The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
9243½ 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.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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

Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1899.

TELEPHONE 3771.

UNION LABEL

City News Agents.

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

L. Mark, 234 East Main street.
E. C. Weidman, 186 State Street.
Yawman & Heislein, 327 E. Main St.
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In a recent issue of the Bath, N. Y., Advocate, appeared a letter from Manilla written by D. L. Robinson, Co. L., 1st Colorado Vols., in which he says that "some companies are in churches, some in public buildings, and many are in large private residences; companies A and E are in San Sebastian Catholic church, which cost $8,000,000 to build. In this church they have underground dungeons and torture chambers. This city in fact is nearly all jails, for there is hardly a building which has not got its barred windows in some room which could easily be converted into a jail. No one can imagine the instruments of barbarism and cruelty that there is connected with the Catholic institutions which used to flourish in this city."

This story is in keeping with the many A. P. A. wailings that have appeared in the press from time to time. Ecclesiastical edifices are common in our new possessions, and they are beautiful, too, as befits the Catholic idea of a house of God. Every Catholic, and in fact every honest Protestant that has ever visited a Catholic church knows that the balance of theatory is made out of whole cloth and that it is the invention of an imaginative brain.

An exchange says: "Archbishop Feehan will be the fifth American archbishop to have an auxiliary bishop. Bishop Brady acts in that capacity to Archbishop Williams, Archbishop Corrigan has Bishop Farley, Bishop Prendergast assists Archbishop Ryan, and Bishop Curtis aids Archbishop Gibbons. Our oldest archbishop, in years in the purple, Archbishop Elder, does his work alone yet, however, though probably it will not be many years before he will have to secure an auxiliary. If his work in Cuba and Porto Rico keeps him long in these islands, Archbishop Chapelle will probably want an auxiliary.

Dr. Fulton of the Baptist communion of Detroit is going to do us a good turn, says the Milwaukee Catholic. The Paulist mission for non-Catholics showed the good doctor a new wrinkle in evangelizing that he had apparently never come across before, and he is going to start a mission for non-Protestants now to teach them the good things in his church. The non-Protestants, of course, are all us poor Catholics. We have no no doubt that there will be some rare old talk about the errors of Rome when he gets wound up, but we do not believe he will proselyte much. When Roman Catholics lose faith in their religion they rarely become Protestants. They rather drift into indifferentism and infidelity, which is the pity. They are either well enough satisfied with the religion they have or they go to the practice of [illegible]

LENTEN READING.

Editor of CATHOLIC JOURNAL:

As we are now in the holy season of Lent, or that special time of grace when so many special favors are offered by the giver of all good gifts and freely bestowed for the simple asking with the proper disposition—not to speak of the innumerable hidden graces accompanying each request—it behooves each and every one of us, as a precedence, to thank our Most Holy Mother, the Church, for her special care, consideration and love, otherwise our indifference to her would be of the blackest ingratitude. When our several good parish priests, who are God's own representatives, exhort us to penitence and to study our own personal "little self" by eradicating whatever egotism we may possess, that voice of the man of God is the voice of God Himself. Hence, there is no avenue through which to escape the awful importance of this subject, as the warnings have been given in advance by our good spiritual guides—the priests, who call us to duty, and if we fail to show a "good will" and respond to the Heavenly invitation, why, poor self is to be blamed. Far be it, of the writer, to attempt to sermonize, as the motive is simply of a sinner himself who holds the best wishes for all, and would therefore desire that perfection which he so sadly lacks in himself.

Among the many means to the extra grace at this holy season is the healthful source of good reading. In this respect we are blessed with many good Catholic books which should occupy the place of those books which make up simply for ornamentation of the table and as agents for the role of "killing time." Therefore our Catholic authors have favored us with books of the very edifying nature, and written in a style that is instructive as well as exemplary. In fact, it matters not what the intellectual attainments of the Catholic reader may be, he will find much to entertain, and any amount of worth to imitate. Though the dispositions may vary in many individuals, a volume or two can be found to suit their taste and requirements. As every person can easily discover, in the crowded public park or public meeting, a person to happily coincide with their mode of thinking, likewise the Catholic can probe among the many Catholic authors and discover books that will win his attention and approbation. What the infirmities may be of our spiritual standing, there are saintly authors, whose words of wisdom and inspiration are the remedy or more properly speaking, the instructions to the cure that is had through the Catholic priest. To name any certain Catholic author or set of Catholic works of late production we would have to particularize, and in so doing might seem partial in the judgment. Therefore, we will dwell on the merits and goodness of that stock of Catholic reading that has given evidences of splendid results and that has been under the jealous and fostering eye of our most Holy Mother, the Church, in years past.

If our nature or disposition is such that we are desirous or willing to view or contemplate on our real condition as that below the worm of the earth (for the latter knows no rebellion to its creator) and our redemption in the immortality of the soul, that world-renowned book, the "Following of Christ" will teach us to study ourselves in the spiritual sense, and down whatever conceit, foolish pride, egotism or puffy manners we may possibly possess. For those who may appreciate that work of Thomas A. Kempis, but desirous of a greater philosophy of thought, he can readily satisfy his inclination by reading that celebrated book, "St. Augustine's Confessions." There are no two books, in the writer's humble estimation, to arrest the rapidity to do evil and call man to himself than those two great works I have mentioned. The holy influence in them will quickly offset the sin or dissipation of the soul—and ofttimes to the reader's happy surprise. In fact, the reading and contemplation of them call a halt in the intellectual acumen of the individual and make him do some very "serious thinking!" No matter what our human frailities may have been in the past, "humanum est errare," in those books are discovered solid instructions that show the evil effects of all sins. They are books that have been written to meet the requirements of all persons in every station in life. For the Catholic who delights in Christian sentiments dished up with eloquence, St. John Chrysostom is the ideal; and there is every evidence that the Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, indulged in a hearty degree in that saint's writings, for there is a close resemblance in the strain of thought on Catholic subjects. For those who love to tarry in the poetic fields of delight, the great Dante will satisfy the cravings of a pure and contrite heart, and lead to a healthy and lofty ambition. In my humble estimate, the Catholic poet stands pre-eminent to Homer or Shakespeare. The latter is rich in fancy and mode of expression, but impure in imagery, as a forerunner to the winding up of morals that do not justify "the imagery." Immodest means cannot justify the end. Shakespeare was a "Caw-to lic," and the Protestants claim him; they are welcome to him; what of Bacon? For solid instruction on our holy faith, the lectures of Cardinal Wiseman can satisfy the many inquiries, besides his interesting essays on various subjects. Or the writings of the great Archbishop Spalding in his "History of the Protestant Reformation," is a source of information to equip any Catholic for intelligence to answer any questions concerning the faith that is in him. To our own Cardinal Gibbons we can point with pride to his "Faith of Our Fathers." His "Christian Heritage" I have never read, but hear praises of its worth from all quarters. For general and entertaining information on the History of Catholicity in these United States we have Dr. Shea's works that will be a lasting monument to that lay Catholic's worth as an author and historian. For philosophical study, Dr. Brownson is broad, logical, and leaves his readers in a happy mode of thought. As a deserving climax to the stated readings, we should flavor them with the beautiful sentiments that are to be found abundantly in the great works of "Glories of Mary" and "Lily of Israel." To know, we must study; and to study is to appreciate. Hence, let us during this holy season of Lent give our undivided attention in reading to Catholic authors.

H. O'C.

WATKINS, N. Y.

Organizations of Small Libraries

Under the above caption, the Cathedral Library Association has just published a thin octavo volume which will be of great utility to persons just organizing small circulating libraries. The book consists of practical hints drawn from experience, and is compiled by Agnes Wallace, librarian of the Cathedral Free circulating Library, New York. So many applications have been received by the Cathedral library for some account of their methods, that this book was compiled in order to answer the questions proposed, and so to save the necessity of exceedingly lengthy communications or polite refusals. The volume contains not only a description of the practical work of the library in the cataloguing and circulation of books, but pasted in are specimens of the various printed forms in use, and illustrations of the method used in preparing the various cards, that form so important a feature of cataloguing work in libraries. To priests and others who are inexperienced in the practical details of circulating library work the book will prove of great practical value, and we cordially commend it to those who are interested in the subject.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Matthew, xvii. 1-9.—At that time: "Jesus taketh unto Him Peter and James, and John, his brother, and bringeth them up into a high montain apart: and He was transfigured before them. And His face did shine as the sun: and His garments became white as snow. And behold there appeared to them Moses and Elias, talking with Him. And Peter answering, said to Jesus: Lord, it is good for us to be here: If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. And as He was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshaded them. And lo, a voice out of the cloud, saying: This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him. And the disciples hearing, fell upon their face and were very much afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said to them: Arise, and fear not. And they, lifting up their eyes, saw no one, but only Jesus. And as they came down the mountain Jesus charged them, saying: Tell the vision to no man till the Son of man is risen from the dead."

Christ wished His transfiguration to take place on a mountain, and in a solitary place, to give us to understand that divine favors are reserved for those who, by their virtues, raise themselves above all things earthly, who retire into solitude and flee from the cares and distractions of the world. Now St. Peter represents those who are steadfast in their faith, St. James those who control their passions, St. John the chaste and pure.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, February 26, 1899—Second Sunday in Lent. Gosp. Matt. xvii. 1-9. St. Alexander, patriarch and confessor.
Monday, 27—St. Leander, bishop and confessor.
Tuesday, 28—St. Romanus, abbott.
Wednesday, March 1—St. David, bishop and confessor.
Thursday, 2—St. Simplicius Pope and confessor.
Friday, 3—The Spear and the Nails.
Saturday, 4—St. Casimir, confessor.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION.

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

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

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Transpiring in the Different Fraternities—Current Calendars.

C. M. B. A.

UNDESIRABLE MEMBERS.

The question sometimes arises, "What shall we do with undesirable members?"

This question is answered by nearly every obligation in the C. M. B. A., therefore it is our duty to use our united strength in lifting the weak member into noble manhood, and when we have exerted our best efforts and performed our duties as good members, that is, charity, forbearance and fraternal affection at our command. Of course there are some persons who repel every effort that is made to assist them, and will persist in disgracing themselves and the branch. Such cases are, fortunately, few, and our laws provide a remedy which should be promptly applied after all offices have failed, for it occasionally happens that by tolerating this undesirable member a desertion of the better element of the branch follows, which is certainly very disastrous, and of course shows a great disregard for the obligation of the C. M. B. A. and a lack of moral courage of the officers and all concerned. You certainly would not respect a company of soldiers that would desert because one of their number was a traitor. If the welfare of your branch is threatened by such undesirable member or members, it becomes our duty as true members to stand steadfast. Therefore, let all worthy members stop acting like children and stand by their organization and branch like men, for our unworthy members will do the C. M. B. A. but little harm. Will Carleton, the poet, in the First Settler's Story, we believe it was, makes the old man say, in speaking of his wife, that she used to stand around and boss the job, and by her kind words lifted whole tons. Kind words have the same effect the world over. They lift a fellow out of the "slough of despond;" they break the stiffened, set features of the worried into a pleasant, hopeful smile. And how much better it is to cultivate the habit of treating a brother as though a time would come when we should lay down the "mortal form," and that to leave behind a character and reputation for fairness, truth and honor is the most enduring of riches, for life is short and full of care.

FRATERNALLY, J. J. H., Br. 81.

A beautiful picture of St. Anthony, an artistic aluminum medal, to all subscribers of the JOURNAL paying $1 in advance.

If you do not see any news from your parish in THE JOURNAL write us. We desire an agent and correspondent in every parish in the diocese.

THE EEL IN WINTER

HOW THE MARKET IS SUPPLIED WITH THE SLIPPERY CREATURES.

Many Are Brought From the Bottoms of Sand Dune Ponds—They Burrow Under the Mud and Are Speared by Thousands—Supply Seems Inexhaustable.

"The thing that a good many folks can't understand," said the fish dealer, "is this: They read that eels hibernate—bury themselves in the mud—as soon as cold weather comes and don't show themselves again until warm weather returns, and yet they see us have eels here by the bushel all winter long, as fat and as kinky and as slippery as any eels are in summer. It is enough to puzzle 'em.

"Behind the sand dunes of the Long Island coast there are many small ponds the water of which is naturally fresh, but has been made salt, or can be made salt, by the cutting of channels to the sea in the confining sand dunes. This brings abundance of shell and other fish from the sea to the ponds, where they fatten and take on better flavor. Native to these ponds is a non-migratory eel—that is, it does not leave those waters and go to the sea in the fall, like the eel that comes from the sea to those ponds in the spring. There is no livelier thing in the water during the warm months than this native eel of the sand dune ponds, but it is a creature of thin blood and sensative organism. When the water begins to grow chill as the cool weather comes on, the eel loses its vim and friskiness, and immediately begins to burrow into the muddy bottoms of the ponds, to lie there dormant until the temperature of the water is high enough to be pleasant again.

"These eels bore into the mud a foot or more. Although they are then to pass into a state of lethargy for the time, they must have air. To secure this they turn their heads up toward the top of their muddy bed and puncture holes through it with their noses. This would seem to prove that eels have lungs as well as gills and are therefore something more than a mere cold-blooded fish. Each burrowing eel leaves two telltale indications of his winter hiding place, the hole he went in by and the one he makes to breathe through.

"Like the bear and the coon, the eel goes into winter retreat laden with fat, and, like them, he loses none of it while he sleeps. So he is never more fit for the table in his active months of incessant and greedy feeding than he is at any time during the months of his dormant fasting. This is unfortunate for him. If he could only reduce himself to leanness before he stowed himself away in the mud he would rest there undisturbed in his nap but we would have no winter eels in the market.

"When the frosty days have come and the eels have gone into these burrows the native of the sand dune coast no longer fishes or traps for eels. He hunts for them and gets just as much pleasure and profit out of them. Armed with a barbed and many-tined spear, he passes his boat along the edges and over the shallower places of the ponds where the bottom is within easy sight. The holes in the mud betray the burrows of the hibernating eels. The spear is jabbed vigorously down through the mud. Usually, when it is drawn out, the spear will have an eel impaled on its barbs, and the painful contact is sufficient to restore much of the creature's summer animation, and it squirms and lashes itself furiously over its rude awakening. But whether the spear fetches up an eel or not, the eel hunter glances quickly about him on the contiguous surface of the pond, for if he is over a paying eel hole an infallible sign will appear on the surface and tell him so. If there eels lying within a radius of a few feet from the spot where the spear was thrust into the mud, the thrust will be quickly followed by the appearance of minute bubbles here and there on the water. The shock of the spear plunging into the bottom startles from their slumber any eels that may be lying near, and they immediately eject jets of air from their breathing holes, and the jets appear in bubbles on the surface. When the eels send these bubbles to the top of the water, is is known in the language of the sand dune eel hunters as 'smoking,' and by it they know where to launch their spears. A good smoking bed will yield dozens of fat eels.

"When the edges and shallows of the ponds have yielded up all their eels, the hunter digs new channels in the dunes, or deepens old ones. This draws down the water in the ponds and opens up the bottom in the deeper parts to the spears. This probing of the muddy bottom of these ponds for eels goes on through the fall and winter, until it would seem that not an eel would be left, but when spring comes the ponds are ready with just as big a summer crop of eels as they ever were. Scientists talk about the mystery of the eel, but if they want to solve the deepest kind of mystery about the eel, let them go and cipher out what keeps those little sand dune ponds of the Long Island coast filled with eels year in and year out, with never a sign of their growing less.

Car Ferry Between Florida and Cuba.

A ferry for loaded cars is talked of between Tampa, Fla., and Havana. The idea, according to a southern paper, is to build suitable tracks at both ends and load cars in Havana with fruit and perishable goods, run them on the ferryboat, and then scud them across the gulf to Tampa, run them on the tracks, and then away to northern destinations.

Cure for Headache.

A French doctor has invented an electric helmet, inside of which is a small motor that vibrates strips of steel, the motor making 600 turns per minute. This whizzing is supposed to cure nervous headache and put the sufferer to sleep.

Royal Peculiarities.

When annoyed or excited, the Prince of Wales winks the left eye rapidly, the Emperor of Austria puffs out his cheeks, the Czar lays his hand flat on the top of his head, and the Sultan of Turkey grasps his throat tightly with his hand.

POPULAR PERFUMES

HAVE EVER BEEN IN GREAT DEMAND AMONG ALL NATIONS.

Balm Was Much Prized by the Natives of Judea and Arabia—Raising Fragrant Flowers by the Ton—Origin of Lavender—Some Perfumes Stronger Than Others.

The Bedouins perfume their handkerchiefs with an odoriferous earth called "ares," which comes from Aden, south of Arabia, and is in much requisition by the desert Arabs, says London Society. These nomad people use civet to anoint their bodies, a substance of the consistency of honey, taken from the anal glands of the civet cat, strong and offensive in itself, but agreeable when a very small proportion is mixed with other ingredients. Kitto says that "Arabs do not salute; they simply smell each other. It is common for a parent to say, 'Ah, child, thy smell is like Sen-Paga-Poo,' a flower sacred to Chrisna." However agreeable this may be to the nostrils of the Bedouin, the mixture of the odors of dirty skins and the strong civet perfume is a combination anything but pleasant to the European nose.

Some perfumes have a stronger scent than others; some give out their fragrance at special times. Certain flowers need the warmth of the sun; some the soft rain, and others the cool night air before they venture to throw out their redolence into the atmosphere. Barthoim says: "The odor of rosemary indicates the coast of Spain more than ten leagues out to sea." And another writer declares that the "whole air of south Asia is filled with the smoke and odor of perfume." In Capua there was one long street called "The Seplasia," which consisted entirely of perfume and unguent shops. And in Bombay the greater proportion of wares exhibited in the bazaars are perfumes, of endless varieties.

Balm was much prized by the natives of Judea and Arabia, from whence it was procured. Pliny says that Vespasian and Titus had shrubs of it growing in Rome, which were carefully tended, the branches being carried by the Romans in their triumphal processions. To gather the balsam was a slow and tedious task. Alexander the Great thought it a fair midsummer days' work to fill a "concha" with balm—that it, less than a thousandth part of a pint. Cinnamon is an aromatic bark of odorous fragrance. It is a native of Ceylon and India. Kitto tells us that it is "precious and appropriate to religious use. It is much valued, and was the first spice sought after or procured in all oriental voyages, ancient or modern." The Egyptians and Romans held it in high esteem. Herodotus assures us that a species of cinnamon was taken from the nests of birds, and also found sticking like lime to the beards of goats. This substance was gathered, compounded and used as ointments and salves.

The south of France is the flower garden of Europe. Flower farming is extensive in the Var Valley, and covers about 115,000 English acres. These gardens produce over 3000 tons of flowers annually. Lavender is our English production, and is cultivated about Hertford, Surrey, and several other districts. Its name, "lavandula," from "lavare," to wash, indicates its use, which was perfuming the baths of wealthy people. Its flowers are considered excellent for disorders of the head and nerves. There are districts of lavender fields in Spain and North Africa where it thrives mostly on high sea levels. Sweet as are the influences of perfume as a panacea for wounds—a tonic for flagging health—a refreshment of the heat and dust—a luxury for the toilet—and a delicious, permeating gratification for the senses—we would stop short of the custom of the Carmani, who mingle their companions' blood with fragrant sherbet and quaff it as a pledge of friendship, sealing the compact with much mutual anointing of spikenards and attars. This, to say the least, is exaggerating the province of perfumes.

Luminosity in Plants.

Many instances have been recorded of flowers being luminous at night. They only seem to do this on rare occasions, hence they are to be envied who have the good fortune to witness the phenomena. Though the writer has often endeavored to get fortune's favor, she has never smiled on him but once, when he saw the phosphorescent glow from fungi in a hollow tree, just like the glow of a match when rubbed in the dark. A German naturalist, Herr Haggren, seems to have met with a number of instances in his country—or rather the night watchman he employed did. He concludes the phenomena are more likely to occur when it is dark, after rain, following a sunny day. July and August gave the most instances. Occurrences began soon after sunset, and there were none after dawn. He could not decide on the cause of the luminosity.

Maxims About Eating.

It is seldom a man dies from eating too little, but often from eating too much.—Hippocrates.

Through a surfeit in eating wisdom is hindered and the understanding is darkened.—Alphonse.

The rule is never to eat or do anything from the mere impulse of pleasure.—Georgia Liontino.

Eating and drinking not only maintain life, but are the cause of death.—Homer.

He who eats with most pleasure is he who least requires sauce.—Xenophon.

Eat not immoderately.—Pythagoras.

Malaria Bacilli.

Prof. Grassi's discovery that the Roman malaria is spread by a particular species of gnats has been verified in a curious manner at the Santo Spirito Hospital at Rome. All attempts to communicate the disease to animals had failed when a patient in the hospital volunteered to have the experiment tried on himself. He was exposed to the gnats, developed the fever, his blood showing malaria bacilli, and was then treated with quinine. The doctors think that they are now in a way to discover a serum that will render people immune to the malaria.