

The Catholic Journal.

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A DEVOTED SISTERHOOD.

Brooklyn's Nuns of the Good Shepherd and Their Work.

They Have Recently Celebrated the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Their House—Labors of the Past and Plans for the Future.

The Nun of the Good Shepherd is a triumph of the mercy of the Heart of Christ. A triumph, because unlike most developments of grace aided by nature, she is not on the lines of nature, but in opposition to them. For the heart of the woman, however virtuous and loving, is a fountain of compassion for all other frailties, is pitiless to the moral lapses of her own sex.

God sends the Nun of the Good Shepherd. More than even the best of her sister-women she hates the sin; but she is set apart from them in that she can safely take the sinner to her heart. She is the fruit of Christ's compassion for the penitent Magdalen. Her mission was prefigured when Christ pictured the Good Shepherd in quest of the lost sheep; and her achievement is the consecrated virgin and the penitent sinner together, like Mary and Magdalen of old, at the foot of the Cross of Redemption.

The Nun of the Good Shepherd forsakes her home, her family, and kindred; she renounces all the hopes, joys and pleasures that only seem as the natural portion of the season of youth, health and vigor; she forsakes everything, and, turning eagerly toward the silent walls of her chosen dwelling place in the cloister, she goes there to make herself the guide, helper and servant, not only of the poor, the lowly and dejected, but also of those whom sin has reduced to a lower depth of degradation. With them and ministering to them, she finds the only peace and happiness that earth can give her. Loving these poor souls for the sake of their merciful Saviour and hers, for whom the most Precious Blood of Christ flowed, endeavoring with gentleness and kindness to sustain the bruised reed, and not extinguish the smoking flax. Treating them with that true politeness and courtesy becoming the spouses of Jesus Christ.

For the Nuns of the Good Shepherd take no account of race, or color, or creed, when there is a question of a soul to be retrieved for Christ. All are admitted to the full capacity of the House, and all are treated in precisely the same way.

On May 8 the House of the Good Shepherd completed the twenty-fifth year of its organization in the Diocese of Brooklyn as a Reformatory Protector for females.

It may be interesting not only to the friends of the House, but to the public in general, to give a brief summary of its labors in the past, and set forth its hopes and plans for the future.

Beginning under the patronage of the lamented Bishop Loughlin, a colony of religious from Yorkville, N. Y., came to Brooklyn on the 8th day of May, 1868. The house assigned them was a three-story brick building in Henry near Atlantic street; this was soon crowded and the number of applicants for admission increasing it became necessary in the following year to rent the adjoining house which was also soon filled. Here they strove through poverty and privations of all kinds endeavoring to maintain by their industry the poor wanderers who sought a home at the Asylum till the year 1872, when typhoid fever broke out among the penitents. The contagion soon reached the religious and carried off three of their number. The desire they had long entertained of procuring a more suitable dwelling now became a necessity and another building was rented for \$3,500 per annum at the corner of Atlantic and East New York avenues. This house, though large, was not at all adapted to their work. They purchased the title to a block of land situated between Hopkinson and Pacific avenues and Dean and Pacific streets. On this they commenced to build in 1873, but for want of funds very little progress was made, and although not raised higher than the basement story, they were obliged to stop the building. A large mortgage had to be raised on the land, the interest on which was a continual drain on their resources. Through the generous kind-hearted friends of the House the work of building was once more resumed. This went on very unobtrusively and slowly up to the present date when their last building the laundry is just completed. In the meantime three other mortgages had to be raised in order to carry on the work.

Building operations are proverbially slow, and we may well believe that it was a patient and formidable task ere the substantial and in many details elegant structures that form the present House were completed; but with the generous aid, never asked in vain, from the kind charitable friends of the Institute the buildings are all complete. Constant earnest efforts are still required to wipe out their present debts.

Girls fall from virtue because they have never been grounded in their religion, or trained to self-control, or exercised in useful and self-supporting work. Religious instruction, a grammar school course for those who need it, the formation of habits of virtue, and training, and exercise in manual labor, according to each one's strength, capacity and taste, is a summary of the reformatory system of the Good Shepherd. Labor purified by a good intention is one of the chief means of reform relied upon in the House.

Store shirts and laundry work are the most important branches of industry, but the prices have gradually undergone such reductions that at present a mere pittance is paid for really good work.

In the House of the Good Shepherd there are three divisions of inmates. The Sisters of St. Mary Magdalen, commonly called "Magdalens" who live in strict retirement, being, however, a community of nuns of the third order of St. Teresa, following the Carmelite rule, entirely distinct from the Order of the Good Shepherd but always governed by the members of that Order. The "Magdalens" ever remain in their own order, as it is impossible for any person whose reputation has been in the slightest degree tarnished to be a member of the Order of the Good Shepherd, there being in that Order an inviolable law to that effect, for no penitent, however holy, however gifted and accomplished, can become a Nun of the Good Shepherd. The penitents are those who enter voluntarily or have been committed to the care of the sisters.

Besides the Magdalens and Penitents there is in every House of the Good Shepherd the Preservation Class; a department entirely distinct and devoted to children who are unmanageable, badly brought up, orphans, or those rescued from danger or exposed to such.

No matter how numerous the departments are the slightest intercourse between the respective inmates is strictly prohibited; one or more of the Religious are constantly with them. The Nuns who have to deal directly with the penitents and the children of the Preservation Class are cloistered. Perhaps in the charity of the Institute this voluntary imprisonment of the Nuns is meant in some sort to reconcile

AMONG THE LEPERS.

Noble Work of Catholics on the Island of Molokai.

Nine Sisters of Charity and Two Fathers Minister to the Wants of the Poor Wretches—Gracious Acts of an American Convert.

Dr. Leonard Freeman, a prominent physician of Cincinnati, has returned from a town of the Sandwich Islands, where after much trouble he secured the privilege of visiting the celebrated leper colony on the Island of Molokai. Of the island he says that it contains about 5,000 acres. It is surrounded on three sides by the Pacific Ocean, and guarded on the fourth by a tremendous precipice, which cuts it off from the rest of the world like a gloomy wall. There are about 1,100 lepers in the colony, and it is true of this spot if it is of any other that "Ye who enter here leave hope behind." Even the ground itself looks as if it had leprosy, with its volcanic debris sticking through the thin soil.

We went at once to the little Methodist church, made of boards and painted white, where the Rev. Mr. Emerson, whom I had met on the steamer, was to deliver a sermon. The church was as plain as a church could be, with wooden benches and some pitifully small panes of stained glass inserted above the windows, in order to impart a religious air to at least a portion of the light which entered. Just outside the open door I could see the white surf pounding against the black rocks with a roar that sometimes threatened to drown the voice of the preacher.

This was one of the strangest congregations in the whole world—some without fingers, some with their stumps

insufficient and improper food, eating with their dirty fingers from a single dish, smoking the same pipe. It is no wonder the Hawaiians have been decimated by leprosy and afflicted with other terrible diseases. One may live with lepers for many years, however, without contracting leprosy. It is said that a native woman of Honolulu sent three husbands to Molokai with the disease before she developed it herself.

There are several other churches in the colony besides the Methodist, including a Catholic Church and a Mormon Church; but the Catholics seem to be doing the most real work—the others take it out largely in talk. There are nine Sisters of Charity and two Fathers, all from Syracuse, New York. The buildings in which they live are neat and clean and are surrounded by gardens and banana trees. These noble women are sacrificing their lives to a great and loving work under the most discouraging circumstances. How sweet, good and gentle they were to the lepers! Some have been in the colony five or six years without having once left it.

I met on the island a gentleman named Dutton, who had been an officer in the United States army, and lived for a time in Cincinnati. He was formerly wealthy, and stood high in the social world. Five or six years ago he was converted to the Catholic faith, disposed of his fortune, gave up his social position and went to Molokai to devote the remainder of his life to the lepers. I found him a good-looking and extremely intelligent man, about 45 years of age, with black hair and beard and a pleasing address. He lived in a one-story, three-roomed cottage, surrounded by a high stone wall. The little rooms contained many religious emblems, pictures of Christ and the

but they do not do it. The truth is, they seem comparatively resigned and happy. There are so many of them that they do not lack society, and the worst cases appear to mingle freely with those in the earlier stages. They have meat, bread, potatoes, plenty of clothes and bedding, churches, a reading room, and good enough homes. They have organized a band of musicians among them, and some are quite good performers. The Catholics have erected several plain pavilions, like hospital wards, with kitchen and dining-room attached.

DOMESTIC RADING.

The man who wastes time wastes money.

An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.

O Mary, thou hast received every privilege, and no saint is equal to thee; no one is above thee but God.

As the rivers lose themselves in the ocean, so may we lose self and sin in the inexhaustible ocean of a Saviour's love.

The heart of this good Mother is all love and mercy; she desires only to see us happy. We have only to turn to her to be heard.—Ven. Carr of Ars.

Consider Mary carefully, and you will see there is no virtue, no beauty, no brightness, no glory which does not shine forth in her.—St. Jerome.

Listen, all you that desire the kingdom of God:—Honor the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and you will find life and eternal salvation.—St. Bonaventure.

Mary is the mother of all good—for she is not the Mother of God—and the world can truly say that with her it has received all good things.—St. Antonius.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

He Celebrates the Twentieth Anniversary of His Consecration as Bishop.

There are few men in this country whose names are better known than that of the metropolitan of the province of New York, yet it is safe to say there are few men occupying a position of equal prominence who personally are less known. On May 4, 1873, he was consecrated bishop of Newark by Archbishop Bayley, and this year also marks the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

There were five of the Corrigan boys. Many old residents of Newark still remember them. Three, James, George and Michael A., chose the priesthood as their vocation. Of the other two one became a lawyer and the other a physician. James died about two years ago, the pastor of a church in Elizabeth. George is the present pastor of St. Agnes' church in Paterson, N. J.

In his youth the parents of the present archbishop urged him to become a lawyer, but the religious vein that already had manifested itself in his only sister, who had become a nun, and two of his brothers, who were preparing for the priesthood, drew him toward the latter as his vocation. After graduating from Mount St. Mary's college, Emmitsburg, Md., in 1859, he sailed for Rome to become one of the first 12 students in the American college there, of which the late Cardinal McCloskey was the first rector.

He was ordained by Cardinal Patrizi on Sept. 16, 1863. During the following year he won the degree of doctor of divinity in open competition. He came back to Newark. Bishop Bayley, then bishop of Newark, appointed him professor of dogmatic theology and Sacred Scripture in Seton Hall college. The Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, now bishop of Rochester, was president of the college, and the Rev. Henry A. Brann, now pastor of St. Agnes' church in East Forty-third street, New York, the vice president.

Father McQuaid was made a bishop, and Father Brann was sent to take charge of a parish, and in 1868 Father Corrigan became the president of the college. In 1870 Bishop Bayley attended the Vatican council in Rome, and during his absence Father Corrigan administered the affairs of the diocese. Rome was so well pleased with the executive ability he displayed that when in 1873 Bishop Bayley was made archbishop of Baltimore Father Corrigan was promoted to the purple.

For seven years he ruled that see. Then Cardinal McCloskey, feeling the burden of years and his many duties bearing heavily upon him, asked Rome to appoint a coadjutor for him, at the same time recommending the youthful bishop of Newark as the man. In September, 1880, the brief arrived creating Michael Augustine Corrigan titular archbishop of Petra and coadjutor to the archbishop of New York, with right of succession. Five years later he succeeded. On April 19, 1887, Leo XIII still further honored him by making him an assistant at the pontifical throne.

The archbishop of New York is one of the busiest of men. Most of his business is transacted in a light and pleasant office on the second floor of the small white building at Madison avenue and Fifth street. Back of this room is his sleeping room and across the hall is the office of his secretary, Rev. James N. Connolly.

The archbishop usually arises at 6 a. m. As a rule he goes immediately to the cathedral to pray for a short time. Then he retires to the sacristy and is vested for mass. This usually begins at 7 a. m. He is assisted by his secretary, who acts as chaplain. A half hour completes that rite; then 20 minutes are spent in prayer, after which he returns to his residence. He reads his office and by 8:30 is ready for breakfast. Nine o'clock finds him in his study with his secretary and his mail.—New York World.

The Month of Mary.

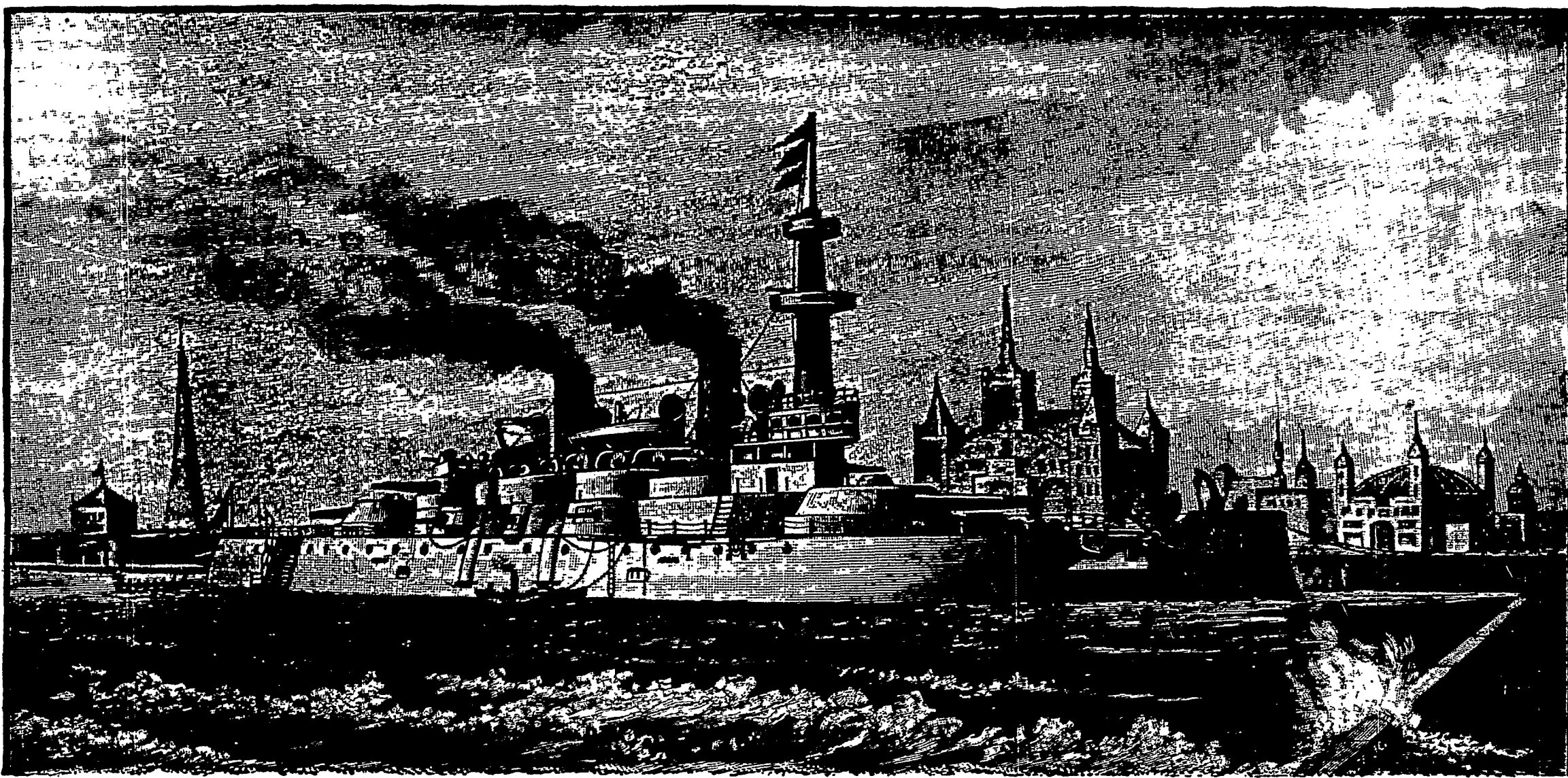
The month of May has come again, with its beautiful devotions to the immaculate mother of God. There is nothing in the practice of the Catholic church lovelier than this custom of devoting this fairest month of spring, around which so many poetical associations cluster, to the Blessed Virgin.

Every evening the sweet hymns in her praise and the prayers for her intercession will ascend to her from all Catholic churches. In our holy faith religion is not for Sundays only, but for every day and for all times in the day.

During this month Catholics who profess to practice their religion, in addition to taking part as often as possible in the evening devotions, should say the Angelus regularly and without fail. It is a beautiful prayer, centuries old, carrying us far back to the times when, as many think—among them Mr. Ruskin—the world was much better than it now is. At all events, there was more innocence and faith—all Christians were united, and Catholic truth prevailed everywhere.—Selected.

Catholic Notes.

Queen Victoria visited the holy sepulchers in the seven churches at Rome on her recent visit.



THE WORLD'S FAIR COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE AMERICAN BATTLE SHIP EXHIBIT.

the subjects of their charitable labors to the enforced seclusion of the reformatory.

Death of a Distinguished Jesuit.

The death is announced of the distinguished English Jesuit, Rev. Henry Coleridge, S. J., younger brother of the Lord Chief Justice, which occurred at Manresa House, Rochester, England, in his 71st year. He was educated at Eton, and was afterwards elected to an open scholarship at Trinity college, Oxford, where he took his degree with first-class honors in classics. While a young man he became a convert to the Catholic Church, and entering the Society of Jesus, was constantly employed in tuition, or in the work of preaching. He was the author of several religious works included in the Quarterly Series issued from the Rochester Press. For a long time he was rector of the church in Farm street. He was a contributor to many of the reviews on subjects relating to scientific research and theology, and just before his death had completed and published a "Life of Christ," the last of a long series of theological works.

A happy life consists not so much in pampering the appetites as in the exercise of reason with sobriety and a sound mind, searching the causes why one object is to be preferred and another rejected, and expelling those opinions which occasion so much trouble to the mind.—Epicurus.

Mary is like the lily among thorns. It is necessary at the same time to love and to suffer. When the wind blows the thorns they pierce the lily, but it only sends forth from its wounds an exquisite perfume, embalming the thorns which have torn it. So do you, like Mary figured by this lily, only love more those who call you to suffer.

or hands and feet done up in rags; some with their faces deformed by dozens of fleshy nodules as large as English walnuts, until they looked like caricatures of humanity, and others with their enlarged and nodular ears hanging down on their shoulders like mutton chops. One man, the native preacher, had a nose like a warty cucumber; another was covered with ulcers. There was not one who did not in some way show the stamp of the loathsome malady.

They were all dark-skinned natives, except one white man, who sat in a front seat, the picture of hopeless dejection. Mr. Emerson spoke earnestly in the Kanaka language, and his audience listened eagerly. After he had finished he requested me to address the congregation, and I preached my first and perhaps last sermon. One of the lepers, with an obvious paucity of fingers arose and thanked me. Among other things, he said he hoped I would live long and "never have leprosy," as though leprosy to him involved every evil in the world, and if I escaped it I could not fail to be happy.

After the sermon we got some horses and rode about the settlements. The lepers live in white frame houses about the size of an ordinary room, and divided into several apartments. They do not require much furniture, because they prefer squatting on a floor to sitting in a chair. They have horses, cats, dogs, and other domestic animals, and some of them cultivate small gardens.

When a Kanaka gets leprosy he regards it as a dispensation of Providence, buries his hopes and ambitions and goes to Molokai to die. To be sure the disease is only feebly contagious, but contagious it is, and the slovenly, unhealthy lives led by many natives are conducive to its spread. Huddled together in small damp huts, existing on

Virgin Mary, and were very neat and clean for a bachelor's apartments. A century plant grew in the yard, emblematical, perhaps, of the slow monotonous life around it.

Every morning this good Samaritan puts on an old blue blouse and a pair of overalls and goes down to what he calls his "workshop," a small frame house with a veranda, around which are a number of benches and some dish pans, filled with warm water. Miserable, decrepit lepers come hobbling in until the benches are filled and standing room is at a premium. Mr. Dutton, with true religious courage and sympathy, bathes the leprotic sores in the pans of water, and applies fresh salve and bandages. A Cincinnati lady has presented him with a large music box, and while he is attending to these poor people with great ulcers on the soles of their feet, and without toes, or even without much of any feet at all, this music box plays waltzes by Strauss—a genuine piece of sarcasm. Mr. Dutton is nobly carrying out the work inaugurated by Father Damien, who lived some 16 years among the lepers, and finally died a martyr to the disease the horror of which he had endeavored so long to mitigate.

I remained in the leper colony two nights and nearly two days, and was just as glad to get away from the place as I was to get into it. I never before realized how dreary a landscape could be in spite of beautiful scenery and perfect climate if suffering humanity formed the background. Although, strictly speaking, the people do not suffer much, a characteristic of the disease is the early destruction of sensation, so that a finger, or even a leg, might be hacked off without much discomfort. They never commit suicide. It would be easy to climb the precipice that guards their prison and jump off,

the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.—Landon.

Pride dries the tears of anger and vexation; humility those of grief; the one is indignant that we should suffer; the other calms us by the reminder that we deserve nothing else.

The most Holy Virgin is a garden enclosed whereinto sin and Satan have never yet entered to sully the blossoms; a fountain sealed—sealed with the seal of the Trinity.—St. Jerome.

May Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, be pleased to make a special outpouring of His grace through thee, O merciful Queen, upon all who are calling on the sweet name of Mary.—St. Bernard.

Mary, thou embracest with maternal affection a sinner despised by the whole world, nor dost thou leave him until thou hast reconciled the poor creature with his Judge.—St. Bonaventure.

A friend is not wanted to be one's counterpart, and to repeat all our emotions; but we need the friend who will accompany us in our researches for truth, and aid us in rectifying our judgments.—Plutarch.

The blue, blue sky was over my head, and the waves were breaking below on the shore. I walked through the little chapel, and I saw the Madonna in blue and red, the Christ carrying His cross and the Roman soldiers with the red. I walked down the sloping rock to the brick pathway. The olive trees stood up on either side of the road, their black berries and pale green leaves stood out against the sky; and the little ice-plants hung from the crevices in the stone walls. I thought I had never seen the heavens and the earth look so beautiful before. The old, old, tiredness was gone, I was at peace with God and man.—Olive Shriener.