

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1902.

Weekly Church Calendar. Sunday June 15—Gospel, St. Luke, v. 1-11—SS. Vitus and Modestus, martyrs.



The ship spoken of in to-day's Gospel belonged to St. Peter, and St. Ambrose says that it is the same which St. Matthew speaks of as tossed about by a furious tempest...

The Catholic Church has been exposed from her very beginning to the persecutions of paganism, heresy, and false philosophy. By the preaching of the apostles and their successors she has made immense conquests in all parts of the world.

We are to learn from the events recorded in this Gospel to be anxious to hear the word of God. From St. Peter we are to learn to obey Jesus Christ, and to humble ourselves, having our unworthiness before our eyes, when God favors us and makes us the instruments of His wonders.

Saturday a Gala Day in Rochester.

The programme for the dedication of the Spanish War cannon to-day is completed. Dedication at Highland Park, at 2:30 p. m., June 14, 1902.

The total number of Indians in the United States is put down at 244,000, of whom 99,395 are Catholics.

PASSIONIST JUBILEE

THE MOTHER HOUSE IN PITTSBURG TO BE THE RENDEZVOUS.

The Fifteenth American Anniversary to be Observed Next July. Many Distinguished in the True Fold to be Present.

With the advent of the new year the Passionist Fathers began the second period stretching out to the century mark of their work in this country. Early in July they are to celebrate the golden jubilee of their coming to this land...

The foundation of the mother house in Pittsburg was no small task for the early fathers. As soon as it was completed, another colony of priests was sent from Italy, and the way was formed what is known as the American province, the first provincial being Father Anthony. The second house of the order was founded in Dunkirk, N. Y., overlooking Lake Erie...

IRELAND IN THE SPRING

Oh, far away in Ireland now, The soft spring breezes blow, From dewey spangled bough to bough...

Oh, far away in Ireland rise The distant mountain peaks And many a raptured eye describes The glades and the rivers...

Oh, far away in Ireland, I Am fain to be to-day Beneath the tender Irish sky...

There are certain Catholics who are forever getting worked up about getting furred over anything derogatory to the church, says the New World. They are so afraid lest the allegations may be true, and want the thing explained...

Archbishop Ryan on the Bible. The church does not hide the Scriptures from the people. She was the guardian of the Scriptures, from the beginning. Her monks of old most industriously translated them...

RESIGNATION. We thank Thee, God for toil! Best antidote for sorrow pain or care; Best anchorage amid the world's turmoil; Best answer to all prayer.

Florence Nightingale. Florence Nightingale, the world's nursing army nurse, celebrated her 81st birthday last week, at Clayton House, Buckinghamshire, England.

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A MINISTER SEES THE POPE.

A Lutheran Clergyman Gives Impressions of the Pontiff.

Writing from Rome to the Daily Picayune of New Orleans, Dr. F. Llesal, a Lutheran, gives his impressions of the Holy Father on the occasion of one of his recent public appearances at St. Peter's.

The chief of three hundred millions of Christians—at last I was allowed to gaze upon the venerable prince, writes Dr. Llesal. I saw a small, white, but strong face, restless, piercing, yet mild eyes, a figure bending under the weight of gold and crimson robes.

As he passed by the Pope blessed Catholic, Protestant and Jew. His broad love for the human race knows no distinction. His small hand, gloved in red, was making the sign of the cross continuously.

Renewed bugal calls. The Swiss strike the marble floor with their hands; the noble guards lower their swords; the grated organ plays, the pretense to the "Te Deum" and those countless thousands in and about the wonderful temple join in the song of praise.

Before leaving the altar the pope blessed all present, stretching forth both hands from the throne as if to embrace the multitude present—nay all humanity! And the crowd applauded and shouted itself hoarse.

The venerable pontiff was visibly affected by so much love and devotion. His face was wreathed in smiles and his eyes sought out the enthusiastic among the crowd. He seemed to be determined to see all, to greet all, to bless all, to give everybody a kindly look and in order to do so, rose several times in his chair.

Life a father enjoying his children devotion, so the father of the Catholic church seemed to rejoice in the spontaneous ovation offered him. His whole aspect breathed love for his people and gratitude to God. It was most inspiring. I will never forget it.

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THE CORK EXHIBITION

THE "QUEEN CITY OF THE SOUTH" TO DO HERSELF PROUD.

The Catholic Isle to Attract Attention From All Over the World—Magnificent Exhibition and Stupendous Undertaking by the People of Cork.

The Catholic people of Cork, Ireland and Catholics in general throughout the world are attracted by the attention of the civilized world to the magnificent exhibition now going on in the city of Cork.

When a city or a nation desires to do something to attract attention from abroad these days it usually fixes upon some kind of an exhibition. None, perhaps, repay directly the individuals who invest, but there is always an enormous profit to the community or the nation.

But Ireland and her resources to them will be even a greater revelation. Here they will see, for the first time, the products of the country which they will see much like a pretty dream. It will teach them the capabilities of the Irish people, at present a thing of which they have no conception.

The other consideration, that of the benefits to the Irish people, is even more extended. So then the exhibition will serve to awaken an interest to their own resources and capabilities. It will be the means of restoring in large measure Ireland's lost industries.

It is safe to say that before long various manufactures will be inaugurated to put thousands of willing Irish hands to work at more remunerative wages, and thus start anew the Irish people on a career of commercial importance which if left untrammelled will lead to a supremacy that will astonish the nations. A health to Ireland and the Cork exhibition.

Morning in a Passionist Cloister. (Pittsburg Catholic). The founder of the Passionists provided for his son's souls when formulating the rules of the order, hence their rigorous inner life that of the contemplative. Here is a bit of this life, not generally known to Catholics.

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THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

The Mass is a work to which the salvation of the world is attached.—St. Oden, Abbot of Cuny.

It is to the Mass that the earth owes its preservation—without this sacrifice it would long ago have been annihilated on account of the sins of men.—Timothy of Jerusalem.

Every time that the Lord is immolated on our altars He confers no less favor on the world than which He gave it in becoming man.—St. Bonaventure.

The sacrifice of the altar, being but the application and the renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, a Mass is, in regard to the well-being and salvation of men, as efficacious as the Sacrifice of Calvary.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

A Mass is worth just as much as the death of Christ on the Cross.—St. John Chrysostom.

Should any one die on the day on which he has pliously assisted at Mass without being able to receive the Sacraments, he is considered to have received them, provided he had at his death contrition for his sins.—St. Augustin.

He who hears Mass in the state of grace, for a greater reason, the priest who celebrates in piety, merits more than if he went on a pilgrimage all over the world, and gave all his possessions to the poor.—St. Bernard.

Without doubt God will grant us all that we ask of Him during the Mass, and very often He grants us more than we ask for.—St. Jerome.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is so excellent that nothing created can give us an adequate idea of it. Add together all the merits of the incomparable Mary, all the adorations of the angels, all the sufferings of the martyrs, all the austerities of the anchorites, all the purity of the virgins, all the virtues of the confessors, in a word, all the merits of the saints who were, who are, or who will be, from the beginning of the world to the consummation of ages; then join to all these merits the virtues and merits of millions and millions of supposed worlds still more perfect than ours, and still you cannot have the exact idea of the value of one Mass.

A Mass is infinitely beyond all these and never can there be a comparison between the finite and infinite. Reason itself is not slow in comprehending this. All the honors, all the homage which all actual and possible creatures can give to God, even though they should be incalculably more perfect than they now are, have but finite value, whereas the honor given to God from Mass is infinite.

And still there can be no question as to this matter. The sacrifice, considered in itself, is of value infinitely beyond the conception of the highest angel in Heaven!

Hence there is no action that is more dear to God than the Holy Mass; none that renders Him so much glory that disarms so efficaciously His wrath; that obtains more successfully His favors, that is more succoring to the church on earth, or more comforting to the souls in purgatory, or gives more joy to the church triumphant in Heaven.

And the fruits of the Holy Mass are simply innumerable. Those specially mentioned in the "Sayings of Saints" will suffice to give you a fair idea of them.

Always then hear Mass when an opportunity is given you, not only on a Sunday, but also on other days, even though the church be far away and the weather somewhat unpleasant, and make it a point to be in time. And when attending, avoid all willful distractions and sinful behavior, such as laughing, talking, gazing about, disturbing others. Comply with the ceremonies, and do it reverently; when called for stand erectly, kneel devoutly and devoutly. Always remember that while Mass is going on you are present at the same spectacle that the Jews witnessed when Christ was crucified on Calvary, then Mass will be for you a strong means of salvation.

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be. Nor have they been, when compared with Thee. In having all things, and not Thee what have I? Not having Thee, what have my labors got? Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I? And having Thee alone, what have I not? I wish not sea nor land; nor would I be Possessed of Heaven, Heaven unpossessed of Thee.

Birds Sang Her Requiem. Sister Julia Anna, an aged Sister of Charity, died a few days ago, at the Sister's hospital, Los Angeles, and was buried at the new Catholic cemetery, Boyle Heights.

The venerable sister was for thirty-four years a religious and was well and favorably known through the Pacific coast. The old-timers will well remember her charitable deeds and humane work for suffering humanity at a time when help was required to the poor and needy. The pioneer that are still living will no doubt remember with pride her noble and Christian work in Virginia City, Nev. and in many parts of California.

Those who were acquainted with the sister were perfectly aware of her great love of birds, and it was evident that there was no music so charming to her ear as the clear note of the mocking bird. She would listen for hours, if time permitted, to nature's warblers, and it was her usual custom to say to the gloomy and down-hearted "Listen to those sweet, singing little birds, and take a lesson from them and you will be happy." A pretty incident occurred during the celebration of the requiem mass for the repose of her soul on the morning of the burial. A little band of her favor birds came together on a tree outside of the chapel window and kept up their song continually during the solemn service for the dead. It made a great impression on the congregation as it was well known to all that the dead sister was passionately fond during her lifetime of the wild birds.—Western Watchman.

In the cloister adjoining the Chapel of St. Sabina, Rome, is still seen the strange tree planted there by St. Dominic nearly seven hundred years ago. It is still vigorous and flourishing.

A Promise—"I'll be Good."

Tell me: How could I help you to be good? In what way could I rescue your soul from ruin? Could you ever give up for home sold tude? The glare and din of the grand saloon? Woman's love sometimes is a potent lever in uplifting man's spirit from Satan's sway.

Yet it seldom assuages the hell-like fever And thirst that's consuming your soul to-day.

Tell me: How could I help you to be good? In what way could I bring you to betwixt he will be awakened by the most true things. How uplift you from being in despondent mood.

A slave in the Devil's dire leading straits? O, curse of drink, leaving woman lonely. A cold world to face, countless ill's endure.

The her life's devotion be given one only. Yet the sacrifice fail to effect a cure. When you said on the sidewalk "I'll be good."

'Twas the voice come back of a dear lost child And a frail, fond sire, and I understood. What such promise meant—to be reconciled. For another while—so same on the "Reaper."

And the shoulders drooping foretold his fate, And the shadow of doom grew daily deeper. And his last "I'll be good" was spoken too late.

The following exquisite little tributes to our Blessed Mother, written by a Protestant Englishwoman, appeared in a late number of "The Westminster Gazette": FLOWERS.

Sing how Mary lived on earth A. In simplicity. To give to God's Son virgin birth. To man, felicity.

And to a name that Heaven adores, One tribute man has paid. Her path that once was wet in thorns is now in flowers laid.

For Mary buds and Lady's keys Her Tresses fragrance. Our Lady's bedstraw loved of bees. Heart's ease and Rose Mary.

Our Lady's-smock and Golden Staff. Bright things that know not blame, These children of the meadow bear Remembrance of her Name.

And fitting praise is this, that one Of such fair fame in Heaven, From fairest of earth's store alone Should have remembrance given.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. All Over the World. Pioneer, Tenn., Oct. 21, 1899. 'Tis cannot thank you enough for the complete cure. Father Koening's Nerve Tonic has brought about in my case of epilepsy. I recommend this remedy to all sufferers of this disease, and may God bless its work all over the world.

COOK OPERA HOUSE. J. H. Moore, Manager. Week June 16th. Next Week the Cook Opera House Stock Co. Will present "The Ironmaster". Under the direction of I. H. Gerson. Miss Beryl Hope, the famous stock actress, leading lady, and Mr. Harry Glazier the well-known romantic actor, leading man. PRICES. Matinees—All Seats 10c. Nights—10c, 15c, 25c. Rochester's Handsomest Playhouse. BAKER THEATRE. Week of June 16th. THE BAKER STOCK COMPANY IN "The Queen of Chinatown"