

The Catholic Journal

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Weekly Church Calendar.

SUN. Jan. 25—Conversion of St. Paul. MON. 26—St. Polydorp, Bishop and Mar. TUES. 27—St. John Chrysostom, B. & D. WED. 28—B. Margaret of Hungary, Vir. THUR. 29—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop. FRI. 30—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. SAT. 31—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.

THE YOUNG MAN IN CATHOLIC LIFE.

A 38-page brochure with the above title has reached this office. It is published by B. Herder & Co., of St. Louis, Mo., and its author is Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., editor of Church Progress and president of the American Catholic Press Association.

Some time ago the author delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Sodality of St. Louis. This lecture is now published in book form, and it should be in every Catholic young man's hand in the country, and have a place in the archives of every Catholic Young Men's association in the land.

Mr. Pallen's opening is in his characteristically exquisite vein, outlining the advantages and disadvantages of youth, in the course of which he says: "Nature gives energy and abundant spirit to youth; to age, for the loss of vitality, experience and wisdom, when the soul has fitted itself for that eminent virtue." The author holds that youth is the period of action, not reflection. Prefacing his practical remarks with the hypothesis that all his readers are earnest Catholics, he points out the wonderful help a knowledge of literature affords. He then asks them "How much do we know of our own literature?" It is a sad confession that too often Catholic men have only a cursory, if any, acquaintance with our own Catholic writers. The author rebukes those who would ask why they should have a knowledge of questions involving so much of philosophy and literature, and science, and theology and history, and reminds them that this is an age of reading and that books are so cheap that there is no excuse for their absence from any one's hands. He further impresses upon their mind the fact that, go where they will, they must not be ignorant of these questions, else they must bear the odium of ignorance. Of course it is only the ignorant who pretend to know it all. Mr. Pallen next recounts many of the fallacies prevalent among non-Catholics relative to Catholic doctrine and science, and urges them to be prepared to refute them whenever and by whatever means. The writer next points out the fact that this is an age of combinations, unions and trusts. He admits that combinations are not new, but he contends that the aim for them is different. The writer says that Catholics, especially in America, are not organized, and justly so. A Catholic party in America is not only impracticable, but it is a claim to the land of the living. The writer says that the American science is not only very inferior to the very best of the old world, but it is also very intolerant. The writer says that the American politics combat the principles of the old world, and that the American state is all suffering from the individual is but an

atom in the vast ocean of Humanity, and that he must subservise only the interest of the State. He punctures claims of Edward Bellamy's followers that their so-called "Nationalism" is "a panacea for existing evils," by showing their ideal to be paternalism in its worst form. Mr. Pallen argues that this Republic was founded eighteen centuries ago, when Christ freed the individual from the thralldom of the State, and in closing, exhorts every Catholic young man to "First learn his opportunities, and, by seizing them, shape his future to that divine purpose, and that

One far-off Divine event To which the whole creation tends."

A CATHOLIC PARTY.

A recent editorial in the Catholic Review contained the following passage:

"For with the Democratic party turned Mugwump and the Republican party hostile, in spite of its leaders, to Catholicity, the Catholic body of America could easily emancipate itself from political faiths and stand by itself, a powerful, nay, irresistible influence for good in a country whose crumbling seats, increasing irreligion and satanic divorce courts are hurrying it to perdition."

The Baltimore Mirror takes issue with the Review. The Mirror is right. We believe Catholics should organize and pull together in every way except politics. There is no necessity of a Catholic party in this country. The idea is repugnant to our American idea of liberty of conscience. We don't believe the Review advocates a union of Church and State, but such would be the logical outcome of the course it suggests. The success of a purely Catholic party would necessarily mean Catholics in the various offices, and, ultimately, an implied declaration that Catholicity was pre-requisite to official preferment.

When a Catholic enters the political arena he does so on his own individual merits. If his co-religionists think him better qualified than his opponent, they should vote for him; if the latter is the better man they should bestow their suffrages upon him. A Catholic has no business to ask for votes simply because he is a Catholic. He may be the strictest adherent to the church and the worst man in the world to fill an official position.

The JOURNAL has not taken an active part in politics, but its voice will always be raised against the formation of a Catholic party, which it regards as one of the most absurd ideas extant. We hold Catholics should co-operate with their fellow-citizens on every point save swearing allegiance to their creed. We believe our church is the only true one; our opponents deny our allegation. We cannot legislate into non-Catholics a belief in the Catholic church. We must do that by leading consistent Christian lives and constant prayer that all the world may yet see the beauty and grandeur of our faith and return to the bosom of the Catholic church.

But there is one part Catholics should play in politics. They should look to it that their vote and influence are given to the best man. And in order to do this they should not be inert until election day. They should not vote passively for whoever the party "heelers" may select. They should not support Tom, Dick and Harry on the ground of party expediency. They should speak out fearlessly in favor of selecting the pure candidate. Thus will Catholics earn the respect of themselves, their fellow-men and discharge their duty to their Creator. He who does otherwise, in Conde B. Pallen's words, "stultifies himself, perverts the end of his being, betrays himself, his fellow countrymen, and the God who has so beneficently endowed him with reason to see the truth, and free will to select the best means by which he can attain it."

GEORGE BANCROFT.

In the death of George Bancroft, although a Protestant, the Catholic church has lost a brave defender. In his history of the United States he awarded Catholics full credit for being the pioneers in enacting laws to pro-

tect individual liberty of conscience. Mr. Bancroft's life of 90 years was a busy one, chiefly in letters. He was repeatedly importuned to enter politics, but in nearly every instance declined. He was Secretary of the Navy eighteen months under Polk, and during that time instituted the naval academy at Annapolis. In 1846 Mr. Bancroft was appointed minister to Great Britain, and, as such, negotiated our first postal treaty; in 1867 he was made minister to Prussia; in 1871 he was accredited to the North-German Confederation, and in the same year to the German empire; in 1874 Mr. Bancroft was recalled at his own request, and his career as a statesman came to an end.

But it is in the world of letters that Bancroft's name will shine the brightest. His history will be a hand book of the time it covers, and compares very favorably with those European historians.

SENATOR D. B. HILL.

David Bennett Hill will represent the State of New York in the United States Senate until 1897, and will be the first Democratic Senator from the Empire State but one since 1845. All know the Governor's abilities as a politician; all concede his greatness as an organizer; what he will amount to in the higher legislative halls remains to be seen. At all events, he will not be the brilliant nonentity Evarts has been.

MANY secular and a few Catholic papers have devoted considerable space to discussing the case of a Rev. Mr. McQueary, who has been tried for alleged heresy by an Episcopalian ecclesiastical court in Cleveland, O. This parson has been advocating some pretty unorthodox doctrines, among them disbelief in the miraculous conception of Christ, and a repudiation of His physical resurrection. We fail to see why Catholic papers should waste space over Mr. McQueary or his doctrines. He has simply followed out the keystone of Protestantism, "private judgment," further than some of his Episcopal brethren. It is not likely Mr. McQueary's expulsion from the Episcopal church will have any effect upon him. He will go on preaching his peculiar doctrines just the same; and the action of the ecclesiastical court will furnish a good advertisement and aid in filling his pockets with fuere. And if he be satisfied, need the rest of the world trouble themselves about the matter?

A REPUBLICAN United States Senator will be returned from New Hampshire but it will not be Henry W. Blair. This is good news. A more pestiferous crank than Blair never was in the National legislature. With his removal an inveterate enemy of the Catholic church is consigned to "in-ocuous desuetude."

Our readers will be glad to know that Father Crafts, the brave Jesuit missionary among the Indians, who was reported killed in one of the recent battles, was only wounded, and is in a fair way to recover.

We acknowledge several handsome calendars for 1891. Among the prettiest are those from the Pope Bicycle Manufactory of Boston and the Morning Herald of this city.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in St. Mary's hall last Sunday afternoon to arrange for the entertainment to be given in the hall the evening of February 5th, for the benefit of the Convent of Mercy, South street. Books of tickets were given out to be sold for the affair, and, judging from the push and energy of those present, the funds of the Sisters will be largely enhanced, and they should be. The people of St. Mary's are under much obligation to their good Sisters who have worked hard among them and especially in the schools. St. Mary's parishioners should give them a rousing benefit.

An exceedingly interesting programme was presented at last week's meeting of the Cathedral Reading Circle.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

Intelligence of a Newfoundland Dog.

Henry Brown, a resident of Crofton, Pa., is the owner of a remarkably intelligent dog. The dog is a large, noble looking fellow of the Newfoundland class, weighing about 150 pounds, named "Bruno." In rainy weather Mrs. Brown sends him down to the train with an umbrella in his mouth to meet his master. He never fails to carry out his orders. Whenever there is shopping to do which includes the purchase of articles too heavy to carry, Bruno is given a basket and ordered off to market.

One day when he was returning with a basket heavily loaded with groceries a little black rat dog belonging to a neighbor ran out and made an attack on Bruno from the rear. It seems this particular rat dog had made a practice of springing at Bruno from the rear whenever the latter had a heavy load between his massive jaws. This time Bruno calmly deposited his basket on the side of the walk and made a dive for his enemy. He caught him and gave him a shake or two, dropped him, and then returned to his basket and completed his errand.

One day last week Mrs. Brown gave the dog a large meat basket and, after dropping an order in the basket for certain meat, directed Bruno to hurry off to the butcher's. In about an hour after the dog had left the house, he had not yet returned, and some one was sent down to the butcher's shop to ascertain what had become of the dog. Upon arriving there Bruno was found lying on the door step of the butcher shop with the basket in his mouth. The door of the shop was locked and the dog would not go away until the butcher had placed the meat in the basket, when he trotted off home.

For a long time Bruno would meet the milkman at the gate and carry the milk into the cellar.

He is a kind and affectionate fellow and he never forgets a friend nor forgives an enemy. He will fight when there is no alternative.

The First Three Men.

There are few stories of a legendary nature that are not related in several different forms. A correspondent, who has read the Indian legend of the creation, sends this excellent version of the story:

When the Great Spirit created the world he first made three men all of the same color. Then he led them to a pool of water and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them obeyed at once, leaped in advance of his fellows, and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in, the water had become somewhat stained, and he came out copper-colored.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black, and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men, which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man, he permitted him to have the first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black was found to contain shovels and other implements of labor; the red man's contained bows and arrows, and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink and tools for fine, light work.

From that time on each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

At the Culross Bakery

You can always find something to tempt the appetite. The delicious pies, cakes, tarts, etc., found at 30 and 499 State street are justly celebrated.

A musical entertainment was given under the auspices of the Aid Society

of St. Bridget's church, at the residence of John Fee, 189 N. St. Paul street, Tuesday evening. The following participated in the programme: Aggie Madden, Julia O'Connor, Hattie Stone, Katherine Burns, Mrs. J. E. Burroughs, Charles Lane, Julia Madden, J. C. Connelly, Marguerite Fahy, Mrs. Chas. Cunningham, Austin Atwell and Mr. Van Valkenburg. Worthy of special mention was the singing of "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me," by the little 4-year-old daughter of Mr. Fee. After the programme was rendered, a collection was taken up and a handsome fund was realized for the benefit of the poor. The members of the Aid Society wish to extend their sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Fee, who so kindly prepared the programme, and to all the ladies and gentlemen who in any way contributed to the success of the entertainment.

Operetta at the French School.

Monday and Tuesday evenings, February 2nd and 3rd, an original operetta in three acts entitled R. E. Porter (Reporter), or the Interviewer and the Fairies, will be given at the French Hall, by the French Choir and selected local talent, assisted by the French children in Juvenile parts, for the benefit of the school. Judging from the elaborate preparations the affair will meet with great success. The following is the argument:

R. E. Porter, an inveterate interviewer, on his way to "write up" a murder at Long Bay, falls asleep in the woods near the Fairy Dell. Somnia, the Dream Fairy, finds him thus, and intent on fun, unlocks his tongue with her magic key, but leaves his eyes shut. He is now wide awake with the exception of his eyes, and he finds out where he is. He interviews Somnia, but is, of course, unable to write anything. Moved by his entreaties, Somnia tells him she will give him a look at the Fairies on condition that, if he writes anything, he shall have his eyes looked up forever.

Porter consents to this arrangement but with a secret purpose to write all he can. Somnia unlocks Porter's eyes. He sees the Fairies and manages to write quite a little without being seen by Somnia. The latter is suddenly called away to attend her sick father, and Porter writes without constraint. He has obtained enough for a good article, and is about to leave, when Somnia returns, discovers his infidelity and condemns him to have his eyes locked. The Fairy Queen finally pardons Porter, but takes his notebook, and by waving her wand causes him to forget what he has written though what he has seen and not written still remains in his mind.

Porter returns to the newspaper office, and tells his chums what he has seen. He is overheard by Madam Blue, head editress, who is enraged at the fact that he has obtained news neither of the murder nor of the Fairies. She sends him back to "write up" the Fairies, telling him if he fails to get a good article on "The Manners and Customs of Fairies," he shall be discharged from her employ, and be made known to the world as good for nothing.

Porter dresses in extravagant costume, and returns to the vicinity of the Dell, where he meets Puck, the door-keeper of Fairy Land. Porter tries to persuade the little man to show the way into the Fairy Grotto, but Puck will not be persuaded.

Porter is so much in love with the Fairies, especially the Queen, that he renounces his purpose of "writing up" the Fairies, and gains a sight of the Fairy Grotto. He is astounded to learn that the Gnomes, the guards of Fairy Land, will not permit him to enter, and overcome with grief and disappointment, decided to stab himself with his stylographic pen. The Fairies have just persuaded him not to kill himself, when Madam Blue and her corps of reporters and type-setters come upon the scene. Madam Blue sees how impossible it was for Porter to write contrary to the wishes of the Fairies. A general reconciliation takes place, and as the mortals go on their way, the Fairy Queen throws the spell of forgetfulness over them,—this time as regards what has been seen as well as written.

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