

The Catholic Journal

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OUR YOUNG PEOPLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

The above is a subject that is now receiving much attention from our non-Catholic brethren. It is one which may profitably be discussed by Catholics as well. It is said there are enough members of several Protestant denominations who do not belong to any church to fill large edifices with the adherents of each. To a great extent this state of affairs is due to causes that non-Catholic clergymen refuse to recognize, chief among which is the growing inability of the Protestant sects to exercise any authority over large numbers of professed adherents, the tendency toward infidelity on the part of another large element, and the evil effects upon the rising generation of a system of education which develops the mental faculties but not the moral nature.

Aside from these causes there are of course other minor ones, and it is unquestionably true, as our non-Catholic brethren are asserting, that the ranks are swelled by the thousands of young persons of both sexes who come to the city, fall in with evil associates, and are lost to Church and to society. It is equally true that many of these young strangers could be saved if they were looked after by their co-religionists, provided with respectable boarding places in which good influences would prevail, and made acquainted with young people of good character and of about their own age.

This is as true in regard to our Catholic young men and women who come from the country and from other cities. Alone among strangers their faith and morals are exposed to grave dangers. If they have received the proper instructions from their parents at home they will attend the nearest Catholic church; but too often they might go to church until doomsday without becoming acquainted with their fellow-Catholics. Many of them are too young to become interested in the fraternal and beneficial Catholic societies which do so much good among their older co-religionists. If they are fortunate they may accidentally form good Catholic acquaintances, and through these become interested in the work of the parish. If they are not thus fortunate almost anything is apt to happen to them. Young people must have, will have, company. If they cannot find the good the bad will find them. On the street, in the workshop or the store, at the boarding house, at places of amusement, evil companions are on hand with no scruples against dragging the youthful and innocent down to their own level.

What is the remedy for all this? Is it to be found in the local parish organization of young people? Very frequently these do good work, but again they degenerate into "exclusive" affairs, the members seeming to realize their ambition in forming a party, parish, parish aristocracy. The good that can be accomplished by a fraternal organization of our young

people—a strong, broad organization with a branch in every Catholic parish from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Catholic Reading Circle movement does considerable good work in the right direction. But it is unfortunately true that all young people have not literary or musical tastes. Then, too, the organization which would save our young people from the country must seek them out. The presence in church of a young stranger should be made the occasion for inquiry, and he or she invited to become a member.

DISHONEST AND CRIMINAL

Adulteration and the substitution of an inexpensive article for one of greater cost are common practices of the age; but the last thing in which we would look for such adulteration or substitution are drugs and medicines. Yet there are men sufficiently unscrupulous to deceive their customers even in these. It is not probable that there are many such druggists; indeed, it may safely be assumed that the great majority are honorable, conscientious, upright men. That there are a few black sheep, however, is evidenced by an experience which a Rochester physician related recently. He had been called upon to attend a little girl suffering from a dangerous malady, accompanied by chills and fever. To abate these at once was imperatively necessary, and frequent doses of quinine were prescribed. The physician's directions were followed, but there was no change in the patient's condition when he returned. He was puzzled, until it occurred to him that the fault was in the quinine. A new lot was procured from another drug store and was given to the patient. Its beneficial effects were soon noticeable. The physician then examined the first drug purchased, and found it was not quinine at all, but a substance which can be bought a few cents cheaper than quinine and is sometimes substituted for that useful drug.

Here is a case in which the life of the patient was nearly lost through the dishonesty of the druggist. There are many cases in which a slight increase in the temperature of a patient would cause death. What, then, must be thought of men who have so elastic a conscience that they will trifle with human life for the sake of a little more profit or to undersell a competitor? Whenever and wherever such men are discovered in their dishonest and criminal practices they should be exposed and punished.

A SOCIETY UNION.

Branch 60 of the Catholic Knights of America has adopted a set of resolutions recommending to the next Supreme Council of the Order, which is to meet next May in Omaha, Neb., an amendment to the general laws favoring a union of existing Catholic societies into one great national organization.

This organization is to unite fraternally all acceptable Catholics of every honorable profession, business and occupation, of giving all possible moral and material aid in its power to its members, to maintain a benefit fund of which a sum not less than \$500 is paid on the death of a member in good standing to such decedent's beneficiary, etc.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

As far as the social and religious features of our Catholic societies are concerned, there is no good reason why the members should not work together in one general organization. There will, of course, always be a difference of opinion as to the best plan on which fraternal and beneficial organizations shall be conducted. These differences result in the formation of rival associations. There is danger that the jealousies springing up between them may defeat the prime object for which they were established—the banding together of Catholics in friendship and charity. The union proposed by the Catholic Knights would obviate that danger.

We rejoice that "La Gascoigne" is safe. If any of those pesky French "Las" are to be sent to the bottom of the ocean let it be "La Grippe."

After the country's experience of last week, it may well be asked: "Whither are we drifting?"

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY STANDARD.

Americans are only falling into the same error as other peoples have fallen into when they dilate too much upon the virtues of "Americanism." When the subjects, that is the English subjects, of that harmless and economical old lady, Queen Victoria, wish to express their approval of an act or a principle they say it is "thoroughly English." It is almost unnecessary to remark that the same lady's Irish subjects have a different name for those things which meet approval. Nothing can be too intensely German for the loyal sons of the Fatherland. The enthusiastic Frenchman's "Vive la France," carries with it an endorsement of French ideas from A to Z. There is classiness, self-conceit and a lamentable blindness to national shortcomings in connection with this cry, by whatever people it is uttered.

It is true that Americans are distinguished for a certain broad-minded, liberal spirit, a love of free institutions and other commendable qualities. The national characteristics of no people, however, can be formed into a system of ethics absolutely safe to follow, or set up as a standard by which acts and principles may be approved or condemned.

The principles of Christianity are the only ones which will never lead astray. The life of Christ and the teachings of His Church form the only standard that acts and principles can be judged by. When a nation is true to that standard, when its people are faithful to Christ's teaching, then, and then only, can it be said that measures thoroughly in harmony with the national spirit of that people are worthy of emulation.

Let those who imagine themselves perfect today look back for a brief period. They will wonder at their lack of perfection yesterday. "How could we," they will say, "have been so uncharitable in one case; so selfish in another; or so narrow in still another?" A year hence they will speak thus of their actions of today. Yes, it is well to look upon the past, but only to learn lessons that will guide us in the future. Those acts of yesterday which we regret so much should warn us that we may fall into similar errors today or tomorrow. We must be always on our guard against them.

The Philadelphia *Hibernian* shows poor taste and worst judgment in meddling in a recent ecclesiastical controversy. There is an excuse for diocesan papers taking sides in such controversies, but none for the organ of a Catholic fraternal or beneficial society, having branches in every diocese. The circulation of the *Hibernian* will probably be limited in some dioceses if it persists in such a course.

It is a fact not often commented on that the pretty customs observed at certain seasons of the year as a means of innocent and harmless amusement have a Catholic saint as their patron. St. Nicholas, from whom the modern Santa Claus takes his name was a Catholic Bishop, as was also St. Valentine, whose feast was celebrated last Thursday.

Catholics should be wary of accepting as sound doctrine the pleas of those who favor cremation. The church is opposed to the practice, and no Catholic should express himself in favor of it.

The holy season of Lent begins on the 27th inst.—one week from next Wednesday. Easter Sunday falls on April 14th.

Maurice Francis Egan appears to have a peculiar fondness for criticizing Marion Crawford's works.

The Eastern and Western Catholic summer schools will work together in harmony. It is to be hoped no jealousy will spring up between them.

The Boston *Pilot* has a lengthy review of the educational work accomplished in the Argentine Republic by Miss Mary Conway, formerly of this city, a sister of Katherine E. Conway.

THE NAME "BYRNES."

A correspondent writes as follows: "Will you kindly answer a question as to the proper pronunciation of 'Byrnes,' the name of the Superintendent of Police of New York City? Some contend that the correct pronunciation of the name is as if it were spelled 'Byron,' while others assert that it is pronounced as if spelled 'Burns.'" The latter is the correct pronunciation. The name is probably a corruption of the ancient Irish name, "O'Beirne."

THE GOSPELS.

GOSPEL: St. Luke viii 4: 15 — At that time: "When a very great multitude was gathered together, and hastened out of the cities unto Him, He spake by a similitude: A sower went out to sow his seed; and, as he sowed, some fell by the wayside and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it. And other some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away because it had no moisture. And other some fell upon thorns, and the thorns growing up with it, choked it. And other some fell upon good ground, and sprang up, and yielded fruit a hundred fold." Saying these things He cried out: He that hath ears to hear let him hear. And His disciples asked Him what this parable might be. To whom He said: To you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God, but to the rest in parables: that seeing they may not see, and hearing they may not understand. Now this parable is this: The seed is the word of God. And they by the wayside are those that hear: then the devil cometh, and taketh the word out of their heart, lest believing they should be saved. Now they upon the rock are they who, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no roots, who believe for a while, and in time of temptation fall away. And that which fell among thorns are they who have heard, and going their way, are choked with the cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and yield no fruit. But that on the good ground are they who in a good and perfect heart, hearing the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit in patience." The road, the rock, the thorns, and the good ground. All signify different kinds of Christians, who, with different dispositions, hear the divine word with greater or less benefit.

Weekly Church Calendar. Sun. Feb. 17.—Seraphima Sunday. Epist. 2 Cor. xii 9-10. Gosp. Luke viii 4-15. Mon. 18.—St. Simon, Bishop and Martyr. Tues. 19.—Feria. Wed. 20.—Feria. Thurs. 21.—Office of the Blessed Sacrament. Fri. 22.—Chair of St. Peter at Antioch. Sat. 23.—St. Peter Damiani, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. Vigil of St. Mathias.

AN ECCENTRIC PAINTER.

Turner's Studio and Methods a Curiosity to Visitors. Broderip and Sir Richard Owen, says the latter in his "Reminiscences," walked together to Turner's residence, which was slightly dingy in outward appearance. When they arrived at the door, they waited some time before their ring at the bell was answered. At last an elderly person opened the door a few inches and asked them suspiciously what they wanted. They replied that they wished to see Mr. Turner. The door was immediately shut in their faces, but after a time the person came back to say that they might enter. When they got into the hall, she showed them into a room and forthwith shut the door upon them. They then discovered, with some dismay, that this apartment was in total darkness, with the blinds down and the shutters up. After a prolonged interval they were told they might go up stairs. Upon arriving at the topmost story they perceived Turner standing before several easels and taking his colors from a circular table which he swung around to get at the paints he required. He was painting several pictures at once, passing on from one to the other and applying to each in its turn the particular color he was using till it was exhausted. After showing them all that there was to be seen Turner vouchsafed the explanation of the treatment which they experienced upon entering the house. He said that the bright light outside would have spoiled their eyes for properly appreciating the pictures, and that to see them to advantage an interval of darkness was necessary. At this stage of the interview Broderip had to leave for some engagement, and then an event took place which Owen declares that none of his artist friends would ever believe. Turner offered him a glass of wine. It was while they were coming down stairs that he first discovered the symptoms of an inward struggle going on in Turner's bosom. When they were passing a little cupboard on the landing, this struggle reached a climax. Finally Turner said, "Will you—will you have a glass of wine?" This offer having been accepted, after a good deal of groping in the cupboard a decanter was produced, of which the original stopper had been replaced by the cork, with the remains of some sherry at the bottom. This Owen duly consumed and shortly afterward took his leave, with many expressions of the pleasure this visit had afforded him and a disturbing conviction that the sherry might lurk indefinitely in his system.

LAMENT FOR DONEGAL.

BY PATRICK MANNING. Weep on! weep on! your hour is past Your dream of pride is o'er, The fatal chain is round you cast And you are men no more. — Moore.

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! what glories once were thine! What lustre gilded History's page and flashed from ev'ry line, When Donegal was O'Connell's theme, was poets' only lay, And heads were high and hearts were true beneath O'Connell's sway!

What golden splendors graced thy halls, what gallant deeds o'chose! Ere Christ was known in Bethlehem, or Lemulus in Rome; When learning sought and found a home where now she seeks in vain, When savage reamed o'er Europe's plains the Saxon and the Dane! Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! remember Aileach's halls, And list—how sadly sighs the wind thro' Grainan's ruined walls; Atlantic mourns those glories gone, the heavens weep their fame, E'en Muckish veils his wrinkled brow, and bows his head in shame.

What light now shines from Tory's tower? what curragh glides below? What sorbes make famous Dun-na-gal, Kibarron, Assaroo? What lanes wait by Foyle and Finn, or guard the Erne's shore? MacSweeney's axes, Fannal fall? O'Dogherty's, Culmore? Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! when yet untamed your pride, Remember how with Colum-Cille, King Dermot you defied, And won that precious Battle Book, which all the world admires, Our oldest, richest heritage of proud and warrior sires.

Remember how with Brian Boru, on Conway's bloody plain The Danish hordes were vanquished, their pirate chiefs were slain, Thy arm was strong, thy aim was sure, thy blows did rattling fall, Till Erin's powerful monarch praised the man of Donegal! Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! the pirate rules since here, His redoubt gleams on Liffey's stream, pelluce the Shannon shore, The ocean holds Eblana's towers and scars at Tara's fame. E'en o'er O'Connell's castle old his bloody banners flame!

His ominous wave, his dark hulks wait by frowning Innishowen, Lough Swilly's waves his warships float since Conal's chiefs have flown, In Bligo bay his squadrons lie, O'Connell's ships are gone! And love and light have left the land, despairing freedom's dawn!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! recall the days of old, When fortune smiled on Conal's race, then free and brave and bold, And Geoffrey led the clansmen to victory and renown, And fearless razed their Saxon forts, and tore their banner down,

Tir-Cornal's keep was then the home of ev'ry outlawed bard, Where ev'ry valiant chieftain's deeds was sung by MacAvard, There too a helpless hunted child, on Silken Thomas' fall The Geraldine found home and friends—ah! ah Donegal! Ah Donegal! remember deeds of pride, When banded chieftains in the field, the pirates' pow'r defied, The O'Donnel marched thro' Connacht in these resplendent days, And Erin's sunset glory woke brilliant bardic lays.

But woe is me! those days are gone—their memory moves but few, And traitor knives in Banba's Isle delay the vengeance due. A servile race now tread those hills, a foreign flag floats o'er, And Conal's kin and Conal's tongue are dying on the shore!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! now weep for the sea, Can naught for Erin thy children, but weep for her and thee? Can naught but harp of glories gone—were better leave unsung, Than strain our Gaelic voices, in the hissing tyrant's tongue?

Sleep on Hugh Ruedh in vine-wood Spain, where Poesy decks thy grave, Thy spirit wakes by Aileach yet, when ocean tempest raves, The scattered kern still wait thee,—some watch by Barnesmore, Some weary way-worn wanderers, by Tithesna's shore. O'Connell, Bolivia, May 8, 1894.

A BOARD OF TRADE MAN SAYS.

"The biggest cotton crop on record since 1850," it is argued, to make the best Southern demand for hog product on record, and the Southern demand is the one which makes or unmakes the price at Chicago. The conditions in the South are certainly much more favorable than they were last year.

THE SNAKES AT THE ZOO.

An event has occurred at the zoo. Very high among the trees we rank it. There's a reptile reel 'gug the other. Accidentally swallowed his blanket. But that story has now become old, And that feat surpassed by another. There's a snake still alive, we are told, Who by accident swallowed his brother. One would think such an odd mental fit Of abstraction—use the suggestion—Would be followed up after a bit By a fit of acute indigestion. And, moreover, although one pretends To be free from internal sensations, Still a rupture is apt to attend Such a straining of friendly relations. But there's no such result we can find, Through the former has swallowed the last. So we say it's a triumph of mind Or absence of mind over matter. Should there still at the zoo be a snake Who may wish that the record be broken, He must swallow himself by mistake. And pretend not to know what he's eaten. — C. J. Boden in Epitaph.

CLEVER AMERICAN MECHANICS.

Their Ingenuity In Woodwork Attracting Attention In Foreign Countries. The mighty advance in wood working machinery in the United States has evoked surprise everywhere. In America the idea is to make everything of wood without hand labor, automatically where possible. This desire has been so successful that it is a rare exception a factory is found employing handwork. Every known description of woodwork, out of every kind of wood, is made entirely of machinery. Many of these machines are veritable wonders, performing their work with a readiness and accuracy that excite the most profound attention. Some of the English experts say of them that they are the best examples of ingenuity ever produced, but of a lighter construction than the English make. But one must bear in mind that American iron, when cast into form, is very much tougher and hence does not require so much of it to give their machines strength and solidity. This is hardly true of English iron, and in consequence their machines contain a great deal more weight in iron and consequently look more massive, but by experience it has been proved conclusively that the latest improved American machines are just as strong and just as capable in durability as those made by the English makers. Progressive English manufacturers—and there are a few of them—are gradually waking up to the fact that if they want to hold their own in the commerce of the world they will be compelled, through necessity, to employ the later and more economical methods to produce their manufactures. To do this they will have to turn to the Americans, much as it may be against their inclinations. American furniture made entirely with machinery, is now getting a foothold in England and attracts the admiration of English buyers not only for its beautiful designs and finish, but for the superb construction, and lastly it can be obtained at a moderate price. Other articles of wood for domestic vehicles, agricultural, building uses, etc., are fast creeping in to the disadvantage of the English manufacturer. Indeed wherein the American manufacturer succeeds it is only through the use of machinery, and therefore the Englishman, in order to protect himself from encroachment, must adopt the American idea by using American machinery, for is it not a fact that the Englishman is behind the times in getting "up to date" wood working machinery? If this statement is not correct, show us the fallacy of it. Machinery saves time and labor, consequently money.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Babies and Babies. "Remember very well when Charlie, my oldest, was a babe" he was simply angelic. I was sometimes tempted to pinch him, just to see if he could cry. He slept hour after hour and always awoke with a smiling face and a cooing voice. And I, silly young thing that I was, plumed myself on what an excellent mother I was and felt a deep contempt for all mothers of crying babies. But I was doomed to have a fall. When Willie came, I don't think there was ever a more sensitive bunch of nerves existed. He cried, it seemed to me, continually, and woke from his fitful slumbers on the lightest pretext, and I was ready to run to the gate when I saw visitors coming to apologize for what I had said in the past and to ask them please to walk softly. I then learned that there are babies and babies, and physical conditions have everything to do with a child's temperament.—*Woman's World*.

Frenchmen With English Wives. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the strong prejudice which the French entertain toward Britain and the British, the French gentlemen have a decided preference to British ladies when they mean to marry. An Englishman visiting Paris is surprised at the number of English ladies with French husbands whom he meets in society. If a British lady of passable appearance remains long unmarried in Paris, the presumption is that the fault is her own. It is worthy of remark, on the other hand, that a Briton resident in Paris very rarely marries a French lady.—*French Letter*.

Another Victim. Collector—See here, when are you going to do anything on this account? Mudge—I don't know. I have been hypothesized so that I can't go through the performance of paying even when I have the money. I'm awfully sorry, I assure you.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Several knives, evidently intended for table use, have been found in the outcrops near Memphis. The Greeks had oats R. C. 200, but used them only as food for their horses. Huncy, Pa., was named from the Mini Indians.