The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
34½ 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 contributor withheld if desired.

Pay no money to 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 R. J. Ryan, Business Manager. Money sent in any other way is at the risk of the person sending it.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per Year, In Advance.....$1.00

Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.

TELEPHONE 3771.

City News Agents.

The CATHOLIC JOURNAL is sold by the following newsdealers, and can be obtained of them Saturday mornings:

L. Merk, 234 East Main street.
E. C. Weidman, 126 State Street.
Yawman & Heislein, 170 E. Main St.
H. Hackett, 78 Jones 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.

A CATHOLIC DAILY PAPER

A discussion on the above caption has been going the rounds of the Catholic press and the majority of the editors see no possible way for the establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper such as would be a credit to our holy religion. The Providence Visitor offers some sensible suggestions on the question whether it is advisable or practicable to establish and maintain a Catholic daily paper in the United States. After reciting the numerous objections raised, such as the lack of capital, the impossibility of securing an editor equal to the task and of obtaining a national circulation, Dr. Dowling says: "The real difficulty, however, is the indifference of Catholics to all things intellectually Catholic. It may be harping on an old note to say so, but it is a note apparently so often heard as to have made our ears dull to its warning. We may become anything we like to dream. We may go down to the bottom of our institutions and interweave Catholic thought with every root and fibre of our national life, and some time or other we may baptize the nation en masse as St. Remigius baptized Clovis and his Franks, but judging the country from what is near at hand, we give no indication of of doing these things. Who is it that talks of Catholics being shocked by the present 'dailies'? Why, they it is who buy the unspeakable 'yellows' and revel in them on Sunday after mass. They do not mind 'shows' where everything is shown. They half believe your slanders of the church, and as for your 'daily' they would ridicule it to death if you got out your first copy. Until Catholics change, your daily might as well serve as a topic for perennial discussion merely."

The Monitor says: "Our humble opinion is that there will no Catholic daily paper in this country during our day and generation. Our co-religionists in the eastern states have, doubtless, the means of establishing one, and could probably procure brain power enough to run it. We fear, however, that they will not be got to invest in the scheme, at least to such an extent as to warrant a hope of success. Our people are very generous. They give to all causes but one, and that is literature. Here, for some, to us unaccountable reason, they stop short. We are better off here in this respect, than they appear to be in the east. But throughout the whole country it cannot be said that the Catholic press gets the support its importance and necessity demand, or that Catholic literary movements receive the appreciation that makes for usefulness. Everybody who thinks or writes or speaks upon the subject admits this, but nobody seems to be able to give a remedy for it."

The True Witness of Montreal, Can., says:

"It is with great surprise that we have read, in many of our American Catholic contemporaries, editorial articles opposed to the idea of starting a Catholic daily newspaper. Some of the reasons urged against the project are altogether too ridiculous to be noticed. The best answer that can be made to them is to point to the fact that thriving Catholic dailies are published in Dublin, Cork, Belfast and other Irish cities, in not one of which is there nearly the Catholic population of New York or Chicago; in Paris and other continental European capitals—nay, even in the town of Frieburg, Switzerland. The Catholics of those cities are not in any way different from their co religionists of the United States; and the only difference between the editors of the Catholic dailies published there and those of their Protestant contemporaries is that of religious belief. Those Catholic editors are not at all endowed with the ideal attributes which some of our American weekly contemporaries, in their inexperience or innocence, to put it mildly, consider to be necessary qualifications. They are simply Catholic journalists, who have been trained on daily newspapers. Their faith and their training are the only qualifications which they have, and these are all that they require.

It is discreditable that there is not a single Catholic daily newspaper in the United States, where there are so many big cities which contain large numbers of Catholics, some of whom are millionaires, and where the English language is almost universally spoken.

Montreal has already set a good example in this respect. Several years ago, when the English-speaking population of the city was but from 35,000 to 40,000, and when there were two well conducted and enterprising English morning papers and two evening papers as well, not to speak of other Protestant daily papers which came into the city daily from neighboring towns, The Post, a catholic daily, was started and had a brilliant and successful career of ten years. The enterprise was launched with a subscribed capital of $40,000, of which fifty per cent. was paid up. That it dropped out of existence was due to the fact that the capital was not, as several Catholic business men had urged, $75,000, so as to enable it to meet the rivalry of its secular contemporaries. To start a similar catholic daily now would require only $100,000 capital. The present is, we believe, an opportune time to launch such an enterprise, seeing the continued and increasing ostracism to which the English speaking Catholics of the Dominion are subjected, and the growing fondness for sensationalism evinced by the secular press. The history of the Post shows what courage, determination and enthusiasm can do, even in spite of the paucity of individual wealth."

The month of August is dedicated to devotion towards the heart of the Blessed Virgin, and it brings another notable Marian feast in the Assumption, which, as is well known, falls on the 15th. Other prominent August feasts are St. Peter-in-chains, 1; St. Alphonsus Liguori's, 2; St. Dominic's, 4; the Transfiguration of Our Lord, 6; St. Lawrence's, 10; St. Clara's, 12; St. Bernard's, 20; St. Jane Frances of Chantal's, 21; St. Joachim's, 22; St. Bartholomew's, 24; St. Augustine's, 28; Beheading of St. John the Baptist, 29, and St. Rose of Lima's, 29.

The Syracuse Sun says: "Thirty languages were heard at an entertainment given some days ago by seminarians of the Propaganda college in Rome in honor of the Pope. An English student opened the proceedings with an address in Italian, and then followed essays, poems, etc., in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Coptic, Armenian, Chinese, Malabaree, Hindustani, Persian, Turkish, Zulu and Kaffir, being followed by others in French, English, German, Polish, Portuguese, ancient and modern Greek, Latin and Italian, Gaelic, Slav, Albanese, Dutch, Roumanian, Norwegian and Hungarian. Truly the Catholic church is universal—the religious home of all people and all tongues."

DEATH OF V REV J F O HARE

As we go to press comes the sudden announcement of the death of Very Rev. James F. O'Hare, vicar general of the diocese. Father O'Hare was taken suddenly ill while out riding Wednesday afternoon, and after being taken to St. Mary's hospital an operation was peformed for appendicitis. He died shortly after. By his death the church loses one of its most earnest workers, and his sudden demise will bring sorrow to many hearts, not only among his parishioners but through many states in the Union. He labored earnestly and faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord, and his Master has called him for his eternal reward. Requiescat in Pace.

The venerable Bishop Mullen of Erie and Bishop Phelan of Pittsburg celebrated anniversaries of their consecration this week Tuesday. The former prelate completed on the anniversary in question his thirtieth year in the purple, and the latter on the same day finished his thirteenth year in the episcopal ranks. Both these jubilarians are of Irish nativity, Bishop Phelan hailing from Kilkenny county, whereas Dr. Mullen first saw the light of day in the county Donegal. The Erie prelate, before his consecration, labored as a priest in the district over which Bishop Phelan now presides as bishop.

Joseph O'Connor, formerly editor of the Post Express, has resumed his connection with that paper.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Luke, xviii 9-14

At that time: "To some who trusted in themselves as just and despised others Jesus spoke this parable. Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee standing prayed thus with himself. O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men: extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as also is this publican. I fast twice a week; I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not so much as lift up his eyes toward heaven, but struck his breast, saying. O God! be merciful to me a sinner! I say to you that this man went down into his house justified rather than the other; because every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

By this parable the Divine Saviour wanted to teach those who were present, as well as all future Christians, how necessary it is to close our eyes to our own merits and virtues in order to avoid the sin of pride. He assures us that only the humble of heart are pleasing to God, and they alone can obtain His favors.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, August 7—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.—St. Cajetan, confessor. St Donatus, Bishop and Martyr. Less. Ecclus. xxxi 8-11. Gosp Matt. vi. 24-33. Last Gosp. Luke xviii. 9-14

Monday, 8—SS. Cyriacus, Largus and Smaragdus, martyrs.

Tuesday, 9—Vigil of St. Lawrence. St. Romanus, martyr.

Wednesday, 10—St. Lawrence, martyr

Thursday, 11—Of the Octave of St. Lawrence.

Friday, 12—St. Clar, virgin.

Saturday, 13—Of the Octave. SS Hippolytus and Cassius, martyrs. Vigil of the Assumption. Fast.

THE BISHOP'S PICTURE.

Every Catholic Family in the Diocese Should Have One.

As this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid as a priest and his thirtieth as a bishop, every Catholic family in the diocese should be in possession of our beautiful large photograph (not lithograph), 11x14 inches of the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The picture will be given to every subscriber of THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, who, until further notice pays a full year's subscription for 1898 in advance, and send us fifty cents extra to cover part of the cost of framing. The photograph is a reproduction of the picture of the Bishop which hangs in St. Bernard's Seminary and is certainly a work of art. It was made by Mr. E. E. Nier, the celebrated artist of Powers Block. The photograph will be handsomely framed with an elegant gold bordered white frame, glass and back. Those who have received the premium are more than satisfied, and say that they do not see how we can give so much for so little money. Now is the time to send in your orders.

MISS BIRK'S STORY.

"Dear child, how idly you talk! Let me see, you are a trifle over seventeen, and you say that you are miserable—that your heart is broken, and you shall die." And Miss Hope Birk, having briefly summed up what it had taken Jenny Farley more than an hour to tell, looked kindly over her glasses into the troubled young face before her. It was a pretty, innocent face, too, with blue eyes and bright lips, and a smooth white brow, around which clustered a profusion of short brown curls. Miss Hope Birk loved every feature of it, and it pained her to see it thus clouded. But Jenny was suffering from the first trouble she had ever known, and the tears would flow, the great sobs would come, shaking her slender figure, until the good lady was tempted to speak almost harshly to her young friend.

"There's no reason in giving way to your feelings like this," she went on. "Not but that I know it is hard to bear, but other folks have had just such trials, and will to the end of time. You can't go through this world in satin slippers, for there's rough places all the way along. Now let me tell you, it depends just upon yourself to be happy or miserable. You thought you loved this young Ritchie——"

"I did—I do—I always shall!" interrupted Jenny, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Very well," said Miss Birk, "if you love him, you want him to be happy, I suppose?"

To this plain question there was no reply.

"You ought to be glad that he is going to marry the woman he chooses; you had no right to think of him in any other light than that of a friend you——"

"Oh, don't talk in that cold way, Miss Hope," sobbed Jenny. "I know I had no right, but how could I help it? You can't tell anything about my feelings. You never suffered so!"

"I never suffered, Jane Farley," repeated Miss Birk, rising from her chair, and walking to the window, where she stood for some moments, as if to recover her wonted composure. "How little we know of each other in this world, Jenny," she added, when she resumed her seat. "You think because my face is calm, and my daily life is quiet, that I have not known what it is to have those I love torn from me; that I cannot understand a grief like yours. Child will you listen to a page from my life?"

Jenny wiped her eyes and raised her face in token of assent.

"I am an old woman now, dear," Miss Birk began. "Nearly sixty-nine years I have been a pilgrim in this wilderness, and for the most part they have been years of peace. But I had a time of great trial when I was a little older than you. The Lord brought me safe through it, or I should have been a poor wreck, for it seemed to me there was nothing left for me to cling to. I was an only child, and up to my sixteenth year I never had a wish ungratified. It was at that period of my life that my father failed in business, and shortly after died. My mother was feeble and had been accustomed to every luxury but she bore up bravely for my sake. She obtained a situation as housekeeper in the family of a very wealthy gentleman who had known and respected my father, with permission to take me with her. Mr Denning was a noble man, thoughtful, generous, and kind. My mother's office was merely nominal, and he took care that she missed no luxury which it was in his power to procure. As for me I was treated half as a child, half as a friend. He loved to have me sit in the library while he was busy with his books or his manuscripts; and if he walked or drove, I was almost invariably his companion. It was the old story over again, Jenny. I learned not to love, but to adore him, and that was why I suffered. There were months when I never thought of Heaven—when it seemed to me that if I might always live in his presence I should be supremely happy. I am sure that he did not suspect my feeling for him to be anything more than the love of a young sister for her elder brother, at least for many months, and I think it was that which made me love him more.

"We had lived at his house a year, when my mother sickened and died. That was my second great loss. In that time of affliction Mr Denning was ready with words of tender sympathy, and in a thousand unobtrusive ways endeavored to soften my grief. As soon as I recovered from the blow, I stated to him my intention of seeking employment in the neighboring city. I recollect very well his look of amusement as he held up my hands in his own, and said:

"'They were not made for work, Hope; they are too little and white.'

"'But they are strong,' I replied; 'they are able to earn my daily bread.'

"'I want you to stay here, my child,' he said, without noticing my words. 'I cannot afford to lose your pleasant young voice and your sunny face. And besides my own selfish wish, I have another reason for wanting to keep you. Can you guess what it is, little friend?'

"I trembled under his glance; there was something in it which made me feel that I was about to hear that he loved me. I made no reply to his question, and he went on:

"'Very shortly, Hope, I expect to bring home my wife.' Oh, how his voice lingered on those words, as though they were most precious! 'She is a queen of beauty and grace; you must love her—you will love her, not only for my sake, but for her own. You are surprised, Hope,' for he began to notice my rigid, white face. 'You thought I could not keep a secret from you, and it was hard, but Georgia would have it so. I have told her about you, and she is ready to love you as I do.'

"In answer to all this I said not one word, but sat perfectly still, staring straight out at the window. It was such a blow that I was crushed under it. He stood beside me for some moments as still as myself, and then with a deep sigh he turned away and left me alone. He had guessed the truth.

"It was a beautiful, bright autumn afternoon. I remember how I sat watching the flaming leaves on the maples in front of the house, and the white clouds drifting across the blue sky. I had not a tear to shed; I never thought of weeping; my only wish was to leave that place, and never see it or him again. I believe it was after sunset before I stirred from my seat. I went up to my pleasant chamber, and began quietly to gather up my books and papers and put them in my trunk. While I was thus occupied, a servant rapped at the door, and handed me a package. It was a note from Mr. Denning. I can repeat it word for word, Jenny:

"'Little Friend:—I shall have left home when this is handed you. Stay here until you find another home. You will not pain me by refusing the enclosed trifle, and if you need a friend at any time, remember you have none who will more gladly serve you than

"'JOHN DENNING.'

"I tossed the letter into my portfolio; the note to which he referred as a trifle, I put in an envelope, sealed it, and directed it to him, and left it upon his study-table. Then I went on with my work. Early on the following morning I left the house. I had one friend in the neighboring city. She was a music teacher, and to her I determined to go. We had once been schoolmates, and I was sure that she would let me stay with her until I could obtain employment. I found her living in very humble lodgings, but she gave me a kindly welcome. Ellice Kinsley, like myself, was an orphan, but she had a serene, unfaltering confidence in God's love, while I was entirely without hope, without faith.

"In the course of two or three weeks, I obtained a few pupils in drawing; these, with the sum I was able to earn by writing for one or two weekly newspapers, furnished me a fair support. In November I read the marriage of John Denning and Georgia Willis. It was what I had expected to see, and yet it gave me a great shock. For a few days it seemed to me that I could endure life no longer, I was so tired of its cares and burdens and sorrows.

"One afternoon just at dusk, Ellice and I were returning home from a long walk. She had been talking in her own sweet way of such things as she thought would interest me, apparently without observing my silence and inattention when I interrupted her, as we stood upon a bridge that spanned the river, by exclaiming, bitterly:

"'How I long to throw myself over this railing. No one would miss me—no one would care, and I should be at peace!'

"Ellice stood still and looked seriously in my face. She took both my hands in hers, and held them with a firm grasp, she was evidently not frightened by my wicked words, but grieved for me.

"'Hope,' she said, 'I will pray God to forgive you, and soften your sinful heart. I believe you are insane tonight.'

"'No I am not,' I answered, wrenching away my hand. 'I am not, but I am miserable, wretched. Death would be so sweet, so sweet!'

"'You believe in a hereafter,' said Ellice solemnly. 'You are not prepared for it.'

"I had not thought of that. My eyes drooped beneath her steady gaze, she took my arm in hers, and we walked home in silence. After that I grew calmer. Ellice was truly my friend. She asked no questions in regard to the cause of my grief, but her gentleness soothed and comforted me, and she led me at length to seek the peace which comes alone from heaven. Months and years passed in which I endeavored to fulfil my duty, and doing this I had the reward of a quiet conscience. Occasionally I heard a rumor from the Dennings. It was said that the wife was thoughtless, gay, and extravagant, fond of dress and display and happy only when surrounded by a crowd of admirers. My heart ached for him, for I knew he loved the simple pleasures of home."

Here Miss Birk paused. Jenny looked up in her face, and saw there were tears in her eyes.

"Is that all, Miss Hope?" she asked, in a soft voice. "Did you never meet him again."

"It is not all, and I did meet him once again, child—once again; it was years after our parting. I heard that he was very ill of a contagious fever which was prevailing in New York and the vicinity. His wife had left him in terror—he was alone. It was then I went to him, and day and night for nearly a week watched beside him. Oh, how I prayed that his precious life might be spared; but God knew best. He died in my arms without a struggle; I was thankful for that. Just before the last hour his reason returned—he knew me, and almost with his last breath blessed me. Oh, I can never be grateful enough for those few days that I was able to be with him and minister to his wants." Again Miss Birk paused but soon added in a cheerful voice: "Now Jenny you have seen that I have suffered like yourself but my heart is not broken, and I have lived, as I trust, to do some good in this world. Sorrow is hard to endure, yet, if we are patient and submissive, it brings us great blessings. You recollect how beautifully your favorite poet speaks of love which meets no return:

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted,
If it enrich not the heart of another,
its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain,
shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth
returns again to the fountain."

"That is true. I have proved it from my own experience."

Miss Birk arose from her seat as she spoke and laid her hand caressingly upon Jenny's brown curls and then passed quietly from the room leaving her to her own reflections.

Drink to Victoria's Health.

Every night, in every ship in her majesty's navy, the queen's health is drunk by the officers of the vessel, but it is a curious fact that it is always drunk sitting, the officers never rising, as is usual on land. The origin of this custom has never been thoroughly elucidated.

The beautiful colors seen in the soap bubble arise from the fact that the bubble, being very thin, reflects light from both the outer and inner surfaces of the film.