

# The Catholic Journal.

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## Father Cyrin's Prayer

It came to pass one summer morning, when the Kentucky sun was especially fiery and had absorbed all the moisture from the suffering plants that Aunt Catherine tempted Father Cyrin's appetite with various eatable creations and was downcast in spirit because the priest failed to appreciate her culinary efforts in his usual hearty manner.

"An egg this morning, Father? The dominecker hid her nest away and I had the good fortune to find it this last evening. How can I cook you one of these lovely eggs, Father?"

The priest's head was bowed on his folded hands and he did not seem to hear. Aunt Catherine started to repeat her question when Father Cyrin lifted dull eyes to her and said softly: "not now, Catherine, not now, thank you."

"Milk and cheese, then, Father?"

"No. Nothing but a cup of black coffee. No sugar. No cream."

As she bustled away she shook her head disconsolately. "The Lord be merciful! Father has not eaten the makings of a grasshopper these five days, and it's wilful murder, or a fever, and which?"

Even the black coffee was partaken of sparingly, and when the housekeeper gave a look into the gloomy depths of the half-drained cup, she gave a mighty sigh, crossed herself and began a prayer to defend the faithful priest against all the ills that flesh is ere to. Meanwhile the poor Father was stumbling toward the church, his head heavy and given to strange ringing sounds, his eyes played him curious tricks, and when he lifted his foot for the vestry step, he miscalculated and his teeth clattered with the force of the misstep.

"I must have cobwebs in my brain," he thought. Later on he came to the cool shade of the gallery: "Let me sleep, Aunt Catherine, unless it is a case of life or death," and he stretched out on the bench in the shade of the thick-foliated wistaria vines.

"I wonder if he is going to be very sick?" murmured Aunt Catherine, with a worried frown.

"Look at the caterpillars! I know they will crawl all over him if he stays here."

The priest was sound asleep, and as the housekeeper passed in and out about her work, she right-about faced many a husky caterpillar bent on finding a home in the cool vines via Father Cyrin. Kentucky was overrun with these furry creatures this summer, they even crawled into the wells, but Catherine, ever wise and thoughtful, screened their water supply carefully.

"If he is not awake in half an hour—" Catherine shook her head and studied the heated face, frowning brow and heavy breathing of the priest.

"Father Cyrin!" she cried in a panic. "Wake up this minute! What is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered the priest, partially aroused. "I need rest, I must rest, rest—" his voice trailed off into a sleepy whisper.

Aunt Catherine whisked her sunbonnet off the peg and was away, across the road to the academy before one could say Jack Robinson.

"Mother Angela," she cried, "come look at the worry over to the house. He is sick, bad sick. Get a doctor, do, Mother. What will I do with a sick man on my hands, a priest at that, and that priest Father Cyrin!"

Mother Angela, used to Catherine's innumerable worries, deliberately betook herself to the liberatory room and selected some lemonade, a shady stream, a mountain in Extension, told the overseer to carry her to the rectory, and followed are! But with it all, he spread the sound of Aunt Catherine's out his thin hands in a hopeless clinking heels on the brick walk gesture, "I do know I need rest, until idleness would force me to weary of it." Aunt Catherine was sprinkling J.

around the clustering wistaria to the shaded bench and found it to have some of it in her voice empty. Aunt Catherine's lower jaw fell into the bosom of her doctor.

"God forbid!" murmured Father Cyrin, leaving the door as the housekeeper lifted the lid from the odoriferous cabbage.

Novenas were being made for rain, and men and women who usually came to the chapel as if dragged by chains, now came fervently, and farmers, whose crops were in danger of crinkling into failures, prayed zealously, believing, for the flood-gates of heaven to open the bleached fields of the just and the unjust.

Tobacco growers, whose knees were rusty, creaked into prayerful postures, and the favorite patron saints were besieged with prayers for their earnest intercession. The close of one of these novenas was near at hand, and, in spite of Father Cyrin's surcharged head and overtaxed body, he threw himself heart and soul before the altar in behalf of the supplicants. The children were praying, too, with perfect faith and cheerful voices, believing, and rightfully, that to ask was to receive.

But underneath the fervent ardor of his prayers, Father Cyrin could not deny a secondary attention to the lassitude of his limbs, the heavy feeling in his head, the sparks of white fire that danced evasively around the temple corners of his heavy-lidded eyes. He was always sleepy, sluggish, forcing himself into a briskness that made him feel as if an iron wagon were hitched to him, but, above all, under all, in all, sublimely certain that God would hear the prayers of His people and send the rain, and what did his small personal ills matter beside the workings of God's providence.

Today as he walked toward the back gate, south, his distended nostrils quivered with a half-hidden knowledge of some new quality in the air; he looked off at the distant wood that seemed to waver in the heatwaves. What was the indefinite disturbing element? As he leaned against the gate and looked out over the fields, the knowledge came to him gradually that all the sensitive plants had folded their leaves together until they looked like skeletons. Nature had hung out her weather signals. The import of it surged into all Father Cyrin's being, and eagerly he scanned the molten sky. Where could any verification of his hopes be found? Ah, there! far in the southwest, a flat, long cloud, no broader than a slender ribbon, darkened into a purple bank, and as a lazy first sigh of wind came over the pastures, a faint growl of thunder came to his ears. At the same moment the Angelus sounded, and with bared head Father Cyrin came to the altar, tears of happiness on his pale cheeks.

"Rest?" he murmured. "Why it is here! I am myself again in this blessed promise."

Presently he called the housekeeper to the kitchen door. "Look, Aunt Catherine," and he pointed to the southwest. She looked over her glasses, seeing only the blaze of the sunset heat. "Isn't it awful?" she said.

"No, no. There to the southwest," Aunt Catherine narrowed her eyes and gazed and gazed when all at once the widening purple, the persistent blaze of light in its center, like a pale eye do everything that doesn't come opening and shutting, caught her under the head of duty, and the eyes, and lifting her arms high to heaven, she exclaimed joyously as a roar of thunder clamored to future castigation. Just now when I was trying to find a better and sweeter chord to the ward Father Cyrin and caught beautiful Salve Regina, all sorts the look of exaltation in his eyes of impossible and irreverent and mistaking it for self-congratulations went scurrying through my head, until, perforce, I gave words at him—"Don't you feel up the recital of my favorite, too proud about this, Father. The Half forgotten events of the past whole neighborhood has been called offscouring through my praying," and she added a pre-erme's innumerable worries, de-brain, and I find that each is a recurring thought of some cool liberatory room and selected some lemonade, a shady stream, a mountain in Extension, told the overseer to carry her to the rectory, and followed are! But with it all, he spread the sound of Aunt Catherine's out his thin hands in a hopeless clinking heels on the brick walk gesture, "I do know I need rest, until idleness would force me to weary of it." Aunt Catherine was sprinkling J.

salt and pepper, and she seemed to have some of it in her voice when she answered: "You need a doctor."

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## Weekly Church Calendar

Second Sunday in Lent

Gospel, St. Matt. xviii, 1-9

S. 8 St. John of God, C.

M. 9 St. Frances of Rome, W.

T. 10 The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste

W. 11 St. Eulogius, P. M. Fast

Th. 12 St. Gregory the Great, P. C. D.

F. 13 The Spear and Nails Fast

S. 14 St. Mathilda, Q.

A Tribute to Father James H. Day

The rector of the Charleston, S. C., Cathedral, writes thus with reference to the death of Father Day.

What an appalling event, the death of our beloved friend Father Day!

I cannot imagine how you who were so near and dear to him must feel, but I can get some idea, at least when I say I do not remember ever to have received such a shock as that felt by the reading of Father Disseti's letter bearing the news. What a marvelous man he was! so big of heart and big of mind, and so Christlike in his soul, and in talents, how gifted and versatile!

Truly none could know him without loving him. I never can forget his gracious courtesy and princely hospitality to the poor unknown struggling student who went to Danville seeking health and first met this ideal man of God, the typed, no the real, true golden-hearted Christian gentleman, a man who must ever remain to all who knew him an inspiration to higher, better nobler things. May his soul rest forever in peace. J. D. Budda.

## Funeral of Mrs. Fisher

The funeral of Mrs. Theresa Fisher took place from the Blessed Sacrament Church Saturday morning, Feb. 28th. The solemn requiem mass was sung by Rev. William Kessel, rector of St. Joseph's church, assisted by Rev. Thomas F. Connors, deacon, and Rev. A. M. O'Neill, subdeacon. In the sanctuary were the following priests: Rev. Father Bresnahan, of St. Bridget's church; Rev. A. A. Hughes, of Holy Rosary; Rev. C. Cappallo, of St. Anthony's; Rev. J. E. Masseth, of Blessed Sacrament and Rev. W. P. Ryan, of Clifton Springs.

The pall bearers were W. F. Shafer, Ed. Fien, F. Stupp, L. Zuerger, John Engert and Lon Kimpal. The body was interred in Holy Sepulchre cemetery. Rev. Dr. Cowan officiated at the grave assisted by Father Connors and O'Neill.

Many friends attended the mass. The Boys' Choir furnished music.

## 37,973 Irish Land

The number of immigrants from Ireland landed at New York during 1913 was 37,973, equal to one-half the population of Alaska, an increase of more than 3,000 over the preceding year, according to the report of Michael F. McDermott, president of the Irish Emigrant Society. Of this number more than 11,000 elected to remain in the state, while 6,600 went to live in Massachusetts.

These home-seekers brought \$1,985,703.

## Buffalo's Cathedral

Like some beautiful dream come true, is the new white marble Cathedral of the diocese of Buffalo, says The Union & Times. Because of its present status of progress, its noble lines and stately height afford almost the pleasure which the edifice will, when completed. Indeed, the exterior is now finished, if we except the tower-spires; the double towers have attained to the last belfry, 150 feet; their tips will rise to the grand height of 262 feet.

Bishop Colton plans to celebrate the first mass in the new Cathedral on Easter Sunday of next year.

## Catholic News Notes

Among the passengers of the steamer Cobequid, wrecked in a terrible storm near Nova Scotia, were Sister Baptista and another Sister of Mercy. They were saved.

The Pope has conferred the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great on Charles W. Hamilton, of Omaha, and on James Shevlin, of Brooklyn.

Our Irish-born population is somewhat over two million.

In the Universal Church there are to-day 1,066 Sees with residential Bishops, and 370 titular Sees having titular Archbishops, Bishops, vicars-apostolic and delegates-apostolic.

Father J. M. Cauley has been appointed the head of the Erie, Pa., City Planning Commission.

The St. Patrick's Chapel in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Minn., will be a grand one.

On the 7th of next August, the great Jesuit Order will gratefully celebrate the centenary of its restoration by Pius VII.

"We are the worst nation morally in the world except Japan," says Bishop Muldoon.

It is pointed out that our American College in Rome sends back to this country from 20 to 30 fluent Italian speakers every year, who can supply the increasing Italian spiritual wants.

In the whole Church, at present, are 1,437 Bishops.

An imposing, cathedral-like stone edifice is the renovated church of the Holy Family in Buffalo, the city of imposing Catholic edifices.

The Bishop of Crookston, Minn., Messrs. Corbett, has issued a lengthy pastoral on social duties.

The Leo House, the German emigrants' home in New York, will shortly celebrate its jubilee. Then the beginning will be made to build a new and larger house.

Bishop William Turner of Galloway, Scotland, is dead at the age of 70 years.

In Dublin, Ireland, there is a church named Adam and Eve's Church, The Franciscan Fathers' pastorate.

In Prussia, 2,383,000 children are attending Catholic schools; in the Protestant schools are 3,815,000.

The census of Palermo, Sicily, just taken, gives that city 345,247 souls.

The church of St. Anthony at Ferrar, Italy, has been robbed to the extent of many thousand dollars.

The famous Basilica and Shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde, at Marseilles, France, will this year celebrate its seventh century.

In Germany the Church is growing and Protestantism is declining.

In Mexico City on the 18th ult., 5,000 people went in procession to the great Cathedral there to beg of God peace for their distracted country.

In England, of late, seven Catholic mayors have been elected.

In Australia Catholics are contending valiantly for religion in education.

A joke should not be carried too far.

## News From Ireland

**Married.**—January 14, at Castleblinnet, James, third son of John Thompson, Gloster, Roscrea, to Jennie, youngest daughter of William Wynne, Stratford Lodge, Clonsilla.

**At Ennis Quarter Sessions.** Michael Guerin, Knockacarrin, Dysart, was awarded \$80 damages and \$30 costs for the recent burning of a rick of hay containing twenty-one tons.

P. E. Kenneally has been re-elected chairman of the Ennis Urban Council.

The Guardians of the Inishowen Union have granted a superannuation allowance of \$9 to 6d to Thomas Gallagher, the late porter of the workhouse.

Councillor Lorcan Sherlock has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Galway Harbor Board has under consideration a scheme to deepen the entrance channel of the harbor and enlarge the docking facilities. The cost is estimated at \$50,000.

Dr. Casey, Carna, has been elected medical officer of the Clifden Dispensary and workhouse.

Deep regret was caused by the death of Mrs. Ellen Delany, widow of the late P. Delany, of Kenmare, which occurred recently at the residence of her daughter, Miss Nora Delany, principal teacher of Athcull, N. S.

Captain Matopia, U.S. A., who is at present engaged in a world's walking tour, arrived in Newbridge on January 24, where he saw George A. Sarright, town clerk, and received, on his producing certain documents the necessary stamp of the commissioners with signature.

Councillor Magennis has been elected mayor of Kilkenny, succeeding Alderman Purcell.

Birr-Board of Guardians have appointed Miss K. Kilmartin, the only applicant, to the matronship in room of her mother, resigned after 27 years service.

**Married.**—January 12, at St. Kevin's church, Harrington St., Dublin, by the Rev. Father Tuher, Francis Hugh, seventh son of William and Mrs. O'Connor, South Circular road, Dublin, to Nora, eldest daughter of Patrick and Mrs. Ryan, Glenlara, Kiltinane, Limerick.

The death took place recently of Mrs. John Kelly of Derragran at the ripe age of 88 years.

Alderman John O'Callaghan has been re-elected Mayor of Drogheda.

Captain George Knaggs of Correderry, Louth, and John J. Russell, Ballygannon, have been sworn, respectively high sheriff and under sheriff of the county.

M. P. Judge, who had been principal of Loughkeeran school in the Kiltinagh district, has retired on full pension.

Died.—January 22, Miss J. Sweeney, Clonsilla house, Castlearea.—January 19, Thomas Forry, Brislagh, aged 59 years.

The people of the United parishes of Powerstown and Lirongagh have started a movement to raise funds to erect a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Hannigan, for thirty-three years pastor of the parish.

Mrs. Catherine Smyth of Ballinahatty, Omagh, mother of Rev. Michael Smyth, C.C., Long Tower, Derry, died on January 25.

Died.—January 23, Mrs. Mary Drohan, Crough.