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## OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

Oh there's in far Bologna, a banner  
old and worn,  
Its silken web decaying, its golden  
fringes torn:  
Faded its azure background, and all  
its tints forlorn.

Long, long ago a painter, whose  
name will never die,  
Set forth its tender meaning to face  
Bologna's sky,  
The banner of our Lady in honor  
borne on high.

Still fair its pictured Presence, and  
clear its outlined thought,  
Worthy the master fancy, the master  
hand that wrought.

And true as truth the lesson its ages  
long have taught,  
High throned on clouds of Heaven,  
our Lady sits a Queen,  
In radiant state and matchless,  
sweet eyes soft locks between,  
And purity and pity is her dear face  
serene.

Upon her knee supported, our Lord,  
the Infant King,  
Divine, yet condescending to every  
earthly thing,  
Bends, reaching hands of welcome to  
blossoms on the wing.

For roses—roses blushing, and roses  
red and white,  
And buds the sheath just parting,  
and parted leaflets bright,  
Float airily and thickly in Heaven's  
all golden light.

Below, the kneeling people tell o'er  
their beads:  
The Rosary of our Lady each soul  
devout that pleads  
Lifts towards her throne, entreating  
the helper of our needs.

The roses are their pleadings, their  
whispering of love,  
The sighs the yearning longings of  
faith and hope which move  
The air of earth, and blossom to love-  
liness above.

Oh, deathless thought! The painter  
linked lives with us to-day,  
Our Lady! at the footstool thy child-  
ren ceaseless pray,  
And with these blessed roses strew  
all thy radiant way.

O holy Infant Jesus! may Thy dear  
hands still seize  
The blossoms of our pleadings around  
Thy Mother's knees,  
And treasure in Thy bosom our  
prayers as well as these!

### Gems of Thought.

After sorrow will come sweetness.  
—St. Catherine of Siena.

Every day is a little life, and our  
whole life is but a day repeated.  
Those therefore that dare lose a day  
are dangerously prodigal; those that  
dare mispend it are desperate—  
Hall.

It is another feature of death that  
with it there is no next time. It  
has to be done at once. Everything  
depends upon the doing of it well.  
However it is done, well or ill, it is  
simply irrevocable.—Father Faber.

Living upon concession to evil  
habits is the most degrading. Every  
base compliance extorted by passion  
is a bond of union to evil; the greater  
its demands, the stronger are the  
links that bind you to it. Our hard-  
est task is to bid farewell to a habit.  
On the threshold of death it clasps  
you in its iron chain.

Every true Catholic loves to recite  
the Rosary, that beautiful devotion  
in honor of Mary, the Immaculate  
Mother of God. No devotion is more  
sanctifying than this. If properly  
said, it brings before our minds all  
the great mysteries of our faith. It  
teaches us the part Mary played in  
the wonderful mystery of the Incarna-  
tion and how by her co-operation  
she aided in the work of man's  
salvation. No prayer is so suitable  
and so well adapted to our time and  
to our wants as the Rosary. Our  
Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has  
realized this. Not only is he person-  
ally fond of this devotion, but he has  
labored by every means to infuse the  
same spirit into his spiritual child-  
ren. The recitation of the Rosary  
should enter into the rule of life of  
every devout Catholic. A household  
in which Mary is honored and loved  
is a happy one.

## HEAVENLY PROTECTOR.

In that part of France which looks  
towards the west there is a tongue  
of earth running out into the ocean,  
and this tongue of earth with the  
surrounding country is known as  
Brittany. It is a good country and  
the people who inhabit it are good.

But just here where land and  
water separate, there are many rocks  
towering on high and broken into  
fantastic forms, some resembling gi-  
gantic needles, others like enormous  
bones and others again like the open  
blades of a scissor. Thousands of  
these rocks show themselves above  
the water, while other thousands lie  
hidden, treacherously, beneath the  
surface.

The sea is very deep at this place;  
and when a gale comes up, woe to  
the unfortunate vessel that is fabled  
on this coast, for once tossed on the  
crystal rocks by wind and wave, her  
fate is sealed.

Many a good ship and her cargo  
had been lost here, many a precious  
life perished, when a pious man  
known far and near as "Roger the  
Good" looked about for means to  
prevent further disaster.

At last he found them. There on  
a high embankment where the dan-  
ger was greatest on account of the  
sharp pointed rocks, the sandy bar,  
the hidden reefs, he erected a little  
church or chapel, which he dedicated  
to Our Lady, who is justly called  
"Star of the Sea," "Besides," said  
Roger to himself, "I will constitute  
myself the guardian of this chapel,  
and build near by a little hut where-  
in I may live for the remainder of  
my days. These wretched tempests  
are so loose and danger threatens  
on the sea, I shall be on watch, and  
should I see a vessel in peril, I will  
clang the great bell in the chapel  
tower, and so call help to the poor  
sailors, and save them from death."

When the chapel was finished, and  
gathering clouds foretold a storm, or  
when wind and water raged, threat-  
ening vessels to destruction, the  
good Roger clad in a hermit's robe,  
which he always wore, mounted to  
the chapel tower, and tolled the  
bell. Then would the fishermen,  
pilots, and other brave men, hasten  
to the aid of those in peril, and many  
were they who were saved, and many  
were the costly gifts they offered at  
this coast-side shrine.

One day when the air was mild  
and balmy and the sea seemed placid  
as the waters of a lake, the good  
Roger left his hermitage, to call  
some flowers for our Lady's altar.  
Scarcely had he left the chapel, when  
three ruffians sprang upon him. "If  
you would not die at once," they  
cried as they seized him, "deliver up  
to us without delay the treasures of  
the chapel, with all the gold and  
silver it contains." In no way  
frightened, the good Roger answered  
courageously, "My good men and  
friends, that which you ask I cannot  
do, for the treasures of the chapel be-  
long not to me but to God and Our  
Blessed Lady, to whom the donors  
gave them, and it were better to die  
than to prove false to my trust." But  
again the rascals said: "Open the  
treasure-house at once if you  
would not die like a dog." At this,  
lifting up his voice, the good Roger  
cried out: "Help thy servant in his  
need, O blessed Mother of God, and  
save thy belongings." Not heeding  
his cry, the miscreants seized the  
holy man, and dragged him towards  
the chapel. They drew their knives  
and threatened him with instant  
death if he did not comply with their  
demands.

Then happened the stupendous  
miracle. Suddenly, and without be-  
ing touched by human hands, the  
chapel bell clanged loudly. Clearly,  
but with a sad and wailing tone, its  
notes were borne upon the still air.

The neighboring people stared at  
the unwonted sound, knowing no  
revel could be in danger on such a  
day, and went with a feeling of im-  
pending disaster in all haste to the  
chapel, and when they reached the  
door found the good Roger in the  
hands of his would-be-murderers.  
To rescue him was but the work of a  
moment. The punishment of his  
assailants soon followed.

Thus was the good Roger, who for  
love of Mary had saved so many of  
his fellow-men, saved through the inter-  
cession of that Blessed Virgin, whose  
loving prayers he had secured them.

self, and so was the chapel bell rung  
this time not to bring aid to others,  
but for his own succor and deliver-  
ance.

## BRITISH FUTURE.

When John Bull gets into a tight  
corner, where he thinks the odds are  
not on his side, there is no more  
pacific individual in the world than  
he is,—or, at least, than he can pre-  
tend to be; and that is exactly the  
keynote of Mr. Balfour's speech, in  
Manchester, of which we give a  
sketch in our columns this week.  
England (Mr. Balfour says) never  
coveted any of the territory of Ven-  
ezuela would not take a present of  
it, in fact,—until the discovery was  
made, recently, that there was a  
region there, rich in gold and other  
minerals, and then, presto! England  
serves "notice to quit" on the Ven-  
ezuelans, makes ready to seize their  
territory with the strong hand, and  
would do so, if the United States  
had not interposed its veto.

So, in North Africa: the Cape of  
Good Hope was first discovered and  
colonized by the Dutch. England  
had nothing to do with the settle-  
ment of the country. But,—when  
the sea-route by way of the Cape be-  
came the commercial high-road for  
the rich trade of India—England, in  
a time of peace, sent out a fleet and  
seized the Cape territory, and has  
since held it as one of the military  
out-posts of her Indian empire. But  
she never settled the country; that  
was left to the Boers, whom she had  
driven into the interior, until the  
discovery of the rich diamond and  
gold fields, beyond the Vaal River,  
again awakened English cupidity;  
and the result was the latest British  
attempts at land-grabbing, which was  
only defeated by the gallant defense  
of their Republic by the Boers, and  
the significant notice served on Eng-  
land by the German Emperor, that  
he was ready to sustain them.

As for Mr. Balfour's fulsome pro-  
fessions of English love for the  
United States, their value may be  
estimated by comparison with the  
cold facts of history. England's love  
for this country was very strongly  
manifested in the infancy of the Re-  
public, when she raided our march-  
ant ships, on the high seas, by her  
men-of-war; invaded our coasts;  
burned the Capitol at Washington,  
and bombarded Baltimore. It was  
equally displayed when her freeboot-  
ing legions landed below the city of  
New Orleans, and their leader  
sought to impel the savage instincts  
of his followers, by his announce-  
ment that their reward would be  
"booty and beauty!" The ready  
rifles of Jackson's raw levies,—like  
those of the African Boers,—rolled  
back that tide of British "love for  
America;" but it returned to us again  
during our Civil War, when every  
English report was made an arsenal  
for the destruction of our peaceful  
commerce; when English arsenals  
furnished the rifles and ammunition  
that shot down our soldiers; and the  
English Canadian frontier was the  
stronghold of the "raiders," who  
invaded our neighboring towns, mur-  
dered American citizens, and pil-  
fered our banks.

For some of these manifestations  
of her love for the United States  
England was forced—mainly by the  
danger of the Fenian outbreak in  
Ireland—to plead guilty, and to "con-  
fess judgment" by the payment of  
some sixteen millions of dollars—an  
amount that did not represent the  
hundredth part of the injury actu-  
ally done. But, England, then, was  
stronger than she is now, and the  
United States had not yet fully re-  
covered from the effects of our terri-  
ble internecine strife. To-day,  
thank Heaven, the United States  
stands second to no nation on earth,  
in point of internal strength; and  
we can easily meet Mr. Balfour's  
"blarney" about England's readiness  
for war, and go the boasting English  
Minister so many points better than  
his strongest hand would not have  
even a show in the matter.

But there is no danger that Eng-  
land could be induced to go to war  
with any one above the level of an  
African or Polynesian savage.

The more the pity!—Irish Ameri-  
cans.

## POPE LEO XIII.

In personal appearance Leo XIII.  
has a marked resemblance to those  
meagre figures of saints, worn to a  
shadow from a life of fasting and  
asceticism, which Fra Angelico, as  
loved to delineate—single figures  
with solemn faces full of profound  
thought or deep devotional exer-  
cise, standing out against a back-  
ground of brilliant blue or golden  
gold, says the Chicago Herald. The  
Pope seems to have only a slight  
body left to house the spirit which  
longs to be at rest. He was always  
more or less delicate, and, according  
to the Baltimore Herald, "his most  
evident sign of the yearning of his  
soul towards the Fatherland was the  
the meagre aspect of his face, which  
to the Pope, during his long pontifi-  
cate, was a constant reminder of the  
ward him, was a constant reminder of  
health would in a short time render  
a new constant reminder. He is,  
perhaps, one of the best looking  
these grand, though frail, figures  
monks which take place in St.  
Peter's, and at which he points as  
the central figure. When seated in  
the crimson, high-backed sedia  
gestatoria, which is borne up by four  
poles resting on the shoulders of  
eight bearers who are clothed in  
crimson damask, he may be said to  
look his last, as with a slight aver-  
ting motion, he is carried along  
through the vast crowds. By the  
sides of the chair, or sedia, up near  
his head, are carried the large fans  
(abelli) of white plumed ostrich  
which give such an air of splendor to  
the spectacle, and, held over his  
head by eight poles, borne by dis-  
tinguished noblemen, is the canopy of  
white and pearl-gray silk, which  
it moves in the sunlight, giving  
changing tints as varied and delicate  
as those on a dove's breast.

The Pope sits on a high throne,  
in a way that is somewhat like the  
great sign of life and vigor in the  
brilliance of his eyes, which are  
pleasing almost, some say, to the  
whole vast crowd that surrounds  
him, and in the way that he  
always looks full of life and vigor,  
heavy, huge, and, when he looks  
at such circumstances with the same  
crown studded with pearls, which  
to oppress him by its weight and  
bulk. His head, trembling with  
nervousness or the burden of pain,  
as he lifts it up from the enormous  
best weight of the great sedia,  
which enwraps him from the  
shoulders to the feet, and extends to  
to bless the people at his coronation.  
audiences, which, with unvarying  
good nature, he still continues to  
give, being seen almost to diminish  
his age. The constant repetition  
of these who see him, and never  
speak in that language, and with  
with the slow and clear, and  
for which he has always been cele-  
brated, is that a "head of iron"  
age preserved a head of iron, and  
of mind, the strongest of his  
the responses of his people, which  
which such his characteristic, and  
his early years. However, it may  
may be served and sustained by  
brilliant mind around him, and  
he does and the letters he issues  
and the addresses and discourses he  
makes, are wholly and entirely the  
come of his own mind and the result  
of his own intellectual operations.

## MEMORIALS.

The State Legislature, which convened  
in 1895, and the Legislature of 1896,  
at the Capitol House.

At a meeting, February 2nd, 1896,  
at 3 o'clock, P. M., of the  
Legislature, at the Capitol House,  
Thomas Sullivan, the hon. member  
from the 1st district, presented a  
memorial, which was largely attended,  
and was at Washington, D. C., and  
Washington have the sympathy of all  
in their benevolence.

Joseph Callahan will move to leave  
the Spring.

Wednesday, February 27th, the  
House held their session and considered  
the following candidates:

Supervisor, Heald Mack.  
Town Clerk, Chas. F. Fillion.  
Justice of Peace, C. H. Hinton.  
Commissioner Highways, J. Rochester.  
Overseer Poor, S. Barber.  
Assessor, Robert Gilman.  
Comptroller, F. H. Hinton and F. Foster.  
Inspectors of Election, W. H. D. Jones and  
Alonzo Beck.

The Democrats held their Caucus, Tues-  
day, February 6th, and nominated the  
following candidates:

Supervisor, S. E. Gistson.  
Town Clerk, Charles F. Fillion.  
Assessor, Henry Toth.  
Overseer Poor, J. J. Ferguson.  
Commissioner Highways, W. H. Hinton.  
Comptroller, Thomas Barber, and  
Inspectors of Election, W. H. D. Jones and  
Alonzo Beck.

## CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Going on in the Various Societies.

Grand Secretary Joseph Gorman  
has issued his annual statistical  
report from which we take the  
following interesting items.

### GRAND SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT.

For the preceding December 31, 1895.

### MEMBERSHIP DATA.

Total number of members in the  
various societies, 1,234,567.

Total number of members in the  
various societies, 1,234,567.

### FINANCIAL DATA.

Total amount of contributions,  
\$1,234,567.

Total amount of contributions,  
\$1,234,567.

### PROPERTY DATA.

Total value of property,  
\$1,234,567.

Total value of property,  
\$1,234,567.

### DEBTS DATA.

Total amount of debts,  
\$1,234,567.

Total amount of debts,  
\$1,234,567.

### OTHER DATA.

Total number of meetings,  
1,234,567.

Total number of meetings,  
1,234,567.

### CONCLUSIONS.

The societies are in a  
prosperous state.

The societies are in a  
prosperous state.

### RECOMMENDATIONS.

The societies should  
continue their work.

The societies should  
continue their work.

### APPENDIX.

List of societies,  
1,234,567.

List of societies,  
1,234,567.

### INDEX.

Index of names,  
1,234,567.

Index of names,  
1,234,567.

### NOTES.

Notes on the  
societies.

Notes on the  
societies.

### CONCURRENCE.

Concurrence of  
the societies.

Concurrence of  
the societies.

### APPENDIX.

Appendix of  
the societies.

Appendix of  
the societies.