

The Catholic Journal

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Bigotry Rampant.

If one really believes that bigotry is not still present in the heart of some non-Catholic Americans he needs only to visit Quebec and, especially, the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre to be convinced to the contrary.

Undoubtedly, many fair-minded non-Catholics, who possess the spark of faith within their hearts, go to St. Anne's with a feeling of honest doubt as to the reality of the cures reported to have been effected by Almighty God through the intercession of the good St. Anne. They are not inspired by any feeling of reverence and their actions in the Basilica and the surrounding chapels are not characterized by ribaldry or levity. These are affected mightily by the devotion and faith witnessed in St. Anne's and who knows but that this simple visit and the memory of the scenes witnessed in and about the shrine may not, in after years, lead them into the true Church?

Even the careless tourist, attracted to St. Anne's by the description given in the advertising matter sent broadcast by steamship companies and railroad companies is not to be blamed if he feels mildly sceptical as to the cures and sights around the shrine. He knows no better.

But what shall be said of the person who sets out deliberately for St. Anne's bent on not only making fun of everything there but also to discredit the faith of those who worship there all the year around?

The writer would not have believed such a thing possible had he not had ocular and aural proof during the last few days. He overheard a well-dressed woman, from her general appearance a person of means and of considerable worldly experience denounce the Catholics of Quebec as "priest-ridden" and declare that their priests kept them in poverty and ignorance. She based this belief upon the number of beautiful churches to be seen all over Quebec while the inhabitants are, to external appearances, poor.

To be sure, there may be apparent poverty in Quebec but this lady did not know that those whom she classed as poor were sufficiently well off in this world's goods to be able to care for themselves and their own. Their needs are simple and they have not yet acquired "the strenuous life" so necessary to the American heart. They do not invite the insolent American tourist to invade their bucolic contentedness. If he comes, they endeavor to make him comfortable during his stay. But they cannot withhold a feeling of wonder that these same insolent tourists sneer at his faith and devotion to holy Mother Church.

This woman of whom we speak announced her willingness to smash all the relics and statuary in all the Catholic churches in Canada and then to lead a similar crusade in the United States!

She and others showed their lack of reverence by applying incense and strong glasses to the relic of St. Anne, possibly

with an idea of discovering the "hocus-pocus" by which the Fathers gull the public, which is the only way these abnormally curious persons can account for the manifestations of God's power seen at the shrine every few weeks.

Suppose we did likewise in Protestant churches? Would this lady think it polite?

Why do such things as cures at St. Anne's bother these bigots? Are they wavering in allegiance to their own faith? Or are they inspired by hatred of all religion? Just what the underlying motive for their conduct, the fact remains that they are spreading the impression that all American tourists are ill-bred and boorish. Well-bred persons do not give vent to their feelings in such insolent, vulgar manner.

The writer talked with another American who owned frankly that religion did not bother him very much in his daily life. "But," said he, "the faith and devotion shown by the people in and about St. Anne's is something remarkable. To me it is a thing sublime. My visit to St. Anne's has made a deep impression upon me and I intend to come again if I live."

That man had brains, conscience and depth. Moreover, he was well-bred. A lady of his party remarked that one of the Sisters, who had invited her to the good St. Anne. She declined on the ground that she did not believe in such things and if she wore the medal she would feel herself a hypocrite at heart. This woman was honest at all events.

It is not to the credit of American Catholics that they do not visit St. Anne's in greater force and thus be on hand to combat these persons who would misrepresent and insult holy Church. In and around St. Anne's French is the only language spoken or understood. Naturally, these Frenchmen do not hear the misrepresentation and so are not ready to refute and explain to the fair-minded non-Catholics who visit the Shrine.

A strong representation of English-speaking Catholics might do much to set matters right. It would also help to strengthen faith. If one's feelings and religious devotion is not stirred by a visit to the Shrine of St. Anne, then indeed he needs stirring up. Knights of Columbus could well make pilgrimages to St. Anne's, say by states. These visits would demonstrate the loyalty of the Knights to their Church and they could act as the defenders of the faith in the manner we have indicated.

Good Example

While we understand that several Catholic organizations in Rochester follow out the custom, still we commend the following advice from the "C. M. B. A. Advocate" to all Catholic societies:

Item from a recent number of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times:

"After long weeks of suffering Almighty God called to his eternal reward Wednesday evening last, Nicholas J. Kelly.

A delegation from Br. 217 C. M. B. A., of which Mr. Kelly was a member accompanied by Rev. M. J. Kean, recited the rosary at the home of deceased Thursday evening."

Herein lies a suggestion of interest to every branch of our grand old Catholic organization. There is more to fraternity than mere insurance or financial protection. Love of our neighbor is one of the foundation stones. In time of sickness we can extend a helping hand and give expression to sympathy. Personal visitation is the best way to make these manifest. When death comes, and it must and will come finally, what better kindness can we show than to march in a body, with our spiritual adviser at the

head when his presence is possible, to the house where the dead brother's body awaits the last solemn obsequies and there recite a rosary or a litany, or any of the prescribed prayers for such as die in the true faith?

The example of those brethren of Br. 217 is one that Father Kean would undoubtedly recommend to all the membership, and we venture to prophesy that such a custom will some time become universal as it should be with truly Catholic fraternities.

Honored

Recently, there was erected in Birmingham, Ala., a monument to a public school teacher.

This was remarkable in itself. But there was a still more remarkable feature.

The public school teacher was a Roman Catholic woman!

It is said this is the fourth monument erected to American women in the United States, the others being Washington's mother, Mary Ball Washington; Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U., and "Margaret", the Irish New Orleans philanthropist. It is a remarkable fact that two of the four women thus honored were Catholics.

At the unveiling of the monument to Miss Mary A. Cahalan in Birmingham, her pastor, Rev. James B. Coyle of St. Paul's Church offered the opening prayer; a Presbyterian minister recited the benediction at the close; the superintendent of public schools made the presentation address and the mayor the speech of acceptance. The monument stands near the fountain in the centre of Capitol Park, and there thousands of school children gathered and sang and scattered flowers. The shaft represents the teacher with her right arm thrown over the back of a chair and the left clasping an open book. The monument is of marble, and is ten feet high. The inscription reads: "Mary A. Cahalan, Teacher." The suggestion of the erection of the monument came from a boy, Isadore Shapiro, a pupil of the deceased teacher.

And the work of taking up subscriptions was undertaken by a young lady, Miss Daisy Rowley. A song for the occasion was also written by her and sung by a double quartette. Eight little children pulled the cords which removed the curtain covering the monument.

A chapel for celebrating Mass is rarely found in connection with a hotel, yet Mexico City provides such a convenience for the use of visiting priests. It is believed to be the only one of its kind in the republic and receives the patronage of priests stopping in the city. The hotel which provides this accommodation is the Colon. For years it has maintained a private chapel and on this account has gained a wide reputation.

The "Central Catholic" tells only the truth in the following: Signs of spiritual unrest in the community have been manifest recently. When a troubled soul carries a burden it would fain confess it, and this some religious persons have been doing to the editors of the dailies. In all of which the observer feels instinctively a groping for the truth among the elements voiced by the above correspondents. Let the controversies wage. The truth will stand the bittering of the searchers. "Truth is tough," the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" once remarked. "It will not break like a bubble, at a touch may, you may kick it about all day like a football, and it will be round and full at evening." May the searchers make the goal!

Honor has been done Warren E. Mosher, one of the most zealous advocates of the Catholic Summer School and a vigorous writer in defense of Catholicity. A bronze tablet in his memory was unveiled at Cliff Haven recently.

Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1886 and Recent Times

by CHRISTINE FABER

Chapter XXXIX. Inuendoes.

Continued from last week

A look of agony broke into the pallid, pinched face for a moment as if the poor wretch was about thing, and the sunshine streaming of pleasantly into the room, together emotion; but some mighty effort with her own beautiful self bent, kept it back, and he answered as usual work, made the little firmly as before: "Could I forget apartment appear so bright and her, Carter, I would fling you and inviting that Rick, returning from your hellish work aside forever! his interview with Carter, paused because I cannot forget her, I am as he opened the door in order to still bound to your interests; but view the scene. She greeted him with a smile, and putting down Morty Carter? mine! and before her work, rose to busy herself my tongue should say to her what about his comfort.

"I told Mrs. Murphy not to bring up the dinner until you would return," she said; "so now I shall call her."

"No; wait a moment—I have something to say to you." He motioned her back to her chair, and while he stood before her with folded arms. "It has come to this at last: that I am penniless. The person who helped me before, and that I thought would continue to do so, has refused. It was cruel of me to take you from your comfortable home, when I knew that I might be bringing you to want such as will press upon us now; but it is not yet too late to remedy what I have done. I shall send you back to Father Meagher, and I can live as I have lived before."

"I'll risk it anyway," was the response; "and now we'll drink to its success! he brought forth a bottle and glasses from some recess in the room, and proceeded to fill the latter. Rick pushed his tumbler away.

"I'll be firm this time, Carter—I'll not taste it. I promised Nora this morning when I left her that a drop should not pass my lips to-day, and I'll keep my word."

Carter laughed, and jokingly mocked Rick's determination; but he could hardly conceal his disappointment and his rage when he found that neither pleasantries nor coaxing, nor even implied menace, could induce his visitor to put the glass even to his lips. It was evident, however, that the poor creature's resistance to the temptation cost him much—his tremor and flush painfully attested that. "It's a wonderful ascendency she's gained over you already," Carter said sneeringly at last, when he was forced to put back the liquor untasted, save by himself.

Rick did not answer; he stood silently surveying the floor, till Carter returned from his task of putting away the bottle; then he said in a lower tone than he had previously used: "The money you gave me is out."

"And I'm not able to give you more," replied Carter; "I haven't enough for my own expenses, the way things are going. No, Rick!—placing his hand on Rick's shoulder, and speaking in a confidential tone,—"you'll have to manage the best way you can without any more aid from me till Nora consents. Then, I am not afraid to say, I shall be in possession of a fortune, and you shall share it."

gard of both, and it announced their intention to visit Nora when they should come up to Tralee to be present at Carroll's trial, which was now but a fortnight away. Filled as was her heart with painful anxiety about Carroll, and torn as it was with anguish whenever she reverted to the thought of the barrier which she deemed it her duty to erect between them, she still, on the receipt of the letter, looked about the humble little home with a glow of satisfaction, as she fancied Father Meagher and Clare admiring its neatness. Her hands had given a graceful touch to every-thing, and the sunshine streaming of pleasantly into the room, together emotion; but some mighty effort with her own beautiful self bent, kept it back, and he answered as usual work, made the little firmly as before: "Could I forget apartment appear so bright and her, Carter, I would fling you and inviting that Rick, returning from your hellish work aside forever! his interview with Carter, paused because I cannot forget her, I am as he opened the door in order to still bound to your interests; but view the scene. She greeted him with a smile, and putting down Morty Carter? mine! and before her work, rose to busy herself my tongue should say to her what about his comfort.

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"I see," responded Rick bitterly shaking off the hand which still rested on his shoulder; "you would make beggars of both Nora and me." He strode toward the door, opened it, and going out slammed it violently behind him; the next instant he was hurrying down the stair.

"To look for a home for us; since you will share my poverty, you may as well face its hardship at once!" He darted out, his wild emotions lending new strength to his weakened limbs. He could have shrieked in his burning remorse, his wild despair; and more than one turned to look after the rapidly walking man, whose pallid face, compressed lips, and glaring eyes told the story of a tortured heart. He halted as he passed the public houses, his wonted haunts,—his whole being was crying for a draught of the fiery stuff which would stifle the cries of his miserable conscience, and give him courage for new guilt; but the thought of the noble, self-sacrificing being from whom he had just parted, the vivid remembrance of her look, her voice, as she had besought him that morning to refrain from liquor for the day, held him back; he turned away and walked on, scarcely conscious whither he was going.

Could he have bestowed one backward glance into the room he had left, it might have given the last impetus that was needed to make him emerge from the guilt in which he was plunged, and the mire of which was ingulfing him deeper each moment. Nora had glown sobbing to her knees, her grief all the more bitter because of its very reaction—she restrained it so sternly in Rick's presence, she immolated herself so remorselessly before him, assuming cheerfulness and tender filial regard when her whole being was recoiling from both, and her heart was torn with the thought of all that she had sacrificed. Then Rick's own manner,—moody, silent, repellent, betraying little of the affection of which he had given such touching descriptions to herself and Father Meagher—all acted upon her now with resistless sway, but she had voluntarily accepted her cross, and however deep it cut she would not murmur. She dried her eyes when she burst had spent itself, and calling good-natured Mrs. Murphy to her aid, began to examine her wardrobe for the purpose of disposing of its superfluous articles. Alas! there were not many; it looked more meager than even poor Nora had thought, and by the time she had retained the very necessary articles, there was little left, and that little of comparatively little value. But Mrs. Murphy, who had been drying secret tears of compassion during the whole of the inspection, had words of cheer to offer. She commenced to make a speedy disposal of them. She was true to her word, and returning much sooner than Nora had anticipated poured into the latter's hand a larger sum than the poor girl expected to receive. Had Nora been aware that the amount was swelled from good-natured, sympathetic Mrs. Murphy's own pocket, she would not have been so joyfully surprised, nor so eager to accept.

The kind landlady, charmed as she was with the lovely girl, and puzzled to reconcile the near relationship of the latter to so uncouth and vagabond-looking a being as Rick of the Hills, was so touched when she discovered their poverty, and that it was owing to the latter they must leave her, that she would have insisted on their remaining did not her own slender means prevent.

(To be continued)

Mother Mary Cleophas was re-elected as superior general of the Sisters of Providence at the election just held at the mother house, St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo county, Ind. Mother Cleophas has held the office for a number of years, and it was necessary to secure a dispensation from Rome in order to make valid her acceptance again of the great responsibility.

"When a purse of \$1,500 in gold was presented to Rev. Frederick Bonneville, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Chicopee, Mass., on his return from Europe he refused to take it. "I cannot accept it," said Father Bonneville as he averted his face to conceal his emotions. "With hundreds of my people out of work, the sacrifice is too great. I want only of dress that I do not need, and your good will, not your money. God bless you all."

Edward K. Hanlon, son of Mr. Edward Hanlon, president of the Baltimore Baseball Club, will enter the Society of Jesus as a novice on his return from Europe, where he is now traveling with a school-mate.

Rick bounded from the table. "I must go out," he said; "I shall smother if I stay here longer!" "Where?" she asked, her voice trembling with anxiety, and something akin to terror, for these wild, sudden moods disconcerted,

Chapter XL. A Storm-Tossed Soul. Nora McCarthy, or Nora Sullivan, as she now called herself, had begun her self-imposed toil, Mrs. Murphy good-naturedly disposing of the fancy needlework, and bringing in return a compensation, alas! too slight for the demands, economical though they were, which the noble girl would supply. Still she wrought, happy to have employment, and happier still to show the poor creature from whom she continued in secret to recoil, that she was not wanting in a daughter's truest affection. One letter from Dhrummacol, written conjointly by Father Meagher and Clare, had reached her; it was full of the tender re-