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## A SAINT FOR THE MODERN WORLD.

"A man of that stamp is one to com-  
pel admiration in any age, but there  
are special reasons for recommending  
St. Francis of Sales to the modern  
world as a representative exponent of  
the Catholic idea of sanctity. He is a  
modern saint in time and in spirit. We  
venture this statement in the hope of  
not being misunderstood. Strictly  
speaking, there can be no such thing  
as 'modern sanctity,' but it can be true  
and is true that there are varying  
types of sanctity, appealing differently  
to the people of varying times and  
countries. As the church grows old  
with the world, she ever shows her un-  
flagging vitality by bringing forth op-  
portune types, new models in the con-  
crete of her unchanging abstract prin-  
ciples. Her thesaurus virtutum like  
her thesaurus satisfactionum is unfa-  
ling and variously stocked. She is  
equally productive of the 'Hebraistic'  
and the 'Hellenistic,' the sterner and  
the milder types of sanctity; she is  
mother of both, but neither can claim  
to be her favorite child. The austere  
Baptist in the wilderness is hers, the  
gentle Evangelist in the crowded city  
is hers; in her calendars the rigorous  
Peter of Alcantara and John of God  
are honored with the sweet-spirited  
Philip Neri and Vincent de Paul, and  
Jerome, who dearly enjoyed the clash  
of controversy, finds place beside the  
peace-loving Benedict, to her altars  
Loyola contributes the strenuous sol-  
dier, and Assist the gentle poet; for  
the man of the world she proposes the  
example of an Augustine, she recom-  
mends an Aloysius to the novice in his  
convent. Ever resourceful, she spends  
her riches lavishly but wisely in her  
business of the purchase of souls. Are  
the times savage and bloody, the world  
overrun with armies, Mars dominant  
in the Pantheon, she sends a Sebastian  
into the camps and supplies the ranks  
of valor with a 'Thundering Legion';  
is the military spirit decadent, and  
the world aflame with the new fire of  
learning, she builds her universities,  
stocks them with her brilliant youth,  
and develops an Aquinas and a Bona-  
venture; is the age on its knees before  
culture, adoring refinement, worship-  
ping civilization (and this is our age),  
the church comes forth introducing a  
Francis of Sales, scholar, doctor, au-  
thor, prince of Christian gentlemen."  
—Catholic World Magazine.

Our gifts from God mainly consti-  
tute those which in His divine judg-  
ment it is best for us to receive and  
those which it is best for us to be de-  
nied. We cannot at all times fully or  
reasonably comprehend His wondrous  
discriminating power in these direc-  
tions. Therefore, we are too often  
prone to chafe and repine under the  
denials if things worldly for which we  
are most inclined to plead to the ut-  
ter disregard of our more important  
spiritual requirements. He knows and  
pities our human struggles—our tempta-  
tions and our trials—yet He must  
needs often abruptly draw us away  
from the alluring stepping stones to  
earthly triumphs so that our feet may  
be all the better trained for an ascent  
to eternal glory. Our gifts to God are  
at best but meagre and insignificant.  
We seem to forget that He yielded up  
His divine Son to become the thorn-  
crowned hero of sin-shadowed Calvary  
for our salvation; that He unceasing-  
ly brightens life's troublous day with  
the golden sunbeams of immortal hope  
and illumines its darkest night with  
the starlit beacons of faith that will  
eventually guide us on to immortality!  
Yes, with all His glory, He needs our  
love and devotion, and His tender  
heart ever throbs with pangs of sor-  
row when the Recording Angel marks  
the restless pages with a record of  
our sins.

## The Church of the Gesu.

All along the Connecticut valley the  
snows were melting in the mild spring  
air; up in the balmy heavens the robin  
and lark sang clear; in the woods the  
trailing arbutus was blooming as  
fragrant and fair as its Plymouth Rock  
sisters beside the sea, and the sturdy  
little hepatica and frail wind-anemone  
nodded joyously to each other, for the  
happy days had come. Do we think  
the birds and flowers know nothing  
about Easter? Oh! anybody can see  
them keep it, who has eyes to see it!  
All nature is singing glad anthems to  
tell that Christ is risen with the  
spring.

In the great city the stately  
churches were flooded with melody  
from organ and flute and viol, and the  
surprised choir chanted glad and gay  
"Alleluia! Alleluia!" Magnificent altars  
were ablaze with manifold brilliant  
tapers, while glorious white lilies, their  
fragrant chalices towards the  
one fairest chalice which the Precious  
Blood of the Risen Redeemer made  
more wonderfully fair than any pen  
can sing or pencil paint.

In the famous Jesuit church of the  
Gesu, famed throughout the old prima-  
tial city for its decorations of extra-  
ordinary loveliness, men said one to an-  
other: "Brother Rodriguez has sur-  
passed himself to-day. The church  
was never so divinely beautiful be-  
fore." And at High Mass the good  
brother, hidden in a secluded nook  
behind the pulpit, looked with dim and  
dazzled gaze at the grandeur. It had  
grown to its perfection slowly, all  
night, under his practiced eye and  
skillful hand, straight from his artist  
brain and holy heart of love, and he  
prayed beneath his breath:

"My risen Jesu! this is all for Thee.  
Surely I never worked like this be-  
fore. All praise to thy Sacred Heart!  
Is any church of Thine to-day more  
beautiful, and hast Thou any Sacristan  
more favored and more glad than I,  
unworthy though I be?"

A strange thing happened then to  
Brother Rodriguez, the like of which  
also, in all his long and arduous car-  
reer as Sacristan, had never before be-  
fallen him. Already that day he had  
served three masses, and he had been  
awake all night, besides, but that was  
nothing unusual. Then, as usual also,  
he had crept for high mass into that  
quiet corner where no eye could see  
him, that he might, for one brief hour,  
after his many hours of Martha-like  
devotion, take the part of Mary, and  
sit in loving silence at Jesus' feet.  
There, for once, and I do not think  
His loving Lord laid it out against His  
tired and faithful servant, the Brother  
Sacristan fell fast asleep.

He fell asleep while the choir was  
singing the Easter sequence; and, by  
the way, he always stoutly maintained  
that he was not sleeping, and that good  
Father Baptiste, going up the pulpit  
stairs on the way to the sermon, only  
saw his eyes closed because he was so  
moved by the Easter season joy. His  
eyes closed then, to express the situa-  
tion more exactly, just as the singers  
cried out to one another joyously, as  
deep night call to deep on Easter Day,  
or star to star:

"Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid vidisti in via?  
Sepulchrum Christi viventis  
Et gloriam vultu resurgentis."

And when he opened his eyes again,  
the singers were still tossing the  
"Amen, Alleluia," back and forth to  
each other, and up to radiant heaven,  
where the angels caught the echo, and  
treasured it close into the heart of  
their own Easter Alleluias around the  
throne of the Risen God on high. So  
you see, if he were really sleeping, it  
was for a brief space only, and if it  
was an answer to his simple-hearted  
prayer, and was a vision, truly time  
counts for little or nothing in ecstasie  
states like his.

In either case, the glorious sanctu-  
ary of Gesu vanished from the enrapt-  
ured gaze of the Brother Sacristan,  
and the jubilant chant of boys and  
men died away on the fragrant air. In-  
stead, he saw or seemed to see the  
fair Connecticut valley, with the broad  
peaceful river winding through it, and  
he thought that somehow its waters  
made very glad, that Easter Day, the  
Holy City of God. The green hills  
towered beyond it, up into the sun-  
shine; and, through the grassy mead-  
ows, up upon the rocky banks, and in-  
to coope and thicket, went a little  
maiden, holy and fair, though lame  
and hunch-backed. She was picking  
anemones and hepaticas and the frag-  
rant arbutus, and she was saying, as  
she went, over and over again, only  
this "For my risen Jesus!" But such  
intensity of love and faith was in it,  
that Brother Rodriguez cried out in  
his sleep—or in his ecstasy—very hum-  
bly: "Give me, O my Lord Jesus!  
give me the heart of a little child!"

What singing he heard! The sweet-  
est boy soprano who ever sang "O Par-  
adise" at the Gesu, never sang like  
that. Hundreds of tiny cherubs that  
never knew one care and never saw  
sorrow, but joy and the beauty of hol-  
iness, were singing blithely; and as he  
heard them, every pain or anxiety the  
Brother Sacristan had ever known of  
fled away from him as completely as  
though it had never been:

"Dic nobis, Maria!  
Dic nobis, Maria!  
Quid vidisti, in via, Maria, Maria?"

The dear child made no answer, and  
it seemed to him they needed none.  
She only went on gathering hepatica  
and anemone and arbutus, and repeat-  
ing, untired and most tenderly: "For  
Thee, My Risen Jesus; for Thee, for  
Thee, for Thee!" Then river and hill  
and thicket and meadow vanished, and  
the child and he were in a little upper  
room of a little farmhouse near the  
Windsor River Locks.

He saw a simple table, draped in  
snowy white, with two wax candles  
burning; white curtained windows,  
holy pictures, and the early field flow-  
ers of the spring-time lavished every-  
where. He saw the little maiden scat-  
ter them on the floor and table with  
love like to the angels, then he saw,  
on the plain, linen cloth, on an opened

corporal, a pyx case, and he knew that  
the Real Presence of the Living Christ  
was there. And it seemed to him it  
was the midnight before Easter, and  
the little maid was Christ's Sacristan,  
like Magdalene, all alone, all, all alone,  
with her Blessed Lord.

Holding the last few fragrant sprays  
of Mary's flowers, the spring arbutus,  
close clasped to her faithful heart, she  
knelt at last before the table, her lov-  
ing labors ended. There was silence  
now, no singing, no grandeur, and no  
glory. But he thought he heard the  
Lord's voice say "Maria!" and it  
seemed to Brother Rodriguez that  
heaven was in this place. He thought  
the little Sacristan knelt down as the  
clock struck midnight, and he thought  
she still knelt there, and he saw her,  
through all the Easter brightness of  
that night of which it is written:  
"The night shall be as light as day."  
Yet, suddenly, he saw the holy place  
no longer. Again, he heard the famous  
boy choir of the Gesu chanting:  
"Amen Alleluia!" and suddenly he  
saw the beauty of his own sanctuary,  
that his own loving heart had designed  
and accomplished, flash fair and  
glorious again upon his dazzled eyes.  
Was it a dream?

On Easter Monday Father Baptiste  
came in with another Father just re-  
turned from giving a mission. "I  
brought him to see the Easter decora-  
tions, brother," the Superior said,  
pleasantly. "Father Van Kirk had  
nothing of this sort at all, where he  
spent Easter."

"No, brother," Father Van Kirk con-  
tinued, "I was in the Connecticut val-  
ley, near by your own native land  
and mine, though further south I  
had a sick call, and was detained all  
night in a farmhouse, and I had a lit-  
tle maid of thirteen years for my Sac-  
ristan, with a humped back but an  
angel's face. I believe she watched all  
night with our Lord, to my shame I  
say it. But we had no glorious decora-  
tions, like your, brother, only field  
flowers, and the wild birds singing.  
And I had to travel ten miles to say  
my mass in the poorest country church.  
Well, God has given you a great gift  
for making His house beautiful,  
brother."

"And He uses it always for God's  
greater glory," Father Baptiste added;  
but the Brother Sacristan most hum-  
bly bent his head.

"I have seen," he said, "a place  
where the Lord's feet rested, that was  
far more beautiful than this is, and a  
Sacristan far more favored and holy  
than this unworthy brother can hope  
on earth to be."—Susan L. Emery, in  
Donahoe's Magazine.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

A tombstone not far from Washing-  
ton bears the date 1951, and the Catho-  
lic inscription, "May the Lord have  
mercy on his soul." And we have  
been told that Catholics are strangers  
in America.—The Sentinel.

Peekskill's council of the Knights of  
Columbus conferred the second degree  
on eight candidates Thursday evening,  
March 28th.

The Dominican Fathers have recent-  
ly been established at Brussels after a  
century's exile from that city.

During the Paulist mission at St.  
Elizabeth's church, Chicago, sixty-  
seven converts were formally received  
into the Church, and 500 more are now  
under instructions.

Some of the young diocesan priests  
of Boston, have just given a retreat  
for men in the Cathedral. The vast  
edifice was taxed to its utmost to ac-  
commodate the throngs.

A hospital in Winoski, Vt., is  
named for Fanny Allen, one of the  
very earliest of New England's con-  
verts to the true faith, and a daughter  
of the famous hero of the Revolution,  
Gen. Ethan Allen. It is called the  
Fanny Allen Hospital, and is under  
the care of the Religious Hospitaliers  
of St. Joseph.

A mission was given, from March 10  
to 17, in the new church at Mineral  
City, 75 miles south of Cleveland, O.,  
by the Cleveland Apostolate. It was  
the means of bringing into the true  
fold the wife of Hon. Charles McClin-  
chey, representative of the district in  
the General Assembly for two years.  
Mrs. McClinchey is a convert from  
Lutheranism.

The city council at Cedar Rapids,  
Iowa, has donated a tract of land 200x  
300 feet at the corner of B avenue and  
Fifth street to the Sisters of Mercy,  
who will erect during the coming season  
a hospital to cost not less than  
\$50,000. Abraham Sliemer, the noted  
Waverly philanthropist, has agreed to  
give \$1 for every dollar raised in this  
city by the Sisters up to \$50,000. Many  
liberal subscriptions are now in sight.

By the terms of the will of Thomas  
Halligan, brother of the late Rev. Wil-  
liam Halligan, for many years pastor  
of St. Mary's church, Pawtucket,  
which was offered for probate Thurs-  
day, the sum of \$500 is bequeathed to  
St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence.  
The sum of \$500 is given to Rev.  
George T. Mahoney, who is named as  
executor, for religious purposes, and  
the remainder of the estate, which is  
valued at \$14,000, is left to a sister  
and brother of the testator, who reside in  
Brooklyn.

Protestants who have never been  
abroad are apt to think that the best  
of the world is as non-Catholic as  
this. They would learn their error if  
they observed the diplomatic corps in  
Washington on a Presidential recep-  
tion day. Of the thirty-four repre-  
sentatives of foreign governments  
now in Washington twenty-two are  
Catholic; while two more are anti-  
Protestant, the Russian Ambassador  
and the Greek Minister. When you  
spread Protestantism all over the  
world it becomes too thin to arrest  
the light.—Western Watchman.

## THE HOLY NAME

AN APPEAL TO CATHOLIC MEN FROM  
OUR HOLY FATHER.

The Vice of Blasphemy So Prevalent Among  
Men Deplored by the Venerable Pontiff  
—solemn Words of Warning to Those  
Guilty of the Vice Habit.

A few days before the close of the  
19th century our illustrious Pontiff  
Leo XIII. addressed an encyclical let-  
ter to all the Patriarchs, Primate,  
Archbishops, Bishops, and other local  
Ordinaries in communion with Rome.  
The object of the letter was to inspire  
greater love and devotion for our Lord  
Jesus Christ. The heart of the great  
Pontiff rejoiced at seeing vast multi-  
tudes of the faithful who at his "mere  
suggestion" flocked from all parts to  
Rome praising and blessing our Di-  
vine Redeemer. "Nor could any one  
fail to be moved," he said, "by the ex-  
traordinary outbursts of piety which  
has been displayed towards the Savior  
of Mankind."

The desire of our Venerable Pontiff  
is that this example, worthy the best  
days of Christianity, should arouse the  
rest of men to devotion to our Ador-  
able Lord. But the heart of the great  
Pontiff becomes sad when he reflects  
that vast multitudes of men do not  
even know our Lord, and that count-  
less thousands who did know Him  
have revolted against Him, and joined  
the ranks of His bitterest enemies. Ah,  
this is what especially grieves the  
Holy Father knowing that there is "no  
other name under heaven given to  
men whereby we must be saved," Acts  
IV, 12. The Holy Father reminds  
men of the frightful condition of the  
world at the coming of Jesus Christ,  
its blind idolatry, its horrible immor-  
tality described by St. Paul in his  
Epistle to the Romans.

Jesus having come and enlightened  
men by His doctrine and sanctified  
them by His Sacraments established  
His Church to propagate His kingdom  
and continue the work which He in-  
augurated of sanctifying souls through  
preaching and the Sacraments. But  
even as He was hated for His holy life,  
His sublime doctrine, His condemna-  
tion of the sins of men, so His Church  
as He foretold has been hated from the  
beginning. Had Jesus simply  
come around healing diseases, and  
preaching a sublime doctrine of love,  
there would not have been so much op-  
position, but His condemnation of the  
proud, the hypocrites, the vicious,  
the impure, who were as whitened sepul-  
chres, aroused their hatred. They  
hated against, persecuted, robbed Him  
of His garments, put Him to death.

For nineteen hundred years, my  
sons, the Church has had to suffer for  
preaching the same doctrines, con-  
demning the same vices. Only the om-  
nipotent hand of God could have pre-  
served her against the malice and  
fury of wicked men during this period.  
She denounced the hypocrites and  
impurities of kings and rulers, and  
they did all in their power to rob her  
of her influence, her power, her posses-  
sions, and to crush her. Nor was the  
opposition from the infidel or the  
heresiarch only.

Witness the persecutions waged by  
the emperors of Germany, by the kings  
of France, of Spain, of England, by  
the Napoleons. History records how  
soon the rulers of Northern Europe  
joined with the rebels of the sixteenth  
century against the Church. They saw  
in the new doctrine an excuse for rob-  
bery, for divorce, for adultery. The  
revolt of the sixteenth century against  
the authority of the Church was de-  
veloped during the seventeenth and  
eighteenth centuries against religion,  
against God and Jesus and now  
against the Bible and everything su-  
pernatural or that speaks of a higher  
and purer life. "Blot out Jesus," was  
the battle cry of the arch-enemy of  
Christianity. Yet in the words of the  
Holy Father, "The salvation of all and  
each wholly depends on Christ Jesus;  
those who forsake Him, by that very  
act seek in their blind insanity their  
own destruction personally, while at  
the same time, so far as they are con-  
cerned, they make society in general  
fall back into the very morass of evils  
and calamities from which the Red-  
eemer in His love for mankind had  
delivered them."

We have only to read the daily pa-  
pers, my sons, to see how in France, in  
Italy and Germany the legislators of  
these countries are ever seeking to  
cripple the Church in her divine mis-  
sion of preaching Jesus Christ and of  
saving souls, whilst here and in Eng-  
land our adversaries are ever on the  
alert to find some scandal or calumny  
to propagate against us, and are ever  
seeking to rob the Church of her child-  
ren or deprive them of the hallowed  
influence of their holy Faith.

Whilst our enemies are powerful,  
vigilant, ever seeking to thwart the  
Church in her sublime mission, there  
are vast numbers of the faithful, who,  
in shame and sorrow we must confess,  
join hands with the enemies of Jesus  
Christ in insulting and blaspheming  
Him. With singular inconsistency  
they kneel down and worship and  
adore Him as their God, yet, receive  
Him on their tongues and in their  
hearts in Holy Communion and then  
rise and join the ranks of the infidel  
in uttering blasphemies against Him.  
How inconsistent this vice among  
Catholics—the special children of God,  
members of Christ's mystical body!  
I know well that many of our men fall  
into this vice of blasphemy through  
thoughtlessness or ignorance; but will  
this excuse them before Jesus the  
Judge, when He will call them into  
judgment? The law is "Thou shalt  
not take the name of the Lord thy God  
in vain," for God will hold no man  
without guilt who takes His name in  
vain. And again "every idle word that  
man shall speak he shall render an  
account of it at the day of judgment."  
For all other crimes the sinner may  
promise himself some pleasure, some  
gain, some benefit, but in God's name  
where is the pleasure or benefit in in-  
sulting our best Friend, our Beloved  
Master?

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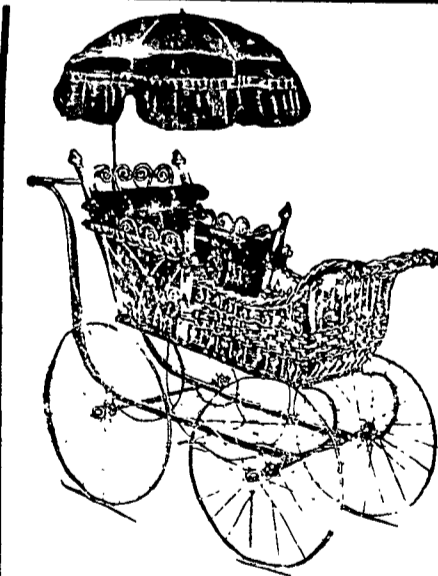
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