

There Will Be Peace!

For the first time in twenty years, our weary world is rid of major war. One hopes and wonders if this is perhaps the keeping of Mary's promise: "There will be peace."

The "Five Saturdays," Novenas and Prayers for Peace, the mortifications and sacrifices which have thundered at heaven's gate—they have had their effect on the Heart of God. Perhaps this is a hint from heaven that our prayers are heard and answered. It is certainly an invitation to continue our spiritual efforts that God will preserve the peace He has granted us.

If war is the scourge of sin, then we have taken long to learn the lesson, but we should know it well by now. Our lives at home and at work should prove that we appreciate the peace which our prayers have won for us.

Highway Murder

TIME magazine calls our highway jams "auto-arterio-sclerosis" and says most of our twenty-two million automobiles will be clogging the roads this month and next. All we have to do is take a ride any Sunday afternoon and we can believe it for sure. And every Monday morning, we read the headlines which report an ever increasing toll of dead and injured—greater than the cost of war itself.

Our President has offered the States substantial financial aid to build better roads. What we really need are better drivers. Our schools have tried through Driver Education to produce a well-trained corps of young drivers; our Police Safety Campaigns have kept us older folks alert to our responsibility. But there are still too many worn-brained and emotionally erratic wheel holders on our highways.

Not only are adolescents too often featured in the accident reports, there are just as many adults as well who think that a car is a toy they can use as they please for their own amusement. The cost of a thrill or a ride for the laughs can't be paid by the tears of regret after a tragedy has taken place. You can't revive the dead or heal the broken limb with apologies.

Rackless "take-a-chance" driving is certainly a sin against the Fifth Commandment. It is matter for Confession. And it can be forgiven only by a sincere change of conduct. It is bad enough that we might be the victim of an auto tragedy; it is far worse to be guilty of one. And if we are, then we not only lose our life, we lose our soul as well.

Federal Aid For Hospitals

Big cities take good hospitals for granted. Smaller communities have sick people too, but hardly ever an adequate place to care for them. During this past month, Congress passed the part of a St. Vincent de Paul to provide means for needed additional facilities. The new law permits the Federal government to allot up to one-third of the total cost, and State or local communities must provide the remaining two-thirds to construct or enlarge hospitals.

Special provision is also made for care of patients which the general hospital cannot accommodate: the aged, the chronically ill, and the badly disabled. These groups are the ones who suffer the most because they must suffer so long. A broken leg will mend; an infected appendix can be removed. Advanced age, chronic sickness, serious disability—these have no cure, and they do need special care.

It is a welcome bit of news to learn that our Congress is still imbued with a Christian concern for the suffering citizens of our nation. Christ has promised a reward to those who minister to His sick members; may this new law invite His continued blessing for our nation.

Sunday Sermon

The Feast of St. Ignace of Loyola on Saturday and the next day's Sunday Gospel point out two of the most systematic elements in our spiritual life—God's grace and our free will. These two tremendous powers, when we use them together, can accomplish astounding things in our life. If we strive with either, the result can be actual misery in this world and tragic suffering in Hell forever in the next.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE on Sunday tells us that we are either "men of the spirit" or we are "men of the flesh." The person in our spiritual life who is "men of the spirit" is one who lives on the basis of the "flesh"—what it can see or touch or count. A Christian is expected to use his eyes and brains, it is true, but he must see through and beyond the immediate comfort and pleasures and weigh it in the balance of eternal values. The Christian in the world is going to be distracted, ridiculed, confused by the "men of the flesh" who are so persistent, and so often so successful, in their way of life. That is why we need God's helping grace so urgently. People are quick to wear colored glasses to protect their eyes from the summer sun's brightness. We need God's grace to shield us from the gaudy glitter of the world's materialistic achievements.

It isn't easy to watch our neighbors go out of a Sunday afternoon from a new and attractive house, to go for a ride in a big and luxurious limousine, to see them enjoy the overflowing cup of leisure and pleasure while we must stay in a hot, small, crowded apartment or live.

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Champion of Truth

St. Dominic's Feast On August 4th Is Invitation To Know Faith Better

By
REV. HENRY ATWELL

Dreams mean nothing, the noble Joanna Guzman told herself, but somehow this dream seemed so different. Soon she would be a mother and this seemed to be a message from another world, as if an angel had spoken to her during her sleep. To tell the story of the child, yet to be born, Joanna had seen a little dog snatch up a burning brand, and set fire to all the countryside, but not to destroy it, but somehow to warm it and make it bright.

THE COUNTRYSIDE and most of Europe, back in 1170 needed light and truth. The poor peasants knew as little of the truth as the nobles. God had died to teach us. There were not enough Bishops, and even some of them were not much interested in whether the people knew or not. Powerful secular princes had forced unworthy men to be the Bishops of the Church and priests were not trained nor the people instructed.

It is true that the Holy Spirit had preserved holy bishops in many dioceses and they were hoping and working for the day when the Church, like her divine Founder, could rise again from the chains of its enslavement.

OLD CASTILE in Spain was a quiet little castle-studded land. The churches were warm from the Spanish sun and the countless candles, and the parish priest considered tiny Dominic Guzman as probably just another infant, precious in God's eyes as are all His little ones. Joanna took her child, now God's child too, back to the castle, and quite forgot her dream.

It was an easy thing to be a Christian when you were fed and housed and educated, and Dominic was all this. He had a learned priest as his private tutor and then entered the University of Palencia for ten years of serious, advanced study.

When Dominic would walk through the village of Palencia that thrived below the University's campus, he found the poor and sick and weary people he had never met within his castle home. He heard of Christians who had been captured by the Moors of Africa and how they had to suffer so much in slavery in a foreign land of scorching sun and desert sands.

Bit by bit, it dawned on Dominic that God was calling him to do something more than just take care of himself. These poor needed food, these good but, oh, so ill instructed people, they needed to hear the word of God. Dominic had met the Bishop of Osma and he asked to be admitted to his cathedral chapter as a priest. The Bishop was glad to ordain him for he knew his deep zeal. In quick order, Dominic's example had inspired all the other cathedral clergy to adopt a more Christlike way of life.

DOMINIC IN LANGUEDOC in France, the Albigensian heresy was capturing souls away from the Church and Dominic was given the mission to engage the heretics in a battle for the truth. His years of training and his sincerely holy life now proved irresistible power against the Albigensians. If they could not win with words, the heretics would try to win with weapons, and so they began a devastating civil war against the Catholics. Simon de Montfort raised a Christian army to defend the faith and after a victory over far superior forces, he attributed it to the prayers of Dominic and the power of the Rosary.

Though they had achieved a military victory over the Albigensians, Dominic and his companions were now faced with the Herculean task of visiting each of the villages and hamlets which snuggled in the hills of France. It would take years to reach them all and instruct the rustic citizens in the mysteries of divine faith. So Dominic went to the



St. Dominic Receives The Rosary From Our Lady

Pop with his plan for an Order of Preachers, a band of priests who would spend their lives preaching, teaching our holy religion to the people whom Christ loved so much.

The chronicle of the Order's history begins with Dominic's own great crusade in Lombardy in Italy where over one hundred thousand were reclaimed for the Church, and he burned himself out in a tireless effort for the honor of God and welfare of souls.

JOANNA'S DREAM had come true. Her child bore the name Dominic, which means in Latin: "God's dog" and he carried the torch of truth to all the countryside to give it the light and warmth of God's all conquering grace. On August 4th, we celebrate the feast of this Champion of the Truth. St. Dominic is a challenge to us of this twentieth century to take up the torch to carry it undimmed through life, that others may receive it from us.

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You Can Win Converts

Anthony Tissi is an Editor

By

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

(The University of Notre Dame)

A year ago Anthony Tissi of St. Louis read in this column how Joseph A. Walker, a young cabinet maker in New London, Conn., managed to "sell" the non-Catholic editor of the local newspaper on using weekly religious articles provided by the Paulist Feature Service. These articles bring Catholic thought to more than 3,000,000 readers of some 350 secular newspapers and thus help to spread the Faith among churchless people.

"What Joe Walker did," said Anthony, "I ought to be able to do also if I put out the same effort. Accordingly I wrote to the Paulist Feature Service, Seventh and Hamilton Streets, N.E., Washington 17, D.C. for some samples and an explanation of their free service. They replied by return mail.

"That same day I brought the material to the office of the St. Louis Argus, a paper that goes into the homes of 30,000 colored families. I left the material with a woman who said she would look it over when she got a chance. She promised to phone me whether they could use it or not.

"I waited and waited but no call came. So I made another trip to the newspaper office and this time I was informed that a board of directors ruled on matters of this nature. A quick check showed that they had not even seen the samples. A secretary told me that she would phone me the decision in a few days."

"Did they?" I asked. "No," replied Anthony. "The few days stretched into a few weeks and I decided that it was time to make a third trip over there. This time another woman told me to come back in three days to see the city editor. I was right on time for the appointment and met the city editor. He turned out to be a Lutheran who had great respect for the Catholic Church and great admiration for Archbishop Ritter for opening all the Catholic schools to colored children.

"I've sent my own children to the parochial schools," he said. "They'll get a good education there. Archbishop Ritter is a great churchman and a great American. He's shown that the Church is interested in the souls of all people, regardless of the color of their skin."

"He examined the samples and was a bit disappointed in not finding any by prominent colored writers. But he decided nevertheless to use the material because it appealed to all and had a timely religious message."

"That means, Anthony," I remarked, "that as a result of your four trips thirty thousand families are reading each week a feature article reflecting Catholic thought. It will bring them closer to Christ and to His Church and with God's grace will help many of them to find their way into the fold."

"IF WE HAD more apostles like Anthony's comments John W. Mulhall, a seminary in charge of the Paulist Feature Service, "we could get these features into the remaining six thousand newspapers and thus reach the one hundred thirty million outside the fold. We can offer the service but it's always more effective if a reader calls upon the editor of his local paper and requests such articles. Editors run what the readers want."

"As a result of reading your column on our work last year, a reader in far-off New Zealand, a housewife in Prescott, Arizona, and many others were moved, to interest in the service. Their local editors, on running our feature, A Georgetown professor was prompted to send us twenty dollars a month for a year, saying he wanted to light just one more candle. He has enabled us to supply twenty more papers with weekly features."

"THE NUMBER of papers using our service has climbed during the past year from 250 to 350. If every reader of your column would write to us for samples, and then call on his local editor, we could get these features into a thousand additional papers each year. We want to reach labor papers, trade journals, suburban and county weeklies as well as metropolitan dailies."

A friendly call upon one's local editor, a courteous request to run these splendid features, backed up by other similar appeals, including those from Catholic organizations, will get results. Keep your samples, dear reader, till you see the editor himself and like Anthony Tissi, you will become a channel of grace, truth and light to thousands, leading them to the feet of Christ.

QUIZ

On Catholic Faith

Address your Questions on Catholic Faith to Quiz, c/o Courier-Journal, 15 E. 5th St., Rochester 4, N. Y.

What is the altar-stone?—D. B. Rochester.
The altar-stone is a stone square, about 12 inches each side and about an inch thick. It is marked on the top with five crosses, one in the center and one near each corner, representing the five wounds of Christ. Between the center cross and the front edge, a cavity contains the relics of martyrs, saints who died because they were Christians. This "tomb" is sealed closed. The altar-stone is located in front of the tabernacle and the chalice rests upon it during Mass.

May a non-Catholic be a sponsor at a Catholic Baptism?—F. B. Brockport.
No. Church law strictly prohibits such a practice. The sponsor at Baptism becomes a "second parent" to assure the Catholic education of the child. It would be most difficult if not impossible for a sincere non-Catholic to provide for such a training should the real parents fail to do it themselves.

Why is salt used during the Eucharistic ceremony?—J. N. Rochester.
Salt was used as a preservative and represents perseverance in the faith which should characterize the life of the new Christian. It also symbolizes a taste for spiritual things.

May a married man serve at the altar?—R. B. Rochester.
Yes. Many churches, including cathedrals, throughout the country have "Aged Acolytes" who serve Mass, Benediction, and other church ceremonies. Originally, the Church restricted the privilege to clerics, who, of course, would necessarily be single. As the number of Masses increased and there were not sufficient clerics to do the serving, the Church admitted laymen, even boys, to assist in the ceremonies. Inasmuch as the first "altar boys" were actually adult clergy, it would seem that adult lay servers are more in keeping with tradition than young boys at the altar.

Every altar seems to have what looks like three framed pictures. What are they?—L. K. Geneva.
They are usually called "altar cards" and contain excerpts from the Missal to enable the priest to say these prayers without having to refer to the book itself. The center card contains the Gloria, Credo, Offertory, Consecration, and Before Communion prayers. The right card has the prayers for pouring of wine and water, and washing of hands. The left card prints the Last Gospel.

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Until Victory

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA

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

UNTIL VICTORY: HORACE MANN & MARY PEABODY, by Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown, \$4.95 pp.

A good summertime choice—a leisurely biography in which you grow up with nineteenth century America the easy way, following a single, dogged idealist at an amused, detached, affectionate distance.

Louise Tharp is so contented with her subject and so proud of his successes (as well as the may be) that all the downgrades are braked and softened in the consciousness of triumph to come.

Only once is the dramatic event given full play: at the very end, in the death scene. When it is told, and well-told, the few characters of the scene poignant, instead of the usual biographical tidying up, there is the silence in which the meaning of the life of the life may go on.

Horace Mann's life had not time for pure poetry while he lived. He had a man's energy to spend, a succession of ideals to serve, a lost love to weep and be cured of, a constant adjustment to make between non-existent and unpaid salaries and the expenditures which both eating and ideals call for; constant adjustment, too, in the later years, as father of these little boys who made noise and motion a career.

YOUNG HORACE MANN had loved railroads and was enthusiastic about them always, even when his wife and children rode a line on which the engine frequently jumped the tracks at a favorite curve. Law was another love, for which he trained, and which he used expertly in the service of a newer ideal—education, the providing of free common schools.

He strove first for public school education in Massachusetts, beginning when his high good sense dictated, with teacher training. It was a long fight, with no money for it but his own, and that had to be earned by journeymanship.

The fight was sharpened by his own remembered terror of Calvinist preaching in his boyhood, when relationships with God were generally grim. Horace Mann was heartily Christian, and felt responsible for his conduct before all men, but would have no man tell another what he must think in religion. So orthodoxy fought him, agreeing at least on the enemy, and anyone who sought to hold him back in a project was likely to plead orthodoxy.

WHEN MANN progressed from the Massachusetts Senate and Board of Education to the Washington scene, his ideals too enlarged. Now he made himself felt as an anti-slavery leader, as well as an educator whose "clients were the next generation." His last years he was to devote to the presidency of a still more radical departure, a co-ed college, Antioch. "The advantages of a joint education are very great. The dangers of it are terrible," he wrote. Stirring years they were, thanks to a difficult staff and well-nigh unmanageable finances.

But the fun of the book is in the femininity and wit of its author, and the summertime value is in the blend of this with a feminine weakness for doing biography, diary-fashion. She

And the next year: "He has given me much more satisfaction this year than he did last..."

What would you do with the problems of our time? The little three-year-old boys are just the same, the public schools have old problems and new, and there are a few other little things...

And rest well, reader; you will enjoy it all, and appreciate in a new way the good old game of reading, writing, and arithmetic. (Horace-Mann wrote arithmetic, too, and gave them as presents to his nieces and nephews.)

No Medal
He had been riding on a certain railroad for years and it was invariably late. One day to his surprise he saw the train come in on time and he went up to the conductor and said: "Here's a medal for you. I have traveled this road for over fifteen years and I'll be hanged if I saw this train on time."

"Keep the medal!" said the conductor dejectedly. "This is yesterday's train."

O.K. for You!
Sonny: "Dad, what is an optimist?"
Dad: "An optimist, son, is a person who doesn't care what happens as long as it doesn't happen to him."

Handy Voice
"Well, professor, do you think my voice has any value?" asked the hopeful baritone after his first singing lesson.
"Yes, indeed," replied the teacher. "It might come in very handy in case of fire."