The Bishop Of Rockford
Spiritual Blessings Stay
Prayers For Russia
School Buildings Rise

By MONSIGNOR HART

Death Of A Bishop

The death of Most Reverend John J. Boylan, Bishop of Rockford, brings sorrow not only to his diocesans but to his many friends here in the Diocese of Rochester. He made his course for the Priesthood at St. Bernard's Seminary and was ordained in 1915.

For twenty years he was in educational work as the President of Dowling College. He was consecrated Bishop of Rockford in 1943, succeeding Bishop Hoban.

In ten years of administration of the Rockford Diocese he has carried on an active campaign for the development of religion in general and particularly for the advancement of Catholic education. His death will come as a shock to the many Priests of the Rochester Diocese who were associated with him during his course at St. Bernard's Seminary.

We pray for the soul of our departed friend and Bishop while we rejoice in the good things that the Lord has allowed him to accomplish as Bishop of His Church. May his soul rest in peace!

Good St. Anne

Large indeed is the number of Catholics in every part of the world who show devotion to St. Anne at all times but give a very prayerful observance to her Feast which falls next Sunday.

For people in this section the devotion to St. Anne is traditionally connected with her shrine at Beaupre in Quebec. Year after year thousands of people have visited the shrine and venerated the relic of St. Anne which is preserved there.

Many graces and blessings of a spiritual order have come to those who have prayed to St. Anne at her Shrine and each year has recorded a series of miracles in the physical order. Miraculous cures have happened from time to time and have increased the veneration of our people for the grandmother of Our Lord and the Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The reaction of her millions of clients to the great good that she has done is registered permanently in the name by which they have called her "Good St. Anne."

May St. Anne continue to bless and sanctify all who turn to her for help. May our prayers go up to her not only for material benefits but also for all the spiritual graces which are so superior in the eyes of Our Lord and the effects of which never pass away.

The effects of even the most startling cure can last only till the end of the life of the one so blessed, but the effects of the spiritual blessings that have come to so many millions will remain through life and be carried on into eternity. Many a soul will come to everlasting life through the special graces that have ministered to it by Good St. Anne.

[illegible] Perish By The Sword

[illegible] is one of the crimes that cry to Heaven for vengeance. When a man takes the sword in a career that is devoted to murder in its worse form there is every reason to feel that he will perish by the sword. In all Russia today there is none to drop a tear nor express a regret at the downfall of Beria. Whether death has already claimed him or will come to him in connection with the present purge, all will agree that he is receiving the same fate that he so gladly imposed upon thousands of others.

Just how long the disgraceful condition that has afflicted Russia and its satellite countries for all these years shall continue no man can say, but all of us can feel that the God of Justice will not permit the exploitation and robbery and murder and irreligion that have marked these countries [illegible] forever.

[illegible] passes out of the picture, so other officials of the Dictator regime will have their day. It is time for us to pray that the joys of freedom and the enjoyment of the [illegible] God has given to His children here on earth shall be made available for Russia and for all the countries now under its heel.

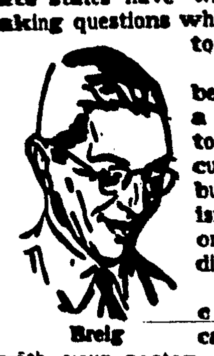
Men At Work

It is a real satisfaction for Catholics of this Diocese to [illegible] of the work of our architects and artisans in [illegible] High Schools in Rochester, Auburn and Elmira. Day after day stone is being laid upon stone and brick [illegible] High Schools for all the days to come are [illegible]

[illegible] to view the work of building that [illegible] it will surely bring to everyone who is [illegible] to rejoice in an effect [illegible]

[illegible] liberty and the pursuit of happiness belong to us [illegible] God and citizens of America. Our life, our liberty [illegible]

[illegible]



JOSEPH BREIG

When Pastors Say No

Two readers in widely separate states have written to me, asking questions which boil down to this:

"What's to be done when a group wants to start a discussion club, but the pastor isn't interested or — worse — disapproves?"

Breig

Well, of course you can't scrap with your pastor, or defy him. To do so only injures his spiritual welfare and yours, gives scandal, encourages dissension, does harm to religion, and displeases God.

ON THE OTHER hand, it is hardly within a pastor's province to forbid Catholics to study and pray together in order to advance in grace and wisdom.

No pastor would ever dream of intentionally forbidding that. He might look down his nose at the study club idea; but he certainly would not take the position that you must not study your Faith, whether alone or in company.

In the final analysis, therefore, I think that every good Catholic can presume that he has his pastor's permission to be a study club member, even though the permission is not expressed, and even though the pastor doesn't particularly care for such clubs.

I have before me a copy of a dispatch which appeared in Catholic papers in February, 1951. The first paragraph reads:

"Pope Pius XII this week urged pastors to encourage discussion clubs in the homes of layfolk, and asked that such groups be allowed to 'develop freely,' whether 'within the limits of the parish or extending beyond,' and whether 'linked with organized Catholic Action or not.'"

Surely, in view of that, we can take for granted that a pastor would not wish to forbid a study club—unless, indeed, the people planning it are notorious troublemakers.

I am assuming that they are loyal, kindly Catholics; that they have the right motives, and that they will use good Catholic books and pamphlets.

The dispatch quotes Pius XII further:

"In any case this movement (the discussion club movement) is always the apostolate of the laity in itself, and of the finest kind."

The Holy Father further said that he "praises this apostolic labor of the laity with all his heart." He remarked that study clubs already have brought a surprising number of conversions. And he requests priests everywhere to provide the competent guidance needed.

But suppose that a pastor just won't go along? Maybe he can't spare the time; and maybe he has some other reason for staying out.

NEVERTHELESS, I think the dilemma can be solved. A discussion club needn't be a parish activity, any more than a social gathering in somebody's home need be.

We are all free to invite friends to our homes. We are free to pray together, to read the Gospels together, to study the catechism, or a Life of Christ, or the lives of the saints.

The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., is anxious to help. Why not appeal to the confraternity for guidance?

I CAN'T IMAGINE a pastor standing in the way if you go to him with the confraternity's program and if you are a trustworthy [illegible] Catholic. [illegible]

[illegible] Don't argue with your [illegible] you're the right kind of Catholic [illegible] way of getting your study club started, even if he doesn't throw his hat in the air at your first mention of it.

Dad Pays

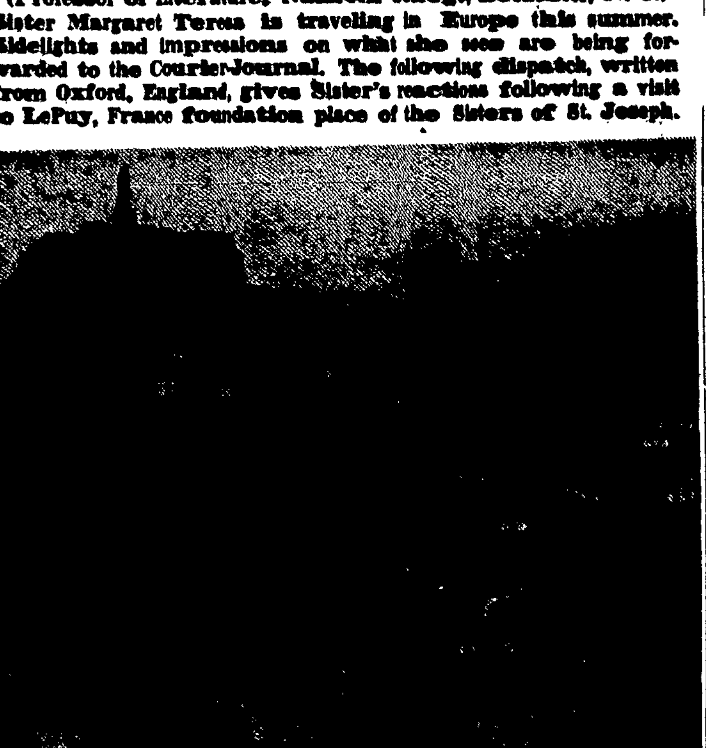
[illegible]

BOOK REVIEWS

Le Puy — The Fountainhead

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA

(Professor of Literature, Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y.) Sister Margaret Teresa is traveling in Europe this summer. Sidelights and impressions on what she sees are being forwarded to the Courier-Journal. The following dispatch, written from Oxford, England, gives Sister's reactions following a visit to LePuy, France foundation place of the Sisters of St. Joseph.



The town of LePuy, France, as it is today, is shown in photo above. To the right is the Cathedral of Notre Dame du Puy atop Mount Anis and at the upper left is the statue of Our Lady of France, perched high on Corneille Rock. The fountainhead, the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph, founded in 1650, is shown at the lower left marked with an "X".

There is a place, a puits, a "well", a deep valley in the hills of the Haute-Loire, where before the dawn of written history a volcano erupted, throwing up the several peaks or massive needles of rock which today stud that round little valley.

Perhaps those strange formations rising from their little villages called the first Christians, maybe even the pagans before them, to climb to the top to call on God.

However that may be, it is true that Christians carried their sick to a holy rock atop Mount Anis, and there miracles of healing frequently occurred.

Our Lady, says tradition, directed that a cathedral be build upon the spot. That was in the ninth century.

THE TOWN OF LE PUY, "the well", climbs Mont Anis to that great cathedral, built not wholly upon the sharp peak but actually "dans le vide", over emptiness, as every proud local historian insists, having its support on a second man-made mountain or vast "porche" affixed to the steep slope.

Medieval engineering readily supplemented nature by creative faith. Underneath the "porche", steep stone staircases, their walls adorned with ancient fading frescoes, lead up into the Cathedral of Notre Dame du Puy, where over altar she waits, the Black Virgin brought from Jerusalem by the holy crusader, St. Louis IX.

Not she, really, but a reproduction, since Notre Dame du Puy was burned during the Revolution, in the days when just down a few hundred steps two Sisters of Saint Joseph were guillotined for their crime of keeping the faith, Sister St. Julien who was Marie Anne Garnier, and Sister Aubert.

TODAY ON THEIR place of martyrdom, where many holy priests died as well, there stands a "Tree of Liberty—but the town knows true liberty again, and every day pilgrims young and old clamber up and down Mount Anis, and St. Michael's Mount, and Espaly whereon St. Joseph stands, and up the highest of all, the Rocher de Corneille.

On the top of Corneille, visible above every house and street and pinnacle, blessing Le Puy, the well of faith, is the finely molded, very beautiful Notre Dame of France, in her arms the Child with hand raised over His Mother's city.

She was made of the bronze cannons of Sebastopol, melted down by order of Napoleon himself, and made to be the everlasting protectress of the valley and of France. She kept the Haute-Loire safe during the war, says every Frenchwoman you talk to.

SHE IS LIKE the Statue of Liberty—you climb 107 winding steps within the statue to its crown, after having climbed a mountain to its base! She is crowned with stars, and her torch is the Child Jesus.

Le Puy, the city on pilgrimage to her, was described by its one-time inhabitant George Sand as "all one great convent, with streets for corridors." Too many little dogs for convent corridors, and too many chattering lace-makers for a well-ordered convent— yet true in a way.

There are many congregations of Sisters in Le Puy, mother house of far-spread groups. Little novices from other lands make their way up and down the steeplechase of ancient homes.

WE MET TWO little Irish ones one day, Kate-Corrigan-that-was and Margaret-Hickey-that-was. What a touch of God's graciousness, to meet in the very town where our Sisters of St. Joseph began in 1650, and where we had come on July 2 of 1953 to renew our holy vows, a little rosy-cheeked novice bearing one's own mother's name!

We met, too, a young Sister of St. Joseph driving a car of most doubtful vintage up and down those dizzying alleys at considerable speed, able to go almost as fast in reverse as she could forward. You've guessed it — she hails from America!

She has a diploma from the Sorbonne, and her daddy heads a well-known trucking firm in Connecticut, and there she is, at the fountainhead, rendering her service in American style.

Le Puy, well of faith, has scattered her kind all over the world. Persecutions, secularizations one upon another, have caused a new sort of volcanic eruption.

THE CITY OVER which Our Lady so magnificently presides has sent Sisters of Saint Joseph, many thousands of them (30,000 at the present moment), to all the lands where souls are to be saved; and to Heaven.

Sunday Sermon

By Msgr. Hart

TEARS AT JERUSALEM

In the liturgy of the Church Palm Sunday is a day of rejoicing. Christ enters into Jerusalem in triumph and receives the plaudits and the adoration of the people. They sing a Hosannah to the Son of David to Him who cometh in the name of the Lord.

[illegible] the Gospel of this day tells [illegible] of Christ [illegible] Jerusalem [illegible] the city Jerusalem [illegible] set by God for special [illegible] for the [illegible] about to dawn; [illegible] a worldly spirit and with thoughts alien to those which God had for her peace, the city [illegible] turned to material things and forgotten spiritual things and now the things that were for her peace are hidden from her eyes.

Ruin in a spiritual way had already come upon her and ruin in a material way will soon fall upon her. The city that was beautiful and the temple and other buildings that were so dear to our Lord were to be torn [illegible]

The city and the buildings that He loved were set for destruction but a far greater cause of sorrow for Him was the fact that His own people, especially chosen by God, were rejecting God's peace and claiming for themselves the abomination of worldly [illegible]

The Redeemer was at hand; He was seeking his visitation as promised of old and the people [illegible] ready to receive Him. [illegible] Jesus [illegible] at the entrance of the Holy City to weep over it and to weep over His children.

Into our hearts, into our homes, into our communities Jesus comes every day for His visitation. We should be careful to preserve all the benefits of a life of faith, of faith in our Redeemer and in the salvation that He is bringing to each one of us.

We must never allow affection for the things of the world to blot out of our minds a proper desire for the things of God. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus [illegible]

You Can Win Converts

A Christmas Card

By

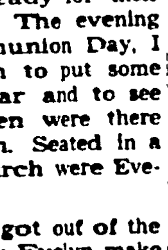
Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D

"For many years," said Mrs. Margaret Russell, "I lived in a little North Dakota town in which there was no resident priest. Father Phollen would come from St. Anthony's Church in Linton to our little outmission to say Mass on Sunday.

"One Sunday he said, 'My parish covers such a large area that I cannot personally reach all the children for instruction. Would one of you Catholic mothers be willing to have the children of this district come to your home each Saturday for catechism instruction?'

"I raised my hand and indicated that I would be glad to do so. Among the fifteen children who came was a beautiful little girl, Evelyn De Greef. I asked if they all knew the Lord's Prayer and found out that all but Evelyn knew it.

"Upon inquiring, I discovered that Evelyn's father was a fallen-away Catholic who had married a Lutheran outside the Church. The little girl learned her prayers and the catechism very well, and I was pleasantly surprised to see that she brought her parents and her little brother to Mass on Christmas. It was their first appearance.



Father O'Brien

"A couple of months later I had the children ready for their First Communion. The evening before their Communion Day, I went to the church to put some flowers on the altar and to see that all the children were there to go to confession. Seated in a car outside the church were Evelyn's parents.

"THE MOTHER got out of the car and asked, 'May Evelyn make her First Communion with the others?'

"'Well she's well prepared,' I said, 'but has she ever been baptized?'

"'No,' replied the mother. 'I'm Lutheran and Phil and I were married by a justice of the peace, and being of different religions, we just let the matter slide. Finally I said to Phil that our children ought to have some religion and not grow up like heathens. I was glad when Evelyn asked to go with some of her playmates to catechism.'

"I called Father Phollen from the confessional and explained the situation to him. The parents readily agreed to have their marriage fixed up. Father baptised Evelyn that evening, and she made her First Communion with the others the next morning.

"Mr. Philip De Greef returned to the practice of his Faith and soon his wife was taking instructions. Three months later she and her little boy, along with her husband and daughter, received Holy Communion together. I wish you could have seen the family that day. 'This,' said the mother, weeping with joy, 'is the happiest day in our lives. Now we are truly one family and God is in our midst.'

"MR. DE GREEF has since died but the mother and the two children have held fast to their Faith. In fact, the two children are now married and are raising good Catholic families.

"I moved here to Rhinelander, Wisconsin, some years ago but I keep in touch with Mrs. Eva De Greef who has moved to Wilmot, South Dakota."

"Do they ever write to thank you for instructing Evelyn and for helping to lead the whole family into the Church?" I asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Russell replied. "Every Christmas I receive a beautiful letter, thanking me and telling me that they are praying for me at Mass on Christmas Day."

SHE PAUSED a moment, then handed me a beautiful Christmas card on the inside of which was written: "The children and I can never thank you enough for all the happiness you brought into our lives when you led us into the Catholic Church. What would Christmas be without Holy Communion? When we receive our Eucharistic Lord we'll beg Him to bless and keep you always. Eva De Greef."

Readers who know of any lay person who has helped to win two or more converts are kindly requested to send the name and address of such a person to Father John A. O'Brien, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Candle In The Night

Faith is a melody
Wreathing the heart with its lay;
And you with faith, are the candle
When night drops the portal of
[illegible]

[illegible]

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.")

IN LIFE EVERLASTING—One day while ascending by cable car Mt. San Geronimo at Monserrat in Spain, an apprehensive lady said to the motorman,

"Sir, what would happen if the cable broke?"

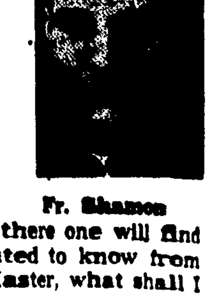
"We have a safety device, Lady."

"But suppose that doesn't work?" she questioned.

"Well, we'd use the emergency brake."

"And if that doesn't work?" she insisted.

"Well," said the conductor, scratching his head. "I suppose some of us would go to heaven and some of us to hell."



Fr. Shamon

In the Sacred Scriptures, hell is referred to as "eternal death", for the bitter agony so often associated with dying will be the lot of the damned—"death shall feed upon them." Heaven, however, is spoken of as "life everlasting"; for there one will find all the joys of living. Thus when a ruler wanted to know from Christ how to get to heaven, he asked, "Good Master, what shall I do to gain eternal life?"

Christianity is no negative religion. That is why her Creed does not end on the chilling note of eternal death, but rather on the triumphant thought of life everlasting.

WHEN HANNIBAL INVADED ITALY, he did not cross the Mediterranean as other invaders had done before him; instead, he performed the herculean feat of transporting his entire army across the rugged Alps. When the going became tough and the soldiers began to grumble, Hannibal would revive their spirits by reminding them: "Post Alpes, Italia"—"After the Alps, Italy." Here was a prize worth suffering for. In a like vein, the Creed says, "True, Christianity has the cross, but don't forget the crown—life everlasting! That is a prize worth living for."

For so many, "life everlasting" has lost its charm. Thanks to protestantism's servile adherence to the letter of the Bible, heaven is today often conceived of as a place of golden streets and pearly gates; as a city where everyone sits on clouds plunking harps and singing hymns; in a word, as one glorified church service. People don't like church services. So heaven just doesn't appeal. "Heaven for climate; hell for company."

ACTUALLY HEAVEN IS NO MORE like that than an angel is a head with wings. Heaven is a life of happiness—complete, eternal, ineffable.

Happiness can really be boiled down to three things: life, love and truth. Everybody wants life. Hence when death comes, it is called "agony"—the Greek word for "struggle." we contest death. Even the candle flame puts up an awful sputter before going out. Nobody and nothing wants to die. Everybody wants truth. That is why tiny tots tear toys apart; they want to know what makes them run. Even science with the eyes of its telescope and microscope is the single task of knowing. Everybody wants love. Life without love is hell. Deny love to the child, he becomes a problem. Deny it to the man, he becomes a neurotic.

Now the life, the truth and the love that everybody wants, nobody gets except in somebody else, in a person. The untainted imaginations of little children seem to sense that. For to a child no ending to a fairy tale can be better than "the prince carried away the princess and they lived happily ever after." But because no person on earth can give all the life, the truth and the love the human heart desires, such tales are branded fairy tales.

But suppose man could be wedded to one who could give him all the life, the truth and the love the human heart craves—wouldn't such a marriage be heavenly?

Well, that is exactly what heaven is—being wedded to God. For heaven is a union with God, more intimate than that of husband and wife. "I shall know Him as He knows me." That will be heavenly; for God is, not one, but three persons: the Father—source of life; the Son—source of truth; the Holy Spirit—source of love. Because each Person is infinite, heaven will be no bore. For as Christmas day is not time enough for children to drink in the joys of that day, so eternity will hardly be long enough to live the life that is God the Father, to explore the truth that is God the Son, and to exhaust the love that is God the Holy Spirit.

SO INTENSE WILL THIS HAPPINESS BE that, as the sunlight contains the candlelight, as the ocean the raindrop, the whole the part, heaven will encompass all those lesser joys that seem so heavenly now. As children's toys no longer attract the grownup, these earthly joys will then appeal no more.

The successful Broadway play, "Brigadoon", was based on a fanciful story by Alan Lerner. The minister of the Scottish town of Brigadoon (so the story goes) wishing to protect his flock from the deadly contagion of the world, prevailed upon God to work a miracle. The minister obtained that the townsfolk awake only once every hundred years; in this way, they would never be harmed by the aberrations of each century.

IN 1953, TOMMY ALBRIGHT, a wealthy New Yorker hunting in Scotland, happened upon this Utopia, this nowhere, as its inhabitants awoke for their single day of life in the twentieth century. Tommy strolled into the village and at first sight fell in love with Fiona MacLaren. She would marry him, but he would have to sever forever all his former associations and life. Tommy hesitated, struggled. Then he remembered the kindly advice of the Dominie of Brigadoon, Mr. Lundie. "It is usually the hardest thing in the world to give everything," Lundie counseled, "although it is the only way to get everything."

Sounds like Christ's "Who loses his life shall find it "—life everlasting. Tommy gave all and found happiness in a chimerical Brigadoon; to find real happiness in an honest-to-goodness heaven a similar choice must be made—to get everything, give everything.

Frank Stockton wrote a story long ago called "The Lady or the Tiger." A semi-barbarous king determined justice by placing a subject accused of crime in an arena. Directly opposite the accused would be two doors exactly alike and side by side. The person on trial could open either door he pleased. If he opened the one, there came out a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. But if he opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice.

"Before man is life and death; . . . that which he shall choose shall be given him." Unlike the accused in Stockton's story, we know which door is which. And we shall never open the door of death, if we ponder well the joys of a life everlasting.

Thus concludes this series on the Creed. The words of St. Thomas More as he said good-bye to his judges in his last trial come to mind: "Farewell . . . I shall right heartily pray that . . . we may yet hereafter in Heaven all meet together to our everlasting salvation, there to be merry forever and ever . . . Do you pray for me."

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

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