

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

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ROCHESTER TELEPHONE 2333. R. J. Ryan, Residence Phone, Bell 658 Main Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1902. Weekly Church Calendar.



THE MAMMON OF INQUITY.

The object of these words of Christ was to reprove the extreme anxiety and attachment for the riches of this world, and besides to exhort us to place our trust in divine Providence.

We find many examples in the Holy Scriptures of this divine Providence and leaving aside Agar, who was provided with water for her dying son Ismael; Susanna, who was provided with a protector who defended her innocence and delivered her from death; Daniel, who was provided with food in the lions' den and was saved from death.

He wished to teach us that our only desire and our only constant prayer should be that God may be glorified, and that we may obtain the necessary means to gain heaven—that is, an abundance of grace, holiness of life, the possession of virtue, and perseverance in good.

A Blessing From His Holiness. The Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn who has just returned from Rome, said:

"We were received in special audience by his holiness, and our holy father is a wonderfully well preserved old man. His mind is clear and active, and he is looking better and seems livelier than when I saw him two years ago. He especially likes Americans and stated it was always a great pleasure to him to welcome Americans."

Our collectors will call on all subscribers who are in arrears for the Journal next week. Kindly have the money ready when he calls.

A Vacation Trip to Old Boston.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thinking you might be interested to hear how one of your readers passed a week in "old New England," I have made the following brief outline. I will not dwell at length upon the railway journey thither except to say that the trip was a delightful one, over the West Shore Road by way of the historic Dutch town of Amsterdam (where I stopped one night with relatives) and through the charming Mohawk Valley. The next day I continued my journey and, owing to the time-table had a few hours to wait in Albany. These I spent most pleasantly visiting the fine Capitol building with whose grandeur every New Yorker is familiar. Then came the ride through the picturesque Berkshire hill country. At 8:05 p. m. in the train swinging into Worcester, Mass., and such a hub-bub and confusion greeted our ears! I wondered what could be the matter. Such yells rent the air as would make even an Indian's hair stand on end. And mobs of people mostly sunburned youths and men boarded the train and kept on boarding it until every seat was filled and aisles and platform crowded. Such a crowd of people threatened to topple the very rails from the track. But at last the mystery of all this uproar was solved. A crack game of tennis had just been played at Worcester between some noted English and American champion tennis-players. So much was the train delayed because of this overcrowding that she had to run faster to make up time. And nobly she succeeded, for in just 45 minutes she sped over the 41 miles to Boston reaching there at 9:45 p. m. only a couple of minutes late.

Arrived at the new South Terminal Station (admitted to be the largest railway station in the world). I was cordially welcomed by my relatives who were on the look out for me. Soon we were on our way to their home in Wakefield, a suburb of the great city. Sunday, August 10th, was another beautiful day. I attended services at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, a nice large commodious church with an apparently well-to-do congregation. The Scripture lesson was the story of the good Samaritan.

Monday, the 11th, we enjoyed the pleasure of a seven mile trolley ride to the old shoe city Lynn. As we rode through the heart of the city we passed one large brick factory after another all humming and buzzing with the sound of busy flying machinery and all sending up the air with the pungent smell of new leather. Soon after leaving this labyrinth of brick and leather the air grew sweeter and our eyes were refreshed by the sight of the famous Lynn Beach. There before us miles stretched out the curving yellow sands and the boundless beautiful blue sea. Truly one has never really lived who has not seen the grand old ocean. Its limitless expanse and profound depth cannot but make one think of the attributes of its Creator. The ride home, too, in the moonlight was very impressive.

Tuesday, the 12th, we rode for over twenty miles by trolley to Marblehead through the pretty sea town of Swampscott, enjoying views of the turquoise blue sea and the emerald green of hill and forest with charming glimpses of well kept lawns and grounds of aristocratic country homes. About midday we reached the quaint old fishing town of Marblehead. Its narrow streets, crooked and old, are musty with age and its tall thin rowing old houses seem to look down upon the trolley cars and other indicators of 20th century activity, like prim old-fashioned spinsters rebuking the ways of modern rosy-cheeked maidens. In this ancient town (General Washington was entertained in courtly fashion over a century ago and many another cause has this quaint city for feeling just pride in its past history. Its present history, too, is not without interest for in the waters of Marblehead Harbor have been moored within recent years several of the finest and swiftest yachts of the country whose many yachters have gained for American yachtmanship a high reputation in the world over.

Wednesday, 13th, was another glorious midsummer day and we made quite an early start for Lowell the famous mill city of the old Bay State. This twenty mile ride was also by trolley over white country roads through cool green woods, past fields through whose brambly surface projected the sharp edges of scraggy grey rocks, and amid cranberry swamps and sweet wild meadows. Everything in the landscape was quite different from what one sees here in the Empire State. In fact the scenery was characteristically and thoroughly that of New England. As we approached Lowell we whizzed by the old house and farm of Asa Pollard, the first man who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill. A little farther on we passed the large St. Patrick's cemetery covering many acres and containing the bodies of thousands of Roman Catholics. For Lowell is practically a Catholic city governed (until recently, when he died,) by a Catholic mayor and containing several magnificent stone churches among which the church of the Immaculate Conception is, without doubt, one of the finest. Lowell, with its numerous cotton mills and medicine laboratories (including Hood's Sarsaparilla Works), contains much interest to the sight-seer. But to me the most touching sight was the granite shaft in Monument Square erected by the city of Lowell and the commonwealth of Massachusetts to the two brave Lowell boys, A. O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd, who were shot down dead April 8th, 1861, while their regiment, the old 6th Mass., was marching through the streets of Baltimore in the handsome grey stone Memorial Hall nearby are several pathetic relics of those sad days of conflict. Under a glass case are preserved the bullet pierced, blood stained coats of those two martyred soldier lads, the self-same garments in which they fell on that fatal day. In another case is a tattered flag of the 90th Mass. regiment. Hardly a shred of the red, white and blue is left to cling with the starry field to the battered old staff for this flag passed through at least a dozen fierce battles, whose names are out lined upon its glass. As we ascended the stairs of Memorial Hall we paused on the landing to gaze with reverence upon the fine bronze bust of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. This was presented to the city of Lowell by the colored citizens of Boston and is a fitting token of the esteem in which that gallant soldier, brilliant lawyer and warm hearted friend of the poor man is universally held.

The Butler mansion—the former home of the noted man—is a handsome edifice on Andover St., situated on a tree crowned height of land with beautiful gardens and lawn commanding a superb view of the winding blue river. The house is still occupied by Gen. Butler's son and daughter.

Thursday, 14th, we had a pleasant ride to Boston, through the cities of Melrose, Malden, Chelsea and Charlestown. I had, already on a previous visit, viewed the many historical landmarks of old Boston. So we did not pause for this time but went instead to pay a call at the office of the Boston Pilot which is situated in the historic old Liberty Tree building. Here we were recognized and cordially welcomed by one of the editors of the Pilot, Miss Katherine Conway, who is originally from Rochester, having spent the years of her girlhood there. We were glad to find her looking well and to hear from her of her sister, Miss Mary Conway, who after having received her early education at the Sisters' school in Rochester has now founded a college for girls in the Argentine Republic, South America. After paying our respects to Miss Conway we visited the fine Boston Public Library where we saw some grand wall paintings by our American artists Sargent and Abbey.

Friday, 15th, we spent in Wakefield chatting over old times and visiting together. I, therefore, had a good rest preparatory for my railway journey back to Rochester the next day. This ended my delightful week in old New England.

Cornelius Sheehan, Barnard's Crossing.

Editor of the Journal: Dear Sir: I am a subscriber for Catholic Journal. I would like to know if you could tell me where there is a good Keely cure for drunkards, one that is out of town and could you recommend one. Answer in this weeks Journal. Sincerely, A Subscriber.

In answer to above would say, that there is such an institution located at Weyland, N. Y., and a letter addressed to the Homestead Sanatorium will bring the desired information. DUSSEY'S LONG ENGAGEMENT. The longest New York engagement ever played by a musical organization is that enjoyed by Dusséy, the bandmaster, who came out of the West into the Eastern metropolis an unknown quality a few months ago and gained fame in a single night. This remarkable gentleman has given nightly concerts at the St. Nicholas Gardens, Columbus Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, ever since May 29, and on September 1, he will have given his one hundredth concert. His New York season will continue up to October 1, when he will end the extraordinary engagement with a record of one hundred and thirty nights. No bandmaster, no musical organization ever played this length of time in New York, or any city in the United States, and when we consider the magnitude of the Dusséy organization—sixty artists whose salaries are the highest ever paid to supporting musicians. Dusséy's New York accomplishment is something for him to be proud of.

AS PUBLIC DUTY.

The Support of the Catholic Press by the Faithful. With many pleas for the support of the Catholic press to be made, in the first place, as a public duty.

Later on, when they have taken and read a Catholic paper for some time, they continue to subscribe because it interests them because it has stirred in their minds new subjects of thought and new directions of inquiry. Even the poorest Catholic paper does enough good as a standard bearer of faith in its locality to merit support. Even the poorest Catholic paper, too, prints in the course of a year enough instructive matter, which, if read by but one member of the family, is worth the subscription price.

We put the support of the Catholic paper to you as a public duty. "The power behind and above all thrones is public opinion." Under the conditions which surround us no racial or religious element is strong unless it possesses an able, vigorous and well equipped journal devoted to its interests and pledged to the beliefs, opinions and cause which it holds dear.

The Catholic paper is a Catholic institution, which the daily is not. The Catholic paper voices in its editorial page Catholic opinion, which the daily does not. The Catholic paper makes it a business to correct misrepresentations of Catholic doctrines, to defend Catholic rights, to praise Catholic achievements, to promote Catholic interests, which secular papers do not and cannot do. The Catholic paper is a Catholic truth society in itself. It goes into a hundred secular newspaper offices, where it silently but effectually dissolves bigotry by the light of its information and the vigor of its tone. When Catholics are attacked by new movements of bigotry, what is the fortress and outpost of their defense? The Catholic paper. When Catholics are ignored or inadequately reconsidered in public matters, what is the medium of protest? The Catholic paper. What cultivates among Catholics the proper interest in Catholic news, events and doctrines? The Catholic paper.

These are but a few instances of the importance to us of our own press. We must stand by the papers which stand by us. This is a matter of public duty which he who shirks confesses to his delinquency in public spirit and in decent patriotism. It is a matter of principle, part and parcel of the sound policy of counting yourself in cheerfully with your class and your creed in all its common enterprises and necessary defenses.—Catholic Home Companion.

Wedding Invitations. We can supply the wants of the young lady or gentlemen who are about to be married at reasonable prices. Call and see our samples. Catholic Journal Office.

REV. FATHER DORSEY

THE SECOND COLORED MAN IN THIS COUNTRY TO BE ORDAINED.

He Will Labor Among His People in Montgomery, Ala., and at Tuskegee's Normal and Industrial Institute—His Touching Remarks.

At the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, West Fifty-fifth street, on Sunday last the 11 o'clock mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Harry Dorsey of the St. Joseph's Society for Negro Missions. Father Dorsey is the second man of his race to be raised to the priesthood in this country. He was ordained in the cathedral at Baltimore last June by Cardinal Gibbons and celebrated his first mass at St. Francis Xavier's church. The little church rapidly filled on last Sunday, and at 11 o'clock it was difficult to secure seats. The Rev. Father John Burke and Thomas O'Keefe sat in the sanctuary. After the mass Father Burke made a short address, speaking upon the honor, responsibility and character of the Catholic priesthood, and then introduced Father Dorsey, who said in part:

"Never till the day of my ordination in the old cathedral at Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons did it become so plain to me that a priest of the Roman Catholic church is surrounded with a reverence which is overpowering. I shall never forget the scene after the ceremony was finished, thousands of people crowding forward to get my blessing. No longer a question whether I was white or colored, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, simply I was a priest, and as such I had a blessing to impart, and the good, simple people of all grades, classes and colors were anxious to kneel and have me place my hands, as yet moist with the holy oils on their heads in benediction. The most affecting incident of the day was the kneeling before me of an old white haired priest, eighty years or more in age and his kissing my hands after I had given him the blessing." Then Father Dorsey gave the blessing of the new priest to the entire congregation.

Father Dorsey spent fourteen years in study for this step and was advised and encouraged to the end by the Very Rev. J. R. Shattery, who sent him to St. Paul, Minn., to study under Archbishop Ireland. Here he was entirely isolated from his kindred and his people, and at the close of a year he returned to Baltimore and entered Epiphany Apostolic college, from which he graduated with high honors in June, 1883, matriculating the following September at St. Joseph's seminary, which the Rev. Father Shattery established for the colored missions. From 1894 to 1897 he taught school in the south, close application to study having some what impaired his health so that he did not resume his studies until the fall of 1897, when he made the course of philosophy and theology at St. Mary's Sulpician seminary. He proved himself a brilliant scholar and received all three degrees given by the national seminary to its students.

Father Dorsey is a young man with sterling qualities of mind and heart, possessing a personal magnetism that attracts all who come in contact with him. The Sulpician fathers take great pride in him and his career and will continue to watch over him with a great deal of interest. He will labor among his people in Montgomery, Ala., and at Tuskegee's Normal and Industrial Institute. New York Telegram.

New Pontifical Seminary.

The bishops of France in 1853 founded a seminary in Rome for the education of chosen students under the direction of the fathers of the Holy Ghost. In 1856 the pope granted to them the use of a piece of land near the church of St. Clare, where they have since continued. Quite recently the holy father has given them a signal mark of his affectionate regard by creating the college into a pontifical seminary. In virtue of this expression of the pope's favor the students of the French seminary in Rome will rank as part of the pontifical household and on occasion of great ecclesiastical celebrations, such as the canonization of saints, will have a more splendid position in the functions. The action of the pope in thus graciously recognizing the approach of the bicentenary of the foundation of the college has produced an excellent impression in French ecclesiastical circles, where just at present any cheering news is most welcome. For the outlook in France is extremely dark. The government continues ruthlessly to carry on its programme of destruction, and Catholics, lay and clerical, feel hopeless and helpless before its attacks.

Cheyenne's New Bishop.

Rev. James J. Keane, who has been recommended by the college of the propaganda at Rome for appointment to the bishopric of Cheyenne, Wyo., is the pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Minneapolis and one of the most cultured priests of the holy Roman church in the north-west. Father Keane was ordained in 1882 at the Grand seminary in Montreal, and his career as a priest has been spent entirely in Minnesota. His first charge was the parish of St. Mary's, at St. Paul, and he was subsequently pastor of St. Joseph's, in the same city. For a time Father Keane was president of St. Thomas' college, at Hamline, a post he vacated to take charge of his present parish.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lutheranism in Germany. A letter from one of the most distinguished Lutheran professors in Germany, written to an American friend, states Lutheranism in that country is unquestionably decaying before the higher criticism.

THE SACRED HEART.

Lips of infants praise the glory of thy Sacred Saviour's name. As their mothers tell thy story. Whispering oft the sweet refrain: "Sacred Heart, we thee implore, Make us love thee more and more!"

Pierce and long the combat rages In the hearts of maid and youth; Pierce the war the demon wages "Gainst all virtue and all truth. "Sacred Heart, with loving care, Guard them 'gainst the tempter's snare!" Like the saints, the youth and maiden Conquer vice and pride of life When their hearts with sorrow laden "Call on Jesus and the strife. "Heart of Jesus we implore, Be our strength forevermore!"

Parents fond of sacred duty, Guard your children's hearts with care! Teach them to admire the beauty Of this simple, little prayer: "Sacred Heart, we thee implore, Make us love thee more and more!" Oft in life, yea, and oft in death, We're not our wayward child, Who mid pleasures had forgotten Jesus' humble, meek and mild? "Sacred Heart, thy blessings send On thy children without end!"

When dread death's unwelcome stranger— Comes to claim us for his prey, Naught we'll fear of death or danger While with love, we sweetly say, "Sacred Heart, sweet fount of love, Be our joy in heaven above!" Rev. P. H. McAuley in Catholic Home Companion.

MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

Pay a Tribute of Love to Our Blessed Mother on Sept. 8.

Every child who loves its mother thrills at the advent of her birthday, because then it can find an outlet for its overpowering love in marks of affection and different tokens in signs of it. So it is with every true child of Mary. Mother of God and our mother, we hail each 8th of September with ever increasing delight and rejoice to tell our love, our hopes and cares to her, the best of mothers, on that her glorious birthday. The best tribute a child can pay to its mother is the promise of a noble life, and so more than anything else we can give our heavenly mother is the assurance that with her help pleading for us at the throne of divine grace we will be her noble, pure and holy children. Let such be the offering of every heart on the nativity of our Virgin Mother and be assured she will receive it with fondest love and gratitude and will help us fulfill our pledges by her prayers, that one day she may receive us in heaven and place us among her faithful children close to the throne of God.

Let her nativity, therefore, be the renewal of our own, and so going back to the days of our innocent childhood, let us take on again this spirit, and beginning from this moment lives of purity keep on to the end, our Blessed Lady watching over us meanwhile, and by her tender, motherly care she will bring us finally to the mansions of eternal bliss.

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death. Amen. Church Bulletin.

Catholics and Their Critics.

It is one of the failings of Catholics that they are afflicted with creeping paralysis in matters which concern publicity. Let some charge be made by our enemies, and every one lays the burden of exploding it on the shoulders of somebody else. Were Catholics throughout the world to send to their own papers correct and speedy accounts of events in their neighborhood which are being dishd up into reputed scandals by inimical correspondents to the secular press, half the public feeling about the church would die away at once. Letthargy has nearly killed the French church and has grievously injured the church in other lands. We are by no means free from it in England. Every one is desirous of a strong Catholic press; very few will take the trouble to strengthen it. When critics become contributors, the contributors will cease to be critics.—London Catholic Times.

Bishop Starbuck.

The Rev. J. N. Starbuck, vicar general of the diocese of St. Paul, who has been appointed bishop of the new diocese in South Dakota, is a native of Austria, fifty-seven years old and was ordained to the priesthood at Marquette, Mich., after completing his classics in his native land and his collegiate and theological courses at St. Francis, Milwaukee. He was sent to Red Wing in 1872 and built St. Joseph's church there, serving at a time when there were but five priests between Winona and St. Paul. Some years after, in 1884, he was transferred to St. Paul. For five years past he has been vicar general. As bishop of the new diocese his residence will be Lead, S. D.

Faith and Courage.

The fear and faith of God ought to make you prepared for everything, although it should be the loss of private estate, the constant and cruel harassment of your limbs by agonizing disorders, the deadly and mournful wrench from wife, from children, from departing dear ones. Let not these things be offenses to you, but battles; nor let them weaken or break the Christian's faith, but rather show forth his strength in the struggle, since all the injury inflicted by present troubles is to be despaired in the assurance of future blessings.—St. Cyprian.

Detraction.

Detraction is the bane of all conversation. Let him who is guilty of it have neither your applause nor approbation. Speak candidly, on the contrary, whatever is necessary for the justification of your neighbor, or rather, show your displeasure by a significant silence or by changing the subject, according to the circumstances of the persons or places.

CARDINAL GOTTI.

He Succeeds Cardinal Ledochowski as Prefect of the Propaganda.

Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the sacred congregation of bishops and regulars and of regular discipline, has been appointed prefect of the propaganda, to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski. Cardinal Vannutelli will replace Cardinal Gotti as prefect of the sacred congregation of bishops and regulars and of regular discipline.

The selection of Cardinal Gotti to the most important post in the gift of the pope is universally regarded as indicating the pontiff's wishes as to his successor. Cardinal Gotti has long been considered the most likely of the cardinals for succession to the papal throne.

Cardinal Agliardi was appointed prefect of the economy of the congregation of the propaganda in place of Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli. Cardinal Gotti was a monk of the barefooted Carmelite order, and still to this day, in spite of his elevation to the rank of a prince of the church, continues to live the life of a monk, sleeping in a cell and on a hard mattress. He was, up to the moment of his receiving the sacred hat, the general of the Carmelites.

Cardinal Gotti was born in Genoa March 29, 1834. His extremely humble origin might have hindered his rise in the church but for the pious fervor and amiability of his disposition. His father was a dock laborer. Thanks to the interest taken in him by some friends of his mother the youth was enabled to prosecute his studies at Genoa and at Rome. He was a hard student and today is looked upon as a very high authority in all matters of a theological character. He is more a moralist than a mere theologian, however, and is noted for his extreme piety and asceticism.

He early attached himself to the Carmelite body and was zealous in his observance of the rigid rules of that order. Some years ago he was sent to Brazil on a mission by Pope Leo, and he had always stood high in the favor of the Pope. Notwithstanding the honors which have been heaped upon him at Rome within the past few years, Cardinal Gotti has continued to live in the simplest possible way and has been as humble a Carmelite as the lowliest of the order.

To Train Young Priests.

The seminary for the training of newly ordained Roman Catholic priests for mission work among non-Catholics in the United States and for duty in the insular possessions of the United States is to be opened in the fall. The new institution will be at the Catholic university, and it is expected that at least twelve young priests will be enrolled as students at the opening of the seminary.

The early beginning of the work of the college will be due to a very great extent to the success which Rev. Walter Elliott of the Paulist fathers has had in the last few weeks in collecting funds for the establishment. Father Elliott resigned his office as superior of the College of St. Thomas Aquinas, in Washington, to devote his entire time to obtaining money for the endowment of the new institution. Archbishop Corrigan took much interest in the plans, and Cardinal Gibbons approved them.

Father Elliott's appeals have thus far met with a ready response. A few weeks ago, it is said, he received a single gift of \$5,000 from an anonymous giver and one day last week received \$1,500 as a legacy from a dead benefactor. It is hoped ultimately to raise \$500,000 for the endowment of the seminary.—Washington Post.

Love Thy Neighbor.

We fight not for ourselves alone. These are thy—our—brethren, the cloud wherewith we walk encompassed; it is for them that we wrestle through the long night; they count on the strength that we might bring them if we so wrestle that we prevail. The morning that follows the night of our lonely travel would, if we be faithful, find us new men with a new name of help and of promise and of comfort, in the memory of which others would endure bravely and fight as we had fought. Oh, turn to God in fear, lest through hidden disloyalty we have not a cup of cold water to give those who turn to us for succor in their sore need.

An Indian Sister.

Recently in Patagonia Bishop Cagliero plucked the habit of a Salesian on Cefeirina Yancuche, daughter of the cacique of the Marzanawras, who is the first Indian woman in Patagonia to become a sister. Her education was received partly in England and partly in Rome, where once she was granted an audience with Leo XIII. Her age is about twenty-four years.

SHORT STORIES.

The cross is a letter from the Lord to the soul, wherein is written, "I love thee."

To rejoice in goodness and be grieved by its opposite is an essential mark of a well ordered mind. The simplest soul, provided that it be virtuous, will find written even unto the heart of God this maxim of Christian perfection: "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls and how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very center. Go to Our Lady, whose love is as the sea; pray her to help you to overcome your faults, to obtain for you never to commit a deliberate fault, never to offend God. She will not only make you very good, but very happy.