

# 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.

It is a wonder that the Protestant press do not oftener speak of Paris as a nun-infested city. It appears that there are no less than 128 different religious congregations of women in the French capital, having 550 houses, convents, asylums, hospitals, academies etc. "haritable and other religious work is the occupation of most of these Parisian nuns, and only about a third of the congregations are engaged in teaching.

The late Abbe Hutellier, of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris, left behind him a sum of money barely sufficient to give him a sufficient burial, and a watch without a chain. He left the money because during his last illness he was unable to see any one who needed it. As for the watch it once had a chain. One day, several months before he died, he turned his purse inside out—empty it certainly was; in vain he squeezed it, not the smallest sou had crept inside the lining. Then it suddenly came into his mind how much more useful a gold coin or two would be than a gold chain. The chain was valued at forty-five francs. It was purchased by a friend for five hundred. He keeps it now as a relic. Tales like this are common in the life of the Abbe Hutellier.

The Bishop of Monaco, who has been visiting Switzerland, was invited the other day by the Bishop of Coire to perform a very interesting ceremony—nothing more or less than to bless a church at the neck of the Spingen, on the top of the Alps. It is the first Catholic church erected in this mountain region. Hitherto the only religious buildings in the part of the Grisons bordering on Italy were Protestant churches, and the Catholics had to go a long distance to hear mass. There was a very large attendance of the clergy and laity at the opening of the church, and the scene on the occasion was a memorable one. The new place of worship is situated at the foot of glaciers and within a short distance from mighty precipices, which furrow this picturesque district.

The friendship which existed between the lamented Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, had its origin in an episode which recalls the famous incident which history associates with Sir Walter Raleigh and another royal Elizabeth. According to the London Weekly Register, the Empress of Austria, while hunting near Maynooth "college during her visit to Ireland, strayed into the college grounds one day and met Dr. Walsh, then president of Maynooth, who happened to be reciting his breviary out of doors. The Empress complained of feeling cold, and Dr. Walsh laid his cloak not on the ground before her, but upon her shoulders. The friendship begun then continued until the assassination of the Empress. When Dr. Walsh became Archbishop of Dublin, Elizabeth sent him a valuable episcopal ring that had been worn by one of the ancient Hungarian bishops. She afterwards presented Maynooth with a statue of St. George, the patron of England, but later on, feeling that possibly she had made a mistake, she sent the college a beautiful set of green vestments resplendent with embroidered shamrocks.

The "Popolo Romano" announces that "the Pope has given orders that all attacks on American Catholics shall cease, and all complaints against the doctrines of Father Hecker shall be withdrawn." The publication of the French translation of Father Elliott's life of Father Hecker was the occasion, not the cause, of the attacks on American Catholics, writes the Rome correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal. The cause lies further back. The refractory authors of the attacks struck at the living, not the dead. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, the Catholic University and what they represent were the objective of those attacks. There is much going on beneath the surface, that will become known when the history of these times are written, and the main springs of all this un-Catholic, uncharitable and hypocritical work will be found that they are not Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

## FARMER CARSON'S SONS.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.  
Author of "The Two Cousins," and  
"A Hospice of Charity."

### CHAPTER I.

It was Thanksgiving eve and the Carson family were all together for the first time in five years, and how happy they were to-night! All, I said, yes, all excepting one. This was their oldest child, a son who had been kidnapped nineteen years ago last summer, when he was a little over six years old.

The family at the time were living in a little town in Vermont and had three children, two sons and a daughter. A traveling agent who had been canvassing the surrounding country for several weeks was boarding at their home. He was greatly attached to the children and scarcely a day passed that he did not bring them something on his return from his rounds. He would often take little Eddie, the oldest one, who was his favorite, out for a ride or stroll in the country. The parents always trusted the children with him, thinking he would never let any harm befall them. One afternoon he took Eddie out for a walk, saying that he would return with him before supper time. Mrs. Carson watched them as they went down the street, and when they were out of sight she returned to her work.

The hours passed and supper time came, but the man had not returned with her boy. They waited for them about half an hour, and as they did not come the family sat down to supper, expecting to see them come in a minute. As it began to grow dark, and still they did not return, the parents became alarmed and a search was commenced for them. Someone had last seen them on the edge of a dense forest near the village, and all of the men turned out to join in searching the woods, but returned without the missing ones. The next heard of them was that they had been seen boarding a west-bound train in a village about ten miles distant, just after midnight, on the night of their disappearance. This was the last tidings that the parents ever had of their boy. About a year later they moved to Ohio, where they were now living on a farm.

The heart-broken parents never could quite give up their boy who, Mr. Carson always said would return some day to spend some of those days with them. "I hope our little Eddie will come home soon," his wife would say as she set the plate for him, but in her heart she felt that he was dead.

Clara, the oldest girl, who was twenty-four, had been married five years ago this Thanksgiving and immediately gone west with her husband. The two boys next younger, had been away from home two years, one in Buffalo, the other in New York. Five more children, three girls and two boys, the youngest of whom was nine years old, were at home. None of the absent ones had been home before since they went away, but they were all here now to celebrate the fifth anniversary of Clara's marriage. Clara, her husband and two children had come that morning, and Charlie and Frank had just arrived on the afternoon train.

Supper was announced and the family gathered at the table which was large enough for them all, not forgetting the vacant chair which was put there in honor of this being the first meal the family ate together. All were seated and the father asked the usual blessing on all of the family, especially the lost boy, whom he besought God to make a good man and bring back to his parents. The meal was spent in talking over old times when the family were all at home, then the conversation drifted upon the absent one.

"Do you know," said Mr. Carson, "it almost seems as if our Eddie were near us now, and I cannot give up the thought that he will come home to us some time."

His wife looked at him but did not answer him as she had often done, by telling that what he said was only his imagination, for she too had a strange feeling in regard to the lost boy, but would not mention it. "I suppose it is because the family are all here to-night," she thought, but Eddie will never return."

When supper was over, all but two of the girls who were to "do up the supper work" went to the large old-fashioned parlor and gathered around the big fire-place as the family had so often done when they were all at home. Mr. Carson, with his pipe in his mouth and his little grandson on his knee, was a perfect picture of contentment,

while his wife whose fingers were never idle and who was now knitting a pair of mittens for that same little grandson, looked equally happy. For a few minutes she worked most diligently, for she was on the thumb of the second mitten, and when it was finished she laid down her needles, saying, "Come here Eddie, and let me see how these fit."

The boy bounded from his grandfather's knee and going over to her held out two little chubby hands to have them tried on. A tear trickled down her cheeks, for she thought of that other Eddie for whom she used to knit mittens and to whom this child bore a very strong resemblance.

"Those are for your birthday, darling," she said, kissing him, "and turning to her husband, said, "Our little Eddie will be four years old tomorrow and as I look at him I almost imagine that we have our own boy back, he has grown so much like him."

Her husband looked at the child, then at his wife, and said, "I know we will have our own Eddie back some time."

Just then a rap came to the door and Mrs. Carson opened it to admit their next door neighbor, Mr. Gibson, and his son Tommie, a boy of about fifteen, who had come over to spend the evening.

"I am glad you have come," said Mr. Carson, "for you see we are all home this evening and we like nothing better than having some of our neighbors here to enjoy with us the pleasure of our family reunion." Turning to his daughter, Grace, a girl of about fourteen, he said: "Won't you play and sing something for us, Grace?"

Grace took her place at the organ and after lightly fingering the keys for a moment, commenced singing a sweet but simple country ballad in a clear, rich voice, which plainly told that only culture was needed to make her a very beautiful singer. Another song was called for and her mother suggested that she should sing her favorite Sunday school hymn, which she did, and followed a duet by her brother and herself.

Mr. Gibson listened with interest and after she had left the organ he remarked: "That girl has a wonderfully fine voice and I could not help thinking how nice it would be for her to sing in the choir."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carson with an air of pride, "Grace certainly has a very sweet voice and our minister has spoken of having her sing in the choir, but thinks it is better for her to wait a year or two until her voice gets stronger. She is going to singing school this winter to practice and I think I'll have her take lessons from a teacher who is to be in town some this winter. It will help her so much."

"Speaking of the choir," said Mr. Carson, addressing his neighbor, "reminds me that I heard you had a new minister at your church or were to have one."

"Yes," said Mr. Gibson, who unlike the Carsons was a Catholic, "our new priest has been here about three weeks and I think we shall like him very much."

"What kind of a looking man is he?" asked Mr. Carson, who was interested in any stranger of note who came to the neighboring village.

"He is quite young," answered Mr. Gibson, "and although apparently rather delicate, I think he is as fine a looking man as I ever saw."

"I met a very handsome young stranger this morning when I was going to the train to meet Clara and their was something so kind of familiar looking about him that I could not help being particularly struck by his appearance. I watched him and saw him go into the Catholic parsonage, so I think he must have been your new minister."

"Quite likely," said the other then added, "But you should hear him preach; he preaches such beautiful sermons that it would do anyone good to hear him."

Mrs. Carson glanced at Clara and met her eyes in a look which told it was not altogether pleasant to have a Romanist thus interfering in her husband's religion in this way and trying to bring him to his church. "It's just like them," she thought, for as much as she respected the Gibson family as neighbors, she could not banish from her mind that they were Papists and she must always be on her guard lest they should try to ensnare some of her family into Romanism. "It won't do him any good," she thought, just as she heard her husband answer, "I would like to hear him preach, but I could not understand him, why not?" asked Mr. Gibson.

[To be continued.]

### NOVEMBER FEASTS.

O Mother Church! an artist thou, whose skill  
Awakes the soul's most latent harmonies.  
With touch unfailing dost thou sweep its keys.  
And myriad vibrant chords responsive thrill  
In jubilant as laughing rills.  
Or dirges and as ocean's threnodies—  
'Tis thus November's feasts, in thy decreas:  
Our hearts with bliss and woe successive fill.  
All Saints in joy, all Souls in grief, we spend,  
Yet grieving, aid our dear ones gone before:  
Their ransom blest in orisons we send,  
And bid our Lady open their prison door—  
For love faith-shot of death itself is free,  
And prayer stretches to eternity.  
—A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

### THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

The sanctuary lamp is a conspicuous object in every Catholic church. It burns day and night before the Tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved to warn the faithful of the sacramental presence of Him who is the light of the world and "Who enlighteneth every man that cometh unto this world." It is a figure of the flame of divine charity that burns in the Sacred Heart of the Son of God. At night its soft rays, streaming through the church windows, remind the faithful passing by that He who watches over Israel sleeps not. The successor of the lamp of the old Jewish tabernacle and of the Temple which however, burned only from night till morning before the sanctuary of the Lord, it must be fed as they were with olive oil. The old Mosaic law directed that the oil for the tabernacle lamp should be pure and clear, beaten with a pestle out of olives. When olive oil is not procurable, other vegetable oil may be used in our sanctuary lamps. Coal-oil can be used only when vegetable oil is quite out of the question, and gas jets are forbidden altogether. When the Blessed Sacrament is removed from the tabernacle on Holy Thursday, the lamp should be extinguished lest the people be deceived. To allow the light to go out for a day is considered a grievous neglect of duty.

The sanctuary lamps in the Brompton Oratory in London—there are two of them, one on each side of the chancel—are singularly suggestive. They are reproductions on a small scale of the seven-branched candlestick of the Temple, which is delineated on the arch of Titus of Rome. They are mounted pedestals and each contains seven lights.

### HOW A POPE IS ELECTED.

The Roman Court, which phrase includes all those who assist the Pope in administering the diocese of Rome, consists of the Sacred College of Cardinals, the ecclesiastical tribunals and the legates, vicars and prefects, known as apostolici. Only the Cardinals have a voice in electing a Pope.

This is the procedure: On the morning of the eleventh day after the death of a Pope the Cardinals gather in St. Peter's. After mass they proceed to the Vatican and enter the conclave.

From this session a Cardinal may not retire, even because of illness, and reclaim his seat. The session is continuous. If one leaves he does not return. The windows are walled up, the doors leading to the conclave are sealed. Strict watch is kept that no messages may be sent in.

Any Christian believer, even a layman, may be elected Pope. In practice, he is always taken from the list of Cardinals.

Three cardinals chosen by lot act as tellers. A large vase, shaped like a chalice, is placed on the altar of the chapel where the cardinals are assembled. Each cardinal takes before depositing his ballot, this oath: "I call upon God, who will be my judge, to witness that I choose the person whom before God I judge ought to be elected."

The form of ballot is: "I choose for Supreme Pontiff the Most Reverend—"

A two-thirds vote is necessary to elect.

### HE IS NOW HERE.

"My husband was so severely afflicted with rheumatism that he could not turn himself in bed, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla he is almost entirely free from it. He has also taken it for pain in the stomach and it has given him relief." Mrs. W. E. Smith, P. O. Box 202, Frankfort, N. Y.

Now is the time to order your coal for next winter. If you wish to get the best, place your order with John M. Redding, 99 West Main street.

### THE WORK OF PROTECTING IRISH IMMIGRANT GIRLS.

The Journal has received a copy of "The Fifteenth Annual Address of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls," which institution is situated at 7 State street, near Castle Garden, New York, and is in charge of the Rev. Michael J. Henry.

For the past fifteen years the Home has stood at the gateway of America to guide, protect and shelter the young Irish girl on her entrance to the New World. A decade and a half of Our Lady's heads are told in the corresponding years of the life of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. In all these years the Mission has been true to its trust and has pointed with pride to the thousands upon thousands of young females it has protected from the moral dangers of a big strange city.

The past year was very fruitful in results. At the time when war was declared between this country and Spain it was thought that immigration from the Emerald Isle would cease for a while. But the Irish people, from the very beginning, seemed to have an abiding faith in the speedy victory of America. Undaunted by the prospect of Spanish shells, the Irish girl braved the voyage to her adopted country. From the records of the Immigration Bureau, we find that about 11,000 Irish girls landed in New York during the past year. Of these, 3,000 were guests of the Home, where they were fed and sheltered free of charge, some for many days, until their friends were found, transportation by rail or steamboat to their destination was arranged or employment in good families secured.

Although the number of girls who seek positions on landing is usually small compared with those who have friends to care for them for a while, yet an idea of the good accomplished by the Mission in this respect may be gathered from the fact that last month seventy-six Irish girls were placed at service. It may be well to state right here that all young girls able and willing to enter employment in this country will be allowed to land. This is not due to any exception made in their favor by the general law. It is due entirely to the fact that the Mission takes full charge of them and assumes the responsibility of their future.

What of the thousands of others who landed? They, too, were met by the representatives of the Mission. True, they needed not the protection of the Home. In their case, either friends were on hand to meet, or they were able to continue their journey. The Mission's influence was exerted among the former in hastening the passage of the immigrant through the different departments of the Barge office and handing them over to the embrace of their waiting friends. The influence of a priest is, however, most needed and seen among passengers holding railroad or steamboat tickets. Pious are provided for these according to their destination. Cooped up in an enclosure, seeing nothing but strange faces and confusion around them, hearing but the babble of strange tongues and the stentorian tones of officials giving directions, they naturally grow disheartened. To them the visit of a priest brings welcome sunshine. The kindly greeting, the encouraging word, the assuring guidance, perhaps, will tend to lift a burden from heavy hearts and send them on their journey, full of confidence and joy.

Since the Ellis Island landing depot was destroyed by fire immigrants land at the Barge Office. The building is small and the accommodations very poor. However, a new five-story building—to cost one million dollars—is already in course of erection at Ellis Island. When the new landing depot is completed there will be every facility for landing passengers.

### HOLY CROSS CHURCH FAIR.

Witnesses of a Lady's Watch, a Painting and a Bronze Statuette.

Holy Cross church fair, held in the Ontario Beach auditorium, came to a close Saturday night. Father Payne is much pleased with the results of the efforts put forth by his congregation, between \$1,200 and \$1,500 having been realized.

In the contest for the ladies' watch, there was received \$58.55, of which Louise Yager collected \$44.10, thereby winning the watch. Miss Helen Kiernan won the painting and the statue. Mary Magdalene, and Sister Rose the bronze statuette.

### THE BISHOP'S RING.

The bishop is the only Catholic clergyman who wears a ring. Its significance is very beautiful. The ring, the pledge of faith with which the young man puts a ring on the finger of his spouse as the bishop receives a ring at his consecration, to show that he is wedded to the church, his diocese, he wears it as a pledge of faith toward that church, that he may love it like himself.

When the priest places the ring on his finger, he says the following prayer: "Beautiful the fingers of my body and soul, O Lord, and surround me with the sevenfold holiness of Thy spirit. In olden times letters were always sealed with a ring and their contents were known by the bishop's seal. Such was the origin of the episcopal ring and of the large stone set in it. There is an indulgence of 40 days for kissing the ring of the bishop."

### SISTER MARY CARROLL, ASSISTANT NURSE IN THE HOSPITAL.

Sister Mary Carroll of St. Mary's Hospital, who with other Sisters of Charity has been nursing the sick in the military camp at Santiago, Cuba, returned and will resume her duties at St. Mary's Hospital at once.

Sister Mary Carroll left Rochester three months ago, when there was a call for nurses for sick soldiers. For some time she was at Santiago, Cuba, and there assisted in nursing the soldiers injured in the fight between the United States and Spain. She was also in nursing the sick and wounded men. She was obliged to stay in the States because of the lack of accommodations in Cuba.

For some time she has been in the United States, and she is now at Montauk Point, where she is nursing the sick and wounded men. She is remarkably well and is enjoying her work. She is also nursing the sick and wounded men.

Much of what has been said of the lack of accommodations in Cuba, and of the sufferings of the soldiers, was confirmed by the Sisters of Charity. Montauk Point, the most important of the camps, she says, "The Sisters of Charity had long experience in nursing, and especially in the nursing of the sick and wounded men. She was on duty at the hospital, and she was nursing the sick and wounded men."

Sister Magdalene, who was also nursing the sick and wounded men, was also nursing the sick and wounded men. She was on duty at the hospital, and she was nursing the sick and wounded men.

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