

The Catholic Journal

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"Dominus Est!" "It Is the Lord"

The white capped nurses of the great hospital in the city's suburbs had assembled in their auditorium for the evening lecture which was given by some noted specialist. Among them was a slender girl, who had put on the neat uniform of the probationer that very day. She was tall, with fair complexion, abundant auburn hair, and earnest dark blue eyes. She had moved about all day like one in a dream, silently performed, with all her soul, the various tasks assigned her, and one could see that her heart was at work.

In the afternoon the good nun who had charge of the Training School placed text-books before her, gave her an allotment of study, and asked her how she liked her work. The answer was enthusiastic.

"Why, Madame, I love it."
"I am very glad," said the nun, "but you must not call me 'Madame,' you must say, 'Sister!'"

The girl flushed: "I beg your pardon," she said; "I never met religious ladies before, and I did not know how to address them. 'Sister' is a beautiful word, if it is not too familiar."

"We are sisters to the whole world," returned the nun, "and our work in the hospital brings us very close to the world; that is the greater part of the world, for there is more suffering in it than pleasure."

"It was this part of the work that attracted me," said the girl; "I do want to become useful to suffering people, and I mean to leave nothing undone to qualify myself thoroughly for the noble profession of a trained nurse."

"That sounds well," said the nun, "keep to that ideal, follow instructions, and you will attain your wish."

"I would like to ask a question," the girl faltered.

"And I will be glad to answer it," said the nun.

"Well, you know I am not a Roman Catholic; will I be permitted to worship God as I have been taught at home?"

"We never discuss religion in Training School," said the nun. "You are to study medicine—the human body and its ills. Only, in case of a patient requesting a nurse to bring a minister of religion, she reports to the head of the department, and then leaves the matter in her hands. The head of your department is myself, and I shall always be glad and ready to assist you in any doubtful matter. You are free to practice your own idea of religion without remark or intrusion. And now, Miss Golden, here is the text of tonight's lecture. You will find it well to be prepared for Dr. G—"

Smiling, the nun pointed out the books, and left the girl to her studies. Stella bent her head over her book, and applied herself assiduously to her task. At the time of the lecture that first evening we find her seated with her class listening with rapt attention to the learned physician, who was one of the most eminent specialists of the day.

Two busy years passed by. Miss Golden saw many things in that Catholic hospital which opened new vistas of thought to her mind. Naturally reverent, she looked with admiration on the unselfish work of the Sisters who conducted the vast work of the institution, envied their skill, and modelled herself on their self-control, and calm readiness for emergencies. There was no change in her religious attitude, and she rather prided herself on that fact. She seldom attended any services in the hospital chapel. Her love of beauty, however, impelled her occasionally to come to Benediction. She loved the flower-decked altar, the singing of the nuns, the reverent attitude of those who prayed, and she bowed her head when the little silver bell announced the Benediction. A sweet, restful peace stole over her soul at these moments, and she found herself say-

ing: "I wish I could believe God was there!"

In the discharge of her duties Nurse Golden saw how weak were the human supports when pain or sickness racked the frame. How sad the death of those who had no hope beyond the grave. How terrifying the last moments of those who had placed themselves beyond spiritual assistance.

No one ever hinted at anything belonging to religious subjects, but she observed everything. The girl had a heart that yearned for a living faith—for a peace of soul that should abide with her and help her when her time came, to die like some of the poor Catholic patients she saw, who looked with the all-seeing eyes of the spirit into the great Beyond, and saw there everlasting joy, and the beauty of God and His saints. She was faithful to her work—to the duties of her elected profession, and already began to look forward to the future that would open to her after her graduation. And according to her light she prayed.

One day a Catholic patient who was under her care received the Holy Viaticum. Nurse Golden had arranged, as she was taught, the white pillows, and counterpane, the little table with its crucifix, candles, holy water, etc., by the bedside. She left the room while a priest, attended by a nun, administered the Holy Sacrament, and when he passed back again to the chapel, she returned to the bedside to extinguish the candles and remove the table. The patient's eyes were closed, and the face was full of devotion. Nurse Golden looked at her, deeply impressed. In moving lightly around the bed she disarranged the counterpane, and from one of the heavy folds there fell something snow-white and round, that fluttered to the polished floor beneath the bed. A strange tremor seized the nurse. She gazed on the little white object. It drew her, and scarce knowing what she was doing, she fell on her knees and gently picked up the Sacred Host with her fingers.

Hardly had she laid it in the palm of her hand when a marvelous thrill passed through her soul and with it—Faith. It was the Lord! She knew it. Nothing now could change her belief. She knew it. Then instantly came a fear: "I should never have touched it." Hastily she arose, opened a chest of drawers in the room, and laid the Sacred Host on a pile of clean, snow-white linen.

Hurriedly and with strange thrills of feeling, she glanced at the patient who had not moved, and then went swiftly to a Catholic nurse who stood at the medicine press outside.

"I have touched the Lord!" she whispered, her face tense and her eyes glowing; "He is in there still!"

The Catholic nurse stared at her. Was Nurse Golden out of her mind? What on earth was wrong? Sometimes the poor nurses were over excited and exhausted in their strenuous life, and became feverish. Was Nurse Golden delirious?

Quickly Nurse Golden explained—the words rushing from her eager lips. The Catholic girl drew back in terror.

"Why, Miss Golden!" she said in awed tones, "you should not have dared to touch the Blessed Sacrament! Let me go at once for Sister."

Nurse Golden stood in the doorway, her eyes fixed on the dresser, her heart throbbing wildly.

In a very few moments the chaplain came hurriedly down the corridor, and accosted her excitedly!

"What is this, I hear, Miss Golden? You lifted the Blessed Sacrament from the floor?—and you a Protestant? You who do not believe in the Blessed Sacrament?"

"I believe now, Father! I know I have touched the Lord!" she said.

She fell on her knees and pointed to the dresser. The priest opened the drawer—there lay the Sacred Particle. His face flushed, he took the stole from his pocket, placed it round his neck, lifted

the linen towel on which the Particle reposed, and silently and reverently carried it with down-cast eyes to the chapel.

There was subdued excitement among the nurses and Sisters when Miss Golden explained her act, and what followed it in her soul. And there was more excitement when the chaplain declared he had placed only one Host in the small Pyx, and that he was positively sure of the matter. Again and again he reiterated this assertion, and held to it in spite of the ventured suggestions of others, that there might have been two Particles adhering together.

"Impossible," he said, "in this case!—I had only one communicant, and I brought only one Host. I am positively certain of this fact. Nothing could convince me to the contrary."

"Where did the other Host come from?"

No answer came to this oft-repeated question, except this—Miss Golden asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith, was baptized, and in time made her first Holy Communion. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense. She could hardly speak of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist without tears. The miraculous answer to the question was her conversion—the only member of her entire family a Catholic. She continued her course in the Training School, graduated with honor, and saw that a successful future was awaiting her, and with the good wishes of all, she left the hospital.

Five years passed away. It was Easter morning. Sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows of a well-known convent chapel, and lay in glory on the tall lilies that bent toward the Holy of Holies. Mass was going on, and the sweet voices of the nun-choir trembled on the fragrant air. How beautiful now are the words:

"Regnum mundi et omnem ornamentum saeculi contempni! contempni!" "The kingdom of the world, and its pleasures, I have despised—I have despised," for the sake of our Lord.)

A single voice was singing now—

"Quem vidi, quem amavi"—(Whom I have seen, whom I have loved.) And from the center of the marble came a veiled figure rose from her knees, and advanced to the foot of the altar.

A group of vested clergy surrounded the crimson-robed celebrant as he turned to her, and holding up the white Host that once thrilled her being, paused. In the breathless hush came the clear sweet voice:

"In the Name of our Lord and Saviour, I, Sister Estelle of the Blessed Sacrament, vow and promise to God, poverty, chastity, obedience, perseverance."

Could one mistake the voice? Could one mistake the slender figure? The pale spiritualized face? There was rapture in the tone—a note of triumph in the sweet words of immolation.

Oh, happy Nurse Golden! What sweeter Lover could have enthralled you? What more precious chains than the vows could have fettered you? What safer home than "the cleft of the rock," figuratively spoken in the Scriptures of the cloister, where the white dove of the chosen soul may fold its wings, close to the Tabernacle forever?

Aye, forever! He shall fold you in His Arms until the day declines and the shadows fall, and then there will meet you the virgin band, who follow the Lamb through all eternity.—The Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary.

A. O. H.

Hal Reid's greatest Catholic play, "The Confession" will be given at Baker Theater, the week of Sept. 1st, under the auspices of the A. O. H. Tickets can be obtained from members or from P. P. Kelly, L. G. McGreal or W. J. McGrath.

A virtuous youth will make a happy old age.

Anniversary of Mgr. Hendrick

Monsignor Joseph W. Hendrick of Ovid commemorated the thirty-sixth year of his ordination to the priesthood on Wednesday, August 6th. He was the recipient of very many congratulations upon the event, and deserved all these pleasant reminders of his long and faithful services in the priesthood. Monsignor Hendrick was ordained in the private chapel of the Sacred Heart convent in Rochester, and immediately thereafter began his labors in the church, his first charge being at Stanley and Rushville, serving two churches. The most active and important years of his administration have been at Ovid, during which time he has conducted services every Sunday at Willard State hospital. The title of Monsignor was conferred upon him by the Pope when his brother, the late Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick was consecrated bishop of Cebu, Philippine Islands. As priest, Monsignor Hendrick has been faithful and loyal, performing all the duties of his sacred calling with zeal and efficiency. He has won and retained the confidence and esteem of his associates in the priesthood, and is an ever-welcome visitor at their respective charges. Few men comparatively are privileged to have so many friends. He has words of hope and cheer for all. His whole life has been one of kindness and goodness, ever one with his people in their joys and sorrows, and always the same generous and thoughtful priest, the considerate neighbor and the most constant of friends. It is the wish of all who know Monsignor Hendrick that he may be spared to celebrate very many more anniversaries of a life so useful and so full of good impulses.

Weekly Church Calendar

- 24—St. Bartholomew Ap.
- 25—St. Louis, K. C.
- 26—St. Zephyrinus, P. M.
- 27—St. Joseph Calasanz, C.
- 28—St. Augustine, Ep. D.
- 29—The Beheading of St. John the Baptist
- 30—St. Rose of Lima, V.

Bright School Outlook

The first regular school year in the L. L. Williams Rochester Commercial School will open Tuesday, September 2d.

The personal calls, and those by mail and telephone, for information regarding the school, indicate greater interest in commercial instruction than Mr. Williams has ever seen before; and the demand for well qualified young people to fill good business positions is entirely unprecedented. Every pupil who has completed the course who wanted employment has been located, and many times as many more could have been placed. The question of employment, when the course has been completed, may therefore be wholly eliminated from the problem that young people have to solve. The question of proficiency alone remains.

The advantages of this school are unsurpassed. The course of study is of the most practical character, and the instruction is given by teachers who know how. Several new and experienced instructors will join the faculty at the opening.

Evening sessions in all departments will begin Monday night, September 15th. An early date has been fixed to afford three weeks' vacation at the busy holiday season.

Tuition, for this year only, day classes, all branches, ten weeks \$25; for evenings, any branch or all branches, twelve weeks, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday nights, \$7.50.

The book of the L. L. Williams Rochester Commercial School, as also a supplemental announcement, just issued, will be mailed on receipt of such a request by mail or either telephone. Those who are interested are invited to call, be shown through the building, and talk the matter over.—Adv.

Catholic News Notes

Father A. J. Burns of Starling, Ill., was knocked down, run over and badly bruised by an automobile driven by a young lady. His injuries are not considered fatal.

The new brick church of the Holy Redeemer, San Antonio, Texas, has been dedicated by Rt. Rev. John W. Shaw, D. D. Rev. L. J. Welbers is the rector.

Very Rev. Felix Ward, C. P., formerly Provincial of the Passionist Order, will return from Ireland toward the close of the summer.

The new Convent of the Holy Name Sisters, Portland, Ore., in the Convent of the Holy Name, will be occupied next month by the Sisters who have charge of the school of the Madeleine parish.

The new Trinity College, Leeds, Ia., will be dedicated September 1, by Most Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D. of Dubuque.

Mgr. O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Mich., has given the purse of \$2,500 presented to him at the time of his investiture, for the founding of scholarships at Nazareth Academy.

The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky, will open this fall a Commercial School in Louisville.

By the will of Francis Way Smith, a non-Catholic of Philadelphia, \$10,000 in bonds and mortgages are left to St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys.

A \$40,000 new church of St. Clement is in course of erection at Minneapolis.

Beautiful new stations of the cross are to be put into the church of Notre Dame, Worcester. New statues of St. Anne and of the Sacred Heart have recently been installed.

Mt. St. Joseph's on the Ohio, is an imposing convent and academy of the Sisters of Charity. Last week 300 Sisters were in Spiritual Retreat there.

The "Irish Industrial Journal" says that it is probable that in course of a few years, emigration from Ireland will cease altogether.

In the diocese of Covington, St. Elizabeth's Hospital is in the course of erection. It is said it will rank with the finest in Kentucky.

In this country, the German-speaking churches take the lead in number of societies and conventions.

This year the great German Catholic Congress will be held at Metz.

The Benedictine Order will establish a seminary for teachers at Innsbruck, Tyrol.

In the autumn a large memorial cross will be inaugurated on Monte Cavo in the Albanian Mountains overlooking Rome.

The restoration of the crypt of St. Benedict and his sister St. Scolastica, in the monastery of Monte Cassino, is now completed. Their bodies now rest in it.

In Spain, the Committee of Catholic Action has issued a manifesto saying that it will prosecute with energy all official organizations that do not respect the law which prohibits them from propagating pernicious books contrary to the religion of the State.

A twig in time becomes a tree.

News from Ireland

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