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San Min's Treasure

Perhaps you think it would be great fun to have a boat for a house, to spend all your days on the water, watching the seabirds circling in the air or hovering over their nests in the marshes; to fish when you feel like it, and on days when you have been "extra good," to hunt with your father for wild birds' eggs in the sea-grasses and on the rocky cliffs!

But, strangely enough, San Min didn't enjoy it in the least. Like his little American cousins, he was always longing for something else. His father was a cormorant fisher, and his grandfather, and his ancestors way, way back, had been fishermen, too, and the Min family had lived for generations in the same old, rickety houseboat where San was born.

San had heard much of the country beyond the river, of its wonderful buildings and temples, and of the gay shops and processions, from his father, who regularly took fish, pheasants and eggs to the great houses in the city. But he had never been on shore in his ten years of life. Small wonder that he was restless and eager to see the marvels of which he had heard!

One morning, very early, just as the sun was peeping over the horizon, San's father awakened him and told him to dress quickly for he was going—at last—to the land of his dreams. San scrambled into his clothes and was so excited that he scarcely touched his bowl of rice.

An hour's row in the flatboat brought them to the city, and the never-to-be-forgotten day began. It was a festival day—the Feast of Lanterns—that day when all China goes abroad and hails his fellow man, be beggar or prince, as comrade, in much the same way as we do at Hallowe'en.

The narrow streets were brilliant with gorgeous hangings, and the picturesque lanterns strung in every possible place, swung back and forth in the gentle breeze that made the day's heat tolerable. And such a clatter! San thought the children on the houseboats and the wild birds screaming over the water made noise enough—but here every everybody seemed to be in every other body's way. It was all so new and wonderful to our river-boy that his bright brown eyes danced and shone in bewilderment, and more than once he rubbed them to see if he was awake or dreaming.

Mr. Min, familiar with such things guided his little son safely through the crowds till the pheasant had been delivered—and then, as San was to have a real holiday, they sought the places where the jugglers and tumblers were performing in the streets before admiring crowds.

As San trudged along, gazing about and wondering where so many bright and beautiful things had come from, his attention was caught by two strange-looking, sweet-faced women, dressed in most extraordinary fashion. They smiled at the inquisitive little face, and when they passed, San turned to look after them. As he did so he noticed that they had dropped something, and—as all Chinese children are polite—he ran after them to pick it up. What he found was a little black cross, with a figure on it, which interested him so much that he quite forgot the Sisters—of course you and I have guessed that they were Sisters—until his father, fearful lest he had been lost in the crowd, found him. He then recalled his intention to return the article, but the Sisters were nowhere to be seen.

The Chinese are proverbially honest—and San made up his mind with all the resolution of his ten years, to find the owners and give the cross back. Then for safekeeping he tucked the new-found treasure inside his third kimona.

The rest of the day passed all too quickly for San; but good things must end, and as the lanterns were lighted, till the air seemed filled with fiery creatures and rare flowers, and the masqueraders came forth for the

evening's fun, the faithful old boat bore San and his father back to the house on the river.

That night the crucifix was hidden away with his other treasures—fish-hooks, shots, tops and the knife he used when he went hunting on the cliffs—and the tired child went to sleep with visions of all that had happened.

For three years San did not leave the river, but as he fished or hunted or worked about the house the happy memories of the bright city and its delights helped to while away the long hours, and he spent much time wondering how he could fulfill his obligation to return the little cross.

Every day he would take it out and examine it. What did it mean? Who was the man on it? Why was he nailed to the cross? How hard it must be to die that way! And sometimes the little fellow would stretch himself out—like this Man on the Cross—and try to think how it would feel. Surely the man must have been very wicked! But he didn't look so! And San found himself loving the cross for very pity of the suffering figure on it! Some will say it was because he found the cross that he treasured it, but you and I know—that God in His wonderful way was pouring grace into San's sweet soul. At any rate, after a time the boy kept the cross with him always, for it seemed to him that he found the best eggs—and caught the most fish when he had it.

There were many other houseboats on the river besides the one in which the Mins lived—hundreds of them, in fact, enough to make a real city—and they were so close together in some places that they bumped against one another.

San had hardly passed his thirteenth year when a terrible plague broke out, and death hovered over the city, and from the crowded boats along the river it reaped a frightful harvest each day and night.

Poor little San! He woke one morning to find that after a few days' illness his father and mother left him. Never would they speak to him again—never caress him! A neighbor came in and together they lowered all that the child loved in the world—into the river that had harbored them—so long!

Heart-breaking days followed for little San. His only comfort seemed to come from the cross which he still carried in his pocket. He was glad that his own parents had died quietly at home—and had not been nailed to the cross. He could never have stood that! But he was a brave boy—and though the tears fell, he did not lose courage.

Left alone, San took up his father's work—and started one day for the city. He did not realize that the shadow of death was there, too—that he would see no gay decorations, no lanterns, but in their stead closed windows and silent streets with only an occasional sober-faced man or weeping woman, to be met!

He was dismayed—where had all the splendor gone! Downcast, he was about to return—for even the river was brighter than this dark place—when he saw in the distance the white-robed figure he remembered so well. He had the cross with him, and now was the time to give it back.

Running as fast as his little legs—and a small basket of fish and eggs—would permit, he told the story of this cross—how he had found it—and kept it for them.

Sister Claire, one of the two Sisters, recognized the crucifix with delight and both at once made friends with San, who found himself accompanying them from house to house, as if he belonged to their service. He watched their every movement, their nursing here, baptizing there, comforting everywhere—and asked why they had not come to the riverhouse to save his mother and father and help all his friends so dear to him. A weary smile came over Sister Claire's face as she said, "Little San, there are only six of us in this crowded city and our hearts are always sad, in times like this, because we can do so little for the souls that we have come to

save." San didn't understand what this meant and he asked, "Why aren't there more of you? We need you. Can't you get some others? They could have my boat for a house!"

So he pled them with questions, but they could only say, "There are more, many, many more who could come and would, if they knew how badly we need them. We will ask our God—the Man on the Cross—to send them."

By this time they had reached the orphanage, where San saw many children. Some were blind and crippled and sick—but all seemed happy. San's basket of fish and eggs made a great feast for the sick ones—for during the plague, the hungry days were many. After the meal, which San helped to serve, Sister Claire told the story of the Cross, till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Tears from this little "heathen" for Christ on the Cross! And you and I know—Him so well and possess Him so intimately—hardly give Him a thought—much less a tear!

San went home with the Cross—his very own now—and he slept with it tightly clasped in his little brown hand.

He visited the Orphanage again and again, always taking some food to the Sisters, who in turn taught us when we were just able to "hiss" and at last he was baptized and allowed to receive the Body of his crucified Lord.

San grew to be a fine man—strong in heart and soul and body. He was not called to the sublime dignity of the priesthood but he remained in the world, to make it sweeter and purer for those who came under the influence of his gracious heart. Through him many of the river people were brought into the fold, and the Sisters at the orphanage always called him "their little apostle, 'San-of-the-Cross'."

The cross brought San to God, as it will us, if we love it as he did. It taught him to love others. It will do likewise for thousands if it can be brought to notice.

But this requires activity on the part of Christians. If we who have already gathered the fruit of Christ's sacrifice will make an effort to share this blessing with others, many a little San Min will be modeled according to the Stature of Him who was crucified for love of all.—The Field Afar.

Tapestry For Vatican

A tapestry designed as an altar piece for the famous Sistine chapel of the Vatican, will be completed next year after fourteen years of labor. The wonderful piece of art is the work of Professor Gentili who aims to make it his greatest masterpiece of weaving.

The tapestry when completed will represent Saint Joseph holding the infant Jesus in his arms. On either side of the Saint will be figures of angels, one supporting a symbolical design representing the Catholic church, and the other holding the pontifical bull by which Saint Joseph was declared the patron saint of the church universal. All the work is done by hand, the shading of the delicate threads and each thread being woven in separately.

It is planned to have the tapestry blessed and put in place on St. Joseph's day next year, the Holy Father officiating at the ceremony.

Appointed Chaplain at Elmira

Rev. Augustin F. Temmerman, assistant at St. Monica's church, Genesee street, has been appointed chaplain at Elmira Reformatory by Bishop Hickey. Father Temmerman, who was ordained two years ago, succeeds Rev. John Conway, who has been appointed rector of a new parish in Cornhill. Announcement of an assistant to Rev. John P. Brophy will be made soon.

Baseball

Rochester will play at home on Saturday Aug. 2nd with Newark.

Father Cloney Has Silver Jubilee

Priest of Honeoye Falls and Rush Churches Quietly Celebrate Event

Honeoye Falls, July 28.—Rev. Martin J. Cloney, rector of St. Paul's church, in this village, and St. Joseph's Church at Rush celebrated on Friday, July 25th, the 25th anniversary of his ordination. Mass was celebrated at St. Paul's church by Father Cloney and a large congregation was present. At his request, there was no other public celebration of his silver anniversary, although plans for one had been made by the two churches.

For nearly 23 years, Father Cloney has been rector of these churches and he has been not only very active in church work in the two villages, but has taken a prominent part in many projects for the betterment of both communities.

During his pastorate the church at Rush has been greatly enlarged and improved; land has been acquired on which a new church is soon to be built at Honeoye Falls, and a new rectory and greatly improved cemetery have been added to the church property in this village. Father Cloney was born at Lima, N. Y., and there received his early education and was trained for the priesthood in the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Troy and Baltimore. Following his ordination he was assistant rector at St. Mary's church, Rochester.

Weekly Church Calendar

- 3 S—12th Sunday after Pentecost
- 4 M—St. Dominic, C. F.
- 5 T—Our Lady of the Snow
- 6 W—Transfiguration of our Lord
- 7 Th.—St. Cajetan, C. F.
- 8 F—SS. Cyriacus and Comp. M. M.
- 9 S—St. Romanus, M.

Moose Carnival

Members of Rochester Lodge, 113, Loyal Order of Moose, are displaying great enthusiasm over the "Moose Carnival," which is to be held all next week on the Bay Street circus lot, for the benefit of the Moose home building fund. As announced, the principal attraction is to be the K. G. Barkoot traveling shows, said to be "the cream of carnival attractions." The circus lot is to be enclosed by canvas wall and a nominal fee will be charged at the gate. Free open air performances are to be given each afternoon and evening by the Royal Italian band. A fireworks display is also scheduled.

Then there is to be the time honored "Midway," up to date but minus risqué attractions. The management has seen to it that none but "high-class" productions are scheduled. Included in these attractions are: "Circus Royale" with ten big arenic acts; a Russian village, with Russian dancers, singers and musicians; the Japanese village, with acrobats, jiu-jitsu artists and sleight-of-hand performers; an Oriental show, with real Oriental performers who will depict Hindoo and Brahmin ceremonies of the far East; "Centaur," the horse with the human brains" who performs 56 tricks and finishes his act by rescuing a child from a burning building; "The Jesse James Wild West Show"; "The Alligator Girl" whose skin is said to be of the exact texture as that of an alligator; "The Automatic City," of interest to those of a scientific and mathematical turn of mind; "Joyland"; "Dion and his famous animal freaks"; "Johnny Webb, the Fat Boy and his strange companions"; "Seven-in-One Show"; "Electricia, the Girl Who Defies Electricity"; "Monster Snake in Snakeville"; a merry-go-round and Ferris wheel.

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News From Ireland Catholic News Notes

Armagh.—Mrs. Margaret McNance, of Dunpooey, Forkhill, is active physically and mentally at the age of 105 years.

Rev. Edward O'Connor, Rev. Patrick Geatona, Rev. Owen O'Callaghan, and Rev. Patrick Somers, were ordained for the Armagh archdiocese in Maynooth on June 22.

County.—Joseph Hennessy, N. T. of Tolerton died on June 16 at the age of 49 years.

County.—T. L. O'Brien of Lattigloghan has been elected assistant surveyor for the county.

Rev. Michael Kelly, Rev. Patrick McCabe, Rev. Peter O'Reilly and Rev. James Ryan, were ordained at Maynooth College, on June 22 for the Kilmore diocese.

County.—The Rev. Father Gahan, of Rodcliffe, Lancashire, England, was drowned while bathing at Lashinch on June 20.

County.—A four year old child named Sarah McNally of Bearnay, Strabane, died recently from the effects of burns she received when left alone in her parents' home for short time on June 25.

County.—Revs. George Cleahahan and John McKee were ordained by Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly of Dublin on June 22, in Maynooth College, for the diocese of Drogheda.

County.—Mrs. K. Kelly of High street, Galway, died on June 26 at the age of 82 years.

County.—Offers made by the Congregational districts board for the purchase of estates have been accepted.

County.—About 2,000 persons took part in the annual pilgrimage to Wolfe Tone's grave in Bodensstown churchyard, Salina, on June 22.

County.—Messrs. Butler and Dooley have been re-elected chairman respectively of Kilkenny County Council.

Kings

The death took place on June 29 last in Fort Worth, Texas, of Michael James Loughrey, deceased was born in Birm., May 12, 1850, the son of Thomas and Helen Loughrey.

Leitrim

Died—On June 21, in Liverpool, Patrick McRann, Blackrock.

Limerick

A lad named Ryan, employed at the Limerick City Tannery, was caught in the belting of one of the machines on June 22 and his left leg was so seriously injured that amputation was considered necessary.

Mayo

The death took place on June 20, of Bernard Hopkins, Charles town.

The death has taken place at Doolish, Killesir, Swinford, of Mrs. Mary Freaney, at the age of 102 years.

Sligo

The Estates Commissioners have now in their hands practically all the grass lands on the Hale estate, in the parish of Eskkey, and they will divide same before November next.

Tipperary

There died recently at Poulavogue, near Clonmel, at the residence of her son-in-law, John Boland, a Mrs. Burke, wife of a small farmer, at the remarkable age of 108 years.

Wexford

In Maynooth on June 22 the Revs. Patrick Murphy and Chas. McKenna were ordained to the priesthood for the Clogher diocese.

The contract for the erection of the new dormitory building at the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Orono, Pa., has been awarded. The building will be of stone and reinforced concrete, three stories high, and will measure 40 by 200 feet.

The University of St. Thomas, Manila, founded by the Dominicans in 1611, has eighty-one professors and over a thousand students.

The new Newman hall building in San Jose, Cal., the home of the Newman club at the state normal school, will cost \$25,000.

At the opening of the Superior Court, New Bedford, Mass., on June 22, Father James M. Coffey, was in prayer.

President Wilson has named Reginaldo Francisco Del Valle, prominent Los Angeles Catholic, as peace envoy to Mexico.

Ground has just been broken for the new dining hall to be erected on the Catholic University grounds at Washington, D. C., which, when completed, will accommodate 500 students.

The Summer Home of the Vincent de Paul Society, for the poor children of Palmdale, Cal., Fort Kennedy, opened with 60 children.

The Max Pam, priest of St. Mary's, for the best essay on Education was awarded a prize by the Rev. Dr. J. T. Beck, of the Catholic Extension Society, Canada and Mr. P. J. O'Connell, of the Rosary Magazine, New York, Ohio.

The Holy See has approved of the Institute of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Chinese People, founded and administered by Mother Katherine Drenth.

There are now 5,798 Little Sisters of the Poor.

The large massive crucifix, two-towered St. Joseph Church at Hammond, Ind., is completed.

The Cathedral of St. Mary, Peoria, Ill., (Rev. Edmund Dunne's See) is to be renovated at a cost of \$50,000. The new marble high altar will cost \$15,000.

Rev. Charles H. Thiele, pastor of St. Peter's, Fort Wayne, at his silver jubilee, received \$500 as personal gift and \$2,000 for his school fund.

The Queen's Daughters of Jersey City have recently purchased the old Colonial House at 515 Summit Avenue, for a day nursery, a free employment agency for women to do day's work, and a clubhouse.

In a severe electric storm, at Marinette, Wis., the Sisters of St. Anthony Convent left their bedrooms and repaired to the chapel on the lower floor. In a few minutes afterwards one of the beds was struck by lightning.

At a Chilean demonstration a formal request was made to the government to retire the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Sibilla, on the ground that he is not a person grata to the Chilean people.

The Archdiocese of Montreal has a Catholic population of about 470,000.

The great dome of St. Peter's Rome, was begun on Friday, July 15, 1588, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Its first block of travertine was placed in position four hours later at 8 p. m. The dome was finished in seventeen months. It towers to the height of 448 feet above the pavement.

Job Printing at this office.