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THE GATE OF HEAVEN

IT OPENS ON THE HOUSE OF GOD,
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

One of the Reasons Why Protestant Churches Are Half Empty While Catholic Places of Worship Are Filled to Overflowing.

We hear a constant wail from the Protestant shepherds that their flocks are empty on Sundays. Sterility blights their labors at all times and everywhere. Their congregations, like monasteries, are huge at their birth, and they tend, like the famous ass, skin in Balaak's novel, to utter extinction. Their churches are always too large for their congregations. But plant a Catholic church anywhere, and it illustrates the parable of the mustard seed and the law of all life. The edifice is always getting too small, and the adjoining schools become inadequate to accommodate the large attendance of children. The price of real estate in the vicinity shoots upward at an increasing rate, so that enterprising real estate dealers frequently donate sites in order to attract Catholic churches and thereby augment the values of their property.

Now, what is the explanation of this interesting and instructive contrast?

The great surprise to us is that the Protestant churches can command even slender congregations. Consider for a moment the absolutely insane preaching in which their ministers indulge. St. Paul in the presence of one of the most cultured congregations that ever lived declared that he came only to preach Christ and Him crucified. Nay, more—he invoked an anathema upon himself should he ever dare to preach any other gospel. But the preachers of the Protestant churches preach anything and everything except Christ crucified.

A man of ability like Stopford Brooke of London may be able to hold even a so-called Christian congregation by substituting in his church Sunday after Sunday lectures on the English poets for sermons on Christ. But American ministers, with few exceptions, have recourse to sensationalism in order to titillate the exhausted nervous systems of their unfortunate hearers. Is it any wonder that the Protestant churches are empty?

What a different situation presents itself in the Catholic churches! They are filled to overflowing because they offer religion to the people. A sacrifice in the fullest sense of the word is an essential element of religion. Christ's sacrifice upon the cross is the central principle of every priest's preaching. Christ's sacrifice upon the altar—the continuation of the sacrifice on Calvary—is the great object of their worship. What a sublime thing is a Catholic church in the eyes of the people! Verily, none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

The same grand act that divides history into two eras, that recreated the Roman empire, that won to civilization savage peoples whom the arms of Constantine, Charlemagne and Otto had subdued in war, that thrilled the minds of the greatest sages for nineteen centuries, that bowed the heads of the fiercest and bravest warriors in humble adoration in grand basilicas and cathedrals, while these magnificent shrines vibrated to the sublimest music ever composed, that same grand act in all the fullness of its intrinsic efficacy, with all the grandeur of its historic associations, with the fascination of its divine symbolism, is offered in the humblest Catholic church from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof for the quick and the dead. Upon the mind of every Catholic, therefore, not brutalized by vice there is borne in the irresistible conviction that this is the perpetual sacrifice of which the inspired Malachi shouted down exultingly from the mountain tops of vision to the eager generations that were to follow.—New World.

A Needed Quarantine.

The states quarantined against yellow fever, and we know the reason why. Should they not quarantine against yellow and sensational journalism? The houses and the homes invaded by scarlet fever and smallpox, etc., are placarded that the innocent and healthy may not become victims. Why not guard the homes from the seeds, the cartoons and the advance agents of immorality? Seen too often, the familiarity takes away the possibility and the power of a blush or a quiver of shame. A law ought to be passed forcing people who have filthy linen to wash in the legal tribunals to do it behind closed doors in the presence of the officials alone. This law ought to forbid, under severe penalties, the publication of details of divorce cases and other matters of immoral filth.—Catholic Universe.

Newman on Religion.

"One thing," writes Newman, "is certain. Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates or extenuates, whatever it says and unsays, at least the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there was a safe truth, it is this." In another place the same great thinker says, "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real, in any of our be-

liefs as to whence we come and whither we go."

Suffering.

As the strongest, deepest love veils itself most in silence and secrecy, so does love's inevitable penalty, suffering, shrink from discovery and observation and figure even those appeals for pity with which it is beset by its own weaker nature, and by such ignoring does it not only conquer suffering, but gains the strength to suffer more and conquer more.

CHURCH FEDERATION.

A Story Which Explains the Position of Our Protestant Friends.

The meetings recently held in New York to promote church union give rise to many and varied reflections. Catholics did not attend. Coadjutor Bishop Greer, so distinguished for his breadth of view and moderation, regretted their absence, but they could not be present, although most welcome. The Unitarians wished to be present, but they were not invited, whereupon they accused the promoters of the scheme of narrowness and bigotry. But how could they, even with such distinguished would-be delegates as Senator Long and Rev. C. Eliot, son of the Harvard president, be admitted into an assembly whose fundamental doctrine is the divinity of Christ?

Astonishment is in order not from the number of those excluded, but from the number included. An air of dejection, if not of absolute hopelessness, characterized the sessions. Disintegration has proceeded too far as the logical result of departure from central authority. In some there has been not alone disintegration, but decomposition rank enough to smell to heaven. When there is a better explosion of the engineer, if he survives, does not think of gathering up the pieces and fitting bolt and plate again to put together the former mass.

It is related that some cruel and mischievous boys gave an old man's favorite dog a choice piece of meat in which there was concealed some deadly explosive. In a short time the body of the canine was distributed for a mile to the four winds of heaven. The sorrowing old man wished to have his favorite stuffed and set in a glass case, but the taxidermist informed him that Tige could never be collected—his hair, hide and "innerds" were too far apart.—Church Calendar of West Virginia.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

Tribute to an Old and Famous Irish Catholic Journal.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every educated Catholic the world over will rejoice to learn that Mr. Wilfrid Ward has accepted the editorship of the Dublin Review. There is no layman in the English speaking world better equipped than he is for the splendid propaganda in favor of the true religion, sound philosophy and sober science carried on by this historic periodical.

Who, inspiring associations rush into the mind at the thought of this appointment! Cardinal Wiseman, whose biography by Mr. Ward has been classed as a standard work of literature by critics of all denominations, wrote an article on "The Donatist Controversy" for one of its early numbers, which turned the mind of Cardinal Newman toward the Catholic Church. Mr. Ward's father, the logician of the Oxford movement, was at one time its editor. Here we have a unique instance of literary heredity.

The famous theologian, Dr. Murray of Maynooth college, regularly appeared in its pages as "a great whale swallowing whole shoals of heretical heresies." Every prominent person and every great movement in Ireland during the latter half of the nineteenth century was identified with it.—New World.

A "Religious Atmosphere."

Addressing the students of Notre Dame recently, Rev. President Cavanaugh thus illustrated the meaning of a "religious atmosphere."

"Wherever artists are wont to live together you have an artistic atmosphere, and children who grow up in such surroundings naturally take to a career of art or at least have a keen appreciation of art without conscious effort. Wherever literary people form a circle apart there is a subtle influence in the direction of bookishness that touches all who come within that circle. So, too, wherever profoundly religious men live together there is created a religious atmosphere, and by merely breathing this atmosphere a young man is unconsciously formed to religious thought and conduct. He is led to accept the religious point of view about life, about philosophy and literature and history, about his career on earth and his eternal destiny hereafter."

Importers or Worshippers.

"We do not say," says the Western Watchman, "that all spiritualists are deceivers. The number of the deceived vastly surpasses that of the deceivers. People who have no faith and who are at heart materialists are astonished at what they call spirit manifestations. Man is a spirit as well as a body, and he who studies the ways of the spirit will be rewarded by strange discoveries. The spirit is the life and action

of the body. Human life is a spirit manifestation. But the action of the spirit is normal and directed by the Creator. We know much of that action, and to some it is given to see more profoundly the ways of the soul. But those who pretend to regular and ordinary intercourse with the invisible world are either impostors or are in league with the evil spirit, mostly the former."

Seek, and You Shall Find.

Remember that all this world can bestow will be assured by seeking, as God intended we should seek, the kingdom of God. For to seek the kingdom of God consistently it is as necessary to be industrious as it is to be prayerful, and industry will bring all in the way of worldly wealth that your capabilities can accumulate. Honesty, truthfulness, candor and sincerity must characterize the dealings of him who really seeks the kingdom of God. And with this array of virtues embodied in practical life pleasure, honor and culture are assured.

GET WHAT THEY DESERVE.

Protestant Evangelists Who Hunt For Trouble and Find It.

The Sacred Heart Review directs the attention of its Protestant contemporaries which were so righteously indignant recently over the assault upon the Salvation Army by a few irresponsible blackguards in Montreal to another case in another part of Canada. At this place—Carberry, in Manitoba—"where the devoted Redemptionist missionary goes there to minister to the spiritual needs of his coreligionists, he is generally greeted with jeers and insults from men in their Sunday clothes whose only idea of religion is hatred of the Pope."

The Northwest Review, which gives this case, calls it one of many.

But, comments the Sacred Heart Review, you will not see a word of condemnation for such examples of anti-Catholic blackguardism in any Protestant paper. When, however, some hot-headed Catholic uses a physical force argument with one of the many "evangelists" who invade Catholic districts and begin operations by insulting believers and denigrating the Catholic church, holds sacred there arises a great howl about the intolerance of Catholics, and the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood are dragged into the affair neck and crop, as if they had been present in full canonical directing these disturbances. As a matter of fact, the Catholic clergy in the true spirit of the Gospel are continually preaching and teaching their people to be patient with those who misunderstand and revile the Catholic religion. But there are limits to what flesh and blood, no matter how well disciplined, can endure, and it must appear plain to all prudent men that the Protestant evangelist who goes looking for trouble and finds it receives only what he well deserves.

An attack of bigotry upon a Catholic priest when he is attending to his own religious affairs and those of his people is, however, an entirely different matter. Catholic priests do not stand on street corners and deliver fiery harangues against the faith of Protestants or make insulting references to the morality of Protestant ministers. Such scenes, therefore, as that reported from Carberry, Man., are unprovoked and unpardonable. Protestantism, we are continually reminded, stands for liberty, tolerance, education, enlightenment, refinement, etc. If so, what is the matter with the brand of Protestantism they are using at Carberry?

Praise What They Once Repudiated.

In a recently published volume of Anglican sermons on social subjects the Rev. Paul Bull strongly advocates the revival of monasticism. This long reported institution is, according to the conviction of Mr. Bull, a present day need. It is a need because the quiet worldliness of the clergy robs the Gospel of all its force. A plea like this recently put forth by an Anglican clergyman makes another of the great religious-social revolutions of the present day. The church which claims the allegiance of this divine was founded, needs not fear to assert, on hatred of monasticism. Cupidity for the possessions of the monks had no small share in the zeal of the early Anglican reformers. It matters not which cause figured most prominently in the establishment of the English church, what is significant is that there should be so much as a whispered desire for the re-establishment of a system so long and so cordially denounced. Time proves to be the greatest vindicator of the ancient church. Monasticism, the Mass, the real presence, the confessional, an indissoluble marriage bond, once repudiated as products of Roman priestcraft and loathed by an emancipated Christendom, now come one by one in to honor.—Catholic Transcript.

Hidden Love.

When love has made us acquainted with the Blessed Sacrament it seems as if His Visible Presence upon earth could hardly have been so real, so plain, so cognizable, so undeniably evident as His Sacramental Presence. It becomes hard to believe, not because the mystery is so appalling, its miracles so singular and so multitudinous, its difficulties so obscure and so impenetrable—oh, no—but because, O Lord, faith is of things unseen, and we seem

to have seen Thee so clearly that we should know Thee and discern Thee now forever more and because faith is of things hoped for, and we had had Thee and handled Thee and tasted Thee and possessed Thee.

Shun All Shades of Lies.

It should be pointed out to children that a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence. And all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than the plainly worded, so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance. And finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

THE BIBULOUS MONK

IT IS TIME TO BANISH THIS GROSS
LIBEL ON FACT AND FAITH.

An Issue in Which Every Catholic Everywhere Should Join. We Are All Too Tolerant of Public Immorality and Villainous Representations.

It is time to say a word about the merry, bibulous monk who is always indulging in good cheer, tipping the bottle, tapping casks or engaged in sports with his equally merry brother monks. The art decorator with execrable taste invented him, and turn where you will he confronts you with broad smirk, decanter and glass. He looks out of store windows and holds up his glass with the air of the critical toper, he jolls back in his chair, the bottle firm in his grasp. He is an ornamental detail of mission furniture, and his tattered head has been accented out to serve as a tobacco jar, a pipe bowl, a drinking cup, a parlor vase and a bonbon box. He appears on placque and postal card, in fire coat frames and elegant frames, and he is always rotund, always roistering, never the monk we were taught to revere in our childhood, whom we associated with holy deeds and noble living. Stories of Fra Angelico and his angels, of Thomas à Kempis, of the heroes who colonized California had all prepared us to accept the grossly vulgar art conception of the monastic presence.

Alas for modern taste and for the little children who acquire their early ideas of pictorial art from the indecent poster, the stretches of lurid billboards and colored supplements of the Sunday paper! Some weeks ago an enterprising publisher offered a premium picture with the Sunday edition, and Catholic children coming from Sunday school were pressed into service to introduce the picture into Catholic homes. "Don't you want to buy this picture?" asked a six-year-old. "Jack will give me a picture if I sell it." The picture was the monk! To be just, it was not the monk in his most objectionable guise, but still the monk as a votary of pleasure, with a band of his brethren gayly casting their lines for fish. There was little of the man of God stamped on any face in the group, nothing to suggest the sternness of the calling the brown habit stood for. "Aren't monks funny?" said the six-year-old.

It is time to call a halt to impressions on Catholics the efficacy of protest when business interests can be advanced. The dealer who exploits the jolly, bottle draining monk will withdraw him from the show window if Catholic patrons object to his presence, the restaurant keeper will consent to replace him on the walls with something less offensive to Catholics, and the tobacconist will devise another receptacle for the fragrant weed. We are all too tolerant of public insult, of gross misrepresentation, but guide if not high, should we not abolish the caricature of the monk? His work has kept learning alive, has discovered and colonized, and Christian art has depicted him as becoming his achievements for God and humanity.

Why not make children familiar with the inspiring pictures of these holy men whom artists loved to paint upon their countenances? Murillo's "Anthony With the Holy Child" appeals irresistibly to all children, and yet his life story is too little known. The portrait of Fra Angelico is a noble conception of a monk, so instinct with spirituality, and there are many, many, uplifting pictures to tell of monks and monasteries and of legends connected with them.

With such pictures to inform and elevate public taste there is no excuse for tolerating the presence of the jolly monk. The accounts carved to look like a champagne label and labeled "Liberty," "Himself," "Ours," etc., were bad enough, but faith is more than race, and the banishment of the bibulous monk is an issue in which all Catholics should join.—Gerald Farrell in Donahoe's Magazine.

To a person an injustice or injury and sooner or later it will reach you yourself.

Good advice is more precious than gold. A tender word, a good prayer, is more precious than good advice.

AROUND THE GLOBE

WASHINGTON

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is receiving petitions daily for the canonization of Pius IX. It is likely the initial process will be inaugurated soon, especially as Pius IX has given the movement his explicit sanction.

The League of the Gines appears to be making headway in Germany. A branch was established the other day at Elberfeld. The principle upon which it is conducted there is "Moderation for all and total abstinence for some, especially for those who drink to excess."

Bishop Cloutier of Trois Rivières, Canada, has two brothers who are priests and seven sisters who are nuns. Ten members of one family in religious life is certainly a remarkable record.

Rev. Father Garrigan, pastor of Chillicothe, Ohio, has completed the task of the transfer of the Methodist church building to the Catholic parish. Possession of the property will be taken about the first of the month after some repairs have been made.

The fifth American Catholic Congress has been held in Vienna. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna and many other leading ecclesiastics, as well as various public figures, took practical interest in the congress and dealt with in the papers and discussions.

The Pope has sent to the Bishop of Tyrone, Don George O'Connell, a copy of the apostolic constitution, of the same name, Ireland, a splendid gift to himself, with his signature, and his Holiness refers to the origin of the constitution, grants him a pension of \$10,000 a year, and the Pope's name is in his regard.

A controversy has been raised in Rome concerning the relics of St. Francis. The relics of the saint, which were kept in the church of the Holy Spirit, were taken to the Vatican by the Pope. The relics of the saint, which were kept in the church of the Holy Spirit, were taken to the Vatican by the Pope.

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Favorite in Rochester are Dean and Lashar. They are not content to be merely actors. They have appeared before the public in a "High School" drama, "The Taking of the Castle." They have a new sketch, "The Wire Tapper." And from writing all the material that is used by himself and his partner in vaudeville, he finds time to furnish short stories for many periodicals, and he has produced a melodrama which will be put out next season by a firm of New York theatrical managers. Mr. Dolan is a powerful and fascinating actor who has come to the front with rapid strides the past few years.

His pretty partner is entitled to her share of the credit for their many triumphs and will be seen with seven other big acts at the Cooks twice daily all next week.

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