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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

Weekly Church Calendar.
 Sunday February 8.—Gospel St. Matt. xx, 1-18.—St. John of Matha, confessor.
 Monday 9.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, bishop, confessor and doctor.
 Tuesday 10.—St. Scholastica, virgin.
 Wednesday 11.—St. Saturninus & Comp. martyrs.
 Thursday 12.—St. Benedict of Anian, abbot.
 Friday 13.—St. Catharine of Reid, virgin.
 Saturday 14.—St. Valentine, bishop and martyr.

Five Minute Sermon.

The Laborers in the Vineyard.

From the beginning of the world, that is, the morning, the third, sixth, and ninth hours, God, by the voice and example of the patriarchs, by the written law, and by the words of the prophets, called men, particularly the Hebrews, to believe in Christ and hope for His coming, and to unite themselves to Him by holiness of life. At the eleventh hour, by the preaching of Christ and of His apostles and their successors, God has called, calls, and will continue to call men to enter into the Catholic Church and become living members of the mystical body of Jesus Christ, and to serve Him faithfully by observing His holy laws. In the evening, that is, on the day of judgment, all those who will have belonged to the Church of Christ, who will have entered the Church—the vineyard—in the early morning, at the third, sixth, ninth, or eleventh hour, will receive without distinction, in reward of their labors, eternal life and the glory of paradise.

“Many are called, but few are chosen.”—Because there are many who by virtue of baptism enter into the vineyard to labor and gain eternal reward, but there are few who observe faithfully the holy law and who serve God with perseverance until death. Only the innocent and the truly penitent who have persevered to the last will be chosen. We must remember that without the grace of God we can do nothing toward our own salvation. Let us live in fear and humility; trust ourselves to the divine mercy; pray in the name of Jesus, and the terrible sentence will have no reference to us.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the Catholic Library Association to attend a reception to His Grace, The Archbishop of New York, at hotel Majestic, Tuesday, February tenth.

Spider Pills.

In New England cobweb pills are supposed to cure the ague, and in the south a certain knuckle bone in a pig's foot is a sure cure for rheumatism if it is carried in the pocket or worn suspended from a string around the neck. Tracing the spider web pill, it originated in China, where all species of insects have certain positive or negative values in medicine. In Peking it is customary to give two or three scorpions or spiders to a patient ill of fever. In Ireland the peasantry swallow small spiders alive to effect cures. From these the cobweb pill of the New England native was easy. In Flanders the live spider is fastened into the empty shell of a walnut and worn around the neck of the patient. As the creature dies the fever decreases until it is gone entirely.

EXPOSURE
 to the cold and wet is the first step to Pneumonia. Take a dose of PERRY DAVIS' **Painkiller** and the danger can be averted. It has no equal as a preventive and cure for Colds, Sore Throat, Quinsy and Rheumatism. Always keep it handy.

MISSION PREACHING.

IT HAS BEEN EMPLOYED IN EVERY AGE OF THE CHURCH.

The Present Mission Work Was inaugurated by St. Vincent de Paul and His Object is to Quicken Faith and Piety Among the Faithful.

To quicken faith and piety among Christians, whom their life in the world has made tepid and careless, is for the pastors of the church an object of no less solicitude than to convert the heathen. In substance, mission preaching has been employed in every age of the church. It was applied with extraordinary fruit by St. Francis and St. Dominic, but its reduction to a system has been the work of comparatively recent times and was commenced by St. Vincent de Paul when he preached his first mission to the peasants of Tolville. The Redemptionists, Passionists and Rosminians have applied themselves with special earnestness to this branch of pastoral work.

A popular mission consists in a series of sermons and religious exercises lasting over a certain number of days, directed by missionary priests, with the approbation of the ordinary. In order to instruct and convert sinners and rekindle Christian faith and Christian practice, this series of meditations, devotional exercises and addresses, the general aim of which is to excite penitential feelings, treats of the destiny and the end of man, of free will, of the need of grace, of the divine justice, eternity and the necessity of conversion, the heinousness of sin and its consequences. The preacher also speaks of the mercy and love of God, the graces stored up in the church, the sacraments of penance and the eucharist, the renewal of baptismal vows and perseverance in doing good. In this way the sinner is brought to contrition, whence comes hope followed by a moral change.

The mission is usually terminated by the renewal of baptismal vows, a general communion, the dedication of the parish to the Blessed Virgin, promises of amendment and thanksgiving before the altar, the erection of a cross or stations, the solemn publication of the indulgences attached to the mission and the celebration of a mass for the souls of the relatives and friends of the faithful present. Thus do a few days devoted to a true popular mission, with all the truths which it proclaims, all the acts which it disposes to and realizes, form a real source of benediction to the souls that are willing to profit by it. It is a work of teaching and conversion which undoes those who are misled, convicts those in doubt and converts hardened sinners. It is an extraordinary weapon with which falsehood and error are attacked directly, boldly and persistently, to the destruction of erroneous systems and the triumphant erection of truth on their ruins.

Deep seated prejudices and inveterate faults, though attacked at intervals from the pulpit, always find some corner in the heart where they can hide themselves and hold their ground, but the man who attends a mission meets an assailant who deals blow after blow until the conviction of the enormity of his blindness and of his faults is forced upon the hearer's conscience. Ill gotten gains are renounced, guilty practices are broken off, hatreds of old standing are appeased, separated couples reconciled, lawsuits amicably settled, the converted sinners show a change of conduct, and the face of the family life is altered. Human existence is modified for the better, sanctification spreads, and the Christian faith is established in union, love and peace of God.—Rev. Angelo Canuso, O. S. A., in Philadelphia Press.

Begin Today.

It is better to say one's morning prayers today than to resolve to become a saint next week. Today is here, and next week is nowhere. This day is mine. I know not if I shall have so much as one other. God has the past and the future. I will thank Him for the past, I will beg Him for the future. As to the present, with God's help I will set to work and do my utmost.

Prayer.

When you feel ill and indisposed, and when in this condition your prayer is cold, heavy, filled with despondency, and even despair, do not be disheartened or despairing, for the Lord knows your sick and painful condition. Struggle against your infirmity, pray as much as you have strength to, and the Lord will not despise the infirmity of your flesh and spirit.

The True Christian.

Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions—if he will not lead them through rough roads, if the sun and wind do not annoy them, if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true Christian who has the spirit of Jesus will say, as Ruth said to Naomi, “Whither thou goest I will go,” whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.

The Sign of the Cross.

The early Christians signed their foreheads with the sign of the cross on every occasion, going out, coming in, when they washed, when they ate, when they lighted a candle, in whatsoever conversation they joined, on going to bed. Who can tell how many dangers and temptations we might escape if we used more frequently this saving sign?

Fear.

Fear is the greater pain than pain itself. Oh, thou of little faith, what dost thou fear? God will not let you perish while you are steadfast in resolution. Let the world be turned upside down, let it be in utter darkness, in smoke, in tumult, so long as God is with us.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

Statistics From the Archdiocese of Chicago and Boston.

The annual report of Rev. Francis J. Barry, chancellor of the Chicago archdiocese, shows an increase for the year of about 200,000 members in the Roman Catholic churches of the archdiocese and 12,000 children in the parochial schools and church institutions. Father Barry estimates that the present Roman Catholic population of Chicago reaches 1,000,000 persons, with 370 places of worship and 500 priests secular and religious. The largest city parishes are St. Stanislaus, with 30,500 parishioners; the Holy Family, with 20,000; and St. Michael's, with 15,000. The predominant nationality of these is respectively Polish, English speaking and German.

In the parochial schools of the archdiocese there are 67,321 children, in or out of asylums and similar institutions 18,235 and colleges 7,938. This gives a total of 92,657 who are educated with out cost to the state. Estimating the cost of each child's education at \$20 a year, Father Barry shows that the state is yearly saved \$1,853,140 by the church.

Of the 153 churches in the city limits, seventy-one are English speaking, thirty-two German, eighteen Polish, ten Bohemian, four French, five Italian, six Slavonian, six Croatian, one Greek, one Sloven and one Dutch. The statistics furnished by this report will form the basis for the rating of the archdiocese for the year just opened.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Archdiocese of Boston.

Statistics summarized in the new Catholic directory show that the archdiocese of Boston now has 650,000 Catholics, 75 schools, with 45,336 pupils; 442 diocesan priests, 103 priests of orders, 162 churches with resident priest, 52 missions with buildings, five hospitals, with 55,000 out patients treated during the year and 4,000 in mates.

New York is a larger Catholic community than ours, but not in proportion to the population. In this respect the Boston archdiocese leads the country.—Boston Republic.

The Church and New Discoveries.

Every new field of discovery opens up fresh arguments for the church's claims. Every voice speaking out of the dim past but swells the chorus of testimony to the apostolicity of her teaching. Let the antiquarian museek the caverns of the catacombs, overhaul libraries and museums, drag tablets, papyrus and vestments as expressions of the faith of any past epoch, and the church proudly points to the fact that every syllable of that faith can be heard in her sanctuary today. The harmony, the beauty, the rich treasures of her apostolic teaching, never come out more clearly than when under the fierce searchlight of honest criticism held up and contrasted side by side with the eloquent expressions of a dead past. As ages roll by to brand heresy or clear away agitating doubts she gives formal expression to some article not previously defined. This is no new article of faith, but a new definition of article as old as Christianity itself. When the sunbeam strikes on the rosebud, expands and brings into broad daylight its fair leaves, we do not credit the sun in having created new leaves, but of bringing to full expression those that previously nestled in the bud awaiting the hour and occasion.—Rev. M. Phelan, S. J.

Bad Catholics.

You must have heard many times Protestants and infidels saying, “Oh! I'd be a Catholic only there are so many bad Catholics.” Now it is easy to understand how those who do not know the teachings of Christ should be scandalized and kept away from the church because of the fact that so many Catholics do not follow the teachings of their church. If such are really in earnest the parable of the good and bad seed ought to be sufficient to convince them that the fact that there are some wicked people who call themselves Catholics in no way militates against the truth of the church or against the thousands others whose lives are almost blameless because they follow the teachings of the church.

Most Rev. Bartholomew Woodlock.

The Most Rev. Bartholomew Woodlock, D. D., formerly bishop of Ardagh, died recently at All Hallows college, Dublin, where he had resided since he resigned the see of Ardagh six years ago. He was ordained in Rome in 1841 and succeeded Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Newman as rector of the Catholic university (Ireland) in 1861, being appointed bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise in 1870.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

For those whose path through life once lay
 Aside thine own familiar way,
 Whose friendly aid,
 Thy stronghold made,
 Forget not now to constant pray!

For those who helped thee in the fight
 'Gainst pitiless and tyrant might,
 Do thou implore
 Peace evermore
 And resting place in lasting light!

To those the furthest off from bliss
 What boon can greater be than this—
 That thou shouldst pray
 For them that they
 May soon no gleam of glory miss!

Of those the first to see the King
 Be mindful that ere long they bring
 Their need of praise
 Through endless days
 And heavenly alleluia sing!

For all who know the cleansing fire
 Pray, day by day, with strong desire
 That so, when freed,
 Each soul may plead
 Thy cause before the Father's throne
 —Amadeus, O. S. F., in Guldon.

TEACHES WEATHER SIGNS.

The Unique Occupation Followed by a Retired Seaman.

This is the era of odd callings. If a man have an accurate knowledge of any particular subject of daily life, he need never be at a loss to make a living. The writer once made the acquaintance of an aged first mate on an Atlantic liner and carefully noted in a diary his quaint sayings concerning the weather and his cleverness in turning the many phases of ocean life into matters of interest. While strolling about the city he saw a sign which read: “Society Weather Bureau. Neptunic Knickknacks.”

Entering the little shop, the eye was caught by a tangle of fish nets and shells, which covered the walls; old sails, looped up with the aid of shell draperies, cut around off the owner in a tiny workshop. Emerging therefrom to show his wares, he proved to be the first mate. News and bits of gossip were exchanged. “I'm better off at this,” he said. “I'm teaching society people the weather signs. They call it mystic thought or something like that, but it doesn't worry me, so long as it pays. I have a little series of lesson cards [he handed one to the caller] more like gimcracks than serious teaching, but they're correct.”

The card contained brief information something like this: “In planning for an outing remember that if the temperature falls suddenly there's a storm coming from the south. If it rises, it's from the north. Watch the breeze. It blows from good weather to storm. Cirrus clouds float from a storm to sunshine. When they seem to be running away from each other in the north or toward northeast, there'll be rain during the day. When the wind changes, it makes its shifts with the sun, from left to right. When the sun goes down rose, fine weather; rusty red, storm; pink sky in the morning, bad weather; dove gray sky, fair weather.”

“I charge 50 cents a half hour for lessons,” continued the old salt, “and I use charts and instruments, just as they do on shipboard. They seem to enjoy it and learn quickly.”—New York Post.

He Enlightened Her.

In a certain rural exhibition in England there were two immense hogs stuffed, each bearing a placard telling their age and weight and with the name of the man who prepared them for exhibition, followed by the word “taxidermist.”

A man and his wife were looking at them with great interest. After reading the placards the woman said: “Why, these are taxidermists! I thought they were hogs.”

Her husband looked with a puzzled expression at the creatures and then went carefully over the placards as if to satisfy himself on the point. Finally he decided: “They are hogs. Taxidermist is the name of the place they come from.”

Acclimated All Over.

When the Marquis of Lorne was governor general of Canada, as the story goes, he stood, clad in furs, watching winter sports at Ottawa. The temperature was about zero. An Indian a few feet distant seemed equally comfortable and as much interested in the games, though his body was mostly uncovered. The nobleman asked the savage how he could endure such exposure. “I should think you would freeze,” he said. “Why white man's face not freeze?” replied the Indian. “Our faces are used to the cold,” answered the governor. The Indian ended the colloquy with the pithy retort, “Injun all face.”—Cleveland Leader.

Presence of Mind.

Black and White recalls a story of a highwayman who was outwitted by a nobleman whom he waylaid. “Your money or your life?” said the hero of the road, presenting a cocked pistol at the window of a carriage on Hounslow Heath. “I would not yield to one man,” responded the occupant of the vehicle, “but as there are two of you I must.”

The robber, taken aback, looked round to see where the second man was and at that moment received a bullet through the heart from his intended victim.

Decorations in Parliament.

Time was when it was usual for peers and commoners alike to wear any orders they possessed during debates in the houses of which they were members. At the present day it would be a dreadful breach of etiquette for any member of parliament, elected or hereditary, to enter the chamber with a ribbon or a star on his breast. There is, however, a single exception to this rule. The bishop of Winchester, as prelate of the Order of the Garter, always wears the badge of the premier knighthood when he appears in the house of lords.

THE CABECILLA

By Alphonse Daudet

The good father was finishing his mass when they brought him the prisoners. It was a wild spot among the Arichulegui mountains.

A fallen rock in which a fig tree had plunged its twisted trunk formed a sort of altar, covered in guise of a cloth with a silver fringed Carlist standard.

Two cracked water coolers took the place of vases, and when the sacristan, Miguel, who was assisting the priest at the mass, arose in order to change the position of the holy book, the cartridges were heard jingling in his cartridge box.

All around the soldiers of Carlos were silently ranged, their guns slung across their backs and one knee on the ground upon the white beret.

The bright sun was concentrating its dazzling heat in this burning and sonorous rocky hollow, where the flight of a blackbird alone from time to time disturbed the psalmody of the priest and the servant. Higher up on the jagged peak sentinels were standing, forming motionless silhouettes against the sky.

What a singular sight it was—this priestly commander officiating in the midst of his soldiers! And how plainly the double existence of the Cabecilla showed itself upon his countenance—the ecstatic air, the hard features, further accentuated by the bronzed complexion of the soldier in the field, and asceticism without pallor, in which was lacking the shadow of the cloister; small black, very brilliant eyes, the forehead traversed by enormous veins which seemed to bind the thought as with ropes, to fix it in an inextricable obstinacy.

Every time he turned toward the spectators with open arms to read the Dominus Vobiscum one saw the uniform beneath the stole and the butt of a pistol, the haft of a Catalonian knife uplifting the rumped surplice. “What is he going to do with us?” the prisoners asked themselves in terror, and while awaiting the end of the mass they recalled all the acts of ferocity which had been related of the Cabecilla and which had won him a special renown in the royalist army.

By a miracle that morning the father was in a clement mood. The mass in the open air, his success of the previous day and also the cheerfulness of Easter, yet felt by this strange priest, cast upon his face a ray of joy and kindness. As soon as the service was over, while the sacristan cleared off the altar, fastening up the sacred vases in a huge box, which was borne on the back of a mule in the rear of the expedition, the cure advanced toward the prisoners.

They were a dozen of republican carbiniers, exhausted by a day of battle and a night of anguish in the straw of the sheepfold, where they had been penned up after the action. Yellow with fear, wan with hunger, thirst and fatigue, they clustered together like a flock of sheep in the courtyard of an abattoir.

Their uniforms full of hay, their belts in disorder, pushed up in the flight and in sleep, the dust which wholly covered them from the tufts of their caps to the points of their yellow shoes, all contributed well to give them that sinister look of the vanquished in which moral discouragement is betrayed by physical dejection.

The Cabecilla glanced at them for an instant with a little laugh of triumph. He was not sorry to see the soldiers of the republic humble, wan and ragged amid well fed, well equipped Carlists, Navarre and Basque mountaineers as brown and hard as carob beans.

“Viva Dios, my children!” said he to them with a good natured air. “The republic nourishes her defenders very ill. Why, you are all as thin as the wolves of the Pyrenees when the mountains are covered with snow and they come into the plain to sniff the odor of the table by the lights which shine under the doors of the houses. One is treated otherwise in the service of the good cause. Would you like to make a trial of it, hermanos? Cast off those infamous caps and put on the white beret. As truly as this is the holy day of Easter, to those who will shout ‘Long live the king!’ I will give their lives and the same campaign food I give my other soldiers.”

Before the good father had finished all the caps were in the air, and shouts of “Long live King Carlos!” “Long live the Cabecilla!” resounded on the mountain. Poor devils! They had been in such great fear of death and so tempting were all those good victuals which they smelled close to them, about to be broiled in the shelter of rocks before the bivouac fires, pink and faint in the bright sunlight, I believe that never

was the pretender acclaimed with such good will.

“Give them something to eat at once,” said the cure, laughing. “When wolves yelp with that strength, it's because they have sharp teeth.”

The carbiniers went off. But one among them, the youngest, remained standing in front of the chief in a proud and resolved attitude, which contrasted with his juvenile features and the fine down, scarcely colored, enveloping his cheeks with a blond powder. His capote, which was too large for him, was wrinkled at the back and on the arms, was turned up at the sleeves over two slight wrists, and by its fullness made him look still younger and more slender. There was excitement in his long, brilliant eyes—Arab eyes, intensified by Spanish flame. And this fixed flame annoyed the Cabecilla.

“What do you want?” he asked of him.

“Nothing. I am waiting for you to decide on my fate.”

“Your fate will be that of the others. I named no one. The pardon was for all.”

“The others are traitors and cowards! I alone did not shout anything!”

The Cabecilla gave a start and looked him full in the face.

“What's your name?”

“Tonio Vidal.”

“Whence come you?”

“From Puycedra.”

“What age?”

“Seventeen.”

“The republic, then, has no more men, since she is reduced to enrolling children?”

“I was not enrolled, padre. I am a volunteer.”

“You know, fellow, that I have more than one means of making you shout ‘Long live the king!’”

The youth assumed a superb look. “I defy you to do so!” retorted he.

“So you would rather die?”

“A hundred times!”

“Very well, you shall die!”

Then the cure made a sign, and the execution platoon came and ranged itself around the condemned, who did not wince.

This sublime courage touched the chief with pity. He demanded: “Have you nothing to ask of me first? Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want something to drink?”

“No,” answered the youth; “but I am a good Catholic, and I don't want to go before God without confession.”

The Cabecilla still wore his surplice and his stole.

“Kneel,” said he, seating himself upon a rock, and, the soldiers having withdrawn a short distance, the condemned began in a low voice: “Bless me, my father, because I have sinned.”

But in the midst of the confession a terrible fusillade burst forth at the entrance of the defile.

“To arms!” cried the sentinels.

The Cabecilla gave a bound, issued his orders, distributed the posts and scattered his soldiers. He himself had seized a carbine without taking the time to remove his surplice, when, happening to turn around, he perceived the youth still on his knees.

“What are you doing there?” he thundered.

“I am awaiting absolution,” was the reply.

“That's true,” said the priest. “I had forgotten you.”

Gravely he raised his hand and blessed that bowed young head. Then, before going away, after glancing around him for the platoon of execution, dispersed in the disorder of the attack, he drew off a step, took aim at his penitent and shot him.

Two Extremes.

The smallest and the largest books in the world are owned by the British museum. The former is a tiny “bijou” almanac, less than an inch square, bound in red morocco and easily to be carried in the finger of a lady's glove. The largest book is an atlas of the fifteenth century. It is seven feet high. Between its pages a tall man is completely concealed. Its stout binding and enormous clasp make it look as solid as the walls of a room. These two extremes of the printer's art might justifiably stand at the beginning and the end of the bewildering seven miles of shelves filled with books which make up a part of the treasures of the great English library.

Birds and Landmarks.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty to determine at what distance from home a bird can direct its course by landmarks. Trained pigeons can do so for hundreds of miles, and shore birds and those which breed in cliffs near the sea have no difficulty whatever in reaching their homes after once striking the coast line. These birds are conspicuously conservative in the matter of nesting sites, breeding by myriads in a few colonies, to which they return at stated intervals.