

The Catholic Journal

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"CATHOLIC" AND "ROMAN CATHOLIC" SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

A Catholicity divided into a number of contradictory Catholicities, says Cardinal Vaughan, is a contradiction in terms, and is in reality nonsense. With us the prefix "Roman" is not restrictive to a species or a section, but simply declaratory of Catholicity. It explains the meaning of Catholicity applied to the religion of Christ, and asserts its unity. Put it another way. The word "Roman" bears the same relation to "Catholic" that the centre bears to the sphere or circle. All the radii of a circle radiate from their common centre. The whole circumference is thus brought into unity with its centre. This is to be a Catholic. "Roman" as prefix to "Catholic" is, therefore, declaratory that the central point of Catholicity is Roman—the Roman See of Peter. As Christ built His Church upon Peter and his successors in the Roman See, and as every other Church, according to St. Cyprian, must everywhere conform to the teaching of the Roman Church, and be united in communion with it, so it follows that Rome is the centre of the Catholic religion. A circle has but one centre, not many.

I would now say to you all, use the term Roman Catholic. Claim it; defend it; be proud of it—but in the true and Catholic sense. As the African fathers wrote some fourteen centuries ago, to be Roman is to be Catholic, and to be Catholic is to be Roman. But I would also say—like your English forefathers and your brethren on the continent—call yourselves habitually—and especially when the word Roman is misunderstood—simply Catholics, members of the "Catholic Church." "The name of the Catholic Church," says St. Augustine in the fourth century, "keeps me in the Church—a name which in the midst of so many heresies this Church alone, not without cause, so held possession of that though all heretics would gladly call themselves Catholics, yet to the inquiry of any stranger, Where do the Catholics meet? no heretic would dare to point to his own place of worship." Therefore say let others call themselves, let them call us, what they please. What they think and say is their affair. But let us assert equal liberty for ourselves and call ourselves "Roman Catholics," or simply "Catholics," just as we please, for both mean the same thing.

Always ask for the "Catholic church," address your letters to the "Catholic prebtery," speak of the "Catholic priest," the "Catholic Bishop." Stand on the old way, hold to the old name; everybody understands it. Why use two words where one will do? In dedications, presentations and addresses of a formal and ceremonious kind call yourselves Catholics or Roman Catholics, whichever you please. But if you use the latter term, let it be seen that you use it in the Catholic and true sense and that you have not chosen a word of double meaning for the purpose of equivocation. Indeed, it is important in England that we should call ourselves "Catholics" rather than "Roman Catholics," because a false meaning is more often attached to the latter term than to the former. Should any one object to your use of the name Catholic, it is a sign that the time has come to stand your feet and call your self what you like. Of course, for legal purposes and to secure to our selves a distinctive appellation which no one else will dare appropriate the term Roman Catholic is perfect. It is theologically correct and absolutely sound.

lections and to give themselves up largely to reading frivolous papers, especially the journals containing betting news. The Rev. Dr. Roster, a German priest, in an article published by a German contemporary, deals with this same topic and very reasonably, it seems to us, he points out that the public taste in reading is in no small measure regulated by women. In other words, the boy is father to the man and is fond throughout life of the mental food he obtains in his home as a youth. The school-teacher has a certain influence over him, but it does not long outlive the school-years, whereas the influence of the home training abides with him to the end. If then his mother sees that the papers he buys and reads in his earlier years are pure, wholesome, and invigorating he will procure publications of that kind when he is more mature, and if, on the other hand, he is allowed in boyhood to seek enjoyment in racing and betting sheets, his taste will in this way be permanently affected. So that the character of what the masses read depends upon the habits formed in the home—a fact which mothers should not forget.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS.

A list of recent converts of distinction gained by the Church includes Miss Helen E. DeMaster, a student of Chicago University; the Rev. A. J. Bratt, who was a curate at St. Matthew's church, Sheffield, England; Miss Howard, an English lady who was received into the Church on her deathbed at Florence, Italy; Mrs. Alfred L'Euyer, formerly Miss Rosa Peterson, of Butte, Montana; Miss Emma Madona and Miss Maria Christina Asplet, John Asplet, and the Misses Lucy and Josephine Salvarelli, all at Tunis.

St. Thomas, the Prince of Theologians, has no hesitation in calling "urgatory a place." He speaks of "the place in which souls are purified is joined to that place wherein the damned are punished."

About \$200,000 will be expended this year in erecting Catholic educational buildings in and around Dubuque.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

Described By A Follower of St. Paul of the Cross.

Rev. Father Timothy, C. P., who is chaplain to the New South Wales contingents, writing from a transport ship en route for England, to the Catholic Press says:—

There is nothing sadder, nothing more awe-inspiring, than a funeral at sea. In the midst of our amusements, our concerts, athletic sports, and boxing matches, enteric fever in a virulent form attacked the troopers in the aft part of the ship. Despite isolation and the most elaborate precautions which the doctors had immediately commanded, we had soon twenty cases in hospital. The first victim to succumb was Albert Sykes, an amiable young man whom I had known in the Transvaal for his Catholic faith and piety. He was only twenty-four years old, of a bright and happy disposition, and he was counting the days that must elapse before he would again see his happy Yorkshire home. From the first I had no hope of his recovery, as the fever was burning in his head and seemed to send fiery radiations all through his system. I told him that he was very seriously ill, and as one never knows when an enteric patient will become delirious, he calmly submerged his feelings of agonizing grief, and, with thrilling piety, prepared for the end. "Will they bury me at sea?" he inquired. "The way to heaven is not by sea as by land," I replied. "And will you put a Crucifix in my right hand, and Agnus Dei and a medal in my scapular?" he continued. "I shall do so, and to-morrow, Sunday, I shall bring you Holy Communion." On Sunday afternoon he was delirious. All his comrades, more than 100 Catholics, had prayed for him at Mass. Sunday night I passed at his pillow, and when the grey dawn appeared in the port hole, his pure spirit took flight to heaven. The funeral was very solemn. The still ocean rippled noiselessly. A thousand troopers assisted. I, of course officiated, and when the last prayers had been recited the engines stopped, a dead and painful silence spread over the ship, big generous tears rolled down the cheeks of his comrades, faces that blanched not before the cannon's mouth turned white and grey, the trumpets sounded the "last post," the body "neath the Union Jack which covered the rough bier was slowly raised, there was a splash, and all that was mortal of Albert Sykes went down a hundred fathoms under the blue Atlantic, right under the Equator. A few concentric circles marked the spot where this chivalrous young fellow had been laid to rest. The engines are again in motion, the whole ship throbs in unison, and glides onwards and life on board assumes its ordinary routine.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

When trials come, O God above, To test my patience, faith and love, Sustain my soul, Most Holy One, That I may pray, "Thy will be done!" In sorrow's hour, when cares oppress, And friends desert me in distress, Be Thou my friend, O Holy One! Thy will alone be ever done. In grief and trouble be my stay; Thro' life's long journey, Death's dark way. Be Thou my guide, Most Holy One, Whom will in heaven and earth is done. —Henry Coffey.

RABBONI.

(Republished in memory of Mrs. Mary McCarthy.)

Rabboni, when I am dying, How glad I shall be That the lamp of my life Has been burned out for Thee. That sorrow has darkened The pathway I trod— That thorns not roses, Were strewn o'er it's sod. That anguish of spirit Full often was mine, Since anguish of spirit So often was Thine! My cherished Rabboni! How glad I shall be To be with the hope Of a welcome from Thee.

WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sunday, Oct. 13 Gospel, St. John, iv. 46-53. St. Edward, king and confessor. Monday, 14 St. Callistus, Pope and martyr. Tuesday, 15 St. Teresa, virgin. Wednesday, 16 St. Gall, abbot and confessor. Thursday, 17 St. Hedwiges, widow. Friday, 18 St. Luke, Evangelist. Saturday, 19 St. Peter of Alcantara, confessor.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE GOSPEL BY A REVEREND FATHER.

Gospel St. John, iv. 46-53.— Healing of the son of the ruler of Capernaum.

Jesus worked this miracle in the city of Cana in Galilee, where He had converted water into wine. The ruler was from Capernaum, which is situated at the northwestern side of the Lake of Genezareth, many miles distant from Cana. Capernaum was a city loved by the Divine Teacher, and one which He had made famous by many miracles.

When Christ rebuked that man, saying: "Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not," He did this to show the ruler the imperfection of his faith, for if he really believed that Christ was true God he would have known that a simple act of His all-powerful will was sufficient to cure his dying son, and that it was not necessary for the sick son to be present in person. This reproof was given, however, not only to him, but also to all who thought like him, and whose faith was as imperfect as his was.

When the ruler heard from his servants, who had come in haste to meet their master, that the fever had suddenly left his dying son the day before at the seventh hour,—that is, one hour after midday,—and therefore, at the very same moment when Christ had assured him that his son would live, then he was convinced that Christ was truly the son of God; that He was almighty, and the Lord of life and death; he believed him to be the expected Messiah, and he and his whole family sincerely embraced the faith of the Gospel.

The lesson we should derive is, first, to learn how useful trials and afflictions are to bring us nearer to God. Secondly, we are to admire the goodness of God in bearing with our imperfections when we pray to Him; and lastly, like that ruler, we are to lead our neighbor, at least by our good example, to the knowledge of God and to the faithful observance of His holy law.

THE LAST MONTH IS THE BEST OF ALL.

At the Pan-American Exposition. Days of novelty and superb splendor, surpassing in pomp and magnificence anything ever attempted in this country. Complete change of fireworks program every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening. Wild revelries of the East on the Midway. This is without exception the greatest show on earth and one single feature is worth the cost of a trip to Buffalo and return, and there are thousands of special features which you may enjoy, including the best music the world can produce. Rate via New York Central or West Shore \$1.50 round trip for ticket good two days. Tuesdays and Thursdays \$1.15, children between 5 and 12 years of age 60 cents.

Miss Maud Weston of Clifton Springs, Miss Monica Kelly of Scottsville and Misses Blanche Lay and Laura Neidert of Rochester have this week registered at Commercial Training School.

LOVERS OF HORSES SHOULD SEE THE SHOW.

One of the greatest horse shows ever given in this country is now in progress at the Pan-American Exposition. 500 of the best horses in the country are on exhibition. This is one of the best features of the exposition. Rate via New York Central or West Shore \$1.50 round trip for a ticket good two days or on Tuesday's and Thursday's you can purchase a round trip ticket at \$1.15 good for one day only.

Mills' Select Dancing Academy. Prof. W. H. Mills has opened a select dancing academy in the Cox building, first floor Children's class Saturday at 2.30 o'clock.

REV. FATHER HOPKINS DEAD.

A Promising Young Priest of This Diocese Passes Away.—

Was a Long and Patient Sufferer—Funeral Largely Attended by Priests and People at Waterloo, N. Y.

Rev. John P. Hopkins died last Saturday at the family home, corner of North and Center streets, Waterloo, after quite a long illness with cancer of the throat. Deceased was born in Waterloo and educated in the public school of that village. At the age of fifteen he entered Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., from which he graduated with high honors, after which he entered St. Joseph's Theological seminary at Troy, N. Y., and was ordained by Bishop McQuaid at Rochester.

The deceased was 39 years of age. He was highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends, and is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Kate Rogers and Misses Sarah and Teresa Hopkins, all of Waterloo.

The funeral took place from St. Mary's church, Waterloo, Monday morning, with solemn requiem high mass with Rev. William H. Harrington as celebrant; deacon, Rev. Dr. Hanna of St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester; sub-deacon, Rev. Joseph Hendrick, Ovid; master of ceremonies, Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick of Rochester, who gave the last absolution at the end of the mass, and Rev. John J. Hickey of Auburn conducted the service at the grave in St. Mary's cemetery, Waterloo. The following priests were present in the sanctuary: Father Mulherin of Auburn; Rev. Father Morrin of Denver, Col.; Father Ominet of the Paulist community of New York city; Rev. Father Dwyer of Seneca Falls; Father O'Neill of Rochester; Father Wall of Stanley; Father O'Loughlin of Phelps; Father Ruby of Cato; Father Donahue of Weedsport; Father Rogers of Cuba and Father McPadden of Geneva. May his soul rest in peace.

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Carving Set, Meriden Cutlery Co.'s make, 8 pieces, pearl handles, \$12.

Carving Set, Sear's make, 2 pieces, stag handles, for steaks, fowl and joints, \$2.25.

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