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NAMING SHIPS. THE OLD CATHOLIC WAY OF CHRISTENING THE BEST.

Bishop O'Connell of Portland, Maine
Requested to Bless a New Vessel
at Launching—Interesting Facts
Concerning Maine's Irish Settlers.

Quite frequently, writes R. C. Gleason in the Catholic Columbian, a stir is made in certain circles over the usual, but foolish custom of naming ships by breaking a bottle of wine over the bows, as the vessel is launched; and the recent death of the daughter of Secretary of the Navy, Long, recalls the fact that when she was chosen by the Japanese government to christen the cruiser Kasagi, she solved the difficulty by using a white dove, letting it escape at the moment the vessel plunged into the water.

Some one discussing this subject suggests that when the warship Virginia is sent sliding into the water, it would be proper to spill a miniature on her bows and that when the Maryland leaves the quay there should be broken on her stern a bowl of terrapin stew; and when the Wisconsin is launched, a bottle of the liquor that has made Milwaukee famous might have been appropriately wasted. When all has been said, one must still conclude that the old Catholic way of christening a ship was and is the most becoming, a blessing and sprinkling it with holy water.

The Roman Ritual has a special prayer for this purpose, which may be roughly translated in these words: "Listen, O God, to our prayers and bless this ship and all who may be carried in it; as Thou didst deign to bless the ark of Noe riding in the deluge; stretch forth Thy hand, O Lord, over them, as Thou didst over Peter walking over the sea and send Thy holy Angel from heaven, who may free and guard this vessel from all danger; and do, Thou, deign, to return all its voyagers in safety to port after a tranquil journey, all their business having been duly and successfully transacted."

A recent news item says that Capt. Jeremiah Crowley, of Jonesport, Maine, who is building a seven-masted schooner, which will be the largest under the American flag, has invited Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Maine, to bless his new vessel at the time of launching. The late Bishop Healy, of that diocese, blessed quite a number of vessels owned by the descendants of the early Irish settlers of the State. The State of Maine has about 100,000 Catholics, about one-sixth of the entire population. About one-half of the Catholic population is of French Canadian stock, while nearly all of the balance are descended from the Irish Colonists, who developed the lumber, fish and ship-building industries, as early as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A recent visitor says:

"Almost all the Irish in Maine came from the west of Ireland, and from the colonial times until late years, when Irish immigration dropped to very small figures most of the Irish came from Galway. Galway methods of curing fish for the Spanish and West Indian markets still prevail there, and among the fishermen and shipbuilders and sailing interests, ancient Irish customs that have passed away in Ireland are still followed. The ancient Irish 'killock' a substitute for an anchor used in small fishing vessels, has been used in Maine for centuries, and its Irish name is the only word used. A lumber vessel is called 'drogher'. This is an Irish word long obsolete in Ireland. At least fifty Irish words are imbedded in the 'sea lingo' of the state, and are understood by everybody who does business on the sea. Tourists who go to Maine without knowing that most of the people along the coast are of Irish blood are constantly putting in question to the men and women, 'When did you leave Ireland?' and they are dumfounded when told that many of the people whose physiognomy is Irish can trace their descent through two centuries on American soil."

Writing of Maine always recalls to mind the name of Edward Kavanagh of whom Shea, the historian, said in a brief sketch:

"No higher type can be presented to the Catholic youth of America for their study and their imitation than Edward Kavanagh. He is the Chevalier Bayard of France or Sir Philip Sydney of England. In all that constitutes the gentleman, in the refined taste of the scholar, in his career at the bar and in the public services of his country, he is the incomparable Catholic of the United States."

These are hearty words coming from the pen of the distinguished and erudite historian Shea.

Edward Kavanagh's grandmother is supposed to have been the first convert to the faith in the city of Boston. She was baptized by Rev. John Thayer in 1790, who was himself a convert. Tradition about Boston has it that Rev. John Thayer, who had been a Congregational minister, conceived the idea that if he only could go to Rome and obtain an interview with the Pope, he could convert him from the error of his ways and thus by one bold stroke abolish Catholicity the world over. The result of his attempt was his own conversion and he was in after years the means under God of bringing many a soul to the true fold.

Edward Kavanagh studied with the Jesuits at Georgetown, took up law and began his practice in his native State of Maine and at an early age was sent to the State Legislature. After several terms there his constituents recognizing his ability elected him to Congress in 1831. After serving two terms in Congress, President Jackson sent him to Portugal as minister. After serving there with service to his country, on account of his knowledge of international law, he was appointed on the Commission to determine our northwest boundary. Retiring for a time from politics, he devoted his time to law and study; but his neighbors again sent him to the State Senate and his brother senators elected him presiding officer of the Senate in 1845 and the Governor of the State being elected to the United States Senate, Edward Kavanagh became acting-Governor of the State during the balance of his term.

Longfellow was a warm friend and admirer of Kavanagh, but saw that his friend's religion was a bar to high political honors in those days, and hence it is supposed that, hoping Kavanagh would renounce his faith, he wrote the novel—"Kavanagh—A Tale" in 1849, in which the hero (?) discards his Catholic faith for political and worldly honors. But Edward Kavanagh was a hero of different calibre and through all the turmoil of those days remained steadfast in his loyalty to the Church and died aided by her Sacraments and crowned by her funeral blessings.

A SOLDIER BISHOP.

The Picturesque Career of the Late Bishop Butler, of British Guiana.

Rev. Anthony Butler, S. J., Bishop of Demerara, British Guiana, South America, died recently and was buried with military pomp. The Jesuit Bishop was a soldier as well as a Churchman, and his funeral was one of the most remarkable ever held over the body of a Catholic prelate. His sword was crossed with his crozier over the coffin, the body was borne to its last resting place in a gun carriage, and a parting salute of guns was fired as the coffin was lowered into the grave in the Cathedral.

Bishop Butler's life history is most interesting. It reads like a chapter from an old book of adventure. He was born in the County Clare, Ireland, seventy-one years ago. He came of an army family, with the soldier blood of generations in his veins. He was educated at the famous Jesuit College of Clongowee and at the Oscott School, near Birmingham. At nineteen he entered the army as a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers (the celebrated Fing-Ballagh), and at once began active military work, serving in China and in the Indian mutiny. For deeds of valor he was decorated with many straps and medals, and his promotion was rapid. He was the idol of the younger officers, and was familiarly known as "Tony" Butler, but little these roystering, reckless, fighting men thought that in years to come Captain Butler, instead of being their boon companion in warlike exploits and adventures, would become their chaplain. This is what actually occurred, though, for at the age of thirty-six, Butler informed his family that he had decided to abandon the army and join the Church. He was in barracks at Portsmouth when he penned the letter expressing his determination to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Roehampton.

The earnest protests of his family were futile, and in 1866 Captain Butler entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained to the priesthood in 1872. He was then sent to Jamaica on a mission, but soon returned to prosecute his theological studies, for which purpose he entered a college at Ghent, Belgium. Then Father Butler took charge of a mission at Belford, Leicestershire, and in 1878 the Pope appointed him Bishop of Demerara and vicar apostolic of British Guiana, in succession to the late Dr. Etheridge.

It was at this time the ecclesiastical fighting qualities of the new prelate developed. The greatest difficulties were surmounted; schools, missions and convents multiplied. The cause of education advanced and the care of the unfortunate lepers on the West India Islands was promoted.

Bishop Butler died, his work well done, August 25.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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An Old Irishwoman's Deathbed

The following is taken from a volume of the "Irish Monthly." I have this story, says the writer who signs himself A. C., from the lips of the late Father Martin Everard, S. J. About the year 1872 he was engaged in missionary work at Galashield. Part of his duty was to go every Sunday to celebrate Mass at Selkirk, which was hardly more than three-quarters of an hour by train from Galashield. He made it a rule to visit a few old people and any sick person on every Monday morning before returning.

Among the aged and infirm was a dear old Irishwoman who lived in a cottage by the roadside with her married daughter. Father Everard took pleasure in calling on Granny, she was so cheerful in her disposition and with such strong faith—her whole occupation seemed to be, saying her Rosary over and over to obtain the grace of a happy death.

Calling as usual on a certain Monday morning, he found poor old Granny not at all well. She told him that most probably before the next Sunday came around, she would have to send for His Reverence. The good priest did his best to cheer her up, and told her he would come to her at once any time she might send for him.

The next morning's post brought a letter from the daughter begging Father Everard to come at once, as her mother was growing hourly worse. He determined to go by the afternoon train, thinking there was no need of greater hurry; but soon after came a telegram: "Come immediately, my mother is dying." He caught a train almost at once and in less than half an hour he was at Granny's bedside to find to his great sorrow that Granny was already dead.

But God was too good to deny her the grace that she had prayed for so fervently many a long year; she died fortified by the last sacraments and at the holy rites of our Mother the Church. It happened thus: One of her grand-children, a little boy four years old, was standing on a table near a window that looked out on the road; he saw a carriage drive past and he shouted to his mother in childish glee, "O ma, ma, two priests, two priests!" The young woman at once ran after the carriage and said to its occupants, "Oh, please, gentlemen, are you priests?" To which one of them replied kindly: "Yes, child, what is your trouble? What can we do for you?" She told them her old mother was dying, and she was sure their own priest would not catch her alive and look at her?

Both priests entered the cottage, and found the old saint conscious still but evidently very near death. One of the priests immediately heard Granny's last confession, while the other hastened to the chapel to inquire from the caretaker where the priest kept the key of the safe where the Holy Oils were reserved. Hurrying back with them, he found everything in readiness neat and tidy; a clean cloth laid on the little table, two candles lighted, a crucifix in the center, and a small glass vessel of Holy Water. The other priest had meanwhile prepared his aged patient for the last sacred rites; she was now anointed, and with the holy name of Jesus on her lips, she gave back her soul to her Maker before the priests had left the house.

Who were these two priests who perhaps had never passed by that way before, and who would have passed unnoticed now but for the vigilance of the little sentinel on the table? To the dying Christian it mattered not who they were. Strangers as they were, they were her priests at that supreme moment, God's messengers to her. But their names have some interest for us; they were no other than Father Butt, who was Bishop of Southwark, and the Superior of the Birmingham Oratory whose memory we venerate as Cardinal Newman. They were on a visit with Mr. Hon. Scott of Abbotford when God asked them to help this poor old Irishwoman to die.

THE PROMISES OF OUR DIVINE LORD TO BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

All the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart may, with special reason, hope to see realized in them favor the promises which our Lord Jesus Christ made to those who should honor His Sacred Heart and try to make it honored by others. The following are the promises in the same words in which they were spoken to Blessed Margaret Mary:

1. I will give them all the graces necessary to their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their homes.
3. I will comfort them in all their afflictions.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life and above all in death.
5. I will bestow a large blessing upon all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.
7. By devotion to My Heart tepid souls shall grow fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.
9. I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored.
10. I will give to priests the gift of

touching the most hardened hearts.

11. Those who promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart—never to be blotted out.

12. I will grant the grace of final penitence to those who communicate on the first Friday of nine consecutive months.

St. Michael's church, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, has undergone a complete renovation. A new altar will be set up at once and blessed on Thanksgiving day by the Most Rev. Archbishop.

FATHER MAGNUS AND THE GOS-SIP.

Once upon a time there lived in the famous old cloister of Ottoberen, a very dear old priest. His name was Father Magnus, and he was the favorite of the whole monastery and of the parish as well. He was utterly incapable of speaking severely of any human being.

One day he started to go to the next village to visit a sick priest, and as he left the priest's house on his way home a woman tripped down the steps of the adjoining house. He knew her for one of his own villagers and when asked if she might walk along with him he cordially agreed.

After a bit the woman broke out: "Oh, Father! I cannot tell you what a wicked woman—you know her—my neighbor is!"

"Is that true? Then let us make haste to say the Rosary for her, that she may turn from the error of her ways. In the name of the Father"—and so on through the fifteen decades, Frau Anna Maria making the responses.

This carried them about a third of the way home, then the woman again took up the grievance: "Oh, dear, Father! how can I ever have patience with that woman?"

"It is hard to be patient; let us say the Rosary for you. In the name of the Father"—and the three-fold Rosary was told again. The poor woman had to pray whether she would or no.

But when the last Hall Mary had been said she felt that her chance had come, and she exclaimed: "Really, your reverence, if you could see the way that woman makes her husband suffer!"

"Ah, the poor man! We will say the Rosary once more for him." By the time this was finished they stood before Frau Anna's door, and the baffled gossip made up her mind that it would be some time before she joined Father Magnus in another walk.

The anarchists of Rome at a recent meeting in that city declared the Catholic priest the worst enemy of the new ideas.

When Charles M. Schwab turned the magnificent new Church of St. Michael over to the people of Loreto, Pa., he announced that the first couple to be wedded therein would receive a check for \$1,000. On account of the rules of the Church in regard to publishing the banns of marriage a rush to the altar was impossible. It happened that Edward A. McGuire and Miss Susan E. Little, both of Loreto, were able to apply for marriage before any other couple. Mr. Schwab's check is expected soon.

Immaculate Conception church, Chicago, has just received from Paris a beautiful life-sized statue of the Sacred Heart.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE GOSPEL BY A REVEREND FATHER.

Gospel—St. Matthew, xlii, 15-21. To day's gospel tells us how the Pharisees tried to ensnare Jesus in His speech. The question was this: Is it lawful for the Jews to pay tribute to Caesar? To this the Hebrews were very much opposed, because a great many of them submitted unwillingly to the law imposing the tribute; and still more, following the teachings of certain Galatians, were of the opinion that it was not lawful for the Hebrew nation to pay tribute to the Gentiles, and that to do so was for them a sin.

If Jesus Christ declared it to be lawful to pay tribute to the Romans, He would have made himself odious to the Jews, and most odious to the followers of the Galatians, the leader of those zealots who afterwards caused so much misery to unfortunate Jerusalem. And if, on the contrary, He declared it unlawful to pay the tribute, He would have provoked the anger and invited the enmity of Caesar and the enmity and persecution of Herod, a great partisan of the emperor. He therefore said to them: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

We see and admire a divine prudence in this reply of Jesus Christ, for by this answer, and without offending one party or the other, He taught the obedience due to those in authority, and enlightened the consciences of the Jews, by calming the opposition of the one and the temples of the other.

MY LOVE FOR THEE

(By Eleanor C. Donnelly.)
I see Thee 'neath the olive tree once more,
Smiling apart in grief and lonely
dread.
The blood out-gushing from each sacred pore.
Death thy seamless garment round thee
red.
The sin, the shame, the sorrow of a world,
Upon Thy gentle head, gigantic
buried.
Crush it, a broken flower, to the sod—
O heart of Jesus! wring with agony
The more Thou art abashed and bruised
for me.
The greater grows, O suffering Lamb
of God!
My love for Thee!

The awful sacrifice at last complete,
Upon the cross I view Thee cold and
dead;
All pulseless hang the mangled hands
and feet,
Mutely pathetic drops the patient
head.
The while the Roman soldier's javelin
The dear defenceless side had enter-
ed in.
The last sweet drops are from the
wine press poured—
O wounded heart! laid bare on Cal-
vary.
The more Thou art abused and clef-
ted for me—
The greater, stronger, deeper grows
dear Lord!
My love for Thee!

CHOSEN THE BETTER PART.

Two Young Lady Converts Aspire to the Religious Life.

A niece of the Turkish ambassador at Rome, Photiades Pasha (he is a Greek, his name Smaragda Photiades), has become a Catholic. Her father is a governor on the island of Naxos and a member of the Orthodox Greek Church. The fact that the young lady desires to become an "Urethane" has excited much comment on the part of the newspapers throughout Greece. Miss Minnie B. Jones, of Covington, Ky., has decided to retire from the world and enter an Ursuline convent in Pittsburgh, Pa., within a short time. Miss Jones is a daughter of the late James B. Jones, who was for many years one of Covington's most prominent bankers. She sang in the choir of the Union M. E. church, Covington, later at Mt. Auburn Baptist church, Cincinnati, and recently became soloist at St. Mary's cathedral in Covington. She sang at the opening of the latter edifice and became a convert of the Catholic faith, leaving the Episcopal Church.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PRECIOUS GIFT IN AN OLD KENTUCKY CHURCH.

In the picturesque town of Bardonia, Ky., there is situated one of the oldest Catholic church buildings in that State. It has been enriched by rare paintings by old masters, and the altar piece alone is valued at \$100,000. But the article in possession of the church which is most prized is a bell, the gift of Louis Philippe. When that monarch was obliged to flee from France he sought the little Kentucky town, where the hospitality of Father Flager, the first Bishop of Kentucky, welcomed him. Bishop Flager had met the monarch in France. Through his efforts Louis Philippe was enabled to start a small class in Brown, and he taught his pupils in a building still standing on St. Joseph's College grounds. When Philippe was returned to the throne he remembered the kindness shown to him in Bardonia, and gave evidence of his gratitude in presents of several valuable pictures and the bell, the work of Jean Frons of Lyons, France. On one side of the bell is the coat-of-arms of the royal family of France and in relief on the other side is a representation of the crucifixion. The bell has an extremely musical tone, and its resonance can be heard for miles on a clear day.

A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST'S TWO SONS JOIN THE BENEDECTINE ORDER.

At St. Marcellus' Abbey, Indiana, a few days ago, two sons of the famous Kentucky Catholic artist, Carl Brenner, began their novitiate in the Order of St. Benedict. The names of the two young candidates are Albert Olinger and Proctor Knott Brenner. Carl Brenner, their father, while distinguished as one of the leading painters of the South, and frequently referred to as "the poet of the loom," was a fervent Catholic and a most admirable man. Another son of his now a landscape painter is in New York.

AN IOWA CHURCH BURNED.

Two churches, representing the M. E. and Catholic faiths, and recently placed in an American church, Des Moines, Iowa, were burned, the other was damaged. Bishop Coe's church, which was burned, was a fine building, and the Catholic church, which was damaged, was a fine building. The cause of the fire was a defective chimney. The loss of the churches was a great loss to the community.

CHRYSTIANITY

Continued from First Page.

A wedding for the season's parish was held on Wednesday day and Friday of this week. The marriage of Miss Anna and Thomas Brennan was celebrated at Lady Chalmers' church at 4.30 o'clock. Very Rev. Hickey, V. G., officiating. The bride was attended in a handsome gown of blue grays cloth and white lace, and the bridegroom in a dark suit and white shirt. After an exchange of rings, an altar kiss was given by the priest. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan will be at home at 108 Jones street.

Mrs. W. N. Cogswell is in New York city.

Mrs. Thomas Smith of New York city was the guest of her son, T. F. Smith, during the week.

Miss Rose Marie McCarty, guest of Buffalo friends.

Mr. P. J. Joyce of Philadelphia, Pa., is in the city.

Mrs. J. W. Sheridan, 124 Franklin street, aged 51 years. The deceased was survived by her husband and three sons, Ella G., Mary E., and John Sheridan, all of this city. The funeral took place from the church on Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Miss Mae Ruddy visited the Americas last week.

Rt. Rev. Hickey, McCarty, and others, confounded in the last Sunday.

The Young Men's society very enjoyable conference day evening in the church.

The young men of the society placed in the church.

Rev. Michael J. Jones, 100 C. V. street, officiating at the service.

To-morrow, Sunday for the month of October.

The Ladies' Aid society on Tuesday evening.

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