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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1903.

Weekly Church Calendar.
Sunday March 1—Gospel St. Matt. 1:1-11—St. David, bishop and confessor.
Monday 2—St. Simplicius, pope and confessor.
Tuesday 3—St. Canegeandis, Empress and virgin.
Wednesday 4—St. Castimir, confessor. F.
Thursday 5—St. John Joseph of the Cross, confessor.
Friday 6—Holy Crown of Thorns. Fast.
Saturday 7—St. Thomas Aquinas, doctor and confessor. Fast.

Forty Hours Devotion.
The Forty Hours Devotion will be held in the following churches next week—
March 1—First Sunday in Lent; Holy Family, Auburn; Scottsville, Newark.



Jesus is Tempted by the Devil.

By His fast Christ sanctified our fasts, mortifications, and abstinences when we practise them in a true spirit of penance. His example renders easy for us those sufferings by which we conquer the rebellion of the flesh. By His fast He instituted and blessed that fast of forty days which the Church has always observed as an apostolic tradition.

Satan, taking occasion of Christ's hunger, tempted Him to change stones into bread. Christ answered that man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. This answer teaches us to put our confidence in God in all our necessities. He will provide for all our wants. How many anxieties and sins we would avoid if in our troubles we would put our confidence in God! Let us, then, live the life of the just; let us abandon ourselves without reserve to the mercy of our heavenly Father, and remember that a just man has never been forsaken by God.

We should never tempt God. Christ could have come down from the pinnacle of the temple by the ordinary way, and it was tempting God to expect Him to work an unnecessary miracle to preserve Him if He had cast Himself down from that height, as the devil tempted Him to do. Thus also we tempt God when we ask for miracles in confirmation of our religion, as faith is sufficient for us. We also tempt God when we ask to be cured of sickness by a miracle when we can be cured by proper medicines. We tempt God when we expect Him to preserve us from sin while we place ourselves unnecessarily in the proximate occasion of sin.

We should learn to love and practise mortification and penance, and not to lose courage when strongly tempted. We should repel the suggestions of the devil with the maxims and precepts of the Gospel, and look to God for the reward of having suffered and endured for His glory.

Books.
Chester, Dean and Timmerman's Laboratory Manual of Physics. By Henry C. Chester, Philip R. Dean and Charles E. Timmerman, of the New York City High Schools. Cloth, 12mo, 1902. Price, 50 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. The seventy three experiments in this little manual include all those desired by the College Entrance Board by Harvard University and by the New York State Regents.
Franklin and Graeme's Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading. By Susan Bralcy Franklin, Ph.D., and Ella Katherine Graeme, A. B. Instructors in Latin at Miss Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Cloth, 12mo, 80 pp. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. This little book contains material for students in the last year of a college preparatory course in the Roman year in Latin, and is designed to test and to exercise their power to

AN IMPORTANT MOVE

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AND ITS NEW RECTOR.

What is indicated by the action of His Holiness in transferring the University to the Jurisdiction of the Congregation of Studies.

The announcement from Rome that the Catholic university in Washington is to be transferred from the jurisdiction of the congregation of the propaganda to the congregation of studies and that Mgr. Dennis O'Connell is to be the rector to succeed Bishop Conroy marks an important era in the history of Catholicity in this country, as it indicates a gradual change in the administration of the church in the United States and seems to presage a desire on the part of the Vatican to confer on the American hierarchy an independent status.

Heretofore the Catholic university has been under the congregation of the propaganda, a mission jurisdiction, the United States being classified as a missionary country. The transferring of the institution to the jurisdiction of the congregation of studies and the appointment of Mgr. O'Connell as rector are regarded as indications that the American policy of administration for the institution will be continued. Four cardinals compose the congregation of studies, Cardinal Satolli, who was formerly papal legate to Washington, being at the head of the body.

The congregation of studies exercises authority over the Catholic universities of Europe and the world, while the congregation of the propaganda has jurisdiction of universities and other educational institutions in mission countries. By placing the university under the authority of the former body it is argued that the Vatican has taken the first step toward taking the United States out of the category of missionary countries and placing it under the direct supervision of the holy father. It is also argued that the change is one of honor and dignity and that it in effect elevates the character of the university and places it on the more substantial and impressive foundation of the older universities of the world.

The new rector of the Catholic university of America, the Right Rev. Mgr. Dennis O'Connell, was born in Columbia, S. C., in 1851. He became acquainted with Cardinal Gibbons when he was still a boy, the cardinal at that time being vicar apostolic of North Carolina. As a student of Cardinal Gibbons he entered St. Charles' college, Elliott City, and studied for the priesthood. Mgr. O'Connell was regarded as a brilliant student, and when he finished his course at St. Charles' college the cardinal, who had become bishop of Richmond, sent him to the American college at Rome to study for the diocese of Richmond. He finished the course in 1877 and obtained the doctorate in theology by passing what is still talked of in Rome as a remarkable examination. Immediately after his ordination he traveled through this country with Mgr. Conroy, who was sent here as an extraordinary apostolic delegate, and Dr. O'Connell acted as his secretary.

He then entered upon the practical work of the ministry in the diocese of Richmond, serving for a time at the cathedral in that city, and afterward as pastor at Winchester, Va. When the third plenary council was convoked in 1883, Dr. O'Connell was chosen one of its secretaries. At the conclusion of the council he was sent to Rome with his decrees, to obtain for them the approbation of the holy see. It was while Dr. O'Connell was in Italy on the mission for the council that he was appointed rector of the American college in Rome in 1885 to succeed Bishop Hotot, whose death occurred a year before. The American college under Dr. O'Connell's administration of ten years, it is said, made rapid strides, and when he resigned in 1895 it was in such condition that its permanence was established.

During his rectorship Mgr. O'Connell was made a domestic prelate of the pope, whose confidence and personal friendship he enjoyed in an unusual manner. Since his resignation of the rectorship of the American college in Rome Mgr. O'Connell has lived abroad, mostly in Rome, devoting himself to studies in archeology and as pastor of the Church of Santa Maria, across the Tiber. He has during this period, as well as before, given special attention to the social, economical and political problems of the times. His wide acquaintance and intimate intercourse with all the leading thinkers of the world have made of him an undoubted authority on those matters.

The retirement of Bishop Conroy from the rectorship of the Washington university has been anticipated for months, as it is voluntary on his part. He is a man of broad scholarship, and the financial responsibilities involved in the administration of a new institution like the university are not congenial to him. It is understood that he is to be made bishop of Buffalo to succeed Bishop Quigley, who has been appointed to the see of Chicago.

God's Justice.
Our own experience teaches us that if a child is faulty a good father, impelled by his very love and in justice to himself and his offspring, fashions out of the faulty child a strong and moral man, builds up his character by strengthening it where it is crooked, making it sound where it is rotten. Shall not our Heavenly Father do as much? As one corrected his son, so the Lord thy God correcteth thee. Thus God's justice completes his love.

TWO GREAT CARDINALS.

The Late Vice-Chancellor of the Church and His Successor.

Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, sub-dean of the sacred college and vice-chancellor of the Catholic church, who died at Rome on Jan. 15, was born on Aug. 13, 1833, the son of a miller, at Mantua. He studied for the priesthood and became curate of the Church of St. Gervasio at Mantua, where he gained the reputation of being the greatest preacher in Italy. He was made bishop of Padua and then archbishop of Bologna, but the Italian government refused him his exequatur, so he was unable to draw the emoluments of the latter see. He was appointed a cardinal bishop by Pope Pius IX. in 1877 and became vicar general to the pope and he was frequently spoken of in connection with the succession to Leo XIII., and he had four votes in the last sacred conclave. Cardinal Parocchi was a member of many of the sacred congregations, including that of apostolic visitations, of which he was president; the Inquisition; the council, the propagation of the faith, the index and sacred rites. He was president of the commission of papal archeology. It was of him that Cardinal Gibbons is said to have declared on the occasion of his last visit to Rome: "Cardinal Parocchi is the most striking individual whom I have met in Rome. He combines politics with piety and piety with politics."

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who has been appointed vice-chancellor of the church in succession to Cardinal Parocchi and who is now considered a strong candidate for the succession to the papal throne, comes of a family that helped in the making of modern Italy and has relatives in several great business lines and political positions throughout the kingdom. Born in Genzano Nov. 26, 1834, he took his collegiate degree at the Jesuit college of Rome and took up diplomacy early. His earliest service abroad was as auditor of the apostolic delegation at the City of Mexico when Emperor Maximilian went there on his disastrous expedition. He accompanied Mgr. Meiglia as auditor at Monaco and soon afterward was himself named apostolic delegate to Ecuador and Peru. Next he went asuncio to Belgium, then to Munich and next to Vienna, where he was brilliantly successful during a crisis in the history of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It was while at Vienna March 14, 1887, that Pope Leo XIII. created and proclaimed him cardinal. Personally Cardinal Vannutelli is a giant. He stands above 6 feet 2. He is most aristocratic in his tastes and maintains a splendid establishment in the Via Monte Giordano. He is on intimate terms with both the king and queen of Italy, although he has never gone to court, and is supposed to be in high favor with the triple alliance.

Neglecting the Scapular.
Importance of having on the person some distinguishing Catholic emblem is the subject of a paragraph in the Catholic News. Some weeks ago a lineman on the Third avenue elevated in New York met with an accident. When he was being examined, a Catholic standing by noticed that the man wore a scapular and hurried for a priest. Death occurred within half an hour of the accident, but the priest arrived in time to administer the last rites of the church. If it had not been for the scapular, extreme unction would not have been possible. "Too many persons," comments our Canadian contemporary the Carmelite, "are careless in wearing their scapular. Sometimes they lay it aside and forget to put it on again or when it is torn they neglect to replace it immediately. Catholics should always carry about with them some emblem of their holy faith."

A Few Things.
Forever we devote our attention to gaining a livelihood. We envy those who have succeeded in amassing money, and we forget the real secret of the higher kind of life does not lie in the things we possess. A few things are really enough. A little in the end is all that any of us makes use of—a little food, a little clothing, a small room, a few things. Now, if we can learn to understand that it will be well with us, having a few things only and these things not expensive, then we will not feel the need of devoting all our ability, all our energies, all our lives to accumulating money.

Mother Drexel's Work.
Mother Mary Katherine Drexel will spend a fortune in doing Uncle Sam's work among the Navajo Indians in Arizona. She has arranged for erecting a mission school for members of that tribe, involving an outlay of \$100,000. Mother Drexel has expended a vast private fortune for Catholic missionary enterprise among the Indians and negroes of the United States.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Bishop O'Connor of the diocese of Newark recently celebrated his silver jubilee. Two hundred priests were present.

Archbishop Farley has appointed Rev. Christy Schreiner of the Order of St. Benedict to be vicar forane of the Bahama Islands.

Rev. John J. Farrell of St. Paul's church, Cambridge, Mass., is at the head of a movement to organize a Catholic club at Yale university.

Rev. Thomas E. Judge will edit the Review of Catholic Pedagogy, the first periodical devoted to Roman Catholic education work, which is about to be issued in Chicago.

The pope has conferred upon Father Henry Robinson, vicar general of Colorado, the title of monsignore. This is the first time this honor has been conferred upon a priest of the Rocky mountain region.

THE DECOY COIN.

A London Omnibus Conductor's Trick on His Passengers.

Mr. Barry Pain in his book, "De Omnibus," tells the following amusing story:

"One day," said the conductor of the omnibus, "a chap gave me a small furm coin, and the look of silver, which it weren't, and not unlike the oney sixpence. If I had a 'ole in it, and that gave me a hideer, I put a tack through the 'ole and fastened the coin darn ter the floor of the bus. And mar thinks I to myself, we shall see what we shall see. Fust a ole gent in, caws't one glance at the coin and then looks arand innocentlike and begins 'ummin' ter 'iself. Then he puts is eye on me, and I didn't appear to be takin' no notice of 'im. Slowly 'e slides 'is 'oof over that coin and stoops darn ter fawsen up 'is boot lue. I sees 'im fumblin' awye ther, tryin' ter git that coin up; then 'e chucks it and sets up agen. A moment arter 'e gort art, and afore I'd done lawfin' two ole ladies come in. Both of 'em sees the coin and nudges each other. Presently one of them stoops darn ter pick it up. I stoops 'er."

"Egscoose me, ma'arn," I says, "but whort are yer doin'?" "Pickin' up a sixpence I dropped just now," says she as bold as brass.

"'Beg pardon," says I. "Are yer sure that's it?" "In course I am," says she.

"I seed 'er drop it myself," says the other lady, "and I seed it roll ther." "So don't you try and pretend it's yours, Master Conductor!"

"Sittin' not," says I. "If it's the lady's, let 'er pick it up. I only awst because I didn't seed 'er drop it."

"Then she tries ter pick it up, and the game begins. 'It must 've gort caught in 'er 'ole,' she says.

"Yes," says I, "it's caught in a tin tack 'ummed ther through the middle of it." "Likely you dropped the 'ammer and tack some time you dropped the sixpence—only if you look at it you'll see as it ain't a sixpence."

English Medals For Indians.

During the American war of independence it was considered politic for England to be on terms of friendship with the North American Indians. Large and handsome medals were then struck for presentation to the chiefs or great men of the tribes who had rendered good service to George III. On the obverse side this medal shows a bust of the king in armor and with laurel wreath. The reverse side represents an American Indian and a white man sitting together under a tree, the Indian in the act of presenting his pipe to his companion in token of peace and friendship.

In the background are Indian wigwags, and above is the legend, "Happy White United." The loop for suspension is significant, being an eagle's wing and the calumet of peace placed crosswise.—Chambers' Journal.

The Speed of Racing Camels.

The racing camel is very carefully bred, and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer. I have seen the start of a race, writes a correspondent, and it reminded me, in a far off sort of way, of a horse race. The camels were all arranged in line, and they sniffed the air in their anxiety to be off. A flag was waved, and they set off at a terrible pace, as if they were only racing for a short distance. They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace, and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors. I have also seen the finish of a camel race. The camels came in at intervals of several hours, and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.—London Opinion.

His Mistake.

A story is told of a Kansas man who sought to prepare himself for his wedding ceremony by learning the marriage service "by heart." When the critical time came and the minister asked if any one knew a reason why this man and woman should not be joined together, the young man cheerfully responded, "I renounce the devil and all his works." "Are you a fool?" tartly inquired the parson. "All this I steadfastly believe," confidently replied the groom. He had merely made the mistake of learning the baptismal covenant.

Just Kittenish.

"Men is sho' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown. "Dey goes back on you on de slightest provocation." "What's been happenin'?" asked Miss Alice Jefferson Tompkins. "Mr. Rastus Pinkley come aroun' tryin' to kiss me, an' so as not to seem tho' willin' an' audacious I smashed 'im wif a flatiron, an' 'jes' fob dat he jilled me!"—Washington Star.

NEXT OF KIN

By Elizabeth Cherry Waits
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August Werner was hammering steadily away at his pipe when a small figure appeared in the barn door. The young farmer at once suspended operations, for it was an occasion when Aunt Happy braved her fear of the cat's paws. She held a letter in her hand.

"Der carrier blew der horn, und here was a new kind of letter py you, August."

"Let's see, Aunt Happy—A. Werner, Abbeyville, Mercer county." That looks like me. It's from Pittsburg, Pa. Well, I do not know any one there."

He tore open the end and took out a typewritten sheet of paper. As he glanced through it he got red in the face.

"Will der anything wrong pe?" queried the small woman.

"Nothing wrong, but something I don't at all understand. Say, Aunt



"IS THIS AUGUST WERNER?" DEMANDED THE RED FACED MAN.

Happy, you knew my mother, didn't you? Had she any relatives in Pennsylvania?"

"Was it kin, you means? Vell, he neffer said noth'g py me. Was it good news or bad news, August?"

"Hard to tell in one way. That letter says that a cousin of my mother is dead and has left me \$2,000 to look after his little girl. He was on his way here when he was taken sick in Pittsburg and died. The lawyer that writes has sent her right along for me to keep until she is married. She's got some of her own."

"My, my!" cried Aunt Happy. "Vat strange dings! You take care mit a young child? I dinks it's me dakes care mit der child, August, und you gits der money."

"It looks that way," replied the man cheerfully, "only I think there is a mistake. There's one thing certain, and that is she will be in Abbeyville on the afternoon train, and I have to go in and bring her out here."

"I puts a ped in my rooms," promptly replied Aunt Happy, "und it will make much difference in der house, August. You vas getting too much to stay in der house und py me. Der child must pe made ferry happy mit der fairs und der circus und der picnics."

It is hard to tell what August's feelings were as he drove along the country road; at least the money would pay off the remainder of his mortgage and buy the coveted ten acres that cut into his land so badly. Again he realized that he had been a lonely man and that a child would lighten his life.

The eastern train was later than he thought, and partly to pass the time August got shaved and made some purchases he afterward regarded as providential. Several passengers alighted, but no small girl. In a tremor of anxiety August ran along to the conductor.

"There was a small girl to come on this train from Pittsburg," he said breathlessly.

The conductor grinned.

"From Pittsburg? We had a passenger, but she was a pretty big girl. There she is over there. All aboard!"

August stared down the platform and beheld a young lady, elegantly dressed to his simple mind and carrying a guitar case. He walked toward her in confusion.

"My name is Werner," he began diffidently. "I am looking for a girl"—

She smiled back timidly.

"Then you are my cousin—all the cousin I have. We were on the way here when papa was taken ill."

August turned away from her face of grief and tried to speak gruffly.

"I'll send for your trunks. We will ride right out, and my housekeeper, Aunt Happy, will make you comfortable."

In this confounding situation Aunt Happy was his tower of refuge. Her face was a study as she helped him carry in the stranger's bundles, but she never wavered.

"I hopes it vas ferry vell you vas," she said, beaming as usual.

over the country," she said. "Some times I went along, sometimes I went to school. I never had a home. I want to stay here with you and Aunt Happy until you are tired of me."

"It will for us a ferry good thing pe," said Aunt Happy, and so it was settled.

August Werner wrote to the lawyer and told him of the situation. Three months passed, and Gertrude Hazleton was another creature, plump, care free and happy. The roses bloomed, and in the summer evenings she sang little songs to the stink of the guitar.

One hot July morning a buggy drove to the front gate. From it descended a pompous individual and a red faced middle aged man of unattractive appearance. They were met by Aunt Happy.

"Is Mr. August Werner here? Does a Miss Hazleton stay here?"

"O ja," smiled Aunt Happy.

"We want to see them," said the pompous man, sitting down to mop his brow.

Aunt Happy seized a bell rope and by a vigorous pull started the pegasus from the vine wreathed little capota above. Then up the lane from the orchard came the blond August side by side with the darker Gertrude. It was a pretty picture.

"Is this August Werner?" demanded the red faced man.

"It is," returned the young farmer.

"Well, my name is Werner, too—Albert Werner. I live in Crosby township, and you got a letter meant for me last spring. This young woman is my niece, the daughter of my mother's cousin, who married Jerome Hazleton. How does she come to be kept here?"

"I received a letter to meet her at Abbeyville," returned August, somewhat hotly. "I've been writing to the man who sent her."

"Trying to get that money?" sneered the stranger. "Well, it's mine. And I've come after my niece."

"I don't want the money unless it is mine," retorted August, "but Gertrude has stayed of her own will."

"Dot's der truth," added Aunt Happy. "She got no use to go vay."

"I'm the Pittsburg lawyer," put in the pompous individual, "and I had to come out here to get this thing straight. This Albert Werner is your cousin, Miss Hazleton."

It was Gertrude's turn now.

"I don't care about that," she retorted. "I never will go with any one who talks to August like that. I know all about the will. It was made when I was a little girl. I'm of age now."

"The will says until you are married," began the lawyer.

Aunt Happy slapped the door shut gleefully.

"Dot vas der pest choke!" she said feelingly.

August took the floor, his big blue eyes looking. "If being married came up this any, we'll have it over with at once instead of next Sunday, as we intended. That fixes the money, for it mentions to the next of kin, and a son-in-law is a great deal nearer than a third or fourth cousin, isn't it, squire?"

"Vell, vell!" smiled Aunt Happy.

"Dot vas der goot vay out of it. I vas lo gay I feels like der circus und der fair und der picnics vas all der time now."

But the lovers had wandered back to the garden hand in hand, oblivious of anger, greed, malice and the whole.

IN BED WITH A CORPSE.

Grewsome Experience of a Traveler in an Arizona Town.

"About 11 o'clock on a stormy night in November of a certain year," said a Baltimore commercial traveler, "a friend and I stepped from a train in one of the small towns in Arizona. A broken down market wagon was the only vehicle about. We hailed the driver and were taken to the only hotel which the town could boast. We found the proprietor asleep in his chair, which was tilted against the front of the bar. He was awakened by our noisy entrance.

"To our dismay, we were told at first that there were no accommodations to be had, the hotel being filled with cattle dealers. But upon our insistence the proprietor consented to put us up for the night. My friend was assigned to a room over the dining room, while I agreed to bunk with the proprietor's son, who was already asleep.

"A short time after I retired there came a noise at my door. Two men stepped boldly into the room and opened bags that they carried. Presuming that they were robbers, I kicked my bedfellow on the foot, but he did not move. I kicked him again, and as he did not respond I threw my arms across his face.

"Great heavens!" I shrieked, greatly startled, as the face was icy cold. The men, hearing me yell, fell over each other endeavoring to get out of the room, never stopping to pick up their lanterns or effects.

"I immediately dressed and went downstairs, relating as best I could my story to the landlord, who, now wide awake, listened attentively. To my astonishment, I learned that instead of being assigned to room 10, which was occupied by his son, I had been put in No. 15, which contained a corpse. The men that I supposed were robbers were undertakers, who had come to prepare the body for burial. What they thought when they heard the supposed corpse make such an outcry, I could only surmise."—Baltimore Sun.