

The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-fifth Year, No. 41.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, July 10, 1914.

51-53 Post Office Box No. 1000

A Song of Salvation

Someone was moving into the little brown house across from the church. Father Cavan, pacing up and down in his garden, carefully marked the place in his breviary and closed it for a while. A coming or a going away was an event in West Hadley. He watched the men carry in the furniture, wondering if it meant new parishioners. No one had lived there since old Mrs. Donlin died, kind old Mrs. Donlin who used to come across the street every morning in her slow, halt-

ing way to early Mass. It was a tiny scrap of a house, so it would not be a large family. And, indeed, the furniture indicated that it was not. It had a look of newness, and was scant as if only necessity had been considered. Father John could not help hoping that it would be another Mrs. Donlin, a nice old lady who would come across to Mass in the early morning. He did love to see the people coming in to greet their Lord while the day was young.

An hour later he was on his way to see a sick man at the other end of the town. Half a square beyond the little house he met the agent and a young woman to whose hand a small, big-eyed boy was clinging. The agent raised his hat and the child stared up at him, but the woman's eyes were fixed in almost terrified astonishment on the church.

"Why," he heard her say, "I did not know it was near a Catholic church."

Something in her tone told him that his hope for a new parishioner was vain. It was not the indignation of bigotry nor the protest of estheticism at the gray old church's lack of beauty that colored her involuntary outcry. Father John, with disappointment in his heart, pondered the matter as he went along. Her words repeated themselves over and over until he recognized the exact shading of their impulse. It was dismay, he decided. Why was she afraid to live within the shadow of the church? What was there in her life that made her dread that constant reminder?

For he was sure that it was because it was a reminder that she shrank from the sight of it. Something in the sad, serious face and startled eyes told him as much.

As the weeks went by he saw little of the new tenant. Once or twice when he met her on the street, she colored up and looked away. Her consciousness confirmed his belief that she was a stray sheep. Why had she come to West Hadley? She apparently had no friends in the town, nor did she seek to make any. Whatever the reason, he felt the responsibility of her being there.

He caught sight of her several times at the window when the people were going into church, and he thought that her look was wistful, but he could not be sure.

He was aware that he was an object of great interest to her little boy. The little fellow watched him through the pickets of the fence and once ventured a shy smile over the head of the big cat he clutched in his arms. Perhaps it would be through the child he would reach the secret of her life.

Locked fast in her sore heart and Sunday evening. She was assisted her free to come again into the house of joy and light. Father John sighed as he trimmed the rosebush, and murmured a prayer for all the stray sheep in the world.

The good pastor was very fond of bringing all his flock together for an enjoyable evening now and then, and gave quite a bit of thought to the manner of their entertainment. Just now he was planning a concert, something a little more pretentious than anything they had had before. He wanted it because it was to celebrate the return from their honeymoon of his niece, Nora Carlslake, and her husband. Paul had taken her to some of the places he had visited when she sent him away from her because of something for which he had since made ample reparation. He wanted to be happy in places in which he had been so miserable. They had been gone now three months and Father John was very eager

for their homecoming. It was to be an event, for West Hadley owed much to much to Paul and was desirous of showing its gratitude. The concert was to be the millworkers' greeting, and they meant to make it a success. An earnest young professor from a near-by city was their instructor and he told the priest he seldom found such attentive pupils.

Unexpected talent had been discovered, but Father John longed for one exceptional voice that could fittingly render a solo or lived there since old Mrs. Donlin died, kind old Mrs. Donlin who used to come across the street every morning in her slow, halt-

ing way to early Mass. It was a tiny scrap of a house, so it would not be a large family. And, indeed, the furniture indicated that it was not. It had a look of newness, and was scant as if only necessity had been considered. Father John could not help hoping that it would be another Mrs. Donlin, a nice old lady who would come across to Mass in the early morning. He did love to see the people coming in to greet their Lord while the day was young.

An hour later he was on his way to see a sick man at the other end of the town. Half a square beyond the little house he met the agent and a young woman to whose hand a small, big-eyed boy was clinging. The agent raised his hat and the child stared up at him, but the woman's eyes were fixed in almost terrified astonishment on the church.

"Why," he heard her say, "I did not know it was near a Catholic church."

Something in her tone told him that his hope for a new parishioner was vain. It was not the indignation of bigotry nor the protest of estheticism at the gray old church's lack of beauty that colored her involuntary outcry. Father John, with disappointment in his heart, pondered the matter as he went along. Her words repeated themselves over and over until he recognized the exact shading of their impulse. It was dismay, he decided. Why was she afraid to live within the shadow of the church? What was there in her life that made her dread that constant reminder?

For he was sure that it was because it was a reminder that she shrank from the sight of it. Something in the sad, serious face and startled eyes told him as much.

As the weeks went by he saw little of the new tenant. Once or twice when he met her on the street, she colored up and looked away. Her consciousness confirmed his belief that she was a stray sheep. Why had she come to West Hadley? She apparently had no friends in the town, nor did she seek to make any. Whatever the reason, he felt the responsibility of her being there.

He caught sight of her several times at the window when the people were going into church, and he thought that her look was wistful, but he could not be sure.

He was aware that he was an object of great interest to her little boy. The little fellow watched him through the pickets of the fence and once ventured a shy smile over the head of the big cat he clutched in his arms. Perhaps it would be through the child he would reach the secret of her life.

Locked fast in her sore heart and Sunday evening. She was assisted her free to come again into the house of joy and light. Father John sighed as he trimmed the rosebush, and murmured a prayer for all the stray sheep in the world.

The good pastor was very fond of bringing all his flock together for an enjoyable evening now and then, and gave quite a bit of thought to the manner of their entertainment. Just now he was planning a concert, something a little more pretentious than anything they had had before. He wanted it because it was to celebrate the return from their honeymoon of his niece, Nora Carlslake, and her husband. Paul had taken her to some of the places he had visited when she sent him away from her because of something for which he had since made ample reparation. He wanted to be happy in places in which he had been so miserable. They had been gone now three months and Father John was very eager

"Outlook" Correspondent's Accusations Proven False.

Charges Against Church in Mexico Not Confirmed By Facts.

In a recent issue of the "Outlook" (vol. 107, No. 6, p. 305) a special correspondent, Gregory Mason, campaigning with General Villa in Mexico, makes the following remarkable statement: "Villa is doing his best to remove from his country an old incubus—the Church—which has been the friend of the capitalist aristocracy and the oppressor of the people since the days of the conquistadores." After quoting Villa to the effect that priests are immoral, "hypocrites" and "frauds," and that it shall be the purpose of the Constitutionalist leader "to open the eyes of the people to the tricks of the thieving priests," Mason adds: "Apparently his programme thus far is successful. The only priest I found in Torreón was in hiding in the house of a wealthy Irishman."

These accusations of the Mexican bandit against the priesthood, quoted by the "Outlook" correspondent, and triumphantly re-inforced by his own remarks, are absolutely false. The Catholic Church, rather than an oppressor of the people and a friend of the moneyed interests, has, despite the years of hardship and persecution from her enemies in the administration and in the ranks of capital, been the greatest force for the amelioration of conditions among the poorer classes in the Southern Republic. Mason himself in a subsequent article. (The Outlook June 20, 1914, p. 392) declares that "while the lot of a Mexican peasant is not a happy one for a well-fed American to contemplate, there is far more happiness to the square inch in squalid, half-starving Mexico than in the slums of a large American city, or in a glamorous, hard-driven American factory town." And this, too, after a century of unrest and three years of recent revolution "that would have stripped a country of average wealth to barren ground."

In direct contradiction to the statement of Mason is the testimony of Charles F. Lummis, the distinguished Editor of "Out West," himself a New Englander, a Protestant and the son of a college professor. In his interesting book, "The Awakening of a Nation," he says: "It is fit to say just here that while, as in mining always, there was tremendously in Mexico the vast disparity of classes, it is wholly unwarranted to speak of the downtrodden of the Indian laborers. They were poor only as a man is poor whose only wealth is his labor. They were not (despite the arm-chair historian) slaves. There was no mita in Mexico; no compulsory labor in mines; no labor without wages. The Indian who did not like the mine, or its administrator, or its wages, was perfectly free to go elsewhere, or to stay out altogether" (p. 32). In another place he declares that "human slavery was never a divine institution in those (the Spanish) colonies." "While this state-ment," he adds, "may derive a shriek from those who have learned history by not studying it, it is strictly true. Only the gross ignorance of centuries of political and religious prejudice, untraveled, and apparently pied-

source, could have brought us to such basic misconception of the Indian Republic and the Encomienda as to class them with our own slaveholding." "The laws of Spain, as to the aborigines," he declares, "the highest minded, most complete, and most noble Indian policy ever framed by man." (p. 86).

And this was not necessarily because of any particular inherent racial virtue of the Spaniards but because of the strong spiritual influence of the Church in their regard. "The conquistador," Lummis says, "was human, but the hand of the church was always upon his shoulder.

Individually and casually he might elude it, but broadly he could not." (p. 175.)

The great explorer, Alexander von Humboldt, writing in his *Essai Politique* one hundred years ago, when the Church's influence was greater in Mexico than it is today, declares that "nowhere do the common people enjoy the fruits of their labor more than in Mexico. The Indian laborer is poor, but he is free. His condition is much preferable to that of the peasantry of a large part of Northern Europe."

Mr. Mason, like many other travelers who rush through Spanish-American countries, getting their sole information from enemies of the Church, has made a very bad blunder in this attack. This is not the first time that the magazine to these false accusations; the Episcopal Bishop, Aveo having delivered himself of a similar tirade some time ago. "The Outlook," in the interest of truth, should be somewhat more judicious in the choice of its contributors and correspondents.

C. B. of C. V.



Bishop Hanna

Bishop Hanna Leaves City For Washington

Bishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco, who stopped off in Rochester more than a week ago to visit relatives before continuing his journey to Rome, to make an official report of his diocese to his Holiness, Pope Pius X, left on Monday night for Washington, where he will spend the rest of the week with the apostolic delegate, Mgr. John Bonzano.

After leaving Washington, Bishop Hanna intends going to Providence, R. I., to see relatives there, among whom is Madame Hanna of the Order of the Sacred Heart, his sister. He will also make short visits to other cities in New England, where he has many friends, before sailing from New York City on the Hamburg-American Line steamship Moltke for Italy on July 15th.

Stanislas Mugwanya, the Baganda chief recently decorated by His Holiness, Pius X, is the grand judge of his district, and the wisdom of his judgments has drawn forth the eulogies of the English administrators. In public life he shows himself the great bulwark of Catholicism, and he is no less admirable in his private life. During Lent he keeps a rigorous fast and spends the greater part of the Holy Week in gross ignorance of centuries of political and religious prejudice, untraveled, and apparently pied-

Two Good Pledges.

The following pledges are recommended for Catholics by the New Zealand Tablet:

"I promise and pledge myself not to buy, receive, read or allow in my house any books, periodicals or newspapers that spread, foster or encourage vice."

"I promise to support the Catholic press and have introduced into my house at least one Catholic weekly newspaper, or one Catholic magazine."

Baseball

Rochester will play with Toronto on the 13, 14 and 15th.

Catholic News Notes

At its Ozanam House, in Dublin, the St. Vincent de Paul Society gives to nearly 800 men, women and children of the poorest class, breakfast every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. It brings in procession over 300 children to the Children's Mass at 10 o'clock.

In Bengal, India, the mission church and its schools were destroyed by fire.

The late Jesuit Provincial of the German Province, whose death we chronicled some time ago, Father Von Hummelauer, was the son of the Austrian count in the diplomatic service.

Last year, the Franciscans established three new stations in Japan.

Pius X has given his native town, Rivis, an orphanage for children and a hospice for the aged poor.

Father Castanis, of the Pictou Congregation, established a mission on the Island of Mauke, Cook Archipelago, and has converted one-third of its inhabitants.

In Brooklyn the new four-story immaculate heart of Mary parochial school, occupying an entire city block, was begun recently.

The ladies of the Cincinnati Tabernacle Society had a very large and fine exhibition of their year's work.

The Catholic population of the diocese of Cheyenne, which embraces the State of Wyoming, is 12,750. Bishop McGovern has a substantial Cathedral, with massive square towers, at Cheyenne, alongside of which is also a spacious episcopal residence.

In the Pennsylvania Eastern Penitentiary, Father M. A. O'Keane, S. J., gave a mission at which 350 of the inmates received holy communion.

Saint Clara College, at Sinsinawa, has been classed by the Wisconsin State Board of Education with Wisconsin University.

Father Hildebrand, of St. Bonaventure's, Evansville, Ind., is about to build a 27x52 feet Grotto of Lourdes, illuminated by many electric lights, under the Church. It is to be one of the finest in this country.

In the last five years, 34 new parishes have been founded in the diocese of Brooklyn. The diocese has now 750,000 Catholics.

The new Catholic University laboratory—museum and lecture hall, will be 260 feet long and will cost \$200,000.

The parishes of Toledo will organize into a federation.

The material and spiritual upbuilding of the Church in our country continues unabated.

In Chicago, fire destroyed an apartment house, leaving one room which contained a statue of the Blessed Virgin and a crucifix with other devotional articles on the walls unharmed. The door was burned. Firemen and Catholics on seeing this were awestruck.

In Brooklyn this summer five new Catholic edifices will begin process of building.

The New York State Convention of the C. B. L., will be held at Buffalo during the week of July 19.

The salary, if it may be called such, of a priest in Japan is \$80 a year.

News From Ireland

Dr. William Tyrrell was unanimously appointed assistant medical officer of the Purdyburn Villa asylum at a meeting of the Belfast and District Asylum Board.

John Wilson, a native of Clonfert, died at his home, 3 Dargle street, Cliftonpark avenue, Belfast, on Tuesday, June 9.

The death of E. Donohoe, Snakel, occurred on Sunday, June 7, after a long illness, borne with Christian fortitude. The funeral to the old burial ground in Killshandra was largely attended. Rev. P. Lynch, P. P., Crossdonoy, who officiated, spoke of the good life led by deceased.

The Dublin "Gazette" contains the announcement of the bankruptcy of Patrick Cahill, 28 Steele's terrace, Basin, clerk to Clare County Council.

The golden jubilee of Mother Mary Joseph Power was celebrated recently at the Presentation Convent, Youghal. On the morning on which she completed the 50th year of her religious profession Mass was offered for the jubilarian by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Keller, P. P., V. G., and after the communion, the Apostolic blessing graciously sent by the Holy Father, the Pope, was imparted. The death has occurred at the Convent of Isleworth, England, of Sister Pancratius Casey, a member of an old Queenstown family.

Dr. J. Russell Magee has been appointed Assistant Medical Officer of Derry workhouse.

D. T. McGinley, N. T., Dunfanaghy, has been co-opted a member of the Dunfanaghy District Council. Mr. McGinley is chairman of the Rosgal and Dun National Teachers' association, and his co-option is most popular.

A boy named John Murray, Paradise row, Kingstown, died in St. Michael's hospital, Kingstown, on June 6, after treatment for injuries received April 24, when he was knocked down by a motor car in Lower George's street, Kingstown.

On Sunday, June 7, his former parishioners at Belclair walked at Currindulla, County Galway, on the Rev. W. S. Faulkner, C. C., and presented him with an address and purse of sovereigns.

Over 1,200 delegates from the Co-operative societies of the United Kingdom, who held during the week a successful exhibition in Dublin, visited Kilmaree on June 4.

Richard Butler, assistant surveyor, left Athy for Dundee, having secured an important appointment under the Inland Revenue. Mr. Butler will be missed in local athletic circles.

The Volunteer movement in Tullamore is progressing by leaps and bounds. The collection for equipment, now in progress is being generously responded to.

Among the public generally the death of Michael Shanahan, merchant, Abbeyfeale, has evoked many expressions of regret.

Very Rev. Canon Smyth, P. P., has been congratulated by the Ballybay Old Age pensioners committee on his promotion to Clones. At the same time regret was expressed at his transfer from Ballybay.

Catherine Curtin, 80, who lived in a cottage at Unner Castle, near Clonmel, was found dead in her bed recently.

The death of John Ryan occurred at his residence, Clonmel road, Cashel, on Thursday, June 4, after a short illness.

Send us your printing.