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More Desired Than Gold.

Continued from last week

His low, earnest voice, rich in feeling, overflowed the small cabin-space and floated outward in lingering waves of sound, that were tenderly lost on the warm, sun-pierced air, John heard him saying:

"And because we know this, that He gave us life to love and glorify Him—just for this, my children; not to hunt or fish, one better than another, or to have finer coverings; and since we say we love Him, how can we make known our love for this Great God? When his voice calls us, not in the thunder of the water, but by His strong angel, Death, we must each be able to say as we stand before His face, 'I loved Thee, Great Father, and I loved all men because Thou madest them my brothers.' I am an old man, my children; I shall soon hear my Father's strong angel calling me, and I say that my heart is heaviest when I remember the unkindness done to my brethren—'For listen' my children,' he bent forward and said in low, thrilling tones, 'He loves each one of us, and He died to save each one of us, and His loved ones quarrels grieve His great Father Heart."

"When we sadden our brother's heart we say to ourselves, 'Our brother has not always acted well toward us; it is good he should know that badness must be punished.' And another day we say to the Lord God of Heaven, who can send us joy or sorrow. 'O God! we have done wrong in Thy eyes, but we love Thee. Have pity on us, Your poor children!' But God will say: 'Have pity and kindness for your brother-man; then I will pity you, and gather you about me in my Heaven,' where I pray the All-Father that we, His children, may meet in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

He turned to the altar. Ka Kinouapitch, the old chief, rose from his place in front. The slight stoop of his tall form was more noticeable than usual. He softly crossed the little room and stopped before Wapanipich, his nephew, and his bitter enemy for more than eight months. Wapanipich, erect and agile, sprang up. His chief's keen eyes were looking kindly at him from out the immobile, old face.

"Nikanis?" (Brother?) The old Indian said it softly, questioningly.

Wapanipich placed his hand in the dusky, outstretched palm; the white man's hand-clasp was the seal of their reconciliation. The Wapanipich lowered his eyes, and his head dropped slightly forward; the look in the old chief's eyes awoke him. Ka Kinouapitch gently released the young man's hand and returned to his place.

John caught his breath quickly. The stern old chief relaxing to seek a reconciliation with one who was his inferior in rank, and who, moreover bore no good reputation among his kindred! John Eliot was amazed at what he saw. A queer, choking sensation filled his breast, as though something within had suddenly expanded and was pressing to burst its confines. The burden of the priest's discourse seemed still to float on the silence about him: "God loves you; love God." Again an ecstasy of love thrilled him and even his strong form trembled. He stepped outside and walked, nay, glided down the hill. His heart pulsed fiercely; his mind was a very chaos of new, burning thoughts that rushed in upon him and set him distracted.

The little dark beings wondered why the good white man did not smile upon them as he passed, or even look at them as they held up to him fragrant branches of wild roses. Their great round eyes stared after him, as he strode by the encampment and down the old trail toward the Chute.

He turned down a rugged path he himself had worn, to a favorite seat among the misshapen granite boulders opposite the foot of the rapids. He dropped into the rocky seat and bowed his head upon his hands. He sat with them pressing firmly against his temples, endeavoring to make a world of love and beauty out of the fierce chaos of his mind. For an instant he remained in this position; then he raised his head slowly. His eyes fastened themselves on the gorge's spray-wet wall opposite him.

It was of primitive formation—the oldest of rocks, and its strong face bore the scars and seams of ages. His mind was held by it. It was before the Man-Christ came to earth—before even Adam gloriously happy in man's pristine innocence was placed in remote times, and the young torrent let through had gnawed as a cancer at the strong-set rock, and the water path grew into this deep gorge.

His glance wandered over the ranges of hills, from the brown foothills to the purple slopes that bled with the rich mid-summer sky.

"What ailed ye, O ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like the lambs of the flock?" This the soft wind murmured.

"At the presence of the Lord, the earth was moved; at the present of the God of Jacob."

He flung himself upon his knees.

"My God!"

It might have been the soft breeze sighing down the ravine; the words were scarcely articulated.

"Our God!" His voice rose glad and high in the solitude. "Mighty God of Heaven and Earth! Oh, the sweetness of Thy strength!" Then his voice died to an anguished wail. "Lord of men! have I lived more than thirty years and never felt Thee before? Where have my years gone? For in Thee is the Wisdom of ages, I have not known Thee. God—my God! Teach me; I am still a child." His voice sank to a whisper, and he steadied his shaken frame by leaning over the bare ledge of rocks beside him, a rugged prie-dieu. "Teach me, Lord of the Ages, and help me to show Thy greatness to my brother man."

He ceased speaking. His figure was motionless. No sound broke on the noonday silence; for the slow thud, thud of the waters against the base of the cliff, and their hissing turmoil in the rapids were strangely blended with the silence, and formed part of it.

That night a worn old missionary and an eager young man kept a long vigil in the lonely northern fort.

The following night the Indians celebrated the baptism of their young babes and the marriages that had taken place that morning. The leaping flames of their high-piled fires drove back the fringing darkness and mocked the faint starlight. The merry clamor of the youthful Indians was brought across on the fresh night breeze to John Eliot, as he knelt in his room, and gave thanks for the new, surpassing happiness the morning had brought to him—his first reception of the Body of the Lord God made man.

Presently he went to the low window and, sliding it back in its casing, looked out. Before the dusky background of the hills the fires flamed up and discolored the wigwams of the merry band. Their loud mirth did not jar upon his devout mood. He recalled the passage, "Gather up thy heart in His holiness; and drive away sadness far from thee. For sadness hath killed many, and there is no profit in it."

He was awake to a new humanity.

"Les chers enfants des bois," he said, quoting the old mission-ary. "Truly now my brothers in Christ," he added softly. The light of Easter had dawned in another heart.

There was joy in heaven that night. Another earnest soul had solved the problem of life. And rays of Divine Peace were shed about John Eliot in that northern solitude, which have since in that great outside world of action

made clear his path.—Katherine Hughes in The Catholic World.

A Brief Sketch of the Condition of Ireland in the 18th Century

Written by M. K. Fenelon

Continued from last week

The Catholics who retained any energy or ambition as well as great numbers who were simply ejected from their homes enrolled themselves in foreign service, Spain for a long time had five Irish regiments in her service and in 1760 we find an Irish regiment in the service of Naples. The Austrian army was crowded with Irish soldiers and officers, when Cremona was surprised by Eugene it was the Irish who drove back the Imperial troops. It was the Irish under Berwick and O'Mahony that contributed their full share to the defeat of the English at Almanza. Sarsfield having taken part in the glories of Steinkirk, closed his heroic career in the arms of victory at Lauden. Irish troops shared the disasters of the French at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malapquet.

It is in these quarters that the real history of the Irish Catholics during the greater part of the 18th century may be traced. At home they had sunk into torpid and degraded pariahs. Abroad there was hardly a country where Irish Exiles might not be found in positions of dignity and power. Lord Clare became marshal of France; Browne was one of the ablest Austrian generals; Maguire, Lacy and Nugent were prominent generals in the seven years war in the service of Austria, another Browne was field-marshal in Russia and governor of Riga. Peter Lacy was a Russian, Field Marshall and one of the ablest of the Czar's generals against the Turks. Of the Dillon more than one obtained high rank in French service and one of the family became Archbishop of Toulouse. The brave and impetuous Lally of Rollendal who served with such destruction at Dettingen and Fontenoy and who seriously threatened British power in distant Hindostan, was the son of a Galway squire and a member of an old Millian family (Mullaly). Among Spanish generals the names of Blake, O'Donnell, O'Mahony, O'Hara and O'Reilly sufficiently attest their nationality and an Irish Jacobite named Cammock was conspicuous among the admirals of Alberoni. In the Diplomatic service on the Continent, they also distinguished themselves. Tyrconnell was ambassador to Berlin, Lacy was Spanish ambassador at Stockholm and O'Mahony at Vienna.

These examples might easily be increased but they are sufficient to show how large a proportion of the energy and ability of Ireland was employed by foreign lands and how ruinous must have been the consequences at home. If there is any foundation for the theory of hereditary transmission of moral and intellectual qualities the removal of tens of thousands of the ablest and most energetic of its citizens from a nation must be a mere physical law, result in the degradation of a race. Nor is it necessary to fall back on any speculations of disputed science. In every community there exists a small minority of men whose abilities, high purpose and energy of will, mark them out, as in some degree, leaders of men. They take the first steps in every public enterprise, they set the standard and form the current of public opinion and infuse a healthy moral vigor into their nation. In Ireland for three or four generations, such men as these were steadily and surely weeded out. Can we wonder then that the standard of public spirit, and political morals should deteriorate, and not only were the healthiest elements driven away but corrupting influences of the most powerful kind infected those who remained.

Another system which was clear public robbery was the system of forcing a debased coinage upon Ireland. In Ireland there was no mint and the Government was in the habit of granting patents to private individuals authorizing them to coin required sums. One of these patents was so scandalous as to almost produce a revolution.

A patent for the coinage of £108,000 in copper coins was granted to the Duchess of Kendal who sold it to an English Iron merchant named Wood. By the terms of the patent 1 pound of copper was to be made into halfpence to the nominal value of 30 pence, whereas the actual value was only 12 pence. A wave of indignation swept over the country, the question was altogether dissociated from party or creed and was agitated by all classes, and Wood added to their indignation by a foolish boast that he would put the coin down the throats of the people. The Irish parliament and civic bodies voted addresses against the coinage and there was a general resolution to refuse it.

Swift, in his celebrated "Drapiers letters" took up the theme and in these letters, which are among the most perfect models of popular political argument, he poured a torrent of ridicule and caustic sarcasm upon Wood and his project and having lashed the nation into a fury he proceeded at once to a higher and more important theme.

In his famous fourth letter he reasserted with commanding power, the principles of Molyneux; claimed for the Irish Legislature the right of self government, drew with a firm and unflinching hand, the line between the prerogative of the Sovereign and the liberty of the people; laid bare the scandalous abuses of the Irish government and, urging that "government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery," struck a chord which, for the first time vibrated through every class in Ireland.

A reward of £300 was offered for the apprehension of the author of this letter, but though he was generally known no evidence could be obtained. A prosecution was directed against the printer, but the Grand Jury refused to find the bill.

All classes were united in refusing to accept the coins in payments and the passion of the people ran so high that the government was forced to withdraw the patent.

The compensation allowed to Wood for the profits he had to forego was no less than £3000 a year for eight years.

Notwithstanding, his colossal vanity, his absurd egotism, and his bitter contempt for the race and religion of the native population as well as a host of other faults of no trifling nature, in spite of all this, Ireland owes much to Swift.

No one can study with impartiality his writings and his life without perceiving that he was animated by fierce and generous hatred of injustice and by a very deep and real compassion for material suffering. Endowed by nature not only with literary talent of a high order, but also with the commanding intellect of a statesman, accustomed to live in the closest intimacy with the governing classes of the Empire he found himself in a country where popular government was reduced to a system of Jobbery where the most momentous material and moral interests were deliberately crushed by a tyranny at once blind, brutal and mean, where the people had lost all spirit of self reliance and where public opinion was unknown. He succeeded in uniting the people for great practical ends. He braced their energies; he breathed into them something of his own lofty and defiant spirit; he made them sensible of the wrongs they endured, of the rights they might claim, and of the forces they possessed and proved to them for the first time that it was possible to struggle with success within the limits of the Constitution. His principles and maxims acted as a tonic on the Irish mind, and the seed he had sown sank deeply and germinated a century later.

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To be continued.

Rev. J. H. Hickey

Former Resident of Lima Passes Away at His Home in Litchester, Maryland

Lima, March 24.—Rev. John H. Hickey, formerly of Lima, died at Litchester, Maryland, Monday morning. He was born in the city of Rochester in 1853 and was a son of the late Simon and Bridget Hickey.

The family came to Lima when he was about 6 years of age and this was his home for several years.

He was educated in Lima common schools and at Litchester College, Maryland. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1885 and belonged to the order of Redemptorists.

In the performance of his duties he had traveled extensively in the United States and Canada. His health became impaired about three years ago, since which time he gradually failed. He was a faithful priest and an upright citizen, universally esteemed.

He leaves four sisters, Miss Bridget Hickey, and Mrs. Edward Haggerty of Lima, Mrs. Catherine Harrington of Rochester, and Mrs. J. B. Stack of Washington, D. C. Funeral services were held at Litchester Thursday morning at 10 o'clock with interment in the Catholic Cemetery at that place.

Shubert Theater
"East Lynn" what memories are awakened by mention of the name!

Announcement that this great English-speaking drama and most popular novel of the century is being given a revival on more elaborate lines than anything hitherto attempted is certain to arouse widespread interest.

After many of the greatest actors of the last four decades and unfortunately, of late many lacking that distinction, have essayed to present "East Lynn," employing a seemingly endless array of versions, the most modern invention of the age, the motion picture camera—has been brought into requisition to give popular portrayal to Mrs. Henry Wood's immortal, richly emotional story of English life.

This latest of all big film features is to be presented at the Shubert Theatre all next week in three parts, showing 7000 feet of film in six reels. All seats are reserved, and the advance sale indicates large crowds will attend the opening performances Monday.

Apropos of these special Lenten Days, which are dedicated to the memory of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, comes the announcement of a magnificent presentation in natural color motion photography of "The Life of Our Saviour." He is shown from His humble Advent to His wondrous and triumphant departure.

A very important feature of the presentation is the sacred music program, which is composed of the most inspiring hymns selected from every source. The offering will be made at the Shubert Theater, week commencing Monday, April 6th. Seat sale Thursday, April 2nd. All seats will be reserved and bargain prices will prevail.

Positions For Graduates

Two pupils of the L. L. Williams Rochester Commercial School, both sons of court reporters, are preparing themselves for court work with positions ready for them as soon as their course in school has been completed; others have positions awaiting them, and applications for graduates to fill good places as teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers and general office assistants are coming to the school all the time.

The instruction in shorthand, years, an English peeress of great personal beauty, has entered the most monastic of the Poor Clares at thorough and practical character. Edinburgh, Scotland. The Order of the Poor Clares is one of the severest in the Church.

Victorian Circle Play

To Be Presented by Well-Known Amateurs for the Benefit of St. Ann's Home

The comedy "An American Citizenship," which is to be presented under the auspices of the Victorian Circle at Cathedral Hall Tuesday evening, April 14th, promises to be one of the most successful affairs the Circle has ever given. Rehearsals are being held under the direction of Miss Kathryn Burns of East High School Faculty and the play is progressing well.

Included in the cast for the play are a number of well known amateurs, among them: Edward Zimmer, Joseph Shale, Wm. Bassett, George Madigan, Albert Cleveland, John Ballard, Carl Walker, Reginald Parkhurst, Misses Margaret Schaff, Rose Dunn, Madeline Curran, Irene O'Connell, Edna McNewsey and Elizabeth O'Kane.

Catholic News Notes

Fire destroyed the historic Portuguese church of Our Lady of Good Voyage at Gloucester, Mass. Vestments and sacred vessels were consumed.

A summer home for working girls is to be built by the Seon Guild of Minneapolis at Wyahwood, Phelps Island, Lake Minnetonka, this spring.

The Archbishop of Philadelphia has appointed a committee of priests to undertake the complete renovation of the Cathedral of Philadelphia.

Mgr. Fox, Bishop of Tucson, Ariz., will go to Rome shortly after Easter.

The splendid white marble Cathedral of Buffalo will be sufficiently completed for Mass next year on Easter Sunday. Its exterior is now finished. It stands as white and beautiful as the driven snow. Its two towers are going up each 262 feet high.

Rev. Paulist Father Walter Elliot, is preaching the Lenten sermons in the Philadelphia Cathedral.

A Catholic Women Social Workers Association of Illinois has been organized in Chicago.

The new St. Peter's Orphanage in St. Marie's parish, Manchester, N. H., is expected, will soon be ready for occupancy. The next building will accommodate 200 children.

The Bishop of Sacramento, Cal., recently called a meeting of Catholic Societies to consider the project of erecting a Catholic Hall in that city.

The Lenten Pastoral of Mgr. Hartley, Bishop of Columbus, O., is on the unhappy condition in the world to-day because of the decay of religion.

Mother Mary Xavier Mehegan of Convent Station, N. J., celebrated on the 16th inst., her 80th year of age, 67th anniversary of her religious profession, and 56th anniversary as Superior of the Sisters of Charity of New Jersey.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lucy, vicar general of the diocese of Little Rock, Ark., recently received into the Church J. E. Boyce, president of the Cotton Belt Savings and Trust Company.

Julia Lady Lynden, aged 26 years, an English peeress of great personal beauty, has entered the most monastic of the Poor Clares at thorough and practical character. Edinburgh, Scotland. The Order of the Poor Clares is one of the severest in the Church.