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Mother Love

The afternoon sunlight filtered through the trees and rested on the lawn. Kevin, with a touch that was more than man's, was well past his prime, but her face, despite its wrinkles, bore traces of a girlish look. Her hair, simply drawn back from her forehead, was thickly sprinkled with gray. Her eyes were soft and dark, and a peaceful smile played about her lips. By her side on a wicker table lay an open letter, toward which she glanced ever and anon, though her fingers kept busily at her task.

How light seemed, the past years of toil, how infinitesimally small her sacrifices, now that her aim was accomplished. He would not be ashamed of the hard-working mother who had made his position possible, nor of the homely farm on which he had been born.

"Oh, Kevin, my own," she half-whispered, "what a foolish old mother I am."

Hastily she dashed away her tears, not of sorrow but of pure bliss, for tears are deeper joys than smiles. And her cup of happiness was full to the brim.

His letter was all that a son's letter should be, tender, bright and affectionate, with perhaps just a touch of bravado over his triumphs, but not enough to mar the filial spirit of the whole.

She looked at the letter, and her thoughts flew back, back over the years that were gone. So absorbed was she, that it was with something of a start she heard the garden gate creak, and steps crunch on the gravel walk.

"Kevin," she cried, and ran untrudging across the wide porch. At the top step she waited with outstretched arms, framed in the roses that ran riotously over the wide pillars. The boy quickened his steps, and a moment later the two were clasped in each other's arms.

"Kevin, lad, you are a day earlier than you expected," she laughed tremulously, "not but what I am glad, but how did it happen?"

"I left immediately after graduation, instead of staying an extra day," he replied. "I was hungry for you, mother," and he kissed her boyishly.

His arm still about her, he led the way indoors, where a cool breeze swept through the hall from the broad back door to the front. The stairs, wide and easy, led up from the shaded living-room, and there was a sense of rest and quiet over all. At the door of his room they halted, and Kevin gave a surprised exclamation.

"If you were not expecting me until to-morrow," he said, "how is it everything is in readiness for me to-day?"

She held him at arm's length. "Kevin," she said, "your room has been ready for you for weeks. Ah, you little know your mother if you think she would wait until the last minute to prepare for you."

The boy's eyes grew moist. "God bless you, mother," he said.

After she left him, he looked around the room. A great bowl of roses stood on the table, vases of sweet fern and grasses adorned the mantel, and fresh towels hung by the maple washstand. The lowing of the cows sounded familiarly in through the open window and from across the field came the breath of new mown hay.

With mixed feelings he stood there, his hat still in his hand. Peaceful, simple, as if all was well, he felt that to live here for long would mean a gradual crushing out of his life's ambition. His

years of study would be unprofitable; fame called more loudly than sacrifice, yet it was with a pang that he thought of his mother. She would be alone again. But swift upon that thought came another, and a selfish one: "Her life is drawing to its close; yours is but beginning; she must not stand in the way of your advance-ment."

The tea bell interrupted his meditation. He made a hasty toilet and hurried downstairs, where his mother was waiting to serve him. Her old hands trembled a little as she poured his tea, but her face was radiantly happy. "And to think that you are to be with me now for good," she said as if thinking aloud.

Kevin did not answer, and his mother looked up quickly. "You are not going to leave me?" she asked nervously, her mother discovered.

This time Kevin could not answer. The little mother stood in her little kitchen, her hands crossed, her head bent, and in its place came sorrow. Kevin dared not look at her, but his own hand that had dealt the blow, and he felt himself a brute.

But the battle was fought and won in the mother's heart. She crossed the room and laid both hands on her son's shoulders. "Look at me, lad," she said tenderly. Raising his eyes he met hers brimming with a mother's sacrificing love. His own revealed his purpose as clearly as words could have done.

A few days later, Kevin left for the city, carrying with him the last of his mother's savings. It is only fair to say he was ignorant of the goodness of her sacrifice, when he accepted a loan. It would be a help in starting in business, he had told her, later he would repay her over and over again.

She watched him as he went down the road, carefree and confident, and in heart followed him long after the bend hid him from her sight.

Letters came at first opportunely, full of hope in new ventures. He would have a home for her soon, and a way, little smile hovered about her lips as she read and reread the precious sentences.

Then there came a lull in the correspondence, months passed with no word from him, and vague, restless fears—disturbed the mother's heart.

The garden gate clicked as of old, and steps sounded on the gravel walk. The old lady leaned forward eagerly; visitors were rare in these parts. Perhaps—but that he stayed with her all that day and that his presence was a relief. He lifted his hat courteously, and she smiled broadly. He bowed to her every day and she grew to lean on him.

"Good of my son, Kevin, if you mean he has done anything wrong, I will not believe it," she said proudly.

The man hesitated and there was a look of pain in his eyes. He answered: "Would that someone besides myself could bring you the news, I am harder for me than you can realize. I am Kevin's best friend and he has sent me to you."

The little mother remained immovable, and he was forced to continue. "Summ of money had been mis-ruled from time to time, and on investigation the guilty one was"



Holy Redeemer School
Old Landmark to Make Way for New Structure

Interesting Notes Found

Taken From Corner Stone of Old Holy Redeemer School Building

The school building at Hudson Ave. and Alphonse St. connected with Holy Redeemer church is to be razed for the purpose of making room for a new building. The corner stone, which was laid in 1867, was opened recently by Rev. J. F. Staub, pastor of the church, and many interesting notes were found. One of the notes was a document written on linen paper, yellow with age, but perfectly legible, giving the account of the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone so many years ago. Other things taken out were local newspapers of that date and a number of old vestments and shingles. The corner stone was laid with Archbishop Johnson was President and General James the able assistance of the site.

The old structure, that measured 60 by 100 feet and two stories high and cost \$2,000. This building has been on the building for 57 years has been taken down, and will be replaced by a new building of the same order of the building. The old building was in a bad state of decay, and was in danger of falling.

Funeral For Young Priest

Funeral services for Rev. James P. O'Reilly, who was recently ordained in Rockford, Ill., were held at the Holy Redeemer church. The Rev. J. F. Staub officiated at the funeral. The deceased was a native of Ireland and had been in the priesthood for several years.

Other members of the church party were former classmates and friends of the deceased. The Rev. Staub will call on the mother in Ireland, after which he will take up his duties in Rockford, Ill., where he has been assigned to a parish.

Out of town guests at the funeral were: Stephen J. O'Reilly, Little Rock, Ark.; Bernard O'Reilly, of Rockford, Ill.; and several other members of the church party.

Funeral services for Rev. J. F. Staub, who has been in the priesthood for many years, were held at the Holy Redeemer church. The Rev. Staub was a native of Ireland and had been in the priesthood for many years.

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