

# The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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## A Memorable Sunday.

It was an isolated spot, save for the scattered dwellings of the miners, who labored in the great mines in the heart of the mountains, whence men drew precious metals and buried their souls therein. Giant hills rose all around, whence streams came tumbling into the valleys, where the warm, red earth gave forth in the springtime luxuriant vegetation. The miners themselves, men of different nationalities, and mostly drifted away from the North and East, leaving home and friends behind them. In many instances they have left God, and so Jim Halligan confessed to his hutting faces, and heard the agonizing, Red Dick McGovern. Jim spoke in a shame-faced and hesitating way, for religion was hardly even so much as named among those who delved in the granite sides of the hills day and night. It was Sunday morning, Jim had learned so much and even if he could be reached from the calendar, and the fact had somehow struck him with peculiar force. Church bells would be ringing as he knew, and men, women and children hastening in throngs to hear mass every where from the rising to the setting of the sun, while there and over again that piteous supplication: "A priest! Bring a priest!" And when there was no such do be livin' here," he blurted out, expecting to hear a wild laugh from his companion in blasphemies the most horrible. But Red Dick, who was lying before the fire smoking, blew a ring of smoke into the air and looked thoughtful. "That's right," he asserted after a pause, "it's Godless right enough."

Dick had been roughing it for many a year, and his religious sensibilities were dulled; besides he was two generations upon the soil, and had not perhaps that burning Irish faith that, having been kindled at the fire of persecution, so accompanies those who go forth from the Island of Saints. Careless as Jim Halligan and some others thereabouts might be as to practice, they could not forget.

"Jim," said Dick, suddenly turning around upon his side to study his companion's face, and there was an awed tone in his voice, "do you believe all them things that the priests talk about?"

"Believe?" cried Jim, in amazement. "In course I believe. And isn't yourself a Catholic, too?"

"I guess that's the name I'm called by, but I haven't seen a priest these five years, and there ain't no church in these diggings. And yet, he lowered his voice and looked straight into the fire, "I git kind o' skeered sometimes down in the pit yonder: 'I'm skeered some of hell.'"

"The Lord save us! And why wouldn't you be skeered of hell?" answered Jim, casting a hurried glance around the room, as if the morning sunshine, streaming through the open door had suddenly become haunted. "Fir if we don't mend our lives it's only the mercy of God can save us from that fire."

Sometimes it seems as if disaster were in the air depressing the spirits, as a storm in the physical order is apt to do, and turning the mind to unwondered solitudes and thoughts. And so they talk of this and strange talk it was, and of men of their calibre—they failed to hear the hurrying feet clambering up the rocky path to their door as presently a man rushed in hatless and breathless.

"There's been an explosion! Quick to the shaft's, every man's needed!"

Scarcely had his hoarse accents died away when he flew along the path, carrying the appalling news onward. The two men, with top speed slackened his pace, out exchanging a word, seized their hats and flew just as they were in the direction he had indicated. Only too well did they understand the meaning of that summons.

For the next hour or two Jim and his mate toiled with the rest in toils too often futile and very frequently perilous, since they, among others, had to descend into the awful darkness and uncertainty below the earth's surface. I was telegraphed for this morning; the priest over there was none other than the priest, Red Dick McGovern. He had learned so much and even if he could be reached from the calendar, and the fact had somehow struck him with peculiar force. Church bells would be ringing as he knew, and men, women and children hastening in throngs to hear mass every where from the rising to the setting of the sun, while there and over again that piteous supplication: "A priest! Bring a priest!"

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### OPENS EDUCATIONAL BUREAU.

Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., Editor of the Catholic World declares that Catholic Colleges and Schools never needed Loyal Support so much as today.

training. After much thought conceived the present plan which offers an opportunity to boys and girls throughout the land to yet make them prove the seriousness of their desire before opportunity can be made use of. There was never a time when energetic support of the Catholic College was more needed than now; never a necessity of the Catholic college from a patriotic view alone than now, when the chaotic condition of thought and conduct in our non-Catholic colleges has become so manifest. If we can promote the work, we will achieve much in a holy cause.

Much interest attaches to this statement of Father Burke's in view of the recent criticism of American college conditions. The articles in the "Cosmopolitan" by Harold Bolce drew replies from many quarters. Bishop McFaul was heard from in defense of Catholic colleges and in criticism of conditions in non-Catholic schools, while in the August Catholic World, Rev. J. Prendergast, S.J., of Boston, showed the source of unbelief to be modern German criticism.

The Catholic World's Educational Bureau can do splendid work for both parents and students in the cause of Catholic education.

## Around the Globe

The tercentenary of the birth of St. Charles Borromeo will be celebrated at Milan with imposing ceremonies and with great festivity. The celebration will begin, this year, on November 4, and will continue for one year, ending November 4, 1910. Many Cardinals and Bishops will participate in it. As a memorial of this magnificent window, with illustrations from the life of the saint, will be placed in the great marble Cathedral.

There has been a Catholic daily paper published in Manila for the past ten years. Libertas is the title of our Manila contemporary, and it celebrated recently its tenth anniversary with a special edition which contained congratulatory letters and articles from 26 members of the local clergy, including Archbishop Harty, cardinals of the city churches and superiors of the religious orders.

Sacramento Diocese is coming into her own. During the past two years there has been more notice taken of our religious activities by the Catholic press of the country at large than during all the previous period of its existence. The utility of a diocesan journal, viewed from this standpoint alone, is obvious.—Sacramento Catholic Herald.

## News From Ireland

**Armagh.**  
A piike weighing over two hundred pounds was caught at Lowry Lake, near Armagh, on Sept. 21.

**Carraig.**  
Most Rev. Dr. Boylan has subscribed another five pounds to the Irish Parliamentary fund. This won't be pleasant reading for the bunch who recently tried to sow seeds of their own fanatic ideas by sending overtures to Ireland.

**Fermanshagh.**  
The death took place at his home in Cornkeessagh, near Brookeborough, on Sept. 20, of Robert Dickson, who had reached the age of one hundred years.

**Monaghan.**  
Father Deane, a native of Tullymahineer, Aughnamullea East is at present on a visit in the old paternal home. Since his ordination over a quarter of a century ago his missionary work has been in England.

**Clara.**  
Rev. Thomas Vaughan, P. P. Oggonalloe has been transferred to the parish of Donbeg in succession to the late Father Brown and Rev. D. O'Meara, C. C. Milltown Malby, has been made P. P. of Oggonalloe.

**Tipperary.**  
Recently the solemn profession of Miss Teresa Brereton, daughter of the late Mr. William Brereton, Thurles, in religion Sister M. Angela, took place at Bagnalstown (Carlow) Presentation Convent.

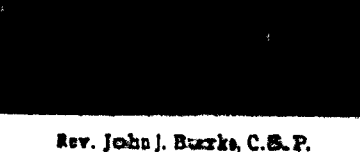
**Waterford.**  
The Brothers of de la Salle Schools Newcom, are about to remove the old houses which stand inside their grounds at Newton. This somewhat unsightly building has obstructed the view from Newton of the splendid de la Salle College.

**Carlow.**  
The "Dublin Gazette" announces that Sir Edward Pierce Butler, Bart., of Ballintemple-Tallow has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for County Carlow.

**Dublin.**  
At Longhinstown Workhouse on Sept. 20 an inquiry was held into an application by the Rathdown No. 1 Rural Council for a loan of £23,200, for the erection on 119 cottages under the laborers' Act.

**Kilkenny.**  
Very Rev. Canon Phelan, rector of St. Mary's mission, Dundee, Scotland, died recently. The deceased, who was a native of Templemurn, County Kilkenny, was 57 years of age. He was one of the very few priests in Scotland appointed a Justice of the Peace.

When in need of job printing of any description call on the phone.



Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P.

According to the Catholic review "Koya," published in Tokyo Catholic statistics for Asia, up to the end of 1905, are as follows:

In Japan	65,600; besides these 20,000 descendants of the early Catholics of Kyushu;
In Korea	64,700; in Formosa, 2,143; in China, 102,6, including 40,000 in Manchoo; in Indochina, Siam, Burma, the Malay Peninsula, Coochin, Annam and Tonkin, 1,060,369; in Borneo, Sumatra, Java and Dutch India, 56,917 Catholics and 1,184 catechumens; in the Philippines, 6,860,046; in British India and Ceylon, 2,242,922; in Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Aden, Afghanistan and Oman, 629,797. These figures give a total of over 12,000,000 Catholics in Asia.

The "Osservatore Romano" publishes the following:  
"Newspapers hostile to the Holy See announce that the Holy Father during his pontificate has received numerous and important legacies amounting to several millions. As these notices appear from time to time and are copied in good faith by the Catholic press, it is necessary to make known, once for all that they are absolutely false and without foundation. The scope of such publications is to persuade the faithful that the Holy Father has no need of the generous aid of his children in the many necessities of his apostolic ministry."

The Franciscans of the Custody of the Holy Land have nine large monasteries and forty-seven small monasteries or hospices, in which there are altogether 509 Franciscans—253 fathers, 34 brothers and 223 lay brothers, tertiaries or auxiliaries with 102,039 Latin Catholics and 1,100 Catholics of the Oriental rite, to whom they preach the Gospel in twelve different languages. Besides they have forty-six churches and forty-six chapels. Fifty-eight sanctuaries are under their guardianship, and they maintain 496 almshouses. They have fifty-nine schools, with 4,020 pupils, under their direction, besides the large college in Aleppo and ten industrial schools. The orphans under their care number 144. They distribute food and clothing to nine thousand six hundred and seventy-six poor families. They have also several free dispensaries and nine pilgrim houses.

"Why in thunder," asked the fire boss of Jim, "don't they send a priest around here?"

"Please God, they will before long," Jim made answer, and that was upon the evening of the fatal day. But he gave no further explanation of his meaning till he sat alone with Dick at supper in the hut. Both were unnerved, and for once, the food lay untempted upon the rough deal table.

"If I'm a livin' man," declared Jim, "we'll have a priest here before long."

"Why what can you do about it?" Dick inquired.

"This is what I'm going to do," Jim answered. "I'm going to ask every man and woman in the country side that's got the faith at all and some that haven't to give something toward the building of a church."

Dick was heartily in sympathy with this project, and readily proffered his own help. They set to work with a will procuring big sums from the owners of the mines and a few rich people in the neighborhood, and not disdain the smallest of contributions for everybody knows what may be done by the pennies of the poor.

Meanwhile the priest who had been providentially brought thither on his way to B— had been busy on his own account. He had taken a trip northward and eastward, speaking at every possible place, and the burden of his discourses was the condition of affairs in the remoter districts of the South and West. He described, in the first place, the situation as he had found it at B—. The priest dying of overwork, his dwelling a wretched hut, with a stable for a church, and such appointments as could scarcely be imagined by those accustomed to the beautiful edifices adorning the great cities. From the description the speaker passed to a still more graphic account of the awful scene upon the mountain slope, so that strong men, listening, shuddered and wept.

Between these combined efforts, the comparatively unremunerative but steadfast collecting of Jim and his humble ally, Red Dick, and the eloquent presenting of facts by the priest upon his tour, a small but pretty church arose at the foot of the mountain, and became the pride and joy of the Catholics of that