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A VISIT TO THE POPE.

HIS HOLINESS AS HE RECEIVES THE PILGRIMS TO ROME.

John D. Crimmins Tells of the Moving Scenes in St. Peter's Historic Cathedral and in the Audience Room at the Vatican.

John D. Crimmins, the millionaire contractor of New York city and a close personal friend of Archbishop Corrigan, recently made a pilgrimage to Rome in company with his grace and a party of prominent New Yorkers. Mr. Crimmins recently returned to New York and in conversation with a World reporter told the story of his visit to St. Peter's and the Vatican. He said:

"I have seen the most wonderful man in the world.

"Picture yourself in the noblest church edifice conceived by man and present there a concourse of nearly 20,000 persons. It is a picturesque crowd made up of the people of many nations and religions. It is not the orderly church gathering we are accustomed to, but a holiday crowd, reverent if you will, but demonstrative.

"It is dominated by curiosity and devotion. A hush falls upon it.

"He is coming.

"The word flies from lip to lip. A blaze of trumpets, a burst of harmony so far overhead it seems out of heaven, a blur of yellow uniforms beneath the arches of the entrance from the Sistine chapel, and the pope has entered St. Peter's."

"There is a glimpse of a figure in robes of white, so attenuated it seems almost an ethereal being. Then a roar of welcome from the crowd.

"Viva le Papa Rex."

"There is no other earthly cry to compare with it. The noisy stampede of our national conventions is a feeble shout beside it. It is a cry of faith, devotion and reverence from 25,000 throats.

"Viva le Rex."

"It is a cry of treason against the king of Italy, who holds this white robed prisoner within his own palace. But he is king within those walls, and the peoples of the earth come from afar to so proclaim him.

"He rises at the shout of welcome, alert and graceful, and waves his hand in benediction.

"Viva! Viva!" The shout surges like billows of sound across the church as he moves through the church to the altar.

"He moves unassisted and moves with alert step to the altar, kneels through the ceremony and at the end, clear and articulate, intones the papal benediction.

"The audience leaves the church exhausted. The pope goes back to a round of labors.

"How many Americans could weather the exhausting nervous strain of being the central figure in such a ceremony? Yet this man is 92 years old.

"I saw him again at an audience in the Vatican. For an hour I stood within a few yards of his throne, watching his greeting to the throngs of pilgrims who came from every quarter of the globe.

"Shorn of all pageantry his greatness shines in the audience room. Princes, statesmen and scholars are in the throngs that pass before him. They must be insignificant indeed if he knows nothing of them or their achievements. The acquaintance of his mind displayed at these times is past comprehension.

"Describe him to you? Artists have given the general idea of his dress and figure. All have failed to fix on canvas the benignity of his countenance. I have not the grace of words to describe it.

"His features are unmistakably patrician. His nose is large. His skin has a most remarkable pallor, translucent as paraffin, white as alabaster. His eyes are large and black and lustrous. They glow as he speaks, and a smile of ineffable sweetness illumines his features. His expression is etherealized until it seems to have lost all taint of earthliness.

"The compelling sweetness of his face is remarkable. It is not to Catholics alone that it appeals. Justice Barrett stood beside me, the son of a Protestant minister, and when I turned to him his eyes were filled with tears.

"While we looked on the pope received a delegation of Polish pilgrims. Men and women were attired in their native dress. At their head were the cardinal archbishop of Poland and a number of Polish princes. They spoke Italian and French, and the pope conversed with them. Again was his astounding mental equipment in evidence. He knew the family history of every prince and made delicate allusion to some ancestor who had done well for mother church or fatherland.

"Of the plain people he asked questions, showing his knowledge of their district. He put them all on an intimate footing and chatted on as if there were no limit to the audience time.

"Often his chamberlains leaned forward to pluck the sleeve of his coat, a hint to convey what we so aptly convey by the expression, 'There are others.'

"It was plain that he was not anxious to hurry any one from his presence.

They say now he is ill. I can hardly believe it.

"His years show only in the extreme slightness of his frame. His movements are those of an active man. His intellect seems at the keenness of its prime. He has the conversation of energy, the application and alertness of the successful business man.

"An instance of his keenness of observation was furnished through Archbishop Corrigan. At a private audience he presented the pope with a bound album containing the pictures of every church in the New York diocese. On the back was a photograph of the pastor.

"Later at a public audience the archbishop introduced the priests of the New York diocese who made the pilgrimage to Rome. Among them was Father Thomas Gregory of Morrisania. 'This is one of the gentlemen whose portraits I saw,' said the holy father.

"The compliment was gratifying in that it showed the attention shown to the offering of the New York diocese, which was only one of many thousands which are handed to the holy father weekly.

"I carried home with me as a memento of my visit a little white skullcap worn by the pope in his chamber. It was given to me by his major domo as a souvenir of our visit through the pope's household, a privilege rarely accorded visitors."

ARCHBISHOP FALCONI.

The Personal Representative of His Holiness in Canada.

The official residence of Mgr. Falconi, the apostolic delegate to Canada, has been fixed at Ottawa instead of Montreal or Quebec in accordance with the rule that the delegates of the pope shall reside in the capital city.

Mgr. Diomedo Falconi, who has been in Canada since last October, where he arrived from Rome shortly after his



appointment as papal delegate, is an American citizen, although he was born in Italy 57 years ago. In his native country he entered the order of St. Francis, but came to America while still a young man and finished at the College of St. Bonaventure, in Allegany, N. Y., the education which he had begun at Rome. For more than 20 years he labored in this country as a missionary priest and then returned to Italy to visit his aged parents. While there, however, he was appointed to a high office in his native province and was afterward made archbishop of Acerenza and Matera. His success in these dioceses won him a high reputation at the Vatican and caused his appointment to the position he now holds as the personal representative of his holiness in the Dominion of Canada.

The Sacred Heart.

How little, mean and selfish we are! Our thoughts morning, noon and night are self, self, nothing but self. What we shall eat, what we shall wear, what we shall do to amuse ourselves, how we can make ourselves richer or more comfortable, these thoughts fill our minds so completely that we have no time to think of God, our religion or our neighbors, for if we did we should forget at least for a time ourselves. Even in our religious exercises, such as they are, our thoughts are centered on our own salvation. We never worry about our friends and relatives. We let them look out for themselves as if it were a matter of no importance to us if they were lost. Thus selfishness is a disease and a most terrible one and can only be cured by a miracle of divine grace. To obtain the cure of this disease go to the Sacred Heart and read the lesson it teaches. Christ's whole life was selfless. All was given for the sinner, the sick, the poor and the afflicted, and if you learn to love the Sacred Heart you will learn to forget self and think first of his interest and next of your neighbor and lastly of your own.

Our Great Advocate.

After God Mary is our great advocate and our deliverer from the temptations which cause us so much annoyance and so greatly endanger our souls. The motherhood of Mary elevated her to a dignity so sublime that the angelic doctor calls it almost infinite. In the opinion of some doctors Mary obtained the title of mediatrix, not by her merits nor by having prayed for the salvation of men nor by having given birth to Jesus, but by having freely and willingly offered her son to the death of the cross to deliver us from the slavery of Satan and sin.

FOOD FOR THE SOUL.

THE HEAVENLY BANQUET OUR SAVIOUR FREELY OFFERS.

A Plea For More Frequent Communion—Two Classes of Persons Who Should Often Receive the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

In the early discipline of the church daily communion seems to have been the rule, "continuing daily with one accord in the temple and breaking bread from house to house."—Acts 2, xlv. With the waning of faith and the chilling of charity this beautiful practice was relaxed, but the Council of Trent in no uncertain words declared that the true teaching of the church, "The council would have the faithful receive communion each time they assist at mass not only spiritually, but sacramentally, that they may derive more abundant fruit from the holy sacrifice."

It is not to convince Catholics of the wish of the church or the efficacy of the sacrament that we treat this subject. All will acknowledge these as a general principle, but there are many, far too many, who think or seem to think themselves exempt from the duty of more frequent communion. "He sent to say to those who were invited that they should come, for now all things were ready. And they began all at once to make excuses."

First, men seem to think that the obligation of frequent communion is intended only for women, and if they go once or twice in the year they imagine they have done their whole duty. That is a mistake. There is not one road to heaven for men and another for women. There might be an excuse if men had some source of grace to draw from other than that given to their wives and daughters, but they have not. Will men be content to love God less than women love him? Surely not.

"Business" is the common plea and "haven't time." But there is no more important business than to save one's soul and to increase in grace. And as for the time, a little management and 15 minutes would be all that is required. Be candid with yourselves, my men, be candid and admit it is only the good will and desire that are wanting.

"I am not worthy to go to holy communion often" is a common excuse. No one is worthy to receive holy communion, not even an angel from heaven. But will you become more worthy by staying away or rather less so? There are two classes of persons, says St. Francis de Sales, who should often receive holy communion, the perfect—as far as men can be perfect—to unite themselves more closely to the source of all perfection and the imperfect to labor to attain perfection, the strong that they may not become weak, the weak that they may become strong, the sick that they may be cured and those in health that they may be preserved from sickness. You tell me that your imperfections, your weakness, your littleness, make you unworthy to receive communion, and I assure you it is precisely because of these that you ought to receive it frequently in order that he who possesses all things may give you whatever is wanting to you.

"You see no improvement in yourself by reason of your communions?" Do you leave off eating when you cease to grow stronger? Does not your daily food at least keep you from becoming weaker by repairing the constant waste going on in your system? So it is with your holy communion. If it does not make you better, at least it preserves you from growing worse.

"You are cold and indifferent and have no special attraction for holy communion?" It is not a matter of feeling or of sentiment. If you approach with the required dispositions—that is, freedom from sin and an earnest desire for your spiritual improvement—the effects will be real, though they may not be apparent. If God gives you this special attraction and ardent love for Jesus in the blessed sacrament, so much the more to be thankful for, but surely the way to cultivate affection for the heavenly visitor is not by refusing him admission, but receiving him often into the sanctuary of our heart.

What seems to be the root and source of all our neglect is, as Dalgairns points out, a lack of confidence in the mighty indulgence of God. The French speak of God as "le bon Dieu," and to the German he is "der lieber Gott," but for us he is the "Almighty," to awe us with his power. Such is not the wish of God nor should it be our conception of him. He is "our Father," the dear Saviour of Calvary, with his arms outstretched to receive us, and the mild, sweet Jesus of the blessed eucharist, bidding us "Come, come unto me."—Guldon.

Quarry on Parnell Estate.

John Parnell, M. P., brother of the Irish leader, has discovered a valuable quarry on the Avondale estate, County Wicklow, consisting of a green stone that is much sought after for paving purposes. For five years Charles Stewart Parnell made a most careful search over the estate to discover the stone, and his brother also devoted much time to the same purpose. It was by the merest accident that Mr. Parnell, while having some laurels cleared away, made his fortunate find.

THE POET PRIEST.

FATHER ABRAM RYAN'S FEARLESSNESS IN BATTLE.

In the midst of the fray this faithful Priest of God ministered to the Wounded and Dying Federals and Confederates—Loved by All.

When Father Ryan was asked to become a chaplain in the Confederate army, says a southern journal, there was not a corporal's guard of men of his own faith in the regiment, but he accepted the post and served until the close of the war. He was under fire in fifty-two battles and forty odd skirmishes. The stone of which his memorial cross is made was quarried from a place where, for ten hours, he was under fire while ministering to wounded and dying Federals and Confederates. To all appeals of the soldiers and officers to go to the rear during the battle he turned a deaf ear. Wherever the fighting was heaviest there was Father Ryan, with his well known rubber lined and canvas covered canteen, which held two gallons of water, and his pack containing lint, ligatures and medicines.

It never made any difference to Father Ryan whether the close of the day's battle found him within or without the Confederate lines. He cared nothing for the political aspect of the war; he simply did his work as a priest of God. He was the faithful priest, the good Samaritan, first, last and always. The men of both sides loved him with a fervor which is undiminished and to this day wearers of the blue and gray meet together to tell of the sad days when everything was topsy-turvy in Virginia. It generally turned out that the forlorn hopes sent to charge impregnable positions by the Federals were Irish soldiers. Father Ryan soon found this out, and therefore he was always present at the outer line of the Confederate defence, in order to administer the last rites to the dying Irish Catholics.

He saw the desperate charge of the Irish Brigade at Mary's Heights—a feat that dwells the glories of the Six Hundred "into the mouth of hell," at Balaklava. Amid the awful cannonading of General Burnside's Artillery aimed at those heights, after the Irish Brigade had charged into the very mouths of sixty-seven cannon, Father Ryan, with long hair flying in the breeze, knelt amid the bodies of more than a thousand Irish dead and ministered to the dying. This act of saintly heroism was observed by General Burnside, who immediately ordered his troops to cease firing whilst Father Ryan stood on the battle line.

A TALL IRISH STUDENT WHO OBSTRUCTED THE VIEW.

An amusing incident which occurred at St. Peter's, Rome, during the recent canonizations is related by an Irish student who was present, in a letter from Rome to his relatives. Like many of his fellow countrymen this student is tall of stature. When he entered the basilica he naturally looked about for a good position. He did not succeed in reaching the centre of the church, but he went in amongst a number of Italians and Frenchmen, and was gratified to find that he was head and shoulders above them, and therefore could see what went on with the greatest ease. Every one in the Church was, of course, eager to obtain a good view, and after a while, when the procession moved along, one of the Italians discovered to his chagrin that the student obstructed his vision. He called to him in Italian and in an audible voice to "get off that stool." As a matter of fact, on such occasions many do stand on small stools which are especially manufactured in the city for the purpose. In this instance the Italian's stern request met with no response. He felt indignant, and by dint of crushing and struggling he made his way up to where the obstruction stood. With a gesture of impatience he brushed aside the student's cassock—to see not a stool, but a well developed pair of legs. Seated as was the place, the amused spectators could not restrain a titter at his discomfort.

A WORD TO CATHOLICS.

Rebellious Catholics. Such are those who claim to be Catholics, to belong to the Church and yet rebel against her discipline; Catholics who do not observe the Friday fast; Catholics who do not go to Confession; Catholics who do not receive Holy Communion; Catholics who do not attend mass; Catholics who do not say their prayers; Catholics who object to being married at a nuptial mass; Catholics who object to the publishing of the mass; Catholics who do not send their children to their own schools. Still these rebellious Catholics claim allegiance—yes, fealty—to the Mother Church. Such Catholics are a disgrace to the very name they usurp.—Exchange.

Deep mourning is worn one year for a parent, after that the mourning is lightened and craps is no longer worn. A young person may then wear plain black relieved by white at the throat and wrists for six months, and for the last half of the second year gray, lavender and various shades of violet, and white.

France makes nearly 28,000,000 pairs of gloves yearly, and of these 18,000,000 pairs are exported.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

Famous Irish-American Patriot and Soldier of the Revolution.

But few men have contributed more to fill the measure of the glory and prosperity of their country than the subject of this brief sketch, says The Irish World. Thomas McKean, one of the dozen or more Irish-American patriots whose names are allied to the immortal Declaration of Independence, was a native of Chester county, Pa.



THOMAS M'KEAN.
and was born on March 19, 1734. He was the son of William McKean, who emigrated from Ireland when quite young. At an early age Thomas studied law, and for many years followed that profession in his native place.

In 1763 he was elected a member of the Delaware assembly from New Castle county and was continued in that section for 11 successive years. So much attached to him were the people of that county that they continued to elect him for six succeeding years after his removal to Philadelphia, although he necessarily declined the honor of serving. He was claimed by Delaware and Pennsylvania as a favorite son of each under the old regime and did, in fact, serve both after changing his residence by being elected to the Continental congress from the state of Delaware, being then chief justice of Pennsylvania.

In 1768 he was one of the committee that drafted the memorable address to the English house of commons. While a judge of the court of common pleas, he was the first judge in any of the colonies who took the bold stand against using stamped paper, as had been ordered by the stamp act, in transactions of legal papers. From the congress convened at Philadelphia in 1776 to the peace of 1783 he was a member of the Continental congress and the only one who served during the whole time.

In July, 1781, Judge McKean was elected president of congress, which honor he was compelled to decline because his duties as chief justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania would necessarily require his absence some part of the time during the session. He was then urged to occupy the chair until November, when the court was to commence. To this he assented and presided till that time, and, on his retiring from the chair, the following resolution was unanimously passed, Nov. 7, 1781:

"Resolved, That the thanks of congress be given to the Hon. Thomas McKean, late president of congress, in testimony of their approbation of his conduct in the chair and in the execution of public business."

So ardent was his patriotism, so devoted was he to promote the cause he had so nobly espoused, that he accepted a colonel's commission and was appointed to the command of a regiment raised in Philadelphia and marched to the support of Washington while the American army was at Valley Forge. On the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington dispatched a courier to carry the news to McKean, who was then president of the Continental congress. The latter was in bed when the messenger arrived. McKean arose and presently the glad tidings were made known throughout the city; the watchman proclaimed the hour, adding, "and Cornwallis is taken." After the independence of our country was firmly established McKean retired from public life and took up his residence in Philadelphia, where he died on June 24, 1817.

The Dead Bard.

To the memory of the poet-patriot, Thomas McKean.
A master hand swept o'er the strings
Of Erin's harp of gold;
And, gazing through that strain which glows
Down from the heights of old,
A sweeter note awoke to swell
The music deep and grand.
That echoes o'er each hill and dell
Of Erin's sacred land.

Now vanished is the magic art
That woke the chords of song
To thrill through mortal's heart,
In cadence deep and strong.
After beyond earth's narrow vale
The poet's soul has gone,
But still in tones which cannot fall
That melody rings on.

Across the land of holy graves
Where spirits slumber deep,
Where's that wild wind the deadened waves
That song shall grandly sweep
In echoes on a far shore,
It tells from soul to soul
In tones that never cease
Of Erin's sacred soil.

—M. E. T. [Signature]

THE IRISH BOWMEN.

WON THE FIELD FOR ROBERT BRUCE AT BANNOCKBURN.

Brave Irish Archers Under Donald O'Neill, King of Scots, Turned the Tide of Battle Against the English Forces.

The famous Robert Bruce, the hero and King of Scotland, was by blood half Celtic and half Norman. Toward the end of the twelfth century Alexander III of Scotland died, and a number of competitors for the crown appeared, among them Robert Bruce and John Balliol. To avoid, however, the miseries of civil war they resolved to refer the case to Edward I of England as umpire and submit to his decision.

Edward, finding Balliol the more obsequious, decided in his favor, and Balliol consented to receive the crown as a vassal of the English monarch. But the barons could not brook the passive spirit of John and the encroachment of their liberty by the English monarch. They prevailed upon Balliol to throw off his allegiance. He having done so, Edward invaded Scotland with a powerful army, defeated the Scots in the battle of Dunbar, reduced the country to submission and carried Balliol captive to England, says The Irish World.

At this critical juncture, when the liberties of Scotland lay prostrate at the feet of the conqueror, the strong energies of the nation were roused by the valor and patriotism of one William Wallace, but after a series of brilliant achievements their efforts failed for the present. The patriot Wallace was basely betrayed into the hands of Edward and put to death with barbarous cruelty.

The Scots found after this unhappy incident a more successful champion in the person of Robert Bruce. The Scots looked to the standard of Bruce, who after a variety of victories expelled the British from the country.



When Robert Bruce succeeded in restoring the throne of his country and drove the English to the shores of the Atlantic, he made preparations for a new attack on Scotland. On the 24th of June the famous battle of Bannockburn was fought, and the Scots won a decisive victory. The English army, numbering 10,000 men, was defeated by the Scots, who numbered only 7,000 men. The English king, Edward II, fled the field, and the Scots were able to re-establish their independence.

The English king was so defeated that he was forced to accept the terms of the Treaty of Edinburgh, which restored the Scottish throne to Robert Bruce. The English king was so defeated that he was forced to accept the terms of the Treaty of Edinburgh, which restored the Scottish throne to Robert Bruce. The English king was so defeated that he was forced to accept the terms of the Treaty of Edinburgh, which restored the Scottish throne to Robert Bruce.

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