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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.

The growth of the church in Geneva, the home of Calvin, is shown by these figures: In 1843—Protestants, 34,258; Catholics, 27,504; majority in favor of the Protestants, 6,754. In 1898—Protestants, 52,514; Catholics, 69,955; majority in favor of the Catholics, 17,441.

The Trappist mission in South Africa is vast and still spreading. They have 22 missions, all for Kaffirs, managed and directed by 38 priests, 250 choir and lay brothers and 275 nuns; they have 40 schools, in which there are 1,400 boarders. They have over 100,000 acres of land. Since their advent to South Africa they have baptized within twenty years 3,230 Kaffirs, and they have at this moment 1,500 in preparation for baptism. There is no useful trade for boys or girls that is not taught by the brothers and nuns, who themselves work side by side with the objects of their solicitude, so as to show the nobility of labor.

The Hawaiian islands are in charge of the priests of the congregation of the Sacred Heart and form a vicariate apostolic. In the capital city there is a cathedral with seven chapters attended by five priests. In the rest of the island of Oahu there are eleven churches and three priests. The number in the other islands makes up a total of 23 priests and nearly 100 stations. In Honolulu the Brothers of Mary have a college with 566 pupils, and the Sisters of the Sacred Heart have a convent with 469 pupils. The Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, N. Y., have institutions for lepers at Honolulu (receiving station), and Molokai; also a general hospital.

Rev. John O'Hara has begun the erection of a new church to replace the old one at Whitestone, L. I. In removing the foundations of the old church the corner stone of it was discovered. On opening it the records therein showed that the church had been erected in 1838. There were copies of all the New York papers found a good state of preservation. A lot of rare coins was also discovered. Shortly after the wonders of the corner stone had been revealed the workmen discovered a skeleton. How it came there or whose it was or how long the body had been dead are apparently unsolvable mysteries.

It would be a remarkable coincidence—which we trust will not materialize—if the encyclical which Leo XIII. has recently addressed to the Scotch Catholics should be the last to emanate from his pen. For almost the first, if not the first, document the Sovereign Pontiff published after his coronation was the bull re-establishing the Scotch hierarchy. In fact, his predecessor had practically determined on that restoration, but died before he could execute it. It would be strange if Leo XIII.'s first and last apostolic utterances should be addressed to Scotland.

If it be true that the Pope has advised the archbishop of Manila to put the church in that faraway part of the world under the protection of Gen. Merritt, it only shows that the Sovereign Pontiff, who recognizes that Manila will soon come into the possession, temporarily, anyway, of this country, knows that the American authorities out there will extend to the Catholics the same protection which we enjoy here in this favored land. It may also indicate that Leo XIII. distrusts the character of Aguinaldo and his followers, and fears that if those individuals had the power they would carry out the infamous designs toward the Catholic missionaries in the Philippines with which they have been credited.

All Spanish men-of-war have a chapel aboard, and a singular fact about the chapel of the Reina Mercedes, which was so badly damaged by the fire of the American ships while lying in Santiago harbor that she was not able to leave that port when Admiral Cervera led his desperate sortie from the harbor, is mentioned by the correspondent of one of the New York dailies. The writer says that while all the rooms about the chapel were destroyed by the American shells, the chapel itself escaped injury, and when the American officers, after Santiago's surrender, visited the ship, everything in the chapel was in its accustomed place, as though the chaplain was about to come forward and say mass.

HEROINE OF CHARITY

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.
Author of "The Two Cousins."

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last week.)

What time she spent at home was occupied mostly in sewing for the children, or thinking of some plan to alleviate the cares of their parents. Such, to-day was the queenly Inez who, three years before, had moved in society's gayest circles, finding great enjoyment in it.

In vain had Lord and Lady Ashleigh tried to persuade their daughter to re-enter society after the first few months of mourning for Walter Tracy was over, and within the past two years many brilliant social gatherings had taken place at their home, but she took no interest in them, only being present when she was obliged to and seldom attending any to which she was invited. On one occasion during a grand ball given at the mansion in honor of a wealthy Irish earl who was visiting in the neighborhood she was missed from the company. It was only after a diligent search of the servants that an old lady was sick in a cottage near by and it was at her bedside that she found her. The woman believing that she was dying had sent a messenger for her and she had gone, only stopping to throw a shawl on over her party dress.

Seeing that they failed here, her parents had proposed traveling on the continent and spending several months in Paris, but it was to no avail. She did not care to travel and she despised the very name of Paris with all its giddy pleasures and its throngs of gay people. She always answered them that she was far happier living as she was. "I have many true friends," she would say, "although they are poor, but in society I should be obliged to mingle with the false as well as the true, and besides I can never find any pleasure in them."

Inez had always been her parents' greatest pride as well as the idol of strangers while she mingled with the world, and it grieved them sorely to see their only and beautiful daughter turn her back upon her adored and live as it were, unknown to the world, while on the other hand, that busy throng, as they moved on, sometimes thought of her and wished to have her once more among them. Her parents had hoped that when the grief caused by her first lover's death was over, she would marry some rich lord and become a greater lady than even the daughter of Lord Ashleigh. Her beauty, her winning manner, her wealth and family connections, could not fail to win for her such a husband as they desired her to have, but as time went by they saw too plainly that she had no such thoughts and that in all probability she intended that no one should ever fill Walter Tracy's place. They would sometimes console the mothers by saying that she was still young and in a few years might outgrow her whims, as they called her mode of life.

Sir Edward had heard of how Inez was living before he saw her and he had thought her a very foolish person to thus hide herself away from her friends like a "cloistered nun," as he expressed it. He had known her from childhood and had always taken great interest in her. He was now determined to persuade her to give up her foolishness and become his happy bride. It seemed easy for him who believed her to be only a weak-minded girl. At first when he saw her sweet sad face and altered appearance had wholly disarmed him. But what did he care, for he was one of those kind who, once his mind was set upon an object, would accomplish it whatever the cost might be.

How proud he was in the anticipation of bringing to his mother's beautiful London home not far from the Tracy mansion, the fair bride who three years before had been expected in that vicinity by many friends of his own as well as the Tracy family, for both families moved in the same circle. They had been greatly disappointed in not having her come then, and he was certain she would receive a warm welcome among them now. He would have her re-open the Tracy mansion which he knew belonged to her and which had been left just as had been prepared for her first coming to it. How proud he would be to see her reign as mistress of that beautiful domain and queen of her own household. He knew that his position and title were in his favor as far as the opinion of Inez's parents went and he also knew himself to be one of Lord Ashleigh's most esteemed and trusted

friends. To him he would make first appeal and try to win Inez's affections through her parents, not right away but some time in the near future, perhaps when he returned to make his promised visit if a favorable opportunity presented itself.

Lord and Lady Ashleigh, in their affection for their daughter, had for the past few months allowed her to have her own way, saying nothing about it, although it grieved them very much to be obliged to do so, and would have continued to let her follow her own inclinations, trusting that she would soon grow tired of her melancholy life, had not the evil disturber come when he did. During his first visit Sir Edward said nothing of the matter but watched Inez, carefully noting every action and trying to learn what he could of her from the villagers but, still, trying to appear to pay little or no attention to her. On the afternoon of the second day he left Torrence, saying that he regretted having to shorten so pleasant a visit but would return some time in the spring.

There had been a time when in spite of her feeling of secret dislike for this man, Inez had welcomed him as a friend of her parents and for their sake had been glad to see him, but now something made her feel that he was her secret enemy, so she felt relieved when he was gone and almost dreaded the time when he should return for his promised visit. When he had taken her hand with a grasp of friendship as he bade her good-bye, although outwardly unmoved, she shrank from those fingers as she would from a deadly serpent coiling around her hand. "Oh uncharitable feeling," she thought a few minutes after he was gone, "how can I who pretend to be a Christian have such a hatred for one of my father's friends of whom I know naught but good? May God forgive me for this unmerited hatred and help me to conquer it before he returns that I may at least give him such a welcome as my father would expect me to give." With a repeated act of contrition she tried to vanish him from her mind.

Trying to forget Sir Edward, it occurred to her that during the past two days she had entirely neglected to visit a little girl who was slowly dying of consumption in a cottage some distance from her home. The little invalid who was scarcely eleven, years old was the only child of a very pious mother, and a father who had once been a model Christian but who of late although he had fallen into no bad habits and was still very kind to his wife and child, had grown very careless in his religious duties, seldom attending Mass excepting when he did so to please them and neglecting the sacraments altogether. From her birth the child had been idolized by her parents and all of their hopes had been centered upon her. Now as they saw her slowly drifting away they were nearly broken-hearted for all they cherished would be lost when she was gone, but Inez had been their most faithful friend and comforter during the several weeks of their darling's illness. To the little girl and her mother her coming had always brought a ray of sunshine while the grief-stricken father seemed at times to be pained by her kindness. As his wife watched him she would sometimes whisper to Inez, who was her confidant in all her sorrows that she feared the death of their little girl might cause him to lose his mind, as he had been very melancholy since her health had commenced to fail.

"How is my little Bessie this evening?" Inez asked as she entered the room where the little sufferer lay. Tears filled the mother's eyes as she whispered to Inez that her little girl had failed so rapidly during the previous day that she had been prepared for death that morning and she feared she would not live through the night. "I would have come earlier," said Inez, "but Sir Edward Sardale, an old friend of father's has been visiting us and I did not find an opportunity." A deep frown darkened the face of the child's father and he muttered something to himself but both the mother and Inez were too much absorbed in little Bessie to notice it.

Inez had intended to remain but a few minutes but when she saw how Bessie had failed she insisted upon spending the night with her in spite of the father's protestation to the contrary. He said that there was probably no immediate danger as she had had several such sinking spells lately and it would be too much for her to sit up all night.

(To be continued.)

Send your job printing to this office.

MISSIONARY WORK

AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE

The Sisters Hampered in Their Work By Want of Means and Helpers.

This account is intended to put before kind subscribers an insight into our Sisters' labors for God's neglected ones—the colored people, says "The Flight" of Baltimore. Giving from time to time recitals of our missionary work, usually we include the poor of both races, but in this the intention is to speak only for the Negro.

In the convent, West Biddle street, we have over forty poor girls, nearly all under twelve. All are committed, and their support is a great responsibility, as we do not receive help from them, from City or State. All hospitals we visit brings the colored in every stage of life before us for attention, for assistance—spiritual and temporal. We meet cases where the priest of God must be called to the death-bed; infants "whose fenness of days shall be ended shortly" (Job x 20) and to whom we administer private or lay baptism; adults, too, who have not yet received these regenerating waters and who now lie on the brink of eternity.

In jails and other prisons work is in abundance. Well may we exclaim, in the words of Father Faber: "Poor Jesus Christ!" Everyone has some interest at heart, and what must be the interest of those behind the bars? Alas! can ours do any good here? Two or three frail Nuns before a half a hundred mortals, some of whom know not that they have with them a soul that will never die—a soul they must save. In the words of St. Paul: "Yes, we can do all things in Him who strengtheneth us," and often wonderful reforms are, by God's help, wrought, souls are led to asylums of penance; others discontinue frequenting hovels of riotousness, come to the convent for instruction, go regularly to the sacraments. Frequently in the penitentiary we meet long-sentenced prisoners. They are instructed, baptized, receive first holy communion and confirmation. We see them weekly, give them reading; they learn the rosary, make the Morning Offering, and when they are released they are different men and women, through the grace of God.

Poor dwellings in out-of-the-way streets are sought out; the sick alleviated, medical attention procured; the sufferer is instructed, comforted; the priest called in, the "little ones" looked after, being admitted to our sewing school, or taken permanently into the convent.

In numerous missions, long distances from the city, reached by land or water, we see great need of missionary work. On two catechists devote the task of bringing the people together at the village church, repeating over and over again prayers, chapters of catechism, the Commandments, etc., as very few of these simple country folk can read; of seeing that all passes off orderly, and of presiding over the prayers, which in all our catechetical work are the Acts and the practice of the offering to our Lady—the second degree of the Apostleship of Prayer—one Our Father and ten Hail Mary's. As soon as possible our classes are taught the Morning Offering and enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart, as the chief end of our mission is to promote devotion to, and a knowledge of this adorable Heart. Our convent is a League centre, and Ours are all "promoters."

Frequently classes are held in private houses, even in barns, where there is not a church. Often the children walk several miles in rain or shine, heat or cold; they are most anxious to learn of our dear Lord, and the truths of our holy religion.

In the Fall and Spring such missions are pleasant, but in our Maryland and Washington (D. C.) summer heat of ninety or a hundred degrees, or in winter's sleet or rain, it is veritable toil. To do such work well, the volunteer must be filled with love of God and great zeal for souls. No matter how kindly disposed she may be, unless this kindness be the charity—the love of our Lord—interest will flag and the human heart grow weary. The virtue of patience enables us to bear long journeys, the vicissitudes of seasons, the many unforeseen events in an Apostolic life. Holy Job says: "The days on earth are short; and life is full of many miseries." We see this verified in the poor; and too many miseries. Sufferings were in the life of our all-beautiful One! Shall we, in order to teach others to know and love Him, shrink from any temporary privation?

We are much hampered in our work by want of means and helpers. We have no income, and catechetical work is not remunerative—in this life. We feel sure that somewhere in our land there must be generous souls willing to assist us did they but know of our work and its many needs. We are extremely anxious to further our missions, but must have help. They who sit discussing what is to be done for the Negro can offer us their alms with a feeling of safety that the offering will be used "for the honor and glory of God," by relieving, teaching, uplifting His poor.

Strange as it may seem, our outside work is the easiest. True, working inconveniently situated, being exposed, and returning to our convent fatigued, has its "miseries"—its own peculiar suffering—but there are also rays of consolation in preparing simple, innocent children for confession, first holy communion and confirmation. Poverty in the country is not as common or extreme as in city work, and when the classes are instructed they return so cheerfully to their humble homes. These words of our Lord to the priests and scribes: "The poor you have always with you, and whosoever you will, you may do them good" (St. Mark xiv, 7), are truly applicable to the Negroes under our care in the convent. "They are always with you," sleeping or waking. Food and clothing have to be provided, instruction given at every turn—at work or play, at meals, in class. "Whosoever you will, you can do them good." Ours are mothers in the highest sense of this term, and our greatest care is clothing and food. The girls are all poor. Those who claim relationship are still poorer—not having permanent shelter as have the "little ones" hence they are not able to provide for their offspring in any way, so the every-expense of the natural parent comes in with the homeless child. In teaching these girls to sew, every article of wear will be acceptable. Old clothes, bedding, etc., can be re-made, and serve a long time; muslin, bleached or unbleached; samples of all kinds from dry goods houses—shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs—can be put to excellent use, and will be received gratefully.

Almost daily the Sisters go the public markets to receive donations of food. Everyone gives some little edible, but when nearly one hundred persons have to be provided for thrice a day, well may we say with St. Andrew (St. John vi, 9): "But what are these offerings among so many?" Often our poor children are summoned to a scanty meal; often, too, as the dinner bell rings, it has been told us, "There is no bread," and on several occasions the door bell rang simultaneously and a basket of bread, delivered with the words: "St. Anthony sent this, Sister" and the bearer secretly departs, leaving Sister portress in amazed thanksgiving.

In order that all may have the necessities of life, the Sisters deprive themselves of luxuries, such as butter, sugar, tea, coffee, etc., unless these articles be donated, which seldom happens.

Donations of food will be thankfully accepted, and if our warm-hearted readers can spare anything in harvest time, or feel disposed to permit the imports of our States to be in use amongst us, we will assuredly appreciate the donors' goodness, and will daily pray for an "hundred-fold" return to them.

In having these girls with us, the object is to make them industrious and honest. They are taught all kinds of house work, laundry work and sewing. They have the opportunity of getting a plain education, so as to read, write and figure. If some are endowed with more brilliant intellects they will get an education in spite of every obstacle. As far as possible we leave nothing undone to educate our colored people in the one thing necessary—the knowledge, love and service of God. If they learn well this lesson they need but little of any other branch, having here all which makes them honest, moral, industrious, useful, God-fearing, devout. So far the girls who have passed from our "Home," with a few sad exceptions, have done well—engaged in house work; some several now engaged teaching colored schools; fitted themselves for this occupation after leaving us; others have entered colored Sisterhoods, thus meriting respect for themselves and, in their turn, teaching the little ones, who will one day be advancing or retarding the race. May all you who read these lines practically resolve in the presence of God, for the love of the Sacred Heart: "Here is a work that must be helped." "The poor you have always with you, and whosoever you will, you can do

them good"—assist them. True, the demands for charities are many and trying. If you, dear reader, be generous, God will provide for all.

THE BISHOP STRUCK.

RUN DOWN BY A HORSEMAN ON THE BOULEVARD.

Wheelmen Must Use the Side Path, Not the Foot Path, Near St. Bernard's Seminary.

Last Sunday afternoon as Rev. Bishop McQuaid was warning some particularly careless and lawless fellows, who were riding on the foot path, one wheelman who came along not only paid no attention to the bishop's adjurations but deliberately ran into him, throwing him to the ground and shaking him up badly. When the bishop recovered his feet the bicyclist had remounted his wheel and was riding rapidly away. The bishop was naturally much incensed at the conduct of the bicyclist. He immediately sent word to Sheriff Schroth that the conduct of the wheelman was becoming intolerable, and asked that officers be stationed on the boulevard to see that the law is enforced and violations of the law punished.

There is a good side path opposite Holy Sepulchre cemetery and along the front of the other Catholic diocesan property on the Boulevard. Inside the line row of trees that fringes the east side of the Boulevard there is a good foot path as well. The average bicyclist is satisfied to use the fine center path outside of the trees that the bishop has taken pains to provide for them, but there are some who are only satisfied with that which is forbidden.

There have been many minor accidents due to the carelessness of the wheelmen and to their infringing upon the path of the pedestrians. Many people visit the cemetery on Sunday and bring their children with them, and it is a wonder that some serious accident has not occurred as this, as some hoodlums seem to delight in scorching on the way to the lake.

To a reporter the bishop said: "Nineteen-twenty-fifth of the bicyclists are ladies and gentlemen and the other twentieth are coarse, vulgar ruffians. Nobody is made on the sidewalk in front of the cemetery and St. Bernard's. The wheelmen come scorching along and curse and swear as they go. The electric car tracks are less dangerous than the sidewalks there and there is good bicycle path, too. There may be a few who are in ignorance of the law and their rights and the restrictions on them, but most of the riders on the sidewalks know well enough that they have no business there. No one's life is safe. We have as much right to protect our people as residents of the city have to protect their rights to the sidewalks within the corporation. "These loafers are not civilized kindness has no effect upon them. The proper officers have been notified, and hereafter wheelmen violating the law on the Boulevard will be arrested."

There are thirty-five Catholic students at Oxford, of whom seven are Jesuits belonging to Campion hall and four Benedictines.

Bishop Meuser arrived home in Green Bay last week after a trip of five months in Europe. He was met at the train by all the Catholic students.

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