

Priests For The Future Essential For Child Day Of Real Devotion

By MONSIGNOR HART

Working With Christ

Bishops, Priests and people in the Diocese of Rochester have been working with Christ during the month of September. They have heard the words of Our Lord: "The harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few".

Bishop McQuaid found twelve parishes in Rochester when he came here in 1868 to be our first Bishop. The Priests in the Diocese were very few and the first thought of the Bishop was to make provision for an increase in the number of Priests and a corresponding increase in the number of parishes.

St. Andrew's Seminary, opened shortly after the coming of the Bishop, and St. Bernard's Seminary, opened in 1893, have given a multitude of Priests to our Diocese and to many other Dioceses throughout our country. Our people have prayed for new laborers in the harvest. Our people have worked with their Bishop in producing new Priests year after year.

Working with Christ! Bishops, Priests and people have looked upon it as a privilege to be able to work with Christ to give that support to the Seminarians that would enable an ever increasing number of young men to be trained for the Priesthood and to be brought to the day of ordination.

These young men needed more than the care of the Bishop and of the Priests. They needed far more than their own parents could give them, and as we look back over the history of the Diocese we can envision a veritable army of those who have been working with Christ. They have given and given generously to the support of our Seminarians.

Seminary Sunday, September 27th, 1953, finds our people happy in the perfection of the buildings that have been erected for our Preparatory and our Major Seminarians. A Faculty second to none in the world has been trained to operate St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's. A student body that runs close to 200 for St. Andrew's and over 250 for St. Bernard's should be a source of pride to all our people.

Gifted with the definite qualities of intellect and soul that mark them as called to the Priesthood, these young men give the best form of guarantee for the Church of the future. Mindful of the fact that our two Seminarians will require generous and regular support from them, our Catholic people will come to Church next Sunday to match the generosity of earlier years and wherever possible to augment it. Be Happy on Seminary Sunday that you can continue to be one of those who is working with the Lord.

Pupils On Released Time

There is a very definite obligation resting on parents whose children are not registered in parochial schools, to see that they become members of the classes that are on released time from the public schools for religious instructions. The ideal place for Catholic pupils is in a Catholic school. When they are not in Catholic Schools, then the Church strives to give them religious instructions on the released time.

Every parent is under serious obligation to see that their children are instructed in religion. For those in public schools this obligation is met in part by the classes conducted for those who, on the request of their parents, are released from school for one hour each week. If your child is in a public school be sure to sign the card.

Remember that the released time program is essential for your child and that his name should be entered for the classes that are now about to open.

The American Martyrs

Saturday is the Feast Day of the Jesuit martyrs, Isaac Jogues, John De Brebeuf and their companions. No more glorious story of devotion to the conversion of the Indians can be told than that which relates the life, the work and finally the martyrdom of these saintly Jesuits. It helps us feel that our country is under a special dedication to them because of the work that they have done.

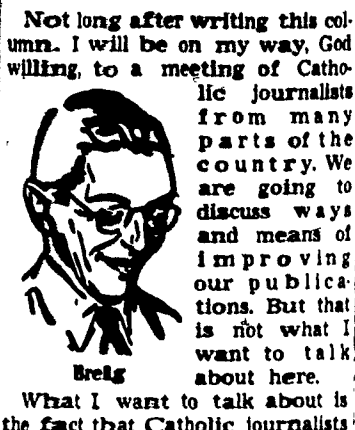
If the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity then we can feel that our country is under a special dedication and enjoys the blessing and the patronage of these Saints in Heaven, whose lives here on earth brought the faith to our early Indians.

Make Saturday a real day of devotion in honoring these holy men and in asking their blessing upon our beloved Country.

World Blueprint Without God

Many explanations have been advanced for the constant breakdown of international plans for World Peace. They are all good, but not good enough. With the memory of the devastation of a Second World War and a Korean conflict still fresh in our minds, with the long-lingering effects of a First World War partially responsible for the evils that followed and led up to another global struggle — it is well-nigh impossible for a person of intelligence and good will to believe the plan of our present unhappy world condition.

JOSEPH BREIG The World's Best Boss



Not long after writing this column, I will be on my way, God willing, to a meeting of Catholic Journalists from many parts of the country. We are going to discuss ways and means of improving our publications. But that is not what I want to talk about here.

What I want to talk about is the fact that Catholic journalists are among the happiest men on earth. Life to them is a gigantic joy. And I think I know why.

Far too much has been written and said about the sacrifices that Catholic journalists make. Far too little has been written about the rewards they receive.

IT'S TRUE that when you're sitting in a big city newspaper office, the idea of entering Catholic Journalism looks a bit like going to the dentist. But once you've taken the step, you discover that it's not you who is making the sacrifices. It's the guys you left behind you.

I can explain, I think, by telling about a man I once interviewed. He came from an old wealthy family, and he lived in a castle. But he had decided to move into an ordinary house, and have the castle torn down. The city editor assigned me to ask him why.

I FOUND THE RICH man lounging in a huge stone study before an enormous log fire. He was wearing a heavy leather jacket.

In reply to my question, he said, "Well, young man, how would you like to live in a place where you had to have a log fire and wear a heavy jacket to get warm?"

Then he took me through the castle. In the dining room, which looked like a railroad station concourse, he gestured at the long refectory table, and inquired, "How would you like to sit there eating, with the gnomes lurking in the corners of the room, and a butler looking down the back of your neck, and your wife so far away at the other end of the table that you couldn't carry on a conversation except by shouting?"

Next, he led me to the drawing room — if that's what you call it. It was cold, damp and drafty. The rich man said, "How would you like to entertain guests in here — everybody shivering?"

WE WENT BACK to the log fire, and the man said, "I'll tell you why I'm moving. I want to have the comfort that the simple people have. That's why."

And that's how it is when you leave the cold, drafty, echoing overbuilt world of secular journalism for the warm house of Catholic Journalism. You find yourself at home. You're happy. Your mind and heart are at peace.

Yes, I suppose a chap makes a sacrifice at first to get himself over the hump. But once he's taken that one step, the rewards begin. Maybe he doesn't make as much money, but when you've learned to look at life straight, you realize that money is only what the unions call a fringe benefit. The real pay is in far better coin. I know it's corny to say that money can't buy happiness. But it's corny only because it's true. It's corny only because everybody finds it out sooner or later; sometimes much too late.

A JOE BLANK makes you truly happy can't be measured in money. And all the money in the world can't buy enough for working at a job that makes you unhappy.

Catholic journalists make Catholic Journalism happy. They're a joyous crowd, and their joy is a good joy, clean and gay. When you see them, you know you find the same happiness among their wives and children. That's why we say of a person's pleasure it is to go to a meeting of Catholic Journalists. It's a joyous crowd, and their joy is a good joy, clean and gay. When you see them, you know you find the same happiness among their wives and children. That's why we say of a person's pleasure it is to go to a meeting of Catholic Journalists.

Rosary Month - October



The Church dedicates the month of October to the Holy Angels and the Holy Rosary. This photo symbolizes the dual theme: the Rosary being offered up for the joys and struggles of the day while angels "watch all around," guarding the souls of man. (RNS Photo)

Choir Of Muses

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA (Professor of Literature, Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y.)

CHOIR OF MUSES, by Etienne Gilson, Translated by Malis Ward. Sheed and Ward, 1953.

Philosopher's holiday, and important contribution to the critique of literature and of music. Etienne Gilson carries on a work well begun in his Dante The Philosopher, in which he destroyed by caustic reason many absurdities about the "meaning of Beatrice" showed her to be a real person with whom Dante was really in love, whose distance from him in life and in death was a real boon to him, in that it preserved to him a real Muse.

Now Gilson analyzes the quality of affection between artists and their Muses: between Petrarch and Laura, Baudelaire and Marie Sablier, Wagner and Mathilde, Auguste Comte (?!), and Claude, Maeterlinck and Gertrude, and Goethe and Lili Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett, too, come under scrutiny, but with a difference.

GILSON DISCOVERS a consistent pattern in a great artist's falling in love. The artist is instinctively or deliberately seeking a Muse, a woman who will be for him the climate of inspiration necessary to foster and release his creative power.

Finding her, he will doubtless lapse into the standard temptation of his bohemian life and try her virtues if she refuses and will yet be friendly, he has a Muse; he is in seventh heaven, he can go far away from her and in the rosiest irradiation of her goddess's love, create — which is what he most wants to do and must do, and from which he derives unspeakable happiness.

So great is the satisfaction of art, points out Gilson, that it can even be the rival of God in souls. "My God," Jacques Riviere wrote, "takes away from me the temptations of sanctity. It is not my job. . . . Of all the gifts God gives to man, the most bitter to offer in sacrifice is creative genius. Does God even desire the sacrifice of a gift so beautiful?"

BUT IF THE lady does not refuse, a Muse is lost. Or if the lady is too earnest a Muse, wishes to shape the work of art, to do and not merely to be, (and Maeterlinck's story is a most amusing one in this respect), then, too, all will go awry. The

Soldier Killed In Korea Aspired To Priesthood

Hartford, Conn. — (NO) — The shell-pocked hills of Korea no longer echo artillery fire; the big guns are silent now and the men are hoping for replacements so they can go home. But thousands can't go home, again — among them Army Pvt. Francis J. Scully of Union City, Conn.

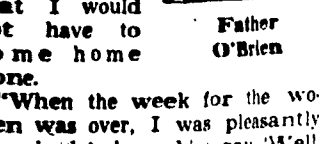
THE 21-YEAR-OLD medical aid man had one major goal — to be a priest. But he died on the battlefield last April 17 and is remembered to the wounded men before his death, young Scully had written his parents a letter saying that "if anything happens to me and I don't come home, I know that I will be united with all in heaven because I sincerely believe that all is my family will go to heaven when they leave this earth."

In the letter, published after the true signing by The Catholic Transcript, weekly of the Hartford Diocese, Private Scully said: "I couldn't possibly get closer to God, I feel like I had personal contact with Him."

You Can Win Converts

Unfinished Ironing By Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

"We had a mission at Old St. Patrick's in Belleville, Illinois," said Mrs. Agnes Neal Grieve, widow of East St. Louis, "and I made it and prayed for the conversion of my husband. Freed several times to the services with me so that I would not have to come home alone."



"When the week for the women was over, I was pleasantly surprised to hear him say, 'Well, I heard the women talked to. Now I'd like to hear what Father Ryan and Father Donaher have to say to the men. So he made the mission for men.'"

"When he couldn't receive the sacraments and the Papal Blessing at the end, like the other men, he was heartbroken. So I took him to the Inquiry Class, started after the mission, and went with him to each class. The day on which he made his First Holy Communion was one of the happiest in our life."

We had ten children before Fred died in 1931, well prepared by Father Marcel Rles of St. Elizabeth's church in East St. Louis. I was a widow for ten years when I met Dale Grieve. Knowing what an important role religion plays in the family life, I took Dale to Father John O'Keefe at St. Patrick's for instructions.

"Dale was received into the Church in 1942 and is now a fourth degree Knight of Columbus and a devout Catholic."

"SPLENDID!" I remarked. "You won two converts and in so doing you also safeguarded the faith of your children, for it's hard to imbue children with a strong faith when they see their own parents divided on the matter of religion. Did you lead any others into the fold?"

"Yes, I brought a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Martha Saul to a priest for instructions and she entered the Church. As the Sauls had no children of their own, they adopted a baby. They later moved to Houston, Texas, and the last time I saw them, Mrs. Saul was a devout Catholic and the baby had grown into a sturdy young man, Joseph Saul, who would have enrolled at Notre Dame if the armed services hadn't called him in."

"In 1918 I had as neighbors Gladys and Anna Mae Entemann. Though baptized in the Faith, Gladys had received no religious training. So I took her to Father Peter Engel at St. Elizabeth's in East St. Louis for the necessary instructions. Gladys subsequently brought her younger sister, Anna Mae, for instructions and when Anna was confirmed I was her sponsor. Both are now devout Catholic women."

"Mrs. Grieve," I ventured "you have been a real missionary, alert to every opportunity to win a soul for Christ."

"God put them all in my way," she said modestly. "Especially, the John Cotton family. Mrs. Cotton, a fine colored lady, helped me with my laundry. She was impressed by our practice of family prayer, in which all our children participated. I told her. The family that prays together, stays together."

"Mrs. Cotton asked if colored people could go to the Catholic Church. I told her they certainly could. So I put away what was left of a basket of clothes for ironing, called the Colored Cab Company for a cab, and took her at once to Father Claude Taylor at St. Augustine's Church. When she and her husband and their seven children were baptized, my husband and I were sponsors. God has privileged me to lead fifteen persons into the Church thus far. It hasn't really meant much work — just being willing to take them to a priest for instruction and often going with them especially in the early stages."

"AND BEING alert," I added, "for any opportunity to help. The keynote of your whole fascinating story was when you told about putting away that basket of unfinished ironing to call a cab. That's literally striking while the iron is hot — seizing the chance before it fades. If we were all like you, awake at the switch, how many millions could we not win each year for Christ!"

Father O'Brien wants to thank the many readers who have forwarded to him the names of Catholics who have won two or more converts. Such generous cooperation makes it possible for Father's column to mirror the convert-making activities of lay people in all parts of the United States and Canada where this column is now being published.

The Libraries Of Europe

by Sister M. Dominic, M.A., M.S.I.S. (Director of the Library, Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y.)

Sister M. Dominic concludes her notes, this week, taken during the past summer when she visited the famous libraries of the Old World on a European tour.

At the British Museum there were endless missals, psalters, epistles, gospels and lives of the saints, none later than the fifteenth century. One of these I had very much wanted to see.

There it lay in its thirteenth century of glory, "The Lindisfarne Latin Gospels", beautiful beyond any power to describe. There is no question that it dates back to 700 A.D., possibly to 687 A.D., before the death of Cuthbert.

It consists of 268 heavy vellum leaves, done in the unclad hand with double columns, lavishly decorated with interlacing bands and ribbons, so many terminating in heads of birds and beasts, and almost every page brightened by the rich use of red dots in profusion. Throughout the text there runs an interlinear Saxon gloss.

The book remained at Lindisfarne, the See of Northumberland, until the second invasion of the Danes in 875. When the monks fled, they took this treasure with them, but lost it at sea for several days. There are very evident signs of its having been water-soaked. After some years it was lost again and did not turn up for one hundred years.

THEN IT WAS given to the See of Durham, as Lindisfarne had not been reestablished as a See city. Bad luck came to the book again when the English monasteries and churches were "dissolved" in the sixteenth century. It passed into secular hands and was finally purchased by Sir Robert Cotton and presented to the British Museum.

In a special case we found the famous "Alcuin Bible". It is a very large book, done at Tours in the ninth century. It impressed me not only for its age, rarity, and beauty, but because of its relationship to the "Bible of Theophilus" which we had seen at Lepuy earlier.

Theophilus had been second to Alcuin in rank at the Court of Charlemagne. Later he had been consecrated Bishop of Angers. Theophilus' Bible was finished in the eighth century, antedating Alcuin's Bible which is better known, and probably more impressive. Dr. R. W. Hunt of the Bodleian Library told me that the second Theophilus Bible is in the British Museum and the third in the Bibliotheque in Paris.

Beautiful bindings were there in great numbers and variety of design. We passed from book covers, embroidered in silk and carmine; to gold and silver over boards, the whole enriched by patterns worked out in colored seed pearls, garnets, diamonds, emeralds, lapis lazuli, enamels with gold, silver, and brass studs, hinges, and clasps.

SO MANY OF the older bindings had a back cover more ornate than the front cover. Why? The practice of closing the altar missal at the end of the Mass that could come only from God. He exercised His Divine Power and aroused the admiration of the crowd.

Christ is a healer of mankind today even as in the days in which He walked this earth. His power of healing is in the Church today. It is exercised in answer to the prayers of His followers and always accompanies the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. That Sacrament brings strength to the soul always and sometimes to the body. When the Lord sees that the release from physical ailments will help the spiritual side of man He grants the healing.

A true follower of Christ will understand that the healing of the afflicted comes only from God and comes only to those who show their love of God by their complete confidence in Him and their faith in Him as the Son of God. We have every reason to glorify God who has given such power to His only begotten Son.

Sunday Sermon

By Mgr. Hart

CHRIST HEALS The true healing power that comes to bless the sick and the afflicted was with Jesus Christ from the beginning. He was the Son of God; He was the Saviour of mankind; His principle work was the forgiveness of sin, but He included also in His mission, acts of healing that would bring temporal benefits to mankind. His power to heal had nothing to do with the present day claims of Christian Science. His work was Christian because it came from Him and was exercised in behalf of those who were to be His followers. Their confidence in Him and their faith led Him frequently to exercise His power of healing on their behalf.

Christ did not deny the existence of disease. He did not say that the paralytic brought to Him was only seemingly ill. He recognized fully that the sickness was a true sickness and He knew the eagerness with which the bearers looked for healing.

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