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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24 1903

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday January 25 Gospel St Matt viii, 1-13 Conversion of St Paul
Monday 26 St Polycarp bishop and martyr
Tuesday 27 St John Chrysostom, bishop and doctor
Wednesday 28 Bl. Margaret of Hungary
Thursday 29 St Frances of Sales bishop and doctor
Friday 30 St Martina, virgin and martyr
Saturday 31 St Peter Nolasco confessor

Five Minute Sermon.

Jesus Heals the Centurion's Servant.

This man who was afflicted with the leprosy and healed by our Saviour was an image of man corrupted by sin and by means of penance cured by the powerful grace of Jesus Christ.

This is an important lesson to the ministers of the sanctuary and to all Christians, that they shou d according to their ability, do all the good possible in the Church and for the salvation of their fellow men without glorifying themselves and without making it known in order to gain praise or reward.

It was prescribed in the law that lepers when cured should present themselves to the priests that they might be declared free from legal uncleanness, and on such occasions they were required to make an offering. If Our Lord had dispensed the leper from this custom He would have without reason disparaged the Mosaic Law and caused surprise and scandal. On this account He commanded the leper to comply with the law and at the same time taught all those who assist sinners that they should not depart from the ordinary discipline, that they should avoid novelty, and oblige the penitent to conform to all laws regarding reparation of scandal and injury to the interests or reputation of others. Penitents should submit with docility, as the leper did, to the commands of the ministers of God, who should insist on the observance of the law, however onerous it may be.

The centurion is to be admired for his charity to his servant and for his great humility in confessing his unworthiness to receive Jesus Christ into his house. Employers should learn of him that charity which they should have for those under them. And all Christians should learn to recognize themselves as unworthy of the favors which God is pleased to confer upon them through His merciful kindness and not through any merit of their own. Lastly, let us reflect that the Church takes so great account of the words of the centurion that she deems them worthy to be repeated three times when we are about to receive Jesus Christ into our hearts in the holy Communion.

The Shoe on the Other Foot.

A manufacturer who is said to be very disagreeable with his employees tells a good story about himself, which the Philadelphia Telegraph repeats:

A Quaker who had just arrived from England called on him to ask for work.

"Have you any recommendation?" asked the merchant.

"No," replied the man, "but I have friends who will give me one."

He put his bundle on the floor and left. In the course of an hour he returned, took up his bundle and was leaving the office without a word.

"Didn't you get your character?" asked the merchant.

Without halting a moment or raising his eyes the man answered, "Nay, master, but I got thine."

We do job printing printing of all kinds.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

THIS INJUNCTION OF THE SAVIOUR MUST BE OBEYED.

He Set the Sublime Example as, Cruelly Tortured and Humiliated, He Hung Dying on the Cross of Calvary—The Grace of Forgiveness.

We call it grace because it adorns and makes Christlike human character. A distinguished writer being asked to give a definition of [illegible] wrote: It is the color which the flower yields when trampled upon. The rose exhals its fragrance most liberally when crushed. Nowhere do we get such a [illegible] as we possess to the duty of forgiveness at the Cross of Christ. He was when He was utterly crushed by his enemies and while the bandage of [illegible] was pointed low at him that the Saviour breathed out that wonderful prayer: Father forgive them they know not what they do. Since then [illegible] circumstances uttered such a petition no circumstances can ever arise that will justify one in refusing to forgive injuries inflicted by another. When he has been betrayed by a trusted friend, when he has been misrepresented and misunderstood, hooted and [illegible] when he has been spit upon and struck in the face with the open palm of [illegible] thorn crown has been pressed down upon his aching temples when he has been driven to a disgraceful death [illegible] enemies seek to make [illegible] the closing hour until one has experienced all this and much more will he be worthy to be called in saying "I can never forgive." When one says that he can forgive, but never forget it is the best of evidence that he has not forgiven. We can forget if we want to. The mother forgets the ingratitude of her child. Some one has said that the heart has mysteries the head knows nothing about. We are told that God remembers our sins no more forever. The divine beauty of Christ's character is nowhere more gloriously manifest than in this cry in behalf of his enemies. A Persian poet has sung:

> The sated [illegible] who given
> [illegible]
> Let man who hopes to be forgiven
> Forgive and bless his foe.

Christ's coming on the cross was in perfect harmony with his [illegible]. He taught his disciples to love their enemies and to pray for any [illegible] despitefully use them. He taught them that God would not forgive them so long as they harbored in their hearts feelings of hatred and revenge. He exhorted them to heed and obey his instructions in regard to this matter of forgiveness.

If they at first misunderstood him and regarded his teaching like some do now as foolish talk for the street and the market place such misconception was certainly cleared away by his answer to Peter's query. "Lord how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times?" The reply of the Saviour was: "I say not unto thee not seven times but until seventy times seven." That is, as the disciples understood the Master to teach them that they should practice forgiveness as he gave it to them as seen in the example they have set before the world. Stephen full of grace and power to be stoned by his infuriated enemies cried out with his dying breath: "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." That young man at whose feet the witnesses laid their garments while they cast on their bloody work and who held the dying saint plead for his enemies was himself afterwards so filled with the spirit of Christ as to be able to say: "Being reviled we bless, being persecuted we suffer it, being blasphemed we entreat, we are made as the filth of this world, the offscouring of all even until now." Paul was filled with the spirit of Christ when he wrote to his Corinthian brethren that the less he was loved by them in the more abundantly he would love them. Thousands since the days of the apostles so learned Christ as to be able to pray for, to forgive, yea even to love their enemies. It will not do for us to attempt to excuse ourselves for cherishing feelings of resentment and animosity by saying that Christ's injunctions are impracticable, if not impossible. The age of the apostles was not the only age in which the beautiful flower of forgiveness could bloom and give out its pleasing fragrance.

The injuries often more fancied than real, which we receive at the hands of men, and on account of which we carry our hearts full of bitterness and enmity, are [illegible] of a most trivial nature. Somebody regrets us or treats us with less courtesy or displeases us in politics or religion or maliciously speaks of us or our children, and lo! our bosoms swell with anger and malice, our hearts are filled with the ugly passions of malevolence and ill will, and we hotly announce that we can never forgive. Surely we are heartily ashamed when we compare such trifling injuries as these with those that broke the Saviour's heart, though they could not estrange that heart from sinning men. We must remember that Christ was in deep earnest when he said, "Love your enemies," and when he directed the disciples to pray, "Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." Christ on the cross is humanity's cry for forgiveness.

> Five bleeding wounds he bears,
> Received on Calvary,
> They pour effectual prayers
> And strongly plead for me;
> Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
> Nor let the ransomed sinner die!

But even this prayer can avail naught for him who refuses to forgive. While Christ died that man may enter into his rest, we must not forget that he has written above the pearly portals this legend: "No unforgiving spirit can enter here."—Catholic Home Companion.

Pittsburg's Coadjutor Bishop.

His holiness Pope Leo XIII. has signed the appointment of the Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, rector of St. Paul's cathedral of Pittsburg, as coadjutor bishop of Pittsburg.

ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY.

Brief Sketch of the Successor of Archbishop Feehan of Chicago.

The Right Rev. James Edward Quigley third bishop of Buffalo, who has just been appointed by his holiness Pope Leo XIII archbishop of Chicago to succeed the late Archbishop Patrick A. Feehan was born on Oct. 15, 1855 in the village of Oshawa, Ont., about forty miles east of Toronto on the shore of Lake Ontario. When [illegible] he went to Canada to Lima, [illegible] N. Y. where they [illegible] for three years and then [illegible] St. Joseph's seminary. He was [illegible] West Point cadet [illegible] the Military academy [illegible] course to the seminary of Our Lady of Angels.

By [illegible] the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan [illegible] the university of Louvain [illegible] Rome. From [illegible] he went to the College of Propaganda in Rome. He was [illegible] priest at Rome as a student [illegible] received the degrees [illegible] orders at the hands of the cardinal prefect of Rome. Monsignor [illegible] Apostolic delegate to Canada, returned from Rome in 1887 and was almost immediately appointed by Bishop Ryan as rector of the newly created parish of Attica, Wyoming county, where he remained for [illegible] years.

About [illegible] years ago Father Quigley was called to the cathedral of Buffalo to act as rector. On the death of Mgr. Gibson Dr. Quigley was transferred to St. Bridget's church as its irremovable rector at his own request. He entered on his duties as rector in January 1897. When the episcopal see of Buffalo became vacant by the death of Bishop Ryan Bishop Quigley was chosen to be bishop of Buffalo and was consecrated bishop on [illegible] 1897.

The King Before the King.

[illegible] was dead. He lay in state [illegible] Above him drooped the banners of conquered peoples upon [illegible] were with [illegible] gold were with [illegible] Christ's coming on the cross was in perfect harmony with his [illegible] He taught his disciples to love their enemies and to pray for any [illegible] despitefully use them. He taught them that God would not forgive them so long as they harbored in their hearts feelings of hatred and revenge. He exhorted them to heed and obey his instructions in regard to this matter of forgiveness.

[illegible] the head [illegible] the body of [illegible] the people with [illegible] upon the head [illegible] so white so [illegible] upon his face as he lay in state [illegible] He was the king.

The Prayer of Adoration

[illegible] St. [illegible] St. [illegible] to [illegible] St. Louis [illegible] as the [illegible] king, thought if the Divine Presence many times in the day and [illegible] as he performed any kingly functions. My God I do this for thee. Early rise his two eyes. The center of his [illegible] the only one seen by the world. The real life is the life of motive. The life of prayer is a life of union with God, a life of love hidden with Christ in God. Prayer is not merely petition, but an elevation of the soul to God to adore him, not merely by begging a beggar of favors but by acknowledging him as our Creator. The prayer of adoration can be offered to no creature, not even to the Blessed Virgin nor to all the angels and saints, but to God alone. The prayer of petition ceases in heaven but the prayer of adoration continues for an eternity.

Archbishop Ryan.

The Orders In France.

The religious orders are recommended by the French government for authorization. They include the Algerian white fathers and the St. Jean de Dieu brothers. The white fathers are not, however, to be allowed to keep their three seminaries in France. The St. Jean de Dieu brothers provide asylums for the aged, the insane and the incurable, also seaside sanitoria. Their establishments are accordingly to be authorized, but not their night refuge at Marseilles.

SHORT SERMONS.

Behave liberally, but say no more about it.

It is better to be sometimes deceived than to be always suspecting.

No evil dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love and desire to continue in and make no effort to escape from.

Lord, I desire with my whole heart that thy holy will be accomplished in me, according to thy good pleasure.—St. Gertrude.

You who love Jesus with a true love, however poor a love, listen to my words: "Do not fear to die, you will find it very easy and sweet; do not fear the judgment, you will find it very gentle, very kindly, very safe."—Faber.

All that God has to give he gives to those who do all that he bids them to do. Obedience shows men to be in harmony with the order of God, and in that order and harmony are to be found perfect peace and strength and joy. Obedience is the supreme law of all life.

A PROPOSAL

"Lo, Mag!"

"That ye, Dick?"

"Fine night for a walk, Maggie."

"If that's aye, hoo dae ye no gae an' tak' yer walk?" said Mag, pouting.

Dick looked curiously into Mag's eyes and stroked his chin. "I heard ye were seein' wi' Bob Spaldin'," he said at last.

"Dae [illegible]?"

"An' [illegible] him were tae make a [illegible]?"

"Did [illegible]?"

"I'm [illegible], Maggie?"

"Stop [illegible] questions, Dick, an' I'll [illegible]."

Dick stroked his chin again, looked up and down the road and changed the leg on which he had been resting.

"If it's true, Maggie," he said, "I'll stop the stories that are gain' the rounds."

"I'm mighty obliged tae ye, Dick Lang," said Mag, giving her head a toss.

"It'll be no bather at a'. Ye kenna better nor that, Maggie."

"Dae I, Dick?" An what aboot verse 2, wha sees mare about me than ken I mysel'?"

"An' so sayin' is no true, noo dinna thraw me, Maggie, but just up an' out wi' the truth, an' I—I—"

Mag was staring at him, and Dick's tongue clung to the roof of his mouth.

"Hoo's Mary McDougal?" she asked.

"I haena seen her in sax months tae speak tae. Mary McDougal—mighty."

"Did ye cast oot?"

"There was [illegible] about it, Maggie. There was never onything atween us. I've kept the lass at a [illegible] for your sake, Maggie, ye ken all [illegible]."

"So [illegible] I've been [illegible]."

"W[illegible]?"

"[illegible]."

"W[illegible] night [illegible] ever [illegible]."

"Sa[illegible] I'd be [illegible]."

"A[illegible]?"

"Ye ken [illegible] Dick?"

"I dae at I [illegible] this mont'."

"Wha [illegible] tae for ye, Dick? Mary [illegible] like a harran' [illegible] ye ken. Come [illegible] I'll [illegible] for ye."

Dick [illegible] Mag's [illegible], took a step toward Mag, placed his arms akimbo and tilted up his head.

"Dinna mind," said Mag after having [illegible] and readjusted [illegible].

"[illegible] wants a' done, Maggie?"

"[illegible]."

"Late [illegible]."

Mag [illegible] "[illegible]" here Dick [illegible] and walked up and down in front humming "We're a jolly [illegible] Barrus." When Mag [illegible] a tartan shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and a small bonnet adorned her head. Her cheeks were ruddy as the rose, and her hazel eyes sparkled with the happiness she felt.

"Whaur'll we gae, Dick?" she asked, looking him in the face.

"Whaur dae ye think?" asked Dick, returning the look with compound interest.

"Onywhaur ye like, Dick."

"I think we'll gae doon by the burn an' a'lang by the trees, whaur we used tae gae, Maggie, ye ken."

It was a choicest evening in the fall o' the year, and Dick Lang was never happier in his life, with Maggie Wotherspoon, the prettiest girl in the village, by his side. But Mag was a saucy girl at times, for she knew her charms, as every pretty girl does, and when she was in the mood she loved to tease those whose admiration or affections she had won. Nearly every young man in the village had made advances to her, and with one exception she had turned them all against her on account of her saucy, coquettish ways, which the young men failed to understand, and invariably sent them off in a huff. The one exception was Dick Lang, whose love for Mag was a passion. He had begun by eying her at a distance and gradually getting nearer. At first she treated him with indifference and in his presence had always seemed to think more of some one else than of him.

Bob Spalding was a strapping young fellow and to all appearances made the most progress in his advances. Of course, Mag had as much as denied that there was anything between her and Bob, but she was so full of fun at times that in order to believe implicitly all she said it was necessary to have it in black and white. The fear that Bob would carry off Mag made Dick all the more anxious to win her before it was too late. And the opportunity he was now given was all that he wanted. It was a common saying about the village that Dick was rather long headed and knew a good thing when he saw it. He knew a little of human nature, and below all Mag's nonsense he could discern a true and warm heart. At all events, Dick was determined to have her if he could.

They had walked nearly a mile without saying much beyond talking about the weather, for Dick was making up his mind what to say and trying to get courage at the same time to say it. When they reached a clump of trees not far from the barn, Mag suggested that they sit down, remarking that they had had a big washing at the house, and she felt a little tired.

"I micht a thocht o' that afore, Maggie, if we'd only telt me," said Dick repentantly, "but lat's sit doon noo."

"It's a foo' moon the nicht, isn't it, Dick?" asked Mag, looking up into space.

"W[illegible] ye say, Maggie?"

"I asked ye if it was tae be a foo' moon. Man, what's yer lags?"

"O[illegible] I'm thinkin' it is." Dick stroked his chin and tore [illegible] with his heels. "It's a [illegible] moon, Maggie, isn't it?" Dick at last found words to say about it to break the monotony, [illegible] without being able to explain why he had said so.

"Hae ye a gude thing?" asked Mag, looking at him with the tails of her eyes.

"W[illegible] I've heerd it said [illegible] that the moon, ye ken, was a gude thing for a kirnin' milk an' preservin' cheese," Dick said, looking very goodly, not by any means satisfied in his own mind that he had answered the question in the right way or had fully comprehended it, his thoughts at the moment being in an entirely different direction. There was a merry laugh in Mag's eyes, but she restrained its vocal expression. She merely shook for a moment with the emotion and then tried to appear serious.

"Maggie," said Dick at length, still digging up the earth with his heel, "yer no engaged, are ye, tae onybody?"

"Engaged? Mighty."

"Weel, I was jist speerin', ye ken".

"An' what mak's ye speer a question like that, Dick?"

"Weel, tae tell ye the honest God's truth, Maggie, I want tae be engaged tae ye mesel'."

"Dick Lang!"

"Aye, 'at's me that's speakin', Maggie, an' nae ither. Mag, lassie, if ye only kent hoo muckle I loo ye. I hae na had a micht's sleep thinkin' aboot ye for the last fornicht."

"That's no muckle."

"But that's no' a', Maggie. I was thinkin' aboot Bob Spaldin'. It was the thought o' him takin' ye frae me. That was it, lassie—that was it. I've been thinkin' aboot ye for years."

Mag looked across the fields at the red ball of fire that formed a great semicircle on top of a purple hill that bounded the far side of the distant glen.

"Will ye hae me, Maggie?" asked Dick imploringly.

"No, I winna," came promptly from her lips.

"Ye winna? Oh, Maggie, think again, for an answer like that gaes hame like the stab o' a knife. Is't possible that ye dinna ken I've never looed onybody but yersel'? I've hed nae heart tae gie tae onybody sin' I kent ye years lang gane by. I'm no sae gude lookin' as Bob Spaldin', an' I dinna carry my haid sae high, an' maybe that stands i' my wi' noo. But, Maggie, I've a heart here that's yers as though it had never belanged tae me. Whan my granny dees, I get 'er biggin, 'er coo an' a' 'er chattels—that's in 'er will, Maggie. The hoos wad be oor ain, an' prood wad I be tae mak' ye its queen. But abune a' that, Maggie, I loo ye sairly, an' I'll never loo anither. Think again afore ye answer me. Will ye hae me, Maggie?"

Dick took Mag's hand in his, and she pressed it. She said nothing, but simply smiled. Her silence was acceptance.

CURED OF PNEUMONIA

This Woman Has Used Father John's Medicine for Years

Mrs. A. N. Smith, Jr., of 12 Leverett Street, Lowell, Mass., writes "Lung troubles such as pneumonia are hereditary in my family. I think that I have inherited the disease and I know that the hard colds to which I have been subject are very near pneumonia. I have tried a great many 'cough syrups' and patent medicines and found that none of them did me any good. Some years ago I tried Father John's Medicine and its effects were most gratifying. I have kept it in the house constantly ever since. It always cures my colds and builds me up. I give it to the children right along and they like to take it. I finds that it keeps them in good health and cures all throat and lung troubles. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and I know that in every case it has done much good. (Signed) Mrs. A. N. Smith, Jr.

Father John's Medicine is for sale by the following Rochester druggists: Any druggist can get it for you. Bryan Drug House, Dake Drug Co., H. B. Newman, 160 Jefferson Ave., G. W. Jones, 193 Central Ave., The Kolbe Pharmacy, Clinton Ave. and Andrew St., Chas. M. Peek, 172 Plymouth Ave., F. W. Fickett, 639 Lake Ave., Geo. Hahn, 561 State St.; A. C. Dempsey, 159 East Ave.

If your druggist does not have it, send $1 for a large bottle, express prepaid. Carleton and Hovey Co. Lowell, Mass. For Sale in Geneva by Dr. A. L. Swett' druggist, 60 Seneca St., and W. H. Partridge, 12 Seneca St.

"NEW WOMAN" AND ANCIENT.

Mannish Garb For Female Wear Not an Innovation.

One of the pet reproaches made against the new woman is that in her unseemly longing to stand upon the same footing as her aforetime lord and master she invented the fashion of wearing garments of a mannish cut.

This is most unjust, and she may readily be proved guiltless of the charge by a trifling investigation of the fashions of ancient times and of conservative countries, where the poor things are as unemancipated as possible and still wear the same style of garments as their foremothers of a thousand years ago.

The Chinese lady, as every traveler testifies, is one of the most modest, retiring and conventional of creatures, yet she wears clothes almost exactly like those of her husband and brothers. Indeed in China trousers are considered much more proper as feminine garments than skirts.

The Turkish woman's dress is identical with that of the husband who keeps her so carefully shut away from all newfangled notions, and the Eskimo woman clothes her little fat legs in tight sealskin breeches, finished off with smart fur topped boots.

The happy woman of Siam, who has never been obliged to go in for woman's rights, having always been as free as air and the equal of any man of her acquaintance, wears, like every man in the kingdom, a square of cotton or silk curiously adjusted about the legs and fastened by tucking two of the ends through at the waist in what travelers describe as a perilously insecure manner.

Looking back at the good old times to which those who disapprove of the new woman are so fond of referring, very early in the world's history can be found instances of women adopting mannish clothes when they were suitable and convenient.

The Greeks, with their hunting goddess, their amazons and their swift atalantas in the athletic games, have shown us how beautiful woman can be in the short tunic worn by the youths. But no doubt even then old folks mentioned a prehistoric time when girls were not so bold.—Chicago Chronicle.

Happy Peter!

A clergyman was sitting in his study one evening hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon when a visitor was announced. She was a hard, muscular looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she said somewhat brusquely:

"You are Mr. J., ain't you?"

"I am," replied the clergyman.

"Well, maybe you'll remember o' marryin' a couple o' strangers at your church a month ago?"

The clergyman referred to his diary for a moment and then said:

"What were the names?"

"Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, adding, "and I'm Eliza."

"Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remem"—

"Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you that Peter's escaped!"—London Answers.

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaws there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. M. Kermogant, a European traveler, recently witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pinchers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.