

# 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.

We hope that the report with regard to an attack on a Catholic church at Bangkok is unfounded, for it is too shocking to believe it is true. According to the news received the Catholic church in charge of the French fathers has been sacked by the Siamese police under the guidance of an Englishman, who was empowered to do this by the Siamese government for the purpose of "searching for evil spirits." The correspondent of the New York Herald, who visited the church, states that the tabernacle was forced open with bayonets, and, horrible to relate, the Blessed Sacrament, the crucifix and sacred images were trampled under foot. The door of the missionaries' house was then broken and an entrance effected. The incidents have naturally led to serious disorders, and the minds of the local Catholics are terribly agitated. The Government of Siam, it is said, declines to make amends for this insult to France. What France will do in the matter remains to be seen. If German subjects were in question the Emperor would certainly make his protection effective.

Several Roman papers have announced that the ceremony of the canonization of Blessed Joan of Arc will take place in the month of January. This statement, however, is premature, as nothing has been decided with regard to the date of that important function. The canonization of Blessed Maria Martinengo, a Capuchin nun, will take place together with that of Blessed Joan of Arc, and both ceremonies will be celebrated with great solemnity and with more than usual magnificence, the French Catholics wishing to give a proof of their devotion for the saintly Maid of Orleans. The Sacred Congregation of Rites held a meeting on the 8th ult., under the presidency of Cardinal Ledochowski, pontific, in the cause for the canonization of Blessed Gerald Maiella, a lay brother of the congregation of the Holy Redeemer. The object of the meeting was to inquire into the circumstances attending three miracles, which, it is alleged, were performed through the intercession of Blessed Maiella, and which now form part of the evidence in the cause for his canonization.

Three or four dark-skinned Oriental-looking individuals, calling themselves Nestorian priests or Armenian priests, as suits their purposes, are going around the Green Bay (Wis.) diocese soliciting money. The fellows are frauds, but already have victimized a number of priests and other people. They have been in Green Bay, visiting the clergy with a tale of woe and a quest of funds. They picture in vivid terms the Armenian massacres, the slaughter of their countrymen and despoiling of their altars. In despair they had been sent by the remaining Armenians to solicit aid for the needy and starving.

Admiral Schley, the hero of Santiago, visited his old home at Frederick, Md., last week, and while there stopped at St. John's College, where he received his early education under the Jesuit Fathers. He was warmly welcomed by Rev. John H. O'Rourke, rector, who escorted him through the premises. Admiral Schley asked about many of the priests, his friends and teachers of those days to whom he was indebted for his splendid training. Fathers John McElroy, Charles H. Stenestreet and others of whom he spoke have departed this life, but Father McAtee, who was his principal instructor, is still alive and at Gonzaga College, Washington. The admiral is desirous of meeting him and will call on him. Without any hesitancy Admiral Schley picked out the seat he occupied in the room and related to the clergy many incidents of his schoolboy life. Previous to his visit to the college he went to the convent of the Visitation. Here he was cordially welcomed and greeted by the Sisters. The scholars from various parts of the country were assembled in the hall, where the admiral was presented to each of them. They all greeted him with a hearty welcome.

### There Are Others

Who sell coal, but it's not the famous Lehigh Valley coal. Best in the world, and costs no more. J. M. Reddington, 99 West Main street, cor. Plymouth ave. Telephone 380.

## FARMER CARSON'S SONS.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.  
Author of the "Two Cousins" and  
"A Heroine of Charity."

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER II.

"And, you," said his wife, breaking into tears, "Oh, can it be possible that you are my son? This is more than I can bear, I would rather see you dead than—." In a moment of passionate grief she had given full vent to her feelings but she already regretted having inflicted pain upon the one who claimed to be her son and she checked herself before saying any more. "I shouldn't have spoken so hastily," she thought, "for it is probably not his fault, for I suppose he was brought up that way." Grasping his hand as affectionately as her husband had done she said in a gentle pleading tone: "I hope you will forgive me if my hasty remark has grieved you, but this was so sudden, so unexpected and you know we are all—." She paused again, not that she feared to speak the word Protestant, but it occurred to her that her son, Charlie, was still keeping company with a Catholic girl and what if he too, had gone over to that religion? As she looked at the priest she saw plainly that strong resemblance to Charlie of which her husband had spoken, and she said: "If you are my son, you are indeed a thousand times welcome."

Grace, who had followed her mother into the room, was so bewildered by what she heard that she was almost unable to speak when her father presented her to the stranger as his sister. She stammered out a word of welcome and tried to appear glad to see her new found brother, but in her sympathy for her mother, whom she knew had spoken the truth when she so hastily said she would rather see him dead, she felt that her welcome had been very cold, and wished that she had not been in the parlor.

As soon as the excitement of the greeting was over, the wanderer was asked to tell where he had been during all those years. He said that he remembered his old home in Vermont quite well, also his parents, sister and brother who were both younger than himself. The strange man who had taken him from home seemed more like a member of the family. The man had taken him to the forest, which was then very dense, and they had gone a long distance when he began to grow tired and asked to be taken home. The answer he received was that they were near the edge of the woods and would soon be home. It was nearly dark when they emerged from the forest and found themselves in a large grain field. Here the man hid him and left him for a few minutes, telling that he would whip him if he made any noise or stirred while he was gone. The boy being too terrified to offer any resistance, and almost to tired to stand, sat perfectly still on the ground watching the man as he went out on the road to the nearest farm house to beg some bread for his supper. He begged to be taken home to his mother, as he was sleepy and wanted to go to bed, but the man only told him to keep still and he would take him home. Instead of this, he traveled on through the fields until dark, when he went out on the road. Being too exhausted to walk any farther, the man carried him and he soon fell asleep in his arms. When he awoke it was morning, and found himself on a train which did not leave until late that night, when they stopped in some city and went to a hotel for a few days.

While there the man told him that he was his father, and told him that he must call him father. The boy obeyed through fear of punishment, and although he never forgot his own parents, he did not dare to mention their names to anyone or tell that he had been stolen from his home. Leaving the city the name of which Eddie never learned, they took another long journey on the railroad, which brought them to a small city in Virginia. Here they took up lodging in a boarding house kept by a German family and the man told the family that he was his own child and the only relative he had in the world. Father Bristol did not tell of the many severe punishments he had received from the man who claimed to be his father, or of the many nights he had cried himself to sleep, thinking of his own parents whose names he dared not mention.

Little over a year later the man died quite suddenly and as he had been poor and unknown, nobody took any interest in the little wife he had

left. It was in vain that he told the family he had been left with, that he had been stolen from his parents, and begged them to take him home, for they would not believe his story, nevertheless they had become greatly attached to him and would have brought him up as their own child but their family was too large and they were poor, so they felt that they could not afford to keep him. They put him in a Catholic boy's orphan asylum and he told his story to the Sisters. They tried to find his home, but as he could not even remember the name of the place where he lived, their efforts proved fruitless.

When he reached this part of the story, his mother wiped from her eyes the tears which started afresh at the mention of the Catholic orphan asylum. "I knew it wasn't his fault," she said to herself.

He remained at the asylum until he was nine years old, when a wealthy Catholic gentleman from Pennsylvania adopted him to be a companion for his son, a boy a little older than himself. Here he found a very happy and pleasant home and the two boys became firmly attached to each other as the most affectionate brothers could be. Eddie was treated by everyone as an equal to his adopted brother and had every enjoyment that he could desire. These were indeed the happiest days of his life and though for a time he had little leisure to think of the home of his infancy, the memory of it was never quite obliterated from his mind and he often thought that when he got to be a man he would find that dear old home.

Four years passed, and then the first sorrow he had known in this home came, namely the separation from his brother. The parents had from the boy's very infancy, noticed in him a vocation for the priesthood, which grew stronger each year, until now having almost reached his fourteenth birthday, they sent him to Baltimore to enter upon his preparatory course of studies. Eddie begged to be allowed to accompany him, but the parents refused, telling that they could not give up both their boys, and they wished him to fill the place of their own son. When school opened the next year, however, seeing that he was still persistent in his entreaties, and did not seem to care so much to be with his brother as for the state of life he felt that he had been called to, they let him go, giving him a parent's blessing.

When he was eighteen, about a week after he had completed his fourth year in school, he found in the attic of his home a box containing the clothes that had been brought with him when he came from the asylum and they had been thrown away as worthless. Among them was the suit he had worn the day he was stolen, the tin-type of himself from which the picture in his father's parlor had been copied, and a few papers belonging to the man who had left him as an orphan in a strange land. On one of these papers his father's name and address was written. Two days later he started for Vermont, hoping to find his parents, but they had been gone nearly eleven years and no one knew anything of their whereabouts, excepting that they had gone west. He found several persons in the village who had been intimate acquaintances of his parents who remembered well how he had been taken from home. Among them was an old lady who had taken care of himself and his sister Clara, when they were babies. On the record at the Methodist church he found the certificate of his parents' marriage, which occurred just twenty years before.

He returned to the seminary with a prayer that he might find his parents some time, and remained there until the winter after his twenty-fourth birthday, when with his adopted brother, who had been kept back a year on account of poor health, he was ordained. The following summer he was appointed pastor of St. Ambrose church at T., where he was now.

The priest had noticed his father with the Gibson family the first Sunday that he went to church, and had seen him there on several other occasions, so that he knew him to-day when he met him, but had never heard his name until Mrs. Gibson introduced him. It was the first time he heard the name of Carson since he had sought his parents in their old home, and his heart thrilled with joy at the mention of it. He had entirely forgotten his father's face, being too young when he had last seen him to remember much about him, and he hardly dared hope that he had indeed found those dear ones until Mr. Gibson proved to him that the man he had just met was his long lost father.

## EFFICACY OF ROSARY.

### THE POWER OF OUR BLESSED LADY'S INTERCESSION.

How Two Devout Non-Catholics Were Led Into the Communion of the One True Faith Through a Reverence of the Rosary Beads.

In the town of Santa Barbara, in California, where the mighty waters of the Pacific dash against the rocks, sending their spray far and wide along its sloping shore, and strewing the sands with shells of various tints, stands an old monastery, canonized by the bluest of skies. Beneath it an extension of orange groves, with trees bending under the weight of their golden fruit and the mountain sides are covered with trees of the beautiful wood.

The quaint adobe monastery, built more than a hundred years ago stands in its peculiar architecture and ancient grandeur like a sentinel of the past, silent as the tomb, except when the Angelus bell tolls forth anew the story of the incarnation.

On entering you are held with awe as a procession of friars, clothed in brown, file along and up into the gallery at the end of the church, where these good religious with a reverence that appalls, chant the responses of the mass. Very large old Spanish pictures adorn the wall of the chapel. The one that pleased me most was the representation of the crowning of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Crossing the edifice and going out of the north transept door into the graveyard, which was enclosed by an adobe wall, you find over the door the skulls of Indians which, when the church was building, were stuck into the soft adobe where they hardened, and have ever since remained.

On leaving the old church, descending the hill, I found myself in a narrow street of Santa Barbara, at a cottage set back from the road. Entering, I found the rooms all on one floor, filled with curios gathered from the surrounding country; all sorts of things of various shape and form, carved out of the rare and beautiful woods of the state, as well as shells and other curios. These carved woods are fascinating, and I purchased from the artist who made them several articles as relics. But Protestant though I was, I especially wanted a rosary of carved beads, and they had nothing of the kind.

As I turned away to leave, I met an old French friar, who told me much about the monastery. As I spoke to him I saw a rosary hanging by his side and I said:

"That rosary is just what I want, and I cannot find one."

"Madame is a Protestant," said the old man.

"Yes," I replied; "but I want a rosary to take away with me."

He smiled, and held up his own worn out beads, mended and patched with bits of string.

"Ah," he said, "Madame does not want these old beads. I have a good rosary that was given me by the bishop and blessed, and I will get for Madame."

"That is just what I wanted," I said with eagerness; "but I do not like to take them from you."

He smiled, and replied: "Madame makes me happy by accepting it," and putting the dilapidated beads with affectionate reverence he said he liked the old ones best. I offered him money for the rosary, but he declined it, saying that he could not sell them—he gave them to Madame.

The carver in wood from whom I had bought some objects, now came up, and said, holding a gold piece in my hand: "I want to pay the brother for this rosary, but he won't take pay."

"I will take the money," the man said, "and buy him a suit of clothes with it, which he needs badly."

I carried off my trophy with delight and brought it home east.

I was forced to procure another rosary for myself as my daughter Mary, also a Protestant, insisted upon having the old friar's beads. She, too, had another rosary made of silver, but she always kept the Brother's rosary hanging over her prie-dieu, where she looked up to the large crucifix every night as she said her prayers.

Mary had a very dear friend, Protestant like herself, at whose house she visited every day, as the friend had a beloved sister who was an invalid and could not leave her room. This invalid sister was the idol of her family, and her every wish was gratified by the loved ones around her, while she had the admiration of the world. She was not home, as usual, on a certain day.

own sweet, modest, laughing and cheerful way.

When in the enjoyment of robust health she had been stricken down, and was failing day by day, though still clinging to life, happy, contented to be able to exist surrounded by those she loved.

One day, hearing Mary talking below, she sent the nurse for her. Mary entered the sick girl's room, and knelt beside her, embracing her, when the invalid quickly wiped the silver beads. Her eyes brightened, and she held out her thin white hand for them. Mary placed them in it, and the sick girl looking into her eyes, said: "I have always wanted a rosary; I do want it now more than anything else."

"I cannot give you these replied Protestant Mary, 'because I use them daily, and they were blessed for me; but I will bring you a set I have at home that have quite a history.'

Then Mary related the foregoing account of the friar's beads. The sick girl was anxious to see them, and so the next day Mary took down the large rosary from the wall where it was always hanging, above her prie-dieu, and cheerfully, though with a deep feeling of regret, at parting with a relic which belonged to her special shrine, carried it to the invalid. The sick girl's eyes brightened as they rested upon it, and so Mary with prayers in her soul for the sufferer, left it with her.

Day by day the sick girl became weaker and fainter, and seemed to fade away. Day by day her loved ones wept, unknown to her, for they saw that she must soon leave them. Their hearts were sorely tried, and they were unwilling to give her up, and she herself had such a hold on life that she resisted death with all the power of her declining strength.

Week after week she lingered, and month after month she still lived, when it seemed as though the breath must have left her body. No mention of the possibility of death was ever made to her by any of her Protestant family, lest she should be too much frightened. In that way she lived day by day, with the firm hope that she would soon recover. The rosary with the crucifix attached was a silent reminder of the faith, and who knows what its noisless lessons were!

Her physical sufferings were extreme, but she bore them all with a smile on her lips; and although her transparent hands were growing too feeble to hold anything, that crucifix and that rosary she always held and smiled upon, and seemed to draw comfort and strength from them.

Her family were all Protestants, but they did not disturb the sick girl in that from which she seemed to derive so much comfort. No confusion was made; the only wonder was that with such feeble strength she could hold the crucifix and the rosary so lightly.

The doctor, too, knew that these objects of devotion could not speak and injure his patient, she was permitted to keep them always with her, and her Catholic nurse, smiling sympathetically, but the dying girl's soul knew more than the physician who need only his earthly senses. She knew that the image of Our Lord could speak and no doubt it did speak, and that in her close clasp the bond of union between our Lord and the fair spirit that He was calling home was made manifest. Easter came, and she exclaimed, still holding the crucifix and the rosary: "Our Lord has risen, and I know that I too will rise!"

At last the end came. The old monk's rosary was placed by the Protestant sister in the coffin with the mortal remains; but the crucifix Protestant Mary claimed again, and now "Madame" and Mary are both Catholics, safely anchored in the church of the Crucifix and the Rosary.

### Attending to Business

"I suffered very much from fever and kidney complaint and heart trouble. My whole nervous system came near giving out. I was unable to attend to business. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was able to attend to my business as well as ever I could."—Ramon H. Lyon, Levant, N. Y.

Hood's liver pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Holiday Mail

Call and see our holiday list. The latest and newest thing in New England.

### We have a stock

of the best of everything in New England.

## THE "FORTY HOURS."

### WHEN THE DEVIL IS AT THE DOOR.

In the Different Churches of the City of Rochester.

A circular letter has been sent out announcing the date of the "Forty Hours" devotion throughout the diocese. The devotion commenced at the cathedral the first Sunday in April, and others are as follows:

January 22, 1899.—St. Mary's, Rochester; Jan. 29, St. Vincent's, Buffalo; Feb. 5, St. Anthony's, Albany; Feb. 12, St. Francis, Syracuse; Feb. 19, St. Joseph, Utica; Feb. 26, St. Michael's, Oswego; March 5, St. Patrick's, Watertown.

March 6.—Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie; March 13, Poughkeepsie; March 20, Poughkeepsie; March 27, Poughkeepsie; April 3, Poughkeepsie; April 10, Poughkeepsie; April 17, Poughkeepsie; April 24, Poughkeepsie; May 1, Poughkeepsie; May 8, Poughkeepsie; May 15, Poughkeepsie; May 22, Poughkeepsie; May 29, Poughkeepsie; June 5, Poughkeepsie; June 12, Poughkeepsie; June 19, Poughkeepsie; June 26, Poughkeepsie; July 3, Poughkeepsie; July 10, Poughkeepsie; July 17, Poughkeepsie; July 24, Poughkeepsie; August 1, Poughkeepsie; August 8, Poughkeepsie; August 15, Poughkeepsie; August 22, Poughkeepsie; August 29, Poughkeepsie; September 5, Poughkeepsie; September 12, Poughkeepsie; September 19, Poughkeepsie; September 26, Poughkeepsie; October 3, Poughkeepsie; October 10, Poughkeepsie; October 17, Poughkeepsie; October 24, Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

April 3.—Poughkeepsie; April 10, Poughkeepsie; April 17, Poughkeepsie; April 24, Poughkeepsie; May 1, Poughkeepsie; May 8, Poughkeepsie; May 15, Poughkeepsie; May 22, Poughkeepsie; May 29, Poughkeepsie; June 5, Poughkeepsie; June 12, Poughkeepsie; June 19, Poughkeepsie; June 26, Poughkeepsie; July 3, Poughkeepsie; July 10, Poughkeepsie; July 17, Poughkeepsie; July 24, Poughkeepsie; August 1, Poughkeepsie; August 8, Poughkeepsie; August 15, Poughkeepsie; August 22, Poughkeepsie; August 29, Poughkeepsie; September 5, Poughkeepsie; September 12, Poughkeepsie; September 19, Poughkeepsie; September 26, Poughkeepsie; October 3, Poughkeepsie; October 10, Poughkeepsie; October 17, Poughkeepsie; October 24, Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

May 1.—Montreal; May 8, Montreal; May 15, Montreal; May 22, Montreal; May 29, Montreal; June 5, Montreal; June 12, Montreal; June 19, Montreal; June 26, Montreal; July 3, Montreal; July 10, Montreal; July 17, Montreal; July 24, Montreal; August 1, Montreal; August 8, Montreal; August 15, Montreal; August 22, Montreal; August 29, Montreal; September 5, Montreal; September 12, Montreal; September 19, Montreal; September 26, Montreal; October 3, Montreal; October 10, Montreal; October 17, Montreal; October 24, Montreal; October 31, Montreal; November 7, Montreal; November 14, Montreal; November 21, Montreal; November 28, Montreal; December 5, Montreal; December 12, Montreal; December 19, Montreal; December 26, Montreal; January 2, 1899, Montreal.

September 5.—Poughkeepsie; September 12, Poughkeepsie; September 19, Poughkeepsie; September 26, Poughkeepsie; October 3, Poughkeepsie; October 10, Poughkeepsie; October 17, Poughkeepsie; October 24, Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

October 3.—Poughkeepsie; October 10, Poughkeepsie; October 17, Poughkeepsie; October 24, Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

October 10.—Poughkeepsie; October 17, Poughkeepsie; October 24, Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

October 17.—Poughkeepsie; October 24, Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

October 24.—Poughkeepsie; October 31, Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

October 31.—Poughkeepsie; November 7, Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

November 7.—Poughkeepsie; November 14, Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

November 14.—Poughkeepsie; November 21, Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

November 21.—Poughkeepsie; November 28, Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

November 28.—Poughkeepsie; December 5, Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

December 5.—Poughkeepsie; December 12, Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

December 12.—Poughkeepsie; December 19, Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

December 19.—Poughkeepsie; December 26, Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

December 26.—Poughkeepsie; January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.

January 2, 1899, Poughkeepsie.