

The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-third Year, No. 27.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, April 5, 1912.

11.00 Per Year in Advance

The Strife Invisible

"Go in peace, and God bless you," said Father Barry, as he closed the slide of the confessional and turned to open the one on the other side. A woman was kneeling there, her face marked by lines of care, but revealing at the same time a refinement that could only have sprung from nobility of soul. An old black rosary was twined about her toil-worn fingers and her lips were moving.

Simply she made her confession, a trite tale of little failings that never gave a hint of the tragedy that hung over her life. At its close she sighed half unconsciously and heavier than she realized.

"Is there anything else that is troubling you?" the priest asked. She hesitated.

"If I can help you in any way," he added, "do not be afraid to tell me; that is what I am here for, you know," and a quiet smile lit up his face.

"But it would take your time from other penitents," she ventured timidly.

With one hand the priest pushed the curtain of the confessional aside and looked out. In the fast-growing darkness he could distinguish a few kneeling figures scattered here and there about the church. Some were at the altar rail, but at the moment none was in front of his confessional.

"Be at peace; you are taking no one's time," he said. "Now, what is the trouble?"

Touched by his fatherly manner, tears sprang to the eyes of the kneeling woman. "I had not meant ever to tell a soul," she faltered, "for he is a good man when he is not in his cups." As she spoke a picture of her husband as he was on the morning of their marriage flashed before her; then the contrast, as he was now, his face bloated and disfigured, his whole self changed. But it must not be her finger that would point him as an object of scorn to the priest.

"Father, I cannot tell it," she said. "Pray for me," and she arose to go. The priest's voice stopped her. "Listen to me," he said gravely. "Do not fear that what you tell me would be disloyal. What you say here goes no farther, and will not only relieve your heart, but perhaps may mean the lifting of this curse from your life. Now, let me tell your story for you." He went on gently, as she knelt down once more. "Your husband drinks and starvation, or perhaps worse, faces you. But your real sorrow lies even deeper. You are thinking of his soul, for he has neglected the sacraments for years, and you are thinking of your little son. Am I right?"

The woman's eyes grew wide. "But Father, how did you know?" she asked in amazement.

Father Barry was silent. How could he tell her that her husband's wrong doing was the talk of the parish, or that her own familiar black-clad figure before the shrine of Our Lady of Pity told its too evident story of desolation?

"It is true, Father," she went on, after a pause, "and only God knows how it will end."

"Now, you must not grow discouraged," the priest said, and his voice was full of compassion. "We will begin a novena today in honor of our Blessed Lady. Go to her in your need. She is a mother and understands, as no one else save God Himself can, the sorrows of a mother." He raised his hand in blessing, and with a new peace in her soul Mrs. Rathway stopped it.

The late afternoon dusk was deepening, and the silence that had done well to come to me, was only broken by the scarcely perceptible click of the confessional slide, the gentle sound telling of many a prodigal's return to the arms of a loving Father. A sweet peace, indicating the near presence of God, emanated from the golden tabernacle and filled the poor wife's soul with a consolation so great that instinctively she felt it to be the; fore-

runner of a cross. If when the cross comes into our life we could see our Lord behind it, and realize with what love He lays it on our shoulders, how joyously we would bear it. But when it comes hidden under the ugly guise of sin in one we love, we forget the sweeter thought in our pain.

And yet, before Our Lady's shrine Mrs. Rathway began the novena, pleading her cause at her feet of that Mother to whom no one has ever had recourse in vain. With more than usual fervor she repeated the beautiful prayer to St. Bernard, and then with a lightened heart, wended her way home in the twilight.

But the grim reality soon dispelled her happy moments. She found her home cold and cheerless, her little son sobbing piteously, and her husband in a drunken stupor by the bare fireside. All the hope and consolation that had so lately flooded her heart was swept away. The future looked so dark, was it possible there could ever come a rift in the clouds? Her leathing for the man at her feet grew so strong that it seemed almost beyond her strength even to pray for him. What a coward's part was his, to fall at the first wind of adversity, without even an effort to help the one who had given her all for him!

And then she looked up over the kitchen mantel, where only a few days before she had hung a picture of the Sacred Heart, and a soft impulse crept over her. Christ would listen to His Mother's intercession—He who had never refused her anything she asked for the souls He so tenderly loved. With little Michael hushed now in her arms she made her sacrifice. From that moment she would forget self and offer all her trials and heartaches for her husband's conversion.

The days of the novena were passing slowly, but with sweet womanly courage she kept her resolve and crushed many bitter thoughts under a smiling exterior. On the morning of the ninth day she knelt with child-like confidence at Our Lady's feet. As she looked up at the pure face bent so pityingly above her there was absolute certainty in her heart that her prayer would be heard. It seemed as though a great stone had been rolled from her heart, filling with sunshine where all had been shadow before. She had thought her love for her husband dead, but from its sepulchre God called it forth and it pulsed as of old through her being. The same, and yet not the same, for mingled with it was a pity and yearning more akin to mother love than wifely affection. As on that dreary afternoon nine long days ago, her heart was filled with consolation, but now without apprehension for the future.

A few days later Father Barry had a visitor. He was reading his breviary in the little bare room that served both as reception room and study when the door opened softly to admit a man whose haggard face and bloodshot eyes told plainly the story of a dissipated life. His clothing was ragged and not over clean, and he fumbled nervously with his hat as he hesitated in the doorway.

The priest recognized him at once, and arose with a word of kindly greeting.

"Well, Michael, what can I do for you?" he asked, as he motioned him toward a chair.

Rathway sat down stiffly. Speech seldom came easily to him, and now, in an embarrassing situation, he was completely at a loss.

"It's the drink, Father," he blurted out at last. "I want to leave the confessional."

The priest's grave eyes lighted up, and he said, "I will help you."

The poor drunkard unbent a little and for the first time raised his eyes, in a sort of shifting comradeship, to the priest.

To be continued

The pending London educational bill for the coming year calls for \$30,000,000 expenses.



From a painting by P. Deschanden

He Is Risen

The Association of Belgian and Holland Priests Highly Praised.

The following editorial in the Extension Magazine of April, 1912 is self explaining:

One cannot but praise the work which has been and is still being done so unselfishly and quietly by the Association of Belgian and Holland Priests in the United States. From a report just issued by its president, Father Notebaert of Rochester, New York, we learn that a special missionary has been sent out by the association to give missions to the scattered Belgian groups in Pennsylvania. Father Notebaert discovered over thirty such groups in that State; almost all of them previously overlooked, as well as nine in a neighboring State. At a mission given in one town ninety-six Belgians returned to the Faith and sixteen marriages were validated. All this in a group of people who were scarcely known to be Catholics at all.

The priests composing the association are zealous and earnest men. The Holy Father himself has taken note of what they are doing. He recently said: "If every nationality would follow their example, the difficult question of immigration would soon be settled with great benefit to the Catholic Church in America."

The president of the association is of the "hustler" class in spite of his long years of service in the priesthood. The association is affiliated with the Church Extension Society.

Fake Oriental Priests

Warning is given from New York that a number of men, calling themselves priests, and claiming to hail from the East, Syria, Egypt, and Persia, are circulating through the country, and begging from priests, sisters, and the laity. These men are all fakirs. Either they are not priests at all, sometimes are Mohammedans, schismatics, or are not in good standing, or have no permission from Rome or their own bishops.

Rev. Charles A. Ramm, secretary to the Archbishop of San Francisco, has been appointed by the Governor of California, a regent of the University of California, of which he is an alumnus. Father Ramm is a convert.

Catholic News Notes

A monthly magazine for the Catholic blind is to be published in American Braille by a Jesuit in New York.

To December 31, 1911, there had been expended upon the magnificent new Cathedral of St. Paul at St. Paul Minn., the sum of \$778,812.24.

One of the first big works of Archbishop Keane will be a fine new Cathedral.

The Sisters of St. Francis of Milwaukee, will open their new St. Mary's Hill Hospital next month. The edifice is 130x150 ft. and is "noise-proof."

William Stetson Merrill, himself a Catholic and an official of the Chicago public library, writing on religion from the librarian's point of view, declares that no writer will lose in the end by permitting the fact to be known that he is a Catholic.

An Ursuline academy, costing \$200,000 is in course of erection at Great Falls, Montana.

The Church Extension Society, on Oct. 18, 1911, had built five hundred and thirty-seven chapels, in places where no Catholic chapel had before existed.

Princeton University's senior class Catholic students, 200 strong, paraded on St. Patrick's Day.

Rev. Francis H. Gavick, chancellor of the Diocese of Indianapolis, Ind., has collated the figures of the annual collection for the orphans of the diocese. This collection was taken on Christmas day and reached a total of \$16,346.64.

The Cathedral church of Belleville, Ill., has filed suit in the U. S. Court against the American Water Works and Guarantee Holding Co., of Pittsburg, owners of the Belleville Water Works for \$250,000 for negligence and failure to provide the necessary pressure of water at the burning of the Cathedral, recently.

Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, announces in his Lenten pastoral, that in the future, a non-Catholic who wishes to marry a Catholic will be obliged to receive instructions in religion once a week for a month, to enlighten him on the principle tenets of the Catholic faith.

A brick from the walls of St. Peter's Church, Rome, which had been on exhibition at the Coliseum in Chicago, was stolen from that place.

Fire of undetermined origin, destroyed St. John Nepomucene Church, Detroit, Mich. The property loss is \$60,000.

The Irish Capuchins have been placed in charge of St. Joseph's Church, in Roseburg, Oregon, and about eleven missions in that State.

Catholic "Press Day" was celebrated in England on March 17.

In Portugal, the Government has seized the records of all the parishes in Lisbon.

The student-priests of the Biblical Institute, Rome, deem it unsafe to go to the Holy Land for research, because of the Italian-Turkish war.

Weekly Church Calendar

- Easter Sunday
- Resurrection of Christ, Mark 16
- 7—S Easter Sunday
- 8—M Easter Monday
- 9—Mary of Egypt
- 10—St. Apollonius
- 11—St. Leo
- 12—St. Constantine
- 13—St. Ida

Temple Theater

There will be an unusually excellent bill at the Temple for Easter week; Peter G. Platt's famous morality play "Everybody" will be one of the headline attractions; Paul Conchas in "At the Bivouac" will be another great headliner; George Lyons and Bob Yoaco, the Harpist and the Singer; Minnie Allen, a dainty and pretty comedienne in a novel offering; "Chesterfield" Rose Royal's famous posing and Statue Horse; Lancton-Lucier Co., "Heaps of Hilarity"; El Cota the Wizard of the Xylophone; Chapman and Berube, brave fellows Who Start the Merry program and the Mooreoscope.

Your Hair Combing

Can be made into a switch, cluster of puffs or pompadour for your own use by the Guggenheim system. There is more than 25 years of practical experience back of our work. Expert service at reasonable prices. Special sale to-morrow of first quality hair goods and hair ornaments for the Easter headdress. Guggenheim's Hair Store, 17 Clinton Avenue South, opposite Hotel Seneca.

News From Ireland

John Doyle Folio, has been appointed clerk in the office of the Carlow County Council.

Married—February 14 at the Church of St. Lawrence, Tallon, by Rev. J. Fogarty, Adam James son of Thomas Males, Williamstown, Rathvilly, to Mary, daughter of the late John Kennedy, Aclare, Myshall.

Miss Duane, who recently resigned her position as teacher in Bailleboro union after a term of thirty-three years, has been granted a pension of \$25 per year.

At a meeting of the committee of the Town Tenants' Association in Dublin, recently, correspondence was read in answer to the proposed sale of the town of Blessington, and it was decided, considering the needs of the people of that town and district, to request the Government to purchase the town, and to expedite the sale.

The death took place at his residence in Cork recently, of Lawrence, barrister at law, advanced age. Deceased, who enjoyed a legal career of high repute, began life as a journeyman, having been leader-writer of the "Cork Examiner" before being called to the bar in 1873.

On Saturday evening, February 24, a sudden death took place at the residence of Mrs. Montgomery, Roxbury, when she died, aged 84 years, suddenly, after sitting on her chair in her kitchen.

The appointment of Albert Cartlan, solicitor, Navvy, as special crown solicitor for the Co. of Louth, has met with a deal of satisfaction. Mr. Cartlan, who was born in 1852, is a relative of the late Peter Cartlan, at one time solicitor and secretary for Louth, and one of the four solicitors who represented Daniel O'Connell and his colleagues in the state trials.

On Sunday, February 25, the thirty-second annual meeting of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Association took place in Dublin, the Right Honorable Mayor presiding. Addresses were delivered by the Very Rev. Father Aloysius, the Very Rev. Father Thomas, Provincial, the Rev. Fr. Archdeacon, Fr. Fr. etc.

Married—February 14 at St. Michael's, Banickillen, by Rev. Canon Keown, P. P., V. C., assisted by Very Rev. J. T. with nuptial Mass and Pagan collection. Andrew Gahan, Doherty, Nairn, R. E. A., son of Charles Doherty, Williamstown park, Belfast, to Mary, only daughter of the late Dr. W. MacKenna, Carrickmacross, and Mrs. MacKenna, Banickillen.

The tenants on the Millar estate have been informed that the man, etc., were lodged on the estate.

Miss Eliza Hall, Athy, has been appointed relieving officer of the Athy district at a salary of \$25 per year.

Died—Mrs. Potter, Killmarnagh—February 8. Mrs. Johanna Leah Deerpark.

The death took place on February 21 of Patrick Mennagh, a respected resident of the Clonsilla district.

The death took place on Feb. 18, of Sister Margaret M. Conmina, Convent of Mercy, Waterport.

Died—Recently, Mrs. Julia McLoughlin, Kilsenny.