# The Catholic Journal

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## CATHOLIC PAPER KICKERS.

Everybody nowadays seems to have a mission, says the Catholic Sun, and the mission of the majority of Catholics whom we meet appears to be the elevation of the tone of Catholic literature—at least they try to make you understand that this is their mission. They find fault with all the existing Catholic papers and magazines, and demand an ideal paper or magazine. Why don't somebody start it? they ask. And then they complain because secular literature monopolizes our best Catholic talent. They show their zeal for the cause, as they call it, with a capital C, by subscribing to Harper's and the rest, and never reading a Catholic paper except when they can borrow it All this may be very high-toned, but it is scarcely Catholic. Help the Catholic papers to keep their footing. Subscribe to them, advertise in them, recommend them, and by and by, they will be able to pay your favorite writers. Don't find fault, or, if you do, write to the editor as one gentleman writes to another. The man who runs a paper usually knows as much about his business as you know about yours. Some of the grumblers want a Police Gazette and high-toned Catholic paper combined—a very little "high tone" to a great deal of Police Gazette would suit them. These are beneath the consideration of Catholic editors; if their children are not an improvement on them, the sooner the race becomes extinct the better for the world.

It is our opinion that the new city officials are of the right calibre and entitled to the hearty support of all people. While some of us may differ with them politically it must be admitted that they are going about their work in a proper manner and prefecting reforms that will be to the city's credit. One thing in particular that we commend is the stand taken by Mayor Carnahan, prohibiting the posting of flashy, indecent show bills that have heretofore been posted up in all directions of the city by a certain East side theatre. Another is the complete re-organization of the police force by Commissioner Cutler. Such reforms are praiseworthy.

The memory of Father Ryan, the poet laureate of the South, is to be honored by a monument to be erected in Norfolk, Va., his native city. The project is in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are now taking the preliminary steps toward enlisting the support of the public for the work of love. There will be no difficulty in securing almost any amount required. Mrs. James N. Leigh, state president of the Daughters of the Confederacy, stated to a correspondent that while the matter was still in embryo, a committee has been appointed to reclaim the plot in Elmwood cemetery where lie the unknown Confederate dead. This will be handsomely fenced with stone, bayonets, spikes and cannon balls. The monument of this poet priest will stand in the exact centre of this resting place of the dead.

## A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY.

On the 21st of January, St. Agnes' day, a beautiful ceremony takes place in the ancient church outside the walls of Rome. After the high mass the clergy of the old basilica proceed from the sacristy to the sanctuary. There are torch-bearers, there is incense, and the holy water. Then two ecclesiastics follow holding in their hands upon a superb cushion of red damask, ornamented with fringes of gold thread a little lamb, white as snow its head crowned with roses and its sides decked with pretty rosettes of red ribbon. These two cushions and their pretty burdens are placed on the altar, one on the Gospel side, the other on the Epistle side. The canons regular of the church of St. Salvatore in Lauro range themselves around the choir. The abbot with mitre on, and wearing his cope, ascends the altar with the deacon and sub-deacon. Then he pronounces the prayer found in the Roman pontifical. It begins with a hymn in honor of St. Agnes, and recalling the Mosaic origin of priestly vestments it passes to the Christian tradition in their regard. Then he sprinkles the lambs with holy water and incenses them. The procession returns to the sacristy and the lambs are given in charge to the Chapter of St. John Lateran, who immediately takes them to the Holy Father for a second blessing. They are then handed over to a convent of nuns who keep them till it is time to shear them. Out of their wool are made the palliums worn by archbishops.

Do not indulge yourself in the habit of complaining of the young people as if they were the most foolish and wild that ever lived. Just as soon as they get the impression that an aged person is given to fault-finding with their ways and enjoyments he loses his influence over them. Child sympathy and child-likeness in the aged are traits surpassing lovely, and a rich benison n any household group.

It is not often, says the London Daily Chronicle, that a nun has a fortune of $450,000. Such a sum has recently come into the possession of a member of the community of Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at Origny. In that little French town, familiar to many English visitors, a basket manufacturer of the name of Burlureaux throve so well that he opened shops for his wares in Newcastle-on-Tyne and in Leeds. By thrift he accumulated the fortune which now devolves by his death on his only daughter. In her hands it becomes the partrimony of the poor.

Speaking of the position held by the Catholic editor, the Rev. Dr. Kiernan gives all honor to the men who enter this career, but says "it is generally a thankless one, though fruitful of lasting good. It is but too true that no man is tempted to take up Catholic journalism in order to make a fortune. There must be a higher, nobler ambition than money-making to attract a man to enter on such a career. It is often said that Catholics do not support their literature as well as members of other religious bodies support theirs. Scanty is the encouragement given to those who wish to promote Catholic truth with their pen. And yet there is no nobler field, if the cultivator looks not for his reward here, either in fame or money."—New World.

In Rome, at the Church of Ara Coeli, there is a very beautiful and unique ceremony on the feast of the Epiphany. A rostrum is erected near the entrance, in front of the chapel which holds the presepio (crib) with the Santo Bambino. From this rostrum, during the time of vespers, little children preach. Says one who witnessed the unique ceremony:

The church is very large, and on entering we found ourselves in a dense crowd. Seats were out of the question. We were thankful to have got inside the door. Far away in the distance we saw the altar lights and the moving forms of the officiating priests. The tones of the organ came to us mellowed by distance, when suddenly, in the midst of the crowd which hemmed us about, arose the clear accents of a child's voice. It might have been an angel's, so sweet it seemed, and so impressive. The sermon finished, the child was caught rapturously in its mother's arm and its place filled by another.

In 1833 the Catholics of Chicago sent a petition to Bishop Rosati asking him to give them a resident priest. In accordance with their prayer the Rev. J. M. J. St. Cyr journeyed there on foot and said his first Mass at Mr. M. Beaubien's, May 5, of that year.

Even Boston in the heart of New England is named after a Catholic saint—after St. Botolph, whose town, built up around his monastery in Lincolnshire and named after him, Botolph's-town, Bolstown, Boston, became the place dear to the Pilgrims who gave Massachusetts a city of similar name.

Rev P. J. Murphy, C. S. P., who has been one of the Paulist missionaries in this section of the country, has been transferred to the Paulists' church in San Francisco, California.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The statement that the Catholics of all New England are helping to establish the "Williams Chair" of the Catholic University is apocryphal. The faithful throughout the six states would willingly honor His Grace, but his own immediate subjects are so willing and so able to honor him that nothing is left for outsiders. Boston Catholics will find little remorse in contributing $50,000 for the cause of education and to honor their beloved prelate.

* * *

The Salvation Army lassies, who defied Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald of Milford, Mass., to keep the catholic children away from their Christmas dinner, found that they had tackled the wrong person. Father Fitzgerald did not like the idea of the dinner, as it savored of the detestable soup kitchens of Ireland, and he resented the threat of the ladies that they would have the Catholic children at their festivities whether Father Fitzgerald was willing or not. The people stood by their pastor, however, and not a single Catholic, young or old, was seen near the barracks on Christmas.

* *

The beautiful chapel of the Monte Maria Convent in Richmond Va., was the scene recently of a pretty ceremony—the baptism of Miss Lucy Robinson, a young lady of the Episcopalian faith, who, after a long and careful study, decided to become a catholic. The Sisters of the convent and the pupils of the academy were present. The sponsors were Rev. H. J. McKeefry and Miss Katie Don Levy. On Sunday afternoon Rev Father McKeefry also baptized three others at Monte Maria Convent—Miss Elva Smiley, a former pupil of the academy, and her two little nephews, Masters Thomas Robertson Smiley and James Murray Smiley. Miss Ahmar of Norfolk, Va., was sponsor for all.

* * *

John M. Brown was buried recently from Mercy Hospital, Chicago. He was 106 years old. For twenty years he had lived in the hospital. He rarely spoke of the past to the good Sisters who cared for him. They learned, however, bit by bit that he had been born in Ireland and that he had been rich once. The old man during the twenty years he had lived in the hospital never once missed Mass. A fortnight ago when he became too feeble to walk to the chapel he insisted that he be carried there. Sunday night he died. It is a curious yet pathetic coincidence that Sister Eulalia, who had nursed him for twenty years died at the same hour.

John Mayhood, colored, 37 years old, a painter, fell from a scaffold the other day while working on a building at 604 Elton avenue, New York, and was seriously injured. He lay unconscious upon the pavement for some time with a large crowd of persons gazing at him, and might have died without medical attention but for Rev. W. Murphy of the Church of St. Peter and Paul who carried him nine blocks on his back to a drug store on Third avenue. Mayhood had several ribs and an arm broken. He was removed to the Fordham Hospital.

* * *

The diocese of Havana, to which Mgr Sbarretti has been appointed a bishop, contains 134 parishes and a population of over 1,200,000 Catholics. The Havana university two professional schools with a meteorological observatories, one agricultural school, and two seminaries are the chief educational institutions. The diocese originally included not only the entire island, but the Floridas and Louisiana. In 1788 the diocese was divided, and Santiago de Cuba in 1804, was made an archdiocese.

Brother Celian Lewis. A member of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools died at St. Vincent's hospital, New York city Wednesday of last week. The following Friday his funeral was held from De La Salle Academy in that city. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the chapel. Interment was in the little cemetery on the grounds of the Sacred Heart Academy, Classon-on-the-Sound. Brother Celian was born in Dover, N .J., twenty-eight years ago and had been a member of the order about eight years.

## HISTORICAL.

William Penn was for a time, during the year 1692-1694, deprived of his province by the authorities in England, but it was afterwards returned to him again.

The first successful settlements in Virginia were made under the auspices of a commercial corporation. The charter, however, bestowed on one man full title to a large territory, and gave to him alone, with scarcely any restriction, full powers to govern the people that settled there.

About 1450 the art of printing was invented, and this gave a channel for communication new thoughts and ideas and announcing new discoveries and inventions. The times were marked by an outburst of commercial enterprise, by a zeal for a wider trade and by a fresh interest in travel and discovery.

In 1519 Ferdinand Magellan started upon a great and eventful voyage. He discovered the straits that bear his name, and passing boldly through, crossed the broad Pacific and reached the East Indies, thus actually doing what Columbus had failed to do. Magellan himself was killed in the Philippine Islands, but one of his vessels with a remnant of her crew, sailed to Spain, completing the first circumnavigation of the globe.

After the discovery of America by Columbus, the Pope, Alexander VI., issued two bulls, dividing the heathen lands of the world between Portugal and Spain. This gave to Spain all she might discover west of a line one hundred leagues west of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. The next year the two powers entered into an agreement, in accordance with which the dividing line should be 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. Upon this agreement, duly ratified by the Pope, Spain based her claim to the new world.

## THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Matthew viii. 1-31. —At that time: "When Jesus was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him. And behold a leper came and adored Him, saying; Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus stretching forth His hand touched him, saying: I will. Be thou made clean. And forthwith his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith to him: See thou tell no man: but go, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them. And when he had entered into Capharnaum there came to him a centurion, beseeching Him, and saying: Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, and is greviously tormented And Jesus saith to Him: I will come and heal him. And the centurian making answer said: Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof: but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man subject to authority, having under me soldiers; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth. And Jesus hearing this marvelled, and said to them that followed Him: Amen I say to you, I have not found so great faith in Israel. And I say unto you that many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven: but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into the exterior darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. And Jesus said to the centurion: Go, and as thou hast believed so be it done to thee. And the servant was healed at the same hour"

Why did Jesus command the leper not to make this miracle known?

This is an important lesson to the ministers of the sanctuary and to all Christians, that they should, according to their ability, do all the good possible in the church apd for their fellow men without glorifying themselves and without making it known in order to gain praise or reward

### Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, Jan. 21—Third Sunday after the Epiphany, Gosp. St. Matt. viii 1-13—St. Agnes, virgin, martyr
Monday, 22—SS Vincent and Anastasius.
Tuesday, 23—Espousals of Blessed Virgin Mary.
Wednesday 24—St Timothy bishop, martyr
Thursday 25—Conversion of St. Paul
Friday, 26—St Polycarp, bishop, martyr.
Saturday, 27—St. John Chrysostom, bishop.

### FORTY HOURS' ADORATION

The order of Forty Hours states that the devotions will take place as follows:—January 21 - St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester; 28—Watkins.

### ROCHESTER CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE.

The next meeting of the Rochester Catholic Reading Circle will be Jan. 30. On that evening Miss Helen O'Reilly assisted by Misses Byrne, Stella Purcell, Whalen, E. Keogh, Cosgrove and Lenihan will have charge of a card party. The friends of the members are cordially invited.

The high order of the work presented in the Cathedral Reading Circle needs only to be known to make many to become members. A new life has been breathed into the Circle this year. The deep interest felt by all is largely owing to the intense earnestness displayed in behalf of the Circle by Rev. T. Hickey and the attractive course of lectures on "Christian Art" by Rev. Ludlow Lampham of St. Bernard's Seminary.

The next illustrated lecture will be on Feb. 13th, and will treat of "Raphael" and "Michael Angelo"—the supreme masters of Christian art.

The following are on the executive committee: Mrs. D. B. Murphy, Miss Corinne Mahon, Miss Goodyear, Mrs. W. T. Bassett, Miss Madden, Miss Katherine Moran. Miss Casey, Miss Joyce, Mrs. J. Madden, Miss O'Reilly, and Mrs. J. O'Connor. President, Mrs. John B. O'Connor; vice-president, Mrs. D. B. Murphy; secretary, Miss Corinne Mahon; treasurer, Miss Madden.



## THE SACRED HEART.

Two lights on a lowly altar;
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;
Two vases of dying roses,
The morning comes from the east,
With a gleam for the folds of the vestments
And grace for the face of the priest.

The sound of a low, sweet whisper
Floats over a little bread
And trembles around a chalice,
And the priest bows down his head.
O'er a sign of white on the altar—
In the cup—o'er a sign of red.

As red as the red of roses,
As white as the white of snows!
But the red is a red of a surface
Beneath which a God's blood flows;
And the white is the white of a sunlight
Within which a God's flesh glows.

Ah! the words of the olden Thursday!
Ye come from the far-away!
Ye bring us the Friday's victim
In His own love's olden way.
In the hand of the priest at the altar
His Heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted!
The silver-sound of a bell!
The gleam of a golden chalice
Be glad, sad heart: 'tis well;
He made, and He keeps love's promise,
With thee all days to dwell.

From his hands to his lips that tremble
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love-path,
Still doing the Father's will;
And over the rim of the chalice
The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed
With the waves of a wondrous grace;
A silence falls on the altar—
An awe on each bended face—
For the Heart bat bled on Calvary
Still beats in the holy place.

The priest comes down to the railing
Where brows are bowed in prayer;
In the tender clasps of his fingers
A Host lies pure and fair,
And the heart of Christ and the Christian
Meet there—and only there.

Oh! love that is deep and deathless!
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!
Oh! hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of weary land!
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.

—Father Ryan.

## VAGABOND JACK.

One summer about five years ago, when the farmers of a certain mountainous district in the Middle West were very short of hands, a forlorn-looking boy, about fourteen years of age, made his appearance in the neighborhood The settlement was a mixture of Irish and Pennsylvania Germans, or what are known as such, but they lived together amicably, often intermarrying, till the young men were in the habit of declaring "they were as much Dutch as Irish, and as much Irish as Dutch." They had an Irish pastor, whom they all loved, and it was to him that the forlorn boy before mentioned came first, asking for work He was an orphan, he said; had never known his parents, and his friendless condition at once appealed to the heart of the good priest. He soon found work for the boy, who thereafter did not suffer for lack of employment during the summer and autumn.

And yet, though he did well all that was required of him, never shirking any labor, however arduous, and though he was of a most obliging and cheerful disposition, he soon grew to have a bad reputation because of the extraordinary liberties he took with some of his neighbors' possessions. No one could call him a thief, for he always returned what he borrowed. That was what he called it, "borrowing." He seemed to be unable to resist appropriating a horse whenever he found it tied—sometimes in front of a vehicle, though Jack's preference was always for a saddle horse when one came ready to his hand and feet. These last were not long out of the stirrups on such occasions, but after a mad ride of three or four hours Jack would return with the animal, blown and sweating, in a condition which never failed to excite the anger and bring down upon the boy's head the unsparing reproaches of its owner. He had been threatened with horse-whipping, and even arrest, but the peculiar childlike manner in which he would lift his eyes to his accuser's face with a pleading, "I only wanted a ride, Mister, and I fetched him back," always disarmed the fiercest threat. It really seemed as if the boy could not help doing as he did. But it was in the matter of bicycles that he was the greatest offender. He seemed to have been born astride of one, so firmly did he sit, so straight did he ride, so swiftly did he fly down the steep but well-kept mountain roads, to the imminent danger of life and limb, and the terror of the spectators, who never could become accustomed to his reckless flights. There were not many bicycles in the vicinity of P——, but there was a quaint old church and inn near the mountain top, where tourists often came to spend a day and sometimes a night.

It happened more than once that after a visit to the church some tourist found his bicycle missing, and after rambling vainly around for half an hour in search of it, he would see it flying along under the control of a small, wiry boy, with a thin, pinched face, but a remarkably innocent pair of big blue eyes, which were, as in the case of the farmers, very effectual in disarming his displeasure. These offenses soon earned the little fellow the title of "Vagabond Jack"—one which did not annoy him in the least.

One day Jack was helping the priest's housekeeper to clean the sacristy. She was an old woman and somewhat feeble, and this morning was feeling more unwell than usual. She had sent Jack to the house for a broom, and was sitting on the stone step in front of the sacristy door awaiting his return.

A gentleman and lady were in the church, their bicycles standing outside the door. Suddenly Jack made his appearance from the house, and ran quickly to the spot where the bicycles were standing. At the same moment the lady and gentleman came from the vestibule of the church. Before any one could speak, Jack had mounted one of the bicycles and was down the road at breakneck speed. He was tireless, his hair flying in every direction. To the loud calls of the three who witnessed the extraordinary proceeding he seemed utterly deaf. He gave back no answering glance, uttered no sound, and in less time than it has taken to describe the scene he was out of sight.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the gentleman, angrily. "Who is that boy, and why has he dared to take my bicycle in such an outrageous manner?"

"'Tis dreadful, sir; 'tis dreadful!" answered the housekeeper, getting to her feet and advancing towards the couple. "But 'tis a way he always has with bicycles; he can't resist 'em at all. Whenever he sees one is off on it for a ride. But rest easy, sir, he'll be back again shortly. He won't be longer than half an hour, or an hour, at most."

"Rest easy!" exclaimed the gentleman, while the lady began to laugh, the humor of the situation appealing to her at once.

"It's no laughing matter, Ellen," said her husband—"no laughing matter, I assure you. We shall miss our train. That's not a pleasant prospect, is it?"

"Of course not," replied the lady. "But the idea of that boy taking your bicycle off in that way is too funny."

The gentleman turned round with a gesture of impatience. "There is a priest here, I suppose," he said, addressing the housekeeper. "We may as well call on him——"

"Yes, sir, and right welcome he'll be," said the good woman, leading the way, and talking over her shoulder as she went. "Yes, himself'll be very wrothy when he hears how mean an advantage Vagabond Jack is after takin' on ye. A stop must be put to it, so it must. Just step around to the front door, and I'll go in through the kitchen and open it for ye. Ye'll not feel the time pass till the boy is back again with the bicycle."

She turned in the direction of the back premises, while the lady and gentleman proceeded leisurely forward to the front. The next moment they were startled by a piercing scream, followed by the hurried reappearance of the housekeeper, exclaiming:

"Oh, sir, if ye have a heart in your bosom, come into the house as quick as ye can! Father Barret is lyin' dead in the dining-room."

They hurried forward, to find the priest on the floor, unconscious, with the blood trickling from a deep wound in his forehead The gentleman went on his knees beside the priest. "He is not dead," he said, quietly, after a moment. "I am a doctor Fetch me a basin of cold water and a couple of linen cloths." So saying he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves and addressed himself to the task of reviving the unconscious priest, while his wife followed the distracted housekeeper into the kitchen.

Meanwhile Jack had also come to grief in his wild ride. He had not gone far when the chain of his wheel snapped, and he found himself flying down the hill at a great rate, unable to check himself in his headlong course. The women came out from their cottages to look at him; the men left their work, and a trim washerwoman, rinsing her clothes in the brook on the roadside, cried out in her quaint Dutch-English:

"Heavens and earth! Dis time Vag'bond Jack goes dead!"

And still he rushed on down, out of sight, till he reached the foot of the hill, when, with a terrible jolt against the trunk of a fallen tree, the wheel toppled over, and Jack was flung headlong into the road. For a moment he lay as one senseless, but soon recovering himself, he resumed his journey; this time on foot, though not at a very rapid pace. Try as he would, he could not go any faster, for he had wrenched his ankle severely in his fall. It was a sorry-looking Jack, indeed, that halted at last in front of Dr. Nesmith's door, on the outskirts of the village.

"And what have you been doing now, Jack?" asked the doctor, when he answered the boy's loud ring. "Stealing somebody's horse again, and been thrown, I suppose——"

"No, sir; it was a bicycle this time," replied the boy, with great simplicity. "But I came as quick as I could to tell you that Father Barrett had a fit or something. He is all cut, and I'm afraid he's dead."

The doctor was in his buggy in a moment, Jack by his side. A crowd of boys had gathered around the broken bicycle, and the doctor told them to take it to the blacksmith, who would probably be able to mend it. It had suffered but little injury and was soon repaired. It seemed a long time to Jack until they reached the top of the hill again and were in sight of the priest's house, in front of which some persons were standing—one of them a gentleman in a bicycle suit, who came forward to meet the doctor.

"I am Dr. Jones, of Pittsburg," he said, "and on account of what I then thought an unfortunate delay, happened to be here when I was needed. The priest has suffered a paralytic stroke, but is now much better."

Jack had slipped out of the buggy. The two doctors went into the house, ans Jack sat down on the kitchen step without a word. Half an hour later they came out again, smoking.

"But how did you hear of it so soon?" inquired the owner of the bicycle.

"Vagabond Jack came for me," was the reply. "It appears he took a bicycle which he found ready waiting—by the way, it must have been yours. He had a peculiar journey down hill, for the chain broke soon after he had started. He was thrown at last, though without suffering much injury. The bicycle will be all right this afternoon. I sent it to the blacksmith."

"Thank you very much," said the other. "My wife and I have concluded to stay all night at the hotel, or tavern. Ah! here is that bicycle fiend now."

They paused in front of Jack, still quietly seated on the kitchen step. He looked up at them with a white face.

"Is he going to get well?" he asked of Dr. Nesmith.


Continued on Page 8.