The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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Geneseo.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Catholic Benefit Association at their rooms in Emerald Hall, on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Spiritual adviser, Rev. A. A. Hughes; past president, Mrs Mary Hahr; president, Miss Katherine Hughes; first vice-president, Miss Jennie Dyton; second vice-president, Miss Mary J. Biggins, recorder, Mrs. Ella Leonard; assistant recorder, Mrs. Mary Callihan, financial recorder, Miss Louise F. Harrington, treasurer, Miss Ella M. Haley, trustees, Mrs. Susa Scully, Mrs. Mary Scheuler, Miss Mary Fleming, Mrs Ella Welch, Miss Ellen Long, marshal, Mrs Anna MacCone, guard, Mrs Ellen Bauer. The initiation of the officers will take place at their rooms Wednesday evening, Jan 3, 1912.

There will be a Christmas tree in Emerald Hall Saturday evening, Dec 23d, for the Sunday School scholars of St Mary's Church. A musical and literary program will be rendered by the children.

Rev Aurelio Poli has been assigned by Bishop Hickey of this diocese to assist the priests in this neighborhood by looking after the Italian people. For the present he is with Father Hughes at St Mary's rectory. He preaches after the Mass every Sunday in Italian at Geneseo and Piffard.

An Italian church will be opened at Retsof in a few weeks. The old school house near the Retsof Store Company store will be remodeled and fitted up as a church, and will be dedicated under the title of St Lucy or Santa Lucia, the patroness of the Italian people. Rev Aurelio Poli will have charge of this church.

Temple Theatre.

Comedy will rule all week at the Temple Theater, every act on the bill, with the exception of the musical act of El Cota being on the comedy order. One of the principal comedy features is the act of the Hanlon brothers, who are making their first Rochester appearance in vaudeville. The Hanlons have been in Rochester on many previous occasions as stars of such spectacular pantomime acts as Superba, Fantasma.

In the comedy sketch line the management will present Frederick Bond, Fremont Benton and Company, who will offer their classy little comedy called His Gay Papa.

Among the women on the Temple bill the coming week none give more promise than the Courteney sisters, billed as "singers of syncopated songs," and Bessie Wyn, singing comedienne.

Temple patrons are not unacquainted with Smith & Campbell, the sidewalk conversationalists, presenting a talking act called "Mr Piffletiff," said to be even funnier than their old act, and also Mr and Mrs Hugh J. Emmett, in their ventriloquist novelty. Martine Bros comedy trampolin act, and Pathe Weekly, will finish the extra good bill.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

The school children under the direction of the sisters will furnish an entertainment for Christmas night [illegible] Tuesday night [illegible] being [illegible] Foery and [illegible] [illegible] evening [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] New Year's night [illegible] [illegible] evening program [illegible] hands of [illegible] clude some of the best talent [illegible] orchestra [illegible] and Miss Elois Mayer [illegible] sketch on one of the nights [illegible] Murray of Geneva has [illegible] able talent from that city.

St Mary's.

At the last regular meeting of Council 2? C. R. B. A. held Tuesday evening Dec 12, 1911, the following officers were nominated and elected to office for the year 1912: Spiritual adviser, Rev Wm Gleeson; chancelor, James Clancy; president, Mrs. Jane Sanders; first vice-president, J. F. O'Brien; second vice-president, Mrs Elizabeth Blaesi; recording secretary, Mrs. M. B. Sharp; assistant, Miss Edith M. Sharp; financial, Mrs M. F. Brennan; treasurer, Miss M. L. Ferguson; marshal, Miss Nora McMartin; guard, Edward McMenomy; trustees, Mrs Mary A. McDonald.

An addition is to be made to the Academy of St Joseph in the Pines, Brentwood, N. Y., costing from $[illegible]000 to $400,000.

It is planned to build a Central Catholic High School, to be the cap of the parochial education system of New York, which now consists of [illegible] schools and 125,000 students. The location is under consideration, and it is said that it will be well downtown. It will cost not less than $500,000.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop Nichols of California, advocates the erection of a magnificent statue to St Francis of Assisi, similar to that of Liberty in New York harbor, at the Narrows or the Golden Gate, San Francisco.

Twenty-four students of the Rome-American College received Holy Orders in St. John Lateran's, the Cathedral of Pius X. as Bishop of Rome. Seven of the students were advanced to the priesthood.

Sergeant Riley's Promise.

It was hot. The great gleaming sun shone down on the dusty trail. There was no breeze, though the little band of soldiers were on high ground. The air seemed to rise from the parched earth, gather around the throats of the men and choke them. The sky seemed to bear down upon them like a great weight. The thick tropical growth on either side was green with a glaring greenness which failed to lend refreshment to the scene. The faces of the six were pale, even under the dark coat of tan, and the muscles in their necks worked as their feet trod on and on. It had been a long "hike." Another mile would bring the end, a little bamboo shack of a station where they would find food and shelter for the night. Another mile! But a mile at the end of thirty is worse than ten at the beginning.

And then the scouts discovered a native bearing a hollow log of bamboo. At the upper end was a pale red foam. "Tuba!" The man was stopped. Corporal Murphy, the most expert in Filipino lingoes, bargained for the contents of the strange bucket. Each of the men drank long and deep of the refreshing liquid, the slightly fermented milk of the cocoa. Each, as he lifted the hollow shell to his lips, said "How!" to the others. It was the army toast.

The drink was milder than the beer sold at the saloons down beside the barracks. But there was one of the small number who drank with misgivings of conscious. Sergeant Riley put down these qualms of spirit with the thought that tuba was not named in the long list of intoxicants on the pledge list which Mollie O'Brien had got him to give the priest the day before he was to leave "God's country." But no quibbling with words would down the thirst that the slight amount of alcohol awoke within his throat, the thirst which had kept him a private through the first half of his enlistment, despite a fine share of brave deeds to his credit.

For a few paces the men walked more briskly after they left the tuba gatherer and his empty pail. Then their steps lagged wearily again, the talk which had brightened up for a moment fell off, the men toiled on in silence, broken only by their panting for breath. At last, the summit of the hill came into view less than a quarter of a mile away. They could see if they cared to make the effort to raise their eyes, the stockade. At the foot of the final ascent they found half a dozen native women squatted on the ground with wide, shallow baskets in their laps, eager to sell fruits and other refreshments for a few of the coppers of the prodigal Americanos.

The poor sergeant had eyes for [illegible] one of these impoverished countries. On it stood a large bottle, full of the strange liquor which the natives call vino. The taste of the [illegible] was still on his lips, the memory [illegible] Mollie, of the good Father [illegible] pledge, was dulled in his heart [illegible] [illegible] spirit [illegible] soldiers have [illegible] it again [illegible] sorrow, half [illegible] [illegible] from his [illegible] everything went blank [illegible] know the things that [illegible] or what he did in the [illegible] hours from the time he [illegible] had [illegible] drink. When [illegible] he was in the guardhouse [illegible] friendly comrade old him he [illegible] like a madman. He [illegible] was accidentally released from the [illegible] prison, but as he passed his cell [illegible] a pair of native police awaited him. [illegible] his astonishment they clapped handcuffs upon his wrists. Too weak from his debauch to attempt resistance he walked with hanging head and drooping shoulders across the town to the provincial prison. Crowds of natives gathered in the wake of the trio, talking in excited tones the language he could not understand. The outdoor air somewhat cooled his burning head and aroused his sick brain to wonder what it was all about. It was of no use to question his captors, he waited till he reached the prison. There he asked the lieutenant of the constabulary what was the charge against him. The lieutenant like all the other army men about, knew Riley for a good man. There was sorrow in his eyes and in his voice as he answered the inquiry.

"Sergeant," he said, "I am sorry to have to tell you what I suppose you know already. You are charged with the murder of a native police [illegible]."

Sergeant Riley's voice rose to an agonized scream that told the other the truth, that the accused man had not before heard of the crime alleged against him.

"Murder! In God's name don't say that," he cried. He broke into sobs as he tried to salute when he was led away to his cell.

A murderer! Through the long afternoon he sat in solitude, and repeated the dread word again and again. It was written on the white walls; he heard it in the jargon of the dark prisoners about him. They were bandits, murderers! he was a murderer. A human soul had gone to meet his Maker, and by these, his own hands. No thought of the circumstances, of how much evidence there might be against him, of the chances he might have of escaping from paying the penalty of his crime; none of these things crossed his mind. That he was here, a prisoner; that the accusation had been brought against him, that he had been crazy drunk, and knew nothing of the occurrence of the time when the killing had been done; these facts alone seemed to prove to his mind that he was guilty.

Towards evening, the best American lawyer in the city came to see him. And it was then that he learned for the first time the revolting details of the crime charged against him. According to the accounts, he had left the scene at the foot of the hill, almost immediately after drinking the vino; he had somewhere secured a native cart and driven recklessly back to town, the policeman had stopped his vehicle because it had no lights. In drunken rage at the interference, he had leaped down, drawn his pistol, and fired twice through the officer's breast. He had then turned and driven out the mountain road as widly as he had come. Somewhere he had left the cart, and he had been found aimlessly along the trail towards the stockade which had been the destination of the previous day's hike.

"What is your side of the story?" finished the lawyer. "I suppose you will want me to take the case. I am willing to do anything I can for you."

"I have no side of my story," responded the Sergeant, weakly. "I know absolutely nothing of what happened between the time when I drank the vino and that when I woke up in the guardhouse." As he spoke the lawyer's face fell. In it, Riley read his counsel's opinion that he was guilty. But the attorney only repeated his query. "Shall I take the case?"

"I suppose you had better. I do not know if there is anything to be done with it."

"I will see what I can find out further," the attorney said, as he picked up his hat and went away, leaving Riley plunged in deeper gloom by the light he had thrown upon the story.

Later came the Protestant chaplain of the regiment. He was a brave man and a good one, but his words meant little to Riley, who, whatever his sins, had no liking for heresy. Yet his thoughts were turned towards the true religion he had learned at his mother's knee. He began to pray for the mercy of God. When, still later that same day, the American Bishop, with one of his priests who had often come to the barracks, was admitted to his cell to visit the unfortunate member of his tremendous flock it was not difficult to lead him to make a good confession.

The days went by for two long weeks. Each evening he heard reports from his lawyer. Each night, as a consequence, he found hope more difficult to entertain, the blackness of despair settled closer about him. The trial was set for the beginning of the third week, the very day when his services in the islands was to have ended and he should have sailed for home. He heard the tramp of the soldiers passing the prison, as he supposed, on their way to embark in the transport. Oh, the news they would bear home to his mother to his friends, to Mollie!

But as he was led forth to go to the court house, he was surprised to see that they were matching towards the hills. An insurrection had broken out the previous night, and they were to have one last engagement before they left the field to the next without word or look of recognition [illegible] faces where [illegible] usually [illegible] fears were in Riley's eyes. It seemed that the final drop in his cup of grief was [illegible] thus deprived of this last [illegible] at the smell of powder.

The jurors were quickly empanelled, the dusky prosecuting attorney for the province stated the people's case in Spanish which was duly translated to Riley. The American counsel stated the line of defense in brief terms. The rapid taking of evidence began before noon. As the interpreter made known the meaning of each sentence, the accused felt ever surer of his own guilt. The plea "Not guilty" seemed a farce. The miserable thing, his miserable life was hastening to its close. Another twenty-four hours, and at the rate things were going, he would be listening to his sentence. He sat dully wishing only that he were dying out in the hills instead of —

Parts of the old regiment and the newly arrived one were engaged in the conflict in the mountains. The chaplain of the last comers was a priest. He went about among the wounded soldiers of all the companies there listening to a last confession here anointing some poor fellow who was past consciousness, here speaking words of compassion to the less seriously injured. Tired he was, so weary that his feet trembled beneath him. Yet he paused not for that, nor for the whizzing bullets that sang over his head.

Suddenly he was confronted by the Protestant chaplain of Riley's regiment. The two men were good friends though so sadly divided in belief.

"Father Paul," said the minister, "there is a poor fellow up there calling for you. I can do nothing for him. Can you come with me?"

The Protestant was the more ruggedly built of the two men, and he had not been so badly hurried about through the day. He walked so briskly that the tired priest had much to do to follow. Once they halted on the weary way, while Father Paul pronounced absolution over an unconscious form being brought to the hospital tent on a stretcher. At last the minister pointed to a figure on the blood-soaked ground, then turned and went away.

As the dying man finished the confession of a dark and reckless life, the priest asked him if he were willing to give testimony to witness as to the truth of one of his statements.

"You tell them, Father. I will be gone before you can get them. See, they are going farther away from us. The man they think guilty of my crime is being tried today. You can tell them. It is my dying wish. It is the only reparation I can make."

"And do you solemnly swear that you have told me the truth in the matter?"

The soldier raised his hand from which three fingers hung limp and covered with blood. "I swear it," his lips answered feebly. "Hurry, Father, the absolution."

The chaplain had barely finished the words in their shortest form when the eyes of his penitent were sealed in death. Then Father Paul stumbled weakly back to the other dying men.

The trial had been a record one for speed. No technical objections had stopped the progress of justice. At every point the prosecution had won. The difficulties about the indentifications had been more than made up by the perfect chain of circumstances. The American counsel finished his weak defense before noon of the second day. When he had ended the prosecutor arose with a triumphant smile. The people feel that they need say nothing further in proof of their case."

Slowly, sadly, the judge, who had come from the same town as the accused and had known him from childhood, began his charge to the jury. The political condition of the islands would not admit of his seeming to favor one of his own race, he felt that there was no excuse for favoring this one. An officer of the army, sent to preserve law and order, had been guilty of one of the most henious crimes against all law. He only said that the jury should bear in mind that Spanish law, by which the case must be judged, regarded drunkenness, unless habitual, as an extenuating circumstance. The murder would have to be in the second degree if the verdict was to be murder. He inwardly wondered whether hanging were not preferable to twenty years in a Philippine prison.

As he finished there was a stir in the rear of the room. A man in dusty cassock pushed his way to the front. As his ears caught the last sentence of the judge's charge he spoke up clear and firm. "I have evidence on this case which affects it very materially, your Honor."

There was a moment's hasty consultation between the priest, the judge, and counsel for the defense. An attempt was made by the prosecution to shut out further testimony, on the ground that the case was already closed. It failed. Five minutes later the judge said curtly "Case dismissed." And among the first to seize the hand of the discharged prisoner was the same prosecuting attorney. There were shouts of approval, where a moment before no friendly eye looked upon the prisoner at the bar. The judge gave up the futile attempt to preserve order and turned to deliver tearful congratulations to the free man.

As Riley reached the door through the pressing multitude of new friends, the tired triumphant troops came in straggling march along the street. Suddenly their eyes caught sight of the sergeant's form on the steps of the court house. They looked again to make sure that he was free. Somehow they had got wind of the mysterious developments in the case. A grand cheering arose in the ranks. The second company to pass was his own. The lieutenant cried, "Halt!"

Sharp and clear he gave the command "Right about! March!" They came straight up the stairs. "Break ranks." There was no need for further command. The lieutenant himself led the way. Sergeant Riley was seized and placed upon his superior's shoulders. Borne aloft by the whole crowd, all eager to grasp his hand, he was carried by the worn-out men to the barracks.

Seven weeks later the Ninth reached home. Leave of absence was freely given. Riley lost no time in repairing to the house of Mollie O'Brien.

Their greetings are no business of the reader or myself. It was possibly half an hour before Mollie turned her big blue eyes full upon her lover's face with a searching glance.

"Oh, John," she said. "I have been terribly worried about you the last ten weeks or so. I don't know why, but I got to fearing maybe you might forget to keep the pledge you took with Father Dugan. And I have been praying the Blessed Mother to look out for you, day and night."

"Mollie darling, I suppose I may as well confess, though it's mighty ashamed I am to be doing it. I did break the pledge, just once, and it was ten week ago I did it. I have been to confession since. With the help of God, I'll never break it again. That one break cost me—it cost me the chance of fighting in the best scrap of the whole two years. It nearly cost me my promotion. But they are talking of making a lieutenant of me yet. And then you'll come and live with me and help me to keep the pledge till I die."—Ex.

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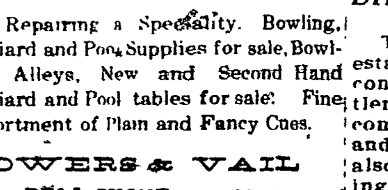

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The Jesuit Fathers of Detroit, have established a school for catechists in connection with the Catholics' Settlement work, now established in comfortable quarters, corner Orleans and Larned streets. Instructions are also being given to a class qualifying to fit themselves for settlement work. Rev. Father Dickhaus, S. J., is the instructor.

The Most Rev. General of the Passionist Order, Father Jeremiah, accompanied by Rev. Father Denis Callagee of Louisville, is now visiting the monasteries of the Order in Mexico.