

# The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT 134 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, unaccompanied in every instance by the name of the author. Names of contributors withheld if desired.

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Discontinuance.—This 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, FEB. 18, 1899.

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, 136 State Street. Yawman & Hadden, 237 E. Main St. J. Scherer, 355 Hudson st. Wm. K. L. Whitcox, 744 E. Main Street. Metzger Bros., 790 N. Clinton Street. Miss J. Rose, 356 North St.

### THE INDIFFERENT CATHOLIC

The indifferent Catholic is an anomaly, says an exchange in an article under the above caption. In nine cases out of ten he was raised by pious parents and taught the tenets of the church. He knows that the church requires of all its children the performance of certain duties by each, as the evidence of faith in God and obedience to His commands. None of these duties are onerous. As a boy and a young man they were faithfully performed. But as the man grows older, he possibly finds some of them irksome, and others may slightly interfere with his business, or new associates may cast ridicule upon him, and gradually he neglects first one duty and then another, until in the end he only performs just enough to keep up his connection with the church, and many fail even to do this.

Any one of these indifferent Catholics would regard it as an insult to be told "he was not a Catholic." And yet he is not. The true Catholic performs all the duties enjoined by the church, and only he who does this can be called "a Catholic."

It is true that the church watches over the indifferent Catholics. It prays for him, although it does that for every being on earth, but it prays especially for the indifferent Catholic. He is a lamb that has wandered away from the fold and the Shepherd is always on the lookout for him, hoping to find him and once more welcome him to the flock of true believers.

In fact, the indifferent Catholic, as a rule, never loses his belief in the church. His early training cannot be eradicated. He may wander away from the "straight and narrow way," from the paths that lead to heaven, but deep down in his heart is the knowledge of the truth, and still deeper, perhaps unknown to himself, covered up in the mire of worldly sin, is the intention to return, before he dies, to the bosom of the church.

The indifferent Catholic may, in fact often does, lead a bad life, but there is a star of hope for him. He knows that Christ died to save sinners, and he knows the way by which the sinner can approach the Redeemer. He knows that the thief on the cross was pardoned, and as the years pass by, and age creeps upon him, the indifferent Catholic seeks the pastor and once more unites with the church. Of course, he is welcomed, as was the Prodigal Son.

But for all that, the indifferent Catholic does the church more harm than the ravings of all the bigots in the world. He is pointed out, in his sin, as a Catholic, and the church bears the reproach.

As you observe Lent? Do you fast? There are none of us who cannot do a little penance during this Holy season.

President France, of France, is dead.

### THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Editor of CATHOLIC JOURNAL:

If there is a certain subject which deserves to occupy the attention of the Irish people and every true Irish-American it is the language of the Gael, or the Irish language. Hence, it is a pleasure to note that during the past few years there has been taken a deep interest in several of our large cities toward the cultivation of that sweet language of the Gael. Its instruction and appreciation had its beginning in this country, when an Irish chair or professorship was established in that celebrated seat of learning, the Catholic University in the city of Washington. Also in the great universities of Germany, France, Austria and elsewhere, a like professorship has been in vogue of late years.

As an evidence of the accomplishment of that great tongue, we have here in this country a Gaelic chair established in the celebrated university of Harvard. Therefore the Irish people are not without a language, history and literature as some people (?) suppose, but were pre-eminent in that respect and degree of those characteristics for 500 years before the crushing power of England saddened the situation—[oh, perfidious Albion!]. It was in those years of Ireland's greatness, the wealthy families of European countries sent their sons to "Patrick's land" to grow up, as it were, in all that was sweet and wholesome in the arts, sciences and literature.

Those were the good old Irish times, when everything in that country savored of the literary and intellectual. Some of our "literary giants" and "critics" now-a-days would grasp at Ireland's splendid resources in learning for their subject matter, and acknowledge its greatness in everything; but poor, blind prejudice holds them in the rear. Ah, if they could but realize the fact that their "mother country," so-called, made (without any provocation) her first telling blow on the literature of Ireland by applying the torch to myriads and myriads of books and records then they might well form suspicion of England's motive as a "conqueror" of that island that was the repository of all true knowledge.

And all that was grand, good and fair in that lovely isle was reproduced and expressed in her beautiful language, the Gael. Hence, the most sensitive point of attack was her voice, and England left nothing undone to annihilate every vestige of its expression. When the torch worked havoc to her myriads of books, likewise the "book admirers," the Irish had to face the sword and bayonet. Therefore in this 19th enlightened century (?) when the charge of ignorance is referred to Ireland, let the author of the charge couple on the interrogation: "Who caused the ignorance?" From the very graves of Ireland's martyred dead comes the answer, "England, the annihilator of Ireland's records of all her glory in ages past!" And for what semblance we have in records, books, documents, etc., it is to her priesthood the honor and credit is due. When transportation was resorted to it was then the Soggarth Aroon took with him some articles or mementoes into foreign lands that the history of Ireland's greatness might be redeemed in the future. In those days the Catholic priest was made the object of attack, as he spoke most beautifully and fluently in the Irish tongue to his people, and they in return manifested their intense love for their spiritual as well as temporal guide. That love was cemented by the faith of St. Patrick, and both the power and influence of England and darkness can never obliterate it. With that imperishable faith that characterizes the Irish people as a nation is ever signaled and deep-rooted in the Irish heart the words of their beloved and honored pastor: "Orux mihi anchora."

As language is expression and the tongue the voice, the Irish people, comparatively speaking, regarding other nations, have no voice except in the very weak order. Out of her population of 50,000,000 in the world probably about 2,000,000 read and write the language. Hence the soul of life of every nation is its language, and were it not for the creed and burning patriotism of the people the language itself would have been annihilated long ago! And as every nation glories in and guards well its tongue, it is a source of delight and satisfaction to know, even at this late day, the Irish people are adopting their mother tongue—the noble Gael, that mingled with such brilliancy in the affairs of the world in ages past; moreover, a true national history, greater than any country, ancient or modern, can boast of. (Rome and Greece have their proud (?) history, but it is marked with the blots of war, rapine, and of power of the selfish order. This is the food that is so stylishly dealt out to the minds of our youths in many of our modern institutions. No wonder then at some of our university students when they assume the airs of the pug and pugilist and knock out one another's eyes and teeth for the sporty title of gamel. Make the contrast to Ireland in her halcyon days of literature and we fail to discover rowdiness or shamful-

gan in connection with her arts of instruction. Hence, to view that country with all its urbanity there should be a fearless and frank effort on the part of every young Irish-American, as well as the Irish people themselves, to avert through every channel the "crowding out" of her great language and her saintly and heroic history. Therefore, to promote the preservation and cultivation of the Gaelic language we read by the latest mail news from Ireland that the Gaelic movement has begun under very favorable auspices—in fact the whole Irish hierarchy are among its warmest supporters. That fact of itself is a forerunner of final success. With so grand a movement as this in Ireland, a like movement has had its commencement in this country with its energetic workers in the persons of Rev. Richard Henebry, Ph. D., professor of Celtic languages in the Catholic University at Washington and Rev. Eugene O'Growney, M. R. I. A., also Dr. Robinson of Harvard University. It will be a matter of short time only when the taking up of the Irish language will be of as much importance as the taking up of the studies of Latin, German and French to complete a thorough classical education.

The Irish language and its history If we read and learn them well, Will impart the truth and knowledge. Not ignorance they love to tell—Those depots of Irish wisdom In their grasp forever dwell—Is England's high ambition! But the knowledge of Ireland's greatness Will outweigh the story told In England's hate in all her daring! Then the Irish flag to the breeze unfold—Though mighty be the powers of Albion! The star of hope has now appeared To free old Ireland long in slavery. History's lessons if we learn them, Will impart the truth to thee. For knowledge is the price of freedom—Know ourselves and then we're free.

H. O'C.

### FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET

Cathedral School Association Have an Enjoyable Time

The first annual reception and banquet of the Cathedral School Association was held in the basement of the chapel of Our Lady, in the rear of the Cathedral Monday evening, and it brought together nearly 800 happy people. The original date for the banquet was January 30th, but it was postponed on account of the death of Martin J. Cahill, the first president of the association.

The Cathedral Association has been organized but a few months, and includes in its membership those Catholic young people of the city who have been or are at present pupils of the Cathedral school on Frank street. The guests assembled in the parlors of the chapel at 7 o'clock and passed a pleasant social hour before adjourning to the dining hall in the basement, which was brilliantly and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Beneath beautiful flag and floral decorations, the diners took their seats at the bidding of Rev. Father Hickey, rector of the cathedral, who acted as master of ceremonies. While the strains of Dossenbach's orchestra entertained the diners, Father Hickey escorted Bishop McQuaid to the seat of honor, while the young people stood to greet him.

After the banquet Hon. James M. E. O'Grady assumed the pleasant duties of toastmaster in a humorous little speech. The following toasts were responded to: "The Alumni," Hugh J. O'Brien; "Our Bloodless Battles," Miss Frances O'Shea; "The Lawyer," Charles J. Madden; "The Politician," James L. Whalen; "The Teacher," Miss Margaret Leary; "The Priest in the School," Very Rev. James P. Kiernan; "The Government," Robt. D. Burns; "Yesterday," Miss Elizabeth O'Connor; "The Faculty," Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid.

In Bishop McQuaid's remarks he referred to his labors during over 50 years past in building up Catholic schools in this diocese. In the brilliant assemblage of men and women before him he saw the product of the Cathedral school and was proud of the work that had been done. The venerable speaker had come on from Boston in the storm to attend this banquet, and with great eloquence he declared that as he stood there surrounded by the former pupils it was the happiest moment of his life. It was an event to which his heart had looked forward for years, because as he saw the pupils pass out of the school on commencement week of each year he always asked himself what has become of the others? "I often reflected where was the long procession of pupils who went out of school each successive year," said the bishop.

"Unless the tree grew up and bore fruit upon which we might live, then we might well say that we were wasting our effort, our time and our money. But here you are, a body of men and women whose sobriety, industry and purity show the results of Catholic education, and my heart swells with joy." The bishop said that a few months ago when the Pope's legate was here they visited the school together, saw the fire drill and the review. "Then," said the bishop, "I took occasion to tell His Excellency that these 800 pupils were the children of the people, of the masses of the people, who were to be the future congregation, the men and women of this country." The bishop declared that the welfare of the country depended not upon the graduates of colleges and convents, who were only a handful, but upon the children of the parish schools being educated in Catholic doctrine, growing up sober, industrious and pure men and women. "It will not be many years," said the venerable bishop, "before the old man will have passed away, but the work will go on, and I rejoice to think my share in it will not be forgotten after I am gone, as you meet each year at these annual reunions."

After the banquet there was a reception in Cathedral hall to which the young people proceeded and where an attractive programme of dances was carried out, continuing until an early hour in the morning.

### WATKINS, N. Y.

### THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Matthew, iv. 1-11. —At that time: "Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, afterwards He was hungry. And the tempter coming said to Him: If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread: Who answered and said: It is written: Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. Then the devil took Him up into the holy city and set Him upon the pinnacle of the temple, and said to Him: If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written: That He hath given His angels charge over Thee, and in their hands shall they bear Thee up, lest perhaps Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said to him: It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again the devil took Him up into a very high mountain: and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and said to Him: All these will I give Thee, if falling down Thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus saith to him: Begone, Satan, for it is written: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil left Him: and behold, angels came and ministered to Him."

By His fast Christ sanctified our fasts, mortifications and abstinences when we practice them in a true spirit of penance. His example renders easy for us those sufferings by which we conquer the rebellion of the flesh. Lastly, by His fast, He instituted and blessed that fast of forty days which the church has always observed as an apostolic tradition.

### Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, February 19, 1899.—First Sunday in Lent. Gosp. Matt. iv. 1-11. St. Conrad, confessor. Monday, 20.—St. Tyrannus and companions, martyrs. Tuesday, 21.—St. Elizabeth, queen. Wednesday, 22.—St. Margaret of Cortona. Thursday, 23.—St. Patre Damian, bishop, confessor and doctor of the church. Friday, 24.—The crown of thorns. Saturday, 25.—Blessed Sebastian, O. S. F.

### FORTY HOUR'S ADORATION.

The order of Forty Hours states that the devotions will take place as follows: February 19 (first Sunday in Lent) —Holy Family, Auburn; Southville, Clyde. February 26—Brookport, Aurora, Mt. Morris, Waterloo.

### There Are Others

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### FAIR EXCHANGE.

Who laments the verdure vanished from the hillside and the field In the Fall? Shall we cling to recollection and to melancholy yield? Not at all. Let the violets and the daisies in the year's procession pass. Let none in idle folly cry "Alack!" nor yet "Alas!" When the celery is smiling on the table from the glass Crisp and tall.

Why recall the morning jewels with their sparkle and their glow Which we've lost? And wall because the dewdrops which were glistening long ago Turn to frost? The sight of glistening globules as they drip into the pan. When the feast's in preparation on an epicurean plan Makes the blisses of the present fully worth to any man All they cost.

And he who mourns the songbird that was erstwhile perched so high On a twig, Deserves no recognition for his hypocritical sigh. He's a prig. For the bird which in the oven is reposing so serene, Adds a vastly greater share of picturesque to the scene, And he's infinitely sweeter and at smallest seventeen Times as big.

—Washington Star.

### STORY OF A STOLEN KISS.

"My dear Leslie," said Henry Seymour to his ward, "I do wish you would try to be a little less fast, every one is talking about you and it is very painful to me."

"My dear guard," said the young lady he addressed, a very pretty girl about eighteen, "what have I done? Just mention some of my sins and I will try to reform."

"Well," said Sir Henry, "to begin with you are much too fond of using slang expressions, I am sure you do not mean any harm, dear, but it does not sound well. I wish you would adopt a more ladylike manner, like those nice, quiet girls, Colonel Bond's daughters. I assure you, Leslie, men do not care for fast girls, however much they may flirt with them, and I confess I should like to see you well married."

"Now, my dear Sir Henry," said Leslie coaxingly, "tell me, did you ever hear me say anything the least weeny bit improper?"

"Certainly not, my dear child."

"Then let me tell you those nice, quiet, ladylike girls you admire so much say things that would make your hair stand on end. If you could only hear how they go on when we are by ourselves. I should be quite ashamed, she added, with energy, "to even think of the things they discuss freely; indeed, I cut them whenever I can. As for marrying—really, all the young men I know are such muffs or prigs I detest the whole lot. What is my next crime?"

"You smoke cigarettes, Leslie," said her guardian sternly. "I was told you were actually seen with one between your lips out of doors the other night."

Leslie hung down her head a little and then said, with a slight blush: "I cannot deny I tried one once, and indeed it was so nasty and made me feel so ill that I assure you I am not likely to do it again."

"I am glad to hear it. So you think all young men muffs or prigs? I hope to introduce to you one who answers neither description; you have of course heard of Captain Murray?"

"Do you mean the Captain Murray who gained the Victoria Cross for defending that fort so gallantly in the last campaign? Of course I remember all about him. Why?"

"He is coming home, and being the son of an old friend, he has promised to pay me a visit, and I expect him shortly."

"How delightful! I shall like to meet a real hero. I hope he is handsome."

"Douglass Murray was a very good looking lad, but you will not suit him young lady; he abhors 'fast girls,' and is very fastidious."

"Well, I shall survive his disappointment, I dare say. Amy will suit him to a T. She is such a demure little mouse." And Miss Lindsay took herself off.

In due time Captain Murray arrived Leslie Lindsay was disappointed; she could hardly believe that quiet, unassuming young man could be the hero who had started the whole civilized world into admiration. To her guardian's great annoyance she seemed to make a point of showing herself in her worst colors, and when Sir Henry asked her whether she thought Captain Murray a prig or a muff she declared he was both.

One very hot day in July Leslie and Sir Henry's daughter, Amy Seymour were returning from making a call The drawing room windows opened on the veranda, which was covered with luxuriant creepers. It looked very cool and pleasant inside on such a sultry day. The two girls were about to enter the room when Leslie, who was in advance, suddenly drew back and pointed inside. Amy peeped in. There was Captain Murray fast asleep in an arm chair near the window.

"What a chance, Amy, for me to win a pair of gloves!" "For shame, Leslie. You surely would not think of such a thing."

### Who's afraid?

"Who's afraid?" said Leslie. "Besides he is really fast asleep and will never know, and the temptation is too much for me. Consider, the hero the whole world raves about," and with a mischievous look at Amy, she stepped lightly in and dropped a kiss as light as a puff of thistledown upon the sleeper's forehead.

As the sound of the girl's retreating footsteps died away Douglas Murray opened his eyes, and, smiling to himself, said: "I suppose that is considered a fast girl. I must confess I like her, and believe she is really true and womanly. That fast manner is all humbug. I must not forget to pay my debt, however," and he laughed. "She thinks me a muff, I know. Never mind, that kiss was very nice—I forgive her."

"A day or two afterwards, as they were all at breakfast, Sir Henry said: "I forgot, Leslie, here is something for you," handing her a small packet, marked "Parcel Post."

"What can it be, I wonder?" she said, as she cut the string; "the handwriting is quite strange to me," and she was about to open it quite unconcernedly when Amy remarked: "It is just the shape of a glove box."

Leslie started and looked guilty across the table at Captain Murray, who was, however, going on with his breakfast.

She took off the paper wrapper and discovered a white box—it did look horri-ly like a glove box, Leslie thought, as she lifted the cover—and, yes, inside lay several pairs of dainty kid gloves of different shades.

Hoping nobody noticed her confusion and not daring to look across the table she was replacing the cover of the box when Captain Murray said very coolly: "I always pay my debts, Miss Lindsay; I do not like to feel under any obligation."

Hastily seizing her parcel Leslie rose, and, murmuring something to Sir Henry about not feeling very well, she flew upstairs and locked herself into her room, where she had a good cry. After a little time she took a look at the gloves.

"Just my size. I wonder how he knew; and six buttons—how pretty they are! He is not quite such a prig' after all, but it makes no difference to me now. He dislikes me, I know, and I wish he was gone." And then she had another good cry.

Sir Henry Seymour had no reason to complain of his ward's conduct for the next few days—but she avoided Captain Murray, who tried in vain to get a chance to speak to her.

One morning, however, fortune favored him. He was in the garden and Leslie was walking toward him; she was quite unconscious of his proximity and they must meet in a moment more. When she saw him standing near she lifted her sweet blue eyes to his with a wistful half-beseeching glance.

"Miss Lindsay," said Douglas, "shake hands with me, please. I am afraid I took a most unfair advantage of you; pray forgive me and let us be friends."

"Oh, Captain Murray, I do feel so awfully ashamed of myself—what must you think of me?"

"Shall I tell you what I think of you, darling?" as he gently drew her toward him; "I think you a dear, sweet, lovable girl, and if you can put up with such a muff as I am as a husband—"

"Oh, please don't," said Leslie, interrupting him; "do not remind me of my impertinence. You are much too good for me, but indeed, with earnestness, "I will never do it again!"

"I call that positively unkind, I assure you," said he, laughing. "I do not care how many times you repeat the operation—"

Leslie has been Mrs. Murray now some years, but her husband has never regretted he married a fast girl, while she declares she has found from experience all men are not either prigs or muffs.—London Evening News.

### National Customs.

The traveler who lands at Calais from Dover and stops there over night is put into a bed having a hard round bolster, surmounted by a huge square pillow, very different from anything of the sort he has before seen, but which he is destined to find—perhaps to his great comfort—wherever he goes in France. Here is a French fashion.

The traveller who enters Switzerland—it matters not where—has honey placed before him the first time he breakfasts or takes his tea. He has not been treated to honey before in any adjacent country in which he has travelled, not, at least, unless he has specially ordered it; but now it is placed before him whether he cares for it or not, and it continues to appear both at breakfast and tea, so long as he continues his sojournings in Switzerland. Here is a Swiss custom.

One who crosses from France to Germany exchanges customs in regard to the time of day for taking dinner and the time of night for retiring to rest. The Frenchman eats but little in the morning or through the middle of the day, reserving his dinner until the close of the day. The German dines at midday. So much is this his practice, the very word for dinner signifies "midday's meal." And even fashionable Germany goes to its evening's entertainment at half past six P. M., and is at home and in bed before the night has barely begun in London or Paris. Here are German habits.

The more one travels, the more, of course, he observes of these national peculiarities. He finds them existing not merely in such outward matters as those just indicated, but in every department of life. So numerous, so deeply rooted, so widely prevailing, are these peculiarities as to stamp unmistakably the national character.

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