

## The Catholic Journal

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Weekly Church Calendar.

SUN. Dec. 13—Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Epist. 1 Cor. iv. 7-15; Gospel Luke iii. 1-6

Mon. 14—Expectation of the B. V. M. (D.C.

18.)

Tues. 15—Feast.

Wed. 16—Feast, Thomas, Apostle.

Thurs. 17—Feast.

Fri. 18—Feast, St. John the Evangelist.

SAT. 19—Vigil of Christmas. Fast.

## THREE PICTURES.

Within the borders of our fair city during the past week scenes of a widely different character might have been witnessed. Let us gaze upon them now as upon a picture fresh from the artist's brush. The contrast is remarkable. When placed side by side two seem to grow more beautiful and fair; the other, darker and more repulsive because of the presence of the first. Two might be the work of one of God's angels. The last might fifty come from an unclean demon's hand. The first are true scenes in the life of a Catholic religious. The last a false one.

## THE REAL.

In an unpretentious convent chapel our first scene is laid; before an altar decked with rose and lily and geranium, brilliant with the light of countless flaming candles; before an altar made beautiful with light and flower to honor Him who dwells within its holy tabernacle. Before this sacred shrine are three maidens, just out of their girlhood and in the flush of young womanly beauty. They are intelligent and accomplished; they come from homes where they were all but idolized; they have received an excellent education and might shine in the most refined circles of society. What do they here on this bright December morning, when old earth without is bathed in sunshine and splendor? What brings these young ladies to this chapel while the world holds such attractions for youth and beauty?

They have come to lay all those gifts at the feet of Him from whom they received them. They have come to offer Him their undivided affection. They are here to pledge their young lives to His service.

Dressed in rich robe of costly fabric, in bridal veil and wealth of orange blossoms, as the bride of man might come before God's altar with her chosen mate, so come these brides of heaven to the altar rail.

The ceremony is most touching. The low, soft strains of the organ steal in subdued melody through the chapel; the words of advice and encouragement given by the Bishop—words freighted with the wisdom of long years of meditation and observation—these fall upon the ear and linger long in the memory. That part of the ceremony over and the novices don the habiliments of their order. Gone is robe and veil and blossom. In their place the simple garb of the sisterhood; the cross which they will bear till death calls them to another world.

Then, most touching of all, is the fond farewell to friend and relative; when mother and sisters sob, and tears come even to the eyes of brother and father. The one they loved is dead—dead to the world, dead to the family circle, and for long days her gentle presence will be missed at home.

And now we pause for a moment before another picture not less edifying. In one of our grand old German Catholic churches the scene is this time laid. A young man in the pride of manhood, a young man of vigorous intellect, whose mental gifts have been cultivated by long years

of arduous study, is the central figure. He is celebrating his first Mass. Near the altar sits the mother who bore him. Tears are drawn to her old eyes by the happiness of seeing her son perform for the first time that wondrous miracle of changing bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Like the novices, he, too, will take up the cross. The lives of thousands of devoted nuns and priests tell how seldom those vows made at God's altar are broken, and how much good we may expect of these young religious.

Gladly would we linger at these two pictures. Fain would we point out their beauty, but we must reach the last.

## THE FALSE.

A public hall is the scene of last picture. Instead of holy virgin or saintly youth the central figure is a foul-mouthed creature whose lying tongue utters naught but calumnies against priest and sister and the venerable Church which numbers them among her children. This time the audience is not made up of loving relatives and people drawn together to witness an edifying spectacle. It is composed of the bigoted, the fanatical and the filthy-minded. The man on whom all eyes are fixed does not come on a mission of peace and good will. He does not come to preach the Gospel of love and charity. He comes to slander and revile; to awaken hate and bigotry and speed them on their hell-born mission. It is of such as those sketched in the first two pictures that he tells these filthy stories; these lying tales.

And the listeners! How stand they? Let us ask the men. You have a sister whose honor you value more than life? Yes. Then what think you of the wretch who would dare to circulate stories against her good name? You would brain him, you say? Yet you sat and listened to filthy lies against women as pure and good as your own mother and sister. Cowards that you are you heard defenceless women, noble men and the grand old Church which Jesus Christ established reviled and slandered. Yet you were silent as dumb dogs. You ate of the filthy meal of obscenity and calumny till your wretched minds were stuffed with the unclean diet. If there is aught lower than your craven selves, it is the un-exalted females who pose in this last repulsive picture.

Hang the pictures side by side. Contrast the figures in the first—pure innocent youths and maidens whose hearts are filled with true religion, whose minds are set on a holy object—contrast these with the other figures whose hearts are filled with bigotry and malice, whose souls are too small to love and respect those fellow-citizens who differ with them in religion.

## CHRISTMAS DUTIES.

There is one feature of this holy Christmas time, now almost upon us, that cannot be too long dwelt upon. It is the spirit of love and forgiveness which should fill the hearts of all Christians. It should be a time of peace and good will among men in reality as well as in name. If we have enemies we should be reconciled with them. Hate and envy and revenge should be banished from the mind. They are not in harmony with the spirit of this blessed time. On Christmas day we should be able to say, truthfully, that we love our neighbor as ourselves, and that we forgive from our hearts all those who have in any way injured or wronged us. It may seem hard, in some instances, to do this, but the harder the battle the greater the victory.

Christmas, moreover, should find us in a state of grace. When we bend in adoration before the altar on Christmas day, we should be free from mortal sin; purified by a good confession, and strengthened by the Holy Eucharist. Then will our Divine Lord and Savior look more kindly upon our offerings of praise. Then will we feel that He has indeed come to our hearts.

Still another duty, too often overlooked, is that of contributing to the happiness of those in humble circumstances. There are many families where Christmas will be a cheerless one, unless some kind neighbor comes to their assistance. Want and poverty

are masters of many homes, even at this joyous time. Those who can remember such families, and bring a ray of light to their sunless lives, will be sure of enjoying Christmas themselves.

Rumor tells us that James G. Blaine has entered the Catholic church; returned to it, some would say, since it is claimed that the ex-Secretary was a Catholic during the early years of his life. Still, others would say that he has made open profession of the faith which he has always nurtured in secret. This is good news to Mr. Blaine's admirers, whether it be a conversion, return or a profession. All good Catholics will hope the report is true; not because it is James G. Blaine, but because a soul has been delivered from error, and placed in the one true fold.

If Mr. Blaine, however, has always been a Catholic, and has dedicated his faith for the sake of political advancement, he is not entitled to much credit for acknowledging that faith now. Having gotten all he could out of the world, he is now willing to give the few remaining days of his life to God. That is the case, exactly, if, as some of his friends say, he was reared a Catholic.

If it be that the great statesman has always been a firm Protestant, and now becomes a Catholic from conscientious motives, he is doing something really noble. Blaine, the convert, is entitled to respect and admiration. Blaine, the recreant, coming back in his last days to the Church which he denied in his prime, is not worthy of much laudation.

It has come to light that the original of Thomas Campbell's "Exile of Erin," was a notorious spy and informer, instead of a patriotic country-loving Irishman, such as the poet portrayed. But what matters it? If Campbell was deceived in this instance, there are thousands of true sons of Erin hearts whose love for the old land is well expressed in that beautiful poem.

The remarkable love which the Boston Pilot bears an Englishman is only equalled by the strong affection which Church Progress entertains for a Liberal Catholic. As representatives of both these papers will visit this city soon, we hereby warn all Englishmen and Liberal Catholics to escape from Rochester—for a night at least.

## How to Set the Table.

An inexperienced housekeeper is advised thus by Harper's Bazar: Place the largest knife and fork to the right and left of the plate, the fish knife and fork farthest from the plate; the oyster fork may either be laid to the left of all other forks or on the oyster plate, while the soup spoon is crossed between the plate and the middle of the table, or to the right of the knives. A knife is unnecessary with salad. The fork may either be laid by the others or be placed on the table when the salad is served. Put a plate at each place, not in a pile in front of the carver. If the servant uses a tray the guest may take the full plate while the waiter deftly removes the empty ones. In some good houses no tray is used in passing filled plates. The salad should either be passed for each guest to help himself or brought in served on plates. At tea you may have a teaspoon by each plate if you need it, but the spoon for the tea should be in the sancer, and a spoon for any sweet or dessert may lie on the plate that holds the sancer carrying the portion. Finger bowls are necessary for a breakfast fruit course. A fruit napkin is only necessary at dinner when the fruit is served in a kind that would stain the white napkin. For winter fruit small dollies alone need be used.

## Apple Butter.

Take sweet cider from the press, not more than a day old, or alcohol will begin to form and the cider will have lost its fruit quality. Boil it down one-half and then add apples pared, cored and sliced. There should be, by measure, slightly more than half as much apple as of boiled cider. Cook slowly and carefully, skimming whenever necessary, and stir with a long wooden paddle which reaches the bottom of the kettle. The apple is broken into one homogeneous mass like marmalade. When it begins to break and sweeten taste. It is more wholesome and appetizing if left quite tart. Good brown sugar is better than white. The California Fruit Grower says this can be kept any length of time in apple jars or wooden pails or dunks if thoroughly cooked. The usual apple butter sold in groceries is made in aapid by too much sugar. The old-fashioned apple butter, less rich and more palatable, preserves the very essence of the apple. Season with spice to taste, if spices are desired, but the apple flavor is itself incomparable.

## Cranberry Water.

The following is a refreshing and strengthening drink, and is often greatly liked by invalids. Pound and scrape cranberries and put them into a cup of water. Meanwhile boil two quarts of water to which have been added a large tablespoonful of oatmeal and a shred of lemon peel. Strain the cranberries, add a gill of white wine to this, and sweeten to taste. Boil for half an hour; then pass it through a jelly bag or strainer. Do not sweeten too much or the flavor of the fruit will be lost.

## THE CATHOLIC SHOP

## BIRTHDAY GEMS.

The Story of the Stones, the Months and the Sentiments Connected Therewith. A modern enthusiast has clothed the old superstition in meretricious garb and retold the story of the gem.

By her who in this month is born No gems save garnets should be worn: They will insure her constancy. True friendship and fidelity.

The February born shall find Sincerity and peace of mind. Freedom from passion and from care If they the amethyst will wear.

Who on this world of ours their eyes In March first open shall be wise, In days of peril firm and brave, And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

She who from April dates her years Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow; this stone, Emblem of innocence, is known.

Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet flowery month of May, And wears an emerald all his life, Shall be a loved and happy wife.

Who comes with summer to this earth, And over June her hour of birth, With ring of agate on her hand Can health, wealth and long life command.

The glowing ruby shall adorn Those who in warm July are born; Then will they be exempt and free From love's doubts and anxiety.

Wear a sardonyx, or for these No conjugal felicity. The August born without this stone, 'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

A maiden, born when autumn leaves Are rustling in September's breeze, A sapphire on her brow should bind—'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October's child is born for woe, And life's vicissitudes must know; But lay an opal on her breast; And hope will tell those words to rest.

Who first comes to this world below With drear November's fog and snow Should prize the topaz number one, Emblem of friends and love true.

If cold December gave you birth— Place on your hand a turquoise blue— Success will bless what'er you do.

## Definitions of Pluck.

A London journal asked for a definition of "pluck," and the following are some of the answers received:

Silent endurance coupled with cheerful energy.

The bow from which are shot the arrows of heroism.

Pluck is that spirit in man which fails to understand the meaning of despair.

Fearlessness free from foolhardiness.

The chivalry of nature's knightliness.

That which enables one when fighting against adverse circumstances and knocked down to rise and try another round.

The best of the best of the best of a man.

The best remedy for despair.

The force which converts an ordinary man into a hero.

Honest daring without caring.

An iron tonic for invigorating the nerves.

The absence of fear in the presence of danger.

The stuff that heroes are made of.

The courage to do the right thing at the right moment.

Irrepressible stout heartedness.

The indomitable "I will," before which the mountains of fear become molehills.

That which keeps a man up when he's down.

The pulse of enterprise.

The offspring of courage and the mother of success.

Bottled energy, opened by the corkscrew of emergency.

## Volapuk.

Volapuk, or the universal language, as it is called, is the invention of a German Roman Catholic priest, Johann Martin Schleyer, of Constantine in Baden. He published his system in 1870. On account of its extreme simplicity—its grammar contains no artificial genders, a single conjugation and no irregular verbs—it is very easily acquired. The Volapuk dictionary contains 14,000 words, while any imaginable new word may be easily formed by composition. No sound is employed which is not common to the world over; every word is accented on the last syllable and the vocabulary is strictly phonetic. The name is from vola, of the world, and puk, language. It is estimated that over 10,000 persons in Europe have mastered it, and it has been tried to a considerable extent in America also.

## The Life Saving Service.

The ocean and lake coasts of the United States are picketed with the stations of the life saving service, attached to the United States treasury department. Sumner I. Kimball is general superintendent, with headquarters at Washington, and there is a corps of inspectors, superintendents, station keepers and crews extending over the entire coast line, together with a board of life saving appliances, composed of experts selected from the army and marine service. The army, the life saving service and civilians. At the close of the last fiscal year the life saving establishment embraced 238 stations, 178 being on the Atlantic coast, forty-eight on the lakes, eleven on the Pacific coast and one at the falls of the Ohio—Louisville.

## Origin of Belfry.

The word "belfry" had originally no connection with bell, an idea which is now intimately associated with the term. The first meaning given is "watch tower," from the middle English "berfy," a watch tower. The first part of this word is connected with borough, the second with free. As the practice grew of hanging bells in such towers, people began to call themselves of the fact by changing the word belfry into the modern belfry.

## Floriculture.

Floriculture, though carried on as a business in the United States for more than a century, assumed important proportions only within the past twenty-five years. In addition to the Society of American Florists, 955 state and local floral societies and clubs and 338 horticultural societies, aided by the agricultural and horticultural press, have developed this industry to its present large proportions.

## The Presidential Flag.

The presidential flag has a blue ground, with the arms of the United States in the center. It was designed and first used by President Chester A. Arthur in 1883, and is now hoisted at the main whenever the president of the United States is on board of a government vessel.

## Methery Catfish.

Mr. Gunther, in his work on "The Study of Fishes," states that the only species of fish in which the mother takes any care of her offspring are of the genera Aspredo and Soleostoma. But I have seen the common catfish guarding her young in the most devoted manner; it may, however, have been the male, but I don't believe it. It was in July, 1882, and I was on the west shore of Long lake, in the great northern wilderness of New York state. The catfish had got her young (fifty or sixty in the school I should say) into a little bay, so shallow that her enemies could not swim in it. The young catfishes were very small indeed and looked like little tadpoles. Whenever anyone of the little fellows ventured into a deeper place he was sure to be seized by some large fish, the large fish seemed to be perch and there were half a dozen or so of them. Every perch that came near was attacked by the mother fish and driven back several feet or yards; but whenever the mother fish turned to go back to her young one or more of the perch would bite her. Her candal fin, or tail, was torn to pieces. I watched the battle for some time. The old catfish was getting the worst of it, and when I left she was making a brave but losing fight. One by one her offspring were picked off, the perch occasionally rushing into the shallow water close to the school of the young fish. I do not know whether my observation is the only one of the kind or not.—Exchange.

## Up in a Balloon.

"There is a good deal to be learned from balloon accidents," said the Eminent Person, "although I am by no means sure that we shall learn it." "The height at which the balloon was when the accident happened has been variously computed," the Journalist said, "but it seems to have been higher than the top of St. Paul's cathedral, according to one computation almost double the height. So one can imagine a little how terrible the fall must have been."

"I should like to be at that height above London occasionally," said the poet; "one could realize the unimportance of a lot of unimportant things so much better. When men appeared to me to be the size of the ordinary household, a difference of income, for instance, would seem to be too small to be worth consideration. We know how high above the earth there is a breathable atmosphere; I wonder how high one would have to go before one lost one's sense of social status."

"You can do that without going up in a balloon," the Ordinary Man observed. "Mix with your superiors, and you are bound to believe in social equality. Mix with your equals and you'll still be proud."

"And if I mix with my inferiors?"

"Now, why take impossible cases?" said the Mere Boy genially.—Black and White.

## Stopping a Nuisance.

A little pantomime performance which was seen on an express train rushing into New York Sunday evening is worth recording. A young woman had opened her window, to her enjoyment, but to the evident annoyance of a young man seated directly behind her. There was much dust and cinders, and his light clothes and fresh linen got the benefit of all there was. He submitted to the shower for a few seconds, then took a folded newspaper and held it in front of him and close to the side of the car, so that all the cinders that came in were blown directly against the neck of the girl. She edged away farther and farther, but uselessly, for a perfect cloud of dust and cinders settled all over her, instead of flying back on those behind her, as the open window nuisance has the right of precedent to expect. She finally could stand it no longer and put the window down, whereupon the young man, having accomplished his object, shook out his newspaper and quietly pursued his reading of it, while two or three passengers behind the pair exchanged glances of amused satisfaction.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

## The Yankee Was Honest.

An English gentleman met an American traveler in France and spent a few days with him in Paris. When they were parting the American admitted that he had cleaned out his purse and must perforce remain in Paris until he could get more money from home. The Englishman lent him twenty louis, and the American in return gave his watch as security, taking at the same time his address on a card. The cynic will surmise that the watch turned out to be worthless, but, so far from that, it has been valued at above thirty pounds. Possibly the owner of it mislaid his creditor's address; he has never repaid the money or reclaimed the watch.—London Truth.

## Effect of Domestication.

Domestication modifies and often changes the instinct of wild animals to persecute or at least neglect the sick or injured, perhaps because the lessened strain of the struggle for existence leaves room for sentiment to grow. Both dogs and cats often aid their kind when sick, and strange alliances spring up between pets of different species. Perhaps the best known instance is that of the raven which Dickens saw at Hungerford, which used to carry bones to a broken legged retriever. And the quickness with which dogs learn that their master is ill and show sympathy is well established.—London Spectator.

## The Cataleptic Trance.

It cannot be doubted that in numerous cases of cataleptic trance the apparently helpless patient has been acquainted with all the arrangements being made for his interment. Several instances are recorded in which, although the body presented every appearance of death, the patient was conscious of everything going on around him, but absolutely unable to raise a limb or in any way communicate with those near his bed.—Lancet.

## THE FLOWER OF THE HOUR.

The Fickle Fashions Which Dictate the Favorite Flower.

A pretty member of the mallow family (Hibiscus trionum) claims the title, and probably at home under Italian skies it is a "flower of an hour," folding



MALLOW.

its Naples. Mallows petals promptly over the family ensign—a column of united stamens that stands in the beautiful brown center of the flower; but in its adventurous life with us, where it escapes from gardens, it varies with the weather, and as a timekeeper is no more to be trusted than a four-o'clock.

Other flowers also have their hour, and the favor that makes them the fashion of the day is fickle as our skies of cloud and sunshine. "Dear little buttercup" was smiled on for one brief sunny hour, then the sunflower rose and all lesser lights went out during its brilliant reign. Goldenrod, oxeye daisies and chrysanthemums each had their day, and still linger in the twilight of appreciation. Haughty orchid for awhile sat queen, but her homage was short lived, and now the taste for aggressive size and form and gorgeous color gives place to a finer and more delicate choice, and we find airy sweet peas hovering like butterflies in the social sunshine.

Mignonette has so long been held up as the symbol of "moral worth without external beauty" that if it were capable of being anything else than its own sweet self it would be a prig, but the soft brown spike simply keeps on pouring out fragrance from all its little censers till the air is filled with healthful, stimulating odors that are good for body and soul.

Flowers, especially fragrant flowers, owe half their charm to association. Sometimes the association is so pleasant it almost of itself gives fragrance to the flower; and, again, a perfume will throw a charm over an hour that would otherwise be unrecorded, for few things clinch the memory to the time like the subtle sweetness of perfume.



SUNFLOWER.

Another old garden flower—the nasturtium—that had almost died out of remembrance came back a few years ago on a wave of popularity and still holds its place. The flower, in form and color "like a golden helmet pierced through and stained with blood" and guarded by a shield shaped leaf, was thus described by Parkinson a hundred years ago: "It is of so great beauty and sweetness, withal that my garden of delight cannot be unfurnished of it, and again the whole flower hath a fine small scent very pleasing."

A few flowers are universal: roses, lilies and violets need no election to their sweet office, nor has any generation dared to throw aside the carnation. These inherit their pre-eminence, and their nobility is something more than the fancy of the hour.

With the advent of each new floral favorite comes the question of our national flower. What shall it be? Among all our native plants does any more truly symbolize our nation than the sturdy sunflower, whose broad smile covers our land from ocean to ocean? Bold and strong, it holds up its head "without fear and without reproach," for there is no deceit in its open heart, and its generous glow is without alloy.

The mayflower has some claim, in that it is held to be our historical flower, but even if Nova Scotia had not already appropriated it as her own emblem it is, with all its dainty grace, hardly a suitable accompaniment to our eagle, to whom the sunflower would be a fit companion.

Indeed it would seem, so far as the voice of the people has been heard, that our national flower must come from the group so familiar to all of us, which Bryant has set in his lines: Then on the hill the goldenrod, the aster in the wood.

The yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood. Goldenrod has received many votes, and there is much to be said in its favor. A handsome flower, soft and gracious, though lacking in that decision which gives the sunflower such a personal character—a genuine American—for, while the plant is quite rare in other countries, our species are almost countless and prodigal in growth, equally at home on mountain, prairie or coast. Sojourners by the sea will find miles of goldenrod along the border that has a deeper dye than usual, even in this rich colored blossom, and there is one white flowered species that prefers the rocky banks of streams.

MARGARET E. HOVTON.

## Sibley, Lindsay &amp; Curr,

DOORS stand open; not even time to swing as the throng come and go; lookers are few, buyers are many; everything for Christmas now.

## LADIES' SILK HOSE.

Three bargain boxes at the Hosiery Department filled with silk hose—odd pairs, different in color, price and size. Look them over, go to the bottom if necessary. There is something there you want for a Christmas present for a friend.

No trouble has been to great if it would add anything to our collection of colored silk hose. In the season's novelties—black boots with fancy tops—nothing has been overlooked by the buyer. We have everything, costing from 75c to \$3.

In black silk hose we have the best values; that is, give you more for your money than ever before. Prices from 50c to \$5 per pair.

## Men's Furnishings.

Persons with poor taste may visit the men's furnishing section with as much confidence in their powers to select as though they were connoisseurs. There is none of that "stuff" which dates back, nothing which any gentleman would not be glad to receive as a Christmas gift.

Neckwear is an inspiration to the advertiser, and prices even surprising to one looking for extraordinary values.

But perhaps it is not a tie or scarf for which you are in search. There are just as good suspenders, silk ones, embroidered, or plain; then the night robes, made and trimmed even with the nicety which characterizes the feminine dress.

Bath robes, imported simply because they are better than we make, and we must have the best; a little in the line of luxury, but to many, that estimates the value of the present.

## Picture Department.

One of the interesting places in our store to-day is the Picture Department. Hundreds of beautiful engravings, etchings, water colors, oil paintings, etc., are now on exhibition, and as many more can be seen for the asking.

We call special attention to a lot of 16x20 artotypes in oxidized silver frames for 75c. Also a lot of flower studies and French subjects in colors neatly framed for 35c. Don't fail to see them at the Picture Department to-day.

## Fancy Goods.

Toilet sets, manicure sets, etc., in oak, leather, metal and plush cases in all the various fittings. A grand assortment of handsome goods. A few very special bargains to-day.

A shaving mug and brush in plush case for 49c.

A white brush, comb and mirror in satin lined plush case for \$1.

A white brush, comb and mirror in a saten lined plush case for 67c.

A large and better quality at \$1.35.

A large sized satin lined collar and cuff box, 75c.

A splendid manicure set, oxidized silver fittings and case for \$1.50.

An oxidized silver shaving set for \$2.50, formerly \$3.75.