

Abp. Cushing Asks 'World For Children'

Newton—(RNS)—An appeal for a world "fit for children" was made here by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston.

In an address before the biennial convention of the National Child Child Society, Archbishop Cushing said this new world should see the family aided by Church and State alike "to fulfill its proper destiny of producing healthy, happy and holy children—for America, but above all, for God."

"THE MOST clear condemnation of our civilization," said the Archbishop, "must be that it is producing a world unfit for children. That world is increasingly symbolized by instruments and interjects which you cannot possibly rid—cannot reasonably reduce to terms of the well-being of children."

The Catholic prelate said the scandal to which youngsters are subjected are steadily increasing.

Columbia To Teach Catholic Theology

New York—(RNS)—The Rev. William O'Connor, professor of domestic theology at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., has been named lecturer in religion at Columbia University. It was announced here.

Fr. O'Connor, an official of the Office of the Archbishop of New York, will teach a survey course in Roman Catholic theology, the course is part of a new curriculum of 36 religious courses to be offered at Columbia in the fall for the first time.

'Catholic Mother'



Mrs. John Bauer of Manchester, Mich., who has been named the Catholic Mother of the United States for the Holy Year of 1950 by the National Catholic Conference on Family Life. A widow, she gave nine of her 14 children to religious life. A medal emblematic of the honor will be presented to Mrs. Bauer on Mother's Day, May 14.

MORE NATIONS BAN RED PARTY

(N.C.W.C. NEWS SERVICE)

A swelling wave of repudiation of communism with nations in several parts of the world moving to ban the Communist Party has been a highlight of relations between the East and West in recent days.

Japan's General Douglas MacArthur has again advised the Japanese people to consider outlawing of the Communist Party because its shattered remnants, in "its frustration," assumed the role of avowed satellite of "an international predatory force" and as the Japanese "pawns of an alien power policy, imperialistic purpose and subversive propaganda."

Australia's Labor party has introduced a bill in the national parliament to legalize the Communist party, as Reds, in retaliation cried, "we will by the hammer and sickle from the roof of Sydney Town Hall" and threatened strikes in every factory.

Malaya The death penalty was decreed for all communist agents.

Canada Progressive Conservative leader George Drey asked the House of Commons at Ottawa to outlaw communism as "the most brutal force" the world has ever known.

China At Hong Kong top-level American officials evacuated from communist parts of China said the nation has been "sold out to Russia, lock, stock and barrel" Soviet "advisers" have infiltrated all fields of endeavor in China, they added.

United States At Washington, the State Department has permanently barred the Protestant "Red Dean" of Canterbury the Very Rev. Dr. Hewlett Johnson, from entering the U. S.

Father Connell's Eulogy at Final Rites For Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward M. Lyons

(This is the text of the sermon delivered by the Rev. Maynard Connell, professor of St. Bernard's Seminary, at the funeral Mass (May 8, 1950) in Sacred Heart Pro-Cathedral for the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward M. Lyons, rector of St. Andrew's Seminary.)

"A little while and you behold Me no longer, and again a little while and you shall see Me..."

Some of His disciples therefore remarked to one another, "What is this He is telling us, 'A little while and you behold Me no longer, and again a little while and you shall see Me'?"

"What means," said they then, "this 'little while' that He speaks of?"

And Jesus knowing that they would like to ask Him, said to them: "Are you questioning among yourselves about this remark of Mine, 'A little while'?"

Indeed I say to you that you shall lament and weep... you shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow will be turned into joy...

I will see you again and your hearts shall rejoice and your joy no man can take from you and in that day you will ask Me no more questions." John XVI

These tenderly beautiful thoughts, recorded by St. John, I attempted to accommodate to this occasion when we are gathered here, in the midst of the Easter Season, to perform the sad office of burying the dead. Our Blessed Lord would soften the sorrow felt by His disciples at the thought of His imminent departure. He was leaving them, but for a little while. They would have sorrow, but for a little while. He was going to the Father, but He would keep His other promises. Deeply they sorrow would turn to joy. All their questions would be answered, in a little while a few short hours in the tomb, men huddled in an Upper Room with hot seeping tears and an aching grief, and the promise was redeemed.

In that hour those Apostles realized that He who had died but to stand before His own grave was God, that He who had made and kept such a good and daring promise, would keep His other promises. Deeply they hearts took root a new and revolutionary faith. Disillusioned he must before a rising sun was the hopeless, despairing pessimism of the pagan world forever was the fearful uncertainty of the Patriarchs. Death had lost its sting. Immortality was a certainty.

HENCEFORTH, MEN, if they were wise and holy would not fear death as an end but well come it as a beginning, a concept of Christian optimism better described than defined. You may discern that in the humble joys of St. Paul to be "delivered from the bondage of this death" that his soul might wing its way to God. You may see it vividly dramatized in the poignant picture of the great Apostle, tears stream down his face running to drip the cross, his door to eternal life.

Such was the new Faith the risen Saviour inspired. To a bewildered world, it has always been the folly and madness of Christian men from Apostolic days to the present hour of the "11th Century."

Seen in the light of the Truth truth appears more precious than life itself and men laugh at death, embracing it as the beginning of a new and richer life. For men are pilgrims away from home, for a little while.

Life is a test of loyalty and devotion, a period of probation, for a little while. Across its path must surely fall the shadow of the Cross, but sorrow will turn to joy, in a little while. God came and was seen, and we shall see Him again in His Father's house whither He has gone to prepare a place, where all our questions will be answered—in a little while.

IMBUED WITH this optimism, the Apostles spent their lives witnessing to God's fidelity to His promises. The substance of their witnessing is the substance of our Faith. They told the story of the Saviour from God's first promise, back in the morning of the world, that there would be a new Tree and a new Adam. The angel's sword would be sheathed, the gates would be opened, and the children of men, doomed to die, could again become the children of God, destined to live. They carried to the ends of the world of their day the story of His birth and death. Above all they bore witness to that portion of the story which included themselves, the incredible plan whereby God would make sure that the price of our ransom need not be in vain.

The pilgrim, during his little while on earth, was never to forget his origin, his dignity, his destiny. Men, if they would, might always see the blood streaming from the altar of the cross. Their hungry minds could feed on truth, their hearts be comforted. They might hear His

words of forgiveness, feel His hands in benediction.

THESE WOULD be a living, visible Church, His Voice. There would be Sacraments, precious founts whence man could draw the very life of God unto themselves. And there would be a Priesthood—not Archangels as Chrysostom suggests, but men—human, fragile men, acting for Christ.

These Apostles bore witness that such powers were given to themselves, and before their little while was spent they transmitted them to others.

For these reasons, as briefly as it may be told, after 2000 years, we pause before the stilled form of a priest to do him honor. He was only a man—fragile, frail, but in life, yes, even in death, he was and is marked with the sublime seal of God's Eternal Priesthood. He stood before the world wielding a power and bearing a name which we can only describe by saying, he was another Christ.

But a few days of 28 years' life lacking since many of us saw him kneeling on the steps of this very altar, in the old Cathedral. He was clothed in priestly vestments, a successor of the Apostles imposed hands, and in to his freshly anointed hands were placed the chalice and paten. To him were addressed the words Christ spoke to His Apostles: "Go, baptize, teach, offer sacrifice for the living and for the dead, whose sins you forgive they are forgiven" to God, he gave himself to God, and he and do, and sealed his choice with solemn promises forever.

THE YEARS that followed are well known: the story of his "little while," the devoted Parish Priest called to the Seminary to work with and for Christ in forming youthful minds and hearts of worthy priests. To the duties of Professor, were added the responsibility of Disruption, and after a few years the burdens of a Rector. To each task he brought the same unflinching devotion to duty.

Always everywhere he showed himself the same kind, patient, sympathetic, unassuming, quiet and unassuming, probably the only boast he ever uttered, the words whispered each morning over a white host and a golden cup.

Three years ago, in this same sanctuary he observed his silver jubilee. On that occasion his bishop paid him the gracious compliment of a personal expression of praise and esteem, and from across the sea came the gratitude and blessing of the Holy Father.

A year later everyone rejoiced to see him elevated to the rank of Domestic Prelate. Lately with him we have been anticipating another joyous triumph, the realization of his dream, the opening of the new seminary. But God's angel came in the stillness of the night to whisper to see your God.

BEFORE WE WERE hardly aware of his death, he had gone

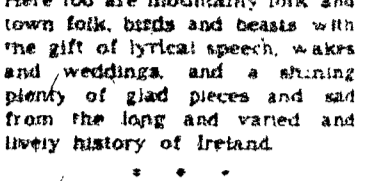
Balancing The Books

Irish Laughter

By REV. JOHN S. KENNEDY

In *Heavy Hangs the Golden Grain*, Seumas MacManus has written a collection of bits of folklore, Irish folklores, or to be more exact Donegal folklores.

"When, years and years ago, Mr. MacManus had just begun his career as a schoolmaster, he found himself with an unexpected but welcome three weeks holiday while the school house was being rebuilt. "Thanking God for the glorious breathing spell given me for the first time in a toilsome life, I made up my mind that I'd tramp the Cruachs—the great hills gathering gold as I went such song and story lore as Donegal's hills still hid from me." Off he went. And, as a result, off the reader goes for 200 pages of enjoyment and edification.



Fr. Kennedy

HERE ARE stories long and short, some taking a run of pages, others no more than a pair of paragraphs. In the first category, for example, is the detailed account of the contest between Fergal the Scholar and Johnny-One-Eye.

Fergal was the most learned man of his time, and toured the world carrying on a series of what seem suspiciously like temporary quiz shows, in which he bowled over every opponent. When he returned to Ireland all the scholars knowing their match and their master refused to face him. But Johnny-One-Eye took him on. Now Johnny had never learned the difference between B and a bull's foot, you could drag all Ireland with a herring net and never draw a man more stupid. But Johnny vanquished Fergal, with the king himself looking on, and the manner of his doing so will give you a hearty laugh.

THE BLIND prelates which a supposedly scientific attitude can foster are well illustrated in *The Voyage to Lourdes* by the late Dr. Alexis Carrel. This book was written almost fifty years ago and is only now published with an introduction by Charles A. Lindbergh.

In 1903 Dr. Carrel went to Lourdes on a train full of sick people seeking cures. He wanted "to learn whether or not the reports from Lourdes of radical improvements were authentic."

He had started life as a devout Catholic, then he had become a stoic, then a follower of Kant, and finally a tolerant skeptic. Rationalism completely satisfied his mind, but in the depths of his heart a secret pain lay hidden—a feeling of being compressed to too narrow a space, an unexpressed thirst for certainty.

DURING THE train trip he attended a girl named Marie Hers was "A classic case of the berularia peritonitis." She had been ill all her life, doctors at home and a famous specialist had told her family her case was hopeless. She reached Lourdes in a dying condition. Examining her at the hospital there, Carrel said "She may last a few days more but she is doomed, death is very near." Wee she died. Carrel asserted it would be a case of resurrection from the dead.

She was cured. Taken to the grove she suddenly got better. In a few moments she improved so much that she was scarcely recognizable. Her symptoms disappeared. An organic disease had been instantly routed.

All this is dramatically told by Dr. Carrel who paints a vivid and affecting picture of Lourdes and a no less vivid and hardly less affecting picture of the change wrought in his own thinking in two or three unforgettable days.

NATURALLY, THE fairies figure in this book, indeed they riot through it. They are real of course, you don't doubt that. But you may not know their origin.

It seems that when Lucifer lined up his rebel angels for battle against the hosts of St. Michael certain of the heavenly inhabitants played it cautiously, taking neither side until they should see which would prevail. Since they had not favored Lucifer, they were not required to share his fate but since they had no more favored St. Michael no more could they share his victory. They had to go into exile and given their choice of a place, they quite understandably opted for Ireland.

Well here they are in their dancing legions, and along with them leprechauns and ghosts, priests and poets, giants and saints, fearless warriors and women as renowned for wit as beauty (some silly ones also).

PRAY FOR HIM to whom you were bound by ties of blood or the delicate bonds of friendship. Pray for him who was your comrade in the Priesthood. Pray your prayers of gratitude for the last dear service of this gentle priest. Without benefit of words, yet more eloquently than ever urged in pulpit or Student Conference his dead voice sobbed us: "Live well your little while. No man knows the hour of the Bridegroom's coming. Death may come like a thief in the night."

Pray this prayer, if I may urge it. May the great heart of Christ, the Great High Priest, speedily bring him the place prepared in His Father's House: turn his sorrow into a joy that no man can take from him, resolve his every question. And if there be some debt to pay of human frailty, Dear Lord may it be for just "a little while."

HEAVY HANGS THE GOLDEN GRAIN by Seumas MacManus. 190 pages. New York: Macmillan, \$3.00.

THE VOYAGE TO LOURDES by Alexis Carrel. 32 pages. New York: \$1.00.

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One WORD Leads to Another... "Topper" is the WORD Old Topper Ale-Beer REFRESHMENT THAT'S TOPS

Religious Study Needs Stressed

Grand Rapids, Mich. (RNS)—One of the greatest problems facing the Roman Catholic Church in America today is how to make sure that no Catholic child is deprived of his birthright of definite religious knowledge.

This declaration was made by Cardinal Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, in an address before the second regional congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine here.

CARDINAL MOONEY said that "no one who is familiar with the actual conditions claims that more than 85 per cent of our Catholic children are in Catholic schools."

"The religious education of the remaining 15 per cent," he added, "is just as pointedly our responsibility." The Cardinal said the development of a program of religious training for the 2,000,000 Catholic youngsters now attending public elementary and high schools should be the immediate objective of the Confraternity.

MANY OF these children, the prelate said, "are children of parents who sought to have them enter a Catholic school which, for lack of accommodations, could not receive them. Others live in sparsely settled districts where it is practically impossible to establish a Catholic school. Others still are children of lax or indifferent parents."

"But, in practically no case, is it through his own fault that an elementary school child grows up in ignorance of his Catholic birthright. It may be the fault of the parents; it may be the fault of us shepherds."

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