

The Catholic Journal.

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THE ANGELUS HOUR.

[Written on the lower river, near St. Bernard's.]

The day is done. The setting sun
Sinks slowly in the west,
And o'er my heart there steals a peace,
A feeling sweet of rest.
Afar off from the convent tower
Half hidden by the trees,
A sound of sacred melody
Is wafted by the breeze.

The Angelus. Oh! pray for us,
Our Holy Mother dear;
In form and strife shield us from harm
And watch thou ever near.
Our erring footsteps safely guide,
And keep them ever true;
Thy hour, O Virgin, is thine own,
Make now our faith secure.

Oh, blessed hour! what wondrous power
Thou givest to the heart;
Thou fillest hearts with blissful calm
And maketh unrest flee.
And when night's starry curtain falls,
With doubt no longer given,
My soul with joyous ecstasy
Pours forth a prayer to Heaven.

LEO A. MACSWEENEY.

Rochester, N. Y., July, 1897.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

KEEPS OPEN SEVEN DAYS IN THE WEEK.

A Protestant Minister Discusses the Good Points in Our Religion and Commends Our Hospitals and Schools.

Rev. F. J. Van Horn of the Dane street church, Beverly, paid a remarkable tribute to the Catholic church in a sermon recently. His subject was "The Good Things I see in a Catholic Church." The hymns and music were selected with relation to the subject of the sermon. The anthem was the Gloria, from Mozart's twelfth mass, the first hymn "O Christ, Our King, Creator Lord," and was written by Gregory the great, the author of the Gregorian chants and the octave system in music; the second hymn was "My God, I love Thee," and was written by Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, the third that old familiar and always beautiful hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," was written by Cardinal Newman, and the last hymn, "O Sacred Head Now Wounded," written by Bernard, a monk who was after canonized a saint by the church. The responsive readings were the magnificent and the benedictions.

Rev. Mr. Van Horn first traced the divine foundation of the Catholic church and the delivering of the keys to St. Peter. He spoke of the wonderful organization of the church, and then showed his Protestant hearers how they might profit by following the example of the Catholics in various matters. He said:

"I want to make a number of good points which we can learn from the Roman Catholic church. First, they build good churches. A good church building is a good thing for the city in which it is located. It increases the valuation of property and the growth of the city. They select an advantageous location, and their church buildings are almost always built of brick or stone, and this large church has a tendency to bring a larger population around it. Would to God that we Protestants might profit by this.

"Another good thing about the Catholic church is that the church is kept open seven days in the week. I don't know whether that would be a good thing for us or not, for I am afraid we could not get people to go in, but I know the open door is an object lesson to every passer by.

"There is one of the large churches in Boston that announced that the church would be closed until Sept. 19. Do you wonder that the Ram's Horn came out with the picture of a church covered with placards, one of which read 'Postpone your funerals until Sept. 19'; another, 'If you want to be converted, wait until Sept. 19.' To our shame be it.

"May God have mercy on the church that can shut up its building and stop its work for two and one-half months, for the time will come when it will be closed 12 months in the year.

"Another good thing is, that the rich and poor meet in this church on a level. There are churches in America, and some of them are Congregationalists, too, where the poor man is not wanted. Some of these old family churches, for one family only, would find fault if their church was crowded as this one is to night. May God have mercy on such churches! We have this to learn from our Catholic brethren.

"Secondly, the Catholic church knows how to raise money; if you do not believe that is a good thing, ask our parish committee. How do they

raise it? They appreciate small gifts. The Catholic church is composed largely of the middle classes, and yet they build the finest churches, and it is done by the many constant gifts of the multitude. The Catholic church knows that it costs money to run a church, and says to every man, 'You must bear your part of the burden.'

"Another thing, the Catholic churches build and maintain hospitals. In western cities, the best and largest hospitals are maintained by the Catholic church. But you say they use them for proselyting. Why shouldn't they? They build them. Where are the Protestants? I never heard of a Congregational hospital, did you?

"The Catholic church takes care of its children; it expects them at the proper age to become members of the church. We may not accept the rite, but we must accept the principle. Do we Protestants expect our children to become members of the church? No, we hope they will. The Catholic church believes in parochial schools, not because they are better than public schools, but because they teach the doctrines of the church.

"The principle is right. We ought to insist that our public schools are not, as some of them have been, hot-beds of vice. We ought to see to it that our Sunday school teachers are more in earnest, and that the children are taught that the church is for them.

"Catholic people stand by each other. Some of you think, perhaps, they do too much; they bring into politics, but we ought to have a Christian party in politics. The politician talks of the Irish vote, of the whiskey vote. But did you ever know of a politician who ever catered to the Christian? We ought to stand together.

The Catholic church recognizes the idea of authority. I am not sure that it is not better for a man to confess to the priest than not to confess his sins at all. Whatever the power or the key may be there is a power in the church, I may not say to you, 'You must go to heaven or hell,' but I declare unto you the gospel of Jesus Christ, will you accept it? The door of heaven is open, will you enter? Will you accept the key of the knowledge of God and enter into his eternal heritage?—Catholic Advocate.

REV. PETER HAVEMANS

Funeral of one of the Oldest Clergymen in This Country.

Troy, July 26.—The funeral of Rev. Peter Havemans, which took place to-day from St. Mary's church, was attended by about 100 clergymen from all portions of the country. During last night and to-day the body was viewed by about 20,000 people. The officers of the mass was as follows:

Right Rev. P. A. Ludden, celebrant of mass; assistant priest, Rev. J. L. Reilly, M. R., Schenectady; deacons of honor, Very Rev. James McDermott, V. F. and M. R., of Glens Falls, and Very Rev. James E. Duffy, V. F., of Rensselaer; deacon of mass, Rev. Michael Mulligan, of St. Mary's, Troy; sub-deacon, Rev. Matthew Rhatigan, of St. Mary's church, Troy; master of ceremonies, Rev. C. J. Shea, Albany, chancellor; preacher, Rev. J. F. Lowry, Cohoes; chanters, Rev. J. J. O'Brien, Sandy Hill; Rev. P. P. Dempsey, Johnsonville.

Right Rev. Bishop Gabriels sat with Bishop Ludden and was attended by Vicar General Walsh, of Plattsburgh, and Rev. Father Herfkins, of Albany. The body was interred in St. Mary's cemetery this afternoon.

THEIR ANNUAL RETREAT.

The following letter has been sent by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden to the priests of the Syracuse diocese:

REV. DEAR SIR:

The annual retreat for the clergy this year will commence at St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester, on Monday, August 23d. As it will last but a few days—closing on following Friday morning—all ought to be present at the opening exercises. If there be any legitimate obstacle to your being present, please notify me, that I may make necessary arrangements for you to make a retreat privately and at a convenient time, so that you may not be deprived of so inestimable a blessing.

Your obedient servant in Christ,
P. A. LUDDEN,
Bishop of Syracuse.
Syracuse, N. Y., July 15, 1897.

We have a select line of fine wedding invitations at reasonable prices. Call and see them at the CATHOLIC JOURNAL office, 324 1/2 East Main St.

MISSING MASS.

Some of the Reasons Given by the Devout Considered.

Many and varied are the reasons which Catholics are accustomed to allege to excuse their absence from the House of God on Sunday. Some of these reasons are laughable, others serious; some are worthless, others worthy of consideration; some are the product of ignorance, others are inspired by pride; some are the offspring of stubbornness, that is reprehensible, others are prompted by feelings of the heart that strip men of their manhood and deserve the severest condemnation. Placed in close contact they form a strange picture and furnish a sad commentary on the faith of too many Catholics, that give evidence that they are unworthy of the many precious favors which the church bestows upon them in the innocent, happy and glad days of childhood. Let us now consider some of the reasons that keep Catholics from Mass.

A not infrequent reason of a certain class is that of being "too tired." I am too tired on Sunday morning, Father to assist at Mass. As a rule this excuse is utterly worthless. Coming from one of weak frame, or one whose habitual health is far from being rugged, it might pass unchallenged or with little adverse comment; but coming as it too frequently does from strong, healthy vigorous men, it is ridiculous. It stamps its maker as one of little faith and of less sincerity. He fails to realize the awkwardness of his position. He does not see, or if he does, it makes impression upon him, that his neighbor is as hard a worker as himself; that his hands and feet and head are as busily employed upon the labor assigned him as are his own. He seems to forget that his neighbors hours are as long and his work as heavy as his; that his arms ache as well as his own and that his feet are as weary as his. And yet his neighbor cheerfully recognizes his obligations to his Creator and discharges his duty of thankfulness. He is in his pew, that is regularly paid for, Sunday after Sunday worshipping his God according to the lights vouchsafed him and returning thanks for his health and strength and for the work which, though laborious, enables him to gain for himself and family, if he have one, a respectable and comfortable livelihood. But the "tired" Catholic sleeps the morning out or fritters his time away in a manner that gives no honor to God. What in his case is mysterious and beyond comprehension is the fact that it is on Sunday morning only that this tired feeling takes possession of him. On Tuesday, on Thursday, and on Saturday he goes forth on his errand of labor fully conscious, and perhaps proud of his strength and ability to perform the labor required of him. Wherefore this difference? Is it in the atmosphere he inhales on Sunday morning, or does it spring from that sense of freedom from labor that surrounds a man on the Lord's day? No. If we search for the true reason we shall find it in the man's own perverse will; in his complete and culpable failure to realize his dependent condition. The same power that enables him to wield his strong right arm in labor on Monday could also wither it and strike it helpless at his side. The same power that guides his footsteps to the workshop in the morning could permit him to walk down to death before the setting of the sun. The same power that feeds and clothes him and his, the same Providence that watches with loving solicitude over him could make him penniless in the twinkling of an eye and send him forth into the world a mendicant. But his bad will prevents him from seeing and acknowledging all this. He is so selfish, so wrapped up in himself that he refuses to listen to our Blessed Lord saying from the depths of His adorable heart: "Come to me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

Perhaps, I am paying this class of persons too much attention. However, let me advert to a strange peculiarity so noticeable in these Catholics who are "too tired" to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Too fatigued to worship God for a brief hour on Sunday, it is marvelous what strength and readiness and agility they display when plodding through the woods or over the fields with gun and dog, or the infinite patients they exhibit when angling for the fish that never bites. They can hunt and fish; they can walk, scorch and skate; they can "do the chores" about the house without any fear of immediate dissolution, but they cannot go into the silence of God's temple and at the foot of

the altar commune Him who longs to clasp them, sinful though they be, to His Sacred Heart. He is their all. He is the term of their existence. From Him has come every good and perfect gift that is theirs. To Him will they render an account of their stewardship. But worship Him, honor Him, love Him, serve Him—perish the thought!

No, No! The average "tired" Catholic is not "tired." He simply refuses to bend his stubborn will and give his heart to his Creator.—Rev. James H. O'Donnell, in Catholic Telegraph.

A HUMAN TARGET.

A CLOTH THAT IS ABSOLUTELY BULLET-PROOF.

Resurrectionist Brother Casimir Zeglen Lets Himself Be Shot At.

Inventor Casimir Zeglen, encased in bullet-proof cloth, allowed five pistol shots to be fired at his breast in Chicago the other day. They were discharged from revolvers ranging in caliber from 32 to 44. Lieut. Sarnecki, of the Austrian army, fired the shots at a distance of ten paces. Medical men were present with long knives and probing instruments, expecting a catastrophe.

So convinced were they of the invulnerability of the armor, however, after three shots had been fired at Zeglen, that Dr. F. H. Westerschulte, one of their number, allowed the Austrian officer to make a target of him. Zeglen's bullet proof cloth had been previously tried on dogs, sheep and corpses, but to make the series of experiments complete it was necessary to use a human target. Many people, both men and women, offered their services in this capacity for money, but the inventor refuses to permit any one to risk his life except himself.

The experiments were held on the roof of Dr. I. C. Borland's private hospital, Ogden avenue and West Twelfth street, Chicago. A cabinet was made of wood and iron with an opening near the top where Zeglen was to expose his chest covered with the bullet-proof cloth to the aim of Lieut. Sarnecki. Zeglen expressed no fear of serious results, and took it as quite a joke when one of the doctors wanted to bid him good-by as he stood in position to receive the bullets.

The first shot was from a 32-caliber revolver. The minute the smoke cleared away the spectators rushed to the cabinet, expecting to see the inventor seriously injured, if not dead. Instead of this, he was smiling. The concussion, he said, produced a temporary stinging sensation, but that was all.

Then a second shot from the same revolver was fired with the same results. For the third test a 38-caliber Colt's revolver was used. Zeglen explained the sensation this time as though some one had poked him in the ribs with his knuckles. There was no lasting pain.

Dr. Westerschulte became so enthusiastic over the experiments that he asked to take Zeglen's place for a shot. One shot from a 32-caliber revolver was fired at him. Beneath the cloth he wore only a thin negligee shirt, yet he declared the concussion hurt him no more than if some one had given him a slight poke with a cane.

The last test was with a big Colt's gun of 44-caliber. Zeglen stood this as he did the rest, the only difference being a little greater jar. After the tests Zeglen was stripped and examined; but not a mark could be found on his body. Among the medical men who witnessed the experiments were Drs. L. C. Borland, E. L. Copeland, W. S. White, J. Freidenger, F. H. Westerschulte, W. A. MacFarland and P. T. Burns.

Foreign consuls in Chicago will send to their governments extensive reports on the outcome of the experiment with the bullet proof cloth.

Brother Zeglen has received his patent right from Great Britain. He has already patented his invention in all the countries of the western continent, and asked for similar recognition from the governments of Europe.

OUR NEW PREMIUM FOR 1897.

Have you seen our premium for 1897 which we are going to present to paid in advance subscribers this year? It is a handsome picture of the Crucifixion, 17-24, beautifully colored in artistic shades, and is certainly a picture that should be in every household in the diocese. Every subscriber, both old and new, that pays \$1.00 in advance, is entitled to one.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Rev. Fr. McKenna, the well known Dominican, relates the following story of the power of prayer, accompanied with a strong resolution:

"I was one day walking along one of the streets of Philadelphia, when a man accosted me.

"Are you the priest who preached on drunkenness last night in St. church?"

"I am."

"Excuse me for speaking to you here, but I want to say something to you, if you will permit me."

"What is it?"

"Do not take it amiss if I tell you that you did not sufficiently insist on prayer as a means of overcoming that vile vice. Father, I was one of the worst drunkards in this city. I am a blacksmith by trade. Between my house and my shop are three saloons. On awaking each morning my first thought was to visit the nearest; then after breakfast I visited the second, then the third, and by the time I got to my shop I was generally under the influence of drink. My habit was then to curse the men, the horses, the fire, the iron, everything. In my blasphemy I was generally imitated by my men. In the evening I again visited the three saloons, where I found a number of unfortunates in seedy, greasy garments, with stooped shoulders and heads hanging down, waiting for the old blacksmith to call them in with him to drink. In the saloon they would clap me on the back and say, 'Long life to you, old fellow!' or, 'More power to your strong arm!' Having visited the three saloons I would go home more mad than a rational being, and on entering my house I would begin to abuse and curse my good and loyal wife, to smash the furniture, or beat my poor children, who would generally run from me in fear and terror. My home, father, was a hell."

"Well, about ten years ago, I heard a powerful sermon on prayer as a means of conquering all vices. I felt a great desire to put that means to a test. That night before leaving the church I begged my heavenly Father with all the earnestness of my soul, for the love of His Son, Jesus Christ, who died for me, to give me strength to overcome my passion for drink. When I went home that prayer was repeated with all the earnestness of my soul. I also begged Our Blessed Lady to help me overcome my bitterest enemy. Next morning when I woke I felt the old craving. The demon seemed to whisper, 'You cannot get along without some; take a little.' I threw myself on my knees, and from the depths of my soul I begged God and my Blessed Mother to strengthen a poor weak sinner."

"I started to work. O, Father, God only knows the fight I had with my depraved appetite! But I was determined to conquer or die. My prayer went on as I walked past the saloons. I saw one proprietor come with a smile to the door to welcome me in, but I passed on. When I came to my shop my men saw at a glance that I was not as usual. Soon I heard them curse and blaspheme as before. But I said, 'Men, there has been enough of this; I am going to stop it. You must also stop it here, or get a job elsewhere.' No more was said then, but the blasphemy stopped. They saw I meant what I said. Evening came. I had the same battle, Father. But God be praised! my prayer continued, and strength came with it. I passed the saloons. The poor thirsty creatures were expecting me as usual. When they saw me pass they looked at each other in amazement. 'I could hear one say, 'What in hell is the matter with old Booby?' When I got home I saw how bewildered my wife looked, and how joy gradually took the place of fear. My children fled at my approach as usual, but by and by they began to peep into the dining room, then gradually came nearer and nearer. Soon my youngest child was on my knee, its arms around my neck, and the others gathered around me. There were tears in the eyes of my poor wife, but this time they were tears of joy. Father, ten years have since passed, and now, I thank my God, I hate that vile drink as I hate hell itself. Oh, Father, insist on prayer as the most powerful means of overcoming every evil habit!"—Catholic Advocate.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Transpiring in the Society of Fraternities—Current Conditions.

Bilocalian Rifles.

On the occasion of the departure of comrade C. J. Dolan for the Thousand Islands, owing to his illness from an attack of bronchitis and malaria, his many friends assembled at his residence, 496 North St. Paul street, where they had an enjoyable time and escorted him to N. Y. C. depot, for the 8.20 a. m. train, wishing him "bon voyage" and recuperation of health. Mr. Dolan intends to return to this city September 1st. Some of his most intimate friends, including T. Conway, W. J. O'Brien, M. J. Conner, R. Graham and M. J. Scanlan, will leave this city August 23d for the Thousand Islands, where they intend spending the remaining part of their vacation with their fraternal friend, Mr. Dolan. Owing to the absence of some of the Aurora club at our last picnic at Silver Lake, it is hoped that Mr. Paul, as president, will try and get his members together to join us in our trip to escort the brother back again to his old home in Rochester, he being a true, faithful, trustworthy and intelligent member.

The picnic of the Central council of the C. R. & B. A. has been postponed until Thursday, August 25th on account of the rainy weather. All tickets sold will be good on that day. A good program of sports has been arranged and a good time can be looked for.

The Knights of St. John, First regiment, are to have their annual field day at Glen Haven, August 11.

Division 4, A. O. H., celebrated their fourth anniversary Monday evening.

Stole Capt. Burke's Clothing.

Thomas Scott, a young man about 25 years of age, was arraigned in police court Thursday morning on a charge of grand larceny in the second degree, by stealing four coats and two pairs of pants from Jas. E. Burke's clothing store, at the corner of Cortland street. The property stolen, and which has been recovered, is valued at \$35, and includes a uniform coat of the Hibernian Knights, of which Mr. Burke is captain.

The clothing was stolen about 11 o'clock from the hallway on Mr. Burke's premises, and the owner immediately reported the matter to the police, and Detective Lynch and Lieutenant Sherman and Officer O'Connor went to work on the case. They learned that Scott had been seen running with the bundle, and they found the bundle at his home with the bundle of clothing concealed there.

The examination of Scott will not occur till Saturday morning. He is married and has been out of work some time.

Society Calendar.

C. J. E. A.

Monday—18, 134.

C. J. E. A.

Monday—25, 21.

Monday—11.

Wednesday—29, 74.

Thursday—15, 40.

D. O. F. E.

Tuesday—5, 6.

Wednesday—5.

A. O. E.

Monday—4.

Tuesday—1.

Wednesday—1.

C. V. E. L.

Tuesday—20.

Thursday—22.

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