

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT  
 234 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
 BY THE  
**CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY**

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 Entered as second class mail matter.  
**ROCHESTER TELEPHONE 2355.**  
 J. Ryan, Residence Phone, Bell 1658 Main Y  
**SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1908.**

**Two Daniels Come to Judgment.**  
 Why cumber it the ground, this "dull, timid, invertebrate, Bishop-censored" Catholic press?

We have the ex-cathedra statement of the "Rochesterian" for it that "the secular papers are now very fair and courteous in the treatment of all creeds, and people of any creed may subscribe for them with a sense of security." That being so, the mission of the Catholic press is obviously at an end. "Rome has spoken, the matter is closed." What can Catholics need with a press of their own, when the enemy is "courteous," and actually ensures them "a sense of security." The "sense of security" is what we have been hankering after these long years; but still more "courtesy." The absence of these two qualities in the secular press constituted the only rationale for the existence of a purely Catholic press. Interchange of ideas, strictly accurate presentation of the Catholic case, review of questions from the Catholic point of view, are a mere bagatelle; given "a sense of security," and above and beyond all "courtesy" by the secular press, what sane Catholic could wish for more? "In most cases" says the "Rochesterian" "the diocesan paper is avowedly under episcopal control." "Scandalous!" "And in all cases it is actually so, even when censorship is not acknowledged." Incredible!

What more do Catholics want to know of their religion other than that purveyed through such infallible and illuminating channels as the "Rochesterian's" column? What do they want with a press inspired and guided by such a theological ignoramus as a Bishop? Especially why, "when some Catholic sheets are driven to such disreputable shifts to sustain themselves as to virtually blackmail political candidates of all parties for years, on the pretext of publishing a portrait and a sketch of each politician's life." Out on such papers! Even the newest babe and suckling in the ranks of the discredited Catholic press in these parts says of them: "if there be such publications pretending the garb of Catholic, they should be brought to book." Indeed they should; yea, unto the fire that burneth yet consumeth not. To further quote the babbling of this bright child (not the "Rochesterian"): "how does the Catholic editor" he wants to know "differ from the secular editor? Is not the latter under the censorship of the proprietor, or the counting room?" Now is not that a poser for a two week old? But then youngsters are proverbial for the awkward questions they can ask. Of course the child is using this "tu quoque" in defence of the antiquated, narrow-minded system of episcopal censor or editorship. If only he were raising up his tiny voice on behalf of something more sensible, and less discredit-able. We wonder if the "Rochesterian" in his lofty aerial will hear the pipe, and condescend in the magnanimity of his soul to reply to it, and thus give it the milk of which babies of its age stand so sorely in need, namely that of "sweet advertisement." Maybe, for if the "Rochesterian" has ideas of his own, he has also a heart. The youngster has the audacity to inform the leviathan of South Water Street that "it (the Catholic press) is here to stay." How then could he have the heart to smite

down this plucky unit? No, he is not built that way. It is we fossils of the Catholic press, we that are enmeshed in and "strictly bound to ecclesiastical authority," we that have run the gamut of journalistic folly in perpetually supplying Catholics with mental pabulum just of that quality of which in the opinion of the "Rochesterian" they stand least in need, that he would see as extinct as the Dodo; and we would die to please him to-morrow only in the words of the old lady, "We are not prepared." Some people think we serve a useful purpose, if only to voice the views of "ecclesiastical authority," and incidentally to chafe the nerves of "Rochesterian". At any rate, we have continued on our present misguided course so long, that whether from cussedness or senile folly in displaying tenacity of life, we are loath to give up the ghost. Indeed the big man's kicks have positively a rejuvenating effect upon us, and should he persist in them, may discover to us the very elixir of life.

**History of a Great Hymn.**  
 (Written for The Catholic Journal by Veritas.)  
 On a hill on the left bank of the Tiber, in the midst of the charming scenery of Umbria, stands the old Etruscan town Tudertum. It was here that early in the 13th century, Giacomo Bendetti was born. His family was a noble one, and when after a course of study at the University of Bologna he returned to his native town to practice as a lawyer, a successful career seemed assured. He soon married and settled down, and had for a wife, a beautiful, gifted and pious woman.

On a certain day a great ball was given in the town at which the wife of Bendetti was present. The lawyer was busily engaged at his work when a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets and arrived in time to take her in his arms while she breathed her last. In loosening her garments he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair. The sudden death of this beautiful girl wife in the very springtime of life gave him a shock from which he never recovered. He gave up his practice, his home, his former life, and became possessed of a "holy madness" as he himself describes it. As the once prosperous, dandified lawyer now passed through the streets of the town, bareheaded and barefooted and clad in a coarse hair garment, with haggard face and a strange unearthly fire in his eyes, little wonder the urchins called after him "Jacopone" silly Jack. But this did not disturb him—may he accepted the title joyfully.

Eventually he applied for admission to the Franciscan convent, but was repeatedly refused, until the community recognized that in him they had a postulant of no mean order of ability and piety. In his wanderings to and fro the overwhelming grief suffusing his heart had formed expression in words—words that burned into and formed responsive chorus in other hearts. The Madonna and the Divine Child became the objects of his consuming love and none of his poems are so exquisite as those addressed to her. Sorrow did not make a poet of Bendetti but it revealed to him that he was one, and furnished the world with perhaps the greatest religious epic of all time—the Stabat Mater. The musician is yet unborn who shall do justice to this matchless interpretation of the tragedy of Calvary. No man has ever probed the sorrows of the Mater Dolorosa and sympathized with her in her affliction, as did this heart broken friar of the 13th century. The spectacle of the Virgin Mother at the foot of the cross in silent grief overwhelms the poet, and he bursts out: "O quam tristis et afflicta, fuit illa Benedita, Mater Unigeniti." He is no mere narrator or idle spectator of the scene; overpowered by his emotions he exclaims: "Eia Mater, fons amoris." He longs to share her burdens with her. Listen to his passionate prayer: "Sancta Mater istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas, corde meo valide." He craves literally for the stigmata of Our Lord. As the poem approaches its close agony of mind is succeeded by the passion of adoration, and one seems to see a bent form refusing to be lifted, and to

catch the echo of a voice going forth in unending supplication.  
 Little wonder then that this poem had no sooner been given the world than its transcendent merits were recognized. Bendetti's cry of agony pierced the walls of his "beloved cell" and found a response in every sorrow laden heart. To weep with Christ's afflicted Mother was indeed a consolation: "Quis est homo qui non fletet, Matrem Christi si videret in tanto supplicio?"

As the most eloquent dedication of suffering ever penned the Stabat Mater calls for a musical setting of which it can be said as of the hymn itself "the angels must weep as they listen to it."  
 The oath of the members of the Typographical union savors strongly of Masonry and should be changed at once if the union wishes to keep Catholics within their ranks.

The parochial schools now are fairly started on their work for the semester and we trust no children are being kept at work to the exclusion of school for the small pittance they are able to get.

It is with pleasure we announce that we have secured the services of two special writers for The Journal. "Veritas" who supplied us with an excellent article on "Voltaire" last week, has another equally as good for this week on that beautiful hymn "Stabat Mater." "Hew and There Through Ireland" is the title of a charming story written by "Shaughraug" which we are sure will please our many readers.

The Powers should take some decisive action to bring the Sultan to a sudden stop in the slaughter of tens of thousands of Christians in the Balkans. It is the disgrace of the century.

**Five Minute Sermon**

**Christ Heals the Dropsical Man.**  
 The Gospel relates that on this occasion Christ healed a man who had the dropsy, and He taught those present as well as us also that it is not forbidden to heal the sick on the Sabbath day. Besides, he showed that we must avoid pride and cultivate humility.

St. Augustine says that the man that had the dropsy was a figure of the rich miser, who the more he has the more he wants, after the manner of dropsical patients, who the fuller they are of water the more they want to drink. The dropsy of this man signified any other predominating passion of the sinner. Any passion, when it takes possession of the heart becomes insatiable, and the more it gratified the worse it becomes, like the thirst of one afflicted with dropsy.  
 True humility consists in considering ourselves as nothing before God and men; for indeed we are nothing, and all we have, in the order of nature or in the order of grace, come from God, as also all we do, great or small, depends on His help and goodness.

The degrees of Christian humility are as follows: To know ourselves, our insufficiency, our natural misery, and hence to have a low opinion of ourselves. Secondly, to bear patiently and with fortitude humiliations, wherever they may come from. Finally to rejoice in these humiliations and to say with David: It is good, O Lord, that Thou hast humbled me.

**Forty Hours Devotion.**  
 The Forty Hours Devotion will be held in the following churches next week:  
 September 20—Addison; Cohocton; Webster; Livonia.

**Weekly Church Calendar.**  
 Sunday September 20—Gospel, St. Luke, xiv, 1-11—Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
 Monday 21—St. Matthew, apostle and evangelist.  
 Tuesday 22—St. Thomas of Villanova, bishop and confessor.  
 Wednesday 23—St. Linus, pope and martyr.  
 Thursday 24—Our Lady of Ransom.  
 Friday 25—St. Firmin, bishop.  
 Saturday 26—St. Cyprian and Justina, martyrs.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**  
 as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.  
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**"LET US HAVE PEACE."**  
 In an interview Gen. Miles gives new emphasis to the fact that the ablest generals and greatest fighters among American soldiers have been the firmest friends of peace.  
 Gen. Grant's noble aspiration, "Let us have peace!" and Gen. Sherman's graphic saying, "War is all hell!" are now echoed by Gen. Miles. The veteran of many campaigns and hero in half a hundred battles says: "The spirit of peace should be cultivated rather than the demon of carnage."  
 Gen. Miles declares that "we need not constantly appeal to the war spirit to keep the American people bravely patriotic." And he is sustained by all our history in saying, "We are not a meddlesome, warring nation."  
 Depicting eloquently the development of the West which he has witnessed, Gen. Miles says:  
 The road to the Orient is through the Golden Gate, the mouth of the Columbia and the Straits of Fuca. The completion of the Siberian railway makes us a near neighbor to the great Russian Empire and Northern China. If our heretofore friendly relations are cultivated the commercial advantages of our people will be very great. As new fields of commerce are opened they are easily accessible from our Western ports. If we follow the precepts of Washington and avoid foreign entangling alliances our future will be as prosperous as our past has been glorious.

It is gratifying to find a real soldier discouraging war as Gen. Miles does, and taking so broad and sane a view of our commercial expansion.  
 When George Washington was elected President of the United States he was thought to be getting a pretty important office. Yet the new mayor of New York will preside over about as many people as Washington did and his government will spend more money in one year than that of Washington and Adams did in ten.

It will astonish not a few people to be told that the most valuable of our crops, excepting only corn, wheat and hay, is eggs. The lay of the American hen is worth about \$300,000,000 a year. All the cattle and hogs slaughtered in the country are worth less, and so is the country's total yield of both gold and silver.  
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