

Aura Of Priestly Holiness Part of Religious Life A Day For Americans Live With Christ!

By MONSIGNOR HART

Rev. John A. Smith—R. I. P.

Called by God from his home in Ireland in the very early years of his boyhood, devoting years to study for the Holy Priesthood in his adopted country of America, Father John Smith was ordained to the ministry June 10, 1916.

For 37 years he has exercised that ministry as Assistant at Holy Apostles and at St. Mary's of Corning, and as Pastor at Livonia and at St. Mary's of Corning, until death came to end his earthly labors for God last Sunday. Something of the Irish faith and the zeal of a Son of St. Patrick came with him from Ireland, to bring blessings to many thousands of souls in the Diocese of Rochester. There was about him an aura of priestly holiness, a mark of the Priesthood of Christ, that enabled him to touch and heal the souls of his parishioners and send them on to God.

A friend to all, he showed reverential respect to his superiors, fraternal charity of his brother priests, fostering care to his elders in the ministry.

Father John Smith has sent many souls to heaven: in the pulpit and in classes for the children, he has imparted along with Christian Doctrine a deep love for the things of God. He was a teacher by word and by example.

He was another Christ in his mingling with his people, comfort for the sick, assistance to the dying, consolation and guidance to those who sought him out as a confessor, timely guidance for the young, marked the activities of his every day in the Priesthood.

Father Smith has left behind him on earth a veritable army of souls dedicated to the best traditions of the Catholic Faith. Their lives have reflected his influence, their future careers on earth shall be shaped according to his guidance and example: their journey to God in heaven will be the closing act of the drama of a priest dealing with his beloved charges.

To his sorrowing parishioners, to his relatives here and in the home in Ireland, our sympathy and condolences. His passing means sorrow to his Bishop, his fellow priests, his many lay friends. May St. Patrick be among the first to greet him as he nears the portals of Heaven! God has been close to him on earth: May He be with him in the eternity of Heaven!

Friends of Catholic University

They are legion! Young and old, rich and poor, religious and laity, they are to be found in every parish of every diocese in America. More than 50 years of association with the building of the Catholic University, with its development into one of the great American Universities, and with an annual response to the appeal for its support, have made it part of the religious life of every American Catholic. Our annual gift of a few dollars has given it an endowment that means more because so many make it up.

Among the Friends of the Catholic University are to be numbered the many thousands who have found in it their preparation for positions in all our dioceses as priests and officials, as teachers, as social workers, and as gifted authors of works on philosophical and theological subjects.

Every year it turns out Sisters and Priests and Lay graduates all marked with honorable degrees that give them standing as recognized experts in their various lines. All of our schools and high schools, our colleges and other seats of learning, have benefited by the work of our own national Catholic University. It works for all, it blesses our children. It has a real claim on our support.

Bishop Kearney as an honored member of its Board of Trustees and as a Bishop appeals to our people on the coming Sunday to give a worthy offering for this great school. Your gift will form part of the endowment applied yearly to help it do its work to bring all the blessings of a university education along Catholic lines to its large roster of students.

Do your full share for the Catholic University: share to the full in the Monday year gift will merit!

America Marches On!

Immigration Day! A day for Americans! A day guaranteeing the continuance of the greatest free government on earth! A day to give to the world that the divinely given principles on which it is founded shall never pass away. Immunity with all its fears, with all its hopes for future years, all depends on thy faith!

The prayers and good wishes, the unwavering loyalties of every citizen, go with President Eisenhower as he takes the Oath of Office and becomes President of the United States. America marches on!

Keep Christ Alive Within Us!

Live with Christ! Every day! Mary kept the wonders of the Christmas story within her, pondering them within her heart, so should all worthy children of Mary.

When the Magi as they return to their own country! They did not return empty handed: they brought gifts for the newborn King of the Jews. They brought back to their own country a message, a new knowledge of all that the wonder of Christ meant to the world.

Remember the memory of the visit of the Wise Men to Christ! Let it be all the love the Redeemer has for you, the Wise Men did not forget! Let us treasure all that they have brought us as a gift to our own country in Christ.

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JOSEPH BREIG

Tale
of An Idiot



Joseph Breig, author of "Tale of An Idiot"

A West Coast reader has clipped out and mailed to me the most unintentionally amusing movie review that I can remember ever having seen.

Appearing in the San Francisco Communionist paper, the Daily Peoples World, it gave a party-line appraisal of the film, "Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima." Splendid in its brevity, if in nothing else, it read:

"Use of a Catholic legend to attack historic democratic movements and propagate the lie that communism menaces civilization and peace."

JUST LIKE that. "Catholic legend." "Historic democratic movements." "Propagate the lie." "Civilization and peace." One two three four, one two three four, goosestep, goosestep, halt!

Communism does do something hitherto unheard-of to human minds. It mechanizes them so that they operate like fortune-telling machines.

You touch a certain button, and out comes a certain sentiment printed on a little card.

It is rather as if somebody had designed a robot parrot which, in response to certain electrical impulses, would give forth certain squawking sounds.

YOU CAN ALMOST hear the well-oiled whirling and clicking as the gears and cogs and cams go through their inevitable cycle and produce the inevitable result.

In the Communist world (to put the matter in another way) everything is reduced to formulae, all neatly typed, labeled and filed.

You would think that the Communist editor had on his desk one of those alphabetical keys in which people keep frequently used telephone numbers. He pushes the button, and there's his answer.

PERHAPS THAT is why the Communists have, never produced an editor or reporter of the slightest distinction. A good editor must have brains, and use them.

A Communist editor, if he has brains, must use them. All that he is required — or permitted — to do is to apply the appointed formula. He's a file clerk.

Given the Communist doctrine, this mechanization is inevitable. Communism's iron dogma of dialectical materialism means that the universe is a machine that came from nowhere and is going nowhere; and human beings are cogs in it.

The machine is grinding out, with agonizing slowness, the classless state; and in the process millions of people are going to be ground to hamburger.

BUT AT LONG long last, the classless state is going to make everybody happy — if there's anybody left, and if cogs in the machine can be happy.

You start with that promise, and what can you make of a movie like "Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima"? Or rather, what can your telephone line make of it — seeing that you're not allowed to make anything for yourself?

Inevitably, your telephone line calls it a "Catholic legend." There being no God, obviously there can't be any such thing as a miracle.

Our Lady cannot have appeared to anybody, because Our Lady no longer exists. She has been ground to nothingness in the gears of the universe, as all the rest of us eventually will be ground — Catholics and Communists and capitalists and all the rest. So says the telephone line.

AND OF COURSE the movie is an "attack." And of course the attack is on "historic democratic movements" — in other words, on communism, which must always be represented as "democratic" until the time when it has destroyed democracy.

IF DOZENS of people telephone to say there's a big fire, you investigate. If ten of those same people say they've witnessed a miracle, you look into it.

That is, you look into it if you're not a Communist (or a capitalist), whose mind is enslaved by the iron dogma that miracles are impossible.

The Communist doesn't look into it. He's free as a party.

THE COMMUNIST won't look into it. He might have to give up the convenient security of international terrorism. So they go ahead and make up a miracle, and through a lie that is a lie told by a man full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The Blessing

(For St. Blaise Feastday, Feb. 3)

SOFT LIGHTS, candles, incense,
In our church on the Feast of St. Blaise.
A soft little smile from my cherub
As he watches while everyone prays.
BUT THIS is much different from Sunday
When dignity holds full sway,
For now there are mothers and babies
As this is the children's day.
HUSHED MURMURING and shuffling around us,
Grandmothers smiling their pride,
A young mother anxious and busy,
With little folks at her side.
AND NOW WE go up to the altar.
It will take but a little while.
And good St. Blaise will bless them.
I think all the angels will smile.

— Mary C. McGill
Elmira, N. Y.

Nun - Heroine

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA

(Professor of Literature, Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y.)

EDITH STEIN, by Sister Teresa, O.C.S., Sheed and Ward, 1932, 238 pages.

This biography is a romance, one of the swiftest moving despite the number of years it covers and most piercingly splendid that will ever come our way. It is as if Edith Stein lifted her eyes from her philosophy books one day and saw Christ, and rose and followed Him. He climbed a hill, and she climbed it.

He died upon a cross, and she died with Him, swiftly and without reprieve. He had had some local fame as a religious leader and impressive enemies and friends among the learned; she had fame and friends only among the professors of her happy student and teaching days before the Nazis existed.

He went about doing good; she, a convert through reading St. Teresa of Avila, and under private vows, longing to enter Carmel and taste the joy of her absorbing love, nevertheless devoted herself to guiding puzzled young minds through the foot-hills of philosophy, then to helping the Sisterhoods to prepare teachers; her last-known mercies, in the assembly-camp for Jews being deported from Holland to their death, were the washing and feeding and comforting of little Jewish babies whose mothers were paralyzed by despair.

HER SISTER Rosa, a convert, was with her, and there were other nuns, too, and a few priests and monks, among the 1200 Catholic Jews seized that August 2 of 1942. In acknowledged reprisal for the brave stand taken by Catholic and Protestant church leaders throughout Holland against the exclusion of "non-Aryans" from church, school, and public life.

Some Nazi officials had previously shown leniency; now the SS men ruled. There was much charity in those brief days. A few Jews, who were taken by Dutch police, from Netherlands who careless of the risk brought messages and food, from frantic Mother-Superiors who brought to their beloved daughters the pitiful never-to-be-used towels and toothbrushes and prayerbooks for the journey.

Unforgettable, lighting many a page with her fine and passionate loyalty to Judaism and to her family, is the little mother, Frau Stein, who wept (they wept together) when Edith knelt before her to tell of her conversion (New Year's, 1922), and rejoiced when Edith's Catholic employment kept her busy and less in the limelight as the shadows drew in. When in 1933 Edith entered the Carmel of Cologne, she spoke her bewilderment touchingly: "I don't want to say anything against him, but why did he make himself God?"

She died, thanks be to Him, before the storm broke and the kindly life of old Germany disappeared; and her loving thoughts were surely of Edith, for Edith says, "As I was standing in my place in choir waiting to renew my vows my mother was beside me. I felt her presence distinctly." The moment was found to have coincided with that of her mother's death.

EDITH STEIN, now Sister Benedicta (in full, Teresa Benedicta of the Cross) was certain that personal safety would not be hers. "They will find me out here," she said. To save her, Cologne Carmel arranged for her transfer to Echt Carmel in Holland.

Peril had lessened neither her joy nor her productive studies; but she offered herself over and over as a sacrifice for the conversion of her suffering people, and held fast to Christ, for their which she was to die.

And you shall be hated by all men for My name's sake. And when they shall persecute you in this way, flee into another: the Scripture is not above the man. Year is not them that kill the body. Not one (spare) shall fall on the ground without your Father. Do not think I come to send peace.

Sunday Sermon

By Magr. HART

FAITH AND UNFAITH

In these two words is the complete difference between salvation and damnation. To be children of the Kingdom, will not save us in itself; not our ancestry, not our descent from holy ancestors, but our own clinging to Christ through faith in Him.

His divinity, His saving power, Faith is not something indifferent; man is free to believe or not believe. Christ makes no provision to save men without their cooperation; not to believe is a definite rejection of Christ and all that He has done to save us. God who made us without ourselves, will not save us without ourselves.

The leper had faith in Christ; he gave voice to it, as He asked Christ to make him clean. The centurion had faith in Christ; he showed it when he asked Christ to heal his servant; he gave still greater testimony when he urged that just a word from Christ would cure the man without any necessity of a personal visit by Christ to his home.

His words have been given an immortal place in every welcoming of a Catholic to Holy Communion: "Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, only say the word and my soul shall be healed."

The children of the kingdom shall be cast out—because they have no faith! Those not of the chosen race, not of the Kingdom, shall feast with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—because they have faith!

While we exercise our faith in all of Christ's teachings, let us pray for those whose lack of faith marks them as outcasts from God! May one fundamental truth be ever before us: without faith, it is impossible to please God; without faith no man can save his soul.

Those who would be outcasts, those who would not be included among those who are destined to the dark pit where remorse has never-ending expression in weeping and gnashing of teeth, should be ready to imitate the centurion by faith that will merit the blessing of Christ.

You Can Win Converts

No Came As A Child

By

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

(The University of Notre Dame)

In winning converts for Christ it is important to encourage the inquirer to search for the fullness of divine truth in a spirit of reverence, prayer and childlike humility.

Christ reveals His truth to the humble but hides it from the proud and arrogant.

A splendid illustration of the proper spirit which one should bring to his quest for divine truth is the case of Gilbert K. Chesterton, one of the outstanding literary geniuses of the century. Here is the incident as told in our new book of convert stories, "The Way to Emmaus," published by McGraw-Hill Book Co. of New York.

SEATED BEFORE the fireplace in the humble rectory at Beaconsfield, England, was the pastor, Father John O'Connor. The winds were howling and a storm was beating a tattoo on the window pane. Hearing a knock at the door, he arose, wondering who could have ventured out into such a night. He opened the door.

A huge man, the largest he had ever seen, with a great scarf around his neck and a hat pulled down on his head, stood outside. "Come in, sir," said Father O'Connor. "What can I do for you?"

"You can do me the greatest favor that any man can do for another," replied the visitor. "What is that, sir?"

"You are a Catholic priest, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you have the full deposit of divine truth in your keeping. Give that truth to me, all of it."

BY THIS TIME it dawned on Father O'Connor that the caller was none other than the writer whose fame was spreading throughout the English-speaking world. "You're Mr. G. K. Chesterton, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then, I would suggest that you call on some of the noted scholars of the Church at Oxford—not so far away. There's Father Ronald Knox, the son of an Anglican bishop . . . and Father D'Arcy, S.J., a professor at Oxford."

"Or—er—," broke in Chesterton. "I'll go to one of them if you insist. But you have the same truths to impart, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the priest slowly. "The doctrine is the same everywhere in the Catholic Church."

"Then, why can't you instruct me?"

FATHER O'CONNOR'S timidity was now gone and he began to sense the man's humility. "I can," he replied, "and I will. Where shall we start?"

"Well, I remember Christ said, 'Unless you become as a little child, you cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' Where then do you start with a child?"

"With the penny catechism."

"Well, that's good enough for me. Let's start with the first question."

And so they did.

Some months later, in the humble Beaconsfield chapel, Father O'Connor received the noted writer into the Church. Later on, Chesterton reciprocated the favor by immortalizing the humble village pastor as the Father Brown of his famous detective stories.

THE SIMPLE childlike humility and the spirit of reverence and prayer, which Chesterton brought to his study of the truths, were the modern equivalent of the prayerful cry of the blind man in the Scriptures, "Lord, that I may see." And they brought the same gracious answer from on high. Such an answer they will bring to every truth-seeker, for Christ reveals His truth to the humble but hides it from the proud.

It's sad but we believe more watches than dollar bills are pulled out in church.

Some people are good at driving bargains but not if they're second hand cars.

Yes and when some men get on the scales, they look at the figures but not at their own.

Little Tommy (to lady visitor) "I'll be your awful enemy, Mrs. Jackson, aren't you?"

Mrs. J. "Why what makes you say that, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Well, I heard my pop say that you winked your husband around your little finger."

The Apostles' Creed

'I Believe...'

By Rev. Albert J. Shamon

(This is a series of articles on "The Apostles' Creed" written by Father Albert Shamon, professor at St. Andrew's Seminary and author of "Behind the Mass.")

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY—I am sure every one knows the symbol of lighted candles at Mass. Candles represent Christ—the flame, His divinity; the wax, His soul; and the wick, His body. That is why the Church commands that the greater part of a Mass-candle be made from beeswax.

Bees are one of the few kinds of insects that can reproduce virginally. Biologists label this "parthenogenesis" (virgin birth). Bees' wax, therefore, best serves to symbolize a body spun from the Virgin's womb.

I suppose God permitted such reproduction in the animal kingdom just so we wouldn't raise our eyebrows too much when told that God's Son was born of a Virgin.

Naturally, no child can be conceived unless a woman first have carnal relations with a man. Normally, that act destroys her virginity. If, however, through some miracle, a woman did not lose her virginity in conceiving a child, she most certainly would, without another miracle, lose it in giving birth.

Or, to state a third possibility, if a woman did conceive and give birth to a child virginally, her virginity could still be lost by subsequent children.

WHEN THE CHURCH SAYS CHRIST WAS BORN of the Virgin Mary, she means that: (1) Mary was a virgin in conceiving Christ; (2) remained a virgin in giving birth to Him; and (3) continued a virgin till the day she died. All this we profess in the "confiteor," when we confess to "Blessed Mary Ever Virgin."

As fire did not burn up the bush Moses saw, so the Sun of Justice with whom the woman was clothed did not consume her virginity.

Isaiah prophesied plainly enough that the woman who would conceive the Messiah would be a virgin. "Behold," he wrote, "a virgin shall conceive."

Seven hundred years later, as if mindful of this prophecy, St. Luke took pains to note not only that the woman to whom Gabriel was sent was a Virgin, but also that she was told by the angel that she would conceive of the Holy Ghost—not of man.

AND YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE WAY it should have been. The Son of God already had a Father in heaven. Who ever heard of a child having two fathers? Moreover, the Son of God came that men might be reborn of water and the Holy Ghost.

It was, I would say, a clever idea the He should become the first and only One to be conceived by the Holy Ghost. After all, He was the way!

Now Christ's birth did not destroy Mary's virginity any more than His conception did. As the beam of light does not break the crystal ball through which it streams, so Christ, the Light of the world, passed from His mother's womb without breaking the seal of her virginity.

I think the divine Infant worked this miracle to teach all children how important it is to honor their father and their mother. Had He not left virginity of His Mother intact, He would have lessened the honor due her. A loving Child would never do that.

AFTER GOD HAD GONE TO SUCH LENGTHS to preserve His mother's virginity, one would think that no one would ever be fool enough to contend that she would destroy it later on by having other children.

But sure enough—for truth is stronger than fiction—two heretics, Helvidius and Jovinian, came along in the fifth century and did just that. I don't think they could ever imagine the horror and indignation they evoked.

They, and all their ilk, rolled open the Scriptures and quoted it to torpedo the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God.

Here's sample one: "And he did not know her till she brought forth her firstborn son."

"SQUIRM OUT OF THIS ONE, IF YOU CAN," heretics challenge, pointing on the two words: "till" and "firstborn." "Till," they declare, "implies that Mary knew Joseph afterwards."

Does it? Don't we say: "Such and such never did an honest day's work till he died"? We don't mean he is going to do so after he has died, do we?

In fact, we mean the very opposite—"Don't ever expect him to lift a finger." Similarly, Joseph's not knowing Mary till she brought forth Christ is first of all a statement of fact, a statement that Mary's conception did not happen through the agency of a human father—it couldn't, the evangelist is saying, for it happened before they had come together.

The phrase, therefore, states what actually happened, not what was going to happen. In the second place, it stresses, if anything at all, that if Joseph did not know Mary in the past there is every reason to believe he will not in the future.

"Well, anyway," they insist, "firstborn" means there was a second-born. Equally insistent, we answer: "It does not!" "Firstborn," said St. Jerome, "does not mean him after whom came others, but him before whom no child is born."

The "firstborn" is not necessarily the first-born of many; it can also mean the one born first. And the first child can be the only child. Parents don't wait till they have other children before they call their first one the "firstborn."

There is the other text our Lady's enemies usually trot out. "After this he went down to Capernaum, He and His mother, and His Brethren, and His Disciples."

"There," they taunt, "you have proof positive—'brethren'—if 'brethren' doesn't mean 'brothers,' then what does it mean? 'Brothers,' then what does it mean? 'Brothers' means only one thing—Mary did not remain a virgin."

WELL, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, "brethren" in the Sacred Scriptures did not always mean children of the same mother. Among the Orientals even to this day, "brother" ("aha" in the Aramaic) is used to include cousins or persons of the same tribe.

Abraham spoke of Lot as his brother—actually Lot was his nephew. (Gen. 14, 14). Shakespeare often used the word broadly.

Thus Lucius in Julius Caesar speaks of Cassius as Brutus' brother—actually Cassius was just an in-law. (II, 1). Since "brethren" can include cousins, it, therefore, in no way proves that Mary had other children. It proves nothing!

Actually, "the brethren of the Lord" were His cousins; had they been His brothers, would it not have been most strange for Christ from the Cross to entrust His mother to the disciple John?

CERTAINLY THE WORLD—THAT DISDAINS VIRGINITY as unproductive and that scorns a motherhood that is productive—can profit from the example of the Virgin Mother.

Virgin, yet mother, is it to tell those who have consecrated their virginity to God that they too can give life—the Life that is the Light of the world, Jesus Christ.

Mother, yet Virgin, as if to teach husbands and wives that there is a plan for parenthood that is possible, yet not sinful—conjugal continence.

Candles shine on your shrine, Mother mine. Tall and white, all night, like many stars in the night. Ah, but you, Maid in blue, are the dark world's taper true. Wide your flame, best your name, Virgin with Christ for flame. Being thus—furnish—Candle-Lady, shine on us!

Sister Maryanna

Quote & Unquote

SOLDIERS PRAY

"It isn't necessary to say prayers on your knees. It isn't necessary to pray aloud. But it is necessary to say prayers. I know your sacrifices and I know your hardships," he told the soldiers, "and that is why I have before you as the great ones of America of our generation."

—Cardinal Spellman addressing the U. S. 7th Division in Korea.

GOD'S WAYS

"The ways of God are usually not dramatic, nor sudden, nor otherwise obvious. They are patient, persevering, silent. He does not come in shattering triumph as a mighty, unmistakable Lord. He comes on a silent night, in the guise of a Babe, in the hidden cave of the least of all the towns of Israel."

—Archbishop Cushing

Quiet, Junior!

Little Tommy (to lady visitor) "I'll be your awful enemy, Mrs. Jackson, aren't you?"

Mrs. J. "Why what makes you say that, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Well, I heard my pop say that you winked your husband around your little finger."