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MOST REVEREND JAMES EDWARD KEARNEY, D.D., President

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Flag Day

All America celebrates Flag Day. The flag of the United States is the symbol of all that our country means to us, all that it has done for us, all that it holds forth for us in the future. It is a fitting emblem of all our liberties. Floating bravely to the breeze, its red, white and blue colors merrily greet the eye. Stripes and stars, with their contrasting hues, tell us the story of the original thirteen states, of the forty-eight that now make up the Union. Young as nations go, the United States of America has had a glorious history. Respecting the liberties of other nations, she has welcomed to her shores men of all nations, has conferred upon them her citizenship, has shared with them her liberties, her opportunities, her way of life. In Washington, in all the states, in all our cities and hamlets, today the Flag flies resplendent on its staff, honored and revered by over 130,000,000 loyal Americans.

But in these days of war, the Stars and Stripes are found in every part of the world. The sun never sets on the American Flag. Sifting to the ocean breezes that blow upon our massive Navy, waving in triumph over the conquered Axis forces of Europe, proudly borne as the battle flag of our soldiers and Marines in the far places of the Pacific and in India and China, our beloved standard is a token today of world-wide significance.

The Stars and Stripes have given new hope to our nationals in time of danger; have spoken of the preservation of our nation as a land of liberty. Today all over the world the same Stars and Stripes reawaken hope for the good things of freedom in nations that have known the heel of the conqueror. For just as at home the Flag of our Country symbolizes the American doctrine of freedom and liberty for all, so abroad it tells of the work of our great country in winning like liberty and freedom for all the peoples of the world.

Now glory rests on our banner because of the prowess and bravery of our men in arms. May we always be worthy of the blessings our country has given us, may we always be proud of the great flag of the United States.

In Memoriam

Just as the fortieth anniversary of ordination had dawned for himself and his classmates, the Rev. Robert J. Henry was called by God from this life. His death came peacefully, after a long illness borne with all the patience and resignation of a faithful heart.

Going forth from St. Bernard's Seminary as a member of a large class ordained by Bishop McQuaid in 1904, Father Henry served parishes in this diocese and in San Francisco. His closing years were spent in retirement at St. Anne's Home, close to the scene of his clerical studies.

His kindly spirit, his readiness to help, his cheery word, have meant much to the men and women residing at St. Anne's. They will join with the clergy of the diocese and his many other friends in assisting at his funeral Mass, in praying for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

Mercy and Grace

All this week we have been closer than usual to the Sacred Heart. The Feast with its octave has brought us a wealth of information on the meaning of devotion to the Sacred Heart, has blessed us with a series of appropriate prayers and psalms and readings from the Scriptures and the Fathers and the Pope who sponsored the office. Great indeed has been our privilege to dwell in these days so close to the Sacred Heart!

An accepted devotion of the millions, a devotion rich in results in the souls of men, a devotion that has utterly destroyed every trace of Jansenism in the Church, the devotion to the Sacred Heart has the fullest blessing of the Church. It is a far cry from the convent cell of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque to the great cathedrals and parish churches of all the world: a striking contrast to the prayer of one lonely Nun to the great army of people raising everywhere their hearts to the Saviour to honor His Sacred Heart.

Christ willed this movement to conquer the efforts of misled men to turn their brethren away from the mercy of Christ. Men were taught to fear God and not to love Him; men were taught a frightful view of the stern justice of God with no right presentation of the mercy of God; men were warned to keep away from the Sacraments lest they be punished for trifling with the majesty of God. Devotion to the Sacred Heart with its results in frequent communion, regular acts of consecration, deepening realization of the loving solicitation for men's souls by the Sacred Heart, has taught us one lesson we should never forget — "The mercy of God is above all His works." Make yourself worthy of all the promises made to St. Margaret Mary by practicing the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Sarcoma Cards by Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.

Browder Writhes Again

The late President Roosevelt, in an attempt to reassure the public on the matter of his health, during the last campaign, said, ephemerally,

"and need not be an athlete to be president." True enough, but if a candidate, like Earl Browder, happens to be running on the communist ticket, he must be not only an athlete but a contortionist.

We had some comment on that subject in this column not many weeks ago. I seem to remember that we compared Browder with Houdini. If so,

I should like now to suggest a more appropriate simile. Let us say not Houdini but Laocoon. Houdini always got out of the padlocked trunk, out of the straightjacket, out of the prison cell, out of the mill; can be locked, sealed and cast into the sizer. But Laocoon, caught in the coils of the python some 2000 years ago hasn't got out yet. You may see him in the Vatican Museum still writhing and agonizing. So with Earl Browder. No twists and turns in the effort to get loose from the coils of communist duplicity. But he never succeeds. His latest effort to release himself and to hoodwink the American people was when he declared the communist political party "dissolved."

In a most touching speech — he seems almost to have wept — he declared that American communists were "sacrificing their electoral rights" and that henceforth they would now mark this well "support the existing system of private enterprise which is accepted by the overwhelming majority of Americans."

It would perhaps be cruel to analyze that statement closely, but one question is not out of order. Should an American citizen surrender his right of suffrage? And a second question: if the citizen thinks his political views correct, should he abandon them because the vast majority of his fellow citizens disagree with him? And a third question: Can a communist "support the existing system of private enterprise"? If so, is he not an apostate? But let that pass. To be logical with a man like Browder is to be foolish. He doesn't really mean what he says.

But now, a year after the pronouncement of that act of renunciation, poor Browder gets a rebuke, not directly from Stalin but from a top-ranking communist in France, M. Jacques Duclos. Speaking doubtless for Moscow, Duclos tells the world that Browder is all wrong; that to dissolve the Communist Party in America was a blunder and a crime.

Let's stop right there for a moment to take in the full significance of this amazing episode. An American citizen, candidate for the presidency, declares his party dissolved. From Moscow via Paris comes a smashing rebuke. To get the full force of the fact let's make a supposition. Suppose that Wendell Willkie, having run for president and lost, had declared the Republican Party dissolved, and had thereupon been commanded by Winston Churchill, acting through Mackenzie King, to reestablish the party. What would Americans have said about such alien interference in our internal affairs? The supposition is crazy when applied to the Republican Party or the Democratic Party.

Why is it not crazy when applied to the Communist Party. At any rate, there you have the situation. The Communist Party in the United States existed; it ceased to exist; it must exist again. Says who? Says Duclos. Who is Duclos? A Frenchman. What right has a Frenchman to say that a political party shall or shall not exist in America? But he speaks for Russia! Just so, but what right has Russia to say that a political party shall or shall not exist in America? If you can answer that question you will have a solution of what Premier Churchill calls "The Russian Enigma." Say rather the solution of one of a thousand Russian Enigmas. And what is more to the point — you will have the solution of the enigma of American citizens, possessed of the franchise and voting for such or such a president of the United States upon orders from Moscow via Paris.

However, what concerns us at the moment is not the Russian or the American Enigma, but the sorry plight of poor old Browder. Watch the papers for the next few weeks or months and see if he gets out of this one. If he does he is good. But good! In fact if he gets out of this one he's a better man than Houdini. A better man than Laocoon. If he gets out of this one he really rates a contract with Ringling Brothers.

Feast Days

- Sunday, June 17 — FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
- Monday, June 18 — ST. EPHRAEM OF SYRIA
- Tuesday, June 19 — ST. JULIANA FALCONERI
- Wednesday, June 20 — ST. SILVERIUS
- Thursday, June 21 — ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA
- Friday, June 22 — ST. PAULINUS
- Saturday, June 23 — ST. AGRIPPINA

To Hear the Word of God

It was a most fitting preparation for their call to the ministry that Christ gave to Peter and his brethren in the Gospel of this Sunday. Peter and the rest saw the people pressing upon Jesus to hear the Word of God. They were hungry for divine revelation, for God's truth, for the teaching of the Master. Is there Christ would have Peter and his brethren see a glimpse of the people of all the world hungering for the Word of God. In them Christ would have Peter and the rest see the millions of the faithful to whom they were to take God's Word.

Perhaps Peter wondered how it could be done. Even with the crowds present in that natural amphitheater on the shores of the lake with Jesus teaching from the boat, only a small portion of the total population of that region could be taught. How then could all be reached?

Christ gave Peter something to think about by the miraculous draught of fishes that followed the letting down of the net. It had been a bad night, no fishes were caught, weary men had at last given up; but now Christ was at hand, the word of Christ was heard, the power of Christ was made manifest.

Without Christ, no success with Christ, extending results! People still hunger for the Word of God. Peter and his followers in the Church still furnish them with that Bread of Life. New souls, new converts to the Church, new catches for the bank of Peter.

The Blessed Virgin Of the Underground

One of the most beautiful documents to come out of the long underground fight of the Maquis in Belgium and France is a Prayer to the Holy Virgin, which has been said by thousands of young men who took to the forests and mountains to take up arms for the liberation of their country or were compelled to go into hiding from Nazi persecution. This was the prayer which was found in the pockets of Father Lejos, P.B., a Belgian White Father and Chaplain of the Maquis, when he was captured by the Germans in April 1944.

In Belgium as well as in France, Italy and elsewhere, large numbers of young Catholics were Maquis fighters. Numerous priests were among them as chaplains. Some Bishops appointed such chaplains early in the struggle; others waited for instructions from the Pope on this unprecedented problem, which they received promptly after Cardinal Tisserant had put the matter before the Holy Father in person.

Since the prayer gives testimony both of the physical and moral dangers of the Maquis, the text is here reproduced in full.

"Our Lady of the Maquis, here are your sons praying to you. You became acquainted with the paths in the mountains when you went to greet your cousin, Elizabeth. You kept your secret, in spite of St. Joseph's questions. You know what it is like to be refused a shelter for the night. You knew hospitable stables, with the animals giving warmth and the soft hay and sheltering straw. You knew roads filled with danger at night, when you were fleeing with the Divine Child from Herod. Your whole life was passed under a regime of foreign occupation, but those who betrayed your Son, and finally demanded His death were fellow countrymen. You sanctified solitude by the calm of your retreat. You suffered loneliness in your compassion at the foot of the Cross. Your life, before and after the death of Christ, was a hidden life.

"Our Lady of the Maquis, here are your sons praying to you. In the depths of the woods we build forest chapels in which we venerate your image, the image of the Mother fleeing with the Divine Child. By your deeds and your judgments, you have sanctified in advance the acts we perform in the same spirit. Save us from dangerous beasts, from unhealthy water, from the cold of night, from rheumatism and unknown disease. Fill our nets with fish, guide the game into our traps, let watercress grow in our springs. Bless those who give to us. Entangle the paths of those who hunt for us. Banish from our hearts hatred and all spirit of vengeance. Keep us from plunder and threats. We are called the White Army, let our hearts be white, O Virgin Immaculate, O Virgin, loyal during a long widowhood, keep our wives and fiancées loyal. Let them not feel unjust suspicions about the secrecy of our life."

Then follows an abbreviated Litany:

"Virgin of Virgins, keep us pure in privations and temptations.

"Mother of Divine Grace, keep us in the state of grace.

"Mother most amiable, keep charity alive in us.

"Mother of Good Counsel, keep us from unconsidered arrests and hasty executions.

"Virgin most prudent, shield us from bad advisers.

"Help of Christians, protect us from enemies.

"Refuge of sinners, sustain us in our weaknesses.

"Comforter of the afflicted, comfort our comrades who have fallen into the hands of the enemy; save from Purgatory those who have perished or have been executed. Have mercy on the widows and orphans, and save us all from eternal fire.

"After the war, we shall come back as pilgrims to our chapels in the depths of the woods where we now venerate your image, the image of the Mother fleeing with the Divine Child. You are our Patron Saint, Our Lady of the Maquis."