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The Greatest Thing

Continued from last week

"You ought to be the most grateful man in creation, Ralph. Do you know, I think that is the greatest thing in the world. I have watched Father Livingston day after day, and have grown to reverence the priesthood with the highest respect of my soul. God bless you, Ralph, if you have this vocation. What? You would dare to put me up against God and make your choice? Ralph, Ralph, for shame! How could I respect you, knowing that you had deliberately cast aside a vocation to the priesthood just to be with me? I should despise myself and in time grow to distrust you, lest you should meet another who could draw your love from me, as I had drawn it from God."

"Whence did she derive the courage and strength to say that? Her own heart beat in discord to the strain her own lips were uttering. Had she obeyed her natural impulse she would have done as many another has done, and thrown herself between her Creator and this His vacillating creature. Where did she get the soul to help this man before her in this wavering? She did not know."

"Then you tell me, Mary—"

"I would tell you to give yourself and God a chance."

"And go away to school? Begin again? I am twenty-one now, I should have to study for a long, long while."

"But the cause it worth it, Ralph. And you would have time to ponder over it all, and pray."

With every word she was tearing his very heart strings. "Does she really care anything for me, after all?" he wondered. "How can she seem so cold?" Once he was tempted to ask her, but the word failed him. If he could have looked into her heart, he would have cursed the very thought.

"Then, Mary, we'll say good-bye?" he asked.

"Yes, good-bye in the truest sense, for my own prayer is, Ralph, that God be with you."

He stood, the picture of despair. Beside him, every nerve quivering and trembling with emotion, stood a frail, pale girl.

"Mary, then, you—"

He paused. His lips pressed tightly together. No, he could not ask the question.

"Then I what, Ralph?"

"Oh, Mary, I'm a selfish, ungrateful brute. I have been thinking only of my personal feelings all the time. This village has always been so narrow that it has even narrowed my own horizon until my world has grown to be myself. I did not think of you, so much as the angel you are; I thought of you only as the one person, under God, that could satisfy my love. It was always I—I—I, and if there had been another who satisfied me better I should have cast you aside, totally disregarding your own unselfish love for me. I know it now; I am not fit to serve you."

There were tears in her eyes, and when she spoke her voice was husky.

"Ralph, there are things in this world that are great, and I should like to share them with you, if God so willed. But I should rather see you wretched, outcast, with every nerve broken, every hope shattered, every ambition crushed; I should rather see you wear your life away alone, unheralded, unknown, if only you were living a holy priest of God."

"But you, Mary! What will become of you? Even now the thought that some-one else will come and claim you fills me with horror. There is no one fit to look at you, much less to have you as his bride."

She gazed out over the roof of her modest home. Her eyes, al-most like those that painters give to beings or the celestial world, were clouded with a veil of moisture.

"I—" she answered, "I shall pray for you and your work. My life is happy and contented in this quiet village. I shall live among these dear, good people,

and—and when my time comes die. That's the sum of most lives, isn't it, Ralph? Listen, there's the Angelus." And the two knelt down on the closely cropped lawn to commemorate the mystery of the Incarnation.

"Well, Mary, I shall say good-bye. Mother's waiting for me at home. I didn't know I had stayed so long."

"Good-bye, Ralph."

Try as she may, she could not say another word. He sauntered toward the gate and opened it. He looked down the street and up, hardly knowing what he was doing. At last he turned homeward, disconsolate, dejected.

That night the gathering shadows closed around a sobbing maiden, trying to gain some little courage to face a life she now detested. Not for a single moment would she think of recalling one word she had uttered. Her sacrifice was made, her decision given. Mayhap it was her own boundless grief, undergone with the resignation of a martyr, that won the grace of final perseverance for the man she loved.

Years passed by and Ralph became a well-known priest-orator. His name was on the lips of thousands. He was hurried from pulpit to platform, from platform to stage. All men seemed eager to listen to his words of wisdom. There was a look of peace and content in his eye, the peace and content of a man who had seen his duty and dared to do it. The dream of his youth had been realized. He had not been born great, he had not greatness thrust upon him, but he had achieved it.

Every summer he journeys back to the little village and walks among the old familiar spots, talking to the men and women of today about the men and women of their yesterday, and he pats and fondles the little men and women of the coming morrow. As the sun sinks slowly behind the rolling meadows he turns his steps down toward the village churchyard. He opens the iron gate and walks over to a sequestered corner, takes out his beads and begins the Rosary. His eyes wander up to the tombstone and read "Mary," but he quickly closes them to shut out all thoughts that distract him from his prayers for her soul.

He has studied and suffered in the school of real greatness, the school of sanctity, and he knows now that the greatest thing is not to do, but to be. The world had never heard of her whose ashes lay covered in the grave before him, but he knew in his heart of hearts that her strength in his hour of weakness had made him what he was. And he knew that she, not he, had done the greatest thing. — J. H. Stratford in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

An Old Bell
A bell cast shortly after the war of 1812 by Paul Revere, the noted Revolutionary night rider, and which had been in the tower of the First Congregational church at Dover, N. H., is at the plant of The Meneely Bell Company on River Street to be disposed of as old metal. The bell weighs 1,000 pounds and is cracked. The local concern recently placed a new bell in the tower and had to take the old bell as part payment. The Meneely Company makes such a high standard of bells that it could not use the metal in the new bells. Paul Revere was a noted bell-caster and many of his bells are to-day scattered through New England. During the last ten years The Meneely Company has gathered about six or seven of them. Chester Meneely and Battalion Chief William Bailey, jr., have returned from Springfield, Mass., where a chime of twelve bells were installed for the local firm in the new municipal building.

ings, which have been erected at a cost of \$2,000,000. The trip was made by automobile and during the morning the Fire Chief was royally entertained by the Chiefs of Springfield. On the return home snow and ice were encountered in the Berkshire Hills. The new chimies are to be rung on patriotic occasions.

Order of Alhambra May Erect Monument on Civil War Field
Joseph P. MacSweeney, supreme viceroy of the Order of the Alhambra returned from a meeting of the order at the Knights of Columbus Institute, Brooklyn, at which the project of erecting a monument or tablet in memory of the work of the Sisters of Charity was discussed.

The matter was referred to the Memorial Committee and will be reported upon at a meeting in Albany in three months. Two sites for such a memorial were discussed, Gettysburg and Appomattox.

Weekly Church Calendar
28th Sunday after Pentecost
23 S—St. Clement I. P. M.
24 M—St. John of the Cross, C.
25 T—St. Catherine, V. M.
26 W—St. Sylvester, Ab.
27 Th.—St. Joseph, C.
28 F—SS. Stephen and Comp., Troy Times
29 S—St. Saturninus, Bp. M.

Bishop Hickey Confirms Class at Victor

At St. Patrick's church, Victor, N. Y., Sunday morning a class of thirty-three were confirmed. Boys were largely in the majority in this class, numbering 25, with only eight girls. Rev. John J. Donnelly, the rector, was unable to be present as he was called to Chicago last week by the illness of his sister, Madame Anna Donnelly, of Sacred Heart Academy, Chicago. A telegram was received on Sunday by Father Donnelly's nieces, telling of the death of Madame Donnelly, which occurred on Saturday night.

The rite was conferred by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, assisted by Dr. Meehan of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rev. Edelman of Pittsford and Rev. Nolan of the Cathedral, Rochester. It was expected that the services Sunday would have added interest and importance, as an anniversary to Father Donnelly, who last week completed twenty-five years of service to the local church, but his absence necessitated a change of plans. Father Donnelly has served the church faithfully, and during the long term the congregation has been greatly increased and the parish at Mendon has been created through his aid. The townspeople join in congratulating Father Donnelly upon his silver jubilee in this church and deeply regret that the sorrow has come to him just at this time.

Fair To Be Held for Benefit of St. Patrick's Parochial School

Mt. Morris.—Arrangements are nearly completed for the fair to be held in St. Patrick's parochial school hall during the week of Thanksgiving, under the direction of St. Patrick's church Society of this village, and the rector's office will be defraying the expenses of St. Patrick's school, which is maintained for the education of a large number of Sicilian children, and other children of the parish. In this parish there are the largest number of Sicilians of any parish in the diocese of Rochester, and over three hundred children now attend the school. The number is growing rapidly, and as the society is deeply in debt, it is believed that a large sum of money will be raised this year for the work.

The main event of the fair is a contest between the pastor, Rev. A. E. Breen, D.D., and the curate, Rev. Father A. T. Dissett. The one able to raise the largest amount of money by the time of the last night of the fair will receive a Ford automobile from the Mt. Morris Garage.

Caledonia
Caledonia.—The funeral of Nicholas McGinnis, whose death occurred last Friday afternoon, was held from St. Columba's Church, Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. George J. Eisler officiating. James T. Wood of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, sang at the mass.

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Rt. Rev. Abbot Dom Gasquet

Rt. Rev. Abbot Dom Gasquet, O.S.B., will lecture on "The Revision of the Bible" under the auspices of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, for the benefit of the Bible Revision Fund, authorized by our Holy Father Pope Pius the 10th, and under the patronage of Rt. Rev. Bishop Thos. F. Hickey, at Cathedral Hall, Frank and Brown streets, Tuesday evening, Nov. 25th, at 8.15 o'clock.

Rev. Abbot Gasquet is the head of a commission appointed by the Holy Father to revise the Latin Vulgate and to procure the necessary funds to aid in the completion of this stupendous work. It is the wish of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus that the local Council will aid in this regard.

Many non-Catholic people will be interested in this lecture, in particular those who are bible students.

This is an excellent opportunity for the members to show their true Catholicity and loyalty to our Holy Father by making the lecture a financial success.

Tickets at the nominal price of 50 cents may be procured from the ticket committee, M. M. Mahoney, chairman, and are also on sale at Meng & Shafer's, Powers Building; George T. Boucher, Triangle Building; Henry J. Klee, 198 Main St. East; E. J. Esser, 155 Main St. East; Trant's Bookstore, 10 Clinton Ave. South; John M. Reddington, 99 Main St. West and Scholand & Bauer, 408 State St.

"Menace" Stickers Used
Postal Authorities After Defacers of Mail

Dayton, Ohio, detectives have begun a search for violators of the postal laws who were responsible for pasting advertising stickers over the envelope cards of the Metropolitan store's advertising matter.

A number of sealed letters sent out by the store were received with stickers pasted over the letter head. The stickers read, "Read the Menace. To H-I-I with the Pope."

J. H. Margolis, proprietor of the store, asserted that the stickers were pasted on much of the mail that was received by Catholics, who seemed to be singled out by the miscreants. He believes that it was an attempt to discredit his store.

Postmaster Forest L. May declared that defacing mail was a penitentiary offense of the most

serious nature. Even more serious is the defacing of mail with scurrilous and profane matter. Post-office Inspector Charles M. Swain will institute an investigation of the matter and arrests are expected within a short time.—The Live Issue.

Good Word for Columbus

While the majority of our non-Catholic brethren are busily engaged in "knocking" Columbus Day, it is refreshing to read the following in The Christian Register (Unitarian):

"About twenty years ago the writer met Dr. Hale on Winter street, Boston, and his greeting was, 'This is the 12th of October, and I suppose I am the only man in Boston who remembers that this is the day that Columbus discovered America.' Now all the world remembers it. In Massachusetts it is a holiday which began as a Roman Catholic celebration of the achievement of Christopher Columbus, the Catholic, but quickly caught the fancy of many others, and now—expands into a non-sectarian recognition of the prophetic vision of the great navigator. It is suggested that not only the United States, but all the American republics, take notice of the day and make it the occasion of a recognition of their common indebtedness to him whose enterprise culminated in the discovery of the continent. Anything that fosters the spirit of international good-will is to be greeted with a hearty welcome, for whatever favors the comity of nations reduces the causes of misunderstanding and war."

Chapel on Historic Spot
A few miles south of Fredericksburg, and very near the place where "Stonewall" Jackson breathed his last, a chapel is being erected. The spot is well marked by the battles of the Civil war. The souls of many Catholic soldiers took their flight there, and there are few to breathe a prayer for their souls. Within a radius of twenty miles of this little church of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin are the battlefields of Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and that of the Wilderness.

The Catholic Church Extension Society secured the donation of five hundred dollars from a reverend benefactor, in answer to the appeal for gifts for the poor missions of our country. A priest sent the Society a check for that amount.

Among the students of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, is Baron Liliencrants, a Princeton, M. A. and convert.

At Jamestown, N. Dakota, a \$36,000 church has been erected.

The new Mercy Hospital at Tyndin, O., was dedicated by the Bishops of Toledo and Grand Rapids.

Father Arnold of Peru, Ind., is now the Army's youngest chaplain. His people in Peru furnish him with his army-chaplain outfit.

In Sacramento there has been organized a Catholic Immigration Bureau to assist Catholics in establishing themselves near poor missions of our country. A church center. This Bureau has the aid and sanction of Bishop Grace.

"The Menace," Scab Sheet

"The Menace," the anti-Catholic sheet, launched by Julius A. Weyland, who also owned The Appeal to Reason and committed suicide recently, has come out with a private edition which is intended for the initiated only. The Live Issue has repeatedly exposed The Menace. This vile sheet is a scab paper. Any union man who supports it violates the principle of his cause to patronize only union products. In an item recently sent out by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, we read the following concerning The Menace:

"In the article entitled 'The Menace and the Union Label,' the editors make a feeble attempt to reply to the query 'Why doesn't The Menace bear the Union Label?' a question that had been put to The Menace by a number of trade union papers. They try to persuade their readers that they have only three composers and one printer-pressman in their employ, who could come into consideration as possible members of a union. Mind you: four men handling an edition of allegedly 480,000 copies in the same issue are shown several pictures, one of them representing 'our two big Goez pressmen in action.' Everyone can readily imagine that one pressman can not possibly run two presses alone!"—The Live Issue.

Subscriptions
The best congratulatory thing for the Catholic press is a subscription. It grows tiresome to read all the nice things said of the Catholic press, the resolutions of support of Catholic societies, the "perpetual mission in the parish," the terrible things that have happened to French and Portuguese Catholics, who neglected their Catholic press, a wonderful achievement of German Catholics, since they supported and spread their Catholic press. All this is good, excellent, reads and sounds well, and lifts the Catholic thought in the heart. The subscription is the only thing that will make the Catholic press pulsate with life, vigor and vim. Words but beat the empty air. Words are always thick as leaves in the fall; the subscription is rare.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Foe of Drink
The late Patrick Ford, editor of The Irish World, was an uncompromising foe of drink as he was of English misrule, and he never gave space to liquor advertisements in his paper. It is interesting to read the following declarations and policy: "My father was a total abstainer, and I have always been one. I felt that next to England, whiskey was the enemy of my race, and during the years in which I have been running The Irish World I have never allowed a single line of liquor advertisement in its columns."—Newark Monitor.

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