

D. LEARY'S

Dyeing and Cleansing Works;

Mill Street, cor. Platt, Rochester, N. Y.
Clothing and material for clothing, which
is dyed and cleaned, can be made available.

Goods Dyed Black Every Day.

Shades called for and delivered to any
part of the city, free of charge.

Goods received and returned by mail or
express. NO AGENTS.

- California Port Wine, -
FOR MEDICINAL USE.

Many of our good people whose piety is only
in words and not in deeds, will tell you "To touch
not, handle not, taste not," and others equally as
divine, will tell you that kind heaven administers
through nature-like to your physical and to your
spiritual nature. The former, through the medium
of pure wines and other like elixirs or rejuvena-
tors, and the latter through those so chosen by
the same divine authority. If your physical na-
ture has been overtaxed by too close confinement,
and you feel unfit for business, you need a tonic
to assist nature and build up or restore your best
vigor, and nothing will benefit you more than a
wonderful of our Golden Gate Port Wine be-
fore each meal. Only 15c. per bottle.

MATTHEWS & SERVIS, Sole Agents.

If you want the Worth of Your Money, try

Verey Boot and Shoe Store,

You can get the worth of money every time.
Our Stock is more complete than ever before.
I challenge the city in prices.
Repairs a Specialty. 379 State St.

JOHN B. PINKERTON,

General Stenographer and Typewritist,

Students in Stenography

are Guaranteed

Thorough and Efficient Instruction

FOR TERMS APPLY TO

314 POWERS BLOCK,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Geo. H. Cayford,

Has recently purchased

A New Line of Fine Carriages, Victrolas,
Surreys, Landaus, Broughams, Phaetons, etc.
and is better prepared than ever before to serve
his patrons by the day or hour.

Telephone 367. Careful drivers with each turnout.

C. H. COOK,

Veterinary Surgeon,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

53 University Avenue. Telephone 1,081.

G. H. STALKER,

Manufacturer of

Sash, Doors and Blinds,

Mouldings, Nuvels, Balusters and Brackets.

Job Scroll Sawing and Turning.

130 Platt St., near Allen. Telephone 921.

J. B. Van Duyn. F. W. Van Duyn.

Standard Steam Laundry

280 STATE ST., Rochester, N. Y.

All New Machinery. Prompt Delivery.

Work Guaranteed.

Wanted Sewing Machines, Clothes Wringers,
Carpet Sweepers to repair.

Laws, Mowers, Skates and Scissors Ground.

New and Second Hand Sewing Machines
very cheap. Parts for all Machines.

G. H. NASH, 96 ANDREWS ST.

- DENTIST -

DR. E. BANTON,

130 North Clinton Street, Over Kobbe's

Drug Store.

Crown and Bridge Work.

The Rochester

Employment Bureau,

The Leading, Largest and Best Agency

in Western New York.

STURGE & CO., 197 MONROE AVE.

Established 11 years. Telephone 631.

Come to this office when you

require Job Printing, etc.

All kinds of work in that line

promptly attended to.

The lowest prices consistent

with good work

have always been given by us

and always will be

Offered to those who favor us

with their patronage.

Let us have an opportunity of

libbiding on your work.

If you give us a trial we will

certainly give satisfaction.

Church and Society Printing a

Specialty. Give us a call.

Just visit us and get estimates.

It will cost you nothing.

Our facilities have been recent-

ly largely increased. If you

use good judgment you will

patronize the JOURNAL.

Remember the number, 327

East Main street. (Up-stairs.)

New cylinder press, new type,

new material generally.

I always bring your printing to

the CATHOLIC JOURNAL office

Let US do some if not all of

your JOB PRINTING

G. B. STUART & Co.

COAL

COAL

COAL

COAL

COAL

COAL

A TRIBUTE TO THE PADRES.

(Written for the JOURNAL by GEORGE
TEMPER.)

I am not a Roman Catholic. The
shifting circumstances of war, educa-
tion, travel, official duty, and priva-
tization have served from the hour of
my birth to divide up a life of thirty-six
years in sections of two to three years
which have been so equally placed over
the civilized and uncivilized regions of
the two hemispheres, that if any one
can show me on my well-scored chart a
distinctive land or people now, yet
touched by it will arise and go there gladly.

And so, circling round and round the
world, I grew confused and troubled
with the mass of creeds and sects, and
fell back upon the one distinct and un-
mistakable command bequeathed me by
a dying soldier sire.

"Fear God and do your duty." I
could not fear God since I did not know
Him to be, but, since a physically fear-
less sire feared Him I was tacitly re-
spectful towards something mysterious
which I did not understand, and went
my way seeking always to do my duty
as I understood it.

And then I learned the mystery; and, as
I watched other men doing their
duty, succeeding often and often again
better than I, I arrived at the hour
where all men must arrive—the hour
where education, culture, honor, cyni-
sism, all things fall, not only in the ac-
complishment of a duty but in the ac-
tual prevention of awful breach of
duty. And so—all things falling—in
the hour of black temptation I called
aloud in bitterness to God to make me
do my duty since I could not do it by
myself!

How many brothers and sisters have
I not in all the races of the earth who
will smile in serene recollection of their
own experience when I say I stood up
in a strange stupor, did my duty and,
knowing there was a God, feared Him
from that hour forth. This is my reli-
gion. I fear God alone and attempt to
do my duty.

I belong to no special regiment of the
great army and, as my physical life has
been one of erratic movement, so has
it seemed within my sense of duty to
remain an humble orderly upon the
king's staff, galloping from regiment to
regiment in the battlefield. As I gal-
lop over the great field, I find it helps
me do my little duties as I sing and
speak the praises of the gallant heroes
manfully doing gigantic duties in the
very outposts of the fight.

Of these, I can speak with all knowl-
edge and admiration of the Roman
Catholic missionary priest, whose hero-
ism I have saluted reverently in every
section of the hottest fight. My earliest
recollection of the peace distilling pa-
dre was within the walls of a great
French school where a lonely, aged
Indian boy of 7 years of age was thrown
"to learn the language." Day after
day the race antagonism raged within
those walls when ten to twenty little
French boys armed with sabots invari-
ably surrounded the lonely Britisher
and questioned the national courage of
the "Onger-leesherman de la Basse
Bretagne."

It always ended in the same. A de-
perate rally for the honor of the flag
against all odds; a wild shower of rat-
tling French kicks on British shin
bones; a disgraceful departure from
British prize ring rules to the tiger-
fighting systems of India; a rapid flight
of terrified young Frenchmen leaving a
pale, maddened infant dancing in delir-
ious anguish, shrieking blood-thirsty
challenges to the world which always
called forth—the last person in the
world to represent it—the snow-haired
padre from his cloistered walk.

"Tien! Thou has the savage man-
ner of thy country-men, but thy heart
is good," he always commented as he
laid his hand upon my head and soothed
my madness with the force of gentle-
ness.

"Petit animal! What makes thee love
fighting so since it only hurts? Come
thou and walk with me."

I was too glad to find a friend to
argue with him, so we walked while I
listened to things. I could not quite
understand and almost knew what it
was to have a mother. And so I learnt
French in four years of "practical les-
sons," as my father termed it, and he
was right. I had so much French
kicked into me that thirty years knock-
ing round the world have not kicked it
out again, in which I am glad, seeing
how close it has brought me to many a
rare, good camaraderie with French-
men all over the world.

So may the sun shine lovingly upon
the heads of all good padres ministering
to the wants of the pupils of the College
de St. Servan.

And after that, some many years, my
wanderings in Normandy where many a
rude Breton mob, interfering with my
fisherman's sport sank away before the
friendly padre's gentle glance. Always
kind, always gentle, always genial the
traveller's sure and sympathetic friend,
no matter what his creed or nationality
the padre stands your friend.

And so, on to Australia where, in the
wild and sterile regions of the Bush
townships, none but the hardest dare
adventure, there have I met the Catholic
priest, never impatient, never thrusting
or flaunting his religion in the godless
haunts of men, but, on the other hand,
always ready to ride away on a perilous
journey to do an act of kindness to the
sick or disabled, be he creedless or of
any creed.

"My word! I don't know what they're
at but I'd trust 'em all I'm worth," was
the vigorous comment of a griz-
zled comrade to the writer as we lay
encamped beneath a palm tree and
tried to persuade a traveling padre to
camp and rest in 'hour or two to
drink a pannikin of tea before he
went back to his work. With a kindly
smile he told us he was bound to push
on to a sick man because he did not
know how sick he might be.

Wait till you have travelled one hun-
dred miles in summer-heat in a bush
and meet a camping party, reader,
before you can begin to realize such
"duty" done.

And then Hawaii! Who but has
known the padre and his gentle heart

in the priesthood in the leper-shut-

inlands? Can I ever forget the
simple priest of Hawaii whose invita-

tion, in sheer curiosity, I accepted, and
travelled round the island to his little
church and nesting cottage. Life was
easy in the islands. Poi and fish and
fruits came all ready to his hand
and we fared sumptuously. All
things, to the eye, were soft and beau-
tiful, and therefore, though I did not
know it then, the labor of the soul was
all the greater.

And now—since I have endured phy-
sically as much perhaps as any man ex-
istant of my age, and can realize that for
an easy comparative task I would sooner
walk a thirty-five mile track on burning
austral sands with heavy swag than
face an hour's spiritual ordeal,—now I
salute the young priest of Hawaii and
believe his gentle statement that his
life was harder in Kanai than many a
sterile place he would like to
choose. Aloha! friend of Hawaii!

If you can recall the young Britisher of
1878, who swam the river with you at
your home, aloha, I understand!

And on to China. I was careless then
like many others—bon-viveur! We rode
our horses, drank our wine, played
cards and drowned dull care in rattling
fashion with our sung salaries. Aye,
drowned it for a time! We were cen-
sured, too. "The wicked official and
merchant foreigner who worked such
evil example" etc., etc. But did you
ever hear a Catholic padre fling a stone
at us? Do you remember the two
penny, half-penny bill with the "mis-
sion" on top where we Shanghai-ites
used to visit, because it was the only
hill within forty miles or so of
Shanghai?

Do you remember how we ascended
with sceptical comments on the priests,
and came away hushed and subdued by
that mysterious strength of gentleness
and charity which conquered us into
respect and inward marvel of what we
had not sufficiently developed ourselves
to understand?

And on to Borneo. Still Godless: be-
lieving in nothing but our strong right
hands and the power of the sword. Yet
how gladly we welcomed Father Jack-
son and his simple, kindly curates.

Was there a man among us who
wouldn't have "shelled out" his house
and home to help the padre in any way
he could, because there was something
so openly, marvellously similar to the
creed they preached, in the life they
led?

And on to the Peninsula. Who will
ever forget the greater naturalist,
Father Blank, hunting bugs and shar-
ing hardships with the gallant but hard-
swearing government officers in the
jungle?

"Do you mean to tell me Father
Blank never swore when you were with
him in the jungles?" I snapped savagely
at a young assistant as I slipped and sat
suddenly upon a sharp fresh cut sap-
ling stump for the twentieth time.

"Oh, yes. He often swore quite
coarsely," was the candid answer which
soothed my sympathies but made me
chuckle at the deed. "But then every
night in camp when I used to lie around
taking it easy he went into the jungle
and knelt and prayed for hours," was
an unexpected addition to the statement.

That was why we adored him. He
was human like us but he went and re-
paired damages which we were much
too lazy to do.

And in Selangor. Sometimes the pa-
dre—once a month, perhaps—would
"drop in" to my five o'clock tea. I was
a high official then and my salary was
all sufficient for far more than my
needs. And when the servants rushed
to tell me he was coming up the "com-
pound" there ensued a busy scene, in
which each man of the dozen servants
took a lively interest.

When I left the dining-room and held
the padre in polite conversation on the
front verandah, the "boys" would open
all the rarest meats and delicacies in
tin and glass, and spring the cham-
pagne cork from magnum bottle. The
all understood and entered into the
spirit of the thing. The sycos danced
and grinned outside, and even the grim
old cook emerged with the water cooler
from the kitchen depths and giggled
counsel to the waiter boys within the
bungalow.

Why was all this? Because one day
the padre coming (twice within the
week) to an ordinary cake, cheese,
bread and butter, jam and marmalade
"5 o'clock tea" had blushed, hesitated
and at last meekly owned, "I—I am
very human. I tried a little of my rice
and salt fish and hankered somewhat
for the flesh pot, and so I came again to
eat of your good things. I am poor,
weak flesh you see." And he gazed at
me and I gazed at him and he re-
fusedly upon the rich sponge cake and
strawberry jam that I was sent gallop-
ing up to him from the general's staff
with a despatch which read: "Man! In
the weariest deserts God gives a green
oasis now and then where fainting man
can rest an hour and equip himself for
harder journey still. Take and eat and
grow strong for the morrow."

And he took and ate with meek gra-
titude—for the message was authentic.
And I spread the story round so that
officers, who only tipped their fingers
to the head to seniors, raised their hel-
mets off their heads to the padre. For
so we loved valor and truth and appre-
ciated the touch of humanity which
made divinity possible to be understood.

And he drew strength from his oasis.
For when all men plotted to snare the
Fathers daily into "tea" they smiled
and told us that they dare not face
temptation more than once a month.
And at such monthly visits we did our
best to play the tempting devil with
good cheer. Champagne they never
touched. Rich meats and wines they
gently waved aside, but, "sponge cake
and jam? I cannot resist a little more."
That was all the "evil" we could tempt
them to do, and then back to their
work. Ten dollars a month for pro-
tection, was all fish and rice. A mud hut
built on the ground, and a native would
not accept accommodation. They served
Mass in their little churches and, be-
tween services, ministered to sick and decrepit coolies, shar-
ing their food and comforting, comfort-
ing all that was in their power.

USED POSTAGE-STAMPS.

The Purpose to Which These
Trifles Sometimes Subserve

A Belgian Priest's Used Stamp Associa-
tion—How the Natives of the Congo Free
States Were Aided By Industrious Buy
Stamp Collectors.

What good are used postage-stamps? What purpose under the sun can they subserve? These—in so far as they can be looked upon as distinct—burning questions with many of the readers of the Catholic Times—questions calling for an immediate solution. A defaced postage-stamp is a very small matter—a trifle, if you will. But "trifles make the sum of human things." Yes, and be it remembered trifles are sometimes greater in their consequences, and an accumulation of them often result in an affair of great moment. The truth of these epigrammatic statements will, it is to be hoped, be borne out by our giving a brief sketch of Father J. N. Sender's (St. Truiden, Belgium) Used Stamp Association.

This association was established in the early part of the present year by the Rev. J. N. Sender, a Belgian priest, in consequence of a suggestion made to him by a number of boys of the Congregation of St. John Bechmans. Becoming informed of the sad and deplorable condition of many of the natives in the Congo Free States (S. Africa), and understanding that used postage-stamps, if secured in sufficient quantities, could be turned to advantage for the benefit of the missions, these boys proposed to Father Sender to found a Christian village in the Congo.

The good Father, pleased to find them actuated by such noble and generous thoughts, gratefully accepted their kind offer. Forthwith the boys initiated their labor of love, yet not without earnestly praying God to help them in the accomplishment of the task which they had undertaken for the glory of His name. Their sincere and childlike prayers did not remain long unanswered. When their laudable project became known abroad many persons of both sexes and of every age came to their aid. Stamps poured in from every quarter, so that already 25,000,000 have been collected.

And now the great question as to what is done with these stamps comes to be answered. The idea is prevalent in these islands and even gains credulity in many parts of the Continent, that missionaries take these stamps with them to parts of Africa, to India, China, Japan, etc., and dispose of them at enormous prices to noble families in semi-civilized countries, and to the chiefs of tribes in more savage lands. This is, however, a false opinion. It seems to owe its origin to the fact that for more than thirty years a traffic in stamps has been carried on in several countries in Europe, the profits arising from which have been generally devoted to mission-ary purposes. The fact is the stamps are never taken out of Europe. Used stamps may be divided into two classes, viz., (1) rare or antique stamps and (2) those of the common sort, such as our modern English penny and half-penny stamp, etc. These latter, i. e., the common sort, are sold at from about four-pence to sevenpence a thousand according to quality and variety, and are employed to make various kinds of mosaics and pictures for the ornamentation of drawing-rooms and parlors. Persons have now become so skillful in blending and arranging the different colors that their work, when carefully finished, has the appearance of something coming from the pencil of an artist. This, to us, novel art is at present very much practised, especially in Switzerland and Bavaria. But in Belgium and Holland it is not known. In the City of Ghent, for example, the Brothers of St. John of God possess three rooms, the walls of which are tastefully ornamented with defaced postage stamps. These are so arranged as to produce a beautiful series of landscapes, in which most of the prismatic colors, with many of their blendings, are agreeably exhibited. A still greater triumph in art is to be seen in a nobleman's mansion at Rotterdam (Holland). The walls of part of this mansion have been decorated with postage stamps at the enormous expense of 50,000 guilders equivalent to about 25,000 English money. In this instance it ought to be noted, the cost of the material is small compared with the artist's fee. The rare stamps are sold at various prices, according to their value, to antiquaries and amateurs of collections, whence they find their way into public and private museums, scrap books and albums. Father Sender, and those associated with him in his work, purpose to dispose of all the stamps in their possession in the above manner. In order, however, to realize as much as possible from the rare and curious stamps, Father Sender intends to hold an exhibition of them next year, and it will be at the same time an exhibition and a sale. When the exhibition is over the proceeds of it, together with the receipts since the establishment of the association, will be handed over to the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to whom is entrusted a large part of the Congo Mission. With the money thus received the missionaries will purchase a large tract of land on which a church and a convent for the Holy Childhood will be built.

The convent must be of such size as to comprise within its dimensions an orphanage, school, hospital, etc. More-over, cottages will be raised on the property for the accommodation of 300 negro families. The population is to consist of negroes only, and as such negroes as have been rescued by the soldiers of the Congo Free State from the infamous hands of Arabian slave dealers. If the means be forthcoming the Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, once they have made a beginning, will continue the work of negro plantations and christianization indefinitely. Hence the work of collecting used stamps will most likely continue for many years. Indeed, it would be a great mistake to discontinue it so long as it can be utilized for the salvation of the kingdom of Christ on earth.

THE WORD CATHOLIC.

IT IS THE TITLE CLAIMED BY THE CHURCH SINCE ITS FOUNDATION.

Heretics Have Assumed It, but the World Ridiculed the Absurdity—"Catholic Church" Signifies That Church Founded by God the Son and Nothing Else.

There is one title which with three others the Church of Christ has from her very nature insisted upon claiming from the beginning, and this title the voice of all Christian ages has proclaimed to be hers and hers alone, says the London Universe.

This title is Catholic. She is the Catholic church, and all her children are known—through the centuries since Christ, her Founder—as Catholics.

Occasionally, but not often, as we pass along reviewing the time since Pentecost, we meet here and there with a handful of heretics who have bestowed upon themselves for awhile the title which belongs to God's church.

But the ridicule of the populations of the world have proved too much for the absurdity, and the sect whatever it was, was left with one that was left with the name of its originator, or else with one that told what were the chief peculiarities of its error.

As a rule, however, heretics have abstained from any such lacerous acts as that of appropriating the church's title, and have been content to be known as Arians, Montanists, Donatists, etc., as the case might be.

At present we have among us a small knot of enthusiastic Anglicans who would wish (without passing through the essential process) to be considered and to be Catholic. They would like to be Catholics after a pattern of their own, without the faith, humility and disobedience necessary in order to become.

So, with all their Protestant heresies thick upon them, they cry out, "We are Catholics," and look surprised and angry when they see that, with the exception of themselves, all the world is laughing.

An extravaganza upon "Hamlet" is not Shakespeare; a magic lantern picture of Rome is not the Eternal City. But enough of these men, for they tempt against all patience. If we take the trouble to glance at the faith of the holiest in every age, we shall not be long in discovering what in religion is meant by Catholic, and where we are to look for the church which can justly claim this glorious prefix. We have no fear upon this subject of wearying our readers. On the contrary, many of them will perhaps be thankful to have set before them—as we are about to endeavor to do—the very words of their canonized ancestors in that one faith which they held as the most precious of all their possessions.

It is idle for the archdeacon of London to expend his time in endeavoring to find out in how many different senses the words "Catholic" and "Catholic church" have sometimes been employed, and to shut his eyes during the search to that one continuous interpretation which has been put upon these words by the Christian world ever since the days of the apostles. When we find the saints and writers of every age employing the words "Catholic" and "Catholic church," we know very well what they mean; we know to what church they refer, for the simple reason that they take care to tell us. With them a "Catholic" always means a child of that church which claims the whole world as its heritage, and "Catholic church" signifies always that church founded by God the Son over which St. Peter presides in his successors as vicar of Christ. And they never mean anything else.

Pope and School.

Pope Gregory XIII founded on Jan. 23, 1577, the Greek college of St. Athanasius, which was destined to be for all the nationalities who used the Greek language in their liturgy. The fame of his college attracted so many pupils that the present pope had to build a new wing to the building.

Pope Leo XIII, who founded a college for the Armenians in Rome, also sent a colony of Jesuits among the Armenians to open a college there. He also sent a colony of Christian Brothers to open popular schools there.

Pope Gregory VII revived the cathedral schools everywhere where the teaching should be free. This in 1080.

Pope Innocent III was a great patron of the University of Paris. He had studied there. He furnished the body of academic statutes and promulgated them.

Pope Innocent VI in 1362 erected a chair of theology in Bologna university. At the end of the 13th century Bologna university had 10,000 students. Here Pope Alexander III taught theology and Gratian canon law.

Pope Clement V founded lectures in Oxford university for the teaching of Hebrew, Chaldean, Arabic and Greek. This was in 1318.

Pope St. Celestine commissioned the two Gallican bishops, SS. Germanus of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes to visit Britain in the quality of papal legates in 430. They founded schools for clergy and laity. They lectured on Holy Scripture and the liberal arts.—Freeman's Journal.

Catholic Notes.

The centennial anniversary of the first bishop of Louisiana, Mgr. Cardenas, will be celebrated on the 25th of next April in the cathedral of New Orleans. Archbishop Janssens is making suitable preparations for the event.