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POPE LEO'S JUBILEE.

Fiftieth Anniversary of His Episcopal Consecration.

Something About One of the Most Remarkable Men of the Times—His Quiet and Studious Life—A Road-maker and Peace-maker.

On Sunday, Feb. 19, Pope Leo XIII. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. A few of the many brilliant lights that have shone contemporary with the Lumene de Colo well on to the close of the nineteenth century were prominent above the horizon on the day when Joachim Pecci, Titular Archbishop of Damietta, and just passed his thirty-third year, was sent by Pope Gregory XVI. as Apostolic Nuncio to the Court of Brussels.

Newman was on the verge of the first of the great "renunciations" that won for him the fulness of the truth—he preached his last sermon as an Anglican in September, 1843. Manning was still a pillar of the English Establishment, with the Archbishopric of Canterbury in prospect.

Tennyson and Browning were the glorious beginnings, as they were to be the chief glories of the Victorian literary era.

Daniel O'Connell, backed by the English convert, Lucas, was leading the fight for Irish Home Rule in the English Parliament; nor dreaming that the exceedingly Conservative and somewhat anti-Catholic young Gladstone, who had just succeeded Lord Ripon—predestined convert to the Church and Liberal politics—as president of the Board of Trade, was yet, after fifty years, to head a formidable body of Englishmen in another—and, God grant, the successful battle for the same cause.

Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and John Greenleaf Whittier had roused the American conscience—never to sleep again—on the subject of human slavery; and Lavergne, the last of the great anti-slavery crusaders, was still a fellow-student with Ernest Renan, at the French Seminary of St. Nicholas. The Bourbon Louis Philippe was on the shaking throne of France, and Victor Hugo was asserting his sway over French intellects.

The Catholic hierarchy had not yet been re-established in England. The Church in America was small and poor in money and influence—though rich in its Kenrick and its Hughes—and the object of bitter prejudice and suspicion, formulating themselves at the time in the Know-nothing riots.

What did all this mean to the young bishop and diplomat, who was even then a close student of contemporary history? He could not see the chair of the Bishop of bishops over against the broken throne of his titular See; nor the world-wide scope of the statesmanship waiting for the brain then occupied with the affairs of the little Belgian capital. Yet, none the less had his Providential training begun.

The death of Gregory XVI., in 1846, brought to a sudden close what promised to be a brilliant diplomatic career: "Buried in an obscure Italian See for over thirty years," would have been the verdict of the man of the world on those years from '46 to '77, "the middle, the core and the centre" of Joachim Pecci's life, during which he ruled the archiepiscopal See of his native Perugia. He was raised to the Cardinalate in 1853, but resided at Perugia till 1877, when he was called by Pope Pius IX. to Rome, to fill the office of Cardinal Camerlengo, a post involving presidency of the Apostolic Chamber and the chief charge of the temporalities of the Holy See.

But the thirty quiet years at Perugia were a better preparation than the most brilliant career in the capitals of Europe for the office of Vicar of Christ, minding one as they must of the Divine Master's thirty years of labor and obscurity before He entered on His public life.

At the age when men ordinarily expect to lay down life's burdens, Joachim Pecci received the heaviest one a mortal man can bear—the ruling of the Church Universal, "the solitude of all the churches." His simple, studious and holy life, however, had conserved his mental and bodily vigor, and he brought no frailty nor decay of age, but the ripeness of wisdom and experience to his exalted office.

Had the purpose of his long preparation been to show him the short way to every problem destined to confront him—to enable him to do the work of fifty years in fifteen?

Road-maker and peace-maker was the young ecclesiastical Governor, Joachim Pecci, fifty years ago in Perugia. Road-maker and peace-maker, Pope Leo XIII. to-day. By his Christian diplomacy he has won back for the Catholics of Germany their religious and political rights, and made Protestant Germany a friend to Rome.

In his person the old-time prerogative of the Papacy as arbitrator in the disputes of nations has been revived. He has turned the powerful moral support of the Church, to the Republic in France; and, so doing, has been the strongest prop of the Government shaken to its foundations by the recent Panama disclosures.

Ireland owes much to Pope Leo XIII., whose endorsement of her right to agitate for her legislative independence in his letter to the Irish bishops in 1880, and as against subsequent English intrigues at the Vatican, disabused many good people of a long-standing conviction that Ireland's mission was to kiss the hands that smote her and entreat more stripes.

"Gladstone and I, although the two oldest leaders, have the youngest ideas," said the Pope last week, expressing his satisfaction at the favorable allusion to Home Rule in the speech from the throne. Gladstone, by the way, is almost the only one surviving of the great men above mentioned contemporary with Leo XIII. fifty years ago.

The Pope's sympathy with the trend of his own age, which is unmistakably and irreversibly towards democratic institutions, shown in his dealings with France, is even more evident in his relations with America.

The solution of all political problems is in the solution of the human problem as given by Christ—the recognition of man's dignity, the human brotherhood, the equality of all men before God. It is Christ's mind which His Vicar is reflecting in that library which he has given to the modern Christian statesman in such Encyclicals as "Of Human Liberty," "The Christian Constitution of States," "The Christian Citizen," and "The Condition of Labor."

Reading these, it is easy to understand the Pope's interest in that country whose principles of government harmonize most closely with the principles of Catholicity, and his solicitude that this harmony should be ever evident and undisturbed.

The hearts of non-Catholic Americans, drawn to the great Pope by his Encyclical on Labor, were further won by his rebuke of Cahenism and his urgency on foreign-born Catholics to as prompt assimilation as possible in language and customs with the body of the American people.

Thoughtful men of other faiths than ours see further bulwarks to free government in Leo's Encyclicals against secret societies, and false educational theories; and in those others that move the plain people to higher spirituality, and the priesthood to deeper philosophical study.

Forty years ago, the Catholic Church was so little understood in America that it was possible for agents of foreign infidel secret societies to inflame nearly the whole Protestant body against the Apostolic Delegate Bedini, and almost to compass his assassination in the city of New York.

To-day, the government of the United States invites the Pope to send a representative to the great International Exposition in honor of the discovery of America, and accords him the highest official courtesies, with none to raise a dissentient voice. Nay, more, that representative, in his other quality of Permanent Apostolic Delegate to the Church in America, resides here in peace and dignity, honored by citizens of every creed.

Leo XIII. has made Christendom and humanity his debtors; and the thanksgiving going up to God for his fifty years in the episcopate, and all the years of his saintly and most fruitful life are world-wide. But especially fervent is the thanksgiving of the Church in America.—Boston Pilot.

The Blessed Sacrament.

Go to Holy Communion. Go to Jesus with love and confidence. Go to live of Him, so as to live for Him. Do not say you have too much to do. Has not the Divine Savior said: "Come unto Me all ye that labor." Do not say you are not worthy. It is true you are not worthy, but you stand in need of Him. If God had only had an eye to our unworthiness, He would never have instituted His great Sacrament of Love. Nobody in all the world is worthy of it—neither saints nor angels, nor archangels, not even the Blessed Virgin herself; but He had an eye to our need, and we all stand in need of it. Do not say you are too miserable and that is why you keep away from the Holy Table. I would as lief hear you say you are too sick and that is why you will not take any physic or send for the doctor.—Cure d'Ars.

Time Well Spent.

Besides a pure intention, a cheerful and willing acceptance of the little crosses which meet us day by day goes far, if we accept them in a loving expiatory spirit, to redeem the loss of time which, to the eye at least, is one of the least hopeful features of a life in the world. Weariness, disappointment, loneliness, and temptations to impatience are among the small trials which constantly meet us in the world; and if we firmly resolve and earnestly carry out their intention of making the most of these daily crosses they will not only be an abundant source of grace to us, but also carry us far on the road to Heaven.—Lady Lovell.

Negroes and Indians.

The annual report of the mission to the negroes and Indians of the United States for the year 1892 has been issued. The total amount received from the dioceses was \$96,098.92, of which New York contributed \$4,992.28. The disbursements included \$1,506 to the Diocese of New York and \$6,000 to St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, for the education of priests devoted to the missions among the colored people. The report states that the Diocese of New York has 89,000 colored people within its limits. The vast majority of these dwell on the Panama Islands, which are under Archbishop Corrigan's jurisdiction. In New York City there are 5,000 colored Catholics with one church devoted to their use.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

How it is Observed in Some Society.

Trivialities Introduced by Them During the Holy Period—Fittable is the Fashionable Mixture of Penance and Good Form.

For some time a young Anglican clergyman has been in the habit of stepping in and politely asking our good landlady for a cup of her fragrant tea. At first he came but seldom, but now it is the exception if he does not, sooner or later, make his appearance. His coat is of the most ultra clerical cut, his waistcoat a midnight expanse which reaches to his Roman collar; and a little shining cross is all that lightens the studied severity of his garb. He is, of course, neat to a fault, clean-shaven and says "ither and nither," "I fancy," and "don't you know?" with the very latest transatlantic intonation. He is, withal, a pleasant and well-mannered young person, well versed in current literature, knowing all of importance that is going on in the world, and not averse to taking a hand at whist with some of our old fogies after the tea-cups have been cleared away. What attraction he originally found in our decidedly heterogeneous company we do not know. We are modest men at the table is spoken of for a Cabinet position. Some of us have never heard of a manicure set, a number toll with calloused hands from dawn until dark, and we all say "other" and "nether" on principle. Our cynic suggests that Mr. Lilyfinger is doing missionary work on the sly; but others prefer to believe that he has come to us, as others have come before him, to be refreshed by the simplicity which is as novel as it is stimulating to a denizen of the world; for, in many ways, he is of this world, poor fellow, though fancying that he walks with his head among the stars.

This is merely by way of introduction. We shall, at another time, have more to say of our young Anglican; but he was mentioned at this juncture in order to account for the fact that half a dozen young women, hitherto known only as butterflies of society, have lately acquired a taste for tea—such, they aver, as only our landlady can brew—and a morbid appetite for visiting the degraded portions of the town, technically known as "slumming." They consult our black-coated young friend in regard to everything from the width of a dog collar to a course of Lenten reading, often to his visible discomposure; and are bitter rivals in their wild career of pious reforms undertaken at his suggestion. This very enthusiasm often induces them to part with discretion, and they have been discussing their plans for the reason now begun, with a disregard of listeners, often rather startling. One night, in particular, they gathered about the fireplace, and their chat floated to those who still lingered silently about the table.

"O girls," struck in one voice, that had forgotten to be low and sweet, "I have a plan for an ideal Lenten gown! Just a sort of dull violet—don't you know?—made in the very, very plainest way, with full skirt and a little cape. Madam Creamcheese will know just how to give it the penitential quirk. No ornament except a large silver cross. And I shall wear real deep mourning for Holy Week, as they do abroad. Won't that be just too lovely for anything?"

A clapping of hands was heard in approbation, then another voice struck in: "I'm rather ahead this time, I fancy; for I've been having my Delaarte teacher give me an especial devotional training for Lent. I never realized before how awkward some people's church postures were. You should go to Mr. Mildred, for a few hints. The downcast, humble expression is the proper 'caper' with Lenten gowns; and you could conquer it in one lesson if you tried. She drills you about walking up the aisle, and about carrying your prayer-book, and all that sort of thing. Papa 'kicked' awfully when my last Delaarte bill came in, but he won't dare to say a word next time. If he does I shall say: 'Can a right-minded parent hesitate at a few paltry dollars when the welfare of a soul is concerned?' He's senior warden, you know, and that'll fetch him."

"I'm going in for humility," observed a third. "Mr. Lilyfinger said we should select the most disagreeable thing we could think of, and do it as penance. Now, I'm going to have the usher put all the shabby strangers in our pew. You know, that is the very latest Lenten wrinkle in the East."

"I couldn't do that," said Mildred. "For you never catch any shabby persons at St. Bartholomew's. I shall give up caramels—they make me sick, anyway!"

We heard no more. At the word "caramels" there arose such dire confusion that no words were distinguishable; and soon the group dispersed, breaching up noisily, like a congress of English sparrows.

Can there be anything so incongruous so pitiable, as this fashionable mélange of penance and good form; this indefatigable observance of the letter of the law and the ignorance of its spirit; this talk of altar-cloths and postures and Lenten gowns, with a continual ignoring of the true meaning of the season which comes to heal men's souls? "I shall keep Lent," said one great lady. "I shall make my servants fast. Better, far better, old Harriet's way."

ing of the "sin, not sin," than this ostentatious parade of feelings which are but a travesty. Do not mistake us. There are among Anglicans a host of conscientious people, who devoutly and humbly observe the "dear feast of Lent;" who, in strictness and scrupulousness, are "more loyal than the kings;" but it is equally true that it is among their numbers, which include so many welded to the vanities which wealth engenders, that we so often find this attempt to serve God and Mammon,—to follow the whims and caprices of those who set the fashions, and at the same time obey the commands of One with whose laws the fashions of this world, fleeting, transitory and hollow can have nothing in common. And many worthy Catholics make the same futile attempts.

But Lent, well or ill kept, has come, and its influence is already felt. There are those at our table who like Mildred and her friends, see in it but another opportunity for parade, either of virtues or gowns; there are those who have been looking forward to it as a period of repose from the hard toil of the fashionable season of gayety; and there are some who will, like our dear little Miss Earnest, keep their own counsel, and try, feebly perhaps, but humbly, to walk in the heavenly path as far as poor mortals may.—Lonise May Daleton in the Ave Maria.

A Convert Queen.

Marie, Queen of Bavaria, widow of King Maximilian and first cousin of William, Emperor of Germany, who did at Elbingen on the 19th of May, 1890, was a convert to the Church, and led a life of extraordinary piety. There has rarely been a prince or princess who valued less the earthly splendors of a great name, and added more imperishable honor to it. She maintained the strictest simplicity of dress and surroundings, and was indefatigable in doing good; while she was so truly humble that she bore the bitterest humiliations with perfect resignation. Twice a week she went to confession, and at least four times a week approached Holy Communion. She could not be induced to have a special seat in the church, but insisted upon praying in the midst of the poor country people; "for," she said, "before the majesty of God all earthly greatness is as naught."

The Redemptorist Fathers, when conducting a mission at Elbingen, noticed in the congregation one regular and especially interested attendant, who proved to be the Dowager Queen of Bavaria. The profound devotion with which she followed the exercises of the mission made a strong impression upon the clergy and was an example to the people.

On one occasion when the parish priest wished to take the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person, it happened that there was no one to accompany him. The Queen was praying in the church, and, deeming the need of the priest, she went into the sanctuary, took the lantern with the blessed candle, and, ringing the little bell, led the way through the streets.

Queen Marie walking and praying before the Blessed Sacrament on its way to the hovel of the poor is a picture worthy a place in the gallery of the confessors of the faith.—Ave Maria.

Positivism.

Positivism was put into shape by M. Auguste Comte, some fifty years ago. Himself by right a Catholic, Comte had a great love for the Catholic ritual, which he wished still to preserve after having forsaken its Divine Object. He invented accordingly a human object of worship, namely, the whole multitude of great and good men, of all creeds and parties, that have been since the beginning. This collective flower of humanity he called the Grand Etre. Positivists in England are divided into two camps, the one under Dr. Congreve, who strictly keeps up the Comteist worship, the other under Mr. Frederick Harrison, who, finding himself hard pressed in controversy, has so explained and whitened away the word worship, as to have nothing left in his hands but the bare name. It has come to this, that Mr. Harrison honors the memory of the good and brave of old, and so do we all. He calls that worshipping them, which we do not.

If we wish to be saved we should never lose sight of eternity. Soldiers prove their fidelity not in times of peace but in battle.

The more a soul who loves God does for Him the more it wishes to do. A perfect conformity to the Divine will suffices to make a saint.

Nothing in the world could trouble us if we had a true knowledge of God. There is nothing the devil fears so much, or so much tries to hinder, as prayer.

God is our light; the further a soul strays from God, the deeper it goes into darkness. When faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost, all virtues are lost.

When tribulations, infirmities, and contradictions come we must not away in a fright, but vanquish them, like men.

The blessed Virgin keeps between her Son and us. The Son has His justice, but the Mother has only her love.

If God does not always give us what we ask, it is to keep us near Him, and to give us an opportunity to urge Him, and constrain Him by a loving desire. God has preserved you so far, only keep yourself faithful to the end of His providence and He will make you all times, and where you cannot walk He will save you.



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

A Little Wholesome Advice on the Duty of Catholics.

Protestants are growing more and more in doubt as to whether their bible is really a book of much value. Though all the sects have fashioned themselves out of one bible-text or another, and have found in some version an excuse for all their vagaries, yet they are not satisfied with their work. They desire a larger license in doctrine. Many of the ministers wish to be rationalists, out and out; and the bible is a convenience to them. Using it to abuse it, they do not wholly stock these pew-holders who still associate Christianity with respectability. The respectable folk hold the purse; and the minister, even the rationalist minister, will have a family; and the family must have bread and a little butter. In time most of the respectable folk will be rationalized out of their bible; for the preacher has long been their religion and they will find him quite as attractive without, as with the bible. And yet Catholics must pity those who will wholly reject "the good book."

Now the question presents itself: Do Catholics, who have the Holy Bible, honor it and use it as they should? No man or woman can be called educated, who has not read the New Testament carefully, and indeed the Old Testament also carefully—repeat. In the family truly Catholic, the New Testament will be read, chapter after chapter, note after note, at stated times, parents and children giving intelligent attention. Thus faith is strengthened, and love and hope increased. It is not possible for a Catholic, prudently guided, to have more familiarity than he should have with God's word.

In how many Catholic families is the careful reading of the New Testament habitual? We may safely say that the custom is less common than it should be. How is it in your family? Perhaps you are satisfied with the Gospel of the day as read at a low Mass on Sunday. And your sons and daughters, must they also be satisfied with this? If so, it may be that you are not performing your whole duty; certainly you could do more for the happiness—even the worldly happiness—of yourself and of your children. Why not adopt the good old Catholic habit of family Bible reading? And do not put it off. Begin on the first Sunday of Lent.—Catholic News.

A COMMENDABLE ACT.

Dr. Washington Gladden Rids Himself of His Bigoted Assistant.

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, has dismissed his assistant pastor of the First Congregational Church, Rev. George P. Bethel, because the latter joined the anti-Catholic movement. The movement is strong there, and Dr. Gladden has been severely criticised. Rev. Mr. Bethel formerly belonged to the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, but joined Dr. Gladden's church congregation last fall, and was soon after, at Dr. Gladden's suggestion, elected his assistant and pastor of the St. Clair Avenue Mission, a suburban church under charge of the First Church. Last fall during the campaign the A. P. A. anti-Catholic movement here began to make itself known, and the editor of the Catholic Columbian, John A. Kuster, wrote Dr. Gladden that it was rumored that he was a member of the secret association. Dr. Gladden denied it, and on the following Sunday preached a vigorous invective against the A. P. A. The next Sunday his assistant, Rev. Mr. Bethel, at St. Clair Chapel, preached on "The Infallible Pope," in which he took a position on the Catholic question exactly opposite to that taken by Dr. Gladden. Dr. Gladden sent for him and summarily dismissed him, saying they differed on primary principles of morality and had better part company.

Cart.

A man absorbed in his work is apt to be curt, and may not mean to be ill-mannered. Here, possibly, is a case in point.

A venerable and dignified Bishop was recently having his portrait painted by an eminent artist. After sitting steadily for about an hour in silence, his lordship thought he would like to break the monotony with a remark. Accordingly, he said to the artist: "How are you getting on?"

To the astonishment of the artist, the knight of the palette, absorbed in his work, thus replied: "Move your head a little that way, and shut your mouth!"

Not being accustomed to be spoken to in this fashion, the Bishop said:

"May I ask why you address me in this manner?"

Artist (still absorbed): "I want to take off a little of your cheek." Colloquy of the Bishop.

MALACHI'S PROPHECIES.

Pontiffs That Have Filled the Chair of Peter.

How True the Saint's Prophecies Have Turned Out—They Deny More Than a Passing Thought or Consideration a Strange Coincidence.

The prophecies of Malachi, foretelling or designating in short epigrammatic form the various Pontiffs, that have filled the chair of Peter, from his time down to the present, and will do so to the end of the world, deserve more than a passing thought or consideration. St. Malachi was born in Armagh in the year 1094, and studied in France, where he became acquainted with St. Bernard, who calls him an "Angel and a Prophet." In 1139 he went to Rome. He died Nov. 2, 1149, at the age of 54.

It is curious to note how true these prophecies have turned out. Here are a few of them:

1175, Pius VI.—Peregrinus Apostolicus, the Apostolic traveller.

1800, Pius VII.—Aquila Rapax, a rapacious eagle.

1833, Leo XII.—Canis et coluber, the dog and the serpent.

1839, Pius VIII.—Vir relictus, a religious man.

1831, Gregory XVI.—De balneis Etrurie, from the baths of Etruria.

1846, Pius IX.—Crux de cruce, cross upon cross.

1878, Leo XIII.—Lumen de coelo, light from heaven.

Ignis ardens, a burning fire.

Religio depopulata, religion at a low ebb.

Fides intrepida, intrepid faith.

Pastor Angelicus, the angelic shepherd.

Pastor et nauta, shepherd and sailor.

Flos florum, the flower of flowers.

De medietate lune, from the eclipse of the moon.

De labore solis, from the eclipse of the sun.

Gloria olivæ, the glory of the olive.

Petrus Romanus, Peter the Roman.

To comment on those within our own recollection, who fail to perceive the sufferings and the life of martyrdom conveyed in the words crux de cruce and verified to the letter by the venerable Pontiff, Pius IX? Lumen de coelo, predicted by Leo XIII, seemed at first to puzzle the minds of many and to cast doubts on the prophecies of St. Malachi, when lo! on inspection of the coat of arms on Cardinal Pecci, there appeared a comet, whole and entire, which, apart from all metaphorical interpretation, brought out the literal significance of light from heaven.

The next Pope is styled, "Ignis ardens," a burning fire. Some say that these words clearly foreshadow the elevation of a Dominican to the Holy See, for the Dominican Order has for its pictorial representation a dog with a burning firebrand in its mouth; and, by the way, Cardinal Zigliara is a Dominican. Others have found some connection between these words and certain signs on the coat-of-arms of Cardinal Gibbons; while others again, since the arrival of Archbishop Satolli in America, do not hesitate to affirm that the lightning flash of his eye, the keen perception of his intellect, the uncommon dispatch of his official duties, typify him as the bearer of the motto, "Ignis ardens."

According to St. Malachi there are to be two anti-Popes out of the ten that are to succeed Leo XIII. From their various appellations, interpreters tell us that Ignis ardens and "De medietate lune" are the two unfortunate Popes. I incline to this belief myself; for in immediate succession of Ignis ardens comes Religio depopulata, or religion at a low ebb, in consequence of the falling off of many from allegiance to the true Pope to follow in the paths of the anti-Pope. After this decline in religion, Fides intrepida boldly stands before the world as the intrepid champion of the true faith. The second anti-Pope is supposed to be represented by De medietate lune, or the eclipse of the moon, which is overclouded by the greater eclipse of sun, after which comes peace, typified by the olive, and then Peter the Roman, or Peter the Second, the last in the line of Popes, begun by St. Peter, or Peter the First; then the end of the world. It is a strange coincidence that the first sovereign of Rome was Romulus and the last bore the same name. Peter was the name of the first Pope of Rome, and Peter is to be the name of the last.

Pastor angelicus, the fourth after the present incumbent of the Papal throne is born, in fact was born in the 70's, it is to be from Dalmatia, a Franciscan friar who will go about the streets of Rome preaching barefooted. This would go to show that the reign of the intervening Pontiffs will be short. Seven Popes resigned during the century 1775 to 1878, among them two with remarkably long terms of administration. Ten are left to carry the Papacy down to 2000 A. D., the end of the world.

Arguing from the past, there is a discrepancy about this assertion. The world had been in existence 2,000 years when it was destroyed by the deluge. Two thousand more years and the same world sees a total revolution of its own times by the birth of the Saviour. And why should 2,000 more years, or the year 2000 A. D., not witness another change?—New York Sun.

Never look forward to the accidents of life with apprehension; anticipate them with a perfect hope that God, whose child you are, will deliver you from them according as they come.