

The Catholic Journal

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Martha and Mary

Miss Marbury walked slowly along the box-bordered paths of her old garden gathering the late roses. Though it was November they still lingered, sheltered by the high stone walls from the wind and frost. Pale, half-blown roses, with a faint, delicate flush on their folded hearts that would never open to breeze or sun.

But Miss Marbury was not given to symbolizing or idealizing self, she was only conscious of a gentle gladness that so many roses were left to fill the altars of the Forty Hours.

With her arms full of the creamy blooms, she re-entered the quaint old house, that had been the home of the Marburys for generations, and where she and her sister, the last of their name, lived on a slender income that barely kept up the gentle traditions of their race. Miss Martha Marbury was in the sitting room at her desk. Books, pamphlets, reports and accounts were heaped and strewn around her. There had been a "Board" meeting this morning of a rather exciting character, for work on the new Children's Hospital had come to a standstill for want of funds, and as secretary of the "Board," Miss Martha had her hands full.

So wide and far reaching indeed were her social and charitable activities that she sometimes felt the strain.

As Miss Mary came in with her arms full of roses, Miss Martha was conscious of nerves stretched close to a snap.

"Oh, Patty dear," Miss Mary held out her fragrant burden, "are they not lovely? and so many. You know dear mother planted them and they always seem to bring a sweet message from her. I will put some here in a vase on your desk, to—"

"Oh, no, don't, don't move anything on my desk for heaven's sake," said Miss Martha sharply. "I am just getting these papers straight, Mary. I can't look or think of anything else now. These reports must go out at once. Unless we can get fifteen hundred dollars next month, work on the Children's Hospital must stop. And we cannot use the old house another winter. The roof leaks and the walls are damp, and it is altogether hopeless."

"Oh the poor little children," said Miss Mary pitifully. "Surely, surely there are some people rich enough to help. I have twenty dollars I can give."

"And wear that moth eaten coat another winter!" said Miss Martha. "No, indeed, I have had enough of your giving. You went shabby all last year keeping old Tony Williams out of the almshouse where he belonged."

"Oh, Patty dear, but it would have broken his poor old heart to—"

"It was the place for him as everybody agreed, when we had to turn him out of the Aged Home for smoking under the bed clothes," said Miss Martha firmly. "And if you had not helped those wretched Transons to pay their rent we might have held their beggarly children as delinquents."

"Oh, but I found their mother praying to 'Santa Maria' that she might keep her babies, Patty, and be a soul's unveiling—buried in they have been good ever since, you know."

"No, I don't know," answered Miss Martha tartly. "I've given up the whole shiftless, lazy set, two weeks had passed since the since they would not do as I wished, and I do hope you won't meddle in that blind, blundering, impractical way of yours any more."

Miss Mary's pale face flushed in her darkened room—a little over her roses, but she answered softly: "I suppose I am friends declared—when the post-impractical, Patty, but we all man dropped a 'special delivery' can't be wise and clever as you. Se-I will go off with my flowers to church and pray for the hos-a bold, dashing hand, that made pital, it is all I can do."

"Church today!" said Miss Martha. "Oh, I quite forgot the Forty Hours. I was too tired with Marbury, but this strange letter the meeting last night to get up to Miss this morning."

"There will be confessions this evening," said Miss Mary gently,

"Oh! I can't get off this evening, it will be quite impossible. These reports must be mailed at once. I am not like you, Mary. I simply cannot shirk, so run off to your prayers, dear, if you will, and leave me to my work."

And the thorn prick in the words struck deep into Miss Mary's heart as she went off with her roses to lay at the Master's feet.

When she reached the vestibule of the church a touch was laid upon her arm, a woman stood beside her, a woman whose haggard cheek and hollow eyes were mocked by the rich splendor of her garb.

"I have been watching you," she began abruptly, her voice husky and tremulous, watching you for the last ten minutes. My God, if I could pray—if I dared pray like you, but it has been twenty years—twenty years since I have given a thought to God—and now—now I do not know how, nay, I dare not kneel and ask His help. My child—my one darling was taken suddenly ill in our car, and we had to stop here. The doctor sent me from him, they have him now—oh, God now, under the knife. They told me to pray, to pray, I who have never prayed for years. Will you, you who know how to call on God, speak for me? Will you ask Him, you, who are His friend, to spare my boy? Oh, I will give all I thought, my wealth, my lands. I will go back to the Church I have left, to the faith I have forgotten. I will lead another life—if he is spared to me. Oh, pray for me in pity to my breaking mother heart. Pray to God who listens to prayers like yours, that He will save my boy."

Gentle Miss Mary stood pale and startled. Never before had such a wild gust of human anguish swept into the sweet stillness of her maiden peace.

But it smote upon chords that woke into music full and deep. "Come, she said softly, 'we will go back to Our Lord's feet and pray for your boy.'"

"Not I—not I!"—the stranger recoiled shuddering—"I could not; I dare not after twenty prayerless, Godless years."

"I will," said Miss Mary, tears of pity dimming her tender eyes. "I will pray as you ask. But oh, God is so merciful—come ask for His mercy. He will hear a mother's prayer."

"Not mine, not mine, my lips could not shape one. I stood cold dumb, despairing and could not speak one word. I must go back now—back to my boy. This half hour will mean life or death to him. Life or death to me. Oh, pray for him, pray, pray, you who can."

The words ended in a hoarse, passionate sob—and the wretched mother was gone. Miss Mary turned back into the church and knelt again before the altar until the stroke of the bell in the tower told the half hour had passed. Then she went home in the gathering twilight wondering pitifully what joy or anguish that half hour had brought.

But of the strange meeting, the passionate, despairing outcry; the dark remorseful depths that had for a moment been bared to her gentle eyes, she said nothing—even to busy Martha.

Under the seal of a sacred silence she held what she felt to be a soul's unveiling—buried in they have been good ever since, you know."

The reports had been scattered far and wide, but as yet there had been no response, though two weeks had passed since the final issue. The board was in despair—work in the Children's Hospital must cease. Miss Martha had worried herself into a sick headache, and was shut up stilling prevail, offers rare and inviting opportunities for religious zeal.

Every generous Catholic young woman of talent who desires to serve the cause of religion through the Catholic school should write at once to Rev. Mother M. Salesia, O. S. B., at St. Martin's Academy, Sturgis, S. D.

A thief passes for a gentleman when stealing has made him rich.

read a communication that bore her name.

"Dear friend of my darkest hour," ran the few brief lines within, "your prayer was heard. I learned the name of the lady who put her roses on the altar from the old sexton of the church. I see that same name signed in a report telling of the sore needs of a Children's Hospital in your town. I send my check for \$1,500, the amount required, to you, to you my sweet-faced saint, as a thank offering for what is beyond all thanks, I will never forget you or your blessed prayer; sometimes remember me."

"Elinore Gryce Lane."

Miss Mary stood for a moment flushed tremulous, the letter, the check, in her hand. Then she went up to Miss Martha in her darkened room.

"Here is a letter dear," she said, "a letter that has just come from a lady signing herself Elinore Gryce Lane. She says she has seen your report and wishes to make a thank offering for the life of her son. She sends her check for \$1,500, Patty, dear."

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" gasped Miss Martha. "Fifteen hundred dollars. All that we need. This is beyond all my hopes—Elinore Gryce Lane—I remember now, she is the rich Western woman whose son was operated upon by Dr. Morris some weeks ago. Mary Gwynne was telling me something about it, but I was so distracted about other things that I scarcely heard. They were traveling in their private car and had to stop, the boy was so ill."

"And he got well?" asked Miss Mary eagerly.

"Oh, yes, he got well, though the doctor said it was a close call for a while he thought there was no hope, and his mother was almost frantic. I suppose Mary Gwynne sent her one of our reports, and she has given us fifteen hundred dollars. Fifteen hundred! Call a board meeting, Mary, dear, at once. They will see that Martha Marbury has not worked in vain."

And Miss Mary slipped the little note, that no one must see, into the folds of her dress. There are some things that neither boards nor busy Martha understand—that are only learned by the quiet 'Mary' kneeling at the Master's feet—Mary T. Waggaman in the Exchange.

To the Catholic Young Women of America

The young diocese of Lead is just recovering from the heavy visitation of the Drought of 1910-11 and will soon experience a steady influx of Catholic settlers to its very promising agricultural districts which are being explored, selected and recommended by competent men under the bishop's personal direction.

This will create a demand for Catholic schools in many places. To supply the teachers for these schools, the Sisters of St. Benedict, a religious community, established in and for this Diocese exclusively, invite Catholic young women of talent, preferably under the age of twenty-five, to enter their Motherhouse at Sturgis, S. D., as candidates for the Sisterhood.

This community not only enjoys the direct personal supervision of the Bishop of Lead, Rt. Rev. Joseph F. Busch, but has received very substantial proofs of his extraordinary solicitude for every individual member.

The Diocese of Lead being one of the few remaining jurisdictions where pioneer conditions still prevail, offers rare and inviting opportunities for religious zeal.

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A virtuous youth will make a happy old age.

Catholic Educator Speaks

Rev. Edward A. Pace, heard on 'The Papacy and Education.'

Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, teacher of philosophy and psychology in the Catholic University in Washington, lectured before an interested audience at Nazareth Academy Monday night on 'The Papacy and Education.'

The burden of Dr. Pace's address was that papacy is the center of authority in Catholic education and to it is due the unity, integrity and universality of Catholic teaching. Secular education also owes to the papacy the preservation and transmission through the Dark Age of the treasures of the classic age.

The spread of learning, the speaker said, was fostered in the shadow of the church and monasteries and the very organization of universities, with their faculties and degrees, was started by the church or under its influence. The church also laid the psychological basis of education, he said, by promoting appeal to the senses, translation of thought into action and the imitation of the highest models of righteous living.

There is still room for improvement, the speaker said, but though imperfect, the system which the church has must be used for the advancement of the children entrusted to its care and developed in the light of such steps as mean real progress.

Holy Name Society

During the year 1912 the Holy Name society in the United States has had an unprecedented development. From January 1, 1912, to December 31, 1912, there were established throughout the United States 436 Holy Name societies. In addition to these, at least 100 Junior Holy Name societies were formed. Eighteen Diocesan unions were founded. In many of these societies the membership is from 900 down to 100 men. It is difficult to estimate the increase of members in the ranks of the society during 1912. Certainly 100,000 is a conservative estimate.

In the review of Holy Name activity there are two figures that loom up on the Holy Name horizon of the United States. These are Msgr. Mooney, V. G., of New York, and Father McKenna, O. P. The latter can be regarded as the founder of the society in the United States, while Msgr. Mooney must go down in history as the real founder of the diocesan organization of Holy Name societies.

Pope's Sister Dead

Rome, Feb. 11.—The Pope's sister, Rosa Satro, died Tuesday in Rome of paralysis. She had been ill for some days and the physicians in attendance had expected a fatal outcome owing to her great age of 77 years.

Weekly Church Calendar

- 16 S.—St. Juliana, V. M.
- 17 M.—Bl. John de Britto, S. J. M.
- 18 T.—St. Simeon, Bp. M.
- 19 W.—St. Gabinus
- 20 Th.—St. John the Almonier.
- 21 F.—St. Pepin
- 22 S.—St. Margaret

Are You A Stenographer?

If so, you are eligible for membership in the R. B. I., evening class in stenotypy.

This class will begin next Monday night at 7.30. Several members have already enrolled and others are registering. Better make your reservation for a machine promptly.

Rochester Business Institute, Y. M. C. A., Bldg., S. C. Williams, President, John E. Forbes, Secretary.

A virtuous youth will make a happy old age.

Catholic News Notes

Rev. Peter Schryver, P. S. M., of the Italian Section of Brooklyn, while a German, has a flourishing Junior Holy Name Society of five hundred young men and boys.

Sacred Heart parish, Dubuque, Ia., contemplates the erection of a \$100,000 school.

Miss Catherine Semmes, grand daughter of Admiral Semmes, U. S. N., has followed her sister Myra, into the convent of St. Cecilia, Nashville, Tenn.

The \$50,000 costs of the Holy Name church, Ford in La. Wis., has been parcelled out among the amounts being following to various institutions: St. Rose's Orphanage, Milwaukee, \$218.63; Little Sisters of the Poor, \$2,568.70; Home for the Friendless, \$2,568.70.

Word has been received by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament whose headquarters in this country is in New York, of the death in Rome, December 28, of their Superior General, Very Rev. Louis Estevenson, S. S. S. He was in his sixty-second year and had been ill but a short time. Father Estevenson was the founder of the Order in New York and was its head for two years.

The late distinguished musician, Rev. Dr. Henry A. Gison, bequeathed his library on Latin and the Reformation to the Society of Jesus; his personal library to St. Mary's College, Belmont, N. C., and his grand piano to St. Vincent's College, Latrobe, Pa.

The new St. Luke's parochial school at Carnegie, Pa., was recently blessed by St. Rev. J. J. Casavia, D. D., assisted by thirty priests of the diocese. The school has twelve rooms and cost \$75,000.

The will of Bridget Bertha Madson of New York, which disposed of an estate of \$11,014, leaves all her jewels to the Rev. Francis J. Lamb, of the church of St. Francis Xavier, to be made into a chalice.

The sum of \$79,148.12 has been contributed, so far, for the construction of the new St. Mary's church in Hartford, Conn.

In the will of the late Bernard Corr of Philadelphia, \$30,000 was left to Catholic charities in that city, the St. Vincent de Paul Confraternity, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, each receiving fifteen parishes being left \$1,000 each, and the rest going to the Catholic institutions.

A friend, who declines to allow his name to become public, has promised a donation of \$4,000 to St. Charles College, near Cantonville, Md. The money will be used to build a chapel in the group of buildings being erected.

Father Crowley of San Francisco, has been re-elected president of the Playgrounds Commission.

Miss Julia Collon, a domestic, who died recently at Hudson, N. Y., left \$10,000 to St. Mary's parish for a new building.

This year again, the American and Irish students in the Roman Colleges received the largest number of scholastic honors.

The altar piece stolen from St. Vitus Church, Venice, about two years ago, and valued at \$10,000, has been recovered. The thief was arrested in Paris.

A beautiful memorial window to the late Father Byles, who went down with the 'Titanic,' will be unveiled at Ongar, England, by Bishop Fenton, on March 2nd.

Send us your best printing order.

News Notes

St. Vincent's College, Latrobe, Pa., has received a donation of \$10,000 from the late Mrs. J. J. Casavia, D. D., for the construction of a new building.

The coroner for Northampton held an inquest on the body of a man who was found dead on January 7, on the body of James Dillon, who was found dead on the previous evening.

The death took place on January 4, of Sister Mary Catherine Glynn, of the Convent of Mary Westport, at the age of 88 years.

Kells Urban Council has adopted plans for the erection of a new Town Hall at a cost of \$200,000.

John P. Mulhall, town clerk, has been appointed collector of rents for the Maryborough corporation.

Died—January 3, James Quirk, Father—Recently of the Roman Catholic Church, Galway. Sudden death, on January 3, of Mary Mullins, Carrickbeg.

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