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Thirst in the Desert

Continued from last week

The poor brutes sank down upon the sand or stood about with dry mouths and tongues already hard and cracking. Not one made any attempt to eat the coarse dry grass which was parched to the consistency of scorched paper, and contained about as much nourishment.

I brought spades from the wagon and, leading the way to the deepest part of the valley, I ordered the boys to dig for their lives, setting them the example myself. It was just possible that there might be water below the surface—though I had little hope of it.

The men obeyed reluctantly and with sullen looks and mutterings. I did not blame them. Their lives were as dear to them as mine was to me, and I had put them in peril.

For an hour we worked rapidly, desperately, then the Kaffirs flung their spades sullenly aside and returned to the wagon. I toiled on for another hour with throbbing head and blistered hands, then desisted, convinced of the utter uselessness of the task.

I did not go back to the wagon. At the moment I could not face Cecile Gunther. I walked away to the further side of a bare hill where I could be out of earshot of the pitiful howling of my oxen. I felt like a murderer, but I was helpless. I think I could have borne the thought of a horrible death for myself and my men and cattle—not cheerfully, perhaps, but at least with stoicism—but not for the woman I loved. To know that she must die in agony and through my fault, unmanned me. I threw myself down on the hot sand and cried to God from the depths of my misery, then knelt for calmer, stronger prayer. I did not hear her approach, but suddenly Cecile knelt beside me.

"We shall live," she said gently. "God is God and He watches over us. Can we not do something?"

"There was—but one thing—I might do, and that I felt would be useless. I might take my horse and ride out once more in search of a water hole or village. But this would necessitate leaving her alone with those two sullen, lowering Kaffirs and the oxen which, though quiet as yet, would soon become fierce and dangerous. I told her so.

"You must go," she said firmly. "I am not afraid to stay here without you. And if I were it would still be your duty to go. You have a few bottles of soda water left. Open them, share them with your boys, and then go."

"There are but two left," I answered, "and those—"

"Those you wish to keep for the woman with whom you have burdened yourself," she interrupted. "Mr. Errol, do you know me so little? Come at once."

Her tone was imperious, but her eyes were infinitely kind. She hurried me back to the wagon.

One bottle of the precious soda water I gave to the boys, the other Cecile and I shared between us. The liquid was flat and more than lukewarm, but to us it was as nectar of the gods. Then I left her.

It was hard to ride away and leave her there alone in that hell of heat and flies, with those despairing men and dying cattle. But it had to be done and I did it. I would have taken her with me had it been possible, but over such ground in that fearful heat my poor horse would have dropped under the double burden.

Again and again I looked back at her and always to meet the same brave smile as she waved one hand to me, and with the other grasped the loaded revolver I had laid on her lap. At last a shoulder of the ridge hid her from sight and then I hurried on, not sparing my horse, for I was riding for my life and a life dearer far than my own.

And what a ride it was! Over earth like hot ashes, under a sky of flame, between hills that glow-

ed like furnaces, with the sand-laden air smarting in eyes and nostrils and parching throat and skin. It was like some ghastly nightmare. And my quest was vain I rode mile after mile and hour after hour without seeing a single green blade or a drop of moisture. At last my horse could go no further and I was compelled to stop. I let him rest for an hour. Then, as night was coming on, I gave up the hopeless search and made the best of my way back to the wagon.

Long before I reached it I could hear the bellowing of the oxen, and when I drew nearer I found one of their number lying with its throat cut. I knew then that my boys had deserted me, and that the animal had been slaughtered that they might drink its blood before they went. I sickened as the thought crossed my mind that before many hours I myself might be thankful to swallow a like ghastly draught.

I found Cecile lying in the wagon in a heavy sleep. Her face was white and her lips looked parched and dry. In one hand she grasped the soda water bottle and I had emptied it in the morning. She had evidently been trying to drain a few last drops of moisture from it—she had suffered already then. My throat swelled almost to bursting with the agony this knowledge caused me. For one mad moment I laid my hand upon the revolver beside her, but withdrew it again. I lacked the cowardice to end our sufferings in that fashion.

She slept all night and I sat beside her. Sometimes I would fall into an uneasy doze only to awake again in choking agony, for my throat was like a lime-kiln. It was a horrible vigil. The cattle crowded about the wagon, their cracked, bleeding tongues lolling from their mouths, fighting, butting, goring one another in their agony, then with mad haste licking up the blood that trickled from the wounds their horns had made. I felt that it would be criminal to suffer the poor creatures to linger in torture any longer. As soon as it was day and I could send Cecile out of sight and sound of the slaughter I would shoot them all.

The poor girl's sleep lasted until long after the red-hot sun had risen. For some time after she woke she gazed at me in a dreamy, dazed fashion. Then, recognizing me, she smiled and put her hand into mine. But it was long minutes before she could speak distinctively, so parched and inflamed were her throat and tongue.

I told her what I intended to do and begged her to go away to the other side of the ridge that she might not witness sickening butchery.

"If I could shoot straight I would not leave you to do it all alone," she said. "But I cannot, so I will go."

Usually my aim was sure, but that day my head was dizzy and my hand shook so that often I was obliged to fire three and even four times before I could put some poor wounded beast out of its pain. That scene came before me again as I write—the bloodstained sand, the looming cloud of assvovels, the bleeding carcasses, the dying beasts licking with their blackened, swollen tongues the blood that welled from their own death wounds. It was ghastly.

It was all over at last. I flung down my smoking rifle and went to seek Cecile. I found her sitting, or rather crouching in the scanty shade of a thorn bush.

At the sound of my footsteps she rose and came to meet me. Then reading I know not what of love and pity and agony in my face she put her hand into mine.

"We can die but once," she whispered. "Let us prepare to meet our God."

"And we shall die together," I said, and I stooped and kissed her. And our emotions made us for a space unmindful of our physical sufferings.

It was toward evening, and after we had endured such tortments as I cannot bear to dwell upon even yet, that a band of natives, led by my two wagon boys and followed by an elderly white man, came round the

shoulder of the ridge towards us. They carried water, milk and melons and brought us back to life from the very gates of death. My boys had reached a native village late that night before, and at the first streak of dawn the good priest and his men set out to rescue us.

I should like to describe the little mission station to which they took us, to speak at length of the Father's kindness, to tell how Cecile and I were made man and wife there one day in the presence of the entire tribe, to describe my good mother's astonishment when I returned home a married man, bringing with me a bride from the desert. But all this belongs to another story.—Jessie Humphrey's in the Magazine.

Holy Week at Cathedral

The order of exercises for Holy Week at Cathedral are:

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—Masses at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 and 8.00 a. m. Confessions.—Wednesday, April 3rd, 4.00 p. m.—Singing of the Tenebrae by St. Bernard's Seminary students, Confession, afternoon and evening.

Holy Thursday, April 4th—Holy Communion will be distributed at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 and 8.00 o'clock, but no Mass. Solemn Pontifical Mass with Procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Consecration of the Holy Oils at 10 o'clock. Tenebrae service at 4 p. m. Singing of Stabat Mater. Visits may be made to the Repository from noon until 9.30 p. m. Offerings for flowers for the Repository will be thankfully received.

Good Friday, April 5th—Mass of the Pre-Sanctified with uncovering and veneration of the cross and singing of the Passion at 9 a. m. Tenebrae service at 4 p. m. Adoration of the cross entire evening.

Holy Saturday, April 6th—Blessing of the new fire, of the Paschal candle, of Baptismal Water, followed by Solemn High Mass at 8 a. m. Distribution of Easter Water in office of Vestry at 2 p. m. If at all possible, adults should come to obtain this article, and not send children.

Easter Sunday, April 7th—Masses at 6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30 and solemn pontifical mass with the imparting of the Papal Blessing at the close by the Rt. Rev. Bishop at 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction with sermon at 7.30 p. m.

Easter Sermon—Morning, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D.; evening, Rev. J. F. O'Hara.

One of the most remarkable natural fetiches in the world is the Chinese kouchl, called by some people "the vegetable lamb." It is regarded by the natives of China as something supernatural. They believe it to be part vegetable and part animal. The plant certainly bears a resemblance to an animal, although it might be taken for a pig as readily as a lamb. Kouchl is composed principally of the plant known as rhizome and springs from seed. After attaining its full height roots and tendrils spring from the fiber and grow downward until they enter the earth. It is this peculiar formation which has caused it to be regarded with so much awe. The Chinese claim that after it has reached its full size it ceases to be vegetable and turns animal, feeding upon the tender shoots of plants which grow near it.—Wairarapa Times.

A Submerged Crater. During the explosion of the volcano of Krakatoa, in the strait of Sunda; in 1883, a large part of the island of Krakatoa was blown away, and the sea took its place. Not long afterward measurements were made of the shape and depth of the cavity left covered with water at the northern end of the disrupted island. The results were published by Dr. Verbeek in 1886. Later Dr. Von Bemmelen has remeasured the submerged basin formed by the explosion, and he finds that within the partial ring formed by the three remaining islands of the Krakatoa group there is a central basin, oval in shape and with a fairly level floor, having depth over a considerable area of 820 feet. Comparison with the former measures indicates that there has been no change in the sea floor during the intervening years. There is no sign of volcanic activity.

New Church Is Dedicated

Bishop Hickey Preaches

Livonia, March 24.—The dedication of St. Joseph's new Catholic church took place at 11 o'clock Sunday, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., bishop of this diocese, officiating, assisted by Rev. M. J. Krieg, resident pastor of the parish; Rev. M. J. Cluney, of Honeyve Falls; Rev. A. A. Hughes of Genesee; Rev. J. A. Gefell, of Wayland; Rev. Thomas Lochren, of Conesus, and Rev. A. B. Meahan, of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, master of ceremonies.

The services were largely attended, and were most impressive. Solemn high mass was sung by Rev. Father Krieg, and the dedicatory sermon was delivered by Bishop Hickey, who congratulated the people of the parish upon the erection of so handsome, commodious and modern a place of worship. He referred to the earnest and unselfish efforts of the members to bring this about and to the help given them by the people of this community, by their encouragement in word and deed. The music by the choir was well rendered and most impressive.

For more than half a century, until the erection of St. Margaret's Chapel at Conesus Lake, a few years ago, where services were held during the summer only, the only Catholic church in the town, St. Michael's has been at Livonia Center, a mile and a half from this village, and for many years, the need of a church in this village has been felt. The work of raising a building fund was started about three years ago, and last fall the ground was broken and work begun upon the present edifice.

F. H. Myers, of this village, had the contract for the work, and it was under his personal supervision that the church has been erected. The location selected is on the east side of Washington St., known for many years as the Carpenter place, the house on the premises adjoining the church being used as a parochial residence.

The building is a frame structure, 43x93 feet in size and has a seating capacity of about 400. There are two commodious vestries in front and a large baptistry on the south side of the main entrance. The high basement, the full size of the church, will be furnished later and will be used for a meeting place for the choir, for Sunday school purposes, and for social occasions. The altar, which is an expensive and beautiful one, was donated to the church by Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Cleary, of Chicago. Mrs. Cleary, who was formerly Miss Mary Morrissey, was a Livonia young woman. The building heated by steam and handsomely finished, is a credit to the village as well as to the people of the parish. It is understood that Rev. M. J. Krieg, the present pastor of St. Michael's church, will be the resident pastor, services being held regularly in the new edifice hereafter.

The first Catholic Church, St. Michael's, was erected in the year 1852 on the site of the present schoolhouse at Livonia Center, previous to that time mass being celebrated at the houses of different members of the faith. In Mass was first said by Father Gregg, pastor of the church of Lima, who then had charge of the mission here. The first resident pastor was Father Byrones, appointed in 1870, who resided in this village, although most of the members of the church lived at Livonia Center. During his pastorate the present rectory at that place was purchased.

He was succeeded in August, 1875, by Father Seymour and during his pastorate the church was moved to its present location. Father Murphy succeeded him in 1877, the rectory being remodeled during his incumbency and the cemetery property purchased. At that time Bishop McQuaid advised buying a site nearer this village, saying this was the logical site for a church, and that

one would without doubt be ultimately built here.

Rev. Monsignor Hendrick, pastor of Ovid, became pastor of the church in 1884 and remained until 1899, being succeeded in that year by Rev. Father Garvey, who in January, 1911, was transferred to a larger field at Oswego, his place being taken by Rev. M. J. Krieg, who is held in the highest respect by all.

Over Fifteen Million Catholics in U. S.

New Catholic Directory to be Published Soon

There are 15,015,569 Catholics in the United States according to the 1912 edition of "The Official Catholic Directory," published by P. J. Kennedy and son of Barclay Street, New York. The figures given in the 1912 volume include only continental United States and do not embrace the number of Catholics in any of our islands possessions.

Comparing the figures of the 1911 and 1912 issues a gratifying gain is seen in the number of Catholics, for the Directory of 1912 shows an increase of 395,808 souls for the year. The figure 15,015,569 includes all Catholics, and does not deduct 16 per cent for children and infants as was done by the government in its census of 1906-10, and which is invariably done by Protestant statisticians when quoting numbers of Catholics. It is of interest at this time, also, to look back ten years and discover what gains have been made. Glancing through the 1902 Catholic Directory published by the Wilkison Co., in Milwaukee it is seen that the Catholic population at that time was 10,976,757 and compared with the present total of 15,015,569 a gain of 4,038,812 is recorded for the decade.

Not only has there been a gain in the number of souls, but there has also been an increase in the number of churches, schools, academies and charitable institutions during the past year and by referring to "The Official Catholic Directory" for 1912 it is found that there are 17,491 Catholic priests in the United States. Of these 12,996 are secular clergy men and 4,495 are members of religious orders. This figure shows a gain of 477 priests.

Four hundred and seventy-eight additional churches are recorded in the Kennedy publication and the general summary shows that at the beginning of this year there were 13,939 Catholic churches in America. Of these 13,939 nearly 10,000 have resident pastors or to be exact 9,256 churches have resident priests, the other 4,683 being mission churches, that is, attended from the neighboring parishes.

There are at present fourteen archbishops in the United States, each of the fourteen archdioceses being occupied. There are cardinal archbishops. In addition to these there are two titular archbishops in the United States both being retired Ordinaries. It is a remarkable fact and deserves special attention, that according to the Directory there is only one vacancy in the hierarchy of this country. The Vicar apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, is mourning the loss of its bishop. All told, there are 97 bishops in the continental United States, some of these, of course, being coadjutor and auxiliary bishops. In addition there are two archbishops and fifteen abbots.

Eighty-three seminaries are discovered in various parts of the country, and 6,000 students are preparing for the Holy priesthood in these seminaries. There are 229 colleges for boys and 701 academies for girls, although there are more students in the 229 colleges for boys than there are in the 701 academies for girls.

One of the most interesting features of the Directory's table are the statistics for parochial schools. According to the Directory there are 5,119 parishes which have schools attached, with an attendance of 1,333,788. Over and above the parochial school

there are 259 orphan asylums, which 47,111 orphans are in the care of. Counting the children in parochial schools, the number of young ladies and young men in academies and colleges, and including the orphans and children in other charitable institutions, it is found that at present there are under Catholic care in the United States 1,500,000 young people. Special attention has been given to the Directory, and as the reports were received from the chancery offices of the dioceses in the country the figures must be taken as correct. They are official because they are furnished by the authorities of the various dioceses.

The 1912 edition of the Directory will be the most complete that has ever been published and will contain information that has not appeared in previous editions. During the year that the location was originally published by Kennedy & Sons of Barclay Street, the address of the publisher, the address of the publisher, the address of the publisher.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, Palm Sunday, G. Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, Matt. 21.

S.—31st Benjamin M.—April 1st, Theodora T.—28th Francis of Paula W.—8th Richard

S.—6 Good Friday S.—6 Holy Saturday

A requiem high mass was celebrated on Wednesday for Mr. John Farrel. The service was delivered by Father Garvey, of Oswego. Caesar the things that are seen and to God the things that are not seen.

For Musical Notes. A musical note was shortly after the death of Mary's husband, Frank, a young man, who was a member of the choir of St. Michael's church. Charles H. Morrissey, of Livonia, was the organist. The service was held at St. Michael's church.

Winor McCay, a young woman, was one of the headliners for next week's musical comedy. The comedy is titled "The Comedy of Errors" and is a play by Shakespeare. The comedy is being performed at the Grand Opera House.

Hayes, 44-45 East Main St. Easter Novelties. Small, cheap, and attractive novelties of eggs, Easter bunnies, and other Easter novelties. The novelties are being sold at a special price.

Preserving Spiders Webs. Naturalists employ an ingenious method of preserving all kinds of spiders webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomizer with a fine solution of artist's shellac, and then they are of the ordinary specimen form. They are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands at the same time being secured. After the shellac solution has dried the plates carrying the webs are stored away in a cabinet. Even some shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from the support. Many spiders webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong. It is from a scientific standpoint that permanent preservation is very desirable.