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John MacLean's Conversion.

"Now, Uncle, tonight you must tell me the story. You remember that, when I was here last, you promised to tell it the very next time I came."
Donald MacAllister, the man whom I addressed as "Uncle," he was "Uncle" to everyone within a radius of five miles) smiled indulgently as he settled himself in his chair and lit his pipe. It was no ordinary favor I asked; for the old Highlander, talkative enough on most subjects, had never before pre-empted John to relate this particular incident. It is no wonder, then, that I felt amply rewarded for all the sacrifices I had made in cultivating old Donald's friendship. Had I not left my companions scores of times to sit with him while he recounted some legend of his native Scotland, or a story of his pioneer days in the wilds of Cape Breton? And had I not been fortunate enough to drop in on him on more than one occasion when his supply of tobacco had run short and there was no one on hand to fetch some from the village store? By these and many other little attentions I finally got his promise to tell me the story, which he had kept to himself for forty years. So he began.

Well, well! I suppose I must keep my promise and tell you about John MacLean's conversion. It is over forty years since he died and I was then living with Father Angus MacDonald. That was a year or two after we came from Scotland. Father Angus was appointed to this parish as soon as he came to this country, and nothing would satisfy him but that I should stay with him. It was a pretty rough country then, I can assure you; yet I don't think I have been happier since than I was during the three years I spent with Father Angus. The people were so good and kind, such a spirit of helpfulness prevailed, that it was not hard to be cheerful, even if I had looked my last on Bonnie Scotland. Two or three evenings each week the young people would gather together, at a different house each night, until they had made the round of the settlement and then there would be songs and stories, the music of the pipes, and sometimes a reel to lumber up our legs. And then there was what we called the "Common," where we boys met to try our skill at jumping and putting the shot and tossing the caber.

old folks were "strong" on religious questions, he found plenty of opportunities of doing this, and so came in for a good deal of free instruction in Catholic doctrine.
Well, things went on in this way for a couple of years. We heard rumors that the good Presbyterians of Glen Isla were very much shocked at the intimacy of one of their number with the Catholics. But John MacLean gave no sign. The only change we noticed in him was that he spent less time on the Common, and was oftener found talking to the old men or to Father Angus.
How well I remember his last visit! It was on a Sunday evening a few weeks before Easter. It rained on the night before, so we persuaded John to remain over night. I continued to rain all that day, and the next day until dark. He waited until late afternoon for the weather to clear up. Then, in spite of our remonstrances, he mounted his horse and rode away.
The road to Glen Isla leads over the river Ness, as you know. When John reached the river, he found that the wooden bridge which spanned it had been carried away. There was a ford higher up; and as he did not wish to turn back, he resolved to risk the passage. Perhaps he would have succeeded, had it not been that his horse heated and perspiring, succumbed to the cold, and sank under him in mid stream. He was a splendid swimmer, and succeeded after a terrible struggle, in getting to shore. In his exhausted condition he could hardly walk, and barely managed to reach the nearest house, a mile away. The next we heard of him he was very ill.

I am sure that neither storms nor floods would have kept us from going to see our friend, had we thought that his illness was serious. But, somehow, the possibility of poor John's dying never entered our heads. At the worst, it could mean only that we should not see him for a week or two.
During the next few days we heard from him frequently. Now he was said to be better; another time there was no change in his condition; but always he was not considered to be in danger. Then late in the evening on Holy Saturday Father Angus sent for me. I was helping one of the neighbors with his wood-cutting and said:
"Donald, I am going on a sick call and I want you to go with me, for I do not know the road."
"Why, Father, surely you know every road and bypath in the parish by this time?"
"Surely I do," answered Father Angus; "but, nevertheless, this is a road I have never traveled. I am going to Glen Isla to see John MacLean. He is dying."
"Dying!" I exclaimed. "It was only yesterday that I saw a neighbor of his and he told me John was better. And if he is dying it will be the minister from Loch Carron he'll want."
"Whatever his condition yesterday, he is dying now. And it is not the minister from Loch Carron he wants. So if you are coming with me, you had better lose no time. The road, I am told, is not fit for riding. We shall have to walk."
Well, I got ready, and we started about dark. I had been so confused by the suddenness with which Father Angus had sprung his news on me that we were well on our way before I began to think it strange that he had made out the messenger who came from Glen Isla wait for him, instead of taking me from my work. And I wondered who the messenger could have been; for there was not a Catholic from one end of Glen Isla to the other, and it was not likely that any of our own folk had been there. Then I fell to thinking of what our reception would be like; and when I called to mind all that I had heard of the inveterate bigotry of the Glen Isla folk, I trembled with the thought of what the consequences might be. I knew that in their blind hatred of everything Catholic, they would show scant courtesy to the priest illness had taken. None of our who thus dared to enter the fold folks had been to Glen Isla that attempt to carry off, under day nor for many months before, their very eyes, one of the choicest and no one had seen any stranger out of the flock. This fear grew as about who might have brought

upon me to such an extent that I finally broke the silence we had thus far maintained, and confided it to Father Angus. He replied: "Have no fear. I know the bigotry of these men, and that perhaps my life may be in danger if they discover my mission. But we will see John MacLean tonight and return home in safety. Trust in God. He will make the way smooth for us. I shall bear the Blessed Sacrament with me."
Well, I tried to keep up my courage but it was no easy task. There were twelve miles of road to be traveled. At least ten of these lay through thick woods, where it was so dark that you could not see a foot in front of your face. And such a road! In some places the brooks had overflowed upon it, and you had to wade over your knees in water. Perhaps by the time you were out of this, you would stumble on a quagmire, and were glad of the next pool of water for the sake of getting the mud off your clothes. And, to make things worse, as we neared Glen Isla, my fears, in spite of my confidence in Father Angus, continued to increase. I knew very well that, if he were fearful for our safety, he would not have asked me to accompany him without giving me fair warning; but still my imagination would keep presenting dreadful pictures of the possible fate in store for us.
Seeing Father Angus so confident, I had no doubt but that he had some plan to outwit the friends of John MacLean and reach his bedside unperceived. You may well believe that it did not relieve the tension of my nerves to see him walk up to the door, after I had pointed out the house, and begin fumbling for the latch. I stumbled in after him. The fear of a horrible, undefined something which might befall us had taken such a hold on my mind that I involuntarily closed my eyes as I went through the door. When I opened them I found myself standing in the kitchen. Father Angus was not to be seen; but I could hear a low murmur of voices in an adjoining room, which told me he was busy with his convert. On benches and chairs about the fireplace were five or six men, two of them brothers of the dying man; the others friends who had come to share the last watches in the house of death. How could the priest have got past them into the sick room? And how was it that not a sound came from any of them. I advanced slowly toward the fireplace; I became even more frightened than I was before at this singular reception, so different from what I expected. Then, as the firelight leaping up, played for a moment on the faces of the group, I saw the reason. Every man in the room was sound asleep as if he had been drugged. They slept on while I went in to see the waters of baptism poured on the head of John MacLean; still slept when, after an interval, during which he made his confession, I went in again while he received, for the first and last time, the Blessed Eucharist and was encoined; and still sleeping an hour later, when after he had given up his soul to God, we left the house and started home.
We were almost halfway home before Father Angus broke the silence. Then he said:
"Well, we have done a good night's work, Donald, my friend. It should be a happy Easter for us."
"It is wonderful," I answered, "how much good there must have been in John MacLean, to merit such grace."
"Did you ever notice how reverently he always spoke of the Mother of God? Those who love and reverence the Blessed Virgin will never want for aid in the hour of need. John MacLean, though a Protestant, did so when he was alive. For his reward he will celebrate Easter with her in heaven."
I have never been able to find out how Father Angus knew of the serious turn John MacLean's show scant courtesy to the priest illness had taken. None of our who thus dared to enter the fold folks had been to Glen Isla that attempt to carry off, under day nor for many months before, their very eyes, one of the choicest and no one had seen any stranger out of the flock. This fear grew as about who might have brought

Rev. O. P. Farron of Avon, Dead

Rev. Owen P. Farron, rector of St. Agnes Church in Avon, died Wednesday afternoon at St. Mary's Hospital. He was 45 years old and was well known throughout the diocese. Much of his life work was done in Rochester.



Rev. O. P. Farron was born in Seneca Falls, studied in Troy Seminary and completed his education at St. Bernard's Seminary in this city. He was ordained in June 1894, and was assigned to the church at Clifton Springs. Early in 1906 he was transferred to St. Mary's Church in this city, where he served seven or eight years under Father Stewart. He then became chaplain at the State Industrial School, succeeding Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, now bishop of the diocese of Rochester. He remained in that position for a few years, leaving during the same at the Cathedral.

500 Holy Name Men at Dinner.

The first annual dinner of the members of the Holy Name Society of St. Mary's Church was held Tuesday evening in the Duffy-McInnery restaurant. Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., bishop of the diocese, was the guest of honor. William J. Carey acted as toastmaster.
The addresses were made by Assemblyman William J. Cooke, of Albany, chairman of the Democratic Committee of Albany county, and Rev. William F. Dougherty, of Syracuse. Also at the speaker's table were Rev. William Gleason, rector of St. Mary's Church; Rev. Edmund Rawlinson, assistant vicar-general of the diocese; Rev. Joseph Cameron and Rev. Walter B. McCarthy, assistant rectors of St. Mary's; Rev. John Ganey of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and Rev. William Frank, chaplain at the county buildings. Music was furnished by Raymond Fagan and his orchestra.
After the regular programme the bishop made a few remarks calling to his pleasure at the sight of so many present and briefly outlining the aims of the organization.

25 Years A Priest

Rev. J. J. Hatley, D.D., rector of St. Bernard's Seminary, observed last Sunday at the seminary the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Joseph Daly of Cleveland first perfect made an address to Dr. Hatley on behalf of the students, the choir sang, and a Latin poem was read by one of the students. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey made an address congratulating Dr. Hatley on his anniversary and on his services to the church and the seminary. Solemn high mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock Monday morning at St. Bernard's.

News From Ireland

Among a wide circle of friends the death, at Carnmoney, is regretted of Dr. Isaac O. Dundee, B. A. Deceased who was aged 55 graduated at the Queen's University, Ireland. He spent twelve years in India, and on his return became dispensary doctor at Carnmoney, a position previously held by his father and brother in succession.
Miss Annie M. Cullen, Plaistow Hospital, London, a native of Carlow, has been appointed assistant nurse in Bagnalstown Union Hospital.
Died.—John McKieran, Ballyconnell; Miss Mary O'Reilly, Curraghbrigid.
On the vote in the House of Commons on March 1 for the Department, William Remond congratulated the Government on the fact that they had made an excellent appointment to the Congested Districts Board when they selected the Rev. Father Glynn, P.P., Carrigrohilly, Wick.
Castle Freke, the historic mansion of the Carbery family, situated near Glomalkilly, was destroyed by fire on March 4; the damage being estimated at £25,000.
Died.—March 1, Michael Cross Breads Hill, Navan, aged 29 years.—February 20, Mrs. Ellen Gaffney Relagbeg, aged 79 years.
Died.—February 21, Bryan Kerrigan, Carney.—February 27, suddenly, Mrs. Catherine Cunningham Cary.—February 20, Patrick Boland, Carranac.

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Around the Globe

Right Rev. Most Rev. D., rector of the Cathedral, is planning to be absent for a month on a tour of inspection of the diocese of Cardinal Gibbons.
Very Rev. R. G. O'Connell, D.D., O. P. S. F., has been elected to the position of Bishop of the diocese of Seneca Falls, N. Y., succeeding Very Rev. J. J. Hickey, who has just expired.
Magr. V. Kinsella, Chancellor of the Holy Trinity, has been appointed Bishop of Montreal, Quebec.
The daughters of St. Patrick's order for women of Irish descent, some years ago organized in Argentina, is beginning to show rapid growth in Chile. In that country there are many people.
In connection with the announcement recently that the Thomas College of St. Paul had already obtained about \$200,000 toward the purchase of a site for a new building, Ireland said that the amount already pledged had been given by Andrew Carnegie.
The Society of St. Paul will hold its annual meeting in Stamford on July 15. Lord Mayor of London presided the late Lord Mayor of London, who has promised to give his Green Archdiocese will also be present, and the speech will be made by the Duke of Norfolk.
The Rev. John J. O'Connell, N. J., has been elected to the position of Bishop of the diocese of Seneca Falls, N. Y., succeeding Very Rev. J. J. Hickey, who has just expired.
The Knights of Columbus Georgia Chapter, No. 100, will support one of the party, who shall visit the city, and will be accompanied by the vanguard of the party.
Eighty-five thousand of the John A. Creighton will go to establish a new party, a home for the Sisters of Mercy, receiving the name of Sister Mary Aloysia, and will be the first of the County Leitrim on March 1.