels, Nunda, there is a statue of St. Isaac Jogues before which he said, after the 9:30 Mass each Sunday morning, prayers in honor of this saint and the other American Martyrs.

In a message to Rochester Knights of Columbus appearing in the current issue of "The Knight's Column," publication of the Rochester Council, Bishop O'Hern appeals to the loyalty and chivalry of the Catholic men of Rochester to carry on the maintenance of the Columbus Civic Center. The Bishop commends the knights for the assistance they are furnishing and appeals to them to increase their spirit of enthusiasm and spirit of helpfulness.

The CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL welcomes news that will be interesting to its readers. It welcomes particularly news of a diocesan and parochial nature. When you have news for this paper, get it to us at once, so that we can arrange the proper location depending upon the news' value. Let this be a medium of exchange of information so that people in the northern part of the diocese will know what those in the southern tier are doing, and those in the western part, know what those in the eastern section are doing, and vice versa.

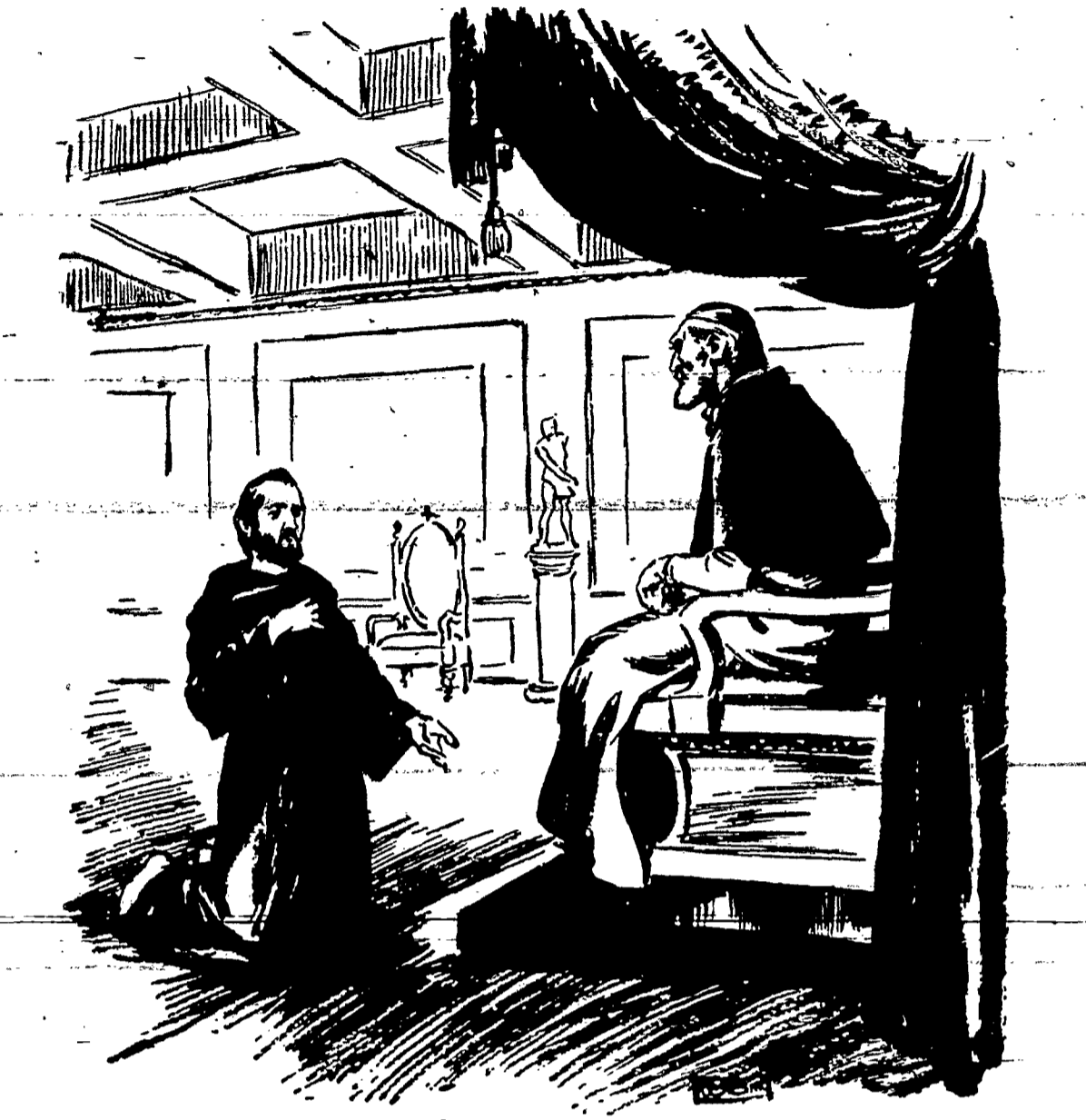
Outings of Catholic societies are scheduled for these coming months. These gatherings are always enjoyable and afford opportunities for increasing acquaintanceship. It is well to remember by those attending these outings that Catholic conduct is placed on a high plane by those not of our Faith.

All Catholic laymen are invited to attend the annual laymen's retreat at St. Bernard's Seminary, beginning Friday evening, June 24. This experience is unlike anything ever had by a Catholic laymen. Those who attend one retreat always look forward to the coming of a second retreat. It is an opportunity for men to indulge in spiritual exercises in a man's way with fellow men. It is a week-end with no regrets.

An excellent opportunity is given to the people of Rochester and vicinity to learn swimming and life saving at a reduced cost during the summer in the Columbus Civic Center swimming pool. Men and women, boys and girls are taking advantage of this offer. Competency in handling oneself in the water eliminates the hazards when swimming is later indulged in, in the lakes and rivers about us.

For his retreat he chose a wild and almost inaccessible spot in the Alps of Dauphine named Chartreuse Thither went with him six chosen companions who vied with one another in devising austerities to subdue rebellious nature. For eight years they practised their hardships and dwelt in great peace of mind and conscience when, of all things, a papal election put an end to their life of contemplation.

Among the students enrolled in Bruno's school who showed signs of extraordinary merit was one Eudes



Bruno begged to be relieved of all his honors.

About the year 1030 a child was born in Cologne who was destined to leave an indelible impress upon the spiritual history of his day and to come down to us as the great Saint of self-offacement. At the baptismal font he received the name of Bruno. — Athirst from youth alike for piety and knowledge he traveled to far off Rheims where the Bishop's school was one of the most distinguished in Christendom. A contemporary tells us that there he became learned both in human and in divine science.

At the completion of his scholastic course he returned to his native Cologne where he was ordained to the priesthood and elected to a canonry in the ancient cathedral. However, his stay was of very short duration since in 1056 he was recalled to his Alma Mater to assist in the school room. One year later we find him at the head of the school which position he filled with supreme success for twenty years.

Being of a severally religious turn of mind the honors that were heaped upon him, which would have been delectable to most men, were to him gall and wormwood that constantly cloyed his deep spiritual nature. At every cost he determined to flee from them.

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Among the students enrolled in Bruno's school who showed signs of extraordinary merit was one Eudes

of Chartillon. Nor did he shatter the great expectations that were built up about him. He passed from one post of honored responsibility to another until finally the supermost dignity of which mere man is capable was conferred upon him. He was elected to the papacy in 1088 and became Vicar of Christ upon earth.

History knows him as Urban II, the immortal organizer of the Crusades. Coming to the Vlara at a time when the forces of Christendom were becoming rapidly demoralized before the advancing infidels, he had need of every resource that art or nature could put at his command. Nothing was more natural than that he should remember the remarkable organizing powers of his former teacher and hence a papal command went forth to

desolate Chartreuse bidding Bruno to come to Rome. The dreams of the Saint and his desire for solitude seemed forever shattered but he knew that obedience is the first requisite of a good religious. Accordingly he quitted the beloved hardships of Chartreuse for the unloved ease of Rome. Though the Prime adviser of the Pope no one could take greater pains to hide his personality than did Bruno. His name is attached to none of the stirring documents that awake the Crusading spirit that flamed so high at the close of the century. The countless hosts pushing on to Jerusalem never knew who gave them marching orders. Perhaps no

(Continued on Page Seven)

The Catholic Paper

I AM the Catholic paper. I gather the news of the world and bring it to your library table; I speak to the home in the evening light of the vine-clad porch or the glow of the reading room. I tell of the altar boy and Pope, of curate and Bishop, of those whose fingers are fresh with holy oils and those whose years are golden with priestly administration.

My congregation is larger than any reached by voice from pulpit or limited by parish confines. To the young I bring inspiration for their coming years; to the old, comfort, solace and stimulation. I chronicle the news of the world's greatest institution and inspire further love for it in the breasts of my readers.

I bring back erring feet into the fold; I answer those whose hearts are yearning to grasp the truths of religion and enter the true portals. I narrate tales of hardship of nun and priest, relate stories of new temples to our God, and tell of sacrifices in far-off lands. With the world before me I gather the news of the Church and bring it to your study.

I live only a week but I speak to thousands of the things that have come to pass in an institution that has outlasted the frailties of the world. No greater mission has any Apostle, for my field grows larger every year, my history richer, my opportunities for good greater.

Receive me into your home and I repay a hundredfold for your willing sacrifice. I am the courier of the world's greatest mother—the Church—for I am the Catholic paper.

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