

OUR SEMINARIES

As striking proof that the Church and its people need priests in the persistent practice of the Communists to close seminaries as soon as they gain control of a nation, it is possible that their priests imprisoned or martyred, it only deepens their faith. The Communists realize this and so they fall back on a far more insidious method. By closing the seminaries, they cut off the making of any future priests. But by this older method, there is no one to replace them, and yet by this the faith dies too.

In our country, our seminaries are still open. We have two in our own diocese, training young men to perpetuate Christ's priesthood in the years to come. This Sunday, our Bishop asks us to contribute generously to the annual Seminary Collection to maintain and expand these monuments of our faith.

Every parish is the beneficiary of these Seminaries, because it is through these schools that our priests have received the training to assist us in the one, greatest task of our life, the salvation of our immortal souls.

Bishop Gibbons' Birthday

The Dean of American Bishops celebrated his 86th birthday last week and our Diocese is happy to send congratulations to the Most Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons of Albany. He has proved himself a good neighbor to us, sending us priests from his Diocese in years when there were few to be had.

Bishop Gibbons has also long been a patron and friend of our seminaries, sending students here to train for the priesthood. Many of our Rochester Diocese priests have forged strong bonds of friendship during their seminary days with priests who are now serving in Albany.

Bishop Gibbons has headed his diocese since 1919, and has been a priest for more than 61 years. He spent his childhood in Albany served as an altar boy at St. Mary's Church there, and helped his Dad in his work as a stone-cutter. His pastorate of Albany has been marked by constant progress and we repeat the words that were said to him on the day he became Bishop: "Ad multos annos — May you have many more happy years!"

Too Many People?

Widespread circulation NEWSWEEK magazine in a recent issue reported a survey of population problems confronting our modern world. The article was very "scientific" in that it was based with facts and statistics—all of which were, we are sure, quite accurate, and quite frightening. We in America cannot begin to realize what Asia and Europe mean to us. They demand "laboratory-living room" and "laboratory-living room" in our homes. At that time, France and Germany were about equal in size, but Germany had twice the population of France.

Eight years ago, Japan had 70 million inhabitants crowded into a land about the size of 148,000 square miles—while our own state of Montana, practically the same size, has only 1/4 a million population.

Over 100 million people are jammed into 45 million square miles while a mere 5 million Texans rattle around in their State of over 200,000 square miles.

Newsweek implied that Japan, Italy, India and other over-crowded nations could best solve their problem by artificial sterilization.

It is an old Christian virtue to give shelter to the homeless. Can we as Americans think God will bless us if we do not do something for the earth He has given us while we lament our over-crowding, but do not do anything to solve it?

Our immigration laws permit these destitute and desperate people to enter our nation only if they have assurance of a home and a job. Here is one apostolate our Catholic groups and organizations could adopt if they want to do something practical to relieve the suffering that haunts our brothers in Christ.

Catholic Statesmen

Despite the turmoil and instability of European governments, there seems to have emerged a pattern of political life never previously noted in modern times. More and more, the people are turning to sincerely religious men to lead them. The Communists and other dissatisfied elements have been shocked and confused by the European post-war peace. The result of outstanding men like deGasper, the late premier of Italy, Adenauer of Germany, Bidault and Schuman in France, Salazar of Portugal and Franco of Spain and Ireland. Presidents and premiers are classic examples of Christian progressive statesmen.

In all these nations, there have been conditions and problems of acute emergency and techniques that have been used our times have questioned—but these men are sincere, devout men who are struggling to establish a Christian way of life in their nation.

Now we learn that Ngo Dinh Diem takes over the remnants of Vietnam. He is a zealous Catholic and a true nationalist. He is the target of Communists and imperialists and his partitioned nation seems doomed to destruction.

We can only hope that this pattern will be maintained in nations more and more put aside the bickering of party preferences and select men whose virtue, rather than their liberal recommendations, form our vote.

Apple-selling Sailor

The other day, a man in a sailor suit took his stand at a busy street corner selling apples. He attracted attention by singing the well-known Navy songs—but it isn't considered "ship-shape" for a Navyman to turn peddler. After he was taken into custody, it turned out that the sailor had never been to sea, had never even enlisted, as a matter of fact he couldn't swim and didn't know the first thing about Navy life or discipline. What kind of a sailor was he anyway? The poor fellow, it was all in his mind, and he is now in state bonds.

These days there are a lot of men and women who call themselves Catholics, they say they belong to this or that parish—But for the most part, it's all in their mind. When it comes to Holy Name or Rosary meetings, Forty Hours, Mission or Novena services—this kind of Catholic is always absent. This kind of Catholic can talk the lingo, like the sailor, but seems to forget that you have to get in on things really to belong.

It's too bad that we have Catholics like the poor sailor—we need more Catholics like Christ, who are willing to live and sacrifice for the faith, not just for an hour at Mass on Sunday, but in all the devotions and works of their parish church.

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Mohawk Martyrs

Three Jesuits Bring Faith To New York; Reward Is Torture, Tomahawk, and Heaven

By REV. HENRY ATWELL

The cheering Mohawks at last were home. Home was Osernenon, the Aurieville of today. Home means friends and a welcome. But these Mohawks had no thoughts of friendship for the captives they had dragged from the St. Lawrence. The savages lined the hill from the river to the attack, and they were armed with clubs and rocks and whips.

Rene Goupil, a doctor and companion of the heroic mission-ary Father Isaac Jogues, was first of those who had to run the torturous gauntlet. His features were smashed and swollen and by the time Father Jogues endured the beating and came to the top of the hill, he looked about to find Goupil. It would be easy to find him, the only white man amid all these savages, but the only thing left white of Goupil were the whites of his eyes—he was blind with bruises, a wreck of bleeding wounds.

THESE MOHAWKS then turned their bitter hatred on the "blackrobe"—cut off his right thumb, pinched off whole sections of his skin, heaped hot ashes in his open sores, mocked him and beat him—and the tortures continued for six days and sleepless nights.

Years later, Jogues would return to these same savages, with a different companion, John Lalonde, to complete his mission in martyrdom. This coming Sunday, September 28th, is the feast of these three Jesuit martyr saints.

At Aurieville, the site of the Mohawk village of Osernenon, there is a coliseum, a huge circular church, large enough to accommodate 10,000 people, but even that won't be large enough for all who will be there for the Feast to honor these latest heroes of the Gospel in our State. Aurieville is a five-hour ride from Rochester, located at the junction of Routes 55 and 236, not far beyond Utopia.

The origin of the shrine dates back to 1642 when Father Jogues, his lay helper, Rene Goupil, and some Christian Hurons were on their way along the St. Lawrence to the mission among the Huron Indians. Arrived by a riding party of Mohawks, they were taken as captives to Mohawk territory. Along this route, Jogues was the first white man to see Lake George and he named it Lake of the Blessed Sacrament.

AFTER ENDURING the tortures of the journey and the gauntlet, Goupil was tomahawked for teaching an Indian child to make the Sign of the Cross. Father Jogues buried the martyr's remains in a nearby ravine but they have never been found, so that the whole shrine area becomes a natural relic. The year was 1642, the year of the Mohawk families, but later, with the help of the Dutch, an Englisher, now Albany, he escaped to France.

He arrived in time for Christmas Mass, his first Mass in years, and went to the Seminary where he had been studying for so long before. The Superior granted him, asked if he knew how Isaac Jogues might be. His eyes clouded with tears, his voice trembling with emotion, Jogues replied, "He is quite well, he is speaking with you." The tortures of the Indians had so shattered him that even his friends and teachers could not recognize him!

Father Jogues' hands were mangled—some of his fingers ripped off—and in that condition, he could not celebrate Mass. When the Pope heard of it, he replied, "It is not right if a martyr of Christ could not drink the blood of Christ" and gave him permission to offer Mass with the remnants of his hands.

JOGUES WAS homesick for America and yearned to return as a missionary to those who had tormented him. In the fall of 1645, he was back in Canada, and visited the Mohawks in a peace-embassy in early May, 1646.



One of the four scenes in the center of the coliseum has been especially dedicated during Mary's Year as a place of pilgrimage to gain the Marian Year. The scene shows the three Jesuit martyrs who visited the shrine on a Sunday during this past summer.

Later in the summer, with John Lalonde, he returned to Osernenon, but the Indians repudiated their treaty and held the two as captives.

These fierce barbarians debated in their Council what to do with their prizes, and shouted their threats at the captives. On October 17, 1646, when the leaves of autumn are a carpet of color through the Mohawk valley, a young brave came to the cabin where Jogues was living and invited him to eat and to talk.

As Jogues walked the paths of the village, to be the invited guest, he looked down on the smooth, clear waters, up to the sunset sun in the west, and said his "In me dimittis" and blessed himself for what might lay ahead.

He pushed back the curtain which covered the cabin door, saw the line of fire prepared for the evening meals, and saw more. A tomahawk crashed into his skull, and his soul was in the embrace of Christ whom he loved.

They hacked the head from the body, threw the corpse in the river and stuck the head on a palladium spike.

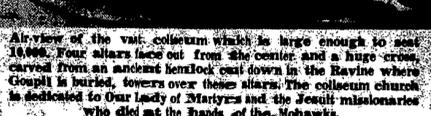
In the early hours of October 18th, they did the same to Lalonde. Osernenon had sent three sahis to heaven.

Such was the price of bringing the faith to our State. Osernenon is quiet tonight. There are no lurking savages. The stars look down in silent blessing—but in the coliseum, along the paths to the ravine, in the hush of evening, you are not alone. Their life, the spirit of the martyrs haunts you and absorbs you and inspires you. And you come away with a humble soul, realizing that giants such as these brought to us what we so often treat with carelessness and indifference. To know their story, to see the red vestments at their Mass this Sunday, demands that we prove ourselves true to the tradition of courage they have given to us.



An view of the vast coliseum which is large enough to seat 10,000. Four altars face out from the center and a huge cross, carved from an ancient hemlock cut down in the Ravine where Goupil is buried, towers over these altars. The coliseum church is dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs and the Jesuit missionaries who died at the hands of the Mohawks.

Church Symbols



The pelican is often depicted on altars as a symbol of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. According to ancient legends, people used to think that the pelican would feed its young with its own blood, as is shown in the drawing above. It became an obvious emblem of Christ giving us His own Flesh and Blood in Communion to be the nourishment of our souls.

St. Thomas Aquinas recalls this tradition in his famous hymn, "Adoro te devote." The sixth stanza begins by addressing our Lord as "Pie pellicane—holly pelican."

This symbol is also frequently used on vestments or on the doors of the tabernacle.

Somebody asked him once what he thought about religion and he answered the fellow and it took him a whole book to write his story. It is called "The City of God."

Next week, you will read the thoughts and ideals of John E. Reidy, of Elmira, Catholic High.

JOSEPH BREIG

Learn From The Reds

In a kind of wrong-side-out way I've got to be grateful to the Communists. Because I've set against their perversion they keep reminding me of a better man of me.

Communism is not a religion, it is a philosophy. It is a philosophy of human beings. It is a philosophy of human beings. It is a philosophy of human beings. It is a philosophy of human beings.

Furthermore, the Communists put my charity on its knees. Christ said, do good to those who hate you, pray for those who persecute you, do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good.

THE COMMUNISTS provide just about the ultimate test of that kind of virtue. If I can love them, I can love God to His face out of the abysses in which they wallow. I guess I can love anybody.

I have always had a ferocious hatred for falsehood. Lying, to me, is pecuniary despicable. Truth is a thing too shining and precious to be sullied. My attachment to it grows in face of the continual Communist lying.

I am fairly sure that if it were not for the Communists, I would not love my country as much as I do. At least, I would appreciate it at least keenly. The more they slander America, the more dearly I see America's goodness.

THIS IS TRUE, too, of my faith. Every time, the Communist attack the truths revealed by God, my loyalty to those truths becomes stronger.

Seeking for answers to Communist attacks on America and on Christendom, I grow in appreciation of both, and in depth of understanding.

Or take freedom: I might have been a good taking freedom more or less for granted had I not seen what an admirable thing it really is. The Communist slanders showed me that.

Then there is a certain thing in the human soul which I suppose can be approximately described by the word sincerity, or perhaps integrity, or maybe honesty.

I MEAN that a man's motives are the ultimate test of what the man is. If his motives are pure and for pure motives he is good, he is a good man. If his motives are bad, he is bad.

From observing the Communist I have learned the transcendental importance of purity of motive. A Communist will come out for better housing, or for the rights of labor, but he comes with dirty hands.

All the good things he professes to support, he supports not because the things are good, but because he wishes to influence people in the direction of Communism.

I am speaking, mind you, of the real Communist; the Communist who knows what Communism is. That kind of Communist has one test of what is good or bad.

IF A THING leads toward the triumph of Communism—the conquest of the world for Communism—then to the real Communist, that thing is good. He doesn't care whether it be murder or playgrounds for children.

And if a thing interferes with the advance of Communism, then that thing is bad. The Communist dissembles, double-talks and prevaricates; but what moves him is his desire to serve atheistic-Communism.

The Communist's motives are bad, and the Communist deep down inside is dishonest. He poses as something that he isn't, and conceals from you what he really is, and what he wants.

That kind of behavior makes me examine my own motives, and to make sure that they are pure and honest and unselfish. So do I become, little by little, a wiser and better man.

THEN I LOOK at the Communist methods. The Communist, when he is an underdog, is polite. When he is top dog, he is abusive and bullying.

I learn from seeing how the Communist behaves that I must not behave in that fashion. I must not, in attempting to combat Communism, descend to the methods of the Communist.

Finally, from the Communist I learn that Communism is a monolithic, organized movement of evil into the vacuum left by the absence of justice and goodness. And so I know what is the successful method of overcoming Communism. The successful method is to put right what is wrong on earth—in other words, to love and serve God and my neighbor. That's the answer to Communism; the only answer, and

COURIER

On Catholic Faith State Money for Our Schools?

In Catholic schools or their teachers receive any financial support from the State government? — J. E. Auburn.

No. None of the 48 States grant any support to Catholic schools. Our parochial schools are built and maintained exclusively by the free-will contributions of our Catholic people. Non-Catholic friends sometimes assist in our building campaigns but there is no aid from either State or local government.

There are even some States which refuse incidental services (buses, food) to children in our schools which seems to imply that some citizens do not have an equal right to protection, health, and life as others.

When I Found Saint of the State? — O. J. Rochester.

St. Thomas Aquinas. There is also a growing devotion, especially in the Catholic home, to the Blessed Virgin in Our Lady of Schools.

What does "charity correct a multitude of sins" mean? — A. E. Auburn.

This quotation is from St. Peter's First Epistle, chapter 4, verse 8. By "charity" St. Paul means a Christian love for God and neighbor. If we sincerely have this love, we will "cover" his sins by not speaking publicly about them.

Secondly, charity or love of God is the essence of perfect contrition and thereby obtains God's forgiveness for our sins.

The verse does not mean that we can sin freely just so long as we happen occasionally to be generous to some needy person. We cannot buy our way into heaven.

Why do we bless ourselves with holy water at our entrance to church? — J. E. Auburn.

Holy Water is one of the most frequently used Sacramentals of the Church. It is used for all solemn blessings, and by the power of the Church's prayer, its effect is a cleansing from evil and dedication to a holy purpose.

We use it as we go into church to purify our minds of worldly thoughts and direct them to think of God and His law.

This custom probably originated as a very practical necessity. Communion was given to the people into their right hands and they then administered the Host to themselves. Respect for the Eucharist demanded that hands be clean. Wash-basins were put at church entrances for that purpose.

Even when this manner of Communicating died out, the little fonts replaced the larger basins.

The holy water at the church entrance also reminds us of our Baptism. In all these cases, the basic idea is to represent a purified soul within.

What is meant by sharing in another's sin? We share in another's sin by suggesting, assisting, approving of it.

BOOK REVIEWS A Mary Diary

By MARGARET TERESA

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

A MARY DIARY and A Choric Poem for the Marian Year by Robert South Christopher. From 1954. 20 pp. Available at Trinity Inc., 30 Clinton Ave. N., Rochester.

Few indeed are the poets who can play the well-remembered and century-blurred coins of our language against each other so as to evoke a living Mary. In this little book, a blue-white

America's tribute of praise to Mary. The format is attractive. This is a nice bit of printing.

And the format is curiously appropriate, perhaps, for true poetry. Less substantially bound than a dinner-menu or a piece of advertising-matter, it has a guise like that of the famous "Sly's" leaves lost on the wind. It speaks prayer, fugitive, transitory, explicable. Poetic essence is like that life's blood of the martyr which the author describes in the Choric Poem as "perfume pressed into the soil."

IT WILL GO farther and last longer than many a heavy-bound tome that stands strongly and gathers dust. Most loving words are whispered, or are spent on the wide air like the words from the Cross—but such words are caught in the memory of the hearer forever.

IT IS THE delicacy of true love that has made this entry into her secret bearable and beautiful. No man can compare with her when she is over-whelmed with love both in her sorrow and in her joy.

Her entrance into heaven is a poem to keep in one's prayer-book for life—it is surely the entrance of that Lady who fills the sublime verses of Dante's Paradise with the tender joy that lights the countenances of the angels and all the blessed.

THE BESSIES are surely the very words spoken on her arrival-day by that silent vessel of love who directed the medieval poet to her form in the great Grotto. This is the true Mary, compatible in her thinking with the few true ones of literature.

The simple integrity of the author's phrase will please all, the Diary will be an rare experience, the Choric Poem of the Music Festival is a necessary possession for all who took part in the Festival and want to say over

Personal Matter Wife: A letter came for you this morning, dear. It was marked "Personal. Private. Not to be opened by any person other than addressee." Husband: "What did it say?"

Don't Worry "There's nothing to be frightened about," soothed the director. "The lion won't hurt you. He's been brought up on milk."

Too Well! Mrs. Hatt: "Have you a speaking acquaintance with the woman next door?" Mrs. Catt: "A speaking acquaintance. My dear, I know her so well we don't speak at all."

Sunday Sermon

KEEP TRYING This is one of the Sundays which does not have any clear main theme. The Gospel, Matthew 23, and the Epistle is concerned with our desire to achieve perfection.

To some extent, all of us Christians are like the poor man with the clippings. At our baptism, God gave us His grace and all the wonderful privileges of being a Catholic. Bit by bit, we let them slip away from us; we had so much tender devotion as a child that we dropped by the wayside. We were given a new start to "clean" in Confession, helped to march by Communion, but then, a bit of temptation, and all our treasure lay in shambles about feet.

Over and over, we started the journey again. We wonder if we will ever make our destination — heaven. We are discouraged by our failures; even angry because we are so weak.

Yet, there is the whole key to our success. We are called to be saints. We are told to be perfect. And our whole life is bound to be a struggle. To be like God is a task difficult of itself, and we are plagued by the Devil and his associates.

We sometimes think that the saints had an easy life — that they enjoyed long hours of prayer, that penance was delicious, that obedience was a joy, that they walked on the clouds with God.

Just the opposite: they were hungry and tired and sad and dejected. They were tempted and discouraged and even afraid. But they knew it was worth the trial to achieve the crown. They endured this life to attain an eternal one. And we will too, if we remember that saints are merely sinners who kept trying!