

The Catholic Journal.

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1840 Per Year in Advance

The Humane Society's Agent.

It was a sad call the Humane Society's agent had that day. It was a call to an alley in a poor but quite respectable neighborhood. A woman, lonely, self-supporting, but reserved as to her own affairs, had died in a little room high up in a tenement house.

There was unfinished fine needlework on a table near by, every appearance of respectability and even taste in the meager furnishings of her poor little room, and the mark of gentle blood in the delicately cut features of the little orphan boy who sat terrified in a corner.

The boy sat a distance from the bed on which his dead mother lay, but his face was set and his brown curly hair lay uncombed on his forehead. His eyes were red with weeping and his chin rested in his hands as he leaned his elbows on his little knees and stared at everything with the terrified look of one who had never seen before death.

"That's the boy," whispered a neighbor. "He doesn't understand. He's only six years old, you know; he's the only child."

"Come here, my boy," said the Humane Society's agent.

The boy rose slowly and with frightened face came over to the agent, who reached out his hand. The small hand was laid in it and the blue-swimming eyes looked steadily in the man's kind face.

"Mother's dead," said the child solemnly. "She hated to leave me alone. I have nobody now."

"The sweet little voice, the neglected look of the little lad, went strangely to the agent's heart.

"What is your name, my little man?" said he.

"Arthur Maxwell, and I'm six years old; and father is dead, too," he added, as if a fresh sorrow had made its way back to his memory.

The agent was a kind man. His duty had not hardened him, and he was strangely drawn to the little fellow, who showed marks of training and better days.

"Would you like to come with me to-night? It is lonely here for a little boy. I'll bring you back to see mother tomorrow."

For answer the little fellow threw his arms around Mr. Benjamin Brown's neck, and the Humane Society's agent felt a throb of genuine love stir his heart as he pressed him close and thrilled with the joy of the little soft cheek laid against his own.

"Will you come, Arthur?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, smiling breaking into the blue eyes as he wiped the tears on his little sleeve and took possession of his new friend's hand.

The two or three women who were present smiled their approval. Mr. Brown said a few words about the funeral, finding there was not a single friend or relative to step forward to bury the poor woman, who had evidently worn out her life trying to sustain that of her little son and to keep them both from charity of the city.

Mr. Brown learned that Mrs. Maxwell was a Catholic, and although he was a staunch Presbyterian he did not hesitate to give orders that she should be buried in the Catholic cemetery with all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. In fact, he called on the parish priest himself to that effect. He learned that little Arthur was the only child of his mother, who had come to poverty no one knew how, as she had not been long in the locality, and was evidently well born and well bred. This was further evidenced by the papers she left behind, among which were her marriage certificate and the record of the boy's birth and of his baptism in an English Catholic Church six years before. The priest inquired keenly about the Humane Society's intention relating to the boy.

Benjamin Brown frankly acknowledged he had designs himself on the little lad.

"You see, Father," he said, "I would speak of his happiness in

his faith, and in fervent words would express the wish that his benefactor knew something of one true religion. But Uncle Ben would only shrug his shoulders and say it is enough for me to be a good Presbyterian."

Arthur's graduation day came and Uncle Ben was there. He was proud of his boy. There was something noble and pure and altogether inscrutable in the appearance of the young man to his guardian—something that rather awed Uncle Ben, he could hardly say why.

After the exercises Arthur and his benefactor took a walk under the college trees, and Uncle Ben praised him for his record and then sprang the question:

"What do you want to make of yourself, my son?" Arthur paused, then placing his hand on the arm of his adopted father he looked him straight in the face while his eyes brimmed with unshed tears.

"Uncle Ben, a lifetime would be too short to thank you for all you have done for me. My heart swells when I think of your noble generous goodness. I can never, never repay you."

"Tut, tut," said Uncle Ben hastily, but deeply touched. "Don't say that; you have been a reward in yourself, Arthur. My greatest joy in life these fourteen years has been your affection, your gratitude and your success. But your real life is ahead of you. What shall it be?"

"Uncle Ben," said the young man solemnly, "day and night I have thought of it these two years past. It is no hasty notion. I may disappoint you, for you cannot look upon it as I do. I shall be a priest of God and pray for your conversion."

Mr. Brown became gauntly pale, stared at him, and then sank down upon a bench near by without a word.

We cannot portray the scene that followed. It was continued the next day and it was long before Arthur obtained permission to follow his hearts desire.

He won, however, and although his heart bled at the wound he gave his benefactor, he was strangely exultant. It was decided he should remain and go into the seminary.

A pale, broken looking old man wrung his hand in silence a few days later as he boarded the train going north, and Arthur noticed he did not once look back.

That was some years ago. Yesterday—only yesterday—Mr. Brown called to see him. He had a photograph in his hand. "Father Alexander," said he, with a note of pride in his voice. "I want to show you my boy, Arthur. He writes me that he was ordained a priest last Saturday and said his first mass on Sunday for me; and he has sent me his photograph."

I looked at the photograph—a tall, slender figure with the pure eyes, open face and Roman collar of young priest, it was good to look at I told him so, and his gratified frown assured me that my praise was music to his ears.

"You may be proud of him, Mr. Brown," I continued. "And he said his first mass for you? There is no danger of your remaining out of the Catholic church long now; so get ready to come right in."

He smiled, "I guess you are about right, father. But I've held out a pretty good while. It broke me all up when he wanted to be a priest, but I have got over that now, and I am glad I have seen a good deal of your cloth, father, in my position, and the Catholic priest is God's noblest work. Honor him. Won't you give me a book to read? I want to know what your church teaches."

I gave him "The Faith of Our Fathers," and he promised to read it as he left me.

He will come back reader, and I ask your prayers that it may be soon. Uniting with the prayers of his adopted son, we may be sure that heaven will not delay the moment of grace for this good man, who has glorified his life by this noble and unselfish kindness to a desolate orphan boy.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

true story Rev. Richard Alexander in the Missionary.

Around the Globe

Rev. Robert Barrett, S. J., brother of Monsignor Barrett, after having completed a course of study at the University of Innsbruck, has been assigned to Fordham University, where he will assume the duties of the vice-presidency.

Mrs. Ellen Short Moore has presented St. John's Church, Canton, Ohio, with a hand-carved sanctuary chair made from the wood of the oak tree under which the first mass was celebrated in that vicinity by Bishop Fenwick in 1824. The chair is the work of a relative of Mrs. Moore's and is a fine example of artistic carving.

At the chapel of the motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth, Mich., on the feast of the Assumption, twenty-three young ladies consecrated themselves to God and the service of their neighbor, some entering the novitiate and the others taking their vows in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Detroit.

Rev. Father Griffiths, C-88 R., who was novice master at the Redemptorist house at Dundalk, has been appointed provincial of the Redemptorist congregation in Ireland, Australia and the Philippines of which the parent house is at Limerick, in succession to Rev. Father Murray, who was recently appointed superior general of the order.

From Australia comes a new record. Dr. Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Lismore, New South Wales, left an estate valued at £60,000. Surely, says the "Westminster Gazette," this is the most microscopical sum ever possessed by a prelate at his departure from this world.

A parchment codex of the thirteenth century, of priceless value for its historical notices relative to St. Francis of Assisi and the city of Perugia, has according to the London "Daily Chronicle," just been found in the municipal archives of Assisi. The precious document was originally in the possession of the great monastery of Tor over two years and was appointed to the curacy of St. Patrick's Church, Banbridge, recently returned to his native diocese of Raphoe. Previous to his leaving Banbridge, 443 Division A. O. H., assembled their members in St. Patrick's Hall and waited on him to perform a last social function prior to his departure and present him with a beautiful and touching address and handsome presentation.

A cyclist named McCaffrey, of Lismakee, was riding down a steep hill at Killyfoyle, four miles from Clones, recently, when he lost control of his machine. At the foot of the hill the road crosses a bridge over the parapet of which he was hurled a distance of 88 feet. He was picked up unconscious, but recovered some time later.

Justice Barton on July 31 appointed the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell in connection with the scheme for the erection of the Bundoran Orphanage, under the will of the late Miss Sarah Cruden. His lordship also gave leave for the payment out of the funds to the credit of the latter of an additional sum of about \$2,000, for the purpose of equipping and furnishing the buildings at Bundoran. The Attorney-General raised no objection to the application.

A very pretty wedding took place on July 15, at St. Patrick's Church, Enkes, when the Rev. Father McKenna, P. F., united in matrimony Mr. James Hagan, son of Mr. Bernard Hogan, of Victoria, Australia, and Miss Margaret McCarron, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur McCarron, of Enkes.

News From Ireland

Rear-Admiral George M. Baird (recently), of the United States Navy, and now resident in Washington, in company with his wife, is paying a visit to Ireland, and during his stay in Belfast has been visiting his friend Mr. Samuel Davidson.

The Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen on July 31 formally opened the new Town Park at Lagran. Lady Aberdeen accepted a handsome bouquet from Miss Doreen McGeagh, daughter of the Chairman of the Council and subsequently her Excellency made the little lady a gift of a handsome chain and pendant. The Chairman handed his Excellency a suitably inscribed gold key to open the park gates.

A pike weighing 28 lbs. was caught in the river in Beltrubet recently, by Mr. T. McGovern. Inside the fish were found 2 spoon-baits; a piece of rubber tyre and four small fish. This is true.—Analo-Celt.

Rev. M. Connery, P. F., St. John's Catholic Church, Coleraine, presided at and performed the opening ceremony of a sale of work held in the Town Hall, Portrush, on August 5. The sale was organized in connection with the Ursuline Convent and Parochial Schools Bazaar (St. Malachy's Hall), to be held in Coleraine during the month of November, and as there was a big crowd of holiday-makers in Portrush it was extensively patronized. The stalls—four in number—were, in addition to being prettily decorated, laden with many beautiful articles, and these were quickly disposed of.

The death of Rev. J. T. McAboon, curate at Newry, occurred on August 1. Deceased was very popular amongst all classes throughout the county.

One of Donegal's oldest inhabitants was laid to rest on July 30 in the family burying ground at the ancient abbey, Donegal, in the person of John Coulter, Quay St., Donegal, at the ripe old age of 85 years.

Rev. H. O'Boyle, C. C., a native of Glenties, who had been ministering in the diocese of Drogheda for over two years and was appointed to the curacy of St. Patrick's Church, Banbridge, recently returned to his native diocese of Raphoe. Previous to his leaving Banbridge, 443 Division A. O. H., assembled their members in St. Patrick's Hall and waited on him to perform a last social function prior to his departure and present him with a beautiful and touching address and handsome presentation.

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C. M. B. A. Convention

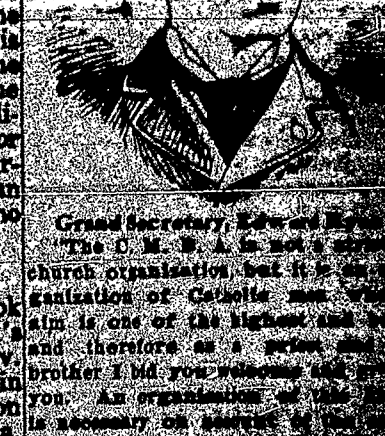
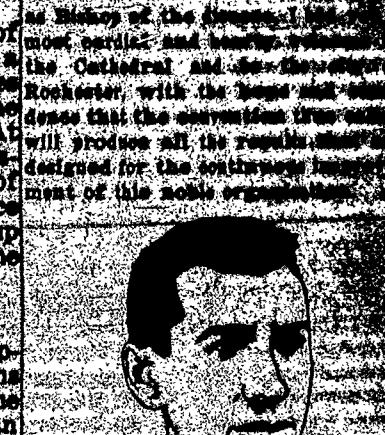
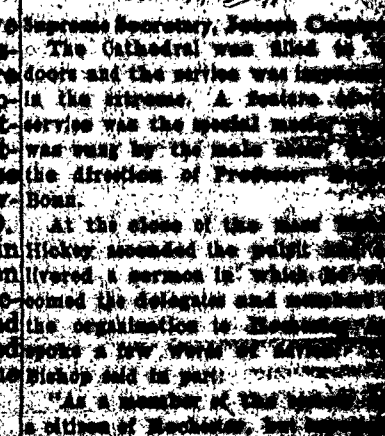
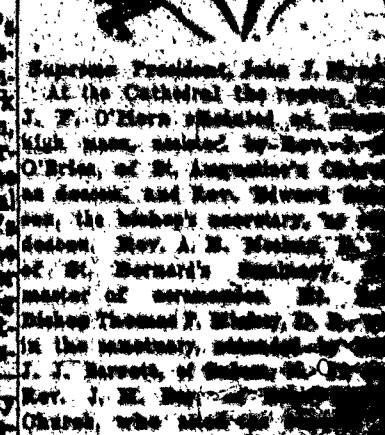
The New York State Council of Catholic Mutual Benefit Societies, opened Tuesday its session in Cathedral Hall, 2,400 visitors, delegates and families, were in attendance for the occasion of this gathering.

The delegates assembled at Hotel Marlborough at 2.15 o'clock on day morning, and held its hour-long meeting at 3.15 o'clock, when they set out for the Cathedral, headed by the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band and a squad of mounted police men.

Supreme President, John J. Moran, presided at the opening of the convention. J. F. O'Brien, assisted by Rev. J. J. O'Brien, presided at the opening of the convention. J. F. O'Brien, assisted by Rev. J. J. O'Brien, presided at the opening of the convention. J. F. O'Brien, assisted by Rev. J. J. O'Brien, presided at the opening of the convention.

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