

The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-third Year, No. 31.

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The Oats Collection

Continued from last week

The two ancient brothers, who accompanied me to deliver over my stocks to me, shouted and hailed after him to "stop and come back to the field at the back of the house, where the priest's oats were kept," as they informed me, "altogether in a little stack for itself."

Tom, however, to my surprise, did not seem to hear them, but kept on to the very middle of the field, where he dismounted and began tumbling over some stooks in a routine, official kind of a way preparatory to placing them on his cart. When we joined him, he was roundly abusing Judy, who, however, only shook her head in protest—as well as also to displace the flies—as she munched the sheaf Tom had given her according to custom.

"Musha, th' could mare, yer reverence," he said, "is getting very headstrong entirely. Did even a single shaft that's yer you see how she poked her nose down on the ground and whipped the reins out of my hand, so that I couldn't stop her, when she shouted after me, 'till she liked herself to stand? And all I could do was to lie close on the sheaves for fear they'd fall, and to keep them steady. But we might as well take our stooks here, as we're in it now. Mr. Hughes. And fine oats it is too, by the same token"—as he gave another sheaf to the mare to keep her quiet.

The ancient bachelor, Mr. Hughes, seemed ill at ease while Tom appropriated our due—five stooks—but said no more, about the "little shack" at the back of the house.

As we proceeded to the next house on my list, I noticed that Tom chuckled with great delight and secret satisfaction, apparently; and, on my inquiring the motive of his hilarity, he said in a tone of triumph, as he shouted "Gwan ower thri!" to Judy—a way he had of showing his appreciation of her service when she was going on nicely, and doing her work to his entire satisfaction.

"Didn't I manage nately to defeat them ould, miserly nagurs, yer reverence, as clever as they thought they wor?"

"How?" I answered. "I don't understand."

After looking at me for some moments in undisguised astonishment, or, perhaps, pity, he replied:

"Why, I got a lock of good oats for you instead of a lot of ould sprurs o' straw—don't you see, yer reverence?"

"How's that?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"Mane? Why, if I didn't go to the middle of the field, you'd get about four small stooks of corn with nearly every grain picked out of it by the hins. That's what I mane, I know that dodge of the Hughes' o'uld. It's a mane trick to play on the priest; but I'll see that yer reverence is not defrauded of yer rights."

"You see, yer reverence," he said with the air of a tutor imparting elementary instruction to his pupil, "you never should take corn very near a dwelling house, or near a hedge; for the fowl or the thieving sparrows are sure to have it picked as clean as a dog picks a bone. But, we don't want our oats thrashed for us before we get it; we'd rather thrash it ourselves at home in the barn. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the mane, ould nagurs! to try to pawn off their hin-picked straw on us; and to have it too, in a little shack so that we mightn't know what was in it! But they're not clever enough for Tom Ryan; he won't be caught with chaff or straw—ha! ha!"

This was enlightenment for me, I must confess; for as yet I was a novice in the mysteries of oats-collecting. I must say, however, that meanness and stinginess, such as I saw there was reason to suspect in this case, occurred in only one more instance in our rounds.

On that occasion, also, Tom displayed his sagacity and diplomacy on my behalf by again

pretending the mare had got her head, and was quite beyond his control until she arrived in the middle of the cornfield, far from the place near the house, where, we were informed "the priest's oats was made up in a stack," to leave us the trouble of going away to another field.

After vigorous shouting to her to "stop and stand," to "ho and hah"—whilst in reality he was furtively urging her on with his whip—he declared indignantly:

"Well, who'd ever suspect that ould mare, at her time of life, of takin' the bit in her mouth and walkin' away like that where she liked! But, sure, we'll fill these few stooks here, sooner nor go back so far."

When I remonstrated afterwards with him for such prevarication, if not positive lying, he only answered, with pitying smile at my simplicity:

"Ye're too innocent altogether, yer reverence, for this kind of work. But lave it to me, and I'll see that you're not wronged of even a single shaft that's yer due. No, lave it to Tom, yer reverence, that's helped to gather the priest's stooks this twenty year, come next Holland-tide. Before that we used to take it in sacks. But Father Molloy, that was parish priest then, wanted the straw for his sturks o' cattle to ate, as much as for litter for his horse; and so we're gathering our oats in the stooks ever since in the mountain part of the parish."

Thus from house to house I passed on, everywhere receiving kindly, genial welcome; and except in the two cases I have mentioned, everywhere getting the best "grain" of oats in the field.

The elderly people would greet me warmly with the outstretched hand of friendship; but the younger folks, boys and girls, would generally hold back shyly and hesitatingly, until a kind, simple word encouraged them to betray their feelings and their real affection for me.

Ah! what a deep, silent, genuine reverence these brave bachelors and modest colleens had for my sacred character as a priest! So great was it that they would not dare to show the least sign of familiarity with me in word or act through a very excess of reverence! To them the priest is too sacred to be spoken to, or treated as ordinary people are. Even though he comes from their own class, once the sacred unction has been laid on him, he is regarded as almost infinitely above them and severely apart from them.

Well, I had at last finished the oats-collection, and I was half glad and half sorry that my task was done; for although it was tiresome work "ploughin' through stubble-fields all day," as Tom Ryan expressed it, nevertheless the pleasure of a chat with the people and the cordiality of their welcome more than compensated me for the labor. It was no mere conventional welcome, but a true and real affection—that deep affection, which the Irish peasant preserves in his heart's core for his own soggarth aroon; an affection tender and true as a mother's for her first-born, and warm and generous as God's own love. From The Soggarth Aroon, by Rev. Jos. Guinan, C. C.

Temple Theater.

At the Temple Theater next week will be found Lillian Shaw America's Premiere dialect comedienne; Rose Pitonof, World's Champion long-distance swimmer; Charles Ahearn troupe, funniest bicycle performance on earth; Deiro, master of the piano accordion; Conlin, Steele & Carr, bits of musical comedy; The Grazers, musical and dancing novelty; A. O. Duncan America's representative Ventriloquist; Mile. Loretto, marvelous posing novelty and Moore's animated weekly.

Your Eyes, Brain and Pocketbook

If your sight is defective your brain is not so active as it should be, and consequently your pocketbook is not as full as it should be. Consult the

Briggs Optical Co.
223 Mercantile Bldg.
Rochester, N. Y.

News From Ireland

Cork.
Died.—March 15, at his residence, Ballycormack, Bagnallstown, Henry Burgess, aged 62.
March 13, at her residence, Dowlings, Ellies Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Hore.

Cavan.
The Rev. Denis F. J. Knox of the rectory, Virginia, County Cavan, rector of Muncerconnaught, Lurgan, 1870—1908, who died on January 23, last, aged 83 years, left personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at £3,520 16s. 1d.

On Saturday, March 16, John Clarke of Monaghan, Belleboro, passed away at the advanced age of 106 years. Up to his death he was possessed of all his faculties.

Cork.
Dr. MacClancy has been elected medical officer of the Killarney dispensary district.

Cork.
Rev. Mother Ignatius of the Ursuline convent, Blackrock, a daughter of the late John Donegan, Wellington road, County Cork, died on March 19.

Derry.
The trustees of the Tigarville Division of the A. O. H., No. 171, were at the Derry Assizes awarded £57 damages with costs and expenses for the malicious burning of the contents of the Hibernian hall a few weeks ago.

Dromagall.
Terms of purchase have been arranged regarding that portion of the Stewart estate comprised in the townlands of Ellistrian and Culberdy, Letterkehny. The sporting rights are to be vested in the tenants, who agreed that the landlady and her friends shall have the privilege of shooting.

Dromagall.
The death took place in Newry recently of John Boyle of the firm of Boyle Brothers, Hill St., Dublin.

Fermanagh.
Considerable damage was done in a section of the general post office in Dublin on March 19, when a fire broke out in one of the storerooms.

Fermanagh.
Rev. J. H. Steele, who up to the time of joining the Catholic Church two years ago, was Protestant chaplain to the Earl of Erne, Crom, County Fermanagh, grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, and one of his closest personal friends, was ordained to the priesthood in Rome on March 15 by Cardinal Merry del Val. Five other converts were ordained at the same time.

Galway.
Tuam Guardians have decided to grant a pension of £25 per year to Peter Walsh, who recently resigned as master shoemaker in the Tuam workhouse.

Kildare.
A victim of death from shock, the result of burns accidentally received at his parents' residence some days previously, was returned on the remains of the ten months' old child of P. Downey.

Kings.
Bernard Budds, master of Birr union resigned after a service of twenty-five years.

Longford.

Much regret has been occasioned in Longford at the recent death of J. Phillips, coachbuilder Dublin street, and his death coming a short time after that of his wife makes the occasion all the more sad.

Roscommon.

John McGawley, sr., who claimed to be the oldest man in Roscommon, has died at Kilgiffin, at the age of 107 years. He enjoyed good health up to the time of his death.

Westmeath.

Work on the Myles the Slasher Memorial at Fines will be unveiled in August.

Wicklow.

The official census population of Wicklow, is 5012.

Priest Answers Bishop

Rev. W. H. Harrington of Ithaca Scores a Protestant Bishop

To the Editor of The Ithaca News

In last night's edition of The News I read an extract from a sermon preached in the Aurora Street Methodist church by one Rev. T. B. Neely in which he makes a most slanderous attack upon the Catholic Church. If the Rev. Neely were, as he no doubt professes to be, an enlightened divine, he would know that the name of our church is the "Catholic Church," or "Roman Catholic Church," and that the words "Romanism," "Romanist," and "Romanian" are used only by those who wish to insult us. And if he were a truly Christian gentleman, as he claims all Methodists to be, he would not use such abusive language in speaking of any religion, any more than I would refer to him as a "roaring Methodist" or in any of the other hundred and one epithets used to designate members of his cult.

If this be the wholesome pulpit talk out by the Methodist bishops in conference assembled, we think it would be much more profitable for them and all concerned to remain at home. Certainly we hope that their next meeting in Ithaca will be long deferred.

He seems to take great offense at the idolatry practiced by Catholics—a charge that has been trumped up for 400 years and refuted "ad nauseam." The answer to this accusation is so simple as to be easily understood by the merest child in the primary grade—Catholics do not worship images, the assertion of Rev. Neely notwithstanding. But, of course, there are "none so blind as those that will not see." How highly absurd, yes, even stupid for Rev. Neely to inveigh against Catholic idolatry in a church highly decorated with stained glass windows representing Bible characters in imitation of the Catholic church.

But, granting for the moment that Catholics do practice idolatry, how much worse it is to belong to a religion offending against the first commandment than to hold communion with those whose words and deeds are an open insult to the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

As regards the position occupied by the cardinals in processions, we should say that whenever the Catholic church wants any information from him or any other of his ilk, concerning the rank of her ministers, she will let him know.

We should advise the Rev. Neely to obtain more definite information concerning the fundamental teachings of the Catholic church, cultivate gentlemanly deportment, and acquire some slight degree of Christian modesty before returning to persecute the Mexicans. The Catholic church notwithstanding all his protests, will continue to grow and flourish long after he shall have become a petrified relic in the museum of antiquities.

W. H. HARRINGTON

April 5, 1912.

Silver Jubilee of Bishop Ludden

Syracuse, May 1.—Wednesday was the 25th anniversary of Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Ludden as Bishop of the diocese of Syracuse. In compliance with his own request there was no formal recognition of his elevation to the episcopacy. Bishop Ludden intended to go away immediately after Easter, and in that event would have been in Virginia on the day of his anniversary, but he has not been well this spring and is living quietly at his home on Fayette pk.

His consecration to the bishopric took place at the Church of the Assumption, Archbishop Corrigan was the consecrating prelate.

Very Rev. Jos. Garrigani, S. J., of St. Boniface, Man., has been appointed Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Canada.

In Memoriam

Hands across the breast are folded.

Folded tenderly but cold.

And within that breast enfolds

Owells a heart as pure as gold.

But that heart to-day is silent

And the lips are sealed by death.

Lines that spoke kind words to loved ones.

Leaving thoughts which linger.

Yesterday he lived among us

And his duties he fulfilled.

Ever faithful—ever cheerful.

Always doing as God willed.

Prompted by a Christian virtue

That sustained him day and night.

Manfully he pressed on forward

Striving only for the right.

Wintry winds were never his

Nor the Summer's sun too strong.

To interrupt his journey.

Or tempt him to do wrong.

When day was done, and night

Had spread her mantle over all.

He battled with the elements

To answer duty's call.

Tho' the night was dark, he

Could see the light.

Of Faith and trust still shining

Along the path where glory leads.

Beyond, where there's no repining.

Where those may tread who seek the way.

And many hearts are yearning

To dwell in that Heavenly Home above

From whence there is no returning.

Shortly before the summons came,

That brought this heart-felt sorrow,

He said with a promise firm and true.

"I will be home tomorrow."

O, let us not harbor the cause of to-day

But the joys of the future here-
row;

Let us think of the loved ones

We're going to meet.

When we go Home tomorrow.

A. E. W.

To the memory of Frank Hogan, a N. Y. C. engineer who lost his life while on duty in Rochester, March 17th, 1912.

Consecration of Bishop

Joseph H. Conroy.

The elevation of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joseph H. Conroy to the auxiliary bishopric of Ogdensburg took place at St. Mary's Cathedral Wednesday, Cardinal Secretary of New York officiated as consecrator, assisted by Bishop Henry Gabriels of Ogdensburg, Bishop Colton of Buffalo and Bishop T. F. Hickey of Rochester who preached the sermon.

Among the dignitaries, aside from those who participated in the ceremony, were Archbishop Spratt of Kingston, Ont., and Gauthier of Ottawa, Bishops Sealar of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Kelly of Detroit, Niland of Hartford, Emard of Valley Field, Que., O'Connor of Peterboro, Ont., McDonald of Ottawa, Ont., Fallon of London, Ont., McDonald of Brooklyn and Coadjutor Bishop Grimes of Syracuse.

Altogether more than 200 bishops and priests from different parts of the United States and Canada were present. An elaborate banquet was held in the new St. Mary's Academy in the evening.

Rev. Louis O'Donovan, secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, has sailed on a trip to the Holy Land and Egypt.

Rev. J. S. Richard, the astronomer of Santa Clara College, Cal., has re-discovered the great sun spot and has photographed it.

A New Catholic Periodical

Washington, D. C.

At their recent meeting the

Archbishops and Bishops of

the United States have decided

to present to the people a new

periodical, the purpose of which

is to give the people a more

thorough knowledge of the

Catholic Church and its

teachings, and to give them a

more complete knowledge of

the lives and labors of the

holy men and women of the

Church, and to give them a

more complete knowledge of

the history and development of

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