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CATHOLIC LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETIES

The Forty-third General Assembly of the German Roman Catholic Central Society of North America, held at Milwaukee, Wis., adopted a resolution to appoint a committee of three members, the duty of which it was to be to correspond with the existing Catholic Insurance Societies with a view of ascertaining whether it would be desirable and feasible to merge all these societies in one great body.

The members of the committee therefore ask whether the different societies would be willing to appoint a similar committee to confer upon the consolidation of all Catholic Insurance Societies in this country.

There is no doubt that there is an unnecessary multiplication of such societies says the Universe which advocates the formation of "a trust" combining these societies into one organization which would cut down the expenses of individual orders and thus benefit the members. It does not advocate the merging of all Catholic societies into one general organization. Most of them have different objects in view, and no one society could embrace them all. This fact is evident. However, when the primary object of a society is life insurance, such life insurance ought to be made as cheap and secure as possible. This end will be attained by consolidation. Strength is frittered away by division, useless expense is increased and security for final payment is lessened.

One society places the age limit for admission at forty-five years, another places it at fifty years and another makes a different limit. Those now in the societies could be allowed to hold their policies, and a new arrangement could be made as to age, limit, etc., for new members.

It appears that it would not be very difficult to form one grand and powerful Catholic organization from the multiplying life insurance societies in the Church.

An exchange says: "If a servant in Germany falls sick her mistress is not allowed to discharge her, but must pay forty-seven cents a day for her hospital expenses until she is perfectly well. The wages of girls vary from \$2.40 to \$7.20 a month with board. The girls in this country are more independent as they receive double that amount, but we think they would not object to the extra compensation."

The scopers of Buffalo have at last listened to reason and have taken the good advice given by Bishop Quigley and returned to work. The bishop is to be commended for his earnest efforts to effect a settlement, equitable and just to both employer and employee.

In the death of Mrs. Rice, many French churches and parishes have

ANNEXATION.

Editor of CATHOLIC JOURNAL:
It will not be of the chronic order, for your correspondent to bring again to the point for discussion the subject of "Annexation" as it now forms the uppermost subject in the current topics of the day. I was of the opinion, some months ago, that ere this hour, that subject would be a worthless matter, as its advent was brought about without even the semblance of a foundation on which to advocate its fancied doctrine. Hence, one can imagine "imperialism on the high horse" as a precedence to the real fact to be discovered under the guise of "Annexation"! Its advocates in this young republic of ours may use soft and glittering forms of expressions in its behalf, but he who can read as he runs, can see the imperialistic shrine in the distance. Therefore, the public mind of today is kept riveted on the "beautiful" blessings of additional territory—alias, "honor" by the way! The daily press in its normal extent never grows weary of the subject, and yet would make attack upon the right of full discussion and pronounce those who might differ as "seditious" and "treasonable." Before the pronouncement can have its proper force the question will go the rounds "Who are the real patriotic Americans?" Silence of speech was golden during our war with Spain, but when peace was proclaimed free speech was given its full scope. Verily, those who would charge treason on individuals who justly criticize some "forms" of our present administration lack the knowledge of the defilement and limitation of those laws that govern the actions of all true Americans.

About a year ago it was patriotic to declare that "Forbible annexation would be criminal aggression," and now it is "seditious" and "treasonable" to so speak—according to the advocates of "expansion" and the authors of "imperialistic" literature. The same authors and advocates are still unable to explain so sudden a change and give a logical reason for the "faith" that is in them.

When such grand men, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spaulding of Peoria, takes a stand on the public platform and denounces all "aims" in the acquisition of foreign territory, we can rest assured he is on the right side of the question and more than well able to give evidences of the true Americanism that actuates his rebellion on everything that savors of un-American principles. In his eloquent and powerful address to the mass meeting in Chicago, which he held with great attention for two and half hours, I find in part the following language: "When the real good of life escapes us, money and what money buys seems to be all that is left. Then men become cowards, liars and thieves. They orange and fawn and palter. They worship success. They call evil good, and good evil. They have no convictions which are not lucrative, no opinions which are not profitable. Then all things are for sale, then demagogues are heroes, then opportunists for plunder are welcome; then the best policy is that which wins most votes and most money."

Since the foregoing short quotation contains so much truth on the actions of men now-a-days, what must have been the wisdom and philosophy displayed in the address in full. Evidently, the Spauldings are a credit to the Catholic citizens of this country.

H. O'G.
WATKINS, N. Y.

REVERIE ON THE PINNACLE.

I stood on the summit of a pine-clad hill. Below me, far as the eye could reach, stretched the city with its endless toil and endeavor. Around me lay the quiet dead and over their ashes the pine trees forever murmured a requiem, soft and soothing as a mother's lullaby and the myrtle crept "around their names above their graves." Far above the strifes and jealousies and heartburnings of the city were lying at rest, some who had trodden the thorny pathway adown the west till their life's sun set and some who halted "where the brooklets swift advance, meets the river's broad expanse," and some whose tiny feet have never sated and bleed. Alike to them now are success and failure and the world's praise and blame. Their ears are closed to all sounds of earth. The march of armies and the songs of the little birds as they warble the praises of the Great Creator are alike unheeded. Never again shall they hear the voices of loved ones. Closed forever are the eyes that have looked on the beauty of God's creation as well as upon scenes of misery and woe.

No more shall those feet walk over rough and thorny ways or along flower-strewn paths. The hands that have labored through the heat and burden of the day or have stretched forth to help Christ's blessed ones—the poor—are folded over hearts at rest and forever. Seasons come and go—the grass grows green and blossoms and fades, and the yellow leaves fall and the soft white snow

falls over green mounds and muddy streets, like the kindly spirit of charity covering over a neighbor's faults. Ages may roll away and they shall lie, dust unto dust, until the Angel of the resurrection shall call them forth to stand among that mighty multitude of every race and tribe and tongue on that last great day when all wrongs shall be righted and all misunderstandings cleared away.

Standing there among those graves on that hilltop overlooking the city, thoughts flew back over the centuries to another hill overlooking a city in a far off Eastern land, where that sacrifice was offered that has made death precious in the sight of the Lord, and even the pine trees seemed to whisper "Blessed are they who die in the Lord." Regretfully I turned away from the blessed dead who

"Rest but for time, waiting the great decree. That for eternity, shall sound their ransom free."
Endless, sublime."
IONA.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL—Trinity Sunday—First Sunday after Pentecost—St. Matt. xviii, 13-20.—And Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, May 28—Trinity Sunday—First Sunday after Pentecost—St. Matt. xviii, 13-20.—St. Germain, bishop, confessor.
Monday, May 29—St. Cyril, martyr.
Tuesday, May 30—St. Felix, pope, martyr.
Wednesday, May 31—St. Angela Merici, virgin.
Thursday, June 1—Corpus Christi.
Friday, June 2—St. Pothinus, bishop, martyr.
Saturday, St. Clotilda, queen.

Is My Blood Pure?

This is a question of vast importance to all who wish to be well. If your blood is impure you cannot expect good health, unless you begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. This great medicine makes the blood pure and puts the system in good health, cures spring humors and that tired feeling.

Fine Wedding

Invitations at this office at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

FRIARS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Their New Foundation in the Archdiocese of New York.

With a short time a monastery of the Augustinian Fathers, one of the oldest monastic orders in the Roman Catholic Church, will be established within the limits of the arch diocese of New York. The location of the future home of this, one of the most famous congregations connected with the history of the Church, will be on the Mallman estate, near Stapleton, S. I. The property referred to has already been purchased by the Augustinian Friars, the hearty consent of Archbishop Corrigan to their coming having been given, and only a few preliminaries are waiting before the present buildings upon the estate will have been put in shape for the occupancy of the monks and lay brothers who will form the community.

It is reported that it is the purpose of the community to make their Staten Island home the headquarters of the community in America. At the present time the mother house of the congregation is the monastery of St. Thomas of Villanova, at Villanova, Delaware county, Pa., under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Philadelphia. The Very Rev. Father John Joseph Fedigan, O. S. A., the Provincial, was in New York last week completing the arrangements for the reception of the professed Fathers, the professed clerics, the novice clerics and professed novice lay brothers who will comprise the new community.

Father Fedigan said that he considered himself fortunate in having secured so favorable a location for the members of the order here and expressed himself as delighted with the prospect of a religious establishment in the arch diocese of New York for the Augustinians.

The property which the friars of the Order of St. Augustine have acquired on Staten Island was owned by Mrs. Mallman, a wealthy woman of deep devotion to the Catholic Church. About two years ago she offered the estate to the sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, near Parkville, in the diocese of Brooklyn, as the headquarters of that community of nuns. The offer was accepted, but conditions were not altogether satisfactory.

The Sisters of the Visitation gave up all claim to the property and deeded it back to its former owner. As soon as it became known that the nuns had retired from the Mallman estate, of which they had already assumed possession, negotiations were entered upon by the Augustinian Fathers for securing the property.

The Sisters of the Visitation will begin at ONE HAVEN July 2 and end August 21.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Transpiring in the Different Fraternities.
Knights of Columbus.

There has been a great deal of foolish talk about the Knights of Columbus being a sort of Catholic Freemasonry and that there are indications that this is to become a medium through which the Catholic church in America is to become in effect a great secret organization says the Catholic Universe. To those who know that the object of the society is to bring Catholics into closer union socially, and by keeping before them the glory of the Church to inspire them with lofty sentiment of faith and love for her, this kind of talk is silly.

But the knights owe it to themselves and to the church to deny these charges whenever made. It is no honor for a Catholic to be a Freemason or to be aping Freemasonry. The knights can have their secrets like every association; they may have their own peculiar form of initiation, but they cannot afford to go under the doubtful imputation of being a Catholic Freemason. The Catholic church abhors Freemasonry and every Knight of Columbus does the same for the very reason that to be a knight the first requisite is to be a practical Catholic.

The Knights of Columbus number forty thousand Catholic men who as a body are an honor to the Church. Their chief glory is their Catholic faith. The watchword of the organization is such friendly union among Catholics and such fidelity to true Catholic principles as to make the name of Catholic an honor and a power in every community. They claim no monopoly in these cherished qualifications of true membership in the Church of Christ, but in their own way they aim at a more uniform and concerted fulfillment of them.

For this reason the spirit of the organization should reject as an injury and an insult to its high ideals to be called Catholic Freemasons or any other kind of Freemasons. As the Catholic Transcript says, the charge has been circulated and the suspicion has gone out that the Knights of Columbus are affecting Freemasonry, and as it continues: "It is a bad impression to send abroad. It is nimble and hydra-headed, and if left to do its ruinous work uncontradicted, let those who are calumniated prepare for troublesome times."

Every council of the Knights of Columbus should repudiate these false charges and declare in no doubtful terms for what every knight cherishes in his heart, namely, that there is no honor like the honor of being true sons of the Church and no glory like the glory of the name of Catholic.

Branch 139 C. M. B. A.

At the meeting of the above mentioned Branch on Tuesday evening, May 23rd, the following named brothers were installed to membership: Bernard Donaghy, Philip Byrne and Michael G. Clark. Seven applications were read and referred to the board of trustees. At our next meeting there will be ten for initiation and a like number of applications is expected. Every member of the branch is requested to be present at our next regular meeting and will receive notice to that effect, as business of great importance is to come before the meeting and it is also desired that we give a grand reception by our members to the ways and means committee of the central council through their secretary, Brother Keating have notified us that they will call on us on this occasion, so let every member of this branch try and make a special effort to attend, as it is the least every branch can do to show by their attendance on such occasion that they do appreciate the labors of these two committees in the great work they are doing. The committee are made up with wide awake C. M. B. A. men, who have had long years of experience in the workings of the organization and who are always looking out to see in what way they can further the interests of the organization at large.

The Knights of St. Mauritius gave a May party at their hall, corner Central avenue and North Clinton street, Monday evening, May 22.

The fifth annual grand ball and May party, will be held under the auspices of Auxiliary No. 6, of the A. O. H., at Hibernian hall Tuesday evening, May 30, 1899. All the Divisions of the A. O. H. and their friends are most cordially invited.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want several men, good, live agents to get subscribers for THE JOURNAL. Good pay to haulers. Address to Business Manager, THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

If you want read a good, clean, yet mystifying story read "Rolf Hous" in this issue.

THE PRIEST'S SUPPER.

It is said by those who ought to understand such things, that the good people, or the fairies, are some of the angels who were turned out of heaven and who landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, who had more sin to sink them went down further to a worse place. Be this as it may, there was a merry troop of the fairies, dancing and playing all manner of wild pranks, on a bright moonlight evening toward the end of September. The scene of their merriment was not far distant from Inchegeela, in the west of the county Cork—a poor village, although it had a barracks for soldiers; but great mountains, and barren rocks, like those round about it, are enough to strike poverty into any place; however, as the fairies can have everything they want for wishing, poverty does not trouble them much, and all their cares is to seek out unfrequented nooks and places where it is not likely any one will come to spoil their sport.

On a nice green sod by the river's side were the little fellows dancing in a ring as gaily as may be, with their red caps wagging about at every bound in the moonshine; and so light were these bounds, that the lobes of dew although they trembled under their feet, were not disturbed by their capering. Thus did they carry on their gambols, spinning round and round and twirling and bobbing and diving and going through all manner of figures, until one of them chirped out: "Cease, cease, with your drumming. Here's an end to our mummings!"

By my smell I can tell
A priest this way is coming!"

And away every one of the fairies scampered off as hard as they could concealing themselves under the green leaves of the lumore, where, if their little red caps should happen to peep out, they would only look like its crimson bells; and more hid themselves at the shady side of stones and brambles, and others under the bank of the river, and in holes and crannies of one kind or another.

The fairy speaker was not mistaken for along the road, which was within view of the river, came Father Horrikan on his pony, thinking to himself that as it was so late he would make an end of his journey at the first call, he came to. According to this determination, he stopped at the dwelling of Dermot Leary, lifted the latch, and entered with "My blessing on all here."

I need not say that Father Horrikan was a welcome guest wherever he went, for no man was more pious or better beloved in the country. Now it was a great trouble to Dermot that he had nothing to offer his reverent father for supper as a relish to the potatoes which "the old woman" for so Dermot called his wife, though she was no much passed twenty, had down boiling in the pot over the fire, he thought of the net which he had set in the river, but as it had been there only a short time, the chances were against his finding a fish in it. "No matter," thought Dermot, "there can be no harm in stepping down to try, and maybe, as I want a fish for the priest's supper, that one will be there before my supper."

Down to the river-side went Dermot, and he found in the net as fine a salmon as ever jumped in the bright waters of "the spreading Lee;" but as he was going to take it out, the net was pulled from him, he could not tell how or by whom, and away got the salmon, and went swimming along with the current as gaily as if nothing had happened.

Dermot looked sorrowfully at the wake which the fish had left upon the water, shining like a line of silver in the moonlight, and then, with an angry motion of his right hand and a stamp of his foot, gave vent to his feelings by muttering, "May bitter bad luck attend you night and day for a blackguard schemer of a salmon wherever you go! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, if there's any shame in this fashion! And I'm clear in my own mind you'll come to no good, for some kind of evil thing or other helped you—did I not feel it pull the net against me as strong as the devil himself!"

"That's not true for you," said one of the little fairies, who had scampered off at the approach of the priest, coming up to Dermot Leary, with a whole throng of companions at his heels; "there was only a dozen and a half of us pulling against you."

Dermot considered for some time, with wonder, who continued, "Make yourself no ways uneasy about the priest's supper, for if you will go back and ask him one question from us, there will be as fine a supper as ever was put on a table spread out before him in less than no time."

"I'll have nothing at all to do with you," replied Dermot, in a tone of determination; and after a pause, he added: "I'm much obliged to you for your offer, sir, but I know better than to sell myself to you or the like of you for a supper; and more than that, I know Father Horrikan has more regard for my soul than to wish me to pledge it forever out of regard to anything you could put before him—so there's an end of the matter."

The little speaker, with a pertinacity not to be repulsed by Dermot's manner, continued, "Will you ask the priest one civil question for us?" Dermot considered for some time, and he was right in doing so, but he thought that no one could come to harm out of asking a civil question. "I see no objection to do that same, gentlemen," said Dermot; "but I will have nothing in life to do with your supper—mind that."

"Then," said the little speaking fairy, whilst the rest came crowding after him from all parts, "go and ask

Father Horrikan to tell us whether our souls will be saved at the last day, like the souls of good Christians; and if you wish us well, bring back word what he says without delay."

Away went Dermot to his cabin, where he found the potatoes thrown out on the table, and his good woman handing the biggest of them all, a beautiful laughing red apple, smoking like a hard-ripped horse on a frosty night, over to Father Horrikan. "Please, your reverence," said Dermot, after some hesitation, "may I make bold to ask your honor one question?"

"What may that be?" said Father Horrikan.

"Why, then, begging your reverence's pardon for my freedom, it is, if the souls of the good people are to be saved at the last day?"

"Who bid you ask me that question, Leary?" said the priest, fixing his eyes upon him very sternly, which Dermot could not stand before at all. "I'll tell you nothing about the matter, and nothing in life but the truth," said Dermot. "It was the good people themselves who sent me to ask the question, and there they are in thousands down on the bank of the river, waiting for me to go back with the answer."

"Go back by all means," said the priest, "and tell them, if they want to know, to come here to me themselves, and I'll answer that or any other question they are pleased to ask with the greatest pleasure in life."

Dermot accordingly returned to the fairies, who came swarming round about him to see what the priest had said in reply; and Dermot spoke out among them like a bold man as he was; but when they heard that they must go to the priest, away they fled, some here and more there, and some this way and more that, whisking by poor Dermot so fast and in such numbers, that he was quite bewildered.

TO OUR SOCIETIES.

A Circular From Catholic Reading Circle Bureau.

Executive officers of Reading Circles, Study Clubs, Literary Societies, Libraries, and University Extension centres are requested to report under the following heads a detailed account of their organization, system and general results, so that some definite knowledge may be had of the scope, aim, strength, character and importance of the Catholic educational movement outside of schools and colleges, etc.

Such a report, we are satisfied will reflect most favorably on the zeal, earnestness and intelligence of our Catholic people in their efforts to attain a higher status of intellectual culture. The report will also be a great satisfaction to those now engaged in the work and an inspiration and a guide for many to affiliate with the movement.

We respectfully urge that the report be forwarded to the Catholic Reading Circle Bureau, Youngstown, Ohio, and that uniform sheets of foolscap paper be used, and written on one side of the sheet only.

As great labor will be required in tabulating the reports and preparing them for publication, it is earnestly requested that every Reading Circle, Study Club or other definite Catholic Literary Society co-operate with us, by responding in the manner and within the time indicated.

As time and means will make it impossible for us to make repeated requests for this information, we trust that this first will be sufficient.

City, name of club or circle, year organized, time of beginning season's work, time of closing season's work, meetings, number, frequency; total number of papers, total number of readings, subjects of study, with number of meetings devoted to each; books used, members, men, women; average attendance, men, women; number of volumes in library, reference, circulating; fees, officers, (with addresses); president, secretary, director; lecturers; number, subjects, lecturers; if circle or club is not in existence, when was it discontinued; remarks.

Note—Where exact information cannot be given, make an approximate statement, and place a question mark (?) after it.

Past officers and members of disbanded circles are requested to give information under as many heads as possible, and state the year in which the circles disbanded.—Warren E. Mosher, Secretary.

The Protestant Bishop of New York, Dr. Potter, "ordained" Rev. Dr. Briggs as ex-Presbyterian minister, as an Episcopalian presbyter on May 14, in spite of his heretical beliefs and in spite of the protest lodged against him by other Episcopalian clergymen. Another Bishop of the same denomination, Dr. Nicholson, of Milwaukee, admits that Dr. Briggs is a heretic, and declares against his ordination, and predicts that it will lead to an extensive ecclesiastical fight. Surely that cannot be the "Church of Christ, in which one so-called Bishop approves a man as orthodox and another pronounces him a heretic!"

Dr. Storrs, in the Independent, takes a very gloomy view of the future of the Protestant pulpit. There never was a time when the Catholic pulpit exerted such powerful and widespread influence as to-day.