

Art Is Long Haste Is Fatal

By Rev. James M. Gillo, C.S.P.

I didn't complete the article that appeared last week. In fact I had just about completed it when my assignment of space ran out. You will perhaps remember that the subject was the comparison of several of Dickens' novels into one volume, cutting out perhaps seven-eighths of the original because of the impatience of the modern-day reader.

But what really concerns me is not so much whether one who cares to Dickens for entertainment and enlightenment will read "The Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" from beginning to end. I should imagine that people would either love Dickens or avoid him, and that those who love him would never find him tedious. But let that rest with what we read a week ago.

Quite obviously, however, impatience in reading is only one phase of the rush, rush, rush, in which we live our lives. We are becoming so accustomed to hurry that the chances are we shall soon find it impossible to appreciate art or literature or music or— and here I come to what worries a good many of us religious worship. I wonder how many Catholics know, for example, that what we call "low Mass" (terrible word) is only a fragment of the original Sunday Mass of centuries ago. In the good old days when people came to Mass they satled down for a prolonged period of adoration and praise and petition. They communed with God in very deed, and when one is being entertained by God it is bad manners to look at one's watch. Away back in the Catacombs the Christians made a whole night of it.

But the paradox of it is that when we were free to come up out of the ground and spend all the time we wished at worship without fear of interruption or of sudden death, we commenced to cut down on the time we gave to God. The present has gone on now for many centuries, and the tendency is to be more and more sparing of the moments we give to God. I should be ashamed to put down here in print, where any critic of modern Catholicism might happen upon it, what I have heard from the lips of some of our brethren in regard to their desire and their demand for a "quick" Mass. St. Alphonsus who wrote a great deal for priests (and to tell the truth didn't spare us his criticisms) laid down some rules that make us tremble if we considered too much to the people, or to our own devotion and rush the Mass.

But I refrain: I shall not say what I would do (for of scolding the "Hills oaks.") The wise and better type of Catholic will know what I mean. Suffice it to say that the speed with which some of

STRANGE BUT TRUE

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By M. J. MURPHY



EDITORIALS

(Continued from Page 10)

The devil holds the Church in awe because he is the God. The three Apostles usually live their faith in Christ, and they are miserable to prove... The devil holds the Church in awe because he is the God. The three Apostles usually live their faith in Christ, and they are miserable to prove... The devil holds the Church in awe because he is the God. The three Apostles usually live their faith in Christ, and they are miserable to prove...

'Quir' Corner

What has been a Catholic... To take part in honest... To speak the truth... The devil holds the Church in awe because he is the God. The three Apostles usually live their faith in Christ, and they are miserable to prove...

Spiritual Thoughts

By the children of our... shall be made just. — Matt. 5: 20

Library Signpost

3 Great Saints In One Week

By Rev. Benedict Egan

This week, St. Patrick, St. Joseph, St. Benedict. I'm not overlooking St. Cyril of Jerusalem, a great Saint, too, and a Doctor of the Church, besides; but his memory has been somewhat eclipsed by the more familiar Saints who encompass his Feast.

ST. PATRICK.—I recall having signalled his Feast in past years in this column by quoting excerpts from the rich storehouse of Christian Gaelic literature. This year I turn to the Second Nuptials of the Office for March 17, which is based on the well-known "Confession" of St. Patrick. There it is written:

"Besides his daily care of the churches, his invincible spirit never slackened in prayer. For it is said that he was wont to recite every day the whole Psalter (i.e., the 110 Psalms of the Bible), together with the Canticles and Hymns, and two hundred prayers; that he every day knelt down three hundred times to adore God, and that at each canonical hour of the day, he signed himself a hundred times with the sign of the cross. He divided the night into three parts: first, he repeated the first hundred Psalms, and proffered two hundred times; the second was spent in reciting the remaining fifty Psalms, striding in cold water, with his heart open, and hands lifted up to heaven; the third he gave to a little sleep, stretched upon a bare stone. Remarkable for his practice of humility, like the Apostle, he did not abstain from manual labor. At length, worn out by his incessant care for the Church, glorious in word and work, in extreme old age, he fell asleep in the Lord, after being refreshed with the divine mysteries. He was buried at Down, in Ulster, in the fifth century of the Christian era."

I don't know what historical source this derives from. Even if there are exaggerations in the report, it does express that devoutness to prayer which is so evident in the "Confession," in which he writes, "My faith was enlarged and my spirit was stirred, till I prayed in one day a hundred times and at night nearly as often, so that I used to linger in the woods and on the mountains. Before dawn, I would awake to prayer in snow and in frost and in rain, and I was none the worse for it."

Must we not see in the heroic holiness of this Father of Ireland the cause under God of the episcopal fidelity of his Irish sons to the Christian faith through 15 stormy centuries?

ST. JOSEPH.—Really, if only a Salat can write about a Saint, what shall we say about the husband of Mary, and the foster-father of the Savior? In a sermon which our priests have to read in our Breviaries on Mar. 19, St. Bernard says: "From the great honor of being privileged to be called and considered the father of God (though, of course, he was only the foster-father), we may judge the character and personality of Saint Joseph. And we must not forget that great patriarch, Joseph, who in ancient days was said into Egypt and of whom Saint Joseph was said not only in name but in purity, innocence and grace. To the former was given the gift of knowing the mystery of

dreams; the latter was graced not only with knowledge of, but even participation in, the mystery of heaven. The former Joseph kept himself, not indeed for himself but for all the people; but the latter received into his care the living Bread from heaven for himself as well as for the world. We dare not doubt that blessed Joseph, in whom the Mother of the Savior was apprehended, was a good and faithful servant; a practical and faithful servant; I repeat, dear brethren, for the Lord appointed him guardian and counselor of His Mother, consigner of His own body, and conductor on earth to the stupendous design of heaven. (Tract from the School Serivary, Collegeville, Minn.)

ST. BENEDICT.—There is food for thought in the coincidence of St. Benedict's Feast with the first day of Spring. He founded an Order and established a way of life which were of supreme importance in the establishment of Christian Europe out of the winter of the Imperial collapse. You may remember my saying two weeks ago that St. Augustine's life and work were a bridge between two worlds—that of Imperial Rome and that of Christian Europe. When he died the barbarians were swarming over the Empire. For a century they laid waste to its old monuments and institutions of the Empire, until finally toward the middle of the 5th century it was prostrate and helpless.

The old order was passing away; the new was in process of birth. When St. Benedict died the new order was already born; and he, more than any one else had helped to bring it to birth. He did it with the monasteries of his Benedictine Order. These were centers of peace and order in the harassed countryside where they were established. They became centers of learning in what a modern writer has cleverly grouped as soil, culture, and agriculture. Many of them were the nuclei around which grew some of our big European cities of today.

Fyza Dom Cabrol: "St. Benedict was a great 'realist'—since without leaving his monastery he stirred the Christian world more deeply than any of those who took a violent part in the politics of his time, thus modifying the course of events."

Historians consider the span of his life to have been approximately between the years 480-550.

Read: Saint Patrick, by Hugh de Blacov. Give This Man Flowers. —by Hugh Francis Hunt a book on St. Joseph. Saint Benedict, by Dom Fernand Cabrol.

FIVE and TEN Years Ago

From Thursday, Mar. 14, 1938 With the Very Rev. Thomas F. Conlon, O.P., National Holy Name Society Director, leading encouragement and inspiration, the permanent organization of the Rochester Diocesan Holy Name Union was effected. Delegates to the first convention pledged support to President Roosevelt and Congress.

From Thursday, Mar. 17, 1938 "Only hypocrites or fools are taken in by the provision of religious freedom to be found in the new Soviet Constitution," declared the Rev. Benedict Egan in a radio talk on WJAM in conjunction with the diocesan-wide discussion club program on "Godless Communism."

ST. JOSEPH.—Really, if only a Salat can write about a Saint, what shall we say about the husband of Mary, and the foster-father of the Savior? In a sermon which our priests have to read in our Breviaries on Mar. 19, St. Bernard says: "From the great honor of being privileged to be called and considered the father of God (though, of course, he was only the foster-father), we may judge the character and personality of Saint Joseph. And we must not forget that great patriarch, Joseph, who in ancient days was said into Egypt and of whom Saint Joseph was said not only in name but in purity, innocence and grace. To the former was given the gift of knowing the mystery of