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With the Approbation of the

MOST REVEREND JAMES EDWARD KEARNEY, D.D.

Bishop of Rochester

The CATHOLIC COURIER has my most enthusiastic approval. A diocesan newspaper has become an essential part of the program of Catholic action in every diocese. The CATHOLIC COURIER should be found in every Catholic home in this diocese. I find it hard to understand how any Catholic can be so indifferent as to what is happening in his church throughout the world as to rely upon unreliable sources of information or even to seek no information whatever. Let us have a brief slogan "The CATHOLIC COURIER in every Catholic home!"

✠ JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester.

PATRIOTISM IN ACTION AT HOME

On our battle fronts and on our ships patriotism is in action. Young men and women are now numbered in millions in our army and navy and their auxiliaries. All of them are fighting for America and for all America holds dear. All are patriots, lovers of their country and its institutions, fighting to preserve that country and its institutions for themselves and their children. Their patriotism is not static, is not at rest: it is kinetic, it is in action!

Patriotism at home is likewise in action! Our plants are humming with industry as they never hummed before; our workers old and young are giving added hours and added energy to the war of production; our people are accepting in a patriotic spirit the limitations on their usual way of life which are included in the rationing of food and shoes and gas and oil, and in the higher taxes of every kind. We know the war calls for sacrifices, we know the gigantic task of meeting the problems of conservation and supply must be done, we make allowances for the mistakes and errors that must necessarily be involved in planning to meet these problems. Every American will be ready to assume his own patriotic responsibility to use well his income, to help fight the danger of inflation, to avoid overspending and spending for things not essential, to buy War Stamps and War Bonds to the limit of his ability.

The new call for needed war funds comes in the national appeal now made for $13,000,000,000.00 in various forms of government securities. For most of us this will mean War Bonds. Six counties in this district are asked to raise $30,000,000.00. The war is costing the United States two billion dollars a week.

The need is great, the cost is high, but the only alternative is more and greater disasters to our armed forces through a prolonged war. Therefore, we pay the cost gladly, we furnish the money needed by our Government in a spirit of patriotic cooperation. Our sacrifices of comfort, of luxuries, will ever appear small in comparison with the all-out sacrifices of our service-men and women.

Buy your full share of War Bonds, buy all you can possibly arrange for. It is needed help for America, it is your investment in liberty, it is your provision for present war-needs and for your own welfare after victory is won. Turn your money into War Bonds now! Help your district raise its $30,000,000.00!

HOLY WEEK

The Angel of the Annunciation told Mary that her Son should be called holy. Mary sang her praise of God in the Magnificat: "Holy is His name!" Surely, then, the week in which the holiness of Our Redeemer saw its culmination in overcoming evil and sin, in purchasing holiness for fallen men, should be known always and in all places as Holy Week.

This week is holy in its events and in its effects. It saw the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem in glory on its opening Sunday, when leaves of the palm trees were strewn before Him in the way, when little children echoed and glad message of their elders in the "Hosanna in the Highest—Blessed is He that comes in the Name of the Lord." It saw the Last Supper, the institution of the Mass and the Holy Eucharist, the institution of the Priesthood and the Sacrament of Holy Orders, the Agony in the Garden, the scourging and crowning with thorns, the crucifixion and death of Christ, the burial of His sacred body in the holy sepulcher. It saw the glory of Palm Sunday, the darkness of Good Friday. It saw the defection of the Friends of Christ, the winning of the Good Thief. It saw the veil of the temple rent. It witnessed the earthquake and the coming forth of the saints of the Old Testament from their tombs. It saw the betrayal of Christ. It witnessed the prayer of Christ for His children. It saw the despair of His Apostles. It viewed the cunning of His enemies in having a guard of Roman soldiers placed to watch the tomb, that their hideous work of hate might not be brought to naught through the stealing of the body and the subsequent denial that He was dead.

This week is holy also in its effects. All the world has shared in the effects of Holy Week, because Christ died for all men. Every human heart has shared in the holiness of this Week of Weeks; all forgiveness has come through the graces it gives; all holiness in men is a sharing in the holiness of Christ dying for men. Evil came through the devil, grace and sanctity have come through Christ. Seven channels of grace bring to men from the Hill of Calvary the holiness of Christ, the grace of His Sacred Heart to meet their many spiritual needs. Holy Mass had its beginning there on Calvary during Holy Week, and Holy Mass continues to shed on the other weeks of each year the resplendent holiness of Holy Week. May we observe Holy Week in its events, in its effects!

A PROUD RECORD

The Parish of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel may well be proud of its outstanding record of service to the United States in the eight hundred seventeen soldiers, sailors, marines, Waac's, it has sent forth from its portals. Bishop Kearney in his dedicatory sermon following the blessing of the Roll of Honor containing the names of these servicemen and women, declared this number might easily set a record for the country. The Church was filled with over 1500 men and women at the service last Sunday evening.

Catholic principles as taught in church and parochial school build sterling citizens for America in time of peace; they prepare brave and patriotic soldiers in time of war. Service banners are few and sparsely starred in the halls of those who preach and practice Birth-

(Continued on Page 19)

"Tenebrae" of Holy Week

By Rev. Benedict Ehmann

Every good Catholic wants to spend some time in Holy Week bringing the Passion of His Redeemer close to his mind and heart. What better way to do this than to sit and kneel, like a little child, with Mother Church as she mourns for the Death of her beloved Spouse! The thoughts of the ages, which center around the Divine Savior, she revolves in her heart. Their great yearnings and laments over His abandonment she murmurs on her lips. If we wish to be close to Jesus in His Passion and Death, we ought to keep close to Mother Church while she prays and ponders during Holy Week.

That is why the "Tenebrae" service is so dear to those Catholics who are acquainted with it. Very few churches have this service any more: unfortunately. It will be restored more and more, however, as soon as the basic ideas of the liturgical revival can grow with greater freedom. In Rochester, it is held in its entirety at St. Bernard's Seminary at 4 o'clock, on Wednesday and Good Friday afternoons; and at Sacred Heart Pro-Cathedral at 4, on Holy Thursday afternoon. Interested people are welcome to come to the services, at the Seminary as well as at the Cathedral.

HOLY WEEK BOOK

But come prepared with a Holy Week book (a Missal does not contain the "Tenebrae" service). Holy Week books are obtainable at any good Catholic book-store. Though it is a long service (2 hours), the time passes fast enough when you have a book to follow all the wonderful prayers and readings which the best minds of the Church's long past have composed and assembled on the Savior's Passion. Besides that, there is constant variety in the music (for it is entirely a sung service); some of it is congregational unison; some of it, choral harmony; some of it, sanctuary solo—all of it a grand and eloquent symphony of prayer from the heart of Mother Church.

On Wednesday afternoon, the "Tenebrae" comprises the Matins and Lauds of Good Friday and on Friday afternoon the Matins and Lauds of Holy Saturday. You see, the Church's timing is rather like that of the days of our Lord, which considered one day ended at sunset, and a new one begun after sunset. So, if you come to the Pro-Cathedral on Holy Thursday afternoon, you will find the seminarians singing the Matins and Lauds of Good Friday.

The word "Tenebrae" means "darkness," and that is a very good word for this service, because, all during it, twilight is increasing outside; and inside the church, the candles on the large, triangular, fifteen-branched candlestick in the sanctuary are being extinguished one by one as the Psalms are being sung. One interpretation of this tells us that this stands for the Apostles running away from our Lord when He was arrested. Near the end of the service, even the six altar candles are extinguished. Finally, only one candle is left burning—the one on top of the triangular candlestick which stands for Christ; and that is taken out of its socket and brought behind the altar where it cannot be seen. During these moments, the Miserere is sung; at the close of this Psalm, all the lights of the church are put out, and a rustling noise is made by the cantors with their choir-books, signifying the darkness and confusion of Nature which accompanied the death of Christ. This concludes the "Tenebrae" service. But on Holy Thursday, at the Pro-Cathedral, the Bishop follows an old custom of our diocese by retiring to the side-sanctuary where the Blessed Sacrament is being adored in the Repository and, praying there, while the Seminary choir sings the entire "Stabat Mater," commemorating the grief of Our Lady at the foot of the Cross.

Those who have known "Tenebrae" from years past are loyal devotees of it, and would not think Holy Week really well spent without partaking in at least one of the afternoons. Those who follow it for the first time this year will discover that Holy Week and Easter will be a much richer religious experience than ever before in their lives.

A New Low

Mark up a new low in the alleged "causes" for which a man is ready to break the solemn compact of marriage. Out in California an aircraft executive has sued for divorce on grounds that his wife "lacks glamour." And instead of throwing the case out of court, prosecution and defense solemnly go through the procedure of bringing in the wife to prove or disprove the question of "glamour." Time was when a man would have been run through for less unchivalrous conduct by the first knight-errant who crossed his path. But in our progressive age almost anything is possible and henceforth we may be able to chart the divorce rate in America on the basis of the sales charts of manufacturers of tooth pastes, hair pomades, nail polish, and other aids to "glamour." — The Wanderer.

It's the wise Jap who steers clear of the Solomons. — Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader.

"There are more than 3,000,000 deserted children in the United States."—The Ave Maria.

QUERIES and REPLIES

What Is The Meaning Of The Skull and Crossbones Affixed To Crucifixes?

According to an ancient tradition, Adam the father of the human race, was buried on the very spot where our Lord died. This tradition tells us also that a sprig of the Tree of Life which Adam took from Paradise and planted as a lasting memorial of his transgression in the place where he wished to be buried became the wood from which the Cross of Christ was fashioned. Thus the tomb of Adam was identified with the spot on Mount Calvary where the Cross was elevated. Art has embodied this idea for centuries, placing the skull and bones of our first parent at the foot of the Cross to indicate that the whole human race received new life through the Death of Christ (cf. Eccl. Rev., vol. 18, p. 40).—From the pen of Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri.)

EASTER ESTATE

By Norbert Engels

(Written for N.C.W.C. Easter Supplement)

I give to men the Beauty that He made,
And Love and sometimes Peace. I give them grass
Green on a gentle hill, each secret blade
To bring them wonder; and with each impasse
Of groping give them Faith. With this bequest
I offer, of my memories of Him,
The bleeding Head I held against my breast
While all the sounds of Calvary grew dim.

Birds in the dawn and blooms in evening, red
And gold and green, and more than all of these,
His blood in mine I give. I give Him dead,
Jointure of earth and heaven upon rude trees;
And last, with the old of men who grieve alone,
With those who have no sons, I share my Own.

Along The Way

What? Not Churchill Too!

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Just for fear you may have missed it and might find it in a rather lightsome column rather than on some editorial page, I call your attention once more to the remarks of Mr. Winston Churchill talking to the English people on March 21. Said he, deep down in the heart of his speech:

"One of the most somber anxieties besetting those who look thirty, forty, or fifty years ahead—and in this field one can see ahead only too clearly—is the dwindling birth rate. In thirty years, unless the present trends alter, a smaller working and fighting population will support nearly twice as many old people, and in fifty years the position will be worse still.

"If this country is to keep its high place in the leadership of the world and survive as a great power that will hold its own against external pressure, our people must encourage by every means large families."

Well, what do you know? England, the land of birth control, right out for big families. Maybe the lesson of France did sink in.

Meanwhile I find that our government allows you to claim exemption for money that has been contributed—to the cause of promoting birth control.

In other words, you don't have to pay patriotic taxes if you help the birth controllers wipe out our population.

Somebody wasn't listening when Mr. Churchill talked.

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Paying the Penalty

The students in the girls' college had for a long time been calling upon the taxi company to ferry them back and forth to the shopping district. Then it began to dawn upon them that the service was very poor. They called for a cab and none came. Or if it came, it was inexcusably late. They protested and got no response from the drivers, though the company managers protested their regret.

At length one of the managers came out and talked it over with the faculty. His explanation was a simple, primitive lesson in economics—and social relations.

The girls, he explained, usually came into town and returned in groups of five. The fare was exactly ninety-five cents. All the way, they talked glibly, naturally, and with no intention of bragging about their plans. They intended to lunch well; they had designs upon a play or a movie; they talked about the dress they meant to pick up . . . twenty or thirty dollars; about the pair of shoes they were purchasing, perhaps ten or fifteen dollars. Then when they came to split the cab fare, they argued over who would pay the twenty cents and who the fifteen cents that made up the final ninety-five. And when they left the cab, they handed the driver the exact change in nickles and dimes with no sign of a tip.

"The drivers don't demand a tip," the manager explained regretfully; "but the girls gave the impression of plenty of money—lunch, a show, new clothes, shoes. They had lots for everything they wanted . . . and nothing for the man who serviced them. So the drivers just forgot when we sent them out to the college, or picked up another passenger along the road. It's not right, of course, but human nature being what it is . . ."

And that seems to be the basis of a lot of economic, social problems—that simple matter of human nature being what it is.

Feast Days

Sunday, Apr. 18—PALM SUNDAY.

Monday, Apr. 19—ST. ELPHEGE.

Tuesday, Apr. 20—ST. THEOTIMUS.

Wednesday, Apr. 21—SPY WEDNESDAY.

Thursday, Apr. 22—HOLY THURSDAY.

Friday, Apr. 23—GOOD FRIDAY.

Saturday, Apr. 24—HOLY SATURDAY.

The martyrs of Christ feared neither death nor pain. They lived not to themselves, but for Him, and found in death itself the way to life.—St. Augustine.