

The Catholic Journal.

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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 army officials down at Havana expressed himself agreeably surprised the other day at discovering that there was an excellent industrial school in that city, attended by a large number of students. If he keeps on examining, he will be more surprised still, for Havana and other Spanish-American cities are by no means such benighted places as the yellow organs have represented them as being. A singular fact, by the way, is that despite all our boasts about the superior education of Americans, not one of our peace commissioners can speak Spanish, whereas two or more of the Spanish representatives talk English.

Nowhere was the untimely death of the late empress of Austria heard with greater sorrow than at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland. When she was over in Ireland in 1880, the empress visited this institution and was given as royal a reception as the properties would allow. She remembered St. Patrick's when she went back to Vienna, and among the college's prized treasures are a set of magnificent vestments and a massive silver statue of St. George and the Dragon, which the Empress sent in recognition of her kindly reception by the faculty and students.

Whether or not there be any truth in the report that Paul Kruger, the sturdy dutchman of the transvaal, has given the Pope a diamond of fabulous value, we have no means of knowing; but considering the fact that in the Transvaal Catholics have always been very unfairly discriminated against by the Boer republicans, we hesitate to believe that President Kruger has made so costly or valuable a gift to the head of the Catholic church.

M. Theobald Chartran, the portrait painter, whom his admirers call the modern Van Dyck, has returned from Rome after receiving sittings from the Pope. He gives good reports of the Pope's health. His Holiness, as usual, eats extremely little and only sleeps three hours a night, but his mental vigor is surprising and he has no physical ailments. M. Chartran, who painted Leo XIII. seven years ago, recognized very little difference in his subject. "His face is not more wrinkled, he has the same welcome smile, the same sonorous and musical voice."

Mademoiselle Emma Calve, the celebrated prima donna, has practically founded a charitable religious establishment, which will, no doubt, be one of these days dropped down upon by the French Government tax-gatherers, who delight in blocking the good work of the religious orders and congregations. The cantatrice has started on her estate of Calbieres, near Millau, in the Department of the Aveyron, a sanitarium for delicate poor children, and she has placed two nuns in charge of it. The Municipal Councilors of Millau have passed a cordial vote of thanks to Mademoiselle Calve.

Not only were the bodily requirements of the soldiers shamefully neglected during the recent war by Secretary Alger and his underlings, but their spiritual needs were also in many cases ignored altogether. A Catholic contemporary says on this subject: "We have in hand full proof that thousands of Catholic soldiers were left neglected, unable to receive holy communion. We know, on testimony that cannot be questioned, that even the sisters sent to nurse the sick in one camp were left without spiritual ministrations and even without the comfort of assisting at mass on Sundays.—The Republic.

An interesting development of the remarkable Catholic revival in England is the scheme now under consideration of establishing at Canterbury several Catholic communities. At present there is a pretty Catholic church in the old Cathedral city. It is dedicated to St. Thomas a Beckett, and the pastor is Father Power a Waterford man. The Jesuits have also a place outside the city. Indeed the atmosphere of Canterbury is entirely Catholic. All the historic memories, not only of the grand old Cathedral, but of the surroundings, are of pre-Reformation time, and if this scheme of introducing monks and nuns be carried out the Catholic spirit of the place will no longer rely for its inspiration in the storied past.

HEROINE OF CHARITY.

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

CHAPTER IV.
(Continued from last week.)

"My child," said her father, appearing not to notice her answer, "You know that it has caused us all untold grief to see what a sad existence you have been leading for nearly six years and it will break our hearts to see you continue thus much longer. Our greatest hope has been to see you the happy wife of some one who is worthy of you and I know of no one who would make you a better husband than Sir Edward. He has one of the noblest, truest hearts of any man I ever knew." Inez shuddered at these words, and he is one who could not fail to make you happy. You know to that his wealth is very great, and he is a descendant from England's noblest families.

"Father, said Inez in a trembling voice, "the memory of Walter Tracy is too sacred for me ever to allow any one to fill the place that was to have been his. I promised him only a few minutes before he died that I would never marry and I shall keep that promise."

"Did he ask you to make such a promise?" asked her father.

"No, father, he did not ask me to make it," she answered. "I made it of my own free will, and when I saw the pleasure it gave him in those last moments of his life, I did not regret it nor have I since, and having made it I shall never break it."

"Foolish girl," said her father in a tone bordering on anger, "could Walter Tracy now speak to you, I know he would far rather see you married to this most worthy of men than see you unhappy as you are."

"Father," Inez murmured, "as I have often told you before, I can hope for no greater happiness than what I now enjoy in living a single life and doing good where I can, while, on the other hand, what you have chosen for me would be a life of untold misery."

"Then you refuse to obey me?" said her father sternly.

"I am sorry to disobey you, father," said Inez, "but I must repeat what I have so often said before, I shall never marry Sir Edward or any one else."

"Inez," said her father after a moment's hesitation, as if considering whether or not it was best to say what was in his mind, "do you remember Count C—— whom we met in Paris two years ago?"

Inez bowed in the affirmative and her father continued: "There was one thing I did not intend to tell you but since you are so persistent in following your own stubborn will I cannot resist telling you of the ruin it has brought upon this young man."

Inez looked at him half inquiringly, half beseeching him not to finish but he went on. "I have learned that after you refused to marry him he did not return home as he said he would but remained in Paris hoping that he might meet you again and that he might win you, but after you had left Paris he became so discouraged by the thoughts of your heartlessness that he took to drinking very heavily to kill his grief. I am informed that he fell in with evil associates and sinking lower and lower until at last his property being nearly all squandered, he returned to the hotel where he was staying late one night and was found dead in his room the next morning. He had committed suicide by cutting his own throat."

Now Inez you see what your stubbornness has done. Will you still persist in it? If you had married the count as your mother and I wished you to you would have saved him from such a terrible death and been happy with him now."

Inez turned deathly pale as she thought of such a dreadful fate befalling one whom she remembered as one of the noblest men she had ever met—and she the cause of it—but how could it be so when he had so manfully given her up? There must be some mistake some misunderstanding.

As soon as she found voice to speak she said: "Father who told you that?"

"Sir Edward," was the reply. "He was in Paris at the time and saw the count after he was dead. He said that dissipation had so changed him since he last saw him just after we left Paris that his old friends would hardly have recognized him."

"And did you hear it from any other source?" asked Inez.

"No," said her father, "and how could I, for no one else that I have seen since we left Paris knew the count and if they did they perhaps did not

know that he was a friend of ours and consequently that we were not interested in him would tell us nothing about him."

Inez felt relieved for she distrusted Sir Edward and felt that there might possibly be no foundation for his story.

"Now Inez," said Lord Ashleigh, "do you refuse to obey me, or have you after learning what grief you have already caused one noble man, think better of your rash resolution never to marry and consent to become Lady Sarsdale and the mistress of the beautiful Sarsdale hall?"

"My mind is still unchanged, father," she answered, "and will remain so. If what you have told me about Count C—— is true I am very sorry for him and shall continue all my life to lament the fate which first brought me in his way, but as for marrying Sir Edward I can never do it."

No longer able to resist his anger, Lord Ashleigh said, "Inez, I will give you your choice between two things, either promise me that you will marry Sir Edward or I will disown you forever as my child and heir and you must leave my roof. Which will you do?"

"Father," she answered, "you may disown me if you wish and I will go for I would far rather be a wanderer alone in a strange land and beg for my bread than be mistress of his home."

She arose to leave the room but her father called her back and said, "Inez, consider well what you are doing and take back your fatal choice before it is too late."

"Father I have chosen for the better," was her only reply.

"Do not call me father," he said in an angry voice, "for you have chosen to be disowned by me and you are no longer my child and never let me behold your face again."

"Farewell," she said, the word father which she dared not utter again trembling on her lips, and then half to herself she added, "if you only knew all you would not blame me as you do now," and he heard those words distinctly.

Inez was gone and for nearly an hour Lord Ashleigh sat in his chair like one distracted. His only thought was that he had been obliged to disown and drive from her home his only daughter on whom he had centered so many bright hopes that he might one day see her a queen of society loved and honored by some of the most aristocratic people in England and the happy wife of one whose wealth and position made him so well worthy of her.

Lady Ashleigh had gone away that morning to spend a few days and he dreaded her return when he must tell her what he had done but consoled himself by thinking that Inez might think better of her rash choice and not go.

Oh! could that father have but seen her as in passing the door of the great hall which was kept closed, she turned the key and softly glided in to take one more glance at the blood stain on the floor and offer a prayer for—not the victim—but the murderer, Sir Edward; could he have seen her too when reaching her own room she took from her own wardrobe the pale blue silk dress she had worn on that fatal night and wept until her tears falling on the deep red spots had made them as moist as when they flowed from Walter Tracy's death wound. If he had seen this his heart might have been softened.

At last he arose and walking to the window looked out. The cemetery was in sight and he saw Inez as she slowly approached the Tracy lot kneeling at Walter's grave. For a time she remained there shedding a silent farewell tear upon the cold clay then plucking a single flower from the grave arose but not to leave the cemetery as her father expected she would. She knelt for only a minute at another grave that had been made little less than a year ago and there offered a silent prayer for the living and the dead. With another lingering glance at the Tracy monument she soon disappeared from sight. A north bound train arrived in a few minutes and the few people who saw her board it did not dream that they would never again see the one who had been so dear a friend to them.

(To be continued.)

The celebrated Lehigh Valley opal is sold by John M. Reddington, 99 West Main street. Place your order with him if you want the best.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

CORNER STONE LAID.

ST. MICHAEL'S NEW PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

Bishop McQuaid Delivered an Address on Catholic Education.

A large number of persons attended the laying of the corner stone of St. Michael's new parochial school last Sunday. The ceremony was performed by Bishop McQuaid, assisted by the city clergy. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Bishop delivered an address in the church, which in part follows:

"The growth of this parish is something to marvel at. My memory goes back to a day 25 years ago when a few earnest Christian men came to me and asked permission to found a parish here. They were so small in numbers and had so little worldly goods that one might well hesitate to allow them to embark in such a serious venture. Permission, however, was given and from that time on your history as a church has been one of steady progress. I have never been obliged to urge St. Michael's to go ahead. On the contrary, I have on several occasions been moved to hold it back. In battling for the honor of Almighty God in the work of saving the souls of the children of men in this diocese, St. Michael's has ever struggled in the forefront."

"Everyone knows that the old church which until now has been utilized for a school, was much too small and ill adapted for the purpose and yet when one came to consider what you had already accomplished, in building this beautiful church and in providing a convent for your sisters, it seemed almost cruel to put more on your shoulders. We did not have to put this added work on you; you did it of your own volition."

"This noble spirit of activity has come to you largely through the example of your pastors, who from the beginning have labored here with the heartiness of soul and with heavenly zeal worthy of the God they serve."

"There was wisdom in not delaying the building of the school. The battle of to-day for the preservation of religion is being fought out, not in the church but in the school building. The battle I say is going on in the school house. There is where we will have to work to hold the future Catholic in loyalty to God and church. Any kind of a church would do for you, the elders, but we must look carefully to the schools."

"In evangelical Germany the cry is that the people are not coming to church, but are falling away in confirmed atheism. Only the Catholic church is holding its own there, and that this is so is largely due to the schools of that faith."

"In the public schools of this state all religious training is eliminated. We are invited to support such schools as that in which the dry husks of education are doled out without the corn. In establishing Catholic schools, we have authority direct from the Holy Father, who tells us not to permit the souls of the young to die from starvation. Starvation is what is provided for their moral nature in the public schools."

"We should stand ready to make every sacrifice for the benefit of the religious training of our flock. There still lingers in my memory the words of the able bishop to whom I listened nearly sixty years ago. I was then in the arduous of young manhood and his declaration made an impression on me which I never lost. After a long, hopeless contest, seeking to obtain from the state what was necessary for the proper education of young Catholics, he declared that the day had come when the erection of the Catholic school house should take precedence over that of the Catholic church. I have never wandered away from this teaching and have made it the rule of my work among you. There is no parish in Rochester without its school."

"You can now understand the full meaning of my earnestness. The young men of this parish, know what they owe the parish school, for in this parish the church and the school have gone on, hand in hand, seeking souls and keeping them."

"Those outside our church see no reason for the position we have taken because they do not understand our ways. The relation of a priest to his people are unknown to them. They do not understand the teachings of the priest. He does not gather his flock from the newspapers; he does not deliver discourses on the topics of the day; he goes far back into the centuries and brings you spiritual truths that will never grow old."

"We must uphold our religion by teaching the young. These children have rights. I know they are often told that obedience to their parents is their only duty, but I say they have rights paramount to that of obedience. It is a right that no father or mother can take away; a right that involves a duty on the part of the church, the priest and the home; it is the right of the children to a Christian education. They have a right to a secular education as well; without it they would start in the race of life seriously handicapped. But without a Christian education their souls would be endangered. A priest who would not provide this Christian education for the young would be derelict in his duty and a father or mother would be guilty of damnable sin."

The new parochial school will take rank as one of the largest and best equipped in Rochester. It will cost \$30,000. In depth it will be 84 feet with a 125 foot frontage. It is to be in the form of a letter "H," two stories high with basement. There will be twenty-four rooms, each room with 21x34 feet floor space.

Brick with stone trimmings, will be the external material used. The front entrance is to be a highly artistic piece of work. Stonework will lead to the beautifully arched and decorated doorway. A belfry, eighty feet from the ground, will surmount the structure.

TO CARE FOR AGED AND POOR.
Sisters of Mercy Office to Incorporate as Charitable Organization.

Application was made Wednesday to the State Board of Charities for permission to incorporate a charitable organization to be known as the Congregation of Sisters of Mercy of the Southern Tier of the Diocese of Rochester.

The association proposes to educate children and establish hospitals and homes for the care of aged and indigent persons. The principal office of the association is in Hornellsville, and it is to operate in the counties of Schuyler, Steuben, Chemung and Tioga.

Its directors are Sisters: Anselm, Manning, Felix Kelly, Carmello, Walsh and Angela Rogers, of Hornellsville and Sister Philomena Walsh of Corning.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

Relatives of Joseph O'Rourke in this city have received a letter from Matthew Ryan of the Murray Hill Hotel in New York stating that Mr. O'Rourke was one of those saved from the wreck of the Molegan. He was a valued Mr. King, who, with his entire family, was lost.

Mr. O'Rourke is a brother of James O'Rourke, head bookkeeper for Fox Brothers on North Water street. His family knew that he had to go to Europe with Mr. King, but thought he had left some time ago.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

There are to-day in America so many good Catholic writers of fiction for boys and girls that probably no other country can boast their equal in numbers or in brilliancy. Their work is fully appreciated and their stories preferred to translations of any sort is shown by the success of the "Juveniles" by American writers published during the past few years. Nor is this to be wondered at, for apart from their charming style, these writers thoroughly know and deeply draw the American boy and girl as they are, describe familiar scenes and locations, and their books breathe forth in every line the spirit of our land.

We take pleasure then in announcing that with the assistance of these writers, Baileys Brothers began on October 1, 1898, the publication of "Our Boys and Girls Own," an illustrated Catholic monthly for young folks. Its aim is to be entertaining, bright and merry without a dull line, a welcome and fitting companion for our boys and girls. At the same time it will strive to form in them unconsciously the highest ideals of living, of thinking, and of literary taste, for the standard of this paper is to be the best. Our foremost Catholic writers will fill its pages. It is to be a periodical of our age, country and church, faithfully representing them in every syllable—as American as the Star Spangled Banner and as ways unmistakably Catholic.

A beautiful picture of St. Anthony, an artistic aluminum medal, subscribers of the magazine will receive.

THE WORK OF OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.

At the Catholic seminary of Leuven (Belgium) has been undertaken several years a work which, though humble in its means, aims at reaching a very noble purpose, viz. the collection of Congo (Central Africa) for our Catholic faith, and by our direct activity, the civilization of the negroes, who are still in the depths of paganism. We mean the work of old postage stamps. This work gathers all the old postage stamps which possess benefactors forward in order to obtain funds for the foundation of Catholic villages on the dark continent. "Hard labor," exclaims a dear reader. We will answer by showing the results of the work.

Very humble in its origin, the work, thanks to the perseverance and the generosity of its benefactors, has an importance and an extension which provokes the admiration of those who have at heart its success.

1. The first Catholic village founded by the work is called St. Anne and is situated about 125 miles from Lusambo. Its direction has been entrusted to the Rev. Missionary of Immaculate Heart of Mary.

2. The second one, called St. Bernard, was started by the Fathers of Mgr. Lavigne, and the two lakes Kivu and Tanganyika.

3. Lige St. Hubert, founded by the RR. Jesuit Fathers, who have the same work, on the line of the railway.

4. St. Leo and St. John, founded by the same fathers, on the RR. Jesuit railway.

In short, 25,000 stamps collected during several years, these little stamps, all duly deposited, have produced a sum of \$10,000.

Several more are in the process of being collected, and we are sure that in a short time the sum will be \$25,000.

These figures are not to be considered as small. They are the result of the work of the Catholic people, who, by their generosity, have made it possible for the Catholic Church to have a foothold in the Congo.

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We wish to offer to all our benefactors, a small token of our appreciation, a small picture of St. Anthony, an artistic aluminum medal, subscribers of the magazine will receive.

For further particulars, please apply to the Catholic Seminary of Leuven, Belgium.

(Successors of the Rev. Missionary of Immaculate Heart of Mary.)

William A. Gammill, president of this city, died on Monday morning, October 19, 1898, aged 74 years. Mr. Gammill was born in Ontario county, New York, and was a member of the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of this city. He was a man of high character and was widely known in this city and in the surrounding country. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of this city. He was a man of high character and was widely known in this city and in the surrounding country.

Our Catholic friends are invited to send us their contributions for the work of old postage stamps. We will be glad to receive them and will send them to the Rev. Missionary of Immaculate Heart of Mary, Leuven, Belgium.