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THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

Each month has its particular devotion by which our confidence in God is increased, and our love of Holy Church intensified, says Very Rev. A. A. Lings in "Our Monthly Devotions." September is generally devoted to the consideration of the Heart of Mary and her Seven Dolours. Not only should we have a special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but there are good reasons for us to have a devotion to the heart of Mary, so full of love for us, and to her dolours in connection with the redemption of mankind. Her life was full of sorrow, but she was actuated by the same sentiments as Our Lord in His desire to redeem us from the slavery of Satan. What heart, in fact, has ever been so intimately identified with that of Jesus as was Mary's? He died on the cross, and Mary stood beneath it, faithful to the end.

Our Lord, in His thirty years' ministry, labored among the people, preaching and healing the sick, and Mary was certainly in perfect sympathy with Him in His great work. We are struck with the adorable goodness of His divine Heart, and for the same reason we are attracted to the heart of Mary.

We will, then, during the month of September, pray to the heart of our beloved Mother, setting before our minds the goodness of that loving heart towards her children in this vale of tears. Let us love and honor these two hearts so intimately united; let us go to God the Father through the Heart of Jesus; and to the divine Saviour through the heart of Mary. We can obtain all things from the Father and the Holy Ghost through the heart of Jesus; and all things from the Son through the heart of His Blessed Mother.

The dailies have just learned the fact that St. Beniface Church is to have a new tower clock. The JOURNAL printed a full description of the clock and bells June 6th.

The Rochester correspondent of the Buffalo Union and Times has the following compliment among her items this week:

The last issue of the JOURNAL contained an interesting story by Rev. T. A. Hendrick, called "Father John's Trotters." It sounded as though it might be founded on fact. At all events it carried a message and preached a good practical sermon to the young and old. It is to be hoped that Father Hendrick will write a book full of such helpful stories.

BOOK NOTES.

The "Catholic Home Annual" for 1900 has been just issued by Benziger Brothers. The "Annual" is particularly interesting. It has an exquisite colored cover and 64 beautiful illustrations. There are stories by Maurice Francis Egan, Sarah Trainor Smith, M. E. Francis, Madam Blanc and others; poems by Eleanor C. Donnelly and Father Edmund C. P. More, serious articles by Very Rev. Ferrel Girardie, O. S. B., and Anna T. Sadler. Price, 25 cents.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

As Catholics, we believe that, after the solemn words of consecration have been pronounced by the priest, we have really and truly upon our altars Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God made man. We believe that at the consecration in the Mass the whole substance of the bread is changed into the whole substance of the Body of Jesus Christ, and the whole substance of the wine into the whole substance of His Most Precious Blood. We also hold that, under each species taken separately, Jesus Christ is there whole and entire—that is to say, that under the appearance of bread is contained the Person of Jesus Christ—His Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity—and that under the appearance of wine Jesus Christ is present in a similar manner the same Body is there which was laid in the little manger at Bethlehem and at length nailed to the cruel cross; the same Blood which trickled down those bruised limbs and bedewed the ground on Calvary.

We do not wish to call in question for one single instant any Catholic's faith as regards this wonderful Sacrament, but we know that at times faith becomes, as it were dormant; it is not the practical, lively faith that it should be. If we had but a lively faith and if our love for Our Redeemer corresponded with the love which He bears us, what more should we not take to testify our gratitude for the great favor He bestows upon us by deigning to remain in our midst. In spite of our coarseness and indifference toward Him, there He remains day after day and hour after hour, shut up in the little Tabernacle on our altars, longing for us to come and visit Him, longing to listen to all our troubles and needs—ever ready to console us, ever ready to assist us. Did we truly appreciate His Holy Presence, how eager should we not be to assist at Holy Mass, to receive Him in Holy Communion, and to obtain His Divine blessing at the holy rite of Benediction. Did we fully realize that Jesus is present in our churches, how could we ever pass by without making a short visit to Him, or if prevented from doing this, without saying a little prayer and showing some mark of respect? To him who truly appreciates the great mystery of the holy Eucharist it is a pleasure to do anything in his power to honor the Blessed Sacrament, either by beautifying God's house or by assisting to erect or support churches where God may be worshipped and the faithful enjoy the privilege of having Jesus in their midst—Sacrosanctos.

"The great crime of the age," says the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, "is the abuse of the Press. This crime is renewed thousands and thousands of times every day by journals of every shade that have entered the service of the great modern apostasy and have sold themselves to the new paganism which in our day wishes to separate civilization from the Church—the daughter from the mother. In the highest circles of society these papers dupe intelligences; in the lower classes they pervert and demoralize hearts. And yet, true as this undoubtedly is, how many Catholic fathers are there not who subscribe to secular periodicals, while a Catholic publication is scarcely ever found in either their own hands or those of their children! Short-sighted parents, indifferent sons of the Church are they. A home without at least one good Catholic paper habitually visiting it is an anomaly that should cease to exist in an age such as ours."

Father Faber wrote as far back as 1854, that if England ever be converted, it would be by some Religious Order or Orders, which should exhibit to the English people the poverty of the Gospel in its sternest perfection. "Other things can do much," he adds, "intellect, learning, eloquence, the beauties of Catholic charity, the sweet influence of a purified literature, the studiousness of a simple and Apostolic preaching. But the great work, if the great work, is in the counsels of God, is a triumph in this land reserved only for evangelical poverty." The Benedictine, Franciscan, Jesuit, Redemptorist and Passionist Fathers are, thank God, doing that work and doing it successfully.

Wherefore, if anybody wishes to be considered a real Catholic, he ought to be able to say from his heart the same words which Jerome addressed to Pope Damasus: "I, acknowledging no other leader than Christ, am bound in fellowship with your Holiness; that is with the chair of Peter. I know that the Church was built upon Him as its rock, and that whosoever gathers not with you, scatterseth."—Leo XIII.

THE BOERS' STRUGGLE.

EDITOR CATHOLIC JOURNAL:

"God pity the Boers!" Such was the exclamatory phrase that fell from the lips of a young lady friend of mine, whom I was holding a long and pleasant discussion with on one of the most absorbing questions of the hour—the gigantic robbery of the Transvaal by British greediness. As my sympathy has been always with that struggling young republic of South Africa, I most naturally said "Amen!" to her expression of relief and love for that people, but strong in principles and whose cause is worthy of attention and sympathy from every individual who loves justice. I queried my young lady hostess for faith and good feeling in behalf of that down-trodden people, and she answered in unmistakable terms as follows: "My conduct toward the cause of the Boers is simply actuated by a sense of justice." Ah, dear reader, that's it, "justice!" That's the time I am certain a young lady "hit the nail on the head," metaphorically speaking. Yet she added a peculiar climax to the situation by declaring in the following style that comes close to the actions of those individuals whose line of conduct is guided by that infernal thing called "policy." Ave, they even admit their course in life is not overly burdened with the sense of true religion or principles of justice. She says: "Under present circumstances affecting politics in this country [with consideration for "Our Mother Country," so-called], it is not the policy of the day to favor the weak and the offensive people of any country." Here again, dear reader, she has given the matter in the nutshell order, so we can arrive at this conclusion, that "might" and not "right" is the hellish power that is trying to annihilate the republican form of government of the brave Boers! Where is all that "Christian civilization," "higher education" (?) [God deliver us!], "humanity of man" [tare and ages], "kith-and-kin Christianity," and yet gods, no end to the other decoy terms to push on a war of robbery against a plain and inoffensive people? What has become of that "pyramid" of sympathy that was so widely expressed a few years ago by these United States to this same young republic of South Africa? Ye "rubber-neck" politicians—what has become of those "sugar speeches" at that time to catch the German vote? Are the Germans of no account now? Evidently, yes; for many organs of our present administration are retracting their very impertinent comments on Germany's position in our late war. Moreover, the Germans have a special sympathy, just now, for President Kruger, of the Boers, that leading politicians of the Republican party are beginning to ask the question, "Do we need the German vote in 1900?" Hence the policy of sending our war vessels to South Africa under the plea of protection to American miners! Whereas, the reality of the situation is to help John Bull in his nefarious conduct of war on the poor Boers! It takes more than a "slick" party to pull the wool over the eyes of the German. Silence on the part of the Germans, Irish and French, just now, with regard to the Boer republic would "be golden" in behalf of the British Empire. But speech "is silvery" from each of those nationalities as we read every day their resolutions, from every quarter of the Union, in behalf of President Kruger and his liberal-hearted people.

Oh, perfidious England! Thou wilt not rest satisfied until you get us into perfidy of conduct similar to your own, and then other nations can point the finger of scorn at us for that diabolical system of government that we have strongly condemned in other nations. God rescue us from such a road to perdition! Or is it possible this young republic of America is on the eve of adopting the cursed policy of "might" instead of the virtue of "right" which has characterized to a godly extent this great nation of Uncle Sam for the past one hundred years and more—a period in which no individual nor nation could cast reflection of the damaging character on our form of government. Pray it may not be we are not carried away or drunk with the false ambition for "power," "expansion," or subject to "swell-headedness," as a result of our late victory over the Spanish government. If not, why the manœuvre of sending American warships, in conjunction with British fleets, to the Transvaal? The plea is manufactured: "To defend American miners in that locality." If so, why not give protection to our home American miners first, as they evidently are having a hard struggle of it in some "rich men's" mines in some of our Western States? Charity and protection should begin at home. The fact of the matter is, there are no 1,000 American miners in South Africa, nor one-half of that number. The few Americans there are stockholders in the gold mines. They and the English stockholders want to steal those mines from the Boers; and their mode of doing the devil's work is to call for assistance of the mighty guns of war!

The Boers, on their part, are actuated by the sense of the first law of nature—self protection for themselves and their families. Under these trying circumstances, who is the individual who would say the Boers are not justified in their course of action? Is not God on their side as He was on the side of the Americans against every foreign attack of the enemy? Bad actions and curses to others, like chickens, come home to roost. Let us not invite such a situation, but act with the principle, "Let us do unto others as we would wish to be done by." Hence, let us extend our sympathy to the noble and brave Boers in their heroic act to save their young republic from the grabbing hand of the British Empire. Liberty is sweet the world over; let us help the Boers to keep it.
Watkins, N. Y. H. O'C.

THE GOSPELS.

GOSPEL.—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. At that time: "Jesus went into a city that is called Naim, and there went with Him His disciples and a great multitude. And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother; and she was a widow; and a great multitude of the city was with her. Whom when the Lord had seen, being moved with mercy toward her, He said to her, Weep not. And He came near and touched the bier. And they that carried it stood still. And He said, Young man, I say to thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother. And there came a fear on them all, and they glorified God, saying: A great prophet has risen up among us, and God hath visited His people."

What are we to learn from this Gospel? Let us learn to weep with the Church over the unhappy death of so many of our brethren who are the slaves of sin, and to pray with her that the Divine Mercy may recall them to life. Let us learn to beg Jesus to come to meet us in His great charity, as He did the young man of Naim, when we have had the misfortune of falling into mortal sin. Lastly, let us learn to thank God for all He has done for us, either by resuscitating us when we were in the state of sin, or by preserving us from what might again cause our spiritual death.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, September 3.—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Luke, vii. 11-16. St. Simeon, confessor.
Monday, 4.—St. Rosalie, virgin.
Tuesday, 5.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Patriarch and confessor.
Wednesday, 6.—St. Rega, virgin.
Thursday, 7.—St. Regina, virgin and martyr.
Friday, 8.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Saturday, 9.—St. Peter Claver, confessor.

PRIESTS IN RETREAT.

About one hundred priests of the Syracuse diocese, with Bishop Ludden at their head, made their annual retreat at St. Bernard's Seminary this week. Next week the annual retreat of the priests of the diocese of Rochester will be held at St. Bernard's, and the week following the students of the seminary will have their retreat preparatory to the opening of the fall term.

ST. BERNARD'S SEMINARY.

St. Bernard's Theological Seminary on the Boulevard will open for the fall term on September 11th. Indications are that the institution will be taxed to its utmost capacity the coming year. When the seminary was built it was estimated that not more than sixty students would be in attendance. That number was reached last year and already sufficient applications have been received to bring the total number up to eighty, and it is possible there may be still more because the fame of the school has spread all over the country, while Bishop McQuaid's reputation as an educator is national. Included in the eighty students at St. Bernard's will be a number from Canada; several from the dioceses of Ogdensburg, Syracuse, Buffalo, Scranton, Pittsburg, Peoria, Santa Fe, New Orleans, Hartford, Springfield and other points. Bishop McQuaid has reason to be proud of the success St. Bernard's has achieved in less than a decade of its existence.

DUNLAP'S.

Celebrated hats for men and women. Fall opening to-day. You are cordially invited to call.
MENG & SHAFER.

BASE BALL.

Go and see the champions play ball. The Worcesterers are here to-day, and Syracuse Monday and Thursday.

FURS REMODELED.

Seal garments and general furs re-dyed, remade or remodeled into the new winter styles at summer prices. Parisian and London styles ready for inspection.
MENG & SHAFER.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

JUBILEE CELEBRATED LAST SUNDAY WITH ALL THE CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH.

Rev. Bishop McQuaid speaks of the Great Injustice Inflicted Upon Catholics in this Country in regard to Our schools.

As announced in last week's JOURNAL, St. Michael's Church celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last Sunday. Long before the time set for the services to begin the big church was filled to overflowing, and those who came late had to stand throughout the ceremonies. Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid was the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass, assisted by the vicar general of the diocese, Rev. J. P. Kiernan, deacon of the Mass, deacons of honor and ecclesiastical students Rev. August Pingel, C. S. S. R. preached the jubilee sermon.

At 3:30 o'clock the Catholic societies of the parish, consisting of the Knights of St. George and St. Michael, societies of St. Leo and St. Anthony the C. M. B. A., C. B. I. and C. Y. M. C., formed in line on the east side of the school. The uniformed ranks of Knights of St. Michael and St. George escorted Bishop McQuaid and the assisting priests to the Clifford street entrance to the new school. After the ceremonies were over Bishop McQuaid addressed the societies present and the immense congregation. His remarks were an arraignment of the education laws of this country. He spoke as follows: "We have just come from the consecration to God of that school on your order. There is no essential in the teachings of our religion more important than the education of our young, and in their daily school life is the time and place to teach them of the salvation through baptism. We take the young, impressionable mind and teach it of a God giving Jesus. And let me say that we do not conceal the fact, we do not compromise the fact, we do not minimize the fact that the purpose of our schools is to teach the rising generation to be Catholics in thought, and to talk, and act, and live and think and to die as Catholics—to die as Mary and Joseph did—to die as the apostles died. We do not compromise the fact that in the rising generation we hope to be able to right the great injustice which is inflicted upon the Catholics in this country. The education of the mind and heart and soul is first, therefore we consecrate your school to the young for their instruction in our holy religion. "We are denied that right in the public schools, yet your tax collectors take your money—the Catholic money—the same as other people's to carry on what they call the higher education. Yet there is not one branch taught in their schools that is not taught in yours. Is that honest? Nowhere in the world is there such a grievous wrong inflicted upon the Catholics as in the United States. It is not so in Germany; it is not so in Canada, nor in England. There, if they take the people's money, they give them back that for which it was taken. The right of religious education in the public schools exist in Germany, but here in America, God to day, by law, is not to be mentioned in the public schools. Don't, the law says, talk about Christ in the public schools; don't, the law says, talk about religion, or Mary, the mother of Jesus, or the resurrection, in the public schools.

"We have a right to have our children educated in the best of all education, the knowledge of God." After a reference to his age, and saying that he left the charge of fighting for their rights to a younger generation, he continued: "To say nothing of the value of our school buildings and lands," he said, "against the fact that Rochester has not one reputable school building, we can show that we are saving the city of Rochester between \$300,000 and \$400,000 a year by our Catholic schools. There is a bright future for our schools after the approaching battle has been fought. It will not be a battle of swords or guns, but a battle at the polls. It will be fought when our Catholic people refuse to allow themselves to be rag-tagged about by Republicans or Democrats or other leaders, but going to the polls in a solid body and demand their rights. The only excuse the powers at Albany have to offer for not paying for the education in our Catholic schools, is that it makes good, law-abiding citizens out of you."

The Bishop then outlined the growth of the Catholic schools and school facilities since the time, 51 years ago, when he taught his first class in a basement room. It has been the aim of his life to provide educational facilities for his people. He also expressed pride in the growth of St. Michael's. The parish had never given him a moment's uneasiness, and he felt sure it would not go backward when it passed into other hands than his. The words of the Bishop created a profound sensation.

Rev. John J. Bresnahan has been appointed pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Chautauville.

THE TWO LITTLE MEN.

There were two little men of ye olden tyme
Of their name I can not prounce
That each would try to outdo the grace
The other, when'er they bowed,
They would bow, and bend, and bend so low
That finally it was said,
Their three-colored hats would touch the ground
And then each stood on his head!
—Malcolm Douglas in St. Nicholas.

THAT DREADFUL KEY.

Herbert and Amelia were engaged to be married. They were seated alone one afternoon in the drawing room at her home, awaiting the return of her parents, who had gone for a short stroll.

"Do you know, Amelia," he was saying, "I don't believe that the course of true love never does run smooth? In our case I am sure nothing has ever happened to cast the slightest shadow across the sunlit path of our mutual affection. Two hearts like ours—What is the matter?"

She was holding her pocket handkerchief to her nose.

"I'm afraid my nose is bleeding just a little. It sometimes does this hot weather. If you will excuse me, I'll retire."

"No; don't run away, darling. I'll stop it in a minute. A perfect cure! Here!"

He ran to the closed door to get the key from the lock. He turned it about, but it was some seconds before he could remove it.

"Ah, here it is!" he exclaimed, at last.

"But what is the use of it?"

"I'll show you. The application of anything cold to the back of the neck has the effect of well, I don't know exactly what it is that happens—it cools the blood, or stops the circulation, or something of the sort."

"Are you sure it is safe, Herbert?"

"Oh perfectly. I follow I know cured myself for life. I don't exactly mean that. Put it down the back of your neck. That's right."

"Oh! how cold it feels!"

"Now hold your hands high above your head for a short time."

"What's the matter?"

"Herbert, I—I-it's slipped!"

"What?"

"There's some one at the door. Just see who it is!"

Herbert went to the door, but found it would not open. He had inadvertently locked it when removing the key.

"Some moment please!" he shouted. Then, turning to Amelia, "Just lend me the key at moment please!"

"I told you it was gone!"

"Gone?" he asked, as he suddenly realized the awkwardness of the situation. "Can't that be to say, can't you get it?"

"Open the door! Who is in there?"

"That is papa! Good gracious, what shall we do? Why don't you speak to him?"

"Mr. Wilkins is that you?"

"Certainly it is, sir. Why in thunder don't you open the door?"

"I can't, sir."

"Can't? The key was on the inside, I know."

"Yes; but your daughter—"

"My daughter? Is Amelia in there?"

"Yes; she—"

"When open the door instantly, or I'll—"

"Pray be calm, sir!"

"Be calm, indeed! Where is that key?"

"She swallowed it, no, I don't mean that. It's gone down."

"Gone down where?"

"She put down her throat—no, neck—and she lost it!"

"Are you mad?"

"Her blouse was needing—I mean her nose was blowing, and I put the key in the neck of her back and it slipped down."

But Amelia's father had gone, bent on putting some energetic measures into execution. Her mother now came to the door.

"O, Amelia, what does it all mean? Where is the key?"

"I have it, mamma!"

"Then why don't you open the door?"

"Because—in a loud whisper through the keyhole—"because Herbert is here!"

"O, the monster!"

"Amelia, for heaven's sake get that key!" pleaded Herbert.

"How can I," she replied, warmly, "unless you leave the room?"

"But I can't leave the room until you do. Stay! I'll draw down the blinds and go out on the balcony. Now, for goodness' sake be quick! Eh? Of course! I give you my word of honor."

Poor Herbert had hardly stepped outside the window when he saw the massive form of Mr. Wilkins alight at the other end of the balcony. Escape was impossible and he could not, of course, retreat into the drawing room.

"Ha! Now, sir," shouted the enraged father, "if you will just go back out of the public gaze we will settle this matter."

"Can't go in there, sir?"

"Can't, indeed?"

"No; your daughter is—is disturbing!"

"What? You unmitigated scoundrel!"

Mr. Wilkins sprang like a tiger at Herbert before the young man could get in one word of explanation, and the two were instantly engaged in a very desperate encounter on the first floor balcony, to the great excitement of the neighbors and people in the street.

Amelia's father was a powerful man and an experienced wrestler. He was, moreover, mad with rage.

The struggle continued for some time, and it seemed as though one of the other would certainly throw his adversary over the balcony. But suddenly the blind was drawn up, and two female faces appeared at the window and voices were heard calling out "There is the key!" Amelia had found the key, opened the door for her mother, and mutual explanations all round rendered any further development of the balcony scene unnecessary.

—T. B. B.

What Can They Mean?
Several wise men are discussing the question of "greater freedom for the girls." As they do pretty much as they please now and make the men do what they want besides, what does this greater freedom movement mean? (Are the ladies going to wear wider sleeves?—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.)