Manifested In a Miracle
Faith Publicly Professed
Americanism To Forefront

By MONSIGNOR HART

Pilgrimages

Every month and every place has its program of pilgrimages. Local and National Shrines, International Basilicas call for their series of observances for every day, for every week, sometimes for an odd festival or one with an octave. Far off places make an appeal to us but we of this particular part of North America are taken up on these days with devotion to St. Anne and particularly to the grand celebration at her Shrine, St. Anne de Beaupre. Thousands from the surrounding States and Cities and Provinces spend one or more days in a pilgrimage to this historic center of devotion. Still more thousands conduct their devotions at home with a mental reference to a more or less recent visit to the Shrine itself. The power of good St. Anne has been manifested in many a miracle, particularly during the solemn devotions in her honor on or about the 26th of July.

Pilgrimages! The faith of a Catholic is summed up in the expression of St. Thomas Aquinas: "I believe whatever the Son of God has said". Modern miracles are not a necessity to uphold this faith, but modern miracles do remind us that God is interested in His world and is filled with love for those who believe in Him and is ready as of old to give special attention to the prayers of His beloved Saint.

There is so much paganism in the world, so much of the blatant spirit of unfaith sounded forth over all our means of communication. The piety and devotion that go with the faith of millions does not receive its proper attention in our papers, over our radios or on the T.V., but deep down in the hearts of those who have the faith there is a constant prompting to turn away from the coldness of our pagan surroundings and to visit in spirit or in person the great Shrines that have been sanctified by the abiding presence of the influence of the great St. Anne de Beaupre, of Our Lady of Lourdes in France, of Our Lady of Fatima in Portugal.

Pilgrimages! May our own experiences, the related experiences of our friends as they return from these pilgrimages, make us more conscious that we belong to God and that our life and destiny must be a spiritual one. Close to the Saints here on earth we are constantly reminded that, — "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is above."

Religious America

New emphasis has been given by our two National Conventions to a truth that has applied to America from the beginning. In its beginnings, in its ideals and in planning its course of action, America has been always reverent and definite in professing its abiding faith in God.

We are proud of the spirit of faith that surrounded and prompted the publication of our first State papers, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The sessions of our two Houses of Congress have been opened and closed with prayer; to all our people has been given full recognition of their religious liberty; there has been no union of Church and State but there has been the fullest respect and regard given to the various religious bodies.

All these things are common knowledge to all the citizens of America, but a new emphasis is now laid on the religious attitude of the officials of our government and of the people who make up our population in the religious words and the definitely religious prayers of those who have given the invocation at the various sessions of the National Republican Convention and the National Democratic Convention.

The religious sentiments of our Jewish Rabbi, the prayerful aspirations of members of the Protestant denominations and the truly edifying voice of Cardinal Stritch in asking the blessing of God on our new undertakings while thanking Him for the material and spiritual gifts in the days gone by, reiterate the religious principle of our Country and its people.

God-given principles of government receive constant approval from Christian and Jew. Publicly and proudly we give profession to our faith in God, to our trust in Him, and to our determination to live together as brothers. We can quote as the principle approved by all true Americans Notre Dame's Father John A. O'Brien's statement: "I am a Catholic Priest, and I like Protestants. I am a Catholic Priest and I like Jews. I am white and I like Negroes."

May the American spirit of good will continue to be evident in our public officials and in the hearts of all our citizens.

"Our Fathers' God to thee, Author of liberty, to thee we sing. Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light Protect us by thy might, Great God our King."

Our American Prayer

Americanism is to the forefront today. The freedom of every American and his right to have part in the government of his country and the choice of those who shall rule over us, is brought out in all clearness by the two great National Conventions. The mind and heart of every citizen should be on our problems, on the best manner to solve them and the supreme power we must exercise next November to elect a President of the United States.

Millions of people behind the Iron Curtain are deprived [illegible] of the right to govern themselves. As we [illegible] the liberties we enjoy, let us not forget to pray that our brethren in other lands may one day reclaim as their own the liberties that God has destined for all men.

Courier Journal

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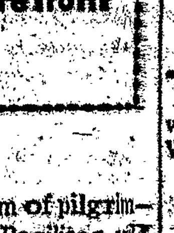
THE MAIL BOX

The center of attraction—the seemingly a little thing,
No one knows exactly—what News the contents bring.
My sister gets excited — her heart jumps with joy,
Perhaps she will withdraw— a letter from her boy!
Little brother moves with speed — hoping there lies within—
Roy Rogers magic ring — or Hopalong Cassidy's pin!
And Mom — much more reserved — (but inside can hardly wait,
Maybe the mail box holds — gossip from cousin Kate!)
And Dad — he doesn't look — the very word produces chills,
Nobody sends him news—just every day, heart-breaking bills!

—M. C.

JOSEPH BREIG

Who's Mad At Whom?



Joe Breig

I wish that Mrs. Eugene Meyer, wife of the publisher of the Washington Post, would tell us what she is talking about when she denounces "Catholics and reactionary Protestants" for wanting their children to learn religion in school.

Consider this passage from Mrs. Meyer's tub-thumping, breast-beating, alarm viewing speech before the National Education Association's convention in Detroit:

"I need hardly tell members of the National Education Association who are in daily touch with the tensions, conflicts and open animosities created by the parochial schools what a barrier it is to community reorganization and to the everyday friendly, peaceful relations of the Catholic and non-Catholic population."

What's eating at Mrs. Meyer, anyhow?

Where does she find these "tensions, conflicts and open animosities?"

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MY WIFE and I and our five Catholic school children live in a house smack-dab between two Protestant households.

There is another Protestant family across the street, and two others a couple of doors away in each direction, and another catty-cornered down the avenue, and so on.

Sprinkled among these Protestant families there are Catholic families; and all the Catholic kids go to the parish school a couple of blocks away.

The Protestant youngsters mostly go to the public school, as did the Jewish boy who lived right behind us until he got big enough to go into the Navy.

Now are we Catholics supposed to be mad at the Protestants and Jews, and vice versa. Should our neighborhood be torn daily by "tensions, conflicts and open animosities?"

If so, Mrs. Meyer will have to give us some mighty good reasons. We're friends; and we like it that way. And I doubt very much that Mrs. Meyer will succeed in changing us.

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YOU NEVER saw such a nobody-mad-at-anybody neighborhood as ours is. You couldn't find a more harmonious district if you searched for a month of Sundays.

We Breigs have lived there for seven years, and I have yet to hear of a quarrel, or a feud, or anything like that. The only thing folks disagree about is who is going to win the American League pennant.

It was a Jewish chap who, the day we moved in, fixed our fireplace so it would work. It's the Protestant family next door who, when they go on vacation, bring their extra milk, fruit and bread for our youngsters to gobble up.

It's my father-in-law who mows two or three Protestant lawns in summer, and shovels snow from Protestant walks in winter, just to keep his hand in—and no charge. It's the Protestant lawn-owners who never forget him at Christmas and on his birthday.

Take my father-in-law's birthday parties — nobody along the street would dream of missing one of them, complete with his annual reminiscences about the olden times. Why, they even eat limburger cheese just to show that they're with him to the man.

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WHEN ANYBODY dies in our neighborhood, all the households mourn. When anybody is ill, everybody worries. Tell you what—I have good reason to believe that everybody on our street prays for everybody else, Protestant, Jew or Catholic.

What Mrs. Meyer may mean when she talks about "community reorganization," I have no idea. I know that we don't need anybody to reorganize our community. We like it the way it is.

As for "tensions, conflicts and open animosities," bunk. There are a million neighborhoods like ours scattered all over America. "Everyday friendly, peaceful relations of the Catholic and non-Catholic population."

That's what we've got, and intend to keep it that way — Mrs. Meyer or no Mrs. Meyer.

The Actor

"You claim," said the producer, "that you have every qualification of a first-rate actor?"

"I lack only one thing," was the bland retort. "I am slightly deaf — the result of so much applause, y'know."

Memorable Sermon On Hot Weather Recalled By Archbishop Cushing

New York —(NC)— How hot weather has its uses was described here by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston, who recalled a memorable hot-weather sermon to prove his point.

The Archbishop addressed the second annual Vocation Institute at Fordham University, opening with these words:

"The need for vocations must be desperate if I am willing to spend an afternoon in weather like we have had in Boston to prepare a speech on it and if you are willing to gather in weather in weather like you have in New York to listen to my speech!"

HERE IS HIS story of the hot-weather sermon:

"Some years ago a priest in my diocese preached the shortest but most effective sermon of which I have ever heard. He was a curate in a parish which was under the direction of a very strict, very holy and very strong minded pastor.

"The pastor had many extra rules in his parish over and above the Ten Commandments, the Commandments of the Church and the Constitution of the United States. One rule was that there should always be a sermon, preferably long, at every Mass said in his church.

"DURING THE DOG days of August some years back the congregation at the 11:30 Mass was profoundly relieved to see the curate, not so strict and not so stern, come out to say the Mass. It was the hottest day the Lord ever made and there appeared to be a well-founded hope that for the first time in history there would be no sermon.

"Accordingly, when the curate had read the announcements and finished the Gospel the congregation remained standing, to indicate that they would not object if the Creed were recited immediately.

"THE CURATE, however, in passing from the altar to the pulpit had glimpsed out of the corner of his eye His Reverence, the pastor, on guard in the vestry. The same thought had occurred to him that had occurred to all the congregation and to the indulgent curate. Accordingly, the curate signaled for everybody to be seated and, lifting up his voice, he spoke as follows:

"'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. My dear friends: In this parish we have a tradition of preaching sermons at all Masses no matter what the circumstances. Wherefore, there will also be a sermon today, but brief. Here is my sermon:

"'Today is a hot day. As a matter of fact I can't remember a hotter day. When you got up this morning the house was hot. You came downstairs and found the streets had grown hot during the night. When you arrived in Church you discovered that it was hotter here than at home. It is hot down there where you are sitting. It is hot up in the choir loft. It is hot here in the pulpit. It is very hot in the vestry.

"'When you leave here it will be noontime and so it will be hotter outside than it was when you came in. When you go back home the house will be hotter than it was when you got up. The papers tell me it will be hotter tonight than it was this morning.

"'I give you this thought to sustain you through the heat of the day: Hot as it is here, there is a hotter place than this. KEEP OUT OF IT!

"'In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.'"

"The people in that parish have heard 10,000 sermons in the years since then but they've forgotten every one of them," Archbishop Cushing commented. "This brief sermon they remember word for word, just as I have given it to you."

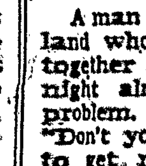
Sunday Sermon

By Msgr. Hart

The man without prudence is found to be unhappy. He has no eye to the future. He has no intention of guiding his present actions by his future needs. Prudence is a virtue in the ordinary concerns of life but shows its greatest value when applied to our whole career as children of the light. The light means the spiritual society of all who profess the faith of Christ and therefore Christ speaks today of the prudence that should belong to every Christian.

Christ has no praise for the injustice shown by the steward to his master; but He has praise for his prudence; he is not living just for the present; he is not providing merely for today; he is living for the future and his intention is that his present consideration for the two men who are his master's debtors shall lead them to care for him after his wordly position has been taken away.

More prudent—we are children of the light and we believe in God; we need merit before God; we need help that we may attain to our proper share of merit. We can make friends for ourselves by using material things to win their affection. Every gift that we make to help the sick, the young, the orphaned, wins for us so many who would ask God's blessing upon us. When we help a school, a seminary, we are winning for ourselves powerful friends. Surely we are not true to ourselves, are not prudent, when we let go by any opportunity to make the best use of our resources in the winning of unnumbered friends who profit by our donations.



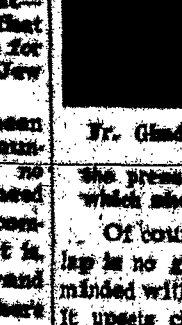
Almost Got Him

A man and woman in Ireland who had been going together for 28 years, one night almost settled their problem. She said to him: "Don't you think we ought to get, married?" He answered. "Glory be to God, who would have either of us?"—Mission.

FATHER GINDER

A Lapful of Dirt

Suppose your little boy, or one of the cherubs in your neighborhood, came running into your home one afternoon and laid a comic-book on your lap. This was no ordinary comic book. It was full of cartoons all right, but they were the dirtiest, vilest pictures you had ever laid eyes on—and there were jokes to match.



Fr. Ginder

You asked the child where he got it and he told you there was a man standing outside the school, handing these books to all the children as they came out. You'd call the police and ask them to pick that man up.

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BUT SUPPOSE the police told you they were sorry but there just was no law to cover such a situation, their hands were tied. It would be shocking, wouldn't it?

But let's go back a minute in our discussion. Why should you want that fellow arrested? Don't you believe in freedom of the press? Or are you convinced that there are some things which should never be printed?

Of course there are. A book such as that child laid on your lap is no good to anyone. It can only do harm. It fills the weak-minded with wrong ideas and leads them on to crimes of violence. It upsets children and sets them a pattern for lechery. The only one it can't harm is the person so strong that he won't look at it in the first place.

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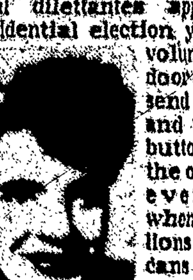
FORTUNATELY, we do have laws to take care of such situations. They vary from state to state, and the Federal government has its own machinery operating against this sort of thing. The trouble is that dirt is a profitable industry.

There are rich men fattening on it who can afford to hire clever lawyers to speak piously in their defense. They disguise their dirt and print it in expensive magazines illustrated with brilliant pictures. But it all breaks down to just what Sonny laid in your lap back in the beginning.

We Catholics are fighting hard to hold the standard up. We're not against art. We're against dirt, wherever we see it, and we know that every other decent American is in our corner cheering for us.

GRETTA PALMER

Once Again We Seek Utopia



Gretta Palmer.

This is the year when the political dilettantes appear. The Presidential election year, when volunteers ring door-bells and send telegrams and pass out buttons. It is the one year in every four when some millions of Americans do a great deal of unpaid work with enthusiasm and gusto and considerable zeal.

If there were a spiritual thermometer capable of measuring forgetfulness of self, it would probably reach its highest point in the six months preceding a Presidential election. True, some of the volunteer workers are motivated by the hope of patronage, if their candidate gets in; but the vast majority of the Americans who work for any party expect no reward at all.

They are spurred on by simple civic virtue — they are fighting in the hope that the principles they believe in will prevail. And their idealism is, almost certainly, bound to be shattered on one or another terrible event by November 11. Either victory or defeat will bring a sorry cynicism to replace their eager hopes.

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THAT SHADOWY character, "the independent voter," may be swayed by the platform a political party offers him; but no candidate would dare risk everything on the independent voter. The solid core of his support is always made up of men and women whose allegiance has been certain long before the platform was written — people who are, in some way or another, subject to the control of the machine.

If this were not true, any popular hero with a fine platform would be able to run as the choice of a Third Party, or of no party, and wind up in the White House. The exceeding improbability of this is proof, in itself, of the fact that something more goes into the making of a President than the good will of so many million scattered admirers.

That "something more" is the phase of politics about which many volunteers are going to be educated in the coming months — and they will not like it. They will discover the enormity of the gap between platform oratory and performance in office — and they will discover it whoever wins.

They will find out that political speeches are sales talks and vote getters rather than creeds, and that Parliamentary Law is less a means of obtaining justice than a clever sleight of hand—when the professionals take over a meeting or a convention. They will learn that the "experts" who advise all candidates rarely think of what is due the American Poles or Italians or Mexicans. Instead the "experts" think of the "Polish vote," the "Italian bloc," the "Mexican minority." For politics is the science of the possible and "the possible" in this field means the course that will never offend anyone, however wrong-headed he may be, if he happens to control votes.

These things are the ABC's of practical politics: anyone running for office takes them for granted. But the volunteers do not take them for granted. The volunteers are, for the most part, idealists who believe that their candidate will never compromise with wickedness in order to win. And if they spend enough time around the fringes of politics to learn better, why, then, they are going to be vastly disillusioned before this year is out. And that is where the Church comes in.

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EVERY FOUR years some millions of ardent patriots discover that they cannot serve the crusade for perfect goodness by electing a different man to office. They may improve the condition of the nation, yes; but most of them had aimed higher.

Most of the once-in-four-years volunteers are actually motivated by a religious purpose in their work. They want to usher in Utopia and to be among its attendants. They want to slay a dragon. They want to serve a cause.

Now there is only one Cause worthy of such devotion—only one Cause that will not disillusion them nor let them down. It is the cause of Christ in His Mystical Body. Only one edifice is secure from the termites of compromise, and that is the Rock . . . Peter's Rock.

There is only one institution whose platform — the Creed — has been tailored to the measure of truth rather than, of policy. There is only one Leader who will not betray their highest hopes of Him.

WHATS DOING AT THE DALYS'

Seaside Apostolate

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Vacation at a seaside hotel. The Head of the House and I felt like new people—probably looked it, with additional poundage and sunburn. We didn't care, though, for somehow the problems we had left behind looked like silly little irritations.

The Head of the House was sure now that he could untangle that complicated manuscript that had reached an impasse; I realized that physical weariness had made life seem a burdensome maze of unrelated detail.

The children were in good hands—their own—and managing superbly, according to their letters. Of course, a 90-cent telephone call to ask where we had put the 37-cent jar of sunburn cream didn't show too much sense — but the over-all picture was satisfactory.

Days slipped by in a lazy haze, each day starting for the Head of the House with a spine-chilling dive into the ocean before breakfast.

None of that for me. My idea of a vacation morning was leisurely dressing, strolling onto the porch to watch Ye Norseman splashing around. Along toward noon was time enough at the ol' swimmin' hole—the sun high, the sand hot and soft.

A shower, luncheon, a nap, visiting with new-made friends and it was time for another quick swim before dinner. Then a game or so, and sitting on the porch as we listened to the lap of waves and watched tiny lights of far-out ships.

THE TALK was typically resort-hotel: fishing, politics, weather, world conditions, baseball . . . Invariably the subject of religion came up, as it always does during this season when there is most talk of religion and the least done about it.

"You're a Roman Catholic, I take it," George-from-Chicago said.

We never did know just what he "took it" from . . .

"Oh, we've known Catholics before," Mrs. George assured me.

"Why, one of our best friends is a Catholic," Mrs. Bob-from-Philadelphia said.

It was the Saturday night session on the hotel porch—really rugged, and not another Catholic around to even nod assent—a friendly discussion, but thorough.

"This is the way I see it," Bob-from-Philadelphia said. "Lotsa trains going to New York. Same way, lotsa ways to get to heaven. Doesn't make any difference which one of 'em you take. All religions are the same."

"That's right," George-from-Chicago chimed in. "I don't go much for this church stuff myself. But say," he turned to the Head of the House, "how come you think your church is better'n the others?"

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THE HEAD of the House made a valiant, and creditable, attempt to explain the True Church. Meanwhile George's wife got me on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which she had all mixed up with the Virgin Mary.

We did the best we could, but it wasn't easy — probably not good, either.

"Whew!" the Head of the House groaned as we unlocked our door. "How d' you suppose Bishop Sheen does it?"

I had the same sense of inadequacy in putting over the faith.

"You did all right," I yawned, turning back a bedspread. "Maybe even Bishop Sheen doesn't make a dent on the first try."

• • •

NEXT MORNING it was raining and chilly as we went to nine o'clock Mass and still raining when we came back—just as our friends were drifting down to lounge around the roaring fire and read the Sunday papers.

"By golly, you do believe in it!" George exclaimed. "There must be something . . ."

"And look what the rain did to your hair-do!" Mrs. George contributed.

As lay apostles we recognize our definite limitations. We wish there were a course for cradle Catholics such as there is for converts.

Guess all we can offer is that we "practice what we preach."

ANITA COLBY

Beauty Expert Tells Girls True Glamor In Soul

New York —(NC)— Anita Colby, who has pioneered as a beauty columnist and author by striking a spiritual note in a field usually concerned only with bodily beauty, has won a $100 Christopher Award.

This award goes monthly to an individual demonstrating in some practical way "what one person can do" to express a sense of the spiritual in spheres that affect the lives of many people.

MISS COLBY forsook a promising career as an actress to become a motion picture executive and an adviser to screen stars. Beauty articles by her now appear in many secular newspapers, and Prentice Hall has published "Anita Colby's Beauty Book."

She explained she has been "anxious to stress the true inner beauty, based on peace of soul and mind, that is the essential foundation for an attractive exterior."

In her chapter "Be A Good Girl", the Catholic writer pointed out the importance of prayer, meditation and church attendance as helps to the development of an inner life. Miss Colby said the human face often reveals whether a person possesses true inner beauty or is handicapped by an under-the-skin ugliness of character.

"You know, people get a very good picture of you everyday of your life," she wrote. "It is mirrored in your eyes. The thoughts, emotions and desires that you are giving away to show up as clearly in your face as if projected on a screen.

"It is a sort of movie process that you may be unaware of—but the show goes on for others all the time. And if it is an ugly show, it'll begin to be a permanent one—skilled in the expression of your eyes, around your mouth, all over your face. So, if your viewpoint is showing, young lady, brighten up your attitude toward life."

MISS COLBY will render a genuine service to many a young person who has recourse to a beauty book," notes the Rev. James G. Keller, M.M., director of the Christophers.

"Some may begin by believing that they can merely adopt the exterior of people of fine character, but they will quickly discover that what Miss Colby is talking about cannot be acquired by posture exercises or the like.

"Beauty of character has to be just that; it demands a real spiritual foundation and no mere imitation."

Hypnotism Morally Wrong As Entertainment

Sydney, Australia — (NC) — It is not morally lawful for a Catholic to become a professional stage hypnotist.

This is the answer given by the Rev. Dr. L. Rumble, Australia's famous "radio priest," to a question put to him during his "Question Box" program on a Catholic radio station here.

"It is not morally wrong," Dr. Rumble told his listeners, "for a Catholic who is competent to do so to operate as a professional hypnotist under the supervision of qualified medical men where there is reason to hope that people physically or mentally ill, who have not responded to other and more normal treatment, may benefit by hypnotic influence.

"But stage hypnotism for entertainment purposes, cannot be reconciled with Catholic moral teachings; and proficiency as a hypnotist does not necessarily mean proficiency as a moralist, even where the practice of hypnotism itself is concerned.

"Far too much has been taken for granted in this matter of stage hypnotism, possibly because the rarity of such performances has not warranted public and specific expositions of Catholic teaching on the subject, certainly because Catholics engaging in it have neglected to inquire as to their moral obligations as Catholics in regard to it."

David and Goliath

Remember Goliath and what happened when he came against the boy David?

The Vatican is the smallest State in the world. But it is the greatest power on earth today. Any giants want to have it proven? Again?