

The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper
Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
384 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 giv-
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Per Year, in Advance.....\$1.00
Entered as second class mail matter.
SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899.



City News Agents.
The CATHOLIC JOURNAL is sold by the
following newsmen, and can be obtained
of them Saturday mornings:
L. Merk, 234 East Main Street.
E. C. Weldman, 126 State Street.
Vawman & Stupp, 327 E. Main St.
J. Soehner, 355 Hudson St.
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IS THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL A NECESSITY.

Professor Patrick, in the recent
number of Popular science, claims
that the startling increase of myopia,
or weak sight, in children is caused
by the stitching and pricking methods
of instruction that have been prac-
ticed in the public schools. He also
states boldly and fearlessly that the
fearful strain placed upon the childish
brains by too difficult "tests" and the
too frequent and severe examinations,
are the causes of the numerous ner-
vous disorders in children that have
become so prevalent.

But what has this to do with paro-
chial schools? asks the Springfield
Tribune. Just this--that "Cramology"
will not be tolerated. That the con-
demnable theory of teaching children
a great many unnecessary things super-
ficially rather than the few necessary
things solidly on the plea "that the
majority of children leave school at
twelve years and they should be
taught as many things as possible."—
will not be practiced in our parochial
schools. To make a child "a Jack-
of-all trades and master of none"
should not be the aim of our schools
and is surely not true education, yet
this is the reason given by teachers
when asked the wherefore of the
multiplied and multiplying studies
forced upon the children and teachers,
by men whose idea of education seems
to be to "drive in" instead of "draw
out," which is the true end of all in-
struction. The aim of the parochial
school teaching will be to clothe the
child's mind with the useful, durable
and elegant garments of sound, practi-
cal and athletic culture, instead of
the flimsy raiment adorned with the
tinsel and spangles of "glittering
generalities" that is popularly termed
education!

"The purpose of teaching," says
Froebel, is to bring more out of a
man, rather than to put more and
more into him." To instruct is to
"draw out." This is the aim of
Catholic teaching, to draw out and
cultivate whatever of talents the Lord
has placed in each individual child;
to respect those gifts and train them
wisely; to fit the child for his battle
with life and to warn him of the
dangers that lurk in his pathway.
As fast public opinion is coming back
to the teachings of the church on the
subject of moral training for the child;
of the duty of forming his character
rather than making him a pedant, "A
man who gets rid of his brains to
make room for his learning" as some-
one wittily says.

The Catholic church goes farther
than this of making good citizens.
She teaches the child the existence of
God; that he is the father of all; that
He is being infinitely wise and per-
fect; that we came from him and that
we are going back to him, to render
account to him. This is a basis for a never-
failing education for a never-
failing citizenship. If we

keep His laws. When the Catholic
teacher points out "the glory in the
grass, and the beauty flower," she is
not content with imparting esthetic
and botanical knowledge alone, she
goes further and impresses the young
mind with the thought of God's beauty
and love and beneficence as exem-
plified in the loveliness of the coloring,
and the delicacy of its anatomy and
the sweetness of its fragrance.
"Through nature up to nature's
God," training his intellectual facul-
ties to observe, his esthetic faculties to
discriminate, whilst planting in his
soul seeds of reverence and awe for
the supreme Lord of all.

The child is taught his dignity as a
child of God, that he is a part of the
great plan of creation; that he has a
special mission to fulfill in working
out God's designs. His work is im-
portant, no matter how humble or hid-
den it may be, if he only keeps God's
laws and submits patiently to his will.
The cement between the stones con-
tribute as much to the strength of the
building as blocks of granite and the
foundation stones, upon which all
rest, are hidden from the sight of men.
Whatever one's vocation in life may
be, whether high or lowly, seen of men
in public affair, or hidden in the
humbleness of common things, it is all
important. This lesson is constantly
taught by the church. To find out
one's vocation in life and to fulfill it
nobly, is her constant, never ceasing
exhortation to her children, from the
cradle to the grave. "Whatever
your hand finds to do, do it well."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

In an excellent article on the above
caption the Washington Calendar
says, "Marriage was instituted by
God himself between the first man
and the first woman, and Adam laid
down the law of their relations to
each other. It reads:

"Wherefore a man shall leave
father and mother and shall cleave to
his wife."—Gen. II 24.

Marriage, then, is a sacrament
constituted by the Almighty in the
beginning.

But divorce was also instituted.
Man under the old law could put
away the wife who was guilty of adul-
tery.—Deut., XXIV-1.

Christ, in the Sermon on the Mount,
laid down the law for Christians. He
said: "But I say to you, that whoever
shall put away his wife, excepting
the cause of fornication, maketh
her to commit adultery; and he that
marry her that is put away commit-
teth adultery."—Mat., V-32; Mark,
X-11; Luke, XVI 18.

Practically the same language is
used in the Protestant Bible, so there
can be no misunderstanding of the
law of God on the subject of divorce.
There is and can be but one cause for
divorce.

The first departure in human laws
on this subject from the divine law
was made in England, after Henry
VIII had established the English church,
because the Pope would not grant him
a divorce from his wife, Catharine of
Aragon, that he might marry her
maid, Anne Boleyn.

Two kinds of divorce were provided
for; one, a Vinculo Matrimonii, for the
Bible reason; the other, A Mensa et
thoro, for other causes.

Since that day divorces have been
made easier and easier, "incompati-
bility of temper" being a cause for
divorce in some courts.
The bond that God instituted and
which Christ declared could only be
severed for the one reason has been
made so weak that it can be shaken
off as easily as an old cloak is shaken
from the shoulders, and either or both
parties are allowed to remarry.

This setting aside of God's law for
man's invention is weakening the
whole structure of society outside of
the Catholic church, and hundreds of
men and women in high places are
living, because of this law, in open
adultery, or Christ's teaching are a
fable, unworthy of consideration or
belief. And these people enter
churches and desecrate the name of
Christianity by calling themselves and
being called Christians.

A libidinous King, and a priest
false to his vows—a traitor to God
and religion—the one in Germany
and the other in England—are the
men whose acts have made marriage,
outside the Catholic church, a mock-
ery, and adultery one of the fine arts

And the same Christ who stated the
law as to divorce said: "Beware of
false prophets who come to you in the
clothing of sheep, but inwardly they
are ravening wolves. By their fruits
ye shall know them. Do men gather
grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?
Even so every good tree bringeth forth
good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth
forth evil fruit. A good tree can not
bring forth evil fruit, neither can an
evil tree bring forth good fruit. Every
tree that bringeth not forth good fruit
shall be cut down and shall be cast
into the fire."—Mat. VII-15, 16, 17,
18 and 19.

The false prophets—the ravening
wolves—have come. We have named
them. They are the evil trees bear-
ing evil fruit, such as we have spoken
of. Their fruit is even like unto the
Dead Sea apples which turn to ashes;
or like the book given by the angel to
St. John, sweet as honey in the
mouth, but bitter in the belly.
And this evil fruit—these apples
that turn to ashes—this book that is
bitter in the belly are being fed to
the people under the forms of law.
Weak, puny mandates to set aside
God's law—the law proclaimed in
Paradise and in the Sermon on the
Mount, and substitute for it his vain
imaginings.

How long is this condition to
continue? The church stands as a
stone wall to stay this tide of infidelity
from entering its sacred precincts and
defiling its children. Outside of the
church this sin against God and the
family is open as the sunlight, and
those who commit it flout themselves
before the public as the scarlet woman
walks upon the streets of our cities.

The president should send a suffi-
cient number of soldiers to the Phil-
ippines to quell the insurrection or
withdraw those brave fellows who are
being picked off every day.

A number of the prominent liquor
dealers of this city have signified their
intention of living up to the laws.
Such action is commendable.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Editor of CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

When a Catholic magazine of high
repute and literary ability, like the
"Ave Maria" makes its comments on
any subject, it is with interest its
views can be republished to the Catho-
lic-reading public. In its last issue of
the 10th inst., is the following lan-
guage on the "red-tape" that is dis-
played by the faculty of Trinity Col-
lege. [Like other colleges and
universities, Trinity is an advocate of
"intricateisms" that disturb young
men's peace of mind instead of ad-
hering to old honest principles and
knocking common sense into the
"noddles" of its students who do not
lack the "gall" to resume the role of
"intellectual giants" I thank God,
our Catholic institutions are not in-
cluded in the charge. Pugnacity,
moreover, is an unknown quality—to
the credit of our Catholic professors.]
"At last it is absolutely certain that
the Irish language is enjoying a very
real resurrection. Whatever linger-
ing doubts may have existed on that
score are dispelled by the fact that
Trinity College, Dublin, has elected
to oppose the Irish revival in the spirit
and with the weapon of loyal Orange-
men. A number of professors—hardly
any of whom could sell themselves in
Gaelic to save their souls—have circu-
lated the report that "the mass of
extant Irish literature, including the
modern folk-lore, is too indecent for
popular teaching." This declaration
is hardly surprising, considering its
source. Trinity College, though sup-
ported by the taxes of Catholic Ire-
land, has manifested an interest in the
national language only once, and that
was when a chair of Gaelic was set up
by the faculty for the avowed pur-
pose of teaching modern Irish to
Protestant missionaries, in the hope
that they might thus draw the
peasantry away from the Church."

Thank God! the "babe" did not
work among the Irish people, and
what means has the devil himself not
employed for the past four hundred
years, to induce them to discard their
holy religious belief? Like the rock
upon which the church itself is built,
they to-day are as firm as ever.
The readers of THE CATHOLIC
JOURNAL are aware that Trinity Col-
lege is an English institution. It was
established during the reign of Queen
Elizabeth for the avowed purpose—as
the Ave Maria claims—of "convert-
ing" and "educating" the Irish to
Protestantism. From that time to the
present day, it has not deviated one
 iota from the spirit of its original
character. Hence, it is, we find it at
this very day attempting to cause dis-
union, race-hatred bigotry and lastly
in the diabolical act of wiping out the

Irish language—notwithstanding the
establishment of the Gaelic chair in
its "sanctuary of learning." Its red-
tape professors, realizing of late, that
language is synonymous with nationality,
they are "fired" with indignation at the
idea of the Gaelic being adopted in the
commencement of its charter of
Anglicization. So great is their in-
dignation at this late day, that they
have already pronounced the literature
of Ireland "indecent." That cer-
tainly is a grotesque assertion! And
the most charitable opinion to form of
these very professors of Trinity is—
they are drunk with dirty malice or
do not know what they are talking
about.

The Irish people, as a race, were
and yet are a pure nationality, it
naturally follows, their language must
be pure. To prove the contrary, if
existing, it will require more brains
and ability than can be discovered in
Trinity College.

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

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL—Fourth Sunday after
Pentecost—St. Luke v. 1-11.—At
that time: "When the multitude
pressed upon Jesus to hear the word of
God, He stood by the Lake of Gene-
sareth, and saw two ships standing by
the lake, but the fishermen were gone
out of them and were washing their
nets. And going up into one of the
ships that was Simon's, He desired
him to draw back a little from the
land. And sitting he taught the
multitude out of the ship. Now when
He had ceased to speak He said to
Simon: Launch out into the deep, and
let down your nets for a draught
and Simon answering said to Him:
Master, we have labored all the night,
and have taken nothing, but at thy
word I will let down the net. And
when they had done this they en-
closed a very great multitude of
fishes, and their net broke. And
they beckoned to their partners that
were in the other ship that they should
come and help them. And they came
and filled both the ships, so that they
were almost sinking, which when
Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus'
knee, saying: Depart from me, for I
am a sinful man, O Lord. For he
was wholly astonished, and all that
were with him, at the draught of the
fishes which they had taken. And so
were also James and John, the sons of
Zebedei, who were Simon's partners.
And Jesus saith to Simon: Fear not;
from henceforth thou shalt catch men.
And having brought their ships to
land, leaving all things, they followed
Him.

WHAT ARE WE TO LEARN FROM THE EVENTS RECORDED IN THIS GOSPEL?

We are to learn from the multitude
to be anxious to hear the word of God.
From St. Peter we are to learn to
obey Jesus Christ, and to humble our-
selves, having our unworthiness before
our eyes, when God favors us and
makes us the instruments of His
wonders. From the apostles who
abandoned their ships and nets, we
are to learn to abandon the things of
the world, to give up our affections,
even our own selves, in order to fol-
low the voice of God when he vouch-
safes to call us.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, June 18.—Fourth Sunday after
Pentecost—Gospel, St. Luke v. 1-11.—St.
Mark and Comp. martyrs.
Monday, June 19.—St. Juliana Falconieri,
virgin.
Tuesday, June 20.—St. Silverius, pope,
martyr.
Wednesday, June 21.—St. Alcyous Gonsaga,
confessor.
Thursday, June 22.—St. Alban, martyr.
Friday, June 23.—St. Eheldreda, virgin,
abbesa.
Saturday, June 24.—Nativity of St. John
Baptist.

HOW BANKS MAKE MONEY.

Many people wonder how banks use
all the money deposited in them and
how they manage to pay interest there-
on and yet come out at the end of the
year with a big profit on the business.

What they do is trade with the
money. To the depositor they pay
between 1 and 2 per cent, but the
money they lend brings them in 3, 5,
6, 7 and even 8 per cent.

For instance, they give loans on all
sorts of securities, such as railway
debentures, government stock, public
company shares, dock warrants, bills
of lading, etc.

They also lend money on the securi-
ty of houses and land, but not to a
great extent, as repayments are slow.
When a couple of substantial busi-
ness men or farmers or professional
men back a bill the bank often lends
without any security at all; but now
and again they have heavy and ruin-
ous losses on these loans.
All banks, however, have large
sums of money constantly lying idle,
for they must keep sufficient cash at
the various branches to pay checks,
and even to be more or less prepared
for panics. Still, the difference be-
tween the 1 and 2 per cent. they pay
and the 3 to 8 they receive on millions
of dollars leaves them an immense
profit on the year's business.

HOW CURIOUS.

Said one little girl to another little girl
As proudly as could be
"I'll tell you something very nice
About my papa told me
He said my mamma was the sweetest girl
That ever there could be!"
Said the other little girl to that one little
girl
"Why, now!—how can you be?
For that is just the very thing
That my papa told me!
(And neither was as sweet as my little girl,
As any one else could see!)"
—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

A LUCKLESS TROUBADOUR.

With what impatience Gervasio
awaited the coming Saturday! For on
Saturday there was to be a ball at the
Alhambra under the auspices of the
society El Mochuelo. It was to be a
masquerade, and it would be his first
time to appear in disguise. He had
made the engagement with several
friends, and, besides, intended to make
a formal declaration of his love, long
and silently cherished, to Pepita, a
very clever girl, the daughter of a
prominent merchant who lived in the
Calle del Ave-Maria. The occasion
would be propitious, because Pepita
would attend the ball masked and
Gervasio knew exactly what her
costume was going to be; he had already
bargained with a friend to introduce
him to her father, in order that he
might obtain permission to dance with
the young girl, for whom he had al-
ready destined a fine box of sweets,
bought for this express purpose at the
shop of La Pajarita in the Puerta del
Sol.

Gervasio was a good fellow. He had
obtained a Government position, a
modest one, to be sure, but his income
sufficed to cover all his expenses, and
as he had no family and lived alone
in a small apartment and had good
relations, he could call himself a hap-
py man.

That ball aggravated him; he lived
upon his illusion of appearing in the
costume of a troubadour, which he
had adjusted to his form, and as a
stimulus to his good fortune Baron de
las Rosas, who had many fine armors
at his house, had promised him a hel-
met, an ancient breastplate and a
sword.

How many nights the good Gervasio
dreamed about that beautiful costume,
the compliments from his friends and
the covetous glances of some pretty
girls!

Surely Pepita would not be able to
resist him and would at least on that
very night write a chapter on hope in
the history of her love affairs.

At last came the night so long look-
ed forward to. Gervasio arrived at the
house of the Baron when the latter
returned from the theatre at about
12:30 o'clock. He was already dressed
for the ball and lacked nothing except
the helmet and breastplate of course
but did not wear a mask.

"Who would think of a mask?" said
he, "when one can pull down the
visor? One can see and breathe much
better, and above all, the beard and
neck will not show."

"But my friend," said the Baron,
while his valet was putting the helmet
on Gervasio, "you are going to be very
tired, indeed; this weighs too much to
be worn all night long."

"No, sir, it is all right."
"Very well, do as you wish."
And Gervasio was an armed knight
he returned to his cab and drove to the
Alhambra.

Gervasio entered the ball room, car-
rying himself like a veritable trouba-
dour.

What a martial and elegant aspect
he imagined himself presenting! In
his imagination he saw himself, as in
a mirror, walking about among similar
costumes, and red, blue and yellow
dominions of pearls. He showed
his way among the ladies, who grace-
fully donated the undivided manilla
mantles and passed haughty by the
girls disguised as babies or virgins,
whose costumes looked as if they were
"house-made." He thought himself the
object of the admiration of all, and
was himself dazzled by the reflection
of helmet and breastplate bathed in
the rays of electric light. He sought
Pepita, and, finally, after great trou-
ble, succeeded in meeting her. The
friend who was to introduce him to
the girl's father kept his word. They
sat down to a table, and the troubadours
offering his arm to Pepita, promena-
d in the sala.

hate to go to the ball had not been
careful to find out how it should be
taken off.

He walked to and fro, and, inclosed
thus, tried everything that looked like
a button, but, at length, he gave up
at all; the helmet seemed to cleave up
him. Then it occurred to him to call
in aid. But who? All the neighbors
were sleeping and it would have been
the greatest intrusion to knock at one
of the rooms.

He stopped near the door to con-
sider; he thought he heard steps;
some one was coming upstairs.
It was, indeed, Pacho, the mason, an
old neighbor of the house, not over-
industrious, but a great night reveler
—that night, doubtless, because it was
Saturday, the measures of red wine
had been passed around all too freely
and consequently the man seemed
now and then to lose his balance.

"Pacho" called Gervasio. And Pacho
suddenly halted, much frightened,
upon hearing that cavernous voice
and catching sight of a spectre which
he could not quite make out.

"It is I, Gervasio."
"No, no, no, don't be frightened. Come
help me take this off, for I can't do
it alone."
"Well, all right."
And, staggering, he entered the room
after Gervasio. But as Pacho under-
stood just as little about armors and,
on the other hand, was not very
steady, he did not improve the renew-
ed efforts otherwise than by two or
three light scratches which the mason
inflicted on the troubadour's neck with
the edges of the helmet.

"But how did you ever get yourself
inside of this?"
"I did not get into it—this opens."
"It may open, but I do not see the
rick of it. Now, I'm sleep—I'm going
to bed now, and to-morrow I'll see if
Mrs. Nicasia, the porter's wife, can't
take this off of you, for she under-
stands those things since her husband
was a watchmaker in Jeteafe before it
became a municipality."

Gervasio had to resign himself to
his fate.

"I'll have to go to bed with this
helmet, I suppose." And he stretched
himself out on the bed. That, to wit,
a torture, as he turned and twisted,
but for great evils there are great
remedies; he sat down in an arm-chair
and sadly waited the dawn of day.
What a long night it was!

Since the only punishments in the in-
ternal regions are eternal he slept at
each moment under the helmet, then
again he thought of how costly were
the glories of man and suffered still
more from the trials of a planet, who
lived in the third story who never
saw any rest herself nor allowed her
neighbors to rest; finally he heard the
door open and saw Mrs. Nicasia en-
ter with the breakfast.

The good porter's wife nearly drop-
ped the cup of chocolate at the strange
sight. But she had been informed
of it all and began to try her luck.

At about eleven o'clock the next
morning, when the Baron arose, his
valet brought him a letter bearing the
word important.

"When was this letter brought?" the
Baron asked, opening the envelope.
"This morning at about nine."
"Very well."

And in that letter it said: "Pardon
my boldness, but I beg of you to do
me the favor of sending over your
valet to take off the helmet, as I have
not been able to do so. I am almost
mad! I passed the night in an arm-
chair. It is very necessary for me to
go to my office. I write under great
difficulties and was hardly able to take
my breakfast, 'Beso su mano,' yours
in despair."
"GERVASIO."

"By Jove!" cried the Baron, "what
time is it?"
The valet looked at the clock on
the small table. "It is 11:30, sir."
"Then go, quickly, to Gervasio's
apartment, he needs you; but hurry."
At twelve o'clock sharp the trouba-
dour was relieved of the helmet and
was on the point of fainting for joy—
Chicago News.

Amy Robsart's Ghost in Court.

Of a queer new lawsuit the London
Graphic says: It was the moon that
in the old ballad beloved of Sir Wal-
ter, "silvered the walls of Cumnor
Place," but it was the moon that
who changed the silver into gold, and
added a "fancy" value to the house in
which Amy Robsart met her death.
This value, indeed, is, according to
the contention of a litigant in the
Chancery division, so purely a crea-
tion of the great romance that the
afore said suitor seeks to have his pur-
chase of Cumnor Place set aside, on
the ground that after all it is not the
scone of the historic tragedy immor-
talized by Keatliworse, but that
Scott's unfortunate heroine lived and
was done to death, in a dwelling which
stood some distance away. It is prob-
ably the first time that a legal tribunal
has been appealed to to recognize and
take account of the "unearned in-
crement of value" that landed property
may occasionally, as in this case, de-
rive from its association with great
literature. Careful purchasers should
in future insist on the vendor cov-
enting to convey these associations
along with the estate.

Novels of the Season.

Sir Francis Junne, remarks the
London Daily Graphic, said a sensible
thing when, at the booksellers' dinner
recently, he deplored the phenomenal
success of certain recent works of
fiction. For it is one of the most mel-
ancholy signs of the times that in
these days what is called "the novel
of the season" is frequently a book
without any literary excellence what-
ever. A masterpiece may always be
fairly sure of a welcome by the critics
but by the public of the circulating
libraries it will hardly be preferred
to a book which raises a discussion
on the position of woman, or a book
which is supposed to libel "persons in
society" or a book which preaches a
didactic sermon on the topics of the
day. This latter taste, indeed, is the
saddest of all, for literary art must
surely in a bad way when even the
tedious is preferred to it on the ground
that it is topical.

The World's Tunnels.

The tunnels of the world are esti-
mated to number about 1,142, with a
total length of 514 miles. There are
about 1,000 railroad tunnels, 12 sub-
aqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels and
40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate
lengths of about 350 miles, 9 miles, 70
miles and 65 miles respectively.