

Jubilee Stirs Memories Of Bishop McQuaid

(Continued from Page 1)

As he knew they would be absorbed by that diocese. After three years they returned and began a community in Fr. McQuaid's out-station, Morristown, where now stands the great convent and school, St. Elizabeth's

College. On the fiftieth jubilee of this college, Bishop McQuaid wrote a long letter to its founder, Mother Xavier, in which he stated, "Under God, I owe everything to Sister Elizabeth." Besides these two pupils, this sister must have influenced other lives of which we have no record.

This humble nun little dreamed that she was educating a future bishop of the Church. For over a century the mortal remains of this religious woman have rested in a nameless grave in Calvary Cemetery, "but her soul goes marching on."

The young levite's ordination was hastened a few months owing to the state of his health, and during the ceremony, at which he was permitted to sit down, it appeared to the friends of the candidate that he was ordained for a very brief service, and to none did it seem possible that he would live and

work through his eighty-fifth year, for he was suffering from hemorrhages of the lungs.

A few weeks previously, he had consulted a distinguished physician, a man far in advance of his time. It may be of interest to know how a doctor treated a patient with lung trouble a century ago. Greeting the young man pleasantly, the doctor narrated a humorous anecdote, at which the student gave a loud laugh.

After a careful examination, the doctor spoke seriously as follows: "In your present condition, no medicine will do you any good." At that time every newspaper advertised a cure for consumption.

"You must depend chiefly on nourishment and fresh air," he said, "the fresh air as much as possible. Next you must cultivate strength of mind, for the mind can exercise a wonderful influence over the body." He then outlined a series of exercises, the object of which was to control the muscles of the body. The first simple exercise was to stand immobile for an hour.

In advanced life the Bishop, during the longest services, e. g. in Holy Week, stood immobile on his throne, while the clergy and faithful in Church kept shifting their weight from one foot to the other. "Now, lastly, young man, you have a very dangerous laugh; you must not laugh at all; your life depends on it." After watching himself carefully for a while, the Bishop said later that he felt no inclination to laugh, and later on that he could not laugh even if he tried. So the loud laugh in the doctor's office was the last laugh in his life. This fact contributed to spoil his reputation of being a kind-hearted man, which he was in reality, though the priests and people regarded him as a person of severe temperament, for no one ever saw him laugh.

The country pastors met the Bishop at the train the afternoon before Confirmation, but they could hardly be lured into the house afterward, they seemed so occupied with things about the church or in the barn. The housekeepers, of course, were in distress as to what they should prepare for meals, but they were comforted when told: "Anything you place on the table, will please the Bishop." The writer, who accompanied the Bishop twenty-four years on his Confirmation trips, always found his conversations simply charming and instructive.

It was providential at that time that Father Bayley was acting as secretary to Archbishop Hughes, and when the appointment of Fr. McQuaid came up, he mentioned to the bishop that his health was weak, and so he was appointed as an assistant to Madison, in the northern diocese of New Jersey, instead of a large parish in New York City.

After getting settled in Madison, Fr. McQuaid placed himself under the direction of a vocal trainer in New York, Prof. Frohisher, and he soon became a fluent preacher. Through his life he preferred the English sound of the vowel "a," the broad "ah" instead of the short "a." He became the outstanding orator of the American hierarchy. For forty years after coming to Rochester, he used to preach at the High Mass in the Cathedral to a crowded congregation, the majority of whom were men from every parish in the city.

From his first year as a Bishop, he became the most prominent defender of Catholic education in this country, through his lectures on "Christian Free Schools," in which he advocated the plan that the state should adopt the schools built and paid for by Catholics. When he delivered one of his lectures in Boston before a "Free Thinkers' Society," several of the members though the plan feasible. But bigotry does not yield to reason.

Uncle Sam himself can be quite inconsistent. He will not contribute a cent to a Catholic school, but when there is a question of his favorite sons, the soldiers and sailors, he wishes to have a Catholic chaplain live among them, giving the chaplain a higher rank and salary than he gives the graduates of the famous West Point Military Academy. He also wishes that his best boys in penal institutions should have chaplains to counsel them.

Friends College
Education became Mr. Robby's young priest and he opened the first Catholic school in New Jersey at Madison, being himself the teacher till he could secure a suitable lay teacher. He also harbored the project, ambitious for that day, of building a Catholic College for young men at Spring Hill, for which he received the permission of Bishop Hughes in 1870. In fact, the college was founded and operated for many years and eventually it was merged into the

dent and professor of English literature and elocution, which work he continued with marked success after his appointment as Rector of the Cathedral and Vicar General of the Diocese of Newark.

His great ambition was to repeat the experiment of Seton Hall in Rochester, but he did not succeed in beginning a college for young men, though he made more than one attempt to do so; and as for a theological seminary, he had to collect and plan carefully, amid many disappointments, for a quarter of a century. St. Andrew's Seminary he began as a young bishop in 1870.

Today his chief monument may be seen on Lake Avenue in the beautiful and extensive cemetery which he planned in every detail and in the grounds and buildings of St. Bernard's Seminary, the object of his inspection and serious care from the construction of its first building to the completion of the entire group. On the day the cornerstone of the main building was laid, the Bishop spoke these words: "I would not take a million dollars for this seminary, situated on the banks of the Genesee River, close to the home of our dear departed, in the midst of the beautiful park section of Rochester, and near the great lake of Ontario." These words came from the heart.

He contributed much to the beauty of this city by the many churches, schools and convents he encouraged the pastors to build; and particularly because he was one of the first three members of the Rochester Park Board, the meetings of which he attended regularly up to his last illness, exercising a considerable influence no doubt in selecting the different sites. Throughout the diocese he encouraged the construction of beautiful churches.

His spiritual influence upon the clergy and laity no man can evaluate. He observed the spirit of poverty all his life and to remind himself that he was a poor orphan boy, he never carried about his person more than twenty-five dollars.

It may be remarked here after the brief review of the blessings Bishop McQuaid brought to this diocese that it came near losing all of them. Having read the Bulls sent him by Archbishop Spaulding, appointing him to the newly created diocese of Rochester, he started one morning to New York to present his resignation to Bishop McCloskey. This Prelate, in his quiet and easy way, explained to Fr. McQuaid how his name was placed on the list, because he wished to have his services in the Province of New York. This explanation sufficed.

Several untoward circumstances combined to deprive Rochester of Bishop McQuaid's services: his humble birth in an orphan asylum, his feeble state of health lasting several years, later his prominent position in a well-organized diocese, his bishop's desire to keep him as a future successor (the bishop four years later became Archbishop of Baltimore), and the poverty of the new diocese, having only eight counties with a Catholic population not equal to that of the city of Buffalo. But the difficulties were all overcome by the watchful care of a humble nun and the friendship of Archbishop McCloskey. Arriving at the palace one morning, with the Bulls in his pocket, Bishop McQuaid began to state the reasons for his resignation to the Archbishop, and the latter in his quiet and gentle manner, explained that he had placed his name on the list for Rochester, since he wished to have him as a helper in the Province of New York. Archbishop McCloskey was a close friend of Bishop McQuaid, and so the Bulls were taken back to Newark.

It may be asked why this wealthy and populous country had no native clergy for a century or more?

(To Be Continued.)

FORTY HOURS

Devotions of the "Forty Hours" are scheduled in the following churches of the Diocese of Rochester:

Friday, Nov. 13—Holy Family, Sacred Heart Convent, Rochester.
Sunday, Nov. 14—Our Lady of Lourdes, Rochester; St. Mary's, Madison; Queen's, West Rochester; Emma Heights; Mt. Road.

God's Service Flag

The evening star a child copied
The one star in the sky.
"Is that God's service flag?" he said.
And smiled his reply.
The mother named a soldier who
Had been the 22nd year.
"Yes, that is why the star is there!
God gave the only flag!"



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ROBES

- ★ Wools
- ★ Cotton and Rayon
- ★ Rayon



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