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SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday February 1—Gospel St. Matt. viii, 23-27. St. Bridget, virgin and abbess.
Monday 2—Purification of B. V. Mary.
Tuesday 3—St. Blaise, bishop and martyr.
Wednesday 4—St. Andrew Corsini, bishop and confessor.
Thursday 5—Twenty-six Martyrs of Japan.
Friday 6—St. Dorothy, virgin and martyr.
Saturday 7—St. Romuald, abbot and confessor.



Five Minute Sermon.

Jesus Still the Tempest

The ship into which Christ entered represents holy Church placed in the midst of the vicissitudes of the world like a ship in mid-ocean. Jesus Christ on account of His promise, is ever found with His disciples in the Catholic Church as He was with His apostles in the ship on the Sea of Galilee. This should be a great consolation to us. He who keeps his mind fixed on this great truth sees what takes place in the Church in a very different light from that in which it is seen by the outside world.

The ship also symbolizes a human soul in which Jesus Christ is present by His grace. This soul is like a ship amid the angry waves; every passion threatens a storm, every pleasure a rock, and the whole course of life is a sea full of dangers through which it must pass. If this soul can keep Jesus Christ with it, the winds will cease, the tempest abate, the dangers vanish, tranquility prevail, and it will come safe, laden with merit to the harbor of eternal life.

To the just soul the winds and tempest are temptations, fears, anxieties and tribulations of every kind, which God frequently permits souls dear to Him to undergo. The Antonys, the Hilarians, the Teresas, the Magdalens di Pazzi, and the Chantals have experienced this great truth to their greater glory and for the consolation of all Christians. This Gospel means that God, in His inscrutable ways, does not always stop in their beginning the storms that rise up against the Church or allay the afflictions of just souls, but permits rather that they increase and become furious while He seems to sleep, to show us the necessity of having recourse to Him, and that we may win, by our own strength assisted by His grace, a more glorious crown in heaven. He permits the storm to acquire its full strength because His power is more manifest when at the proper time He raises His omnipotent hand and produces the unlooked for calm.

A well known artist relates that on one occasion a man came to a friend of his and asked him to paint a portrait of his father, who is dead. "But, my dear sir," said the artist, "I never saw your father. Have you a photograph of him?" "No," said the man, "I have not, but you never saw Moses, and yet you have a picture of him on your walls."

The argument was unanswerable, and the artist accepted the commission. When the picture was finished, the man came to see it and gazed at it with tears in his eyes and said: "Dear me, is that father? How he has changed!"

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should be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon that depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM contains NO OPIUM in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of CROUP, COLDS, deep-seated COUGHS. Try it now, and be convinced.

A NEWMAN MEMORIAL

ENGLISH CATHOLICS TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT CARDINAL.

A Church to be Erected on the Site of the Chapel Built by the Famous Convert and Where He Spent His Last Years on Earth.

American admirers of the author of the beautiful hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," whose works are held up as models of the purest English and whose influence in religious matters is said to have been greater than that of any single man during the last century, will now have an opportunity by which in a practical way their sympathy with his life through the proposal to erect a church to his memory at the place where he spent his last years. The entire cost of this building is \$125,000, one half of which has already been raised in England. It is hoped that the remainder may be raised here for the work of construction is being and it is with the object of securing as much of that sum as may be raised in America that the Rev. Robert F. Eaton arrived in New York from Birmingham, England, a short time ago.

Father Eaton is the bearer of a strong letter from Cardinal Vaughan saying that America as well as England owe a debt of gratitude to Cardinal Newman and that he had no doubt that in this country might be glad to contribute to the church it is proposed to erect in his memory.

Father Eaton, who is staying with the Paulist fathers in New York, has since his arrival in that city received the sanction of Archbishop Farley to collect money in his diocese during the month of January for the purpose. He is one of the Otobarians, a member of the order founded by St. Philip Neri in the sixteenth century and which was introduced into England by Cardinal Newman. Father Eaton was a pupil of Cardinal Newman and was the mitre bearer at the funeral service at the Brompton Oratory in London in August, 1890, standing at the steps of the pulpit when Cardinal Manning preached the sermon on Newman's death, beginning with the remarkable words, "We have lost the greatest witness to the faith and we are all the poorer by the loss."

It is a curious fact in connection with the visit of Father Eaton to this country that the necessity for it dates back to the theological disturbances which resulted from Newman's espousal of the Catholic faith. As is well known, Cardinal Newman was the founder of the tractarian movement at Oxford, which aimed to arouse the English Episcopal church from the condition of lethargy into which it was said to have fallen and from which Anglicanism and high churchism have since resulted, with, it is said, a greater degree of energy on the part of the English clergy men and a closer adherence to their ecclesiastical duties.

Dr. Newman was a graduate of Trinity at Oxford and a fellow of Oriel, and his position, holding the living of St. Mary's at Oxford, gave his great influence as an Episcopal clergyman. It was as a result of the celebrated tract 90 issued by him that he was called before the bishops, and there were loud demands for his trial for heresy. He thereupon resigned the living of St. Mary's and went to live in a small place some miles from Oxford. The tractarian movement at this time was powerful in Oxford and had influential followers all over England, as it had been steadily gaining strength the more it was attacked. When, two years later, Dr. Newman espoused the Catholic faith on the ground that it was the only logical course to pursue after a critical examination of Episcopal history, there resulted the greatest sensation which the English theological world had experienced since the reformation.

This was increased by the publication of his book "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," explaining in detail the reasons for his action. Upon the publication of the work one Dr. Achilli brought suit against the author for libel, and the expenses of the trial were so great that they cost him a large part of his fortune. With what was left he erected the small church at Birmingham, in England, which it is now proposed to replace with a permanent structure in honor of his memory.

The church when built by Dr. Newman was never intended to be permanent, and today it is in a leaky condition, utterly inadequate in capacity, being able to seat only 450 people, and beyond hope of repair. The congregation of the Oratory has steadily grown, but its members are confined exclusively to the working classes and include no people of wealth. The parishioners have contributed to the best of their ability toward the new church; but their means being limited, the receipts from this source are small.

The Duke of Norfolk, who is premier duke and hereditary grand steward of England, is, with Lord Ripon, at the head of a committee which raised the bulk of the money already in hand, being liberal contributors themselves.

Some wealthy Catholics of New York have already promised assistance to Father Eaton. He says the plans for the new church are in a tentative state, but that it is to be built in the Romanesque style, with rounded arches. Being a memorial church it is desired that it shall not be mortgaged, but that the whole of the money be in hand before the work is begun.—New York Times.

Cardinal Perraud.
The Semaine Religieuse of Autun, France, announces that in response to its appeal for Cardinal Perraud, whose death is expected to be suppressed by M. Combes, a sum sufficient to cover a loss of salary for the next three years was at once subscribed.

EXILED FRENCH ORDERS.

A Number of Them, It Is Said, Will Locate in Washington.

As a result of the recent French legislation known as the associations act several powerful orders and congregations of the Roman Catholic Church will seek asylum for their mother houses in the United States. The greater number of them will locate in Washington. As affiliated colleges of the Catholic University of America they will open seminars for the training of their priests and conduct their business from the capital of the American rather than of the French republic.

The Congregation of the Holy Cross originally a distinctly French order, has already completed its arrangements to transfer its mother house to Washington, a college of this order is already established with the Catholic University. The Marists and Sulpicians will in all probability follow the example of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and locate at Washington. The Congregation of the Marists has already been suppressed, and the Sulpicians do not feel secure in their position, although this latter order has heretofore been specially favored by the French government.

The fact that it is definitely settled that the powerful Congregation of the Holy Cross will remove to America is of the greatest importance. It will witness to the elevation of the dignity of the Catholic University of America and make the American capital the most powerful center of Catholicity outside of Rome.

The Congregation of the Holy Cross is not unknown in the United States. The present superior in this country is the Very Rev. Dr. John A. Zahn, who is widely known as an advanced evolutionist. His book, "The Bible, Science and Faith" has done much to spread a popular conception of the scientific theory which under the arguments of Darwin and Huxley. It was rumored that these works had been suppressed by order of the Congregation of the Holy Office. This was erroneous, and the circulation of Dr. Zahn's books is greater than ever.—New York World.

Mother St. Celestine Rests.
A pathetic incident occurred in an Ottawa convent the other day when the assistant superior, Mother St. Celestine, laid down her book in the classroom and said after forty years of teaching, "I can't do it any more."

Mother St. Celestine is the founder of the New York branch of the Congregation of Notre Dame and has been one of the most eminent teachers of the great teaching order to which she belongs. She was superior of the New York convent for fifteen years and only resigned the management two years ago on account of failing health. Since then she has been assistant superior in the Congregation de Notre Dame, Ottawa, and she has now gone to the mother home in Montreal to rest and if possible reconvert. Mother St. Celestine is a good example of the noble women of French Canada. The world knows little of them because they are absorbed by the convents, but through their work the great associations in which their individuality is merged have become famed the world over.

God's Chastening Love.
There is a virtue in the chastening of God and in the discipline of Christian living. It makes us appreciate that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," as Christ said. So God chastens us because he is mindful of our soul's eternal welfare. Do any of us regret the training of our childhood years which has equipped us to fight better in the warfare of life? Ought we, then, to complain of our Father's chastening love which fits us to fully enjoy our inheritance in the kingdom of eternal peace?

The Sacred Heart.
It does not require a very tender heart to grieve before the tabernacle when we think of all that Jesus is doing for us and of the poor return that he receives. "He hold this heart, so loving and so little loved," he says to each of us, as he said one day to blessed Margaret Mary.

The Plea For Mercy.
"O God, be merciful to me a sinner." If these words of the psalmist merited forgiveness for his sins and caused him to be justified, why should they not have the same value on the lips of another sinner and in the end procure pardon for him also?

SHORT SERMONS.
He that doth the kindness has the nobler pleasure of the two.
How shall a man find grace with God? How else except by lowliness of mind?
Faith and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys God trusts God and he that trusts God obeys God.
The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true sources of life and happiness are deeper than all these.
For those who live with their whole talents dedicated to God's service there is only the gate of life, the path from joyous work in this world to greater capacities and opportunities for it in the other.

My Yellow Jacket

My friends make fun of my weakness for yellow.

I confess that I adore it, notwithstanding that I have good reason to detest it. Truly, human nature is a bundle of contradictions.

I love yellow because of a certain episode in my life which occurred when I was but eight years of age. I love nankeen above all on account of a pack of that material which played in that episode an important part.

Our school, which had been placed under the patronage of St. Elizabeth, was a nankie one—that is to say, up to the age of ten years boys and girls worked and played together. In spite of occasional quarrels the system, on the whole, worked very well.

I had not been eight days at St. Elizabeth's before I fell in love. Do not laugh. I loved with all the strength of my child nature, with a love disinterested, simple, sincere.

It was Georgette whom I loved; but, alas, Georgette did not love me.

How much I suffered in consequence! I used to hide myself in corners, shedding many tears and racking my brain to find some means of pleasing the obdurate fair one—labor in vain, a thankless task, at eight years of age or at thirty.

To distinguish myself in my studies, to win by my exemplary conduct the encomiums of the sisters Dolorre, all this made no impression upon cruel Georgette. She made no secret of her preference for a dull, idle, blustering fellow nine years old, who won all the races, who could fling a ball farther than any one else, carry two huge dictionaries under his arm and administer terrible thumps.

This hero was rightly nicknamed Met-a-Mort.

I knew what his blows were like, having been the involuntary recipient of some of them. Some, do I say? I had received more than a dilatory donkey on the road to the fair.

And Georgette had only laughed. Obviously it was absurd to think of employing physical force against my redoubtable rival, and intellectual superiority in this case availed me nothing. I determined, therefore, to annihilate Met-a-Mort by my overpowering magnificence.

Naturally our parents did not send us to school attired in our best clothes. On the contrary, most of us wore there our oldest and shabbiest garments. Consequently I opined that it would be no difficult achievement to outshine all my schoolfellows.

I should have to coax my parents into loosening their purse strings and get them to buy me a beautiful new jacket.

It took me a very long time to decide what color this jacket should be. I mentally reviewed all the colors of the rainbow. Red tempted me, but I doubted whether a jacket of that color would be attainable. Should it be blue, green, indigo, violet? No! Not one of those colors was sufficiently striking.

I paused at yellow. That might do. It is a rich color. There is something sumptuous and royal about it. Summer was approaching. I decided finally upon a yellow jacket of nankeen.

Without delay I set to work on my school garments. It was a work of destruction, for I wanted to make them appear as disreputable as possible. I slyly enlarged the holes, wrenched off the buttons and decorated my person lavishly with spots and stains of all kinds.

In what I judged to be an opportune moment I timidly expressed my desire.

I had to do more, much more than that, before I could obtain my will. I begged, stormed, grumbled, sulked. I became almost ill with hope deferred. At length, for the sake of peace, my parents granted my eccentric wish.

It was a proud moment for me when for the first time I arrayed myself in that resplendent nankeen jacket won at the cost of so many struggles. Standing before the mirror, I surveyed myself admiringly for a full hour. I was grand—superb!

"Ah, my Lord Met-a-Mort, you will find yourself ousted at last! My shining jacket will soon snatch from you the prestige acquired by your stupid, brute force. Georgette, astonished, fascinated, dazzled and delighted, will run toward me, for I shall now be the handsomest boy in the school. Met-a-Mort will weep for chagrin, as I have so often wept for jealousy and mortification."

NO SLEEP FOR A MORTGAGE.

The Inexorable Taskmaster Described by a Sufferer.

The mortgage is a self supporting institution. It always holds its own. It calls for just as many dollars when grain is cheap as when grain is dear. It is not affected by the drought. It is not drowned out by the heavy rain. It never winter kills. Late springs and early frosts never trouble it. Potato bugs do not disturb it. Moth and rust do not destroy it. It grows nights, Sundays, rainy days and even holidays. It brings a sure crop every year and sometimes twice a year. It produces cash every time. It does not have to wait for the market to advance. It is not subject to speculations of the bulls and bears on the board of trade. It is a load that gains and loses no life.

It is a burden that the farmer cannot shake off. It is with him morning, noon and night. It eats with him at the table. It gets under his pillow when he sleeps. It rides upon his shoulders during the day. It consumes his grain a crop. It devours his cattle. It costs the finest horses and the fattest steers. It lives upon the first fruit of the season. It stalks into the dairy where the busy housewife toils day after day and month after month and takes the nicest cheese and the choicest butter. It shares the children's bread and robs them of their clothes. It stoops the toiler's back with its remorseless burden of care. It hardens his hands, benumbs his intellect, prematurely whitens his locks and oftentimes sends him and his aged wife over the hills to the poorhouse. It is the inexorable and exacting taskmaster. Its whip is as merciless and cruel as the lash of the slave driver. It is a menace to liberty, a hindrance to progress, a curse to the world. Ringwood (Okla.) Leader.

Traveling With a Wheelbarrow.
"Potter the wheelbarrow crank," traveled across the continent in 1878. His first name was Lyman and he was of the town of Albany. He was a showman by trade and much given to boasting of his feats as a pedestrian. O'Leary was doing his big walking about that time and had just finished a ten days' walk at New York city. One day in the presence of many witnesses Potter said that he himself could outdo O'Leary in feats of endurance. Some one suggested that he walk to San Francisco on trial. Potter did not hesitate a moment, but offered to wager that he could make the trip in a given length of time and, furthermore, that he could wheel a "paddy" barrow the entire distance.

The money was covered, and Potter left his home on Dove street, Albany, on the morning of April 10, 1878, and arrived at San Francisco on the evening of Oct. 6, being exactly 189 days in making the trip. The wheelbarrow and load—his clothing and cooking utensils—weighed seventy-five pounds. The distance traveled was 4,055 miles.

The Influence of Odors.
Would you believe that both natural perfumes and artificial odors exert a real influence on our minds? A physician has favored us with a detailed statement as the result of lifelong observation. He says that the geranium inspires a man with audacity, self possession, reckless daring. The violet inclines to devotion and tender affection; the benzoin to reverie, poetry, inconstancy. Mint is the mother of cunning and sharp practices. The verbena begets artistic taste. Camphor brutalizes a man. Russian leather renders effeminate and develops a taste for pleasure and self indulgence. Opopanax engenders madness. Amber unkindles inspiration. It is the perfume of bluestockings.

Dinners in the Sixteenth Century.
State banquets became very elaborate and expensive in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, which was the period of pageants and mumming. Excesses in feasting in Edward III's reign were so great that the king framed rules forbidding any common man to have dainty dishes or costly drinks at his table. He did not, however, practice economy in his own household, for the marriage feast of his third son, Lionel, duke of Clarence, was exceedingly sumptuous. There were thirty courses to it, and the fragments sufficed to feed a thousand people.

The Indians and Hudson.
There is in the Royal museum at The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures of Henry Hudson, a navigator in the service of the Dutch East India company. He it was who discovered the river to which he gave his name. A passage of the document reads as follows: "The natives, or Indians, on his first coming here regarded the ship with mighty wonder and looked upon it as a sea monster and declared that such a ship or people had never been there before."

"Oh, look at him! Look at him! He is a canary bird!"
The word was caught up instantly. "All the scholars shouted in chorus: 'He is a canary! A canary!'"

Words fail to describe my bitter disappointment, my burning shame and chagrin. I saw my folly now. But it was too late—the awful deed was done. Worse than all, in order to obtain this now odious jacket I had spoiled all my other jackets and had nothing else to wear. When on the evening of that most miserable day I told my troubles to my father and mother, they were merely amused and said to me:

"It is entirely your own fault. You insisted on having the jacket, and now you must put up with it."
Thus I was condemned to the perpetual wearing of my yellow jacket, which entailed upon me no end of petty miseries.

Every day at school I was peered at and insulted. Even the babies of three years—sweet, blue eyed, golden haired cherubs—pointed at me with their tiny fingers and hisped: "Canary! Canary!"

One day we were playing the game of brigands and gendarmes. I was one of the gendarmes, who were invariably beaten.

Met-a-Mort had nominated himself captain of the brigands and chose Georgette for his vivandiere.

Presently for a few moments there was a suspension of hostilities. Brigands and gendarmes fraternized as they quenched their thirst and expatiated upon the joys of the fray. Suddenly Georgette, with her accustomed vivacity, bore in upon the little group. She bore in her hands a glass ink bottle.

"See," said her sweet voice. "Whoever will drink this ink shall be and by my little husband!"

When we resumed our game, I discovered that I had lost all interest in it. Georgette's words haunted me.

I went to look for the ink bottle, which the child had carried back to the schoolroom. There I stood contemplating the black, uninviting looking liquid.

I closed my eyes and raised the bottle to my lips.

"What are you about, you dirty little thing?" exclaimed a voice from behind me at the same instant that I received a smart blow upon my uplifted arm.

Covered with confusion, I turned and beheld Mile. Ermance, who had surprised me in my singular occupation.

I had no time to explain. Just at that moment my schoolfellows came trooping in. Georgette, seeing me standing there, ink stained and disgraced, and already—the coquette—forgetful of her promise, exclaimed, with a face of disgust:

"Oh, the dirty boy! The nasty, dirty boy!"

Everything, however, has its bright side. Mile. Ermance's tap and my own start of surprise had jerked the ink bottle from my grasp. My yellow jacket was literally flooded. I was rid of it at last.

It was to Georgette that I owed this happy deliverance. I thank her for it today. What has become, I wonder, of that lovely child? Does she ever think now of those old times? How often have I dreamed of her! I have forgiven her for the tears which she caused me to shed. Her charming face dwells always in my mind as a pure ray from the bygone light—youth. I am not her husband and probably never shall be. I am resigned to my fate, which I richly deserve, because—

I did not drink the ink!

A Bad Place to Court.
At a circuit court in an English county town a young countrywoman was under examination.

"Now, my good girl," said the advocate, "you say you were near the spot when the prisoner at the bar committed the act. Was any one with you at the time?"

"Yiss, yiss, my lord ant advocate, my sweetheart was wis me."

"Courting, I suppose?" was again asked. "Is he here? We want corroborative evidence."

"Yiss, my advocate ant lord; shust outside."

"We had better call him into court," here remarked the judge.

"No, no, my lord!" cried the witness. "Gootness, no! I can hardly get him to court me when we're alone, ant I'm sure he won't court me here afore you all."

A Bad Judge of Poultry.
An Irishman taking home a goose for his Sunday dinner went to an inn for refreshment. Laying down the bird, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst when a seedy looking person, seizing the goose, made off. Pat at once gave chase and ere long had his man by the neck.

"What did yez take that burrd for?" queried the irate Irishman.

"Oh," said the seedy looking individual, "I took it for a lark."

"Did yez?" said Pat. "Shure ye'd make a bad judge at a poultry show."—Kansas City Independent.