

Foreign Mission News

The Propagation of the Faith Society
338 Lexington Ave. New York City

Every missionary forms a link in a chain which has been forming since the days of Saint John the Baptist. No link stands alone, but each does its share towards strengthening the entire chain. It is the chain that counts, not the links.

The Irish Mission To China.

Rev. Fr. Galvin, whom we know as a missionary to China, has formed in Ireland a society to be called "The Irish Mission to China." This society has been approved by all the Irish Bishops. Its head was received in private audience by the Pope, who gave his blessing to the work and to all who assist it. It has raised by collections throughout Ireland a sum of money with which it has endowed a college for the education of its future priests. This college is ready to open with five professors and thirty theological students.

Certain members of the new society have come to America, where they hope to secure additional funds to aid in establishing the schools and hospitals needed for an active propaganda among China's pagan millions.

What Father Hood Would Like.

From a letter written by Fr. Hood, E. F. M., Madras, India, we make an extract that will interest his friends on this side of the ocean:

"I am becoming so deaf—God help me! Will some kind benefactor get me a phone of some sort? I saw an American lady with one here in Madras. I believe such instruments are pretty common—but their price is not. Another request: Would some kind person send me a few of the simple 'Union Masses,' published by Fischer & Co.? I am teaching my boys to sing."

Changes In Cameroun.

The war has wrought many changes in the Cameroun mission, Africa. Rev. J. Douvry, C. S. Sp., states that the district has for a long time enjoyed the distinction of being wholly Christian, the natives not belonging to the True Fold, being allied to the Protestant sects. At the beginning of the conflict the report sent to the Propagation placed the number of Catholics as 30,000, of whom 20,000 were catechumens.

Succeeding events recalled most of the missionaries from their posts, and now only about twelve priests may be found where formerly there were nearly a hundred. But the natives seem faithful to the teaching they have received, and large congregations gather in the churches on Sunday, even though there is no priest, and recite prayers and sing hymns. Let us pray that they may be able to persevere until peace brings a greater number of shepherds for this goodly flock.

"Climbers Of Palms."

A recent number of the English Catholic Missions speaks feelingly of some of India's wretched people. It says:

"The 'low-caste' folk of the Jaffna Peninsula, Ceylon—who care about them? For these humble toilers are only climbers of palms—that is to say, they are expert in scaling the lithe trunks of the trees from whence they may draw the 'toddy' or palm-wine, and since they have no land of their own to cultivate, they work for high-caste land-lords, and cannot pretend to the least little plot for themselves.

"Yet one friend they have—it is the Oblate Missionary. Perhaps it is because of the very abjection of these poor sons of the Ceylon soil that the Oblate Missionaries feel a special interest in their welfare, and why a Ceylon priest of the Congregation, Father Gnanaprakasam, has started a modest Mission for the Pallas who are embracing the Faith in Tinnevely, in spite of the perse-

ditions they have to suffer from their employers, who belong to the high-caste Vellalas."

Late News of Ireland

J. Ryan, postmaster, Bagenalstown, has been promoted to Claremorris.

M. J. Murphy, Mill House, Borris, has been appointed a magistrate.

At Ballymurphy, Borris, by the Rev. Canon Quigley, P. P., Castlebridge [uncle of bride], assisted by Rev. D. Murphy, C. C., Killocock [brother of bridegroom], Rev. J. Quigley, P. P., Taggart, [uncle of the bride], Rev. J. Mooney, P. P., Clongall; Rev. J. Dunne, P. P., Borris; Edward Murphy, J. P., eldest son of the late Edward Murphy, P. L. G., Ballinvalley, Carlow, was married to Annie, eldest daughter of P. Flood, J. P., Ballyglisken, Borris.

M. J. Sisk, J. Birmingham, and F. Long, have been elected vice-president, hon. librarian, and hon. sec. of the Cork Catholic Young Men's Society, respectively.

Many persons were injured in the recent storm at Queenstown. St. Colman's Cathedral was damaged and the police barracks and many houses were unroofed. Giant waves swept over the vessels in the harbor and for several hours they were cut off from communication with the shore.

Married—Daniel Brennan, Glouincomeane, Freemont, to Katie Sheehan, Ballygraddy, Castlecor Kanturk.—Michael O'Reilly, Kibboggan, Bailinnspring, to Margaret Murphy, Bandon.

S. Lorcan O'Toole's Confraternity, Seville place, tendered congratulations to Canon James Brady, P. P., on receiving the dignity of a canonry. Bro. F. Ch. Wallis-Healy and the president, Bro. M. Cunn, expressing the members' sentiments.

The death of Rev. J. F. Coffey, C. C., St. Paul's has removed a revered and well known figure in Dublin.

D. Rorke was recently co-opted on the Thalee. U. C. in room of his brother.

At Listowel Petty Sessions, some six Liselton farmers were each fined £2 for refusing to fill up tillage forms.

Miss M. Butler (Sister Josephine), daughter of T. Butler, Rossmore, Adare and Miss L. Larkin (Sister Patrick) daughter of P. Larkin, Knockenogh, Dromcollogher, were received into the Order of Mercy by the Rev. Father Dwanne, Adm., Limerick.

Prof. W. D. deLacy, Limerick Technical School of Commerce, has been presented with an address in Irish and a valuable gift by Ennisceorby Gaelic League.

P. J. Foley, accountant, National Bank, Castlebar, has been transferred on promotion to Nenagh.

At St. Paul's Arran quay, Dublin by the Rev. M. Martin, C. C., John Moran, Virginia, Cavan, second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Moran, Roy, Kilmeeana, Westport, was married to Annie, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Moore, Clew Bay, Kilmeeana, Westport.

Maay Byrne, 65, who lived alone at Derrinlaur, Clonmel, was found dead on the roadside on a recent Tuesday.

[At the Cathedral, Waterford with nuptial Mass], by the Rev. T. Mokler, cousin of the bride, Stephen O'Connor, Dublin, was married to Kathleen Badge, Waterford.

Died—Mr. James McCarthy, T. C., Lismore.

Miss A. M. Walsh, technical instructor, Wicklow, was the recipient of a dinner service of solid silver from a local committee as a mark of appreciation of her modest Mission for the Pallas services, and of good wishes on her approaching marriage to a bank official.

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

BY E. M. MC CARTHY.

"What does keep Rose? She should be here at five thirty at the latest," was the exclamation of a very beautiful and refined woman of about forty, with an earnest and anxious look on her face as she gazed out of the window of her pretty but simple home. Everything about her bespoke culture and refinement—the grand old mahogany furniture, the grand piano which stood in the corner of the living room that opened into the pretty dining room, where the table was set for two, all that was left of her family.

Some twenty years ago Marie Hayden was the petted daughter of a wealthy family in Boston. Not only was Marie the wealthiest of the upper set, but the belle of them all. Wealth and beauty did not spoil this great soul. Well did her saintly mother instill into her mind high and noble thoughts which helped her in all her future life. Marie had many suitors for her hand, but only one did she ever encourage. He was not wealthy, but no one could know Joe Winters without loving him. Dr. Joseph Winters Marie loved and married. Her father lost all and died a year after, leaving but very little for her dear sweet mother, except the home. She insisted that Marie and Dr. Joseph come and live with her, so here in her old home Marie lived in a continuous round of love and happiness. But life is not made up of all sunshine; with-out the dark clouds we could not appreciate the beautiful lights of Heaven by day or night.

Their child, a boy, also Joseph (she would have him named Joseph) was very ill. How the dear mother prayed that God would spare his life, but always adding "If it is your will, my God," God did spare him, and as time went on he grew so rapidly that his mother would laughingly say, "I hardly know which is which."

Rose was the youngest and her father called her "the ray of sunshine"; she was always smiling. One day her father came home very pale. To the anxious inquiry of his wife he said he thought he was overtired. Her mother knew but she could not tell Marie of the dreadful state the doctor was in. Heart disease is so uncertain. Nothing could be done only what the greatest specialist was doing for him.

One evening after dinner his son found him in his office, with his beautiful red rosary in his hands, dead. The office and reception rooms were on one side of the house. Joseph and the assistant doctor did all they could, but Dr. Joseph had answered the call, and surely he heard the Master say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Marie simply was the noble woman. She bowed her head to the Master's will and put all her energy into the task before her. Her son was studying to be a doctor, like his father, and just before he was going to college for the last term, Dr. Joslin who had taken his father's place, was making his calls one morning. Joseph said: "Doctor, I think I'll go with you." He had done this many times before. "All right, Joseph, jump in, I have four calls to make, but I must go to the hospital first. I have a case of typhoid fever and a bad one," he replied. As they alighted, the doctor said, "I don't think you should go in." Joseph laughed, "Why, I must do this some time. I am not afraid." Joseph did catch the dreadful disease, and in a few weeks the noble young lad was laid beside his father.

We cannot know God's ways nor why he sometimes calls the very best of his creatures, the ones we think could do so much good in the world. "God does all things for the best" was the thought which filled the soul of Marie, his mother, as she knelt at the foot of the cross and begged for strength.

You cannot wonder then at the anxiety of the mother's heart when Rose did not return that afternoon. The daughter and mother were almost inseparable. This one beautiful Rose was just what thing to her. Rose was every-

her name indicated, with large blue eyes and hair like gold which when loosened covered her like a mantel. She was so much like her mother, only more beautiful if that could be possible! Rose was talented and often she would say to her mother, "I do wish I could do something noble, so she drifted into writing stories. Some were very good, always with a high aim to bring souls to God and to know Him and love Him as He is all Love. If we could know Him and love Him, how beautiful this world would be! Greed and Hate is likening the world to the infernal regions. God made the world for his children to be happy and live in love for one another, and at the time of Christmas He sends His Son Jesus who comes with Joy and Peace. "Glory be to God on High and Peace to Men of Good Will."

"It was just a week before the holidays that Rose had finished a pretty story. As she folded the sheets she laughed and said to her mother, "Maybe Mr. Editor will not even consider my efforts in all her future life. Marie had at all." Her mother was always encouraging, and she replied, "Why Rose, I consider this story very good indeed. You will not be long, dear, will you? Oh, no, mother, I will return at five thirty for dinner, and then for Madam Melba. Her glorious voice thrills me, even in anticipation. So throwing her a kiss, she ran down the steps.

She was returning home and was so happy. The editor accepted her story and gave her great praise. As she turned the corner an automobile just grazed her, just enough to throw her down. The car was occupied by two gentlemen. The one was an elderly man, and the other young, handsome, tall and dark, with large splendid dark eyes. In an instant he had lifted her, and one look into her lovely face thrilled his very soul. As she, half fainting, tried to stand, he saw she was hurt, and as quick as thought he lifted her in his arms and placed her in his car. He was just in time for Rose had fainted and was as helpless as a child. Her hat fell off and she lay back in the car like marble. Her beautiful hair fell in a mass of curls. Dr. Frederick Stroum gazed at her; he had never seen such a beautiful creature. The older man, his father, was very anxious and said, "Why, Fred, where will we take her? Home, I think would be the best until she recovers." "Yes," Fred replied, still gazing at her and chafing her little hands. As they neared their palatial home, Rose began to recover and as she opened her eyes, she looked into the splendid and now anxious eyes of Fred Stroum. The poor child! She did not know whether to cry or laugh. The Doctor saw and understood. He said, "I thought it best not to have you taken to the hospital, so I am taking you to my office. I will see if there are any serious injuries." His father smiled, saying, "Why, Fred, you have not told the young lady who we are. She may think we are pirates." They all laughed. Rose tried to lift her right hand to her head, but it was with a great difficulty, it was bruised so. She had to let her hair fall. The doctor said, "Don't worry! The nurse will arrange it for you." Rose, as soon as she could realize, thought of her mother. She looked at the doctor with such a look of anxiety. "Do you think I am seriously hurt? My arm pains me, but that's all, I think. I must hurry home to mother, she will be so worried." At that his father asked her her name. At her request, Dr. Fred opened her purse and got her card reading, Rose Marie Winters, 67 Madison Avenue. He handed the card to his father, who, after reading it, exclaimed aloud, "Why, my child, I know your father and your mother well. We were companions in our youth. How strange I have not seen your mother since her dear husband's death. Oh, he was a prince, indeed!" They were now driving into the beautiful grounds. The house looked like a beautiful palace. Fred lifted Rose out as if she were a bunch of beautiful flowers. He seemed so big and strong. "I think," Rose said, "I ought to phone to my mother; she will be so anxious-

about me." The doctor said: "I am afraid if I phone her, she may think you are more seriously hurt. I will hurry and take you home myself as soon as possible." Rose thought "How very kind he is," and said, "I am very sorry to give you so much trouble." [He wanted to say, "Why, it's a pleasure, it's a joy to help you, you little darling." But he must be dignified.] "Later on," he thought "I will gather this lovely Rose." He was looking far away into the future, when the nurse called, "Ready, doctor."

After a careful examination he found nothing wrong but with her right arm, which was badly bruised. The night was cold and the wind was blowing a regular blizzard as Fred took Rose in his car which was as warm as a room she had just left. The nurse wrapped her up well and sat beside her, Fred thinking, "Well, I wish I had left you home."

In a few moments they were at her home. Her dear mother was still looking very anxiously for her when the car drove up. She saw the man lift Rose and come up the walk; the storm was so great he could not do otherwise. She was saying her rosary over and over again. Instead of loud exclamations or fainting, she looked up to Heaven, saying, "My sweet Infant Jesus, do with me and mine what You will. Thou art my King and my Saviour; help me! put all my trust in You." The old butler, Thomas, opened the door and threw up his hands, but the doctor raised his finger in warning to be quiet. Rose went quickly to her mother, saying she was all right. She then told her how Dr. Stroum took care of her and when all was explained, her mother took the doctors hands telling him her thanks. "God bless you for your kindness to me and my child," she said. Mrs. Winters was her bright, beautiful self in a few minutes. Telling Thomas to serve dinner, she said, "And place another plate for the doctor. Oh, you must have dinner with us," [to Dr. Stroum] "why, its half past seven now." Dr. Fred was delighted. He seemed to be right at home. Everything seemed home like and the dinner was good and all did justice to it. It was eleven o'clock before he could tear himself away, promising to come in the morning, and as early as he dared he was there. Rose's arm was very painful, all black and blue, but she was as bright as the day. The arm healed in time, but it took two calls a day to mend it, and that for a long time. And now it will take Rose's life to heal the doctor's heart.

To-night, as well as the first night that Dr. Stroum gathered Rose in his arms, another blizzard is blowing, but the warm hearts within heed it not. Rose is giving the doctor his answer. They are so happy in their great love. Fred, with Rose's hand, is asking her mother's blessing. Marie, her sweet mother, says, "This is the gift and blessing of the Christ Child. Thank God."

BIGOTRY RAMPANT IN SPIRE OF THE WAR.

Canadian Press Unfair In Handling Charge Against Sisters of Charity.

Many of us are prone to believe that the great struggle of the Nations had absorbed all religious animosities, or at least silenced them, and had directed the intellectual activities of the people into other, more wholesome channels; however, by a mere glance at some of our anti-Catholic papers, which still continue to cast aspersions on the ministers of the Faith and the members of Religious Orders engaged in charitable work. Only a short time ago, in an early December issue, the "Menace," and in later issues other papers, published an account of a trial conducted at Kingston, Ontario, Canada, in which a Sister Mary Basil, one-time of the Sisters of Charity, was awarded judgment for \$24,000 for assault and abduction, the defendants, according to the

"Pathfinder," being "the Archbishop and his associates." The prelate mentioned is Archbishop Michael J. Spratt, of Kingston. The "Menace" jubilantly proclaims this decision of the Kingston jury, and quotes from the "Cincinnati Enquirer," and the "Kansas City Star" details of the case, in which the following facts appear to have been the basis for the action of the court. "Sister Mary," we read, "alleged she had reported to Rome that conditions in the Orphanage, with which she was connected, in the province of Quebec, were deplorable." She claimed that therefore an attempt had been made to abduct her and place her in an asylum.

It appears that many Canadian and some American papers seized upon this case eagerly as a welcome opportunity to spread insinuating charges against the Church and its institutions. They have not been quite so ready to present the actual facts. A review of the entire proceedings brings out the following: The Archbishop (Mgr. Spratt) was not a party to the alleged charge and was not even called upon as a witness in the case because, as his attorney contended, he was not implicated; besides, from the viewpoint of Canon Law, he had no jurisdiction in the matter, and according to his statement made under oath in the "examination for discovery," he entertained no wish to interfere. Moreover, the jury was composed of twelve sworn Protestants, and the trial—and this is one of the most objectionable features—was not conducted in the court-room but was transferred to the City Hall, so all appearances with a view to accommodate all the morbidly inclined. It furthermore was proven, according to the evidence submitted in court and quoted in "The Canadian Freeman," that the plaintiff, whose conduct had rendered her continuance in the community impossible, was not simply dismissed, but that arrangements were made for her reception in the Hospital of St. John of God in Montreal, which seemed the best place to which she might be sent. She was not to be sent there for incarceration, but for such treatment as her condition seemed to demand.

These facts, and many others, have been distorted and spread over many columns of the secular and the anti-Catholic press, along with details of a more or less malicious character. Where facts were wanting, innuendo was employed to discredit the work and the motives of the Sisters of Charity and their spiritual leaders. The "Canadian Freeman" speaks of the "outrageously biased reports of the trial that appeared in the Press," and adds that, although a square deal could not be expected, yet "we did expect that the big papers of the Dominion would prove that they were really big by rising above prejudice and presenting both sides of this unfortunate affair in a fair and unbiased manner."

The "Freeman's" hope has been in vain. And just as the Canadian Catholics have been disappointed in the attitude taken by the secular press of that country, so we also must face the fact boldly that, when occasion arises, our secular press will be just as unfair to the Church as the Canadian papers have been in this instance.

C. B. of the C. V.

More than 3,000 members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Massachusetts are in war service.

Mrs. T. F. Ryan provided sixteen chapels in Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, besides costly churches and hospitals in the East.

The Poor Clares in the United States date from the year 1576, with Mothers Maddalena and Constanza as founders, at Evansville, Ind. One of them died in the odour of sanctity.

Mt. Carmel Church in New York has been dedicated in its style after St. Paul's, in Rome, and is said to be the handsomest Italian church in our country.