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THE CANON'S SERVANT.

Seven o'clock was the good old Canon's time for saying mass. At the time of which I write he was considerably over 70, was more than a little deaf, and was exceedingly short-sighted; yet he was anything but feeble and every morning of his life found him on his knees in the church at half-past six. At five minutes to seven he was in the sacristy, and at the stroke of seven was vested and ready for the mass.

Old Nora, the elder of the Canon's two servants, invariably opened the church doors for the first mass, though there were seldom more than two or three people present, except on feast days. And this particular Monday morning was not a feast day—at any rate either of obligation or devotion.

Now, the outer sacristy, in which the altar boys vested was, very little more than a wide passage leading straight to the priest's house, so that when Bridget had finished her trifling duties with the church she had necessarily to pass through this outer vestry on her way back to the presbytery kitchen. This morning Nora passed and looked round in dismay. Within the inner sacristy stood the Canon ready vested, but there was no server awaiting him in the usual place. Nora couldn't remember that such a thing had ever happened before—at St. Patrick's.

Turning back into the church, the old woman made her way to the principal entrance, fully expecting to meet a breathless boy at the porch, or, at the very least, to hear the sound of running footsteps in the street outside. There was neither the sight nor the sound. She stepped out into the street, but the morning was a starless one and the street lamps had already been put out, so that her view was a limited one.

"Sure now, the pity of it!" she murmured to herself, as she re-entered the church. "Ah! likely enough the children are laid up! But what will I do for his Reverence?"

Nora pushed open the inner door and looked up thence, in which only one or two jets of gas were burning. Even old Michael had not yet arrived—though if he had been there he would have been quite useless for the duty of serving mass. Mrs. MacCarthy was in the first bench, of course, and old Kate Murphy kneeling just under the statue of St. Patrick, but there was not another soul in the whole church.

Stay! Who or what was that within a yard or two of where she stood?

"Come out of it this very minute!"

Nora really thought she was speaking in a whisper, but regarded objectively as a whisper, it was a pretty loud one. To begin with, she was greatly startled. Kneeling at the bottom of the aisle, on the Gospel side of the church, was a boy. For a moment she thought it was Dan Burn—the boy whose turn it was to serve for one week. She soon perceived her mistake.

The stranger had arisen from his knees, and, rosy-headed in hand, was retreating towards the porch. Nora's tone and manner scared him.

"Come back wid ye!"—Nora still thought she was whispering—"you'll have to clerk for the Canon! You hear me, now!"

Fortunately, this time they were in the porch—the boy still retreating and Nora following. She was determined he should not escape her. A boy was a boy, and therefore a server at such a juncture as this; though to be sure—well, Nora paused as she eyed him under the gauntlet at the entrance. Was he capable of such a duty? She began to be a little doubtful. He was certainly not an English lad, though there was nothing distinctively foreign looking in his dress, which was tidy, but coarse; his age may have been 15. His hair was jet black, thick and bushy, and the skin brown, as only a southern sun could have made it. Two big, dark, frightened eyes looked up into Nora's face.

"Can ye, or can't ye, answer mass now? Tell me that!" Nora whispered fiercely.

It was clear that the boy did not understand the question; it seemed to him that the old woman was chiding him for being in the church. Slightly lifting his rosy head, he said, in broken English, "I come—to say this—Ave, Ave, Ave! I not speak English—much!"

Nora groaned. If he couldn't speak the English language, how in the world could he be supposed to know Latin? she asked herself.

But just then the clock of a neighboring Protestant church struck seven. This made Nora desperate. Of course the Canon waited until the surpliced server appeared at the door of the in-

ner sanctuary, and equally, of course, his Reverence would be occupied with his prayers until the last moment, but he would be sure to know that it was already seven o'clock. Pushing open the swing door that led into the church the old woman pointed to the high altar, at the same time folding her hands, bowing her head and beating her chest three times, as though saying the Confiteor. Then she ejaculated—

"D'ye understand that, now?"

"Me—me?" O yes, yes, yes," he exclaimed, excitedly; and almost before she knew what had happened he had run through the whole of the Confiteor. A minute later they were in the sacristy. The Canon was standing in the inner sanctuary, apparently unconscious of the delay. The boy needed no help from Nora in putting on cassock and cotta. She was surprised at the rapidity with which he vested, and not a little astonished as she saw him lifting the cotta to his lips before putting it on.

"Ye're hands, are they clean now?" Nora asked, at the same time making a grab at one of them. Brown they certainly were, but yet—she thought they were, perhaps, as clean as the hands of such a boy could ever be.

"Stand there," she said, pushing him towards the sacristy door. Instinctively the server advanced, and without looking around the Canon took up the sacred vessel, bowed to the cross and came forth. Nora drew back as priest and server passed out. She trembled a little with fear and excitement, and also with the dread that, after all, the boy might not be capable. To her, now that she had time to consider what she had done, it seemed a fearful risk, this relying on a foreigner for the Latin response. And then she had not said a word to her master by way of explanation.

Feeling a little troubled, she crept back to the church and knelt down for a moment within sight of the altar, just to see how the lad was acting. She would gladly have remained for the whole mass if her duties had not prevented her from doing so at that particular hour.

But Nora was soon satisfied that the boy knew all the details of mass serving, and as she watched him kneeling with folded palms and an air full of reverence and attention, and heard his clear, rapid musical utterance of the responses, she was satisfied that the Canon would not blame her for what she had done.

"Though if the black-eyed little vagabond ain't an Italian and one of them organ folk," she said to herself, when she reached the kitchen, "my name's not Nora Callaghan. An' he's for all the world like that holy picture of the blessed St. John the Baptist in the dining room!"

"Glad to see you looking so well and hearty this morning, Canon," said Father Riley, one of the assistant priests, as he entered the room where the Canon was sitting at breakfast.

"Thank you, Father," replied the Canon smilingly; "yes, I do feel very well this morning, thank the good God. I don't quite know why, but the fact is—I well I must have had a special consolation at mass, I think."

"One of your favorite feasts to-day, very possibly," said the young priest, as he sat down to breakfast. The Canon's particular affection for and devotion to a large number of saints was well known to all; but his coadjutors used to say that he claimed every saint in the calendar as his patron—a statement the Canon would deprecate, though I really think it had a certain foundation in fact.

"No, no, I think not—I think not," murmured the happy-looking old priest. "No, I am quite unable to account for it to-day. However, consolation comes and goes as the good God wills. Let us be thankful it does come at times."

"Yes," said Father Riley, "it always comes sooner or later. I have just been insisting upon this in trying to console some of our good people whose house is being visited by influenza. By the way, Canon, you will be sorry to hear that one of your servers is down with it. Dan Burn had to go to bed after mass yesterday."

"My dear Father, that is impossible."

"Well, Canon, I have just been speaking to his mother, who, like the good woman she is, came to pray against it," as she says. She assured me Dan was unable to get up."

ered old man, looking from one to the other of his colleagues; "really, my dear Fathers, you are puzzling me very much."

"The boy who served mass this morning is an utter stranger to me, at least," said Father Wood. "I entered the sacristy just as he was leaving, and rather wondered what the dark-looking lad was doing there."

"Dan has black hair, I grant you," Father Wood continued, "but this boy was black haired, brown skinned and altogether foreign looking. No more like Dan than you, Canon, are like Henry VIII."

"Dear, dear!" the old priest ejaculated, taking off his spectacles; "this is a very singular experience, very singular indeed. And very interesting! 'But,' he added, 'I must be getting very short-sighted, I think, or very abstracted, or—something.'"

"Very dead to the things of this world," said Father Wood, in a low tone, to his colleague. The latter nodded, and both the young priests glanced at their rector with looks of veneration and affection.

"Poor Dan!" the Canon was saying to himself. "This is very sad indeed. But how could I have been so abstracted! A strange boy—foreign-looking, you say. He turned to Father Wood. 'Well, this is most interesting experience. Why, it reminds me of a most beautiful story of—but no, that was quite another matter.'"

"Don't deprive us of the story, Canon," Father Riley pleaded.

"Oh, I assure you, Father, it is not at all to the point—not at all. No, it is only an incident in the life of a holy Franciscan for whom I have a special affection; but it does not bear upon the matter in hand, even remotely, except that—the Canon hesitated.

"In the matter of stories, Canon, we are all boys," Father Wood said; "Come, now, do give it to us."

"Well, began the Canon, a little reluctantly, "it really is a beautiful story, but I do beg of you not to think that I am likening myself to the subject of it. That would be too absurd, not to say presumptuous," the Canon went on, looking anxiously at his brother priests. "You have heard of Blessed John of Palma, no doubt, and you know that, after he had given up the office of Provincial of his order, he retired to the hermitage when St. Francis first set up a representation of the Cross. Well, one morning he wished to say mass at an earlier hour than usual, but when he called his server, the brother was so heavy with sleep he could not rouse himself. However, he rose after a short time and ran to the church. To his amazement Blessed John was at the altar with a server clothed in a Franciscan habit, but having the face and appearance of no mortal man the brother had ever seen before. Later in the day, Blessed John said to the young religious, who, as he thought, had served his mass: 'My son, I bless you from my heart. You served me this morning with so much reverence and devotion that, through you, Our Lord gave me very great consolation.' The brother was filled with great confusion, and confessed that sleepiness had deprived him of the privilege of serving mass that morning, and that when he came to the church he saw that his place had been taken by a stranger. Yet he was sure no visitor had arrived that day, and that none of the other brethren had served the Father's mass."

"Well," said Blessed John, "whoever he may be, I bless him. And blessed be the good God in all His gifts."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Father Riley. "Just the scene for a picture. Why don't some of these artists read the lives of the Saints to some good purpose? Imagine the dark church in the very early morning, the dawn stealing in through the altar window and struggling with the light of the tapers—the venerable Franciscan in the act of saying mass, and then—the angel server full of adoring reverence, and enveloped, maybe, in a soft luminosity that appears to be a part of the religious habit he is wearing."

"Well, Canon," said Father Wood, "it is a delightful story, but I should not be at all surprised to find an angel serving your—"

"Please, please, my dear Father," broke in the Canon, with evident distress, "please do not say that. That is just what I do not want you to say. Whoever my server may have been, I am positive he was not an angel."

"In this instance I don't think that he was," Father Wood answered, laughing. "In fact, I am pretty sure of it. He may be a very good boy, but he is much too substantial looking—I was going to say too dark looking—to be mistaken for an angel. And now I come to think of it—yes, I am di-

most certain 'tis the same lad. He is an Italian, Canon, and don't be shocked—takes his turn at organ-grinding with an unpleasant looking man, possibly his father."

"Well, well, well," ejaculated the Canon, throwing up his hands, "I must really be getting exceedingly short-sighted! But really I feel greatly interested in this poor lad. I hope you have not forgotten all your Italian," he added, turning to Father Wood. The latter reassured him.

"Then would you be so kind as to see this boy, or—make some inquiries about him?"

"I will certainly do so, Canon," said Father Wood. And he did.

III.

"A tansured cleric!" exclaimed the Canon, looking from Father Wood to the dark-eyed boy, who stood in the presbytery parlor, and who had just risen from his knees with the Canon's most fervent blessing.

"Nothing less," said Father Wood; "but while I tell you his story shall we send him to the kitchen? I fancy he is hungry."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Canon, quickly. Well, well! What a very interesting occurrence! Yes, my dear, go with Father Wood and have something to eat."

"It is a sad enough story," Father Wood began, when he returned to the parlor, "though I hope it may have a happy ending. The boy—his name is Andrea Travilari—was being educated for the Church when his mother, a good, holy woman, died. The father, a free-thinker, and, I fear, a bad character all round, took the lad away from his seminary about six months ago and brought him to England. The wretched man forbade him ever to enter a Catholic church, or even to keep any article of a religious character about his person. In spite of this, the child has managed to—secretly his mother's Rosary beads, and has contrived to say them every day since he left the seminary. This morning he got up very early and stole away to hear mass while his father was sleeping. He has done the same several times before, and always with the same result—a brutal whipping. The marks of the cords with which he had been tied up were upon his wrists and ankles when I first saw him this morning. What the marks on his body may be I dare not think. They are living in some wretched room in Bardsley Lane, together with several other Italians."

When I called this afternoon the lad was helping one or two of them in the making of plaster images. For reasons of his own the father had left the boy at home for the day. In fact, I strongly suspect that the child was too feeble or too giddy to walk when the father set out with the organ. One of the image makers expressed great sympathy with Andrea, and admitted the brutal character of the scourging."

"Only an hour ago I called again. The father was at home, and my knowledge of Italian stood me in good stead, for I succeeded in frightening him very thoroughly. He is, doubtless, at this moment awaiting the arrival of the police. He admits that the boy is as good as gold—but, my dear Canon, I have distressed you too much already. (The Canon was in tears.) Perhaps I am premature, but I have brought the boy away, and if you think anything can be done—"

"Something must be done—shall be done!" exclaimed the Canon with decision.

"They have not waited for the police," Father Wood said to the Canon a few hours later. "Dread of the English law has driven them back to Italy."

"Andrea will be happy enough on the English Mission," said the Canon simply.

But the entire credit of everything was claimed by Nora, who, however, for Andrea's success was not wholly dissipated until years later, after assisting at his first mass, she heard him preach—in English!

O. R. & B. A.

The Central Council will meet at the rooms of Council 18, in the Durand building, next Tuesday evening. A very flattering report of the picnic held in August will be read by the treasurer.

The members of Council 44 are requested to be present at the meeting on Wednesday evening, in the Durand building. Committees on pedro party will report.

The editor of the G. R. & B. A. Bulletin evidently does not deign to notice Rochester doings. Not a word has appeared as yet about the biggest picnic the association or any part thereof ever held. Is it an evergreen?

SISTER BEATRICE.

DEATH OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUFUL

Who Went Voluntarily to Care for the Most Abandoned

Sister Beatrice, the brave heroine of the leper home, is dead—Sister Beatrice, the noble leader of the band of Sisters of Charity who six years ago volunteered for this work among the saddest and most desolate of God's creation, and who wooed by it to the end, with a courage and love that are only born of God.

Six years ago, at the foot of Canal street, there took place a remarkable scene. It was a bright evening in April, and on the deck of the Paul Tullane, bound for Whitehall, stood four Sisters of Charity. They were Sisters Beatrice, Cyril, Annie and Thomas. Whether were they bound? For the leper land, whence they would return nevermore. For they were entering upon a life-work, requiring all the exalted heroism and courage of which human nature is capable; they were going forever into voluntary exile, to devote their lives and lavish all the gentle tenderness of their hearts and Christlike spirits upon those who are forever forbidden by law to mingle among their fellow men, those who are abandoned by all, even the nearest and dearest, and whose cry, "Unclean, unclean," carries just as awful a terror with it to-day as it did in the old law, when the leper was condemned to find a home in the wilderness of abandoned tombs, to become a materialized specter of Hinnon and Gehenna, to be at all times less a living person to others than a torment to himself, afraid to die, yet without hope in life; an outcast, an eyesore. These were the people among whom these particular Sisters of Charity were going to consecrate their lives and abide forever, in glad and willing service.

Their leader was Sister Beatrice. Upon the levee stood a number of the members of their order, and they too, stood in noble admiration of a young body of Catholic gentlemen, members of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, who had come to bid them farewell in their noble and voluntary mission. Quietly, without a tear or regret, they with a smile on their lips that to them was given the privilege to minister to the outcast and hopelessly maimed, these brave sisters bade adieu, leaving forever behind them the smiling picture of home and loved ones.

The news passed along the levee that these sisters were bound for the leper land, and soon a great crowd had gathered, and as the Paul Tullane put off from her wharf there rose a deafening cheer; tears sprang to eyes unused to weeping; the rough men about and the burly negro paddled their work to say "God bless them!"

Saturday evening, September 14, Sister Beatrice returned. She had completed her work. She had reached the height of human sacrifice, illumined by divine love. She had laid down her life for her friends, and these friends were the outcast and abandoned lepers.

Again a group gathered to meet the brave heroine. But this time there was no sweet-faced, smiling, white-capped sister to reach out her hand and smile. "I thank you," Sister Beatrice lay cold in death. Her demise was caused by malaria fever.

Sister Beatrice was born in the world as Miss Ellen Hart. She came from a fine old family of Boston and was a brilliantly educated woman. At the age of 22 she entered the order of the Sisters of Charity making her novitiate at the mother house in Philadelphia. She completed the required time of probation, and then making her vows was sent to do hospital work in Boston. She remained in Boston six years, serving in various capacities, but especially as the nurse-servant of the hospital. From Boston she was sent to St. John's Hospital at Lowell, Mass., and here she remained as sister servant and apothecary for over twenty-five years. She was a woman of rare executive ability, a born nurse and a most intelligent guide, loved by all who knew her.—New Orleans Picayune.

[The story of her going was told in these columns at the time of her departure.]

The illumination at the Pan American exposition now takes place at 7:30 p.m. The fireworks display by Fox and which by the way are the most ever seen in this section of the country takes place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 9 p.m.

Rev. W. T. Dunn, of the new pastor of St. Patrick's, Danversville, arrived in this city Friday evening. He was deposited by one of the churches and driven to the residence where a number of the parishioners were waiting to meet him. An informal reception was offered for the first time. Before reading the epistle for the day, he referred to the death of President McKinley.

Results on the part of the parishioners that he was speaking he showed that when the city was struck at such a time, everything God's authority, that another's own power, looked upon as a mere trifling of as such with all the law. Father Dunn was subject of his own words of a general and personal character. He said that he was speaking of the death of President McKinley, and that he was speaking of the death of President McKinley, and that he was speaking of the death of President McKinley.

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