

# The Catholic Journal

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## FARMER CARSON'S SONS.

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Author of the "Two Cousins" and  
"A Heroine of Charity."

[Continued from last week.]

### CHAPTER II.

"Eddie's plate and chair," was the reply. "You know father always wants them there when we eat our first meal together after being separated for any length of time."

"Never mind about it now," said Mr. Carson, "we can set the table for him to-morrow, and then,"—a look from his wife silenced him, for she had warned him not to tell the good news until after supper, when the family were assembled in the parlor.

Pointing to Clara's oldest boy, who occupied the place next to his grandfather which had been left vacant, she said, "you see, Clara, we have found another Eddie who is like our boy was when he left us; only a few weeks more and he will be the same age, so let him have the place of honor just for to-night," and the last words were said in a lingering tone, "just for to-night."

"How kind of you, mother," said Clara, "and I hope that my little boy will prove to his dear grandma to be all that her own Eddie was, and I wish he could make up to her for his loss." Had Clara spoken these words to her mother at any other time, she would have appreciated them as coming from the kind heart of her favorite daughter, but now it seemed as if Clara, though unconsciously, were trying to lessen her mother's affection for her own son by putting a grandson in his place.

The evening meal was now over, and the family were all in the parlor. Mr. Carson stirred up the coals in the fireplace, added a new supply of fuel, and, lighting his pipe, sat before the fire for a few minutes watching now the burning coals, then the wreaths of smoke rising from his pipe as if trying to find in them words to express his thoughts.

"Father has something very important to say," thought Clara, "and I wonder what it can be;" and Charlie, who had been watching his father, said, "a penny for your thoughts, father; I know it must be something interesting."

"Yes, it is, Charlie," he said, "I have some very good news for you, but I hardly know how to tell it."

"What is it?" asked his son, growing interested when he saw the happy expression on his father's face.

"We have found your lost brother," Eddie, at last, said Mr. Carson, "and he will be here to spend the day with us to-morrow."

"What?" asked Clara, turning quickly to her father, "found a lost brother? Can it be possible? you do not mean it, father!"

"It is so," said Mr. Carson, "Eddie has been home and we will be here again to-morrow."

"Where is he now?" asked Charlie, "and where has he been all these years?"

Frank was no less surprised than the others; he arose and stood before his father, but could not find words to express his astonishment.

Mr. Carson emptied the ashes from his pipe in the fireplace, laid it down and commenced to tell the story. At the mention of his being a Catholic priest Clara turned pale and interrupted her father, saying: "Oh, father, this is too much. I cannot bear the thought of it. If you had told me my brother was dead it would not seem so sad. Oh, mother! O, Eddie!"

And calming herself a little, she continued: "I will try to welcome him as a dear brother, and will never let him know the grief I feel in finding him as he is."

Clara, being the oldest girl, had always been her mother's favorite, and their likes and dislikes had ever been the same, but in nothing did their thoughts find more unity than in their religious belief, so now the words that came from her heart in sympathy for her mother were merely an echo of what she knew her mother's feelings must be. But how differently did Charlie receive the news. He said nothing, but his face told only too plainly that what displeased his sister was more joyful news to him, and he could hardly refrain from saying: "I am very happy to know that in my family there is one who will be a friend to me now." Frank, too, was silent, for he had been studying his brother's countenance and thought he possessed a secret, but would not betray it.

The next morning Eddie came, and was greeted by a most hearty welcome from his two brothers, while Clara gave him a welcome that never could have betrayed the disappointment she felt in finding him so changed. A happier day was never spent at the Carson farm house, for they were all at home now and the vacant chair was filled at last. Eddie proved to be a most cheerful and entertaining guest, rather than the stern puritanical clergyman they had expected to find him, and even Clara, who was more adverse to having anyone belonging to her a Catholic than her mother herself could have been, forgot the presence of the obnoxious Roman collar in the enjoyment of her brother's company. After he was gone she said that she never thought a Catholic priest could be so friendly, for she had always believed them so cold and distant. Her mother answered her, saying that she thought Eddie must be an exception.

After dinner, when the family were just seated around the fireplace in the parlor for a pleasant conversation, a rap came to the door, and Mrs. Carson, on opening, found Tommy Gibson there, apparently very much excited. "Is Father Bristol here?" he asked in a tone which told that something was the matter.

"Yes," said Mrs. Carson, "he is spending the day with us."

"Please tell him I would like to see him," said the boy.

Mrs. Carson called her son, and the boy told him his brother Willie was dying and wished to see him.

"I am sorry you must leave us," said his mother, "when we had anticipated so much pleasure in having you spend the whole day with us."

"Never mind, mother," said the priest, "I do not like to disappoint you, but I'd rather go, and perhaps I will not be gone long."

"I wouldn't ask you to stay when you can be of any service to that poor boy," said his mother, "so go now; we can do without your company better than he can."

"Thank you, mother," he said, "I will try to be back soon."

All the afternoon they anxiously watched for his return, but he did not come until nearly ten o'clock, when he stopped to bid them good-night and to tell them that William Gibson's sufferings were over. His death, which had been almost hourly expected for nearly two weeks, had come a few minutes before.

The next afternoon Charlie went to call on his brother and to tell him the secret which ere long he must make known to his parents. Instead of taking his mother's advice and giving up Theresa McKinney, he had pondered more on her words, "you can never live in happiness with one whose religion differs so much from your own," and on his return to the city he had entered upon his instructions in the Catholic faith. It had seemed hard at first to think of embracing a religion so different from the one he had been brought up, but as he began to understand more clearly the doctrines of Catholicity, he had learned to admire them, and now, after nearly two years, he felt that he was fully prepared for baptism. The priest from whom he had been receiving instructions told him he was, and he was to have received the Sacrament on his return to the city. As his brother was a priest, he wished to ask the favor of receiving this, his first Sacrament from him.

Father Bristol questioned him and found him to be well instructed, but would not promise to baptize him until after he had written to the priest from whom he had received his instructions, which he did that night. He received an answer the following Monday, telling him that his brother was most sincere in his intention and thoroughly understood the nature of the step he was about to take. The priest had looked forward with joy to the time when he should make him a member of the Catholic fold, but now he would give that pleasure to his brother, and he hoped soon to hear that Charles Carson was a Catholic.

Sunday Charlie attended mass with his father, who could not be prevailed upon to go to any other church now, and little Willie, his youngest brother, who after much coaxing had been permitted by his mother to go to hear his brother preach.

[To be continued.]

For Many Years

"I have suffered untold agony from rheumatism, which has afflicted me for many years. Since using six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I find myself entirely cured of that painful disease. I am unable to praise this great medicine enough. It has no equal." Mrs. E. A. Alverson, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

## RELIC OF ST. ANTHONY.

Came from Italy Accompanied by Documents Attesting its Genuineness.

A relic of St. Anthony of Padua, consisting of one of the bones of the arm of the saint, was received last Saturday by the Capuchin Friars of the church of Our Lady, Queen of Angels, 118th street, between Second and Third avenues New York. It came in a sealed casket from Padua, Italy, and was accompanied by documents attesting its authenticity. It was given to the Capuchin Fathers by the Father Superior of the basilica in Padua, where the body of the saint is preserved, because of the services the Capuchin Order has rendered the cause of religion.

The relic was exposed for the veneration of the faithful, in the church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It was carried in procession through the church, and at the same time two new altars and two new statues were blessed. The Rev. Dr. Francis H. Wall, pastor of the church of the Holy Rosary, preached a sermon in English and the Rev. Bonaventura Frey one in German. The devotion to St. Anthony was also instituted.

St. Anthony of Padua is known as the miracle worker, and millions of Catholics practice the devotion to St. Anthony. He is invoked as the finder of things lost. He was a great preacher and social reformer. Pope Gregory IX. styled him the living ark of the two Testaments on account of his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

## A DICTIONARY OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

The Rev. Edward P. Spillane, S. J., of Boston College, is engaged in the compilation of a dictionary of American Catholic authors, on the plan of Gillow's dictionary. The work will not be unduly hurried, as the aim is to make it as complete, accurate and discriminating as possible.

It will represent past and present writers in the English language, and the translators of foreign works into English. It will not be restricted to the representation of literary workers, properly so called, but will include writers on theological, legal, medical and scientific subjects. Thus it will be a summary of intellectual progress of the greatest practical interest and value.

Father Spillane has the patience, the zeal, the critical faculty and sense of proportion needed for such a work. His experience as librarian at Woodstock has been in the nature of an apprenticeship for it. He has at his service the great libraries of the Jesuits on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Society of Jesus has produced a great number of writers, whose productions have covered practically every department of human interest. A fair proportion of these are numbered among American authors.

Moreover, within the present century, the Jesuits have been active in building up our periodical literature. As fairly representative of their good work in this respect, we need but name the London Month and the English and American Messengers of the Sacred Heart.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., of Dublin, Ire., is really the father of the present Literary Revival in Ireland. The best of the Irish authors who are now in high repute in London, had their literary shaping and heartening at Father Russell's hands, in his admirable Irish Monthly.

Father Spillane's book will be in demand in our Catholic colleges, in public and parish libraries, in the private libraries of priests and studious Catholics. It will have an important place among the journalist's reference books.—The Pilot.

## SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Formed at a Meeting Held at the Cathedral.

The Cathedral School Association was formed Sunday at a meeting in Lady Victory Chapel of St. Patrick's cathedral. The association starts with a membership of 225.

Martin J. Callahan, collector of the Port of Rochester, is the first president. Assemblyman-elect Richard Gardiner and Congressman-elect J. M. E. O'Grady have both promised support to the young organization. Plans were made for an address which will be given early in January. The speaker will be Henry Austin Adams of Chicago, who will have for his subject "Cardinal Newman."



## NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS DAY

Virginia and Ned  
Went early to bed—  
'Twas the night before Christmas day,  
They knew good St. Nick  
So jolly and slick  
Would visit their home before day.

His treasure each year  
He piled over here  
By the fireplace where stockings hang  
High! But he skipped away  
Before it was day  
And they wondered what made him so shy.

He was good they both knew  
Or else why should he do  
So many kind things for the poor  
But why didn't he stay  
To enjoy it next day?  
Some reason he had they felt sure.

While they talked it over  
Came sleep, the old rover,  
And stealthily closed both their eyes,  
Because Santa keeps  
Close watch on their "peeps"  
Before he slips in to surprise.

Both faces are smiling  
Dreams must be beguiling  
With visions of reindeer and sled,  
A woodcock's night  
Seen only at night  
When tucked away snug in bed.

Now each deer seems to know  
Just where he's to go,  
And just where to stop on the way.  
And jolly Nick's clothes  
Are sure to his toes,  
So he must be warm in his sleigh.

But he's so very fat,  
Not a bit like a cat,  
And the chimney can't let him through,  
That's what they first thought,  
But then they forgot  
He could stretch like an old rubber shoe.

Down he came with a bump  
And then he gave a thump  
As he stood there grinning in the  
Toys by the score  
He piled on the floor,  
From jolly held high, to a gun.

With a nod to the bed  
"Merry Christmas," he said,  
"You're good little children, I see,  
That's why I stop here,  
I'll stop every year  
You're deserving a visit from me."

Up he went like a flash  
Through the chimney, and crash  
Went the snow crust under the foot,  
The bells tinkled gay,  
His deer sped away  
Till back came no patter of hoofs.

## TO HOLD A CONVENTION IN ROOM NEXT WEEK.

The fourth semi-annual convention of the Catholic Summer School of America will be held in this city Dec. 28th and 29th. The delegates will be the guests of the Catholic Reading Circle. A public reception and entertainment will be given on Thursday, Dec. 28th at cathedral hall, at which all friends are invited. On Thursday morning the delegates will be driven about the city and have luncheon at the Livingston Hotel. On Wednesday evening a card party will be held at the Immaculate Conception hall.

The officers of the Catholic Summer School of America are: President, Miss Helen T. Gossman, Ph. M. Amherst, Mass.; Secretary, Miss Mary A. Burke, New York; Treasurer, Miss McIntyre, Philadelphia; Moderator, Rev. Jas. P. Kiernan, Rochester.

## PERSONALS.

Miss Maria T. Dolan, of Clifton, and Assemblyman S. F. O'Donnell, spent a few days in the city this week as the guests of Mr. C. J. Dolan.

Daniel B. Murphy, of this city, was the principal speaker at the Buffalo Credit Men's association held at Elliott club Monday evening. The subject of his address was "Credit Men's Associations." Mr. Murphy is a member of the firm of Burke, Finck, Simons, Hone & Co., and has been prominently identified with the Rochester Credit Men's association since its organization.

## MOLT CROSS CHURCH FAIR.

Rev. Father Payner, pastor of Holy Cross church at Clifton, received final reports of the money taken in the annual church fair, which was held in November at the Auditorium at Clifton. The church has \$1,547.39 from the fair.

## ABOUT THE FAIR.

WHAT ARE THE FAIR AND OTHER INTERESTING FACTS.

Many of our readers have been interested in the fair, and we are glad to hear that they are all well.

Mrs. Schenck, who has been in the hospital, is now home, and is expected to be discharged in a few days.

Mr. F. C. A. Harrington, of Hampton, is a visitor in the city, and is expected to be discharged in a few days.

The Masonic lodge, of which Mr. Harrington is a member, is expected to be discharged in a few days.

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