



As We See It

By DAN PATRICK

A lady we know seems very respectable on the surface but in the eyes of some people she must be a criminal.

Her crime? Motherhood. It seems that landlords all over town are pretty unanimous on the point. They refuse to rent her a house because she happens to have two children.

Her story follows a pattern which is becoming gainfully familiar these days. Getting the O.P.A. Somebody, flushed with inflated war-begotten funds, buys the house you happen to be living in. Then comes the notice to get out and a futile hunt for new living quarters starts.

Our lady in question has rounded the job without success. Several prospects looked rather promising until the subject of children was brought up. Then she was cut off unceremoniously. Landlords just don't recognize children. Of course there must be some exceptions. If any such exceptions read this, drop us a line and we'll be happy to put you in touch with the mother who now faces court eviction proceedings.

Then there's another mother of three youngsters, all under five. Her husband is serving overseas with the armed forces. She's been told to get out. Just imagine how that news will hit the morale of her husband. They ought to have some kind of a decoration for landlords of that ilk.

Speaking of landlords and children, a combination which evidently doesn't mix, we know of a woman who takes whatever she's handling out nowadays in individuals of her type.

Through a series of well-timed deaths among relatives she suddenly found herself in possession of a considerable amount of property. She thereupon became a landlady in great style.

The first rule she invoked was to have children completely from her properties. There she fabricated but children were out of the question. They're so destructive, you know! And was in the tenant who acquired a baby in the course of occupancy of her property.

They were her special enemies. Her complaints to the police came so fast that the officers who began to ignore her rantings. Eventually the kids she housed grew up and along came the war.

The kids marched off to battle and the neighborhood became quiet. Soon news came that those outwitted hellions of yesterday were spilling their life's blood on battlefields all over the world to save the life of this woman and other small-minded bobbies like her.

Soon the blue stars in the neighborhood's service flags turned to gold in the heat of this war's mighty battles. There they hang today. The neighborhood is deathly quiet now. Gold stars, you know, don't make much noise. Perhaps the woman is satisfied.

The real tragedy of this story is found in the fact that the woman should know better. She's a Catholic.

Oh yes, you can see her at the parish church regularly. She belongs to this and that society and serves on this and that committee. Away from the neighborhood, she's quite the individual.

You can't fail to notice her on her frequent trips to church. She carries a huge prayerbook. Whether it's used or not is another question.

It might be well for her to check that prayerbook carefully. She would run across an especially appropriate phrase which reads:

"Butter the little children to come unto Me. For of such is the Kingdom of God."

Lesson in Mother Love

Mother love, the old philosophers used to maintain, was one of the fundamental virtues of woman that nothing could ever destroy. I suppose they meant that for the race of women generally. And certainly that seems to be true. So many stories recently have been based on the devotion of pagan mothers to their children. But it certainly does not hold true for some individual women. Indeed though the saying is that human nature never changes, I have sometimes thought that future psychologists will find one essential change that took place in our generation and age—the death of mother love in uncounted women's hearts. They dislike children, these potential mothers, so much that they decline to let them be born. They give them less attention than a mother cat gives her three-month-old kittens.

The young lady was traveling to California. The train was crowded; her Pullman was filled. There was a young mother in her Pullman, with her attractive little five-year-old son. But it took no careful study to realize that the mother cordially disliked the child. She regarded him as an intolerable burden. Evidently she had given him thus far no training of any sort. Her discipline of him consisted of shery loss of temper and cuffs that sent the youngster into squalls of terrified crying. She disappeared into the ladies' washroom with the boy. When our Catholic young lady entered the washroom, she found the mother cursing the child in the language of a pirate.

"May I take care of him for a while? You must be tired," said the girl.

"Take him," said the mother, "and welcome. I never wanted him anyhow. And he is growing up to be a horrible nuisance. Why do women have to have children anyhow?"

The old philosophers would have to revise their phrase on mother love.

First have a careful look over yourself, and then you may find that your own mother also of your neighbor's good.

The Bishop's Appointments



APRIL

- 1 Sunday—Pro-Cathedral—Solemn Pontifical Mass—11:15 P. M.
- 11 Wednesday—Marymount Holyname, Yonkers, N. Y. Episcopate Pontifical—10:00 A. M.
- 13 Sunday—St. Mary's Church—Low Mass, Federation of Catholic Women—8:00 A. M.
- Neversink College—Alumni Association Tea—8:30 P. M.
- Columbia Civic Center—Inauguration of Third Degree—8:30 P. M.
- 17 Tuesday—Notre-Dame Academy—Solemn Mass—8:00 P. M.
- Hotel Seneca—French Anniversary Dinner Ladies' Auxiliary, Kirtland Circle, at Hibbard—7:00 P. M.
- 18 Thursday—Hotel Seneca—Luncheon, Holy Guild of the Little Flower—1:00 P. M.
- 21 Sunday—St. Joseph's Rectory—Orchestra—1:00 A. M.
- Holy Trinity, Webster—Bible Exposition of Dominican Holy Name Socy. Nov. 2:15 P. M.
- St. Patrick's—Silver Jubilee Celebration, Titled Order of St. Francis—8:30 P. M.
- St. Ambrose—Constitution—7:45 P. M.
- 23 Sunday—St. Cecilia's, New York City—Low Mass, Good Council College Alumni Association—10:00 A. M.

The Literary Carcade

Dusting the Desk

By John O'Connor

According to veteran professors of theology, one of the most difficult subjects to teach is that of Actual Grace. The meaning of it has been lost to us in the defensive battles which have been fought since the Protestant Revolt. The evils of that ill-fated and ill-directed movement have worked out a calculable spiritual harm and prevented many good souls from attaining to the spiritual development.

Rev. John W. Matthews, M.J., S.T.D., of the Holy Name Seminary at Woodstock, New York, has turned in a paper on the subject of the highly important part in his book *With the Help of Thy Grace*. Printed by the Newman Book Shop in Westminster, Maryland, it has since come out two editions. It is distillately written in a popular style which is intended (thank heaven!) for the average man to read and understand.

Men such as the author—I believe it was Maximilian who called them the outliers of civilization—are keenly aware of the power of Satan and of the powers of internal and external Grace. The general result of reading this work will be a practical grasp, a working grasp, of an ignored and neglected problem of our day, for it is Divine Grace that illuminates the intellect and directly inspires the will. The book will be invaluable in rectory and school room, study club and home.

For months I have been getting through one book after another on our southern neighbors. Naturally, the more satisfied you will be with it. *Argentine Risings* by Felix Weil (John Day, \$3.50) is one of the most analytical to come along in many a day. The author, however, leans a little too much toward the secularism so marked in some Latin capitals. He does point up a few many of us tend to ignore: Argentina is going industrial. This will prove to be a definite factor in the post-war world, for the fabulous, incredible agricultural wealth of Argentina will not be affected. The author states that the trend is being opposed by the wealthy landowners—although why they're missing the economic boat

is beyond me. If I had a lucrative plantation and saw a chance to turn its profits into an inevitably rising industry, I'd do so.

It is reasonable that the author, working on an economic plane, must have time out to run down the road of prejudice and attack a slave or two with such attacks as "the hold of the Church over the womenfolk" or "the dogmatic anti-Judaism of the Church." Had he been as lavish in his praise of the famous Bishop De Andres, that champion of democracy and the laboring classes. Our Catholic problems are acute in Catholic countries. Mr. Weil's treatment of some of them is disappointing. They do not belong in what is otherwise a fine work.

Shoed and Ward have reprinted Christopher Dawson's monumental *The Making of Europe* (\$2.00). Despite the war, I'm sure it's on a better grade of paper and is far more portable. Dawson, leading convert and prodigious scholar writes with an abounding, painstaking scholarship and treats of Europe as a living entity, not a dead collection of nations. In review of the anarchy to come it might be well to refresh ourselves on how they managed to overcome the anarchy of the past.

Brazilian Literature by Eric Vermeine, is a short outline developed from the Carriacou trip to the United States (Macmillan \$2.00). It is amazing to note the amount of literary production going on in that land that so long took its literature from the home country, Portugal. Vermeine has a wealth of good humor and while he occasionally snipes at some Brazilian Bibles, he does give you an idea of the movement in his country.

It is an introduction and merely an introduction. The names in it are respectfully called to the attention of the editors of *The Catholic Digest*. Apparently there is a great literary movement on in Brazil—"where you look at an Indian or a Negro and see a man". The country is world-famous for its lack of racial prejudice and may well add new glories in the field of literature in years to come. Last October, Ambassador Caffery told me that Brazil was undoubtedly the country of the future in the Western Hemisphere. Her writers seem to understand that opinion is the field of literature.

Death of Two Fine Catholics

Many a community will mourn the loss of Dr. Walter O'Neill, and regret the closing of a career in professional and fraternal circles that has meant great good to all. Dr. O'Neill held local and district offices in the Knights of Columbus that enabled him to meet many thousands of fellow Knights, and to bless with his wise advice and counsel the activities of the order.

Mr. William T. Connor will long be remembered as one of the leaders in the Rochester clothing industry, as a prominent Catholic layman, as an outstanding citizen. Father of a large family, Mr. Connor has lived to see his children take their place in the life of the city, two of his daughters giving great service to education as Sisters of Mercy; his son, Harold Connor, serving religion also as Advertising Manager of the Courier. To them, to their revered mother, and the other members of the family, the Courier extends its deep sympathy. Likewise to Mrs. O'Neill and her daughter, the Courier speaks its word of condolence on the passing of Dr. Walter O'Neill. May they rest in peace!

Library Signature By Rev. Benedict Sheehan

IT HAPPENED ON EASTER

From the earliest Christian days, Easter has been a feast of new and light. In the darkness of the Paschal Vigil the fire was struck from a stone, and from its flame the great Easter candle was lighted, and, after it, all the lights of the church. On the first Easter morning, the Risen Saviour came forth from the rocky grave with a fire that was to set the whole world aflame.



It was on Holy Saturday night while Bishop Patrick was keeping the Paschal vigil in the Hill of Slane that the Druid priests told their king as he watched the distant fires that those fires would never be put out if they were not put out that night. Watchers on either hills mistook Slane's fires for those of royal Tara, and hill men called to hill with answering flames. Patrick on Slane had made sure that it would be in the name of the Risen Lord, and not the King of Tara, who would light the first beacon fire of spring in that great year of 433.

It was a prophetic word the Druids said to the King. The fire that Blessed Patrick lighted on Slane from the Paschal candle on that predestined Easter eve was never quenched. The faith of the Risen Lord prevailed in Ireland. It prevails to this day, fifteen hundred years later. I like to think of the faithful island of Patrick's mission as the island of the Easter Fire.

Six years ago during the blitzkrieg that covered in the terror and darkness of the Second World War, men were recalling the remark of Vincent Grey who said, during the First World War, that the lights were going out all over Europe, and when would they be lighted again? This Holy Saturday, fires will be lighted all over the Christian world. These fires are strong, overpowering, unquenchable, like the fires on Slane that Patrick lighted on the Easter of 433. But they will not prevail if we do not let ourselves be set on fire by them. In simple truth, this means letting the New Life of the Risen Christ catch hold of us and possess us—letting it shape our thoughts to the Gospel spirit—letting it guide our judgments and decisions according to Christ's law of patience and justice and love.

This is the fire of which Jesus spoke when He declared, "I am come to set fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?"

There is no incident recorded by St. Augustine in his *Confessions* which bears witness to the power of this Easter grace. Victorinus was a great teacher of rhetoric, so highly esteemed by the Romans that he was honored by a statue in the Forum. Reading the Christian Bible, he became interested in Christianity and told one of his Christian friends that he was "already a Christian." When his friend replied, "I will not believe it, nor will I rank you among Christians unless I see you in the Church of Christ." Victorinus hastened, "Do the walls then make Christians?" But further reading and study helped to confirm his resolution against pride and fear, so that one day he said to his friend, quite unexpectedly, "Oh, we are in the Church; I wish to be made a Christian." He was enrolled then as a catechumen, and took the prescribed course of instruction which preceded the reception of Baptism on Easter.

At last the great day of Resurrection was at hand, and the Christians assembled for the vigil services at St. John Lateran. The usual custom over the baptism of the catechumens was highlighted on this occasion by the presence of the famous Victorinus among them. Here is the way Augustine describes the scene:

"... when the hour was come for making profession of his faith (which, as Rome they, who are about to approach to Thy grace, deliver from an elevated place in the sight of all the faithful, in a set form of words committed to memory), the priests offered Victorinus (as was done to such as seemed likely through bashfulness to be alarmed) to make his profession privately; but he chose rather to profess his salvation in the presence of the holy multitude. For, as he said, it was not salvation that he had sought in rhetoric, and yet he had publicly professed it. How much less then ought he, when pronouncing Thy word, to dread Thy meek look, who, when delivering his own words, had not feared a mad multitude?"

"When, then, he went up to make his profession, all, as they knew him, whisked his name up to another with the voice of congratulation. And who there did not know him? and there you a layman, through all the months of the preceding months, Victorinus! Victorinus! Victorinus! was the burst of rapture, as they saw him; suddenly were they hushed that they might hear him. He pronounced the true faith with an excellent boldness, and all wished to draw him into their very heart; yet by their love and joy they drew him thither; such were the hands wherewith they drew him."

Such is the fervor and the enthusiasm with which the new fire of the Easter candle spark is converted in Christian hearts today, if our faith is to prevail and conquer the world of our time. We should pray this Easter tide for such a resurrection of faith to lift up your prayers and prayers such in the postwar years. A blessed Easter to all!

Feast Days

- Sunday, Apr. 1—EASTER SUNDAY
- Monday, Apr. 2—ST. PETER OF ALEX.
- Tuesday, Apr. 3—ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND
- Wednesday, Apr. 4—ST. GEORGE
- Thursday, Apr. 5—ST. ANNE
- Friday, Apr. 6—ST. ANTHONY
- Saturday, Apr. 7—ST. ISIDORE