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LENT

The Lenton season begins next Wednesday. Once more we are called upon to follow our Lord through His sorrows that lead up to His awful death on Calvary that the prophecies might be fulfilled and mankind saved from the mighty consequence of the fall of our first parents in the garden of Eden.

During this holy season we should endeavor to mortify ourselves, to practice self denial, to meditate on our last end, to prepare for that death that must come to all of us. We should always be prepared to meet our end, but in the holy season of Lent we should be especially well prepared.

It would be we well for each of us to recite the Rosary daily during Lent, and especially is this true where there are families. To hear father, mother and children recite the Rosary each night before the younger members retire, is to inculcate a love for this beautiful devotion that will not depart in later years. It is a sad fact that this custom is dying out in these latter days. This should not be.

On our first page will be found a brief account of the death of Rt. Rev. William O'Hara of Scranton, Pa.

Bishop McQuaid was in attendance this week at the jubilee of Rev. Michael O'Brien of Lowell, Mass., who was connected with the early history of the church in this city.

The observances connected with the jubilee were held in St. Patrick's church in Lowell.

Father O'Brien came to Rochester from Geneva in 1854, and was attached to the cathedral parish, and indeed was closely identified with the erection of the present structure. He also assisted in the founding of St. Mary's hospital and the Cathedral school. With the exception of a year and a half spent in Buffalo, he remained in this city until 1867, when he located in Lowell.

The Phillippines have a large job on their hands.

"Holy Angels."

We have just received from the publishers a copy of the above-named beautiful Religious Reverie, suitable for piano or organ, composed by Geo. D. Wilson. The retail price of this piece of music is 60 cents.

All readers of our paper will receive a copy of it, by sending 25 cents in silver, or postage stamps, to the Union Mutual Music and Novelty Co., No. 20 East 14th Street, New York.

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HUMAN RESPECT.

Editor of CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

The Hon. W. Johnston of Indiana is acknowledged as one of the best equipped orators in the house of congress. On the occasion of his masterly and scholarly argument in opposition to "imperialism," he employed language bearing on the conscientious duty that should guide the actions of every man who bears the name of a Christian. It is very evident that Mr. Johnston is a God-fearing man. In fact, all his public utterances are permeated with sentiments that indicate that he is no slave to human respect. It was the reading of his scathing arraignment of the policy of "imperialism that suggested the subject of "human respect" in this present article. In the person of that able congressman who well deserves the prefix of "honorable," we have a man who was fearless enough to defy the majority of his party, express his convictions, contrary to the feelings of his wealthy and influential friends, and boldly state the unmanly position that has been taken by the President of these United States in the question of the Phillippine Islands. In fact, Mr. Johnston, in his able defense of the principles of this great government gave his crowds of listeners to understand that his line of conduct was actuated to a great extent by the "wide breadth of Catholic thought." His reference, at times, to "Almighty God" is a position that is worthy of imitation by some of our weak-kneed Catholic congressmen whose line of conduct is guided by that "thing" so many adopt and call "policy," in fact a co-partner to "human respect."

Not only in the public lives of individuals does human respect play a large part, but we can easily discover this thing in the ordinary person whose doctrine is "honesty is the best of policy"—forgetting that honesty is a great Christian virtue and should be spoken of as such, and not referred to in a manner to suit the taste of the sentimentalist or the materialist. Hence comes the application of Him: "Blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in Me," and we discover the insult to the majesty of God by human respect when "worldly Christians" attempt to convert the commands of God into the language of the policyman. In doing this they create a system to calm their delicate conscience by putting a less broad, open and radical strain on to the ten commandments in its bearing, on the actions of men. In the place of God, the man of the world, with influence, wealth and notoriety becomes the "idol" to the human respect worshippers! Congressman Johnston, were he a disciple of the "broad humanity" doctrine alone would have gauged his sentiments by using the term "good policy" instead of "Almighty God and Catholic thought." The fact of the matter is, the honorable gentleman is aware, were he through fear or shame of his fellow-man, neglect to manifest his love of God, his neighbor and justice, when the occasion required, he would offer a deliberate insult to the majesty of God. Therefore, despite the sneers aud contempt of imbecile members of the house, Mr. Johnston did his duty well, and the policy-like order of people will acknowledge his manly conduct in the near future. He deserves the title of an honest man.

He gave every evidence of being acquainted with God's command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." What human respect individual can keep that commandment of the Divine order and retain that custom of "policy" that is so largely adopted by the majority of people? Not one. That great statesman, James G. Blaine, remarked: "There is but one side to that great commandment, and that is the right side." He evidently lived up to the right side, or he would have been made president of this great nation if he had courted the wishes and the foppish ways and influence of the "great ones" of this earth. Therefore Blaine was not of the human respect order, but a statesman of business and Christian duty. At times he was thought to be too "conscientious" by many of his party leaders! In fact, some politicians said he was too slavish to duty—God! But James G. Blaine acknowledged but one master—his God, whereas the victim of human respect has as many masters as he has associates whom he worships, and who ever has his undivided attention on all occasions. Is there any slavery more miserable than that? Is it not slavery in the Catholic man when walking on the prominent thoroughfare hears the Angelus bells give the signal of that blessed salutation to the Mother of God and through human respect fails to lift his hat as a signal of honor to her who said: "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed?" Is it not slavery in that Catholic man who with a sort of stiff-joint movement of the arm salutes the Catholic priest instead of a good military lift of the hat? Ah! but if it were the Honorable So-and-so of Washington, or Governor So-and-so, off goes the hat, and maybe the worshipper in his dazzlement will replace his hat wrong side to. Gladstone in his younger days was a slave to human respect until he, as he himself said, commenced to look into matters from a conscientious standpoint. It was then he had to drop former associates of ungodly men, espouse the cause of the working masses, and adopt the "Home Rule" movement for Ireland. In breaking away from aristocracy, wealth and influence, he attributed his movement to a call of duty—conscience. It was just then he cast to one side human respect—that might be termed "shameful servitude! Is it not slavery in that Catholic who may be riding on the trolly car and has a Catholic newspaper, an Irish journal or a Catholic prayer book and hide the same lest some prominent or Protestant individuals might see them? Those who would thus act would be ashamed of their own parents, who are probably feeble and wrinkled in their old age. Poor, miserable, weak person who prefers the esteem of proud and sinful men to the esteem and friendship of the author of his own creation! Christ himself has warned us against the fearful sin of that fatal weakness of human respect when He said: "He who shall deny Me before men I will also deny him before my Father who is in heaven." That warning or denunciation alone we can apply in every instance where any of the ten commandments are broken. Hence human respect knows no commandments, for its conduct is ruled by its own petty conceit, and its worshipper never knows remorse of conscience. Out of a turnip no blood comes.

Out of the order of human respect comes the question: "What have become of those great and saintly names of Patrick and Bridget?" In the Catholic history of Ireland, in ages past, it was considered a privilege and a blessing to bestow such honored names on infants in their baptism. That good Catholic practice has abated to a fearful extent in this country, and the cause of such can truly be attributed to "human respect." If not human respect, why the extreme weakness and ignorance of the sanctity and history of those two great names? If one individuals first name is Patrick, where is the consistency in the horrible abbreviation to simple P—? Has the rapidity of time become so swift that there is no time to-day to say in full, Patrick! The answer is apt to end in "It's stylish, ye know!" Honor to such retainers as Rev. Patrick Cronan, Patrick Ford, Patrick Donohue and Patrick Henry of the past.

H. O'C.

WATKINS, N. Y.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Luke, xviiii. 31–43—At that time: "Jesus took unto Him the twelve, and said to them. Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concerning the Son of man. For He shall be delivered to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and scourged; and spit upon. And after they have scourged Him, they will put Him to death; and the third day He shall rise again. And they understood none of these things, and this word was hid from them, and they understood not the things that were said. Now it came to pass when He drew nigh to Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside, begging. And when he heard the multitude passing by, he asked what this meant. And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. And he cried out, saying: Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me. And they that went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace. But he cried out much more: Son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus standing commanded him to be brought unto Him. And when he was come near, He asked him, saying: What wilt thou that I do to thee? But he said: Lord, that I may see. And Jesus said to him: Receive thy sight: thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he saw, and followed Him, glorifying God. And all the people, when they saw it, gave praise to God."

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, February 12, 1899—Quinquagesima Sunday. Gosp. St. Luke xviii. 31-43. St. Agatha, virgin and martyr.
Monday, 13—St. Catherine of Ricci, virgin.
Tuesday, 14—St. Valentine, priest and martyr.
Wednesday, 15—Ash Wednesday.
Thursday, 16—St. Juliana, virgin and martyr.
Friday, 17—The Passion of Our Lord
Saturday, 18—St. Simeon, bishop and martyr.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION,

The order of Forty Hours states that the devotions will take place as follows:

February 19 (first Sunday in Lent)—Holy Family, Auburn; Scotsville, Clyde.

February 26—Brookport, Aurora, Mt. Morris, Waterloo.

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RULES FOR LENT.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid has addressed the following to all the pastors in the diocese,

Reverend and Dear Sir: The holy season of Lent begins on the 15th day of February. All the weeks days of Lent are days of fasting on one meal with a moderate collation in the evening.

All the days of Lent are days of total abstinence from flesh meat.

By dispensation, however, the use of flesh meat is allowed without restriction on Sundays and once a week, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except on the Saturday of Ember week, and the Saturday of holy week.

The use of eggs, butter or cheese, at the collation, provided the quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with, is by general custom tolerated in this country.

Lard and dripping may be used in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.

The following persons are exempt from the obligation of fasting: Young persons under twenty-one years of age, the aged, the sick, nursing women, those who are obliged to do hard labor, and all who through weakness cannot fast without prejudice to their health.

Persons dispensed from the obligation of fasting on account of tender or advanced age, or hard labor, are not bound by the restrictions of using meat only at one meal on days on which its use is granted by dispensation.

In the churches where there is a resident pastor, there will be a sermon and benediction of the blessed sacrament on every Wednesday evening, and the devotion of the stations of the holy cross on Fridays.

Pastors in charge of two or more churches will give one sermon during the week, in at least two churches.

Prayer and the spirit of penance should accompany penitential works. Endeavor, therefore, to excite your parishioners to observe this holy season according to the intention of the church, and place every facility in their way for receiving the sacraments of penance and the eucharist.

The collection for the propagation of the faith will be taken up in every church of the diocese in which there is mass, on the first Sunday in Lent, and in all other churches on the first Sunday thereafter on which there is mass.

The collection on Good Friday is for the Holy Land.

The annual collection of Peter pence will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese in which there is mass, on Pentecost Sunday, May 28th, and in all other churches on the first Sunday thereafter on which there is mass.

The amounts received will be forwarded to the chancellor within a week.

Commending these good works to your zeal, and hoping that the charity of our faithful people will bring increased blessings on the diocese, I remain.

Very sincerely in Christ..
BERNARD.
Bishop of Rochester.
Rochester, Jan. 25, 1899.

Prepare for Spring.

Don't let this season overtake you before you have attended to the important duty of purifying your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. By taking this medicine now you may save sickness that will mean time and money as well as suffering later on. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you rich, red blood, good appetite, good digestion and a sound, healthy body. It is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Its unequaled record of marvelous cures has won for it the confidence of the whole people.

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A PRIVATE SCRAP.

CASSIDY AND MUELLER FALL OUT OVER MULRANEY'S AMMUNITION.

One of the Minor Incidents of the Santiago Campaign of Which Historians Will Make No Mention—Shows the American Soldier's Indifference to Surroundings.

The quarrel grew out of a mere matter of ammunition—some two hundred rounds of cartridges issued the night before to Private Cassidy of Company E, Sixteenth United States Infantry. Private Cassidy took his place in the trenches early in the morning, or, to be more accurate, rose from his bed in the mud and water and began working his Krag-Jorgensen as soon as he could see through his sights. On Cassidy's left was Private Mueller, two years in the service of Uncle Sam, eight years removed from the fatherland, but ready to give his life at any moment in defense of his adopted country. On Cassidy's right was his old friend and time-tried comrade, Corporal Mulraney, with whom he had shared a common lot ever since the day they left Cork together as steerage passengers. Their naturalization papers bore the same date, they enlisted in the gallant Sixteenth together, and for fifteen years had worn the uniform and shared the hardships of the service side by side.

It can be easily understood, therefore, why Mulraney should lose his temper and object in most forcible language when Mueller sought to posses Cassidy's ammunition at a time when Cassidy could offer no remonstrance. The trouble with Cassidy was due to a Mauser bullet that burned a hole through his brain and left him limp and ghastly in the bottom of the trench. Mulraney was so busy pumping lead toward Santiago that he failed to note his comrade's death until the poor fellow was being removed from the firing line. Then he saw Mueller in the act of appropriating two cartridge belts, one filled and the other almost empty. Now ammunition was to be had in abundance that morning. Every soldier in the regiment was supposed to have all the cartridges he could shoot away, regardless of accuracy of aim. The two belts, one over the shoulder and the other girt on the hip, were calculated to hold enough ammunition to keep the barrel of each Krag hot from morning until the sun went down behind Santiago. Besides, there were boxes and boxes of the stuff piled in heaps at the foot of the hill behind the trenches. But it galled Corporal Mulraney to see another and a German at that—taking possession of what once belonged to his chum.

If ye had any respect for the dead ye'd lave thim carthridges alone," said Mulraney with a scowl on his face that would have scared a Spaniard to surrender. "It isn't the like of yez, ye Dutch duffer, that can fall heir to me friend Cassidy's belongings. I'll thank ye, an' with a bad grace at that, to pass me thim belts before I take a punch at your dirty face."

"Dot vas all right," replied Mueller defiantly, his phlegmatic blood stirred by the heat of battle. "Cassidy vas a good feller, all right, undt he toldt me I could haf dose ammunitions ven he vas—"

"Ye lie, yer Dutch robber," cried Mulraney, dropping his rifle and shaking his fist under Mueller's nose. Ye'll put thim carthridges down this minnit or I'll make yez wish a Mauser had sthruck ye instid of me fist."

"I vos no liar," retorted Mueller, also dropping his rifle, "undt I can vip any Irish dog robber who—"

This pointed allusion to the fact that Mulraney had once been a "striker" for his captain was more than Mulraney cared to stand, and his brawny arm straightened with stunning effect on Mueller's cheek. Almost as quickly the German's fist landed on Mulraney's nose, and then, to the wonder of their comrades on either side, the two men went down together, striking, kicking and biting with complete indifference for the fierce battle in progress. Before either combatant had inflicted any particular harm upon his opponent a young lieutenant interfered and ordered the men back to their places, with the assurance that each would suffer severely for such a flagrant breach of discipline.

"Ye'll settle fer thim cartridges yit I'm tellin' ye now, Dutchy," remarked Mulraney a moment later, when the lieutenant had passed out of hearing. "Ye won't need ammunition when I get through wid ye. Ye'll be cryin' for the surgeon instid of stealin' the belts off of dead min."

"Dot vas all right," was the stereotyped response of Mueller, delivered between shots that were fired at a remarkable elevation. "Shust you vait undil der leftenant gets away und I will punch your hedt good und blenty, Irish."

For a few minutes both men pulled their triggers with a fair degree of regularity, notwithstanding the constant exchange of civilities which they could not forgo. To the few soldiers in the immediate vicinity the affair had degenerated into nothing more than a talking contest, but Mulraney changed the situation suddenly when he discovered that no commissioned officers were near enough to balk his scheme for vengeance.

"If ye're not a coward ye'll roll down the hill a bit of a ways behind the trench," Mulraney muttered to his foe, "an' whin I meet ye at the bottom may hivin hev mercy on ye befoore I'm through wid ye."

Mueller looked to the rear and saw a steep slope of nearly fifty feet, and a tangled growth of shrubbery at the bottom. He glanced along the line in both directions and saw no shoulder straps nearer than a dozen files, and then accepted the challenge by casting himself out of the trench and swiftly rolling toward the shrubbery. Before he had traversed half the distance Mulraney was descending in the same fashion, and a resumption of hostilities ensued immediately upon his arrival at the foot of the slope.

Historians will make no note of this incident of the fighting before Santiago, because there were thousands of other incidents illustrating the utter indifference of the American soldier to his surroundings in time of battle and his readiness to occupy himself with matters of a purely personal nature. It might be stated parenthetically that a big captain separated Mulraney and Mueller and sent them back to the firing line, where they acted like good soldiers the rest of the day. After the fighting was over Mulraney lost his chevrons and several months pay, and Mueller suffered even worse punishment.

KISSED THE SHELLS FOR LUCK.

An Account of Why There Was a Delay in the Brooklyn's Ammunition Room.

Much has been written about the action of men in the fleet during the battle of Santiago. One story of the action of the Brooklyn's crew was told the other day that illustrates the way the men below decks work during battle.

In the ammunition-room of the Brooklyn they were stripped to the buff. There must be nothing in the magazine that is liable to cause friction and a spark. The men could hear the shots of the Spaniards and knew that the ship was struck. They could hear the roar of their own guns, but could not see anything.

When the 6-inch guns were working at their hottest and the men were passing shells to the hoist there was a slight pause. Then the shells came on deck regularly again.

When the engagement was ended and the stark naked gang came on deck to see the Cristobal Colon's finish, somebody asked: "What was that wait about?"

"Oh, those Indians," said Lee, a petty officer. "After they had greased the nose of the shell somebody said everybody must kiss it for luck, and we did. That caused the wait of half a minute. After that they kissed every shell."

After the first few shots no shell left that room in the fight without the gang hugging it, telling it to go out and do its work. The crowd talked to the shells as if they were human.

It was: "Go up and do them!" "Get up there, old 6-inch, and plug a hole in her! Remember the Maine!"

The 6-inch shells of the Brooklyn did great work. The boys believe it was the send-off they got in the ammunition-room that helped to do it.

Caught at His Own Game.

Here is a story told of Patrick O'Mara, a private in the Ninth Regulars. Not long ago he went to the colonel, who was a severe disciplinarian, for a two-weeks' leave of absence.

"Well," said the Colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered "Me wolfe is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The Colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said "Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home, that you are a nuisance, and raised the devil wherever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No; I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, Colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in my loife."

Tom, the Maine Cat.

Almost everybody has heard of "Tom," the cat that was found on the superstructure of the Maine after the explosion, says Mrs. Charles D. Sigsbee. Tom was wounded in one foot, and was doubtless feeling very blue indeed, with his favorite sleeping-place destroyed, no friendly hands to minister to his wants, and nothing but water and ruin on every side! How glad he must have been to hear a voice that he knew, and to be taken on board the United States steamer Fern, in Havana harbor! A few days after, he was placed upon a chair to have his picture taken. This chair was a large wicker arm-chair which was saved from the wreck of the Maine. Tom sat in it, and tried to look pleasant, as the photographer told him. He felt peaceful, his foot was well, he had just eaten his favorite meal of fish, and the first pose was a success. A second was attempted. Tom was almost asleep, and looking very happy, when Bruiser, the Fern's dog—a big, rough fellow with a loud bark and sharp white teeth——came near. Tom arched his back like a contortionist at a circus. His tail swelled, and the fur stood out till he seemed twice his natural size; and so the second picture was taken.

Tom was quite a navy cat. He was brought on board the Maine by an officer who took him from the United States steamer Minnesota, where he had been I don't know how long. If Tom is still on shipboard, he must feel very frightened when the big guns are fired, and I fear his tail will become permanently large, and his back a continual bow! However, Bruiser left the United States steamer Fern after a while, and appeared on board the St. Paul, at Philadelphia. He was a plucky, lively fellow, full of fun, and no respector of persons. He would just as soon rush into the captain's cabin as into the galley. Poor Bruiser! He was only a cur, although, while he was a puppy, he concealed his plebeian pedigree. In a short time, however, he showed his cur-like qualities, and was sent on shore.

Most Costly Sword in America.

One of the most interesting results of the admiration of the masses for Admiral Winfield Scott Schley is the "People's Sword." The Philadelphia "Times" engineered the subscriptions for this beautiful gift, and in thirty-four days it raised the splendid sum of $3,617.16. Much of this amount was contributed in pennies, nickels and dimes, and while the most of it came from residents of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania there were a few contributions received from as far east as Maine, from distant California and from the loyal South.