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AROUND THE GLOBE.

WHAT THE CHURCH IS DOING IN THIS AND OTHER CONTINENTS.

Many Items of General Interest That Will Be Appreciated by Our Readers.

One of the most distinguished honors that can fall to the lot of a Yale student—the chairmanship of the Yale Literary Magazine—was captured recently by a Catholic boy, Hugh A. Callahan, son of A. P. Callahan of Chicago.

Sixty years ago in New Zealand there was not a Catholic chapel, nor a resident priest. To-day there is one archbishop, three bishops, one hundred priests, between four and five hundred devoted Sisters, and a population of over one hundred thousand Catholics.

Mgr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, has obtained the consent of the trustees to build a separate residence for the accommodation of the head of the University. It is understood that Mgr. Conaty will himself raise the necessary amount.

About a year ago Rev. Father Mazel, a French missionary in China, was massacred. The French legation took steps to obtain reparation, and M. Hanotaux, minister to foreign affairs, writes to the press that the murderers have been punished, and that an indemnity of 15,000 taels (about \$21,000) will be paid by China. The sum will be divided between the Society of Foreign Missions to which the victim belonged, and the personal relatives of Father Mazel.

Augustine Pope, a woman who some time ago stabbed the Abbe Menard, curate of Saint Medard, has been condemned to two years' imprisonment, with five years' banishment from the Seine Department. The condition of the prisoner formed the essence of the defence of her counsel, Maître Dufour.

A dispatch from Washington says that the Odel Bill, granting permission for the building of a Catholic chapel on the Government reservation at West Point, New York, has been unanimously reported by the Military Affairs Committee of the House. Daniel Lamont, when Secretary of War authorized the establishment of a Catholic chapel there, but upon the advice of Attorney-General McKenna that it would be illegal to do so it has never been erected.

M. Leon Harmel, the energetic Catholic manufacturer of Val-des-Bois, is organizing another pilgrimage of French workingmen to visit the Eternal City. Active preparations are being made for their housing by the standing committee for the reception of pilgrims. M. Harmel hopes to have with him no fewer than 20,000 pilgrims, and expects to arrive with the first contingent of them in the month of August. The Holy Father is much pleased at the renewal of these pilgrimages, his greatest pleasure being to see himself surrounded by large bodies of workingmen.

A very deserving object has lately been strenuously collected for all over France and in connection with which the French Catholic press have appealed—that is the relief of the Armenians. This is a most worthy object, many of the poor sufferers in Armenia—Catholics, as ourselves—have never recovered from the terrible shocks from the last series of massacres in 1896. Many of the men, full-bodied men in the prime of life, are entirely unable to work, owing to the horrible tortures to which they have been subjected, and the Turks are past masters in the art of cruelty. Besides their possessions are confiscated, their homes destroyed, their wives and children have been murdered. L'Univers, good paper as it is, has opened a subscription list for them and has already gotten nearly 20,000 francs.

Since May, 1894, when the building fund for the new Catholic Cathedral of Westminster was started, £66,380 has been subscribed. Promises representing another £24,000 have also been received, making a total up to date of £90,380. Of this sum £43,807 has already been expended upon the building. What the total cost will be is not yet known, for the Cathedral is being built "by schedule"—i. e., the price of every kind of work and material being fixed by contract, and the work paid for at the prices so determined. A great effort is being made to get the building finished in time to allow its solemn opening ceremonies to take place in September, 1900, the fiftieth anniversary of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England.

THE TWO COUSINS.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

[Continued from last week.]

Virginia's blissful married life continued a little over a year longer, then in one short day and with scarcely a moment's warning, the sad climax came. In the early spring she had shed many tears over the newly made grave of her mother, and although it would be long ere she could recall the names of her parents without a deep feeling of sorrow, the still light-hearted Virginia could not be unhappy as long as her husband and darling boy remained.

It was the eighth anniversary of her marriage and the usual reception was to be omitted on account of her mother's recent death. Unwilling to remain alone in the house of mourning, on what to them had always been such a happy day, Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, with about a dozen of their most intimate friends, had planned an excursion to a lake not far from the city.

It was a beautiful morning and when they reached the lake which was not over five miles wide, everything gave promise of a delightful day. About one o'clock a few fleecy clouds were seen over the lake, but little heed was paid to them, so after eating their dinner in the grove the party took two boats and started to cross the lake to visit some friends who were camping on the opposite shore. At first a gentle breeze almost carried the boats along and although the sun had disappeared behind a cloud, no danger was apprehended until they were near the center of the lake it commenced to rain and the wind grew stronger.

Virginia's heart beat with a vague fear that something was going to happen and she spoke of turning back, but as the wind carried them onward her husband told her that it would be safer to go ahead and he bent all his energy upon the oars. When a mile from the shore a sudden gust capsize the frail bark. Virginia had clung to her boy and she knew nothing until she felt her husband's arms around her. "Never mind me, Robert," she said, thrusting the child into his arms. "If you will only save Arthur I can take care of myself." She felt herself drifting away and soon relapsed into unconsciousness.

When she opened her eyes they rested upon the black habit she had once so despised, but when she saw beneath the white gathered band that covered her forehead the kind face of her cousin she felt that she was safe.

"Alexia," she asked "how came I here in the convent?"

"You are not in the convent," said the Sister. "You are in your own home."

"And how came you here," asked Virginia. "I thought you nuns were never allowed to visit your relatives."

"They sent for me when you were first brought home," said Alexia.

"How kind of you to come, dear Alexia, after I had remained away so long."

She paused and a wild, frightened expression came into her eyes as she added, "I remember it all now, Alexia, I remember it all now, tell me where Robert and my baby are, I must see them."

"Not now, Virginia," said her cousin, calmly controlling herself. "You are too weak and you must try to rest a little."

Virginia looked at her but not a muscle of the calm sweet face relaxed to betray the terrible truth, and trusting that all might be well she soon fell into a peaceful slumber during which Sister Agnes and her companion, Sister Cecilia, watched in silent prayer, dreading the time when she would awake and they must tell her all.

Mr. Hurley had become so nearly exhausted in his efforts to row to shore that little strength remained when he was thrown into the water; however, had he been alone he might have reached the land in safety, but with only one arm free, while with the other he tried to keep his half-drowned child above the water, he struggled bravely for some time and had almost reached the shore when both sank to the bottom. It was nearly nightfall ere the bodies were recovered. Virginia and the other occupants of the boat had in the meantime been rescued and taken to their homes.

It had at first been feared that the bereaved widow could not revive, and some said it would be far better for her to die ere she learned of her loss; but through the kind ministrations

of the physician and the two Sisters she was able the next day to leave her bed. Amid many passionate paroxysms of tears she listened to the story, told as gently as possible by Sister Agnes, and leaning on her arm she went to see the two corpses which were laid in the parlor.

Until the day of the funeral she spent most of the time with her beloved dead, leaving them only when coaxed away by her cousin to whom she was becoming greatly attached.

"Once when alone with her cousin, she threw her arms around her and bursting into a passionate fit of weeping said, "Dear Alexia, will you forgive me for all I said to you the last time I visited you, for I am very sorry for it now."

"Forgive you, Virginia, for myself I have nothing to forgive," said her cousin, "for, though it grieved me sadly to hear the religious spoken of in such a manner, I was fully aware that it was because you knew us not, and I loved you to tenderly to take any offense."

"Thank you Sister," said Virginia, deigning for the first time to address her cousin as a religious. "I think I know you better now and I am glad to see you still happy while I am a broken hearted, childless widow. If you know not what it is to have a husband and child to love you, fortunately you will never know what it is to lose them." Here her tears flowed afresh and her cousin instead of trying to soothe her prayed that God might give her more strength to bear her loss.

For several days after the funeral Virginia remained in her own room, refusing to see any of her fashionable friends, who came to offer words of condolence and never had she longed for the company of her cousin as much as she did now. When she thought how happy Alexia appeared to be in the place that once filled her with horror, she almost envied her and wished that she, too might live in the convent. Not as a nun, oh, no; for Virginia Hurley was still too fond of her liberty, nor even as a Catholic, for she could not think of submitting herself to a religion, which in her blindness she believed to be so severe with its members. It was well enough for her gentle retired cousin; but for her to feel that there was an obligation resting upon her to attend church on Sundays, to abstain from meat on Fridays, and keep the other fasts as she had seen Alexia do, and worse still to humble herself to confess her sins to a priest, besides keeping other rules of which she was ignorant, but believed very difficult, it was too much. No she could never do it.

All the bereaved young widow cared for was to find a place, where away from the world, her husband's friends and the pleasures in which she had participated with him, she might in a measure forget her sorrow. Accordingly one morning about three weeks after the funeral she went to visit her cousin and ask if she might remain for a time at the convent. "I am so lonely at home," she said, "with no one but my servants to speak to, and although they are very kind to me, they cannot console me as you Sisters can."

Agnes hesitated and looked at her cousin as if meditating upon how to answer her. Virginia continued, "Please do not send me away, Sister, ask your superior if I may not remain here, for my home is so lonely that I cannot remain there alone and see everywhere sad reminders of the dear ones I have lost. It is so sad dear cousin," she added, her tears flowing freely, "and only one who has suffered as I have, can realize what it is. It matters not what room I enter my eyes are sure to rest upon some treasure of Robert's while in every part of the house I find my darling's toys where he left them."

Sister Agnes was you here," asked a sweet childish voice which seemed to re-vibrate with music. Virginia started at the sound for it recalled another innocent voice which only a short time ago had been to her the sweetest of music, but was now stilled forever.

"Yes dear I am here," and the Sister stepping to the door led the child into the room saying "This is our little Agnes whom you saw when you was here before."

"Yes, I remember her," said Mrs. Hurley, looking admiringly at the beautiful child whose face turned toward her at the sound of her voice, and as if fearing that the sightless eyes could see her tears she brushed them away and clasped her in her arms; but the tears fell afresh as the soft little cheek was pressed to her lips and Agnes was not to be deceived. Choking a sob Virginia said, "Do you remember

me, Agnes? I am Sister's cousin, Mrs. Hurley, who was here with my little boy a year ago."

[To be continued.]

A GOOD WORK.

A LARGESANITARIUM IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Sisters Thrown Out of Employment by Closing of the Indian Schools Will Be in Charge

Negotiations have just been concluded at Sioux City, Ia., for the purchase by Mother Katherine, formerly Miss Drexel of Philadelphia, of the magnificent cut stone bath house and sanitarium at Cascade in the Black Hills, S. D., for the Order of Benedictine Sisters.

If Mother Katherine's plan is carried out the place will be made a sanitarium for the sick and a pleasure resort for the well. The building will be remodeled and improved and a hospital and hotel erected. The present sanitarium and bath house are pretentious buildings and the plumbing alone—through which item Sioux City became involved in the transaction which resulted in the transfer of the establishment to the sisters—cost \$12,000.

The Order of Benedictine Sisters was joined by Mother Catherine soon after she was received in the Catholic church. Until one year ago the South Dakota branch of the order had 350 Sisters engaged in the instruction of Indian children in the various tribes throughout the state. When government support in this work was withdrawn these Sisters were thrown out of employment and many left absolutely without homes. The attention of the mother was soon attracted to this condition and on her instructions negotiations were opened with Receiver J. M. Manley of the Iowa Construction company for the purchase of the properties at Cascade.

In 1891 Miss Katherine Drexel, who is the daughter of the late millionaire banker of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., founded the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament with the object of converting and educating Indians and negroes. Miss Drexel entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburgh in 1889, intending to devote her life and her great wealth to the elevation and conversion of the aborigines. To her original purpose she later added the conversion of the colored race. The Institute of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament was the result of her endeavors, and it practically dates from February, 1891, when Miss Drexel was appointed Mother Superior of the community of thirteen novices by Archbishop Ryan.

About two miles north of Eden Hall at Cornwells, Pa., St. Elizabeth's convent, the mother house of this order, was immediately erected. It was not formally opened until December, 1893, but in the meantime Mother Katherine and her co-workers were not idle, having established themselves in St. Michael's, the Drexel residence near Eden Hall. The Sisters have now in training 165 colored children in the Holy Providence house, adjoining their convent. These children are of all sects and are mostly orphans and foundlings from all parts of the country. Girls are in the majority, and they have the benefits of a home and a school until they are 21 years old.

They receive a training of the head and hand intended to make them independent and self-supporting after leaving Cornwells. They receive a good common school education, one-half the day being spent in school and the other half in domestic service. Each girl is thoroughly instructed in all the branches of domestic economy. Some take a course in dressmaking; others learn in a well-equipped laundry all the details of laundry work, while baking and cooking classes are provided for still others. The boys are transferred to other trades and industrial schools in their twelfth year. Until that age they educated like the girls.

The same work is being done for the Indians in St. Katherine's Indian school at Santa Fe, N. M. Nine sisters went there from Cornwells in 1894. They have about 120 children under their care, and from time to time visit the various Pueblos about their school for a radius of eighty miles.

A branch school was opened at Rockcastle, Va., in the center of a thickly populated colored district, three years ago. This school is known as the St. Francis de Sales School for Girls. The Christian Brothers have an industrial school for boys near by.

GENERAL LEE.

[For the CATHOLIC JOURNAL.]

"'Twas ever thus" with him through days of doubt, Through battle hours of victory 'mid blood, He'd call the bravest men to "muster out." And fill his ranks with loyal arms again. From northern lands, when mighty forces swept Far toward his sunny home, despoiling sunny lands Ere British tyranny had on us crept He held the hope of nations in his hands. And ere our country, broad, bountiful and fair, Had been despoiled by traitors, and we stood Bereft of home, or trampled in despair, He held in peace, our armor strong and good. May sunset skies of peace illumine his way; Grand be his faith in peace to live again. Brave brother, welcome back from out "the fray" Our ships shall sail triumphant o'er the Maine.

N. McK.

Rochester N. Y., April 22, '98.

HIS FINAL REWARD.

REV. T. J. O'CONNELL DEAD.

Death of a Well Known Clergyman at Ovid.

Ovid, April 15.—The Rev. Thomas J. O'Connell of the Holy cross church of this place died last Friday at the parochial residence.

Deceased was born in county Galway, Ireland. His preparatory studies were made at St. Jarlath's college, from whence he went to the Irish college, Paris. During the siege of that city in the Franco-Prussian war the college closed and Father O'Connell came to the United States. He finished his studies at St. Bonaventure's, Allegany county, and was ordained by Bishop McQuaid on June 22, 1871. He was appointed assistant pastor at Holy Family church, Auburn, N. Y., and was afterwards transferred to St. Morris. From there he was appointed pastor of the Holy Cross church at Ovid, April 20, 1876.

The present beautiful edifice was built under his charge and was dedicated in 1896. He dies universally regretted.

The funeral took place Tuesday morning at Ovid. There was a large attendance of priests from the various parishes of the diocese, and friends from Rochester, Geneva and other places. Bishop McQuaid delivered the funeral oration and paid a glowing tribute to the deceased. A special train left Geneva Tuesday morning to accommodate the people leaving at 7.45 to attend the funeral. Mass was celebrated by Rev. T. A. Hendrick, to whom the deceased was devotedly attached. A quartette from St. Bridget's church, composed of Mrs. Cecelia Meyerling Rampe, Mrs. Frank, Messrs. Kinney and O'Rourke, assisted the choir of the Holy Cross. Miss Agnes Madden was the organist.

Think This Out.

The apparatus which conducts the blood to the different parts of the body may be likened to a river and its tributaries, the big arteries correspond to the river, and the small ones to its tributaries.

What is the effect on the river if the water in one of the tributaries which flows into it is impure?

The answer is simple. The whole river will of course become impure. The same applies to the blood contained in the small arteries if it is in a bad state, and unless this impurity is checked by some specific means, the whole of the blood is rendered impure. The effects on the system generally are disastrous. The diseases arising from this condition are legion.

How is it to be remedied? As all these diseases arise in the first place from the impurity of the blood if you wish to be cured you must seek for something that will purify the blood.

Should you ask your friends what is the best blood purifier, they will in all probability reply Hood's Sarsaparilla, or you can read the statements of people, who, although perhaps unknown to you, are nevertheless true friends, since they allow their letters to be published simply to show their gratitude for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them, and in order that others may be benefited as they have been. Whenever suffering from any complaint which you can trace to the impure state of the blood, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

SPAIN IN AN UNFORTUNATE POSITION.

Result of War will be Establishment of a Republic Combining of Cuba and Porto Rico.

[Special Correspondence of CATHOLIC JOURNAL.]

There is no shadow of doubt. War is inevitable. President McKinley in his message to congress which accompanied the report of the Maine inquiry, said he placed the whole responsibility of the future action as to Cuba on congress and would carry out any policy it directed. The President asked that he be given authority to proceed in a certain way. The House of Representatives, strongly Republican, adopted a resolution which practically gave the President what he asked for.

The Senate, however, refused to pass this resolution on the ground that it gave the President the power to declare war, which was a violation of the constitution. It passed a resolution directing armed intervention and recognizing the independence of the Cubans, and finally after a continuous session of nearly thirty hours an agreement was reached between the two houses on the lines of the same resolution.

Armed intervention in the territory of another nation is equivalent to a declaration of war.

Spain is in an unfortunate position. The rulers now know very well that a war with the United States will result disastrously to Spain and can only end by loss of the last remaining Spanish colonies in the Western Hemisphere, that is Cuba and Porto Rico. But the people of Spain (the most ignorant in Europe) believe that Spain could easily conquer the United States and the surrender of Cuba, without war, would result in the overthrow of the government and possibly the expulsion of the dynasty.

The rulers hope to avert these consequences by resisting the American intervention in Cuba. They have no hope of success in war.

The undoubted result will be the establishment of a republic comprising Cuba and Porto Rico. There is not a nation in Europe that will attempt intervention.

There will be an immediate effort in Congress to make an appropriation for war purposes, because war has actually begun. There need be no great haste in this matter as there was on the 18th inst. in the appropriation of \$219,143,479.28 and it will be some weeks before this sum will be disbursed, and numbers of well informed people think that the war will be practically ended within sixty days if it is vigorously prosecuted.

There are wide differences of opinion as to how any money that might be needed should be obtained. Some favor the issue and sale of bonds, others the issue of treasury notes, others the imposition of excise duties and custom duties.

Either one of these propositions excites debate and it is doubtful if could be adopted. Party dissension might put any one or two of the bills through the House of Representatives, but party discipline does not extend to the Senate.

No one will be uneasy, however, as to the outcome. Money will be provided in any quantity that is needed and there will probably be no exhaustion of all these resources.

A distinguished priest of the church said in substance:

"The action of Archbishop Ireland is much to be regretted. He is one of the most advanced and progressive leaders of the church, but in the political situation which we are now passing through, he has taken a most critical time. Neither Cardinal Gibbons nor Monaghan, neither, each of higher church rank, nor any other Archbishop intervening in any manner, while Mr. Ireland has been exceedingly busy in his internal political, but statecraft affairs of the fact Archbishop Ireland, who the A. C. against the church, the highest authority for the prizes of hell shall against it." But what the diabolical of the doors gives the enemy in.

Try our Catholic friends who buy our Sarsaparilla. West avenue, 594-A. Paterson, N. J.