

The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
324 1/2 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.
BY THE
CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

If paper is not received Saturday notify the office Report without delay any change of address giving both old and new.

Communications solicited from all Catholics, accompanied in every instance by the name of the author. Names of contributors withheld if desired. Pay no more, agents unless they have credentials signed by us up to date.

Remittances may be made at our risk, either by draft, express money order, post office money order or registered letter, addressed E. J. Ryan, Business Manager, Money sent in any other way is at the risk of the person sending it.

Discontinuance.—The JOURNAL will be sent to every subscriber until ordered stopped and all arrears are paid up. The only legal method of stopping a paper is by paying up all dues.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
For Year, in Advance.....\$1.00
Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 10 1897.

TELEPHONE 1366.

City News Agents.

The CATHOLIC JOURNAL is sold by the following newsdealers and can be obtained from Saturday mornings.

L. Merk, 334 East Main Street.

E. C. Weidman, 126 State Street.

Yawman & Heislein, 170 E. Main St.

H. Hackett, 100 Frank Street.

J. Soehner, 355 Hudson St.

Mrs. K. L. Wilcox, 744 E. Main Street.

Metzger Bros., 720 N. Clinton Street.

A. E. Hauser, 322 North Street.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

From all over the country come reports of exceptional success on the part of the pupils of Catholic schools.

The "Catholic Standard and Times" of Philadelphia prints an editorial on this subject which is so pertinent that we cannot forbear quoting a part of it as follows:

"The parochial schools of Philadelphia have made a splendid general showing. Progress continues to be exhibited in the number of scholars no less than in the systematization of teaching methods. While the supreme object—the cultivation of the spiritual side of the child's nature—is being successfully attended to in all the schools, the powers of mind and intellect, as well as the physical development of the scholar, are no less an object of solicitude to the teaching staffs. This is true of all the children, as contradistinguished from the results of the old systems, under which only the more precocious scholars had any prospect of advancement.

"Catholic schools have been exceptionally successful in the past season in furnishing brilliant aspirants for the higher courses. Mr. Michael O'Sullivan, a pupil of St. Mary's parochial school of Lawrence, Mass., is the winner of the Harvard university scholarship. The two prizes offered to the school children of Bound Brook, N. J., by the Daughters of the Revolution, for the best essays on "Colonial Life in New Jersey," were both won by pupils of St. Joseph's parochial school—Catherine A. Schea getting the first, Frederick Wildenberger the second. Recently a graduate of Mount St. Mary's, Miss Lillian Kertland, won a similar prize offered by the Philadelphia daughters, and a little previously young Raymond Manogue of Tennessee was the winner of the prize for the best essay on an improved constitution for that state. So it will be seen that our parochial school system by no means conduces to dullness of intellect in matters mundane.

"It will now be the duty of parents and guardians to see that there be no retrogression on the part of the pupils because of the holidays. A little time each day will suffice for the purpose of keeping the mental machinery in order; whereas, if that time be not given, in many cases all the benefits gained by the previous teaching must be lost. This is a matter of the deepest importance, and we trust to parents will be so obtuse or indifferent as to overlook it."

THE JOURNAL extends its congratulations to Very Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., rector of the Catholic University. He has been elevated to the dignity of a monsignor by Pope Leo XIII., who thus signally recognizes and approves his zeal and ability in the conduct of our greatest seat of learning. Monsignor Conaty will be a valuable and honorable acquisition to the ranks of American wearers of the purple.

There was much complaint about the last New York State Legislature, but it was not to be compared with that of Pennsylvania which opened its session on January 2d and closed it on July 1st. It didn't pass a single good law, either.

How are the mighty fallen! A Boston paper alludes to ex-Governor Horace Boies as "Mr. Boies of Iowa."

Subscribes for THE JOURNAL.

A CHANGE NEEDED

It behooves the Boston democrats to withhold their support from their self-constituted champion, the Boston "Post" until it learns not to perpetrate such insults to a nationality, among whom are many adherents of the democratic party, as the following:

"How'd de game come out, mister?"

"What?"

"Boston win?"

"In de nint? Did ye say in de nint, mister? Hully gee, Mickey, did ye hear dat? Boston win in de last o' de nint' wit two out. Run, Mickey, an' tell de ole man—He'll ferget to lick mudder to-night if he hears dis fust. Get a move on, Mickey. If ye was bigger I'd take ye over and set up de beers. Hully gee! Boston win and mudder don't get her reg'lar evenin' soakin'. What do ye tink o' dat?"

The above graphically informs the people of Boston that it is the custom of the average Irish resident of the Hub to beat his wife every night as an example to the children of the household. This monstrous slander is part of the traditional hatred of everything Irish and everything Catholic which came over with the Pilgrims and Puritans, and which has been carefully nurtured by the old Know-Nothings and the modern A. P. A., and the "Post" lays itself open to the charge of bigotry when it gives it a place in its columns.

The "Post" knows, or ought to know, that there are thousands of Irish families in Boston where the domestic virtues prevail as conspicuously as in an equal number of families of any other race or lineage. If it will not recognize this in any other way, these Irish residents should force it to.

THE TROUBLE HAS COME

Already the trouble the JOURNAL prophesied if the grasping mine owners did not show some concession to the miners has come. The officers of the Miners' Union has notified its members that the following scale of wages has been decided upon:

Pennsylvania (Pittsburg district), pick mining, 69 cents per ton.

Ohio, pick mining, 60 cents per ton.

Indiana (bituminous), pick mining, 60 cents per ton.

Illinois (Grape Creek), pick mining, 60 cents per ton.

The balance of the state (Illinois) the mining rate of 1894.

These prices do not seem unreasonable when it is remembered that out of this the miner is required to furnish his light and tools and the price of coal is higher now than ever before at this season. Still the average price paid to the miner is from 50 to 54 cents per ton, and the average weekly wage is from \$5 to \$6.25.

How can men live and support families on such a beggarly pittance? Still it is assumed that the mine owners will not grant the advance and that a strike of some 35,000 persons will ensue. Does not that betoken trouble?

A singular law went into effect in Pennsylvania last week. Under its terms employers are taxed three cents a day for every unutilized alien they hire in any department of labor; failing in this they will not only be required to pay the tax, at the end of proceedings for its enforcement, but will be subject to punishment for misdemeanor by a fine of not less than \$200 and not exceeding \$1,000 for each offense. They are especially authorized to deduct the tax from the wages of their employees. This means, of course, that aliens in Pennsylvania must work for three cents a day less than do native and naturalized citizens. The demand for the new law came, of course, from organized labor. It will be a curious study to see how it works practically.

There was much complaint about the last New York State Legislature, but it was not to be compared with that of Pennsylvania which opened its session on January 2d and closed it on July 1st. It didn't pass a single good law, either.

How are the mighty fallen! A Boston paper alludes to ex-Governor Horace Boies as "Mr. Boies of Iowa."

Subscribes for THE JOURNAL.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS

While the Anglomaniacs were falling over themselves during the jubilee to pay tribute at the shrine of British royalty and while honest Americans were breathing sentiments of good will and friendly congratulations to England and England's queen, the Canadian enobles were amusing themselves by insulting America and all things American.

During the celebration at St. John the American consul put out a United States flag from the widow of his apartments at the Victoria Hotel on the day of the parade. The hotel manager on seeing it ordered a bell boy to remove the hated emblem of American nationality and put a British flag in its place. This was done, and the consul proceeded to another hotel.

At Halifax another American decorated his residence. He made the mistake of including a United States flag in his collection of decorations. This was promptly torn down. From other parts of the Dominion we hear reports of similar performances, all of which go to show how dearly our British "cousins" love us.

Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, writing to an Irish paper about the Turk and his pretensions, says: "The insolence of the Sultan of Turkey has been pampered up to such a point by the policy of the six powers that I can hardly feel surprised even at the audacity of his imperious request to be permitted to attend the jubilee. If, however, it has been made, I trust that prudence and decency will induce the British government to stifle it. The envoys of the great assassin would meet with such a reception as they might not find agreeable." Was it for uttering sentiments like these that the grand old man was excluded from participation in the queen's jubilee?

Says the "Post Express": "It is intimated that the president is having a hard time to find the right man to send as minister to Russia. The difficulty in the case is the cost of living in St. Petersburg in a style corresponding with ambassadorial rank."

The obvious remedy is to reduce the Russian ambassador to the rank of minister or raise the salary of the ambassador.

It has been decided by Bishop Wigger and priests of the diocese of Newark to erect a cathedral in that city. The building will cost at least \$1,000,000, and it is expected it will take ten years to erect it. The seating capacity will be about or above 2,500. Beyond these details and the site little is as yet definitely settled, but it is proposed to break ground for the new edifice late in the present year or early in 1898. Bishop Wigger's many friends in the diocese of Rochester will pray that his life will be spared to witness the dedication of the new edifice.

Here is the way the "Post Express" exposes the fallacies of bimetalism:

"Bryan, the champion of dishonest money, Bryan, the representative of the forces which make for anarchy, Bryan who has at his back every half-baked crank in the country, Bryan, the apostle of discontent, is Tammany's pet hero. It was Bryan whom Tammany most delighted to honor on the Fourth of July. Well, they were made for each other. Tammany is worthy of Bryan, and Bryan of Tammany, and the public welfare demands that both should be squelched."

The new postal law makes it larceny to take a newspaper and refuse to pay for it, says the Toledo "Blade." An Ohio editor impressed this fact on a number of his readers who allowed their subscriptions to run for several years. He sued them and obtained judgment. Most of them pleaded inability to pay upon supplementary proceedings. The editor thereupon had them arrested for larceny and put under bonds for trial.

This is not so bad from the "Catholic Tribune": "A correspondent wants to know the origin of the phrase, 'He isn't in it.' It was first used by an editor who died and went to Heaven and looked around for the man who took his paper and read it three years and refused to pay for it."

Subscribes for THE JOURNAL.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL. St. Matthew, v. 20-14.—At that time Jesus said to His disciples: "For I tell you, that unless your justice abound more than that of the scribes and Pharisee you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. You have heard that it was said to them of old: Thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of judgment. But I say to you, that whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment. And whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council. And whosoever shall say: Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire. If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother; and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift."

What are we to learn from this Gospel? We are to learn that to enter into the kingdom of heaven we must be really and not apparently good, that is, we must have an upright heart animated by charity and subject in all things to the holy law of God, always bearing in mind that true justice does not consist in the external practices of devotion, but rather in the purity of conscience, in the abnegation of our will and in the control of our passions. We are also to learn to abstain from any act of anger, and from saying anything that can offend or give our neighbor pain. Lastly, we are to learn not to be slow in making peace with our neighbor whenever we have displeased him, and also not to make a reconciliation difficult.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, July 11, Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. 1 Pet. II. 8-15. Gosp. Mat. v. 20-23.

Monday, 12—St. John Gualbert, Abbott. SS. Nabor and Felix, Martyrs.

Tuesday, 13—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.

Wednesday, 14—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.

Thursday, 15—St. Henry, Emperor of Germany.

Friday, 16—Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Saturday, 17—St. Alexis, Confessor.

Thousands Celebrate

With thankfulness their restoration to health by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Think of the vast army who have been cured by this medicine—

Men, women and children, who have suffered the consequences of impure blood, who have been the victims of scrofula sores, eruptions, dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness.

They have tried other medicines and have failed to obtain relief. They tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did them good. They persevered in its use and it accomplished permanent cures. Do you wonder that they praise it and recommend it to you?

Artificial Ice.

Artificial ice can be made from any water, but in order to produce it absolutely pure and free from germs and bacteria, which of course, is the only ice suitable for domestic purposes, it is necessary to be equipped with machinery and appliances specially constructed and designed for the work.

The methods used by the Genesee Fruit Co. are in line with the most advanced and scientific ideas. They use Hemlock water which is first filtered, then converted into steam (distilled), then brought back to a liquid condition (condensed), then passes through numerous boilers and filters.

During the entire process, it is kept from coming in contact with the air. The process is an expensive one, but the desired result, purity, is obtained.

Keep Your Head Cool

By wearing a Meng & Shafer's feather-weight straw hat.

MENG & SHAFER.

For a Good, Clean Fire.

Try our celebrated anthracite coal from the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western mines. Jacob S. Haight, Telephone 594-A. Yard and office West avenue, city line. Postoffice, Lincoln park.

Teachers

Before deciding on your route to Milwaukee, call upon the nearest ticket agent of the West Shore R. R. and secure information as to the low rates, and improved service that will be in effect via the Nickle Plate Road. You can save from \$1.50 to \$3.00 in fare. Solid through trains are run and through sleeping cars on three fast express trains daily. Everything the very best at the lowest rates.

For further information write F. J. Moore, Gen'l Agent, 23 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Burn Langie's Coal—It Costs No More.

A guarantee of satisfaction with every ton. Order your winter's supply now at 337 East Main st. Triangle building.

Hats and Caps for Cycling.

We are showing a great many new creations in hats and caps for bicycling. All are feather-weights. Call and examine.

MENG & SHAFER.

SHE KEEPS HER VOW.

BEAUTIFUL ACT OF FAITH PERFORMED BY A WOMAN.

The Walks on Bared Knees From Her Home to the Church—This She Has Done Annually For Sixteen Years The Ordeal Described.

Walking on bared and bended knees for a quarter of a mile along a dusty and stony road is the way in which Mrs. Louisa Williams of San Leandro, Cal., annually pays a debt of gratitude to her Maker. Recently she accomplished this act for the sixteenth time.

Mrs. Williams is the wife of J. P. Williams, who owns a large fruit farm near San Leandro. Seventeen years ago her husband lost his sight. Eminent oculists examined his eyes and all agreed that he would never see again. Then the wife turned to God. She prayed on her bared knees that he restore her husband to sight. She vowed that if her prayer was granted she would walk on her bared knees from her home to the church in the annual procession of the Holy Ghost and that she would feed the poor and care for the distressed.

Her prayers were heard and answered and the eyesight of Williams was restored within a few weeks afterward. Today the fruiter sees as well as any man. Mrs. Williams, her husband, her relatives and all her neighbors realize that her prayers and the performance of the vow caused the miracle to be done. In that belief she has taken her painful journey each year to the church. She took it again this year and will doubtless continue to take it while the power to travel remains.

There has never been ostentation of preparation on the part of Mrs. Williams for the journey, and on this last occasion she made no exception to the rule. Clad in her everyday garb, carrying in her upraised hands the silver crown which represents the crown of the Holy Ghost, she walked from her home to the church, kneeling reverently, and with her hands and eyes upraised proceeded to move on her knees to the church, a full quarter of a mile away. Slowly she toiled the distance, bareheaded, in the sun, her lips moving in prayer, while the flints and the stones on the highway cut into her flesh.

It took her over an hour to complete the journey, the people along the route standing prayerfully by as she slowly passed along. Once in the church the woman, almost overcome from exhaustion, prayed for the continued favor of her Creator. Her journey is a simple one, but for the faith expressed and the sublimity of veneration it outstrips even the Pentecostal journey proper which takes place on Pentecost and which this year was particularly beautiful.

The procession was formed at the Hall of the Holy Ghost, a dozen blocks distant from the Catholic church. There were 100 girls in line, ranging in age from tiny tots of 6 to young ladies. All were dressed in white, some with pink and some with blue sashes, all without hats, their hair being decorated with ribbons.

At the rear of the procession was the silver crown, representative of the crown of the Holy Ghost, which was borne by Miss Lena Wilson, assisted by Annie Furtado, a 6-year-old miss. Miss Wilson was escorted by Misses Lida Frates, Lena Cunha, Mamie Fields and Annie Sillo.

While the procession was en route to the church the directors of the association, Manuel Silva, Manuel Diaz, Antonio Lucas, Jackson Silva and John Cardoso, exploded small bombs, which are especially prepared for the occasion. At the church mass was celebrated by Rev. Fathers McAvoy and Alfred.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ORDER OF CARMELITES.

Triennial Chapter of the Province in Conventio in Canada.

The triennial chapter of the American province of the monks of the order of Mount Carmel was convoked at Falls View, Canada, recently.

The order at present numbers about 1,500 the world over. They are divided among many convents under the immediate supervision of priors. A number of convents, three or more, form a province, the superior of which is called the provincial prior, the office now held by Very Rev. Father Mayer. At the head of the entire order is the prior general, who is now Very Rev. Aloysius M. Gallil.

The provincial chapter, which selects the superiors of convents, is composed of the local priors and of delegates chosen by each community. The prior general is elected by the provincials of the entire order and the special delegates of the provinces at the general chapter, which is held every six years, generally at Rome.

The Carmelite monks of North America form the province of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Provinces have been established at Pittsburg, New Baltimore, Somerset county, Pa.; Englewood, N. J.; Falls View, Canada; Leavenworth and Solpio, Kan., and San Antonio.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Converts to Catholicism.

In a record of notable persons who have united with the Roman Catholic communion within the past three months as converts from other denominations the Paulist fathers mention Charles Hanson Towne, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Miss Susie E. Swift, head of the Auxiliary League of the Salvation Army; Rear Admiral Tremlett of the British navy, United States Marshal John B. McCarty, Aubrey Beardsley, the artist, of London, and Edward Scott Marble, actor and dramatist. They quote Cardinal Gibbons as authority for the statement that there are received into the church every year in this country 80,000 converts. This is an estimate obtained by calculating on a basis of actual numbers received in the archdiocese of Baltimore.

THE CHURCH GROWS.

INTERESTING STATISTICS ON CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

What Has Become of the Four Million Catholic Immigrants From Ireland?—Not All Remain in the Church—Bright Prospects For the Future.

The United States census of 1890 systematically sets forth the religious condition of Catholics in this country so far as it may be described in such external points as the number of communicants, ecclesiastical divisions of territory, the seating capacity of churches and the value of church property. We number 6,231,417 members and worship in 10,331 temples. We have 13 archbishops and 68 bishops. As a religious denomination we are the first in numbers, the second in church property and the fourth in seating capacity. Half of us are in five states—namely, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. We are massed in the chief city of each of these states. Philadelphia comes fourth in Catholic population after New York, Boston and Chicago. Our people float about in the great cities. Some would say we disappear in them like snowflakes in a river. Certainly we are not rooted in the soil.

Lord Palmerston used to say that nothing is so deceptive as figures except facts. We know that there are more than 10,000,000 in the country that ought to belong to the Catholic church by the terms of our communion, which includes all that are baptized. The census excludes our children under 9 years. Still, when we compare the census of 1890 with the statistics of 1867, which gave us 150,000 members and 80 churches, we should be ungrateful and unreasonable not to thank God, who, after all, giveth the increase, whosoever plants or waters.

Yet the questions force themselves on us: What has become of the 4,000,000 immigrants, chiefly Catholics from Ireland, that landed on our shores from 1840 to 1867? Where are their children? Not all, certainly, in the church of their fathers. Nevertheless we should not be discouraged after even our enormous losses. We have just ground to hope for a bright future for Catholicity from the fair mindedness and intelligence of the American people. We are free from state interference. We have shown the nation in peace and in war that a good Catholic is a good citizen. The Americans see that we prize education and that we support our full share of universities, colleges and schools. We open our hospitals and orphanages to all, without a question about creed or color. There is scarcely an American Protestant family that is not allied with Catholics by ties of blood, of marriage or of conversion. This is the heaven. Comparatively few Americans now believe that Catholics pay the priest to forgive them their sins, that they worship idols and adore the Virgin more than God, or that they are ready to cut their Protestant neighbor's throat at the command of the pope.

Still, I am not one of those sanguine Catholics who predict a general advance of our religion in the United States. The whole course of modern religious thought is opposed to the exclusive claims of Catholicism. A gushing sentimentalism seeks to eliminate definite articles of faith as unnecessary and doctrinal conditions of communion as uncharitable. Men are restless under even the lightest pressure of church authority. The Roman Catholic church is nothing if not dogmatic, positive and insistent upon the obedience of the faith. Our unchangeable creed is peculiarly offensive to the self styled leaders of a progress which insists upon ignoring the past and its traditions, nor need we be surprised at the defection of Catholics who fancy that the church is narrow, illiberal and out of harmony with a broad minded acceptance of every vagary of religious opinion. Such Catholics forget that the church let England go rather than sanction a divorce and that she lost Germany sooner than accept Luther's interpretation of one text of Scripture.—Father Joseph V. O'Connor.

The Most Inevitable.

The most inevitable thing in the world is moral genius. The timid lose their faith on the slightest provocation. To feel and see the world's evils and to hold on to one's faith in goodness and justice is moral genius. This is the faith against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.—Catholic Universe.

Discontent.

Down in the field one day in June
The flowers all bloomed together
Saw one, who tried to hide himself
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high
And felt a little laxy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she was a daisy.

For daisies grow so big and tall,
She always had a passion
For wearing daisies about her neck
Just in the daisy's fashion.

And buttercups must always be,
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although the gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this and young daisy,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day while you are flying."

"You dilly thing!" the robin said.
"I think you must be crazy.
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you,
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you."

"Though swallows keep me out of sight
We'd better keep our places,
Perhaps the world would go all wrong
With one too many daisies."

"Look bravely up into the sky
And be content with knowing
That God washed for the buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

—Sarah Orne Jewett in Weekly Souquet.