

# The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-fifth Year, No. 10

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, Dec. 5, 1913.

\$1.00 Per Year, In Advance

## After Long Years

Mrs. Morar surveyed the priest with a painful kind of curiosity and wonder. He was of the faith which had cost her so dear. There was nothing about him to suggest the tyrant of Free Kirk imaginings, the fetters of Rome, the iron heel of a despotic priestic hood. He appeared to be simply a tall, slight young man, with calm, clear gray eyes, and a mild and peaceful countenance. She gazed at him steadfastly. Was it outside the limits of possibility that somewhere, some time, he had met or heard of Elsie?

"What is his name, nurse?" "Father Alan Mackinnon. He is the son of a famous Edinburgh lawyer, and half, if not wholly, a Highlander, too."

"I should like to speak to him," said Mrs. Morar, slowly, and then her lips took a resolute curve. "But I should prefer to call him plain 'Mister,' because he is not my father according to the flesh nor is he my spiritual father; and the Bible says we are to call no man 'father.'"

"His Reverence wouldn't mind, as you belong to one of the denominations," said the nurse. She thought that calling him "Mister" did not make him any the less a priest. He was a favorite with most people, whatsoever their creed. She had had experience of his gift of imparting fortitude and cheerfulness to others, and she hoped that he might scatter some of the gloom gathering round this fragile old patient.

"Has he a Kirk of his own, nurse? He looks too young to be set above other people. But the ways of Romanism are unlike ours."

"Oh, he has been long ordained, and is only curate at one of the city churches! It is built in a slum, as most Roman Catholic churches here are. We Protestants have to admit that the priest live amongst their poor, haven't we? Before I came to this institution, I was on district duty; and I saw Father Mackinnon on what I may call district duty, too. It was a revelation. I shall never think ill of priests again, after what I have seen him do for the most wretched of persons—at their beck and call night and day ministering to unfortunate creatures afflicted with all sorts of loathsome diseases. What a life for a young man who, as the only son of a wealthy father, might be taking his fill of pleasure and ease! But that is the life he chose, and in the choice and in the life there seems to be something Christlike."

"You will be turning Romanist yourself, nurse."

"Not I. As a matter of fact, I haven't much time to think about such things. But I know a really good man when I see one."

Mrs. Morar closed her eyes, and between the lids was the glitter of tears. Could any good come out of Rome? Had Elsie been won over by something which the nurse's words indicated—some high example, some saintly sacrifice of self—not, as had been thought, by gorgeous ceremonies and rich music and the flattery of social superiors?

"Ask him not to go away without speaking to me, if he can spare the time," she said; and the nurse consented, knowing that she could ask any favor of Father Mackinnon.

Not even the most bitter bigot could have denied him possession of a winning kindness of speech and manner. At first Mrs. Morar was conscious of an inward recoil from him, of distrust and suspicion which had their roots in the old prejudice; but those who were swept away by the floodtide would like to think that Mary of another feeling impossible to His Mother knows too, and pitied or account for. He spoke only a few words of sympathy, at Cana, if she was sorry then admired the white heather, quoted a rhyme of an old poet in connection with it—nothing more; yet the desolate heart had thrilled and glowed as if his mere voice had some strange power.

"Do you think it is right for children to leave the religion of their father, Mr. Mackinnon?"

"Yes, should they find that that religion is not the true one. Would there have been any Christians if the Apostles had not left the religion of their fathers?"

"It was right for them to do so, because the Lord Himself called them."

"As He calls others today. He tells us that He will. You remember His words? 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice; and they shall be one fold and one Shepherd.'"

"A person might mistake another voice for His?"

"Ah, no! The voice of the Good Shepherd is too clear, too sweet, too compelling. When He calls, one bows."

She lay silent for a time, her hands pressed hard together.

"I am very, very lonely," she said; there was a mute, pathetic entreaty in her eyes that touched the heart of the gentle priest.

"Have you no friends in Glasgow, no relatives anywhere who could come to see you?"

"None. My husband has duties to attend to, and he is a long way off. We have outlived all our relatives—except Elsie. She was my daughter, my only one. Year ago she left us. She married, and we do not know even her name now, nor whether she is living or dead. I'd give all that's left to me of life to see her again. My heart is breaking. If you can do anything to comfort a poor, lonely, sorrowing old creature, won't you do it?"

He looked at her with a compassion so beautiful, a sympathy so entire, that she marveled. For he thought how, through no fault of her own, this sincere and reverent soul had been deprived of the treasures of consolation that the Church can give to her meanest child.

"Will you, can you do anything for me?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he replied very simply and quietly. "I will ask the Queen of suffering mothers, her who stood by the Cross of her only Son, to pray for you. And I know that she will."

At that point the surgeon entered the ward. Consequently all visitors had to retire; so Father Mackinnon deferred the question he had been about to ask. Mrs. Morar thought over what he had said, and presently opened her Testament—which was always at hand, for she was a diligent searcher of the Scriptures. Still, she had never until today "searched" with the definite object in view of ascertaining what the Word of God said about the Mother of Christ, whose name is on the first page of the Gospel story.

"They found the Child with Mary His Mother." How lovely and tender a picture those few words presented! Even He, Divine Redeemer of the world, had once been a helpless infant dependent on mother love and care. "They have no wine." That simple statement, that was not even a request, sufficed for Him; His Mother made it, and in response He wrought His first miracle, though His hour had not yet come. "And His Mother saith: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." That precept, if followed, meant the attainment of perfection; it was an all-sufficient motto for a Christian life. "Now, there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." A hot mist blotted out what followed; she read no more, but pondered the fact that at last as at first, they found the Child with Mary His Mother.

"God knows my sorrow!" Heloise Morar murmured to herself, suspicion which had their roots in the old prejudice; but those who were swept away by the floodtide would like to think that Mary of another feeling impossible to His Mother knows too, and pitied or account for. He spoke only a few words of sympathy, at Cana, if she was sorry then admired the white heather, quoted a rhyme of an old poet in connection with it—nothing more; yet the desolate heart had thrilled and glowed as if his mere voice had some strange power.

She broke off in sudden terror. Whither were her thoughts leading her? How pitiable is the fear that God will be offended if we love His Blessed Mother, and believe that He will hear her prayers as well as our own!

Mrs. Morar was better and looked brighter when next Father Mackinnon saw her. She told him that he had done her good, though it would have puzzled her to say how.

"I wonder if it would not be possible to trace your daughter?" he said. "Since you told me, I have been thinking over the matter, and would like to ask you for a few details. Something might be done to ascertain at least what has become of her."

"She went over to your Church," said Mrs. Morar, eagerly, "though she was brought up a Presbyterian, like her father and me. He is a good man, but he was angry with her for becoming a Romanist, and would have no more to do with her. You see, he thought—"

She paused, with a faint flush in her sunken cheeks. It was not possible to tell this young priest what her husband believed of the Catholic religion and its priesthood. But Father Mackinnon understood. He knew, too, what conversion often entails on the convert.

"If you will tell me her name, I will try what can be done to trace her," he said tactfully, ignoring the other's confusion.

"Elsie Morar."

"I thought your name was Murray!" he exclaimed.

"We are Morars of Glenbine," she replied proudly.

She wondered why he looked at her so intently, why his color ebbed and flowed, why he made a slight gesture with his right hand—the Sign of the Cross, had she but known—and bent his head for a moment.

"I should like," he said, speaking less clearly and distinctly than usual, "to bring my mother to see you. She visited Glenbine not a great while since."

As she left the ward he put a question to the nurse, who promptly answered.

"Quite the contrary. A little excitement will do her good. What she wants is something to rouse her out of continual fretting."

A day later a stately matron, with deep, soft eyes and dark hair touched with silver, stood at Helen Morar's bedside. As the eyes of each met, she sank on her knees with hands outstretched, and the thrilling music of a thousand fond recollections was in her voice:

"Mother—mother dearest! Thank God for sparing you to me!"

Thus, after long years, were mother and daughter restored to each other.

When her own child had been born, Elsie had tried to find her parents, hoping that the innocent little one might be the instrument of reconciliation. But, as they had left Glenbine for an obscure village, and had told no one of their destination, the quest had been in vain. Nevertheless, through the child, now grown to manhood and "serving the altar" had come the reconciliation.

"My grandson a priest! I never thought to see such a thing," said James Morar, grimly; though he had shed tears of joy over Elsie. Other things he had never thought to see were in store for him. His frown would have been darker and grimmer still had any prophet told him at that moment that his wife would follow Elsie into the fold, that he himself would receive from the anointed hand of the priest that Bread which is the life of the world. Yet these things were to be. With such magnificent bounty was the appeal to "Mary His Mother" to be answered.—Mary Cross in the Ave-Maria.

## Weekly Church Calendar

2d Sunday of Advent

- S 7—St. Ambrose, Bp.
- M 8—Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M. (day of obligation)
- W 10—St. Leocadia, V. M.
- Th 11—St. Melchisedech, P. C.
- Th 11—St. Damasus
- F 12—Our Lady of Guadalupe
- S 13—St. Lucy, V. M.

## News From Ireland

**Armagh.**  
The Lurgan Town Council is considering a scheme for lighting the town by electricity. The cost of the plant and installation is estimated at \$60,000.

**Cavan.**  
Mr. Levin has been appointed permanent clerk of the County Cavan Insurance committee at a salary of \$60 per year.

**Mrs. Balfour.** aged 80 years, who resided with her brother, a farmer, at Teamore, three miles from Belturbet, was found drowned in a well close to the house.

At a very large and enthusiastic public meeting at Ennis, addresses were presented to the distinguished Clare man, Dr. Clune, Bishop of Perth, on the eve of his return to Australia.

James Byrne has sold his farm and residence, known as Wallstown Castle, near Castlebar, to J. Crowley of Mill St., for \$3,700.

**Derry.**  
While attending to one of his own horses recently, John Simpson, a well known blacksmith, residing at Crindle, Myroe, near Limavady, was violently kicked by the animal in the abdomen. Simpson died next day.

**Donegal.**  
Married—With nuptial mass, at St. Mura's church, Fahan, by the Rev. Father McConnelore, C. C. James, youngest son of the late Michael Bonner, Ludden, Buncrana, to Mary Jane, second daughter of the late Arthur Carter, Rooskey, Fahan.

John Grogan, Town Hall, Blackrock, has been appointed poor rate collector of Blackrock.

Very Rev. Canon Baxter of Clondakin observed the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on October 25.

The late Lieutenant Colonel Vessey Davoren, Seaview terrace, Donnybrook, formerly a member of the South Dublin Guardians, left estate valued at \$11,388.

On Sunday, October 26, the Church of the Sacred Heart, Bono, was opened and solemnly dedicated by the Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

**Kerry.**  
On the morning of Oct. 30 the licensed premises of George Fitzgerald, Main street, Castleisland, were completely burned to the ground.

**Kilkenny.**  
Kilkenny corporation has applied for a loan of \$10,750 to carry out a scheme of 53 houses for working classes.

**Leitrim.**  
Mohill Guardians have granted an increase in salary of \$10 per year to Nurse McDonough of the Carrigallen dispensary district.

**Louth.**  
Miss E. Quinn, Castle avenue, Clontarf, has been appointed night nurse in the Dundalk Union.

**Mayo.**  
Dr. Murray has resigned his position as medical officer of Charlestown dispensary district, owing to ill health.

Patrick O'Donnell, a herd at a farm at Balina, died from injuries sustained by being trampled upon and gored by an infuriated heifer, the property of Jas. Massey of Ballycastle.

**Monaghan.**  
The Road Board had decided to grant Dunshaughlin Rural council another sum of \$1,000, making a total of \$3,000, for road improvements in the district.

**Monaghan.**  
A valuable specimen of an Irish elk's head has been found near Clonee.

**Tipperary.**  
The farm at Ballycorane, near Thurles, held by the late Mrs. Mary Desmond O'Brien, has been sold to John Fogarty, Leugh, for \$700 and auction fees.

## Appeal for Catholic Defense Against Socialist Attack

The ever active organization of German Catholic Societies, The Central Verein [Temple Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.] is arranging a second trans-continental lecture tour for Mr. David Goldstein to begin the first of January. Last year on his return, Mr. Goldstein had traveled 9,760 miles and had filled engagements in nearly all the States from Maine to California. The large number of these dates were financed upon a Book Plan. Many thousands of copies of "Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children" were thus put into circulation. This book is said to be a perfect arsenal of information in defense of the Church against the assaults of Socialism.

The Boston School of Political Economy (468 Massachusetts Av., Boston, Mass.) is out with a new pamphlet in the interest of this second country-wide tour. The pamphlet outlined plans whereby with a little effort, the services of the lecturer may be had free of expenses for railroad fare, hotel bill, or a personal fee; and at the same time greatly enforce the lecturer's work by the circulation of solid Catholic literature. The pamphlet contains many appreciations of David Goldstein's work which seems to bear out the statement of a great ecclesiastic that he is "providentially fitted" for the work.

The subjects listed in the pamphlet is as follows:

1. Socialism From an Economic Standpoint;
2. Socialism and Religion;
3. Socialism and the Family;
4. Trade Unions; Their Foundation, Achievements, Dangers and Prospects;
5. From Socialism to the Church: Why I am a Catholic;
6. Leo XIII and the Labor Problem.

Single lectures may be had, or a course of lectures with a debate at the end of it if so desired.

The Book-plan for financing lectures is a commendable one. It has made possible the circulation of 25,000 copies thus far. We are advised that The Socialists have never attempted to answer the charges set forth in this book against their doctrine. And amongst themselves the Socialists complain that Mr. Goldstein's work scatters their forces—that it frightens away probable recruits.

## Fourth Degree Assembly

The fourth degree assembly of Knights of Columbus gave a dance at the Rochester Club last week Friday. Leinen's Orchestra of ten pieces furnished music. Sixty couples were in attendance.

The affair marked the opening of the Rochester Club's new ball room, put in after the fire that gutted the rear of the building. The room was beautifully decorated with emblems of the order and flowers. The favors for men were gilt match boxes and the women received small memorandums of similar design.

The grand march was the feature of the evening. It was led by Dr. and Mrs. James T. McGovern. Small parades of flowered paper were passed to the women. Master and Mrs. Wm. T. Connor, District Deputy and Mrs. Thomas E. Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Powers and Dr. J. Henry Carey and sister were among the first couples.

## Order of Alhambra

Vice Grand Commander W. A. Marakis presided at the meeting last Wednesday in the absence of Commander J. P. MacSweeney. After the business of the evening was concluded those present enjoyed a pedro party. Several good prizes were awarded and lunch was served.

**E. O. W. Pedro Club.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Garvey entertained the E. O. W. pedro club last Tuesday evening. Prizes were won by Mrs. Cuney and Mr. Tobin.

## Catholic News Notes

In the church today there are twelve different and distinct religious congregations of the Heart of Mary.

A beautiful piece of tapestry representing the Crucifixion is now on the east wall of St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia. It is a gift of the late John G. Wasmuth, a convert.

Boston has an "A. Kemmle Circle," an organization of women for advancement in the knowledge and practice of the tenets of religion.

A Catholic night school is to be opened in Fall River by Rev. Francis J. Bradley, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral.

In the Altoona diocese, Pennsylvania, the corner-stones for a \$75,000 church, in that city, was blessed by Bishop Garvey on the 26th ult.

The Catholics of Manchester, N. H., are planning a Bradley Memorial High School and a new gymnasium. The school is to face Tremont Common.

During the past year 37,028 immigrants reached our shores from Ireland.

The spacious monastery, recently completed by the Passionist fathers at St. Paul, Kan., has been blessed and opened by St. Rev. P. Nussbaum, D. D., C. P., Bishop of Corpus Christi.

St. Mercy Academy, Buffalo, N. Y., took fire. The Mother Superior discovered the flames, telephoned for the fire department. Three hundred girls students and 30 Sisters rushed into the street. Loss \$30,000.

Two nuns, Sister Euphemia, of the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, and Sister Mary Jane, of the New Orleans Orphan Asylum, were buried within twenty-four hours of each other recently in New Orleans. Both were natives of Virginia.

The old historic Church of St. Rose of Lima, in New Orleans, has been totally destroyed by fire. Loss about \$25,000.

The home of Michigan's war governor, Austin Blair, at Jackson, has been sold to Fr. Callaghan, pastor of St. Mary's parish. A hospital costing \$100,000 will be built on the site.

A new church is to be built in the University district of San Diego, Cal., to be known as St. Justina.

The Bishop of Trenton has purchased for \$21,000 a site for an additional orphan asylum to cost \$50,000.

The new parish school of the Precious Blood, Philadelphia, has been dedicated by Most Rev. E. F. Prendergast.

Boston is sixty per cent Catholic. The Mayor says the city has no vice problem as vice problems are known elsewhere.

The Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Vancouver, B. C., will, in the future, be the pro-Cathedral of the archdiocese.

The people of Vancouver have presented their Archbishop, Mgr. Casey, with a superb palace, in the finest part of the city, to live in.

His Holiness the Pope has appointed the Very Rev. Jesuit Father Caterini, nephew of the late Cardinal Caterini, rector of the Gregorian University, Rome.

Let us do your job printing.