

# The Catholic Journal

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## Honor the Priest

Continued from last week

"My poor fellow," I said, and he saw from my face and the tone of my voice all that I was feeling. "I will not deny that such punishments have come, but you must not lose hope for the future. You are sorry now."

"Deeply sorry, Father. And if I only knew where he lived I would go to that priest and ask his pardon on my knees."

"I am sure of it, Jack," I said. "But you have not told me his name."

"He must be old now," he said. "He was not young then. He was Father McCort."

I started at the name. That same priest, Father McCort, was then in the hospital, ill unto death—in the very same hospital where we were both conversing. Jack saw the start.

"Not only do I know him, but he is here in this house," I said. "Here in this house? Father McCort, of X—? It's impossible!"

"It is true," I said. "And I will bring him this very day and bring you to his mind. It will all be fixed up, and your trouble will be lifted from your soul. See how good God is? Oh, Jack, be grateful."

The poor fellow broke down. Tears streamed from his eyes. He turned his face to the pillow, and when he raised it I had to wipe away the tears—he was helpless to do so.

"Oh, Father, do you think he has had spite at me all these years—that he will say I deserve what I got?"

"No! No! No!" I said. "Do not even think of such things. A priest would never harbor such thoughts. Try to be calm. Come, Jack, I can see the light already shining on your future. Be humble and God will smooth all the hard things away. I will go and talk to Father McCort."

And with a glad nod at the poor young man I left the room. At once I sought Father McCort's corridor and entered his room. He had been ill some time, but his gentle, kindly face warmed into a smile as he held out his thin, wasted hand in greeting.

"Glad to see you, Father Alexander. Making converts still?"

"Something better, Father McCort. I trust you are not suffering to-day, you look improved," I said.

"Sit down and tell me some of your active work," he rejoined. "My time is not long and it matters little how I feel; still I am somewhat better."

I seated myself, and inwardly thanking God, I said: "Father, do you remember when you were parish priest in X—?"

"Indeed I do. It was a fine little town. Good people and prosperous families; not so very progressive, but solidly Catholic. I remember a family of Prestons. They had a fine son, Jack, who had a temper as hot as fire, but as forgiving a lad as ever breathed—just a blow-up and it was over. I wonder where he is?"

"Suppose you were to hear that he is in this hospital at present?" I said, watching him closely.

"What? You don't mean it? In this hospital? It cannot be possible! What is wrong with poor Jack?"

And then I told him of the accident. Tears gathered in the old priest's eyes.

"Poor fellow! Poor Jack! That's a dreadful misfortune. Is he still single?"

"He is married to a fine little wife, and has a beautiful baby girl."

"Catholic wife, did you say?"

"Yes, indeed; a brave little woman."

And the priest solemnly made the sign of the Cross over the Jack's anguish, his sad tale of the day he lifted his hands to the priest, and that he believed the accident to have been a punishment.

"I remember the very day," said Father McCort; "I recall

distinctly the whole occurrence. Just you tell Jack to come here as soon as he can and put him at ease forever."

After a few more pleasant words I took my departure. I went at once to Jack's room. Mrs. Preston was there. Her husband had been telling her the story he told me, for her eyes were wet with tears and her bright face was very serious.

"I have come from Father McCort's room," I said joyfully. "He remembers you perfectly, Jack, and is impatient to see you. You will get a warm, kindly reception from the dear old priest. He is not long for this world. He spoke of you as soon as I mentioned the town of X—, and said you were a fine lad."

"My splendid old pastor!" said Jack. "I don't deserve one kind word from him. Oh, Father, I'll have to go to see him. When do you think I could venture? My arms are getting on fine, and the right one will have the artificial hand next week."

"Ask the doctor," I said. "You are sitting up and moving around the room. A trip through the hospital surely won't hurt you."

Jack asked the doctor if he could visit a friend downstairs. "Anything to divert your mind, Mr. Preston, will help hasten your recovery," was the reply. So it was decided that the next day, if Father McCort was strong enough, Jack and his wife would visit him. Of course, I would be of the party. Father McCort signaled his assent, and the next afternoon Jack, leaning on his wife's shoulder, with myself on the other side went slowly to the elevator. Quietly and leisurely we made our way to the old priest's room.

He lay on his bed, very white and still, his eyes turned to the door. When the little group entered a beautiful smile brightened his wasted face. He held out his hand.

"My dear son, Jack! I would know you at once. What a man you are!" Then, noticing the stumps in the empty sleeves of the dressing gown, he said with tears in his voice: "My poor fellow! My poor boy!"

Jack fell to his knees. The sight of the old priest, with death stamped on his face, tore at his heart. "Oh, Father," he cried, "I don't deserve a kind word from you. Once I lifted my hands against you and swore I would never ask your pardon, though I knew I was in the wrong. Will you forgive me now? God has punished me for my sin."

The priest raised himself on his pillow and put his trembling arms around the man. "Forgive you, Jack? Forgive you? Why, there's nothing to forgive. You have suffered enough in your thoughts about this matter, my poor boy. You have had expiation enough. Of course, I forgive you, for you were in one of your tempers, Jack, and you didn't know what you were doing. Courage, my boy. Soon your old pastor will be with God, and if he has any influence with the Heart of Christ, you will never feel the loss of your hands. Do you hear, Jack?"

And then the good priest, exhausted, sank back on his pillow.

"Oh, Father," sobbed the man, shaken to the roots of his being, "I believe you! Give me your blessing. Tell me I will get well; I will be a better man. My wife, who listens, will be my witness. So help me God!" And his wife, herself crying softly, wiped the tears from his eyes—supplying his lost hands.

Father McCort made a supreme effort and raised his hand.

"May God Almighty bless you, Jack, and give you prosperity, comfort with your family and peace with your own soul. May your poor, lost hands never stand in the way of your advancement, and may you be happy as long as you serve Him. Amen."

And the priest solemnly made the sign of the Cross over the boy he had known in childhood, and he allowed his hand to rest on the bowed head.

There was silence; it was a solemn scene. We all knelt, and then, as the priest closed his eyes, I motioned them to rise. Jack

stooped and kissed the thin hand that had given him his First Communion. His wife did the same. As they left the room Jack turned again for a last look at his friend.

The priest smiled faintly and feebly waved good-bye.

They never saw him alive again. He died within a week, and his promise was kept before God.

Jack Preston recovered rapidly, procured an artificial hand, learned to use it surprisingly well before he left the hospital and finally departed, a new man in soul and body. He obtained an excellent position almost at once, and has successfully kept it. He has persevered faithfully in his promise to his pastor. His family has increased, and prosperity and peace this day hover over the happy home circle. He does not seem to miss his lost hands, for both are supplied by artificial ones.

The name of Father McCort is uttered with hushed reverence in that household, and sometimes Jack Preston says to his friends: "It is the truest of truths that the angels in heaven rejoice over the sinner who has lost God and found Him again." And then he says to his two little boys, who are his pride and joy: "Remember, my sons, always to honor the priest."—Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Missionary.

## Graves Blessed

### Annual Ceremony at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery Impressive

The annual ceremony of the blessing of the graves at Holy Sepulchre cemetery was observed Sunday and thousands of Catholics in Rochester and surrounding towns witnessed the impressive services. Nearly all of the 40,000 graves had been decorated. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey officiated, and was assisted by nearly 200 priests of the Rochester diocese and students of St. Bernard's and St. Andrew's Seminaries. The crowd, although orderly, was so great that police had to clear a path.

The ceremony opened at 3.30 o'clock with a procession of clergy from St. Bernard's Seminary to the main entrance of the cemetery. The students of St. Andrew's and the altar boys of the Cathedral were first in line, behind the cross bearer and Rev. Dr. A. B. Meehan, of St. Bernard's was master of ceremonies. Students of St. Bernard's followed and then came priests of the Rochester diocese and Bishop Hickey and his chaplains, Very Rev. D. J. Curran, V. G., of Corpus Christi church and Rev. D. Laurentis, M. R., of Holy Family. The singing was led by Rev. John M. Petter, S. T. B., of St. Bernard's.

The vespers of the dead were chanted in the open square in front of the chapel by the student body, while the clergy occupied the chapel.

Then the procession moved along while Bishop Hickey sprinkled holy water on the graves and came to the tomb of the late Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid and the graves of the nuns and priests. Bishop Hickey blessed the tomb of his predecessor, while the choir chanted the "Miserere."

On the return of the procession to the chapel, after it had visited another section of the cemetery, Bishop Hickey delivered his address and at its conclusion the students sang the Benedictus and the episcopal blessing was imparted. In his address, Bishop Hickey, said, in part:

"The ceremony of this day, which has brought together in this sacred garden of the Lord, from Rochester and vicinity, so many thousands, is a profession of faith, and at the same time the fulfillment of an act of religion in behalf of our beloved dead. You have assembled here and listened to the solemn prayer of another church, as they have been offered up for the souls of those whose bodies lie in this consecrated ground, as their last resting home.

"If these thousands who lie in silence here could but speak, what a lesson would they not teach us in regard to the value of life and life's duties, but there is a most powerful sermon in that very silence itself. Here lay buried upwards of 60,000 men, women and children of all nationalities, languages and races: Americans, Europeans, Orientals all have one common bond, namely, the bond of faith. That faith taught them the value of life, taught them that, while the body is mortal and this sacred spot is its home, a nobler part, the soul is immortal, and eternity is its home. How consoling it is for us to be able to come here and join in prayer for bishop, priests, nuns and laymen who were once our dearest friends and relatives.

"I need not tell you that you should believe in God, who is the beginning and end of all. I need to remind you of that great motto or principle which is written upon the very brow of humanity, 'from God to God,' but I speak that lesson to those who reject that God and are lacking in faith. I would that we could summon here today those very ones who would deny God and God's rights to the world. Surely this scene would be a powerful lesson for them."

## Catholic News

### Notes

It is reported that a company has been formed with a capital of \$100,000 to make films embracing all that is Catholic in the world.

During the coming fall and winter the Holy Name Societies of the national capital will actively participate in the morals crusade of the Washington Truth Society.

Subiaco College in the diocese of Little Rock, has a new addition, 216 feet long and five stories high. This Benedictine institution is an imposing building.

The new Niagara University chapel will be a stately edifice of severe architecture, to cost \$75,000.

On the 27th of November the alumni of St. Mary Seminary, near Cincinnati will hold a reunion banquet and also celebrate the golden jubilee of Mgr. J. B. Murray, V. G. Five Bishops will deliver addresses.

Mgr. J. J. Bennett, V. G., of the Diocese of Rockford, Ill., has resigned the Vicar-generalship of that diocese, because of advancing years.

The Holy See has extended the jurisdiction of Bishop Ortynski also over all the Ruthenian churches in New Jersey.

The Sisters of St. Francis of Tacoma, Washington, are about to erect a new hospital. It will be under the patronage of St. Joseph and will cost \$400,000. It will be five stories high and modern throughout.

At Freeport, near Brooklyn, N. Y., the St. Vincent de Paul Society is caring for 1800 vacation children.

Cardinal O'Connell has presented the St. Paul's Catholic Club the Norman House at Campbridge.

The collection for the Holy Father in the diocese of Indianapolis resulted in the sum of \$2,077.80.

A set of Westminster chimes has been installed in St. John's Church, Baltimore, in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the pastorate of Mgr. George W. Divine.

In the diocese of Syracuse, N. Y., the Universal Jubilee aims by direction of the Bishop, will be used towards the erection of a diocesan home for the aged.

The new Loretto Academy at Toronto, Canada will cost \$125,000.

The Crown-Prince and Princess of Germany visited this month the celebrated Shrine of Our Lady in the Convent of Jasna Gora, Poland.

After five years, an illuminated manuscript stolen from the museum of St. Germaine-en-Laye, has been returned through a priest.

In Germany, France, England and Italy the birth rate is decreasing; in Ireland it is not.

## News From Ireland

The coroner for Mid Antrim held an inquest at Ballee touching the death of a child named Hugh Hyndman, who was drowned in a pool of water in Ballee Moss.

Thomas Phelan, a popular resident of Market Square, Carlow, has been made a magistrate and will hereafter mete out proper justice to his many friends.

James Gaffney, former master of Cavan Union has been granted a pension of £25 per year, under sealed order of the Local Government Board.

The coroner held an inquest at Killybegs, into the circumstances of the death of Denis Howard, who was killed at Tur by a felled tree.

The Naas (County Kildare) Guardians unanimously elected Miss O'Keefe of County Down as infirmarian, Lifford, to the position of nurse in the Naas infirmary.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, in response to a resolution by the Public Bodies has called an All-Ireland meeting to protest against the action of the Curzon Company in the matter of the Queenstown crux.

After lying in an unconscious condition for the period of seven weeks Patrick Lunny, Drumwillan, Letterkenny, died a few days ago. He had met with serious injuries.

Mr. O'Toole has been appointed master of Galway Union.

Miss Sarah O'Reilly, L. L. A., daughter of J. O'Reilly, Lifford, Kildare, has been appointed head mistress of St. Francis Girls' school, Glasgow, which is the largest of its kind in Scotland.

Rev. William Meehan, rector of Rye, N. Y., recently paid a visit accompanied by his sister, Miss M. Meehan, to Castleknock where his parents were born and lived for years before coming to America. This was Father Meehan's first visit to Ireland.

Mrs. Haffernan has been appointed maternity nurse for the Carrick district.

The Marist Sisters have withdrawn from the charge of the Carrick-of-Shannon Union hospital.

Messrs. Spiller and Baker, Cardiff have purchased Walker Distillery premises, Limerick, and intend establishing a branch of their milling industry there.

Married—At Bridge-Cross Church by Rev. S. Brown, C. C., Fougart assisted by Rev. F. Lyons, Adm., Dundalk. Joseph, eldest son of Thomas McKinnon, Flurrybridge, to Mary Teresa, second eldest daughter of the late Henry Mathews, Dundalk.

A pot containing a number of sovereigns and an old green seal was discovered in the thatched roof of an old house situated in Market St., Monaghan, which has been demolished and is being rebuilt.

William Symonds of Drogheda West, a stalwart young man who enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him, died recently as a result of injuries sustained in a fall from his bicycle near Enniscrone.

Dr. G. P. Kennedy has been selected medical officer of the Bivermines district.

The death took place recently of Miss Annie M. Carson, John St., Omagh.

## Month of the Rosary

Foremost among the practices of piety which the Church has approved in honor of Christ's Virgin Mother is the Rosary. No formula of prayer has done more excellent service for the Church Militant, in her warfare against heresy and schism, or in her efforts to withstand the virulent attacks of her enemies from within, no less than from without the fold, than this. We owe it not alone the victory of the mediaeval Church over the Albigensian heresy, but also the triumph of the Faith in Ireland against the allurements of error and the persecutions of the Penal code.

Wisely, then, have our faithful people everywhere clung to this admirable form of prayer, and abundantly has God blessed the pious practice, so faithfully kept up in our Irish Catholic homes, of reciting the Holy Rosary—not alone in Lent, but throughout the year—as the family evening prayer.

## Church Events for October

Month of the Holy Rosary—Oct. 5, is the Feast of the Holy Rosary; 7, Feast of Our Lady of Victories.

Oct. 2, feast of the Angel Guardians; Oct. 13, St. Luke the Evangelist; 23, SS. Simon and Jude.

Other feasts of the month are: 4, St. Francis of Assisi; 6, St. Bruno; 8, St. Bridget of Sweden; 11, St. Denis; 13, St. Edward the confessor; 15, St. Teresa of Jesus; 17, Blessed Margaret Mary; 24, St. Raphael, the Archangel.

## Weekly Church Calendar

21st Sunday after Pentecost

5 S—Most Holy Rosary  
6 M—St. Bruno, C. F.  
7 T—St. Mark  
8 W—St. Bridget of Sweden  
9 Th—SS. Denis and Comp  
10 F—St. Francis Borgia.  
11 S—St. Gummur, C.

The clergy of Western Illinois are taking steps to preserve the memory of their pioneer priests.

The new monastery of the Passionist Fathers at St. Paul, Kansas, is fast nearing completion and will be consecrated in the near future.

In New York the other day, Rev. Father Thomas P. Larkin did what police and people could not do, dispersed a large negro mob that had attacked a white man.