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The Front Porch

One hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two," counted Mary Ellen Ward, depositing an egg in the hickory split basket with each count, "one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four—an even twelve dozen. Eggs are up to fifty cents; that will be, let me see—twelve times fifty—why, it's six dollars! With the ninety-four I've got, that'll make a hundred—exactly what Uncle Reuben Whittaker said he'd put up the porch complete for!"

Mary Ellen stood in her little kitchen and saw in fancy the front porch that was to be hers at last after five years' saving. "Maybe," she mused aloud, "there'll be paint enough left from the porch to paint the flower-stands and rocking-chairs white, too. How pretty the green leaves of the plants will look against the white, with the geraniums to give a touch of brightness! I believe I'll have the spindles of the porch railing round. They'll be more trouble to clean, but they'll be so much prettier and more graceful than square ones."

Mary Ellen's share of beauty had been meager. An orphan, she had been brought up by a close-fisted uncle until her eighteenth year. Then she had married David Ward, who, burning with the desire to buy back the land an unfortunate father had lost, was putting every ounce of himself into the struggle.

When David had brought her home after their marriage, and Mary Ellen had seen the bare little house built on the site of the burned old one, without even a tree shading it, her heart had sunk until she had thought about the front porch. How pretty the house could be made with a vine-covered porch across the front—its full low, wide porch with a sloping roof! And not long afterward she had mentioned the subject to David.

"Of course you shall have it if you want it, Mary Ellen," he had said, "but right now I'm saving to buy back the west field. It'll be on the market soon. Cave can't hold his land together, shiftless as he's turned out."

"Of course you must buy back the west field," Mary Ellen had agreed, cheerfully.

"The front porch can wait a year." It did wait. Then old man Harvey had died suddenly, and as the three acres of beechwoods were for sale, David restored it to the farm. And Mary Ellen sat on her front porch only in dreams.

At the end of the third year an idea had come to Mary Ellen. The egg money was hers, to dress herself on. By scrimping and turning and dyeing and making over, perhaps she could save enough for a porch! And she had scrimped and saved and turned and dyed and made over until she was almost ashamed to go to church. But now she had the money, and the sweet after the bitter was to be hers. The bitterest of the bitter had been David's indifference. Mary Ellen did not believe he had ever even noticed how skimpy her wardrobe was.

"What he cares for most in the world is buying back that land!" Mary Ellen reflected now, as she stood in her little kitchen and packed her eggs for Abram Barnett to carry to town. When she opened the door to let Abram out with the eggs, she could see David standing by the barn, looking wistfully toward a three-cornered strip of meadow that was the last bit of the old farm still out of his hands. "I suppose Grimes has put it on the market and David's going to buy it," she thought idly and then dismissing the thought began to plan a green cushion for the big rocking-chair to match the green plants on the flower-stand.

Abram stopped with the egg money just as they were sitting down to dinner, and Mary Ellen asked him to stay.

"Dave," he said, as he finished his second piece of Mary Ellen's flaky cherry tart, "I hear

Grimes wants to sell the strip of meadow, and has put it in Lawyer Wrenn's hands."

"Yes, I know it," answered David.

"The hundred he asks for it is too much," Abram went on, as with polite protests but obvious delight, he took a third piece of the tart. "But I reckon you'll buy it, anyhow, seeing it'll just round out the old farm to the shape it was in your grandpa's day?"

"No," answered David, "I can't. I didn't have even a sweet potato crop this year, and Grimes wants cash." He straightened his shoulders, smiled, and added, hastily, "I've got about enough land now, anyhow."

Mary Ellen was planning to have a clematis on the south end of her porch; she believed she would train the vine so as to leave a round window in it like the one she had seen at the old McHenry place in Dartford. She hardly heard the conversation. But after she had put away the dishes and stood in the front yard with her tape measure, measuring to see exactly how wide a ten-foot porch would be, she noticed that David was standing over by the barn against the sunset sky, and looking wistfully across at the three-cornered strip of meadow. Then it occurred to her that his cheerfulness in telling Abram he could not buy the meadow had been rather forced.

"David's grieving over it," she thought, and then said to herself, "I'll go to town early tomorrow morning. Wednesday'll be the first day of April—the first always seemed such a good day to begin anything on—and if I give the order at the sawmill office by 8 o'clock, maybe the lumber can be got out here in time for Uncle Reuben to go to work on it Wednesday. Yes, I'll have round spindles in the railing instead of square—they're much prettier."

Mary Ellen rose from her stooping posture, and again saw David's black figure against the sunset. "Yes, I'll have round spindles," she said again, aloud. "And I'll have the round window in the clematis vine." She did not look toward David, but hummed a gay little tune, and went into the house to make ready for the early journey to town.

When she had got out a fresh shirtwaist, her dyed and turned blue serge skirt and her winter-before-last toque, David came in. "David," she said, "I want to go to town in the morning. Can I have Robin to drive?"

David looked annoyed, almost embarrassed. Then he forced a smile, and answered, "Why, of course you can, Mary Ellen. The fact is, I'm going in myself, and I'll drive you."

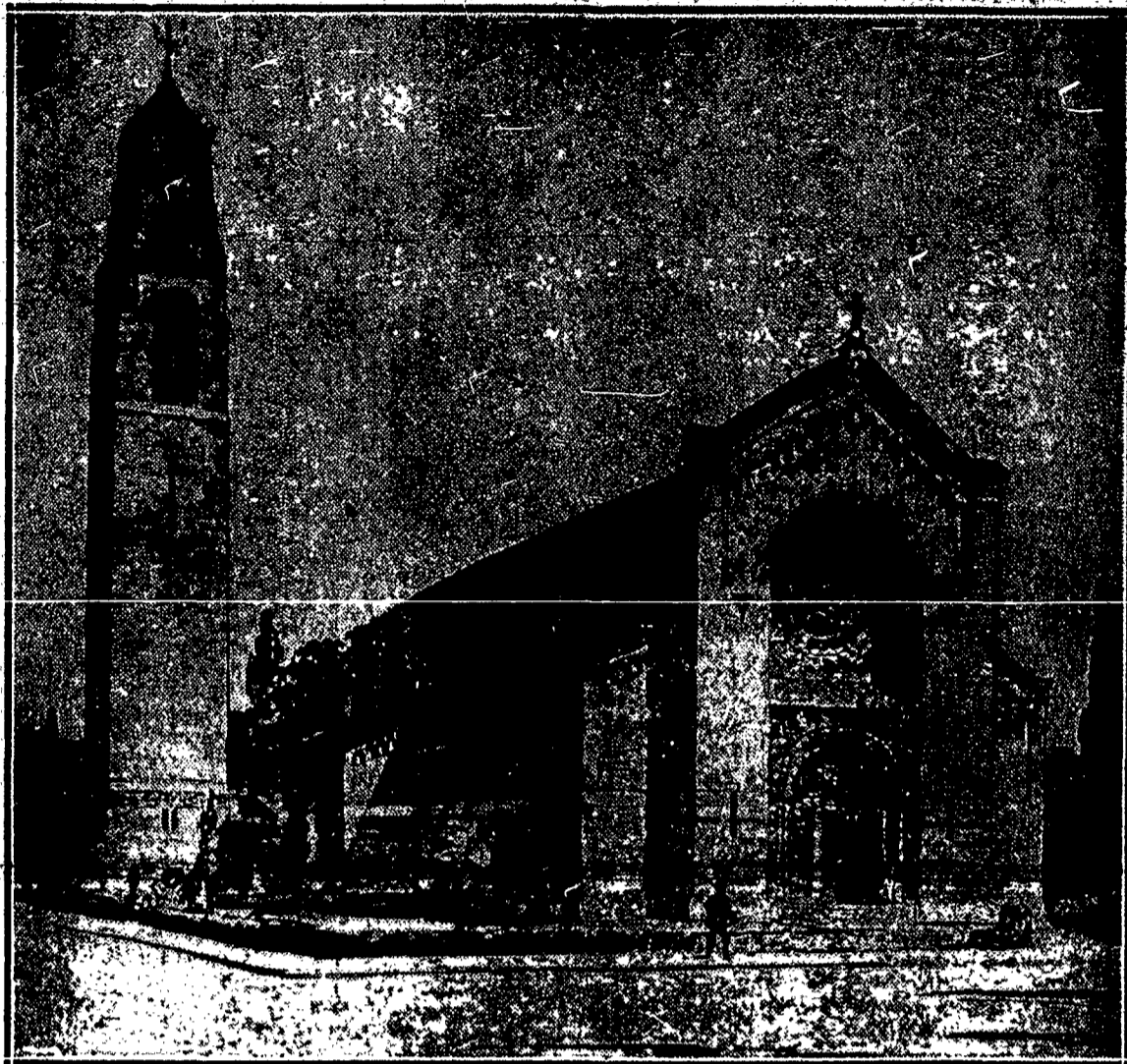
Mary Ellen understood the embarrassment; David was going to town to make a desperate effort to raise the money for the three-cornered meadow. She knew the hopelessness of it. At his father's death David had taken an oath never to mortgage a foot of his land, and in this hard year nobody would lend it to him on any other terms. Grimes would make no concession to sentiment; the man with the cash would get the three-cornered meadow, and that man would not be David.

Mary Ellen undressed, saying to herself, "I'll have the railing spindles round, even if they are harder to clean." And as she lay wide awake she kept imagining herself sitting with her sewing machine out on the porch on hot afternoons, with the view of the beech woods and the blue of Williams Hill in the distance for her tired eyes. Suddenly it occurred to her that she could see the meadow from the porch. She shivered as if a cold wind had blown on her, then she said aloud, "Yes, I'll have the spindles round."

She said it again the first thing on awaking at dawn; she went about her early work saying it, under her breath.

David set her down at the square, and she started to walk toward old Reuben Whittaker's house. But when she came to the door she did a strange thing. She walked quickly past it and hurried on to Josiah Wrenn's dingy law office.

Cornerstone of Two Churches To Be Laid Sunday.



St. Monica's New Church.

Coming out of the office a half-hour later, with a folded paper, Mary Ellen met Reuben. "Uncle Reuben," she said, "I've decided not to put up the porch this year. I hope the loss of the work won't put you out too much?"

"No, it won't," quavered Reuben. "I've got plenty of work. Don't you worry a mite!" and he patted her shoulder.

On the way home Mary Ellen chattered gaily. David's cheerfulness matched her own, but Mary Ellen knew it was forced, and she nearly told him his good news then, instead of waiting to put the deed under his breakfast plate. She nearly told him again at twilight, when, looking out of the window, she saw him standing with drooping shoulders, gazing toward the three-cornered meadow. But she did not; she kept to her first plan of letting him find the deed under his plate.

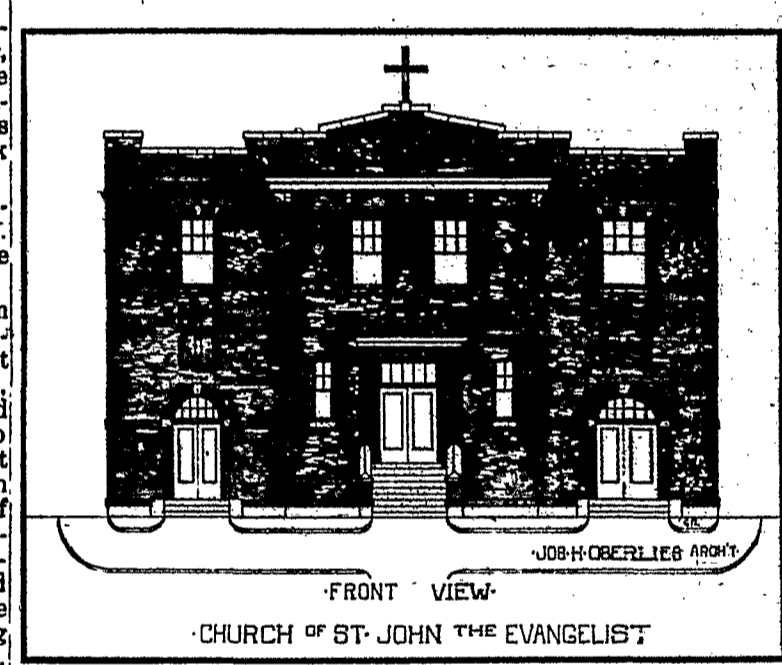
The first day of April dawned with a golden sky. March had gone out like the veriest baby lamb; the cherry-tree in the yard was like a bride in a filmy veil, with four peach-tree maids in pink attending her; a hyacinth had bloomed in the night; the jonquils were showing yellow tips to their buds. Mary Ellen rose at sunrise to hurry breakfast, in order that David might have his good news early.

But her breakfast preparations were interrupted. Just as the coffee-pot spout was beginning to steam, Mary Ellen heard a great clattering in the road, and lifting the sash curtain and peeping out, she saw two teams turn in at the big gate. The wagons were loaded with new lumber, and old Reuben Whittaker sat by the driver of the first team. Surely it was a dream! Or was the experience of yesterday a dream! Had she after all, ordered the lumber? She took out the folded paper and opened it. No, she was not dreaming; here was the deed. David came in.

"Mary Ellen," he said, "we've been married five years this morning, and I have a surprise for you. I know how you've wanted a porch all these years, and I found that the hundred I'd saved this year would just pay for it. The lumber's here, and Uncle Reuben Whittaker and his son are all ready to begin."

Mary Ellen clasped David's neck, weeping. Then she laughed through her tears.

"David," she said, "Great minds run in the same channel,"



FRONT VIEW
CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

"I've got an anniversary present for you, too. I bought it with the egg money I've saved." And she handed David the deed to the three-cornered meadow.

David took the deed and read it, and his lean face quivered as he read. "Why, Mary Ellen," he said, "you don't know, you can't know what this means to me! If Peter had got hold of the meadow he'd never have let me have it at any price—"

"But David," Mary Ellen put in, "you're spending a hundred on the porch—"

David blushed like a boy. "I know it," he answered, "but I know that that hundred was yours. I'd promised the porch to you, and the note was already overdue." Mary Ellen hugged his neck tighter. "O David, I'm so happy I can't bear it!"

And then at the front of the house Reuben's first hammer blows sounded.—T. D. Pendleton in the Youth's Companion.

At Rosekilde, in Denmark, a fine church was dedicated to St. Lawrence the Martyr. Catholics in France, Germany and Holland contributed towards its erection.

The Concordat recently entered into between the Holy See and Servia, was the dream and the futile effort of the late celebrated Bishop Srosmayer, of Diakova.

Spain is rich in history and art, and the Church there fosters them.

Two New Churches.

Ground for the new St. Monica's church, to be erected on the corner of Genesee and Monica streets, was broken in the early part of May, 1914.

This new church will be large and spacious, it being 178 feet long and 76 feet wide in the transept with 56 ft. in the auditorium. It will seat 1,000 people and will cost when completed about \$65,000.

This parish dates back to 1898, and was the seventeenth Catholic church to be erected in this city. Rev. John P. Brophy, who was at that time vice-president of St. Bernard's Seminary was made the first pastor and it was through him that they have the large congregation of to-day, and we are sure that every one wishes him good luck in his new undertaking as does the Catholic Journal.

The laying of the corner-stone of the new edifice will be held on Sunday, October 4, at 3 p.m.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new church of St. John the Evangelist, Winton Road, will be conducted next Sunday, Oct. 4, at 4.30 o'clock by Bishop Hickey, assisted by Rev. John B. Sullivan and priests of the diocese, and it is expected that the church will be so far completed as to permit of the holding of midnight mass on Christmas Eve.

The plans prepared by Joseph Oberlies, architect, call for a modern edifice with a frontage of 60 feet and 104 feet in length. It will be a combination church and school and will be equipped with all the latest and most improved conveniences. The church will be on the ground floor, a spacious vestibule opening into the auditorium which will have a seating capacity of 600, together with a large sanctuary, with space for altars at either side. At the rear of the sanctuary, of course, will be the sacristy, and one of the features of the auditorium will be the number of exits from the front, rear and sides.

The upper portion of the building will be divided into large classrooms.

In the basement there will be a number of rooms for the use of the parishioners and for society meetings.

Father Sullivan, who is one of the youngest pastors in the city, is very popular among his people and it is expected that the new parish will be one of the most flourishing in Rochester.

After 32 years spent in research in libraries, the Franciscan Fathers at Quaracchi have published a complete edition, historical and critical, of the works of St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor. While also waiting for the publication of the complete works of Dun Scotus, they are engaged in the preparation of the first "Summa Theologiae of Alexander de Halles.

Twenty-two columns and 26 pilasters support the roofing of the new Cathedral of Nashville. Its new organ is a mammoth size. Its stained glass windows are works of art. It is 175x96 feet, and is of the architecture of St. Martin's, of Rome.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, died in Baltimore, Nov. 14, 1832, aged 95 years. In the house in which he died, had been placed by the Historical Committee of the Star Spangled Banner a bronze tablet.

The Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, Milwaukee, enjoys an average student roll yearly of 250 yearly.

Calvert Hall, in Baltimore, is 72 years old. Its corner-stone was laid April 29, 1842, by Archbishop Eccleston.

Bishop Monnier, living in retirement in France, is 95 years of age.

Two of the royal sisters of the future Empress of Austria are nuns in the Benedictine Convent, Isle of Wight.

The distinguished Spanish Academician Don Varquez de Mella, Deputy also of the Spanish Chamber, has become a Franciscan tertiary.

A new Sacred Heart church is to be erected by the Jesuit Fathers in Denver.

At Danvers, Mass., the Xaverian Brothers have a great college constantly growing. This summer a new athletic field was added; it is one of the finest in Massachusetts.

Corpus Christi Church in Baltimore has received two mosaics in memory of Mrs. Michael Jenkins, which are pronounced to be the two finest in the United States. They are Eucharistic.

The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament will make a foundation in Oklahoma City.

The church in Covington, Ky., has a fine half-million-dollar hospital in the new St. Elizabeth Hospital, recently opened to the public. It occupies a block and is bounded by four streets. The building is a four-story one.

The German Orphan Asylum at St. Paul, Minn., established in 1877, has cared for 1,067 orphans. Its new building cost \$75,000.

ROCHESTER