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MEMBER CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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"I would make any sacrifice, even to the parting of my ring, 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'HORN, D.D. Bishop of Rochester, March 15, 1929.

Editorials

The great feasts of All Saints and All Souls make November the most unearthly, unworldly month of all the year to those who dwell during its brief thirty days with the radiant inhabitants of heaven and with purgatory's blessed dead. It is a time for quiet thought. Ushered in by the feast of Christ the King, we see the other world unveiled before us. King of earth created by Him and won back by the deeds and sufferings that we have witnessed during the liturgical year, He is also Ruler of the world to come, that world into which all must enter who pass through the portals of death. The Church shows us now where we may be. The choice lies with us; heaven at once for those perfectly faithful, purgatory for those who have faltered but repented. Pore de Ravignan says that God mingles purgatory with every day of our lives. And Fenelon declares that "our resistance makes earthly trials so ineffectual that all has to begin again after death. We should be in this life like the souls in purgatory, supple and at peace in God's hand."

However great their pain they know nothing of the feeling which here makes people shrink from the mention of that foretold future pain. One idea possesses them: the longing to be cleansed by any means whatever, in order to behold their God in His loveliness. "The whole occupation of these souls is to hunger after God. How nobly they suffer, and how free they are from self! They have an indescribable joy in seeing that God is a light so holy, that the slightest shadow hinders the creature from being consumed in Him. This conviction rejoices them much more than their punishment afflicts them. If they ask to be delivered, and sometimes with such earnestness, it is much more from love of God than from a wish to escape from their sufferings."

Let us pray for them during this month of the holy souls—let us gain indulgences for them; let us offer Communion for them and have Masses read. Into the pain of purgatory our prayers drop like the soft summer rains on the parched and thirsty soil. Let us ask them to beg God to give us that grace which is the source of that unutterable joy in purgatory—an absolute devotion to His holy will and to His supreme intelligence.

Current Comment

During the past year our Catholic BUILDERS OF THE SPIRITUAL Press has not been entirely immune from the effects of the general economic depression. Yet our editors have met the difficult conditions they have had to face courageously and successfully. Their embarrasments, as were the hardships and difficulties of a great many secular publications throughout the country, were caused by failures to renew subscriptions and inability to obtain the usual amount of advertising. It would seem that about the last economy any person ought to make in times of depression and despondency is an economy which cuts off a source of spiritual strength. There is no time when men and women need spiritual strength more than when they have met with adversity. Our Catholic Press is a source of that kind of strength, constantly increasing in its capacity to impart Catholic truth as it comes from the best Catholic writers and thinkers of our day both in the United States and abroad, and consequently becoming a more and more important factor in the building up of strong Christian character.—The Providence Visitor.

There is no situation in life which THE BRIGHTER it one steals himself to it, may not be looked upon with a feeling of philosophy. Optimism gets much more than pessimism. Those who look upon the bright side of life live more free and joyously than their fellowmen who magnify the incidents which cast a shadow upon their lives. We would advise those who are for out of living if we could teach them that the only way to live is to be happy. Countless are the instances of reversal to such thought, was a far

happier mood. No evil that can befall us, no misfortune that may come, no untoward accident is so great that it might not have been greater. In the ordination of human events, He who sees the sparrows fall looks with gentleness upon all His creatures. Misfortunes that come to them are frequently blessings in disguise. To realize this, to live happily in the atmosphere of compliance with God's will is, after all, not only the best way to view life, but the only way to view it. Today's clouds always give way to tomorrow's sunshine. Across the sky that has been rent with the severity of on-rushing storm there always comes as an aftermath the beautiful colors of the rainbow. This is the way we should look upon life's disappointments, but to be followed by promise of a better, pleasanter tomorrow.—The Catholic Light (Scranton).

Poet, saint and politician have sung of the dignity of honest toil. Labor, by brain or brawn, has ever been considered the normal lot of man. In the attainment of spiritual perfection work has been assayed in the same category as prayer, because idle minds and idle hands are looked upon as the devil's instruments for the production of evil. Three classes alone, stood apart from the common indictment to earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow,—the invalided, who could not work, the criminal who would not work and the rich, who need not work.

But since the creative ingenuity of man has set itself to take the sting out of the edict of Eden, a new condition has arisen. Not only have labor-saving devices and mass production machinery lifted much of the effort from those who work, but they have lessened the opportunity for the many to earn their living by their labor. Science started out to make labor easy and has ended by making it scarce. The problem today is not to make people work, but to make work for people.

In solving this new economic riddle of distributing available jobs to the greatest number of workers, a shorter working week and a shorter working day must needs become the vogue, leaving many hours empty of definite occupation. A new moral problem develops. What will men do with the added leisure?

Sir Alfred Ewing, in his presidential address at the 101st meeting of British scientists, expresses the fear that man is ethically unprepared for the inventions which have changed the world's way of living.

While the achievements of mechanical discovery have in some measure deprived man of one inestimable blessing,—the necessity of toil, it is distrustful of the effectiveness of Christian teaching to fear lest the progress of science need be checked, because of our moral unpreparedness. The Christian code of morality has a capacity to cope with, and an appeal to men's better natures that can overcome, every added problem, physical science may create.

When the killing toll of the twelve-hour day and the twelve-day week was eradicated from our sweatshop system of industry the same fear was expressed. But men not only survived the humanitarian addition to their leisure but progressed to a higher standard of moral as well as physical life.

Whatever of enforced idleness, scientific discovery or readjustment of our industrial order may thrust upon man, it need be no embarrassment to his moral capacity for making use of leisure, if only the distribution of the products of industry are so divided to give sufficient for family necessities and comfort.—The Evangelist (Albany).

Another illuminating commentary SUICIDES UP OF the pressure of modern living DIVORCES DOWN is made by Dr. Pollock, director of Mental Hygiene Statistics of the State of New York. He points out that the suicide rate for 100 cities increased from 12.3 per 100,000 in 1920 to 20.5 per 100,000 in 1931.

The obvious conclusion is that this formidable increase has been due to economic adversity, but such is not the case, as Dr. Pollock points out. The depression cannot be blamed, he says, for the rate increased during the boom years of 1927, 1928 and 1929 no less than in the succeeding years of hard times.

One must look farther to find a cause for the development of the suicidal tendency, which has reached disturbing proportions in the United States, and there are many who now openly and vigorously assert it is to be found in the decline of religion and the rise of modern pagan materialism.

Meantime from Reno, Nev., the home of easy divorce, comes the news that while the suicide rate is increasing throughout the land there is a falling off in divorces, to the great distress of Reno's 125 lawyers. Three promotional ventures, designed to attract free-spending visitors, failed completely during the season just ended. Five of the town's six night clubs voluntarily closed their doors, and many of the several score speakeries did likewise.

In the quarter commencing May 1, 1931, 2,249 divorce complaints were filed in Reno, while in the corresponding period this year only 1,685 were recorded. Attorneys and merchants alike have adjusted fees and prices accordingly, but without apparent benefit. Where a year ago divorce seekers had difficulty retaining an attorney for a fee as low as \$150, the average figure now is more nearly \$100, with some lawyers taking cases for considerably less.

Apparently one effect of the depression is to make people to whom the solemnity of marriage has no significance realize that after all they cannot so easily break off their obligations. Wealth and luxury, it is apparent, are encouragers of divorce.—The Catholic News (New York).

When a soul is entirely delivered to love, all its actions, even the most indifferent, are marked with the Divine seal.—The Little Flower.

"Not the sound nations, not the consolidated nations, but the sick, the suffering ones, menace the peace of Europe."—Cardinal Verdier.

Man's heart adheres the more intensely unto one thing, by how much the more it is withdrawn from all others. Wherefore one of the principal means of gaining the divine love is the collecting all the powers of the soul into one, so that they may be able to fix themselves on God alone, exercising themselves day and night in whatever may stir them up to love Him. For as long as being full of love of earthly things, we let our understanding, will and memory dissipate themselves upon exterior things, we shall never attain true interiority or that unity and simplicity of spirit which is the immediate disposition for the presence of God in our souls.—Barbanson-Touchet.

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Diocesan Recordings

Two hundred years in existence as an order with one hundred years spent in America is the record being celebrated next week by the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, known to all of us as the Redemptorist Fathers with a triduum in St. Joseph's Church. It was not many years after the arrival of the first Redemptorists in America that they came to Rochester and during that long period have served faithfully and well not only in St. Joseph's parish but helping out throughout the diocese. The influence of these good priests and brothers has been widely felt in the diocese and all join in congratulating them on the double anniversary they are about to celebrate.

Although Mr. Francis J. Sheed received a greater amount of the notice when he appeared in Rochester recently to give his excellent lecture on the Catholic Evidence Guild, his wife, Mrs. Francis J. Sheed equally merits attention. She is the daughter of the late William George Ward and the daughter of the late Wilfrid Ward, English philosopher and biographer. Mrs. Sheed also devotes much time to the open air apostolate which the Catholic Evidence Guild directs and sustains. Besides being one of the guild's most distinguished speakers she is without doubt its most powerful force. "The Training Outline" of the Guild are her work and one feels throughout their pages the strong and vivacious personality that has shaken many an Englishman out of his timidity.

St. Monica's Church was recently bequeathed \$600 by terms of the will of Mrs. Elizabeth G. Allen, 174 Spruce Avenue, who died September 25, St. Joseph's Home, Jersey City, N. J., and St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, Ont., each received \$500 and the House of Providence at Dundas was willed \$250.

Columbus Civic Center and its manifold activities will be brought to mind next week with the annual campaign for membership. It would be impossible to record all the beneficial effects produced in the community by this institution, but those who have used the many facilities all speak highly of what they have "got out of" the Center. We know of one instance of a man whose health was decidedly benefited after a long illness by the athletic department of the Center. Social events have been enjoyed by thousands, intellectual treats have been enjoyed, countless benefits have been derived by those who have used the Center. Those who have yet to realize its advantages should join next week and "Enjoy Life" at the Columbus Civic Center.

If you haven't read Father Poiry's message on page one of this issue, turn now and read what the director of the Rochester Catholic Charities has to say about Proposition One to be voted upon this coming Election Day.

A good story—one which provokes hearty laughter—is a medicine of great value; but if tainted with vulgarity or irreverence, it is poison to the soul.

The good habit once formed it becomes sweet and easy to observe the Divine Law.

Dramatic Moments in Catholic Life and History

"The Book That Came of a Gleam of Light"

By CLETUS J. KOUBEK



He worked feverishly against the lapse of time.

In the heavy, suffocating gloom of a foul dungeon whose walls could not but not until his eyes could no longer exclude the awful heat of the African sun a prisoner waited patiently. When time came his head sought rest in his arms outstretched across the table. There a little window broke the monotony of solid stone. Owing to the close proximity of another prisoner by the infidel Moors, wait filtered through this aperture except for a brief period at midday each twenty-four hours.

The minutes passed all too slowly for the man who waited. Then a faint grayish light stole into the window's opening, a light which gradually grew into a solid shaft of illumination of pure sunlight, which pierced the gloom of the dungeon and revealed a rough table piled with papers and writing material. The prisoner heaved a sigh of relief for this shaft of light with his sole means of contact with the outside world unless the swarthy Moor who each day brought him his bread and water could be called such a

Hastily, not pausing for the worn with disease and suffering, the man arose from his pallet of straw, and made his way to the table which the little gleam had touched with its illuminating rays. He sat down on the bench alongside of it and at once fell to work feverishly, working against the steady, fateful lapse of the brief time allotted to his labors. Already the shaft of light was becoming fainter and fainter. The worker glanced up towards the little window and realized that once again his impassioned writing must cease for another long twenty-four hours. All at once the light was gone, the sun was gone, and the dungeon

plunged into its original darkness. But not until his eyes could no longer follow his quill across the paper did the man cease his work. When time came his head sought rest in his arms outstretched across the table. This day after day did Thomas of Jesus, an Augustinian monk, taken prisoner by the infidel Moors, wait for the small shaft of light which entered him to labor on his great work on the Passion of Christ, "Os Trabalhos de Jesus," a series of confessions on the sufferings of Jesus which has edified countless thousands of souls since its birth in that prison cell in the year 1578.

Thomas of Jesus, or Thomas de Andrada, to use his family name, had been born in Lisbon, Portugal, in the year 1529. Educated by the Augustinian Hermits, he had entered their order as Lisbon. He completed his studies at Coimbra and was soon appointed novice master. High in the esteem of the court he had assisted at the death of John III of Portugal and when John's successor, Sebastian, came to the throne had been urged to accompany the expedition which this ruler launched against the Moors. John had accordingly departed with the army for Morocco, ministering zealously to the soldiers, but distasteful had overtaken the expedition and the Augustinian was wounded and captured at Alcaecer in 1578. Then had followed a series of harrowing experiences. Given into custody of a Mohammedan monk, he had been first treated with consideration and then tortured in order to compel him to renounce his faith.

Thomas contemptuously refused to be shaken in his belief and was therefore cast into prison. It was at this time that he composed his work on the Passion.

Some time later the Portuguese ambassador, learning of the glittling light of the monk, secured his release.

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