

The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-sixth Year, No. 12.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, Dec. 18, 1914.

Lost in the Storm

In an old-fashioned schoolhouse in the village of Middletown, where a small, old schoolmaster, with iron-bound spectacles and stiff, grey locks presided, a little girl named Margarite was wont to roam about seeking for wild flowers, etc., and putting them in a tin box, to bring them back to her teacher in the hopes of discovering some new species.

One fine morning Margarite set out with a bunch of crackers and cheese, and with her tin box under her arm, to a belt of woods not far distant. Soon she reached the woods and being hungry she began to eat her lunch. After she was finished, she roamed about looking at the birds, rabbits and squirrels, gathering in the meantime all the kinds of flowers she could see. Soon the tin box was filled, but no thought of going home ever entered her head. She did not see the dark clouds which began to gather threateningly above the tree tops. If she could have understood bird language she would have known that a violent storm was coming up. But she didn't, therefore she continued to stroll about wondering at the strange conduct of the birds.

All at once the wind howled, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared and the rain fell in big drops, and in an instant the cries of the birds were hushed. She sought shelter under a large tree and awaited with patience for the storm to blow over, instead it increased in violence and before long a hurricane was blowing. Trees were blown over and the rain came pouring down in torrents. Suddenly a loud crack resounded through the woods and the giant tree, which formed her shelter, fell, enveloping her in its branches, making it almost impossible to escape and forming a safe shelter for the girl.

It was in vain that Margarite struggled to release herself, but she continued to struggle until a snap was heard. The branch which pinioned her to the ground was broken and the way was open for her escape. Forgetful of the tin box the girl made her way through the branches to the open forest. She looked about her for some landmarks, blazes or cow-paths, which would lead her to the village but could see none, so she wandered about until long talking of men suddenly arrested her attention. Advancing a few steps she saw that the men were gypsies and that they were bending over and exchanging comments on a wild turkey, that had been killed by the storm. She had no sooner discovered the men than they discovered her. Advancing one of them said, "What's your name, little girl."

"My name is Margarite and I want to go home to mamma and papa," was the reply.

"Come with us," he said, and picking up the turkey he led the way farther into the woods.

As they reached the top of a hill they saw a gypsy encampment at the foot. The unwilling Margarite was forced to accompany her guides, or rather captors until they reached the village. It was a poor tumbledown dirty place with pots and other kitchen utensils strewn about the ground. Margarite was compelled much against her will to stay in camp. She was watched continually and as the band moved farther and farther from her home she gave up all hope of seeing her parents again.

But on one dark night, when the woman had gone to draw water she slipped from the tent and made her way from the camp. After travelling for about two miles in the dark, she waited for morning. Morning came after many scares and torturous hours and Margarite continued on her way to nowhere and as she was wandering about she became fatigued from the lack of food and shock. Her head began to whirl but with a courage born of despair she kept on until she imagined she heard voices. Could her imagination be deceiving her or were they really voices. They were the latter and, cautiously approaching, she saw that they were not gypsies and with a glad cry she shouted to attract the

attention of the men. It was just out of her mouth when she began to reel; she struggled to keep herself up, if only for a few minutes, but overcome by what she had passed through she fell unconscious to the ground.

When Margarite revived she found herself in a large, elegant, furnished bedroom. A beautiful lady was sitting by her bedside, watching with feverish anxiety. When she saw her open her eyes a cry of gladness came to her lips. Margarite raised her hand to her eyes as if to dispell the mist that had gathered there. She stared at the lady for some time and then asked, "Where am I?"

"Lie still, my child," said the lady kindly, "you shall know all when you are better able to hear the story."

After she had been conscious for some time, a bowl of soup was slowly fed to her. When she had finished she was asked all kinds of questions: "Who she was," and "Where she lived," but she could answer none of them. Her mind was a perfect blank. They told her that two of their servants were walking through the woods, gathering firewood, when they had heard the cries for help and rushed to her aid. She was brought to the house where restoratives were administered and she soon recovered. But to Margarite this was unknown. Her name or the village she lived in, she so the kind people, having no children on which to lavish their wealth upon, resolved to adopt her as their daughter and not long after Helen Snyder, after being lawfully adopted, was instructed by a private tutor and she became accustomed to her new parents.

Years have passed away and Helen Snyder is in her freshman year in college. During the course of the year the students had taken excursions to different parts of the state, and their next trip would be to Middletown, where an extraordinary kind of rock abounds. Helen started when she heard the name and she tried to recollect if she had ever been there before but after a few minutes thought she gave it up and prepared for the trip. The trip was a long one lasting about four and one half hours and they reached the village without incident. They ate their dinners in a restaurant and went out into the quarries with their hammers and other instruments used for the breaking and examination of stone.

While they were on their way they saw an old man vainly attempting to place a heavy load of chopped wood on his shoulders. Helen, filled with pity, sprang forward to offer her services. As the old man raised his head the astonishment was mutual on both sides. At once the days of her childhood came back to her and she recognized in the old, ragged man before her, as her father.

"Father," she cried, falling into his arms.

"My daughter," said the old man, trembling with emotion. "Where have you been all these years?"

Helen, or rather Margarite told her story as far as she could remember and how the kind people had benefited her. Her father told her how she was lost in the storm. How they had searched and searched in vain and at last had given up all hope. Margarite accompanied her father home, where she stayed for a few days. Then they all set out for Margarite's foster parents home where they were very kindly received.

But to make a long story short, Margarite's real parents, being old and just able to get along on what they earned, lived with her wealthy foster-parents and were very happy as long as they lived.

George A. Sturla

Great Run on

Humburch Brothers' Jewelry Store. We cannot serve our customers properly afternoons; try and do your trading mornings, it will help us out. Humburch Brothers', 182 Main street east.

Some Reflections by Philip H. Donnelly

Echoes of the meeting in the Victoria Theater two Sunday evenings ago, when half of the audience by a prearranged signal left the theater while Rev. Washington Gladden, Congregationalist preacher from Columbus, Ohio, was talking, were heard in the Windthorst Study Circle last Friday evening. Philip H. Donnelly, who was present at the Victoria meeting, spoke on "Some Reflections on the Exodus During Rev. Dr. Gladden's Address."

"In a city of the size and importance of Rochester, one could hardly realize that such a manifestation of religious bigotry could be manifested. The speaker had just given a brief history of the religious persecutions, so-called, of Europe, and it must be confessed that he tried to be fair. His attitude was in fact very fair to the Catholics, and when this was seen the prearranged signal was given and half of the audience filed out of the hall. Only the coolness of the presiding officer prevented a panic, with perhaps some fatal results.

"The presiding officer stated that he knew that there was to be such a move, if anything favorable to a certain class was said. He stated that he was ashamed of them because they were of his kind, was ashamed of them because of Rochester. I was ashamed of them for themselves. I was not ashamed of Rochester, for the Rev. Dr. Gladden had strong evidence from those who remained of the real spirit of Rochester. Not the non-Catholics that left the theater are to be taken as the standard of non-Catholic sentiment in Rochester, but the non-Catholics that remained and heard both sides of the case presented. It is unfair to say that the non-Catholic population of Rochester is anti-Catholic. At least my experience has led me to believe that it is fair.

"The Rev. Dr. Gladden stated that Catholics have not always in their press been so considerate of non-Catholics as they might have been. To prove this he read an editorial from a Catholic paper, which, those who heard it must confess, was not in conformity with the theories of charity. That Catholic newspapers at times speak in over-strong terms of Protestants, any one who sees a large number of Catholic papers must admit. There is nothing to be gained by using hard terms. Call a thing by its name if you must, but do not attach to it an adjective that will stir up rancor and ill-will. It is true that if our Catholic press were better supported it could do better, because more time and attention could be given to the matter that is published. The power of a good Catholic press cannot be over-estimated, but a good Catholic press needs to do the best work possible.

"The Rev. Dr. Gladden thought that the Catholic position in the matter of the schools might have something to do with keeping Catholics and non-Catholics divided into two classes. I do not think so. The Catholic child is taught nothing in the parochial school that will make him think unkindly of the non-Catholic child. In the parochial school the child is taught that God is the father of all, that all have an immortal soul, and that that soul will spend an eternity of happiness or an eternity of woe just as the individual lives here. How can he be on friendly terms with his non-Catholic neighbor in heaven, if he will not be on friendly terms with him here? It is false to say that there is anything about Catholic teaching that will prevent Catholics and non-Catholics being friends.

"And while I am on the question of the schools, I wish to say one word more. It is said that the Catholic Church is opposed to the public school system. That is not true; the Catholic church favors the public school system, that is, a system whereby all children are educated in schools to which all may have access. It is opposed, however, to the public school program, that is, to a course of study

that takes no consideration of God. The Catholic Church teaches that the child must be taught about God, and that this important matter cannot be left to one short half hour on Sunday.

"The Catholic Church, too, favors teaching religion in the public schools but it does not favor, nor does the Constitution of the state permit, the teaching of sectarianism in our public schools. Let non-Catholics and Catholics get together and agree on the fundamental fact that there is a God, that man has an immortal soul, that that soul will live forever in happiness or in woe, let them agree also on the Ten Commandments, and then teach them to the poor child that is hungry to hear about his Creator and his last end.

"Truly, Catholics and non-Catholics will have no difficulty in being friends, in living in peace and harmony, if as Pope Leo says, 'all men will only feel and understand that they are all children of the common father, that is, of God; that all have the same last end, that if the ills of society are to be cured, it can be done only by a return to Christian principles and Christian institutions.'

"The speaker then gave a brief history of the religious persecutions of Europe, and touched briefly on the history of the Catholic Church and her achievements, and concluded:

"When the Guardians of Liberty and those who engaged in stirring up religious animosity and delight in estranging brother from brother, shall be no more, and when their name will never be mentioned, that grand old Church which they now revile as opposed to liberty and civilization, will still be going on winning souls to the knowledge of truth and alleviating the ills of men during their pilgrimage here on earth."

BISHOP DEDICATES CHURCH

Assisted by Three Priests at New St. Andrew's Edifice.

The dedication of the new St. Andrew's Church in Portland avenue, took place last Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. Bishop Hickey officiated. He was assisted by Rev. Mathias Hargather, of St. Michael's Church; Rev. Jacob Staub, of Holy Redeemer Church and Rev. John Boppel, of St. Boniface Church. The pastor is Rev. George W. Eckl, formerly of St. John's Church, Greece. At 8.30 in the afternoon the new bell was blessed by the bishop.

The building is a modern structure of brick, combining facilities for both church and school purposes. The church was built in the summer by Rev. Joseph A. Miller, of Webster, who, owing to ill health, was obliged to relinquish the charge.

Flowers and Plants for Christmas Cheer.

We have all desirable plants both blooming and green. Cut flowers, Roses, Carnations, Lilies of the Valley, Sweet Peas, Violets, Narcissus, etc. We also carry a fine line of artificial flowers for decorating Christmas trees, Holly, pine, laurel, roping for festooning.

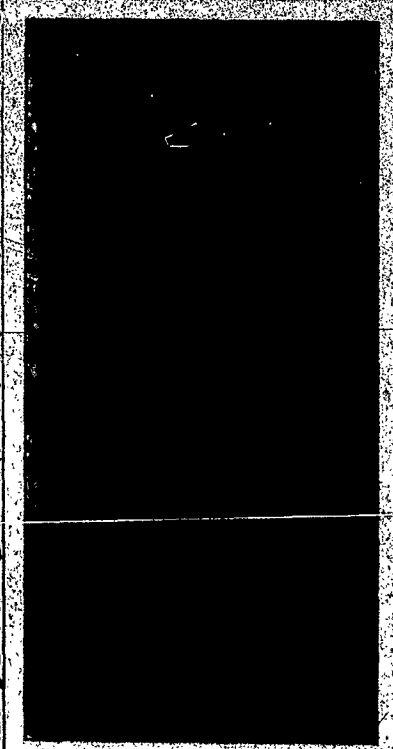
No. 9 North St. Annex, 73 West Main St.

Great Run on Humburch Brothers' Jewelry Store. We cannot serve our customers properly afternoons; try and do your trading mornings, it will help us out. Humburch Brothers', 182 Main street east.

Christmas Holley

Mistletoe, Laurel and Pine roping, Holly wreaths all prices. See our display of Christmas plants and novelties in baskets, everything in cut flowers. Leave orders now. Special prices on large orders for churches, etc.

Rochester Floral Co., 255 East Main St., opposite Sibley's Store.



Rev. R. J. Story

Father Story Dead.

Brockport, Dec. 12.—Rev. Richard J. Story of the Church of the Nativity died at the rectory at 12:05 o'clock this afternoon after an illness of but a week.

He leaves two sisters, Miss Margaret Story of Brockport and Mrs. J. A. Fitzsimmons of New York City.

Father Story was born in the city of Rochester, June 30, 1833, a son of Richard and Elizabeth Story, who came to this country from Queens county, Ireland, in 1819, and settled in Rochester. This home was on the banks of the Genesee river, now designated as 105 St. Paul street. Early in life Richard J. Story developed a desire for the priesthood, and when 22 years old, after spending four years in preparation at the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Rochester, where the Y. M. C. A. building stands, and a short time with the religious Society of Oblates in Buffalo, he was ordained to the priesthood on September 9, 1855.

After ordination Father Story served temporarily in St. Patrick's Church, Rochester, now the cathedral, and to Holy Family Church, Rochester. Of his next pastorate, that of the mission of Attica, which included churches in Akron, Maxilla, Eighteen Mile Creek and other adjoining towns, Father Story always had an abundance of interesting experiences to relate. He was obliged to drive many miles in all kinds of stormy and inclement weather to reach his numerous churches. Later he spent a year and a half in Scottsville, and three years in Mount Morris, going from there to the Cathedral, Buffalo.

Hundreds of people and more than fifty priests attended the funeral in the Church of the Nativity at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. Promptly at 10 o'clock the fifty priests went into the sanctuary, followed by the officers of the mass, Bishop Hickey of Rochester taking his place as celebrant of the solemn pontifical requiem mass.

After the mass the bishop made a short address touching on the life of Father Story. He recalled that Father Story knew the period in New York State when many Catholics came from Europe, settling down to earn their living, and soon the church grew with the population, making necessary the institution of new dioceses. When the Rochester diocese was formed and received its bishop, there were about forty priests, and among them was Father Story. Bishop Hickey spoke at some length of the pastors of those days, when the ways were rough, and the present day comforts of life were as yet unknown. "It is due," he said, "to the pioneer priests of the church, such as Father Story, who suffered these hardships and held together the forces of the church, that you and I are able to enjoy the things we have to-day."

Recalling Father Story's extreme devotion to his church and

his remarkable record, he was missed but a few weeks in his long career; the bishop commended the people to pray for the soul who had departed, and to remember the debt owed to the priests of the church. Thus he closed: "We will bear his loss from this spot to the recreated grounds which he made so often, and we ask God to grant him eternal rest and everlasting life."

Two special cars on the Buffalo, Lockport and Rochester were waiting and they transferred the party to Rochester, where city cars took them to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Sixty Years of Service

Canandaigua, Dec. 1.—Sixty years ago the first sisters of the Order of St. Joseph met in Canandaigua and established here the New York State headquarters of their organization. There were four women in the group, and their heads in administering to the spiritual and physical wants of Catholics in the early days were eulogized at the anniversary celebration in honor of their coming held at St. Mary's Church Dec. 1. Many members of the order were present, and among the shared dignitaries to participate were Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, bishop of Rochester.

Canandaigua not only boasts of the first parochial school in New York State, but also of the first school in the commonwealth. It was taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Following the school a memorial tablet to the first sisters was unveiled. This tablet has been placed at the entrance to the present parochial school building.

News From Ireland

Dr. Rutledge an ex-student of the Master Hospital, has been appointed Assistant Resident Medical Superintendent of the Peamount Sanatorium. The appointment is for one year.

Tim Lynch, Hibernian Bank, Athy, has been promoted to the Kells branch.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Newry Urban Council, the Down Council have co-opted H. J. McConville, J. P., as representative of Newry in room of the late H. Loughran, J. P.

Glenveagh Castle, in the wildest and most beautiful part of Donegal, has been offered by the owner, Mrs. Adair, to the Belgian Minister in London to house Belgian refugees for three months.

The death has occurred at his residence, Portlaoine, of Colonel Baptist J. Barton, D. L.

As a mark of appreciation for his services as steward of the Central Catholic club, Belfast, the friends of M. Kavanagh presented him with a purse of sovereigns on his taking up a new position.

H. O'H. O'Neill, J. P., has been unanimously elected chairman of the Portrush Town Commissioners.

Martin Joseph Burke, solicitor, a Catholic, has been appointed Clerk of the Crown and Peace for Belfast. He was a pupil of the Christian Brothers' School and St. Malachy's College, Belfast.

The death took place November 12, 1914, at the residence of her brother, Felix Coyne, Clontarf, Venerable, of Rose Coyne, sister of the Very Rev. Canon Coyne, P. P., Keady.

Send us your printing.