The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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The Rector's Walk

The rector went down the street, his shoulders squared, his head erect, peace with all the world radiating from every feature of his face. Under the brim of his straw hat his hair showed, white and abundant. The old ladies on the church steps watched his retreating figure, and then looked at one another with smiling approval.

"It's a handsome, prosperous lookin' gentleman he is, God bless him!" said the dean of the assembly, who thus voiced the opinion and the wish of the entire parish.

We are proud of the rector—in fact, I may as well admit that pride is our besetting sin; we are proud of our parish, our church and schools, our families, and what is more, we think that our pride is justifiable. You would think so, too, if you could hear Terrence McCann summing up. Terrence is the night watchman, and in his way a bigger man than the rector, though he doesn't say so out and out. He believes that he is the pinot on which the parish turns, but he is willing to credit the rector with first place before the public. "Divil such another man or such another parish is widin the four says," says Terrence; and what he says goes.

There are no two opinions of the rector of the parish, but we hold varying views about the curates. When there "are changes to be made" chance comments tell who are in favor. The school children are most outspoken in their preferences. Little Mollie Dacey, wiping her eyes with her apron, sobs out:

"I hope Father B—won't be sent—away—everyone in our class loves him."

"The whole parish loves him," affirms another girl—just in time to be overheard by Jimmie Tierney.

"Huh!" scoffs Jimmie. "I don't love him. I'd help him pack and carry his bag to the station."

There are shrieks of indignant protest, but Jimmie continues. "Don't care if they are all sent away 'cept the rector an' Father J—. They know how to preciate us fellers."

"Us fellers" offered a difficult problem that Father J—has solved. He holds the sesame to the inner self of even the most turbulent boy in the parish, and his authority, so quietly exerted, is a dominant force in controlling a difficult element in a large parish.

"I have no use for Father F—" asserts a sporting youth, with a cultivated taste for cigarettes and beer. "I hope he don't ever come back."

"It's my prayer that he may," says the youth's mother. "There's not another one of them can make you toe the mark like he can."

"He got after my brother," corroborates a pink-cheeked maiden, "an' Charley just dassent miss his Sunday. When Father F—'s mad, he's fierce. It's a holy wrath," she adds, as a charitable afterthought. "Sister Bernardine says so."

"Father F—has a great way with him altogether in the pulpit," declares Cornelius Moynihan, head of the Holy Name Society. "He gave the gospel a twist to-day that I never saw given to it before in all my days. But he brought it out all right in the end—trust him for that. 'France is gone,' sez he, 'Italy is goin', sez he, 'Portugal is lost,' sez he, 'an' the United States is threatened,' sez he. 'An' why? We don't pray,' sez he; an' true for him, we don't pray."

"It's well he knows ye," assents Mrs. Moynihan, quite unconscious of the wrathful gaze her husband centers on her. "He can see through ye."

"For all the quiet ways of him," says a close observer, "there's not a man among the clergy that will be more missed than Father D—. 'Twas too bad altogether to make a rector of him. He's a saint—that's what he he is. Not but our own rector is a saint, too."

No, there are no divisions of opinion about the rector. As he walks on his way, his parishioners greet him with evident respect and cordial liking. Even the itinerant organ grinder seeks to pay tribute by grinding out a bit of classical music instead of the ragtime favorites. But all the sounds that fall on the rector's cultivated ear are not so pleasing. Down on the curb a small boy, wrestling with the difficulties of mending a broken cart, voices his anger in copious profanity. "God bless me!" ejaculates the rector fervently, as if to ward off evil; and again, with increased fervor, "God bless me!" as the offender, alive to his peril, springs to his feet, bares his tousled head and murmuring a pious salute, disappears down a convenient alley, the cart bumping furiously along at his heels.

"The hypocrite;" gasps the rector, who has no toleration of deceit. "Anything but that!"

A ten-year-old girl, emerging from a corner store, diverts his thoughts. She is one of the little mothers of the district. Her face, lifted with difficulty above the parcels in her arms, lights up at the kindly inquiry,—"Buying for the children, Lizzie?" "Yes, Fader, boyes' pances," she explains gravely, "they's turrible hard on 'em." The involved possessive is irresistible. The rector goes on his way, laughing, and Lizzie takes up her burden of toil heartened by the interest the head of the parish shows in her small affairs. "He knows me name," she confides to the baby. "De rector's all right, John Gerard."

A young man, haggard and careworn, tries to pass unnoticed but halts at a word from the rector. "No, Father, no work yet," he answers despondingly, then in resolute tones, "but I must get it." A few earnest words of hope and sympathy put strength and hope into the young man's heart, and he drops into church to make his plea at the shrine and to kneel for a moment at the altar of St. Joseph, the artisan. "Pray to St. Joseph," his mother had said only that morning, and he had answered her gruffly from the door, "Nonsense, mother, what does St. Joseph know about plumbing?"

"Nothing wrong at school, Catherine?"

"No, Father."

"The boys all right?"

Y-e-s, Father."

"Come, now child, what is it? I can see there is something the matter."

"Well, Father"—she speaks rapidly, almost angrily, and tears are very near the surface—"it is the boys they—"

"Not going wrong, Catherine?" There is keen anxiety in the words, and Catherine hastened to explain.

"Not that way, Father; but they have no ambition—they won't dress up like other young men, after work they just lol 'round in the evenings and smoke."

"Cigarettes?"

"No, Father, just pipes, horrid big pipes—and they will not wear their coats—and they tease me for wanting them to be respectable."

"They are respectable, child," says the rector gravely. "Self-respecting boys; fine boys!" Then with a touch of severity. "Don't nag them, Catherine. Thank God for your good brothers, and that they like their home well enough to stay by it. Don't drive them into society, don't try to make dudes of them. God made them men; be satisfied with His work." Subdued in spirit, Catherine promises meekly, and the rector says a comforting word in parting about her own share in making the boys what they are. Reproof tempered with praise has a salutary effect on the young teacher and she goes to her class tranquily if not joyously.

"Good morning, Father," says a florid, well-dressed man, "you know young Danahy? Well, he's running for—" An earnest conversation ensues, and when the rector effects his escape there is something very like a frown striving to displace his genial expression. The parishioner's florid hue has deepened. The head of the parish is not to be caught in the political net. We have a goodly array of politicians in our parish, and political contest send our serenity at times. Here is a mild instance of feminine partisanship:

"Show me gentlemen's cuffs," exclaimed a young woman, running into a local store. "Hurry up Margaret, Barney Duffy is going to run for senator."

"Can't he run without cuffs?" asked the bitterly antagonistic Margaret. "I knew Barney when he didn't wear a collar."

Insolent? You would say so if you knew Barney; if you saw him walk through the ward, or heard him at a primary, thunder out the history of his career. The old ladies on the church steps would tell you that "he was a good son to his mother," and their testimony is authoritative. No parish chronicle is more reliable. Weather permitting they attend every service; are present at weddings, baptisms, funerals, and they have a rare knowledge of set pieces, from bridal bouquets to gates ajar, broken columns, closed books wreaths, palms and immortelle pillows tenderly dedicated to "mother," "husband," or 'chum.'

With them memory antedates the building of the church, and they know its history from cornerstone to roof rail. They have stood on the steps so long that they seem a part of the facade. Above them home-seeking birds have their nests in the eaves and pigeons strut to and fro on the great stone ledge, or rest in the recesses of the oriel windows, their plumage gaining new splendor in the glory of color from the stained glass. There is a tradition that one morning a boy in surplice and cassock was seen trying to snare the doves, but he must have come from a neighboring parish. We stoutly deny that he belonged to our church. It is a beautiful church, and all day long its open doors invite the passerby to enter in and be at peace. Little children play on the steps or slip inside to look in wide-eyed wonder at all the lovely things "that God owns." The swift patter of their feet may be distracting to their elders, but surely no prayers can be more acceptable than those the little white-souled devotees pour forth when they sink to their knees at the altar rail and fold their tiny hands, like to the adoring angels forever kneeling in the Presence.

Aside from our political animosities we are a united people. The elements of the parish are varied—an abundance of doctors and teachers, some lawyers, some journalists, an army of merchants and master mechanics, of workmen, skilled and unskilled, and sprinkling of "rich" people who do not need to be toilers any more but who do not know how to be lillies of the field. A fine loyalty to our parish is a common bond. In our dealings with outsiders we have an exasperating habit of saying, "In our parish we do this," or "We don't do that," and we accept no other standard. Our activities are so numerous that we need never sally forth beyond the parish lines for anything in the way of religion. "No, I couldn't get down to the college whist last night, there was something on in our parish. I wish it had been some other evening—there's our banquet, you know. You ought to see our church, our club, our school, etc.

Perhaps we carry this feeling too far. That thought came to me one morning when the office boy said to the stenographer, "Ain't there any parish in America 'cept yours? You're it, ain't you?" Inelegant? Of course, but as the stenographer said afterwards, "What could you expect of him? He wasn't raised in our parish."

How sharply—to his discredit—this boy's conduct contrasted with the courtesy of a youth in the library when one of our girls asked him to bring some art books to the table. He was red-haired and freckled, but he was a more genuine Sir Galahad than the one Abbey had painted in his Holy Grail series. As he deposited an armful of books, he looked scrutinizingly at the borrower. "Aren't you in my parish?" he asked, and when he named it she smiled in quick, pleasant assent. "I know you are," he said. "I saw you going to Communion the first Friday." Then sinking his voice to a piercing whisper, he added: "This place is run by a syndicate of shenies—Jews," he corrected himself, mindful of his environment, "but as long as I'm here you can have anything you want. Ask for McHugh." With uplifted head and expanded chest he walked to his desk and sat there, his mien that of one who controlled the library. When the borrower left he gave her a significant glance, as much as to say, "Don't forget; ask for McHugh, who is greater than the syndicate."

This is only an incident, but it shows how we feel about our parish. No wonder that our rector is followed by glances of affectionate regard, and that his people are better for meeting him as he walks among them. They are all his children, from white-haired, boastful Terrence McCann, to the toddler, who rolls out of his way, his baby lips lisping the salutation, "Hello, Father!"—Richard Meggs, in The Magnificat.

A Glorious Mission by Shiela Mahen

The great work that the Catholic Board of Missions for the Colored People is accomplishing under the Rev. John E. Burke, Director General of the Negro Missions cannot be over estimated, particularly with regard to the schools. There are, at present, twenty-six Sisters on the pay roll. Within three years, three thousand children have been added to the schools. These schools would be at a stand still if money were not forth coming to pay the teachers. When the welcome check comes from Father Burke there is great joy. In many cases it is as if the heavens had opened and Manna had been showered, so great is the relief and gratitude shown by the teachers. This feeling is shared by every teacher in the South. A letter that came from the South is a vivid illustration of the gratitude of the missionaries. The letter reads:

St. Joseph's Seminary,
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Father Burke:

The arrival of "Our Colored Missions" magazine reminds me of the nice things I heard about the assistance from Father Burke during my visit to the missions. Some priests were so glad that Father Burke helped them to pay the teachers. Others did not know what they would do without Father Burke's assistance etc. To meet the current expenses of the teacher is a great worry to the missionary and his gratitude is easily guessed when this expense is donated. In the name of the Josephite Fathers I thank you very much for the assistance you give them. May God bless all those who help you to carry on the good work.

(Signed) Very Rev. Justin McCarthy, Superior General of the Joshphite Order.

Hair for Bald Men

Bald men need no longer waste money on worthless hair treatments and tonics which add nothing to the hair and take from the pocketbook. We guarantee to furnish you with a toupee or wig that will fit you, that will match your own hair and that will be of such expert workmanship as to deceive the keenest observer and at prices which cannot be compared with the cost of treatments. Call or send us a sample of your hair and we will give you full particulars and prices. We make our own toupes and wigs and guarantee a perfect fit. Levenson's Hair Store, 37 Clinton avenue north, opposite Sibley's Clin avenue entrance.

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Catholic News Notes

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Boff, who died the other day, was eighty-one years of age, and had been a priest for forty-eight years. Practically all his priestly life was spent in the Cleveland diocese, where he had been Vicar-General for over a score of years. He acted as administrator on six different occasions, when death left the See vacant. For the past thirty-four years he has been chaplain of Villa Angela Convent.

Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, Vicar-General of Detroit years ago, was, when priest in 1824, a member of Congress from Michigan.

Rev. Casimir Reichlin has been rector of the fine St. Stephen's Church in Cleveland for 43 years.

A silver statue of the Madonna with gold trimming, a gift to the parish from Pope Pius X., is on exhibition in the vestibule of St. John's, Brooklyn. The statue is about three feet in height. Accompanying the statue was a letter from the Pope commending the efficient work accomplished by the congregation under the direction of Auxiliary Bishop Mundelein.

Mgr. Henry A. Brann, of New York, the first Doctor of Theology produced by the American College in Rome, will, this year, celebrate his golden jubilee of ordination.

Rev. Father Edward Galvin, of the Holy Rosary Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., has gone to China to labor there as a missionary.

At Minneapolis, Wis., a $100,000 parochial school is to be erected connected with the magnificent pro-Cathedral new building.

At the unveiling of the memorial to Archbishop Carroll on May 5, the President, Cardinal Gibbons and Chief Justice White will deliver addresses. The unveiling will take place at Georgetown University.

The Bishops of the Province of New Orleans met at the Archbishop's residence in annual meeting and were afterwards entertained by His Grace Mgr. Blenk. The Archbishop of Milwaukee was also the guest of his Grace of New Orleans.

In Belgium this year, the Church is confronting perils and difficulties. The religious orders are in remote, if not proximate danger of expulsion.

The international College of the Capuchin Order, in Rome, was dedicated on February 4th.

At the Biblical Institute, Rome Scriptural lectures have been delivered this Lent in German, French, Italian and Spanish.

Catholic Lithuanians are also increasing in London. Cardinal Bourne opened a church for them at Hackney, N. E., London.

The Capuchin Fathers of Holland have charge of the missions of Borneo; there are 14 priests and 8 lay brothers.

Samaria in Palestine has only 60 Catholic in population of 30,000.

In France it is the opinion of many that Briand will return to power.

In Catholic Hungary the Church is contending with Freemasonry and Rationalism.

The Capuchin Fathers and Sisters have charge of the Leper Home at Harar, in Ethiopa.

In Manitoba, Canada, the Church is endeavoring to secure her right to separate schools.

Call and see our line of fine wedding invitations.

News From Ireland

[illegible]

Dr. [illegible] Rawnsley, [illegible] assistant [illegible] office of the [illegible] Office.

The local government [illegible] has refused to sanction the appointment of [illegible] as master of Kylie [illegible]

Michael Joseph Hickey, of [illegible] town Mallow, has been [illegible] ed assistant professor of [illegible] in the Royal College of [illegible] Dublin.

Died.—[illegible] James, [illegible] derry, [illegible] Mrs. John [illegible] Nenagh; [illegible] Mary Jane O'D[illegible] Rock, Londonderry.—March 14, [illegible] per Drumshanbo; [illegible] side.

The death took [illegible] 13 of Mrs. Kelly, [illegible] the age of one hundred [illegible]

Inishowen rural [illegible] cided to have the town [illegible] donagh lighted by electricity.

At Down Assizes [illegible] who pleaded guilty [illegible] of causing the death [illegible] Collins at Newry, was [illegible] under the Probation [illegible] Act.

The death of [illegible] John Byrne, [illegible] work [illegible] Drumcondra [illegible] by [illegible] T. Whelan [illegible] the [illegible] been [illegible] was [illegible]

Rev. J. H. [illegible] two [illegible] chaplain to the [illegible] written from [illegible] he was ordained [illegible] dinal Merry del Val.

Died.—March [illegible] ley, Eyre street, [illegible] cently, Mrs. Lyons, [illegible] terrace, Galway.—[illegible] rick Burke, Ballygar[illegible]

Dr. J. Prendeville, [illegible] has been elected [illegible] of the Castlemaine [illegible] Tralee Guardians.

Coleraine Guardians [illegible] ed an increase of £10 [illegible] in salary to R. H. [illegible] master of Coleraine [illegible]

Died.—March 4, [illegible] den, Ballyhaunis, [illegible] Mrs. Mary Beirne, [illegible]

A large quantity of [illegible] the Arigna mines is [illegible] being burned in the North [illegible] lin Union. The tons of [illegible] coal, an offshoot of the [illegible] were equal to thirteen of the [illegible] sign article.

Limerick.

Died.—Recently, Thomas [illegible] Denmark street, Limerick.—Recently, Mrs. C. Fitzgerald, Limerick.—March 11, Daniel McCarthy, Ardkilmartin.

Messrs. McDonnell and [illegible] the well known margarine manufacturers, of Limerick, have decided to transfer their factory and office to Waterford.

Longford.

Granard Nationalists have forwarded £20 through their popular pastor, Very Rev. [illegible] Maguire, to the Irish National fund.

Mayo.

Owen McNicholas, Kilmeena, has been elected [illegible] Swinford Union.