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The Splendid Vagabond

Continued from last week

"I know, boy, I know. It's all come back to you tonight. The lights across the way were too much for you, eh? You were thinking of—is there a mother, boy? perhaps a daddy, and a sister—several sisters maybe, eh? Sort of saw them in those lights—in the windows—around the crackling log. So? Kind of saw the little boy that did the chores for them, and sat and chatted, and laughed with them around the cheery fire of wintry nights, and dreamed about being President, eh? You old exile! Gad! I feel like doing the baby act myself. Here! you young ragamuffin, brace up. You'll get a cramp doubled up that way. Come! walk with me."

A brawny hand lay upon Terry's shoulder—a paternal tenderness in the touch of this ragged Samaritan. The pent-up bitterness of a short hour ago, his desperation, was spent in the tears of remorse that were now fast freezing on his coat sleeve. And like the child he had acted, he felt himself obedient to the touch of this stranger. As they walked along the tumble-down shacks of the ragged river front he felt himself drawn out to this man who read his soul so well. Beneath the frayed, unbecoming, indecorous garb of the man was a magnet—irresistible magnet—that Terry was unable to account for. And now he was drawing forth the story of Terry O'Brien from Terry's own lips, telling how he left home in an impulsive moment, to make his way, he told his folks, by way of a note; how his reckless step had carried him recklessly on, and his stubbornness had sustained him while he drifted down. He had forsaken home and those best things of a better day could not now return. Still abating with the smouldering anguish within him, he ended with,

"Oh, God, why was I ever born?"

"Don't ask Him that, Terry. That would be telling."

They turned up a side street, a dark unlighted street, along the straggled rows of black ruin, that still held forth with the unbroken pride of a time-ago grandeur. Both men were strolling idly and had come a few blocks when the intruder of the while ago pulled up suddenly.

"Terry O'Brien"—each syllable of the name was fully and peculiarly accented. Terry turned sharply, and saw the old man's arm outstretched, pointing over the way.

"Terry O'Brien, did that ever occur to you?"

The old Cathedral stood across the street, stood back in the dark, above a flight of worn stone steps. It, too, was aged and spent, a ruin among ruins; but beautiful still, in that indefinable touch of pristine elegance that drew the eye, like the wholesome feebleness of the aged after a well-spent youth. Its doors were still ajar and now and then creaked in the cold air, as now a sable garbed old woman, and now a child, and now a palsied veteran passed out and on to their homes, to protection from the night, and the scant comfort that poverty provides. For it was the vigil of Thanksgiving, and the poor of this deserted parish were preparing for the feast. They were leaving the confessional.

A cold chill came over Terry as he watched them—as he discovered the portent of the stranger's words. He stared across the way many minutes, then suddenly,

"What made you ask that?"

"Because your name is Terry O'Brien."

"And why not you?"

"Go in, Terry. There is still time. I will wait for you."

The clock down the street proclaimed the hour of ten. Terry seemed to be moving in a spell. He found himself atop the stone steps at the very doors of the church, confused and held there, the center of mingled emotions.

He gripped the knob—gripped it hard—loosened his hold, and gripped it hard again. A moment more, he entered.

The church was deserted, save for a slight shifting in the confessional. The priest was hearing the last penitent. Terry was awed in this stillness, this silence. He found himself alone with his conscience, and drawn by two forces—now the weakness of a sinner; now the courage of a penitent; a desire to flee and scall to remain, that came and went like the ebb and flow of the tide. Then came the low "Absolve Te" of the priest. In a trice, the finer fibre in him rose. He felt the leaden thud of his heartbeats, coming quicker, lighter, freer, as though it were already cleansed. The lattice of the confessional slowly moved, the penitent issued forth, and Terry was enclosed in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Newer-Revealed.

"Down wit ye! Down wit ye, I say!"

The voice of Michael Dugan—patrolman—was well known and better understood by the leisurely horde that haunted his beat. The brass buttons that emblazoned the splendid rotundity of his Irish being were evil omen to the vagrant, and the side-street mendicant and odd-jobber were ever on the alert.

The tattered individual crouching snugly against a pedestal, half way up to the Cathedral doors, was loath to obey orders.

"Come down, I tell ye."

Having all the elements of a command in it, the bewhiskered gent slowly descended.

"Oh, it's ye it is, is it? It's after robbin' the poorboxes ye are, are ye? A foine occupation it is, that, so just come with me and we'll find ye another. Come! long, I say."

The cornered one would have remonstrated, but Michael Dugan was never open to argument. Submissive for the moment, he suddenly bolted, and had reached the middle of the street when he was hurled back to the gutter, and the huddled, limp form of the man lay there. The black streak that rounded the corner a moment before pulled up, and the two occupants of the machine came back for an estimate of the damage done. With the aid of the policeman they raised the helpless body to the pavement, and in words more breathed than uttered he asked for a priest. Father Donnelly had just emerged from the church doors into the night when the accident occurred and had seen the body hurled to eternity. With the stole still over his unprotected shoulders he was now bending low over the victim. "Absolve Te," and the eyes ceased to move, the heart stilled, and he was not of men.

Terry O'Brien had come out again into the night. He had come forth a penitent, and moved as in a happy calumny. The cryptic hand behind the dim Sanctuary had touched him, cured and cleansed him. He was a social parish, and the world had given him the measure of his caste. But here, with but the willing to do, he had been made one with the world—the world of the Clean-of-Heart—of the rank and file of the militant. And in the Heavens was a lustre in those things he could not see before.

"Is she not a beauty, boy, a beauty?"

But where had the stranger gone!

Down the street came the clang of an ambulance. What had happened? Terry rushed to the hushed, silent group a few yards distant.

"My God!"

Terry was lifted from the dead body of the old man.

"Requiescat in pace" came from the priest.

And the beggar adrift was dispatched to the city's charge.

Terry partook of a Thanksgiving dinner next day, but not the one Dives proffered. He was the guest of good Father Donnelly, who had a plan for Terry. They had discussed and repeated each moment of the wonderful and mysterious last evening. After dinner they reverted to the accident again.

"And who was he, Father, do you know?"

"Yes! I heard this morning. Papers about his person identify him as Stone, until a few years ago the brilliant star of 'The Press.' Peculiar case. Domestic troubles, drink, etc. When a man starts down his hard, to stop."

"Yes!" rejoined Terry, "when a man falls off the narrow, he seems to hit a slant."

"Yes, indeed! Smoke, Terry?"

"Thank you, Father."—Will Jay, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Seminary Professor Made a Monsignor

Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, has announced that Pope Benedict XV has appointed Rev. Dr. Andrew B. Meenan, professor in St. Bernard's Seminary, a private chamberlain to His Holiness, the office carrying with it the title of monsignor. This is the third such honor conferred upon Rochester priests since the visit of Bishop Hickey to Rome last year. The other two monsignors are Rev. Dr. James J. Hartley, president of St. Bernard's Seminary and Rev. Dennis J. Curran, vicar general of the diocese, elevated by Pope Pius X.

Mgr. Meenan has been actively associated with the work of the diocese since his ordination to the priesthood on July 25, 1892. He has been professor of canon law and liturgy and a director of St. Bernard's Seminary since its opening by Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid in 1893. He was born in Scottsville in 1867. From St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary he went to the American College in Rome, where he completed his studies for the priesthood and received his degree of doctor of divinity. He has received various other degrees, and is the author of a book on canon law.

Priest Eaters Libel

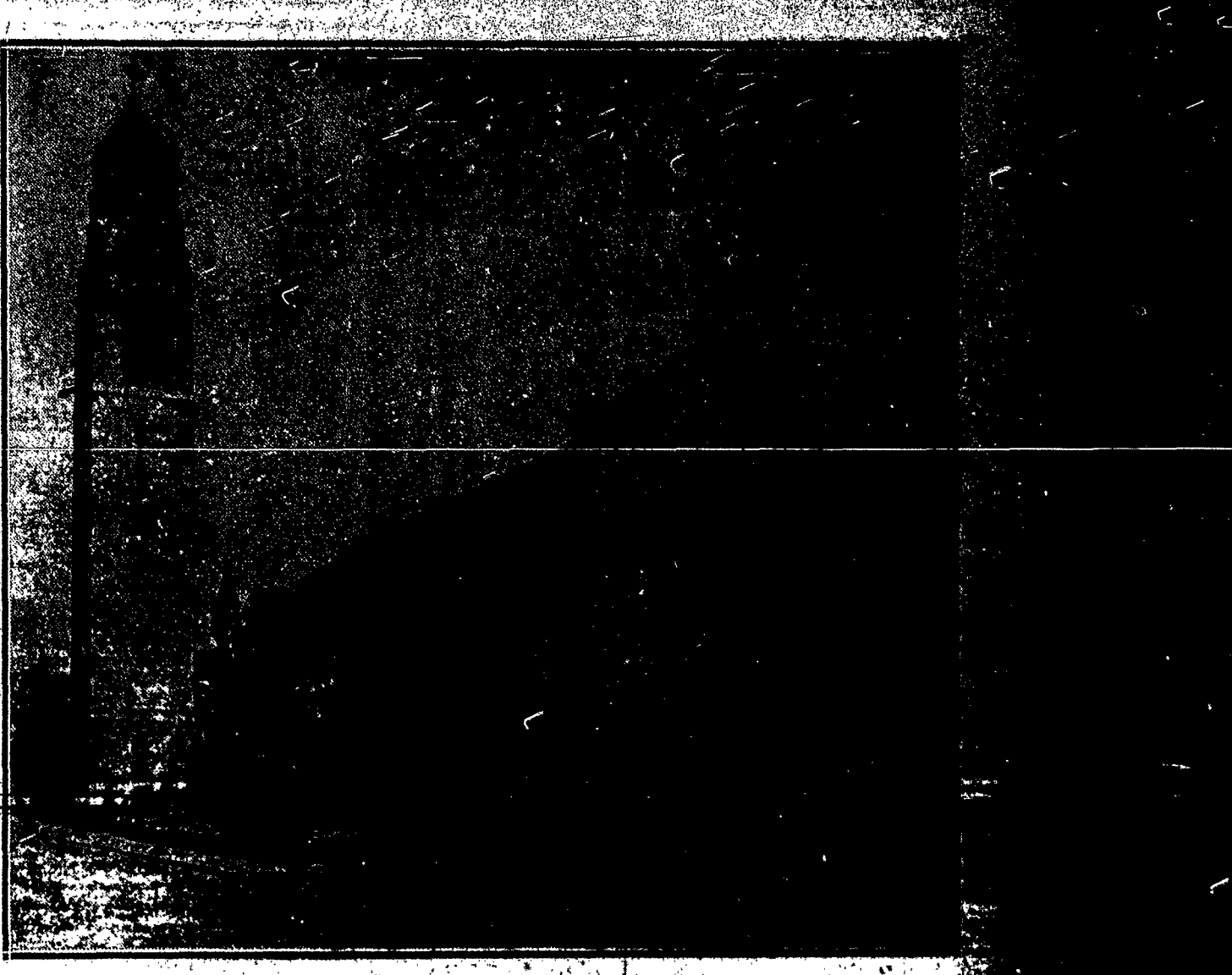
Suit Against the Menace.

The suit for libel against "The Menace," brought by Rev. Francis P. Rossman, pastor of the Sacred Heart church, North Wheeling, W. Va., will come up for trial in the Federal Court, Joplin, Mo. Father Rossman sues for fifty thousand dollars damages. He claims that "The Menace" wrongfully accused him of gross immorality, and, in fact, of being a fugitive from justice by reason of his misdeeds. When "The Menace" so accused him he had been back for three weeks at his post, after a brief vacation in the West—the first in many years—granting him in due course by his Bishop. He has been the recipient of much sympathy and even active assistance by many who knew well how utterly unfounded were the charges against him. Others have heard of his fight for justice with an indifference well nigh astonishing. This indifference, indeed, accounts for the fact that Catholics in this and other countries are often treated with injustice not unmingled with contempt. They do not stand up for their rights like some other bodysome-tenth of their numbers. They lie supinely down and of course the aggressive and self-assertive walk over them. Father Rossman's suit is an attempt to stand up and resist. Very many witnesses, among them several non-Catholics, will go to Joplin to testify to his character as a man and a priest of God. Let us all hope and pray that justice may be done in this painful matter. The costs of this proceeding have mounted up to unexpected heights, and any assistance in meeting them will be gratefully welcomed.

M. Claudius Colas, a very prominent Esperantist, educated by the Dominican Fathers, was killed on the battlefield of the Marne.

The Archbishop of Dublin has just donated to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of his city \$500.

It is said there are more than 100,000 Belgians in London now.



ST. MONICA'S NEW CHURCH.

Dedication of St. Monica's Church to be Held Sunday.

Rev. John P. Brophy, rector of St. Monica's Church, announced last week that the dedication of the new church in Genesee Street, which was originally announced for Sunday last will take place on Sunday, January 31st.

The interior work in the new edifice was not quite complete and it is because of this that the date of the dedication was postponed for a week. Bishop Hickey will officiate at the ceremony and will be assisted by Rt. Rev. Dennis J. Curran, V. G., of Corpus Christi Church, and priests from all over the diocese.

The officers of the pontifical high mass, which will be celebrated at 10.30 a. m., will be: celebrant, Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, D. D.; assistant-priest, Rt. Rev. D. J. Curran, V. G.; deacon of honor, Rev. D. Laurentis, M. R.; and Rev. A. M. O'Neill, M. R.; deacons of the mass, Rev. A. A. Hughes; sub-deacon, Rev. J. H. O'Brien; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. A. B. Meenan, D. D.; 2nd master of ceremonies, Rev. J. Ball; acolytes, E. Ball and J. Fennessy; censor bearer, Harry Doerbecker; mitre bearer, E. Lyons; book bearer, E. Daley; candle bearer, J. Daley; crozier bearer, A. Connorton; train bearer, O. Feller.

St. Monica's men's choir will render the music for the occasion under the direction of Mr. J. P. MacSweeney. Mr. H. Sullivan, organist.

Solemn vespers will be celebrated at 8 p. m. Celebrant will be Rev. J. J. McGrath, of Auburn, N. Y.; deacon, Rev. E. J. Henry; subdeacon, Rev. Jas. O'Brien. The sermon will be preached by Rev. J. F. Nelligan. The music for the evening services will be sung by the students of St. Bernard's Seminary. The organist will be Mr. Paul Gaffney. The complete estimate of the new church is \$75,000.

During the war in Europe priests have the faculty of blessing scapular medals.

The ladies of Barcelona have inaugurated a general movement to induce the belligerent Powers to agree to an armistice.

The late Mgr. Benson's works are translated and widely read in Germany.

Death of Julia Cox

The death of Miss Julia Cox, which occurred on Friday, Jan. 15th, at her residence, No. 21 Portsmouth Terrace, after a long illness, removed a woman known for her sterling character and fine business ability. Miss Cox attained the age of 79. She was born in Longford, Ireland, and came to Rochester in 1852. In 1896 she went to Brooklyn and entered into business with her brother, the late Patrick Cox, founding with him the shoe house which became so successful. In 1872 the firm came back to the city and Miss Cox remained in active work until 1878. On the death of her brother in 1896, she became the president of the firm retiring from active life in 1903.

Miss Cox was a prominent member of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Among the congregation she made her strong influence for good felt in many ways. She served as president of the Ladies Aid Society of the parish many years, and was for a long period the president of the Perpetual Help Society of St. Mary's Hospital. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Eliza T. Williams.

The funeral of Miss Cox took place Monday morning from the Cathedral. Rev. Michael Nolan, D. D., assisted by Rev. Francis J. O'Hern, said the mass. Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, was in the sanctuary, giving the last absolution. The following friends acted as bearers: Mr. D. McGarry, Mr. J. Menihan, Mr. J. Leo Fee, Mr. J. Finucan, Mr. D. G. Carroll and Mr. A. Mahon. Interment in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

Funeral of Bishop Burke

Albany, Jan. 26.—Governor Whitman and ex-Governor Martin H. Glynn and John A. Dix, members of the Legislature, state officials and men from every walk in life attended the funeral of Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. It was the largest funeral Albany has ever known.

Cardinal John M. Farley, of New York, officiated at the pontifical high mass, which began at 11 o'clock. Bishops from all over the state were present.

The sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey of Rochester.

Poor Catholic Poland, like Belgium, has suffered in this war. More than 500 of its towns have been ruined by the long-range artillery of both armies.

NO DEBT ON PARISH

St. Agnes Church of New York

When the Rev. William Darcy came to Aveo, N. Y., in 1896, he found a church with a debt of \$100,000. In 1898 he went to Brooklyn and entered into business with her brother, the late Patrick Cox, founding with him the shoe house which became so successful. In 1872 the firm came back to the city and Miss Cox remained in active work until 1878. On the death of her brother in 1896, she became the president of the firm retiring from active life in 1903.

Cardinal Scipio Teschi has been appointed Pro-Protector of the Holy Cong. of Rites, and Cardinal Scipio Teschi to the Holy Office.

At York, Pa., Bishop Shanley, of Harrisburg, rededicated the improved St. Mary's Church. On its exterior was spent \$17,000.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society in Milwaukee, like St. Louis, has a clothing depot for the poor.

In a recent wreck of a passenger train near Northford, Mass., in which a lady was killed and passengers injured, were several nuns, who were injured. Sister Esther, of St. Clara College, was seriously hurt.

The Cathedral of Moravia, Moravia, is 300 feet long and 161 feet wide. It has two towers each 215 feet and a dome.

The late saintly Pope, Pius X., carried out the wishes of the Vatican Council in returning the library, or Divine Office of the Church, so that now, as of old, all the 150 Psalms are recited every week. In the United States, fully 19,000 priests are obligated to say the Divine Office.

Fifteen hundred men attended every night's work of mission given in the Cathedral of Pittsburgh by Mgr. O'Reilly and Cleveland.

The new church of St. Vincent de Paul in New York will cost \$500,000.