

# The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-first Year, No. 48.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, July 1, 1916.

50 Cents Per Year, In Advance.

## "Little Snow Curis" --A Memory

It is summer, and the town of the Pilgrim Fathers, Boston in Lincolnshire, is bathed in mellow light. The narrow streets—those haunted streets through which the catchpoll officers, long poles in hand, used to hunt luckless fugitives who refused to conform, including both sober clad Puritans and devoted sons of Peter—are quite bright today; the golden glory lights up the slowly-flowing William, the Wharves, and the Tower of St. Nicholas, and all the other places dear to pilgrim hearts.

Along one of the streets walked a young woman and a little girl, with rippling curls. Both are plainly, even poorly clad, but their eyes can see at once that the mother is a woman of culture and of refinement. She is lovely, too, with a rare and winning loveliness, which appeals to imagination as well as sight. Lila Girdwood often looks sad, because her life is a hard one, and she has many crosses to bear. Truth to tell, she had too many to carry, they have to be dragged, as the Saint of Avila dragged here in old Spain; for behind her is a broken-up home in the Nantucket of England. A careless and often cruel husband, and the repressed, yet haunting memory of a lost love—a man who loved her, and whom she loved from girlhood, from whom the iron bar of circumstance had parted her, and as it were, driven her to become the wife of another—of a man who is blind to her self-denial, her sweetness, her talents—to all, indeed, save her rare beauty.

"Mother," said the child suddenly, "this is the toyshop where I saw the dollie's coffee service." She draws her mother by the hand up to the toyshop window, and together they look through the panes at waxen ladies, nodding mandarins, coaches, trains, and dolls' furniture.

"Look!" says Jeannie. "There is the service Oh, aren't the tiny cups and the mugs lovely!"

In Mrs. Girdwood's purse is a shilling, put by for personal use. Her gloves are past mending; she is hoping to buy a decent pair. But, on the other hand, Jeannie is so helpful, has so few toys. The old gloves will last. She will expend the shilling on the precious article, and save another. So she enters the small Old-World store, and asks the clerk kindly to reserve the dolls coffee set for her little daughter. And then the pair walk on in the sunlight, Jeannie's slippered feet scarce touching the pavement.

All at once the mother's eyes are caught and held by large posters near the Guildhall. "Tonight Professor Thorold will lecture on 'The World and Its Need.'" The beautiful face pales to the lips. In thought she leaves old Boston, is in Arcadia, in Norfolk—in the "Garden City," as Fuller quaintly styles Norwich. She is a girl in silk attire her frock the color of a dove's plumage, with a rose-pink cape on her sunny hair. The bells of the thirty-seven churches are ringing and she is coming down the steps of a house in the Cathedral close and Arnold Thorold waits for her, and greets her with the one word, "Lila!" And the twain walk together in a paradise.

The scene shifts. He who ought to love and protect her is doing hard and merciless things, is using hard and cruel words. He sees her embroidering, making fancy and useful articles for private customers and for the window of the small general store, which is the knife with which he essays to carve fortune and; yet he can, he does, treat her harshly. Then she recalls the words of a farewell letter: "I shall always love you, Lila. If you are ever sad or unhappy, come to me."

Yes, she will learn where he is, will stay and will go to him; will open her heart, tell him all, and for my poor dead goosoon, John, be comforted. Even at the thought of seeing him once again, the fair face flushes like the red rose. She is not a Catholic, but some guardian angel is near, the black stem came.

her; for little Jeannie hears the angel's whisper. She steals a small hand into hers, and says: "Mother are you sorry? I love you!" "I love you!" The words are music to the tempted woman. She kisses the sweet, small face, turns homeward, and resolutely abstains from going near the Guildhall until the man who loves her quits "Pilgrim Father Town."

II  
The famous chimes of St. Michael's are calling citizens to service in that old English city, which some style La Ville Sonante. (The Rising Town). Through the streets of this same city, before the Great Pillage, went white friars and black-brown friars, and gray, in stately long processions, with white-robed choisters chanting, and thurifer-bearers sending up clouds of incense to the clear blue sky. Now "Ichabod" is written on despoiled temples and pillaged convents. But still the Church holds her own with a firm and steady hand; there is a fine Catholic church on the "Rise" for the town congregation, and St. Mary's convent has a temporary chapel life is a hard one, and she has many crosses to bear. Truth to tell, she had too many to carry, they have to be dragged, as the Saint of Avila dragged here in old Spain; for behind her is a broken-up home in the Nantucket of England. A careless and often cruel husband, and the repressed, yet haunting memory of a lost love—a man who loved her, and whom she loved from girlhood, from whom the iron bar of circumstance had parted her, and as it were, driven her to become the wife of another—of a man who is blind to her self-denial, her sweetness, her talents—to all, indeed, save her rare beauty.

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"I do not remember you," Lila replied gently. "Sure I'm the Widow Sheridan—John's mother." Then Lila remembered. The speaker was an ex-chiffoniere, or rag-picker, whom she befriended in the day of prosperity, and of whom she had long lost sight.

"Mistress, dear," answered the widow, "sure it's myself that's staying and will go to him; will open her heart, tell him all, and for my poor dead goosoon, John, be comforted. Even at the thought of seeing him once again, the fair face flushes like the red rose. She is not a Catholic, but some guardian angel is near, the black stem came."

The trembling old hand sought Lila's and the pair knelt side by side and again prayed silently. Both of these women have suffered. The Widow Sheridan has gone through the streets of the city with a bag on her back, begging for the children when they were young; and when they were nearing manhood, and aiding her to bear life's burden, she saw them die of the "white man's scourge," consumption. Lila Girdwood's crosses have also been many, but now she is "looking toward sunset." Of all the gifts given to her, only her children's love has remained. Their pet name for her is, "Little Snow Curis."

III  
It is winter—a hard, old-fashioned English winter. The whirling snowflakes fall thickly on the great manufacturing city of Ribchester and on an ivied window just outside of it. They fall too on a newly made grave—the first thing to be dug in a lately consecrated Catholic cemetery. (How shall I who loved her, write the words! They fall on the last resting place of dear "Little Snow Curis" the brave, lovable woman who, as her hair grew whiter, grew even gentler, meeker, sweeter, till to love her was, as a friend declared, literally a "liberal education.")

Great, indeed, were Lila Girdwood's troubles when the firm which, to use in a common saying, kept the small house in the Rising Town going, went bankrupt. She and her children moved to Ribchester, and fought the battle of life there. All rowed in the same boat. But when her son had, by the aid of his mother and sisters, established a small manufacturing business, he secretly married a woman of extravagant tastes, which he indulged; and as one of the two homes must know these hard things, pinch and spare, his mother's home had to know them.

In spite of this grave drawback, however, Lila Girdwood's closing years were happy. Her faltering footsteps often approached God's altar. All she could do for the church she so loved, she did. Once, in a dream, she saw the immaculate standing on the top of a ladder whose rungs were of gold, and which, like Jacob's ladder, reached from earth to heaven. Nevermore did the world's cold wind blow on her. Very truly could it be said of her: The mind's dark cottage, battered and decayed,

Lets in the light through chinks that Time has made.

And what light—morning like pure and white evening like golden and mellow, such as fell on old Boston town when she resisted temptation! The statue of Our Lady of Victory looks on her empty place. She has fought the good fight and finished her course and surely won her unfading crown.—Nora Reyeman, in The Ave Maria.

## Around The Globe

The Pope has just sanctioned a decree recognizing Margaret Bourgeoys, who founded the Sisterhood of Our Lady for mission work in Canada in the seventeenth century.

Of the sixty-seven doctors graduated by the St. Louis Catholic University in 1909 only two failed in the examination for license before the various State Examining Boards. Yale, Harvard and Hopkins had a heavier percentage of failures and smaller classes.

Four young men of the Paulist house of studies at Washington, D. C., namely, Messrs. Smith, Bourgeois, Burke, of Ottawa, Can. Ferry, of San Francisco, and Quinn, of Rochester, N. Y., was ordained by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral of Baltimore, Md., on Tuesday, June 21.

Rev. John Porubsky, pastor of SS. Cyril and Methodius church in Binghamton, N. Y., was made supreme chaplain of the Catholic Slovak union at its national convention in Chicago. The next convention will be held in Cleveland, O., in 1912.

## Bishop Laid Stone In Lithuanian Church

The corner stone for the new Lithuanian church in Hudson Ave., near Clifford Ave., was laid Sunday afternoon by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, assisted by Rev. Dennis J. Curran, V. G., Rev. Emil Gefell, Rev. Peter Rodzal, Rev. Andrew Meehan, Rev. J. F. Gefell, Rev. John B. Pettey, Rev. Wm. Staud and Rev. Joseph Kasakaitis.

At 3.30 o'clock the procession composed of the bishop, the priests and acolytes escorted by a band formed at Holy Redeemer church and marched down to the new building. Captain Sherman and Sergeant Mulcahy of the Fourth precinct, with a squad of men, acted as a guard around the church. The ceremony was performed on a decorated stand, in front of the building. Following the laying of the stone, the bishop delivered a short address.

In the box placed in the corner stone were copies of the newspaper of Rochester, a Lithuanian newspaper, a Roman coin 900 years old, donated by John H. Frederick, a history of the organization and photographs of the rector, the present trustees and the organizers.

The church building which is to be a combination church and school, is to be of brick construction, three stories high and 58 by 54 feet. The cost is \$30,000 and the architect is Joseph H. Oberlies. The pastor of the church is Rev. Joseph Kasakaitis, a newly ordained priest from St. Bernard's seminary, and the trustees are Walter A. Stapley and Martin Sticks.

There are about 500 Lithuanians in Rochester, and the building of a church where they may hear the gospel preached in their own tongue, was the result of a petition to Bishop Hickey.

## Appointments by Bishop

Rev. Arthur Smith, a graduate of St. Bernard's Seminary, has been appointed by Bishop Hickey to be assistant priest to Rev. J. Long, pastor of the Catholic Church in Elmira, to fill the vacancy created by the appointment of Father Long's assistant, Rev. Patrick Sullivan to be rector of the Catholic Church in Addison.

## Emmet Guards

The 27th Annual Reunion of the Emmet Guards will be held Sunday, July 31, at Island Cottage. Credentials for this reunion can be had from the Committee in charge, Frank P. Murray, chairman, Michael T. Ryan, treasurer, John Cottar, Sec. and Wm. Mahoney.

Regular meeting Tuesday evening July 5th. A very interesting subject for discussion will be read by Rev. Thomas Russell. All members are requested to attend. The question of establishing a club in connection with the company will be discussed at the next regular meeting. Members not yet getting the Catholic Journal will please leave their names with the Recording Sec. Tuesday night.

## Pilgrimage to St. Ann de Beausure

Rev. J. J. O'Reilly of Enterprise, Ont., visited this city recently in the interests of the 20th Annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ann de Beausure, under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston. Very few of our people are aware that they can visit this shrine and be present on the day of the Feast of St. Ann for the small sum of \$3.00 which is the price of return ticket from Charlotte with a time limit of nine days. Full information appears in an advertisement in this issue.

A Conclusion.  
"Her husband doesn't smoke, drink, chew, or play cards."  
"That's true, but she's not any good."  
—Knoxton Post.

## News From Ireland

The eight-year-old daughter of a recent convert, Mr. J. O'Connell, of Great Britain, had in Dublin addressed a letter to Mr. O'Connell, M. P., chairman of the recent committee, congratulating the committee on its successful work and expressing her warmest appreciation of the generous welcome which the committee had extended to her.

## Dr. Hanna is Honored

Presented a Gold Watch by Fourth Degree Members of Knights of Columbus.

What turned out to be a combination of a miniature celebration of the silver jubilee of the ordination of Rev. Dr. Edward J. Hanna to the Catholic priesthood and a pleasant reunion of the Fourth Degree members of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, took place at Bourne Hotel, Newport on Irondequoit Bay last week Thursday.

After all had become acquainted and recalled old times, the way was led to the dining room where a beautiful repast was served. The Fourth degree master, J. Henry Howe, presided and on either side of him sat Dr. Hanna and Rev. Dennis J. Curran, V. G. When the cigars were lighted, Mr. Howe called upon Father Curran who, in a most felicitous speech, congratulated Dr. Hanna who is chairman of the council, and presented him a beautiful gold watch on behalf of the assembled members. Dr. Hanna responded in a modest way. Remarks, song and story were contributed by Mr. Berrick, Edward McGovern, Frank J. Hughes, Richard Baker and Charles M. Lane.

## Pupils Musical

The pupils of Miss Bertha Hebing, assisted by Mrs. Edna Banker, Brewer, Miss Edna Booth, Miss Wilhelmina Hebing and Mr. Charles Pierce, gave a pleasing musical at Valmont hall, Corcoran building on Thursday evening. Those taking part were: Mary Kenney, Cora Hebing, Walter Lamb, Lucille Burkhardt, Mabel Hebing, William Sowa, Carl Backcock, Thomas Lamb, Edna Feltner, Mildred Oliver, Wanda Hahn, Emily Present, Bertha Cominsky, Freda Kahn, Mrs. Fye, Mrs. Backcock, Alice Young, Grace Weber and May Burch.

Honey's Sufferings.  
In 1854—four years of his marriage was born to 1857. It was a very hard time. When little Mary was a year he was attacked by a disease which complicated the symptoms of the disease. He was told later by the doctor that the medicine of the day was not necessary to be so long. The name of Dr. Lister had reached Honey, and, possibly, and almost certainly, he determined to try Lister's remedy. He was in a very bad way. He was in a very bad way. He was in a very bad way.

## A Hard One

The next time you are in Washington, if you have a chance, go to the office of the Hon. J. C. McLaughlin, and see what a hard one it is to be a member of the House of Representatives. It is a very hard one. It is a very hard one. It is a very hard one.

"Well, Tommy, my son, what do they teach you here?"  
"Lads and Gals, the way right, and German and English."  
"Dear me! what the world must be!"  
"And what's the sign for 'em'?"  
—The London Globe-Democrat.

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