

## The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

Weekly Church Calendar.  
Sun. 17—Pentecost. Gos. St. John. xiv.  
Mon. 18—St. Paschal Baylon, Conf.  
Tues. 19—St. Venantius, Mar.  
Wed. 20—St. Peter Celestine, P. and C.  
Thurs. 21—St. Bernardine of Siena, Conf.  
Fri. 22—St. Felix of Cantalice, Conf.  
Sat. 23—St. Julia, Virgin and Mar.  
Sun. 24—St. John Baptist Rossi.  
Wed., Fri. Sat. are Fast Days.

## A REMARKABLE PAPER.

At a theological conference in the Baptist church Wednesday, Benjamin O. True, professor of ecclesiastical history in the Theological Seminary, read a somewhat remarkable paper on "Anti-Sacramentalism." It was remarkable in that it deprecated in forcible language the usual epithets used as arguments against the Roman Catholic Church remarkable in that the author was fair enough, in nearly every place, to drop the offensive "Romanist," and when he did use it there was evidence he did not mean the designation as a sneer. The paper was further remarkable in that the author seemed to be in doubt as to the truth of the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. "If," said he, "it be untrue, then it is a prodigious assumption; if it be true, it is a terrific sublimity." The writer would divide religionists into two classes—sacramentalists and anti-sacramentalists. He thinks the theological warfare of the future will be between these two.

Prof. True remarked that it was futile to fight Rome so long as Protestants believed in fundamental tenets or sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church. One could infer from his arguments, that if a person be a sacramentalist at all he should be a Catholic—which is true. Prof. True also dwelt upon the absurdity of English Episcopalians and other Protestant sects inveighing against the Roman Catholic Church, when all the sacraments they claimed were inherited from the body they denounced. The writer said the Catholic Church was more than holding its own in Germany in spite of Protestant opposition and the "Old Catholic" movement, which latter he characterized as "an after failure of what had been expected of it as an opponent of Rome."

Prof. True came out boldly and said there could be no success in fighting the Catholic Church with weapons—sacraments—borrowed from the enemy. The rest of his paper was devoted to an attempted refutation of the sacramental system of the Catholic Church, and a plea for the Baptists to renounce sacramentalism in toto and declare their belief that the ceremonies in their church services were merely symbolic and had no significance in themselves. If it be possible we will, in a future issue, give our readers part of Prof. True's paper. It is a great pity Mr. True could not be secured on the staff of the *American Baptist*. In that event, its controversy with the St. Louis *Church Progress* would not be so one-sided.

Of course we don't agree with Prof. True's arguments, but must own up to astonishment at his fairness and the freedom from opprobrious epithets and loud ranting that characterize too many utterances of so-called Protestant controversialists. It must have its cause in the almost invariably fair-minded atmosphere of Rochester. Or perhaps Prof. True has been borrowing a leaf from Cardinal Newman—always state your opponent's case fairly.

The *JOURNAL* delegates to the *Protestant* convention in New York will make it their business to express

their appreciation of the excellent manner in which the committee of arrangements took care of the editors and publishers.

## THE PARNELLITE ENVOYS.

BOSTON PILOT, MAY 9.

Messrs. Wm. Redmond and Jno. O'Connor, Irish Members of Parliament, addressed a meeting at Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening.

Mr. Redmond eloquently combatted the policy of non-intervention by Irish-Americans in the present quarrel, saying, "Our people at home, on the old sod, do want and think they are entitled to have an expatriation from their country-men in this great nation."

Mr. O'Connor also spoke in support of his leader, laying the blame for disunion upon the opposition. Be that as it may, the fact confronts us that disunion exists, and the chasm grows wider day by day. Even in the House of Commons last week there was an unworthy scene of recrimination between Parnell and Healy, to the delight of their common enemy. Mr. O'Connor recognized the significance of this sparse audience Sunday night when he said:—

"These empty benches to-night say to us, 'Go home and settle your differences there, but I ask those who think that way to reflect for a single moment, because we can establish peace only upon one condition, and that condition is that our party shall be independent in the future as it has been in the past, free to ally itself with any party in the kingdom which will nail the Irish colors highest on the masthead.'"

The "empty benches" spoke the truth, harsh as it is. The Irish party must settle their difference, before America will resume its aid. The sooner this fact is recognized the better.

No Irish-American wants to dictate to the people at home on this question; but surely it is possible for men who are truly devoted to their country's cause to arrive at some satisfactory settlement of the question and put an end to the wretched dissensions that are discrediting country and cause in the eyes of the world.

N. Y. SUN, MAY 8.

There is no doubt that the recent course of events in Ireland has significantly furthered the Gladstonian cause in England. Had the Parnellites demonstrated their ability to split the Irish Nationalist delegation to the next House of Commons, the British Liberals would have been profoundly discouraged. For no one anticipates that Mr. Gladstone can obtain in the approaching contest such a decisive victory as he gained in 1880, when he opened Parliament with a large majority over Tories and Parnellites combined. That he will beat the Conservatives in England, Wales, and Scotland seems almost certain, but to carry a drastic measure of Home Rule over the scruples of some of his own followers he will need to be reinforced by the votes of an Irish party almost equal in numbers to that which Mr. Parnell controlled six months ago. It is now settled in the minds of impartial onlookers that that he will be able to rely on such assistance. Conclusive evidence on this point seems to have been furnished by the by-elections in North Kilkenny and North Sligo, and Mr. Parnell's evasion of the challenge in Cork. A few seats now occupied by Irish patriots will, there is reason to fear, be gained by the Tories, through the division of the Nationalist vote; a few, also, Mr. Parnell may be able to retain; but no careful observer any longer hesitates to assume that Mr. Justin McCarthy will have at his back at least seventy Home Rulers in the next Parliament.

It is now as indubitable as anything prospective can be, not only that a Home Rule measure will be introduced in the next Parliament, but that it will be of the large and trenchant kind which alone could satisfy the local interests and reasonable wishes of the Irish people. That result will be due in large measure to the resolute attitude maintained throughout the recent crisis by the Roman Catholic Church. Had there been any wavering on the part of the Irish episcopate and priesthood, the Nationalist party would have been split beyond repair. No such disaster has occurred, thanks to the

patriotic and sagacious conduct of the Irish hierarchy. It may sometimes be unwise for churchmen to interfere in politics, but in this case it is indisputable that the interference was an unmixed good.

The Catholic Press Association, in convention in New York last week, showed their appreciation of the worth of the late John Boyle O'Reilly by adopting the following memorial resolutions:

*Resolved*, That we sorrowfully deplore the demise of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, whose great ability and high moral principles made him a distinguished leader of the Catholic Press, and who in all the relations of life was a most worthy exemplar of every quality which should adorn the Catholic and the citizen.

*Resolved*, That we respectfully tender to the afflicted family of the deceased our sincerest sympathy in their great affliction.

*Resolved* further, That the secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the lamented deceased.

His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, has a clear conception of the scope and limits of the Catholic press. His speech Thursday evening of last week was a vivid reminder of the recognition Catholic editors owe legitimate authority.

This is the month especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. We hope our readers are practicing some devotion, however small, to the Blessed Mother. If you honor her, she will never forsake you.

## Seneca Falls.

Miss May Nugent, of Syracuse, is visiting her friend Miss Alice Rogan, on Bridge street.

Matthew R. Casey returned last Sunday from his trip to Washington.

Miss Lillie Cruise has entered the employ of Rumsey & Co. as stenographer.

The barn of P. H. Burns on Chestnut St. was destroyed by fire on Wednesday evening. The fire was no doubt the work of an incendiary. It is said Mr. Burns had an insurance.

James Mangano, a Seneca Falls boy, will be ordained to the holy priesthood at St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, at Troy, on Saturday, May 24th.

A number of friends from here have received invitations to be present at his ordination. He will celebrate his first mass at St. Patrick's church on Sunday, May 31st. He will be attached to the New York diocese. His many friends will be glad of his success in at last entering that holy order for which he has labored so hard and is so well qualified to fill.

Lawrence Muldoon, a highly respected citizen of this place, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn, a short distance south of the village, on Friday morning, last. He had been despondent for some time.

## Dansville.

Fred Rempel is home from Rochester. Miss Julia Reap, of Rochester, is visiting at home.

On Monday morning in St. Patrick's church Francis Mitchell and Miss Della McDonald were united in marriage by Rev. J. H. Day; and at St. Mary's Jms. Phuntner and Miss Maggie Schu were also married by Father Day.

Among the teachers engaged to teach at the Union school for the ensuing year we note the following Catholics: Miss Le Febvre, Miss Kinsella, Miss Rowan and Miss O'Meara.

## Macedon.

Frank Doyle and wife, of Rochester, spent last Sunday with his father, Luke Doyle.

John McGreal and wife, of Rochester, spent Sunday with Francis Quinn.

James M. McGreal and wife, of Fairport, spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. John Berigan and children, of Fairport, were the guests of Mrs. Michael Delaney the past week.

Miss Mamie Maxwell was visiting friends in Fairport the past week.

John McGarry is quite sick with rheumatism.

The mother, brother and sister of James Fox, of this place, arrived here from Ireland last Sunday.

## Base Ball.

Rochester's base ball club stands fifth in the race for the pennant. It is hoped the club will do better as the season advances. A large crowd has attended the games during the week and although we did not win every time some very good ball playing was enjoyed by the patrons. To-day Monday and Tuesday, Providence plays here and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday New Haven.

## THE EVENING COMETH.

The daylight fades upon the hills;  
Soft are the shades that follow,  
Filling the lonely hollow:  
Brooding o'er earth with silence blest,  
Peace and rest, O peace and rest!

The white, white light, the far flung light  
That filled my lonely vision,  
That lay upon the midday lawn,  
That lit the hills around me,  
I morning gleam! O noontide glow!  
The sun is set, the day is low.

Hush heart and tongue not! So it is, 'tis best,  
What matter if the strong, wide reaching day  
Be long or short? The evening comes at last,  
The evening hushed and cool and blest,  
Be still, O heart, be still and rest.  
—Aurilla Furrer in Washington Post.

## THE LINEN CLOSET.

"But surely there are more rooms!" The young widow who had come down to Garland to hire a little house for the summer had followed the agent into the two-story cottage and was staring about her.

"Only four rooms!" she said. "Surely there were ten or more when the house looks larger on the outside."

"Oh, there were ten originally, ma'am," the agent replied. "There were ten, but the rest are boarded up. This is simply the wing, but you have a parlor, a dining room and two bedrooms, besides the little outside kitchen, which is a building by itself, and the main building has a bathroom and a linen closet."

"But the four of boarding up six good rooms," said the lady. "The parlor with the wainscot and the black marble mantel-piece."

"You know the house?" cried the agent.

"Oh, in houses of this sort you always find a black marble mantel and a wainscot," said the lady. "And on the other side of the hall is a bathroom and a linen closet, and three bedrooms upstairs, and the linen closet and bathroom—the long, dark linen closet."

"The ghost always comes out of that," said the agent.

"Oh, ho!" cried the lady. "The cat is out of the bag. The house is haunted!"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the agent. "It has that reputation among ignorant people, but since the main building has been boarded in the figure has never been seen by any one."

"The figure?" asked the lady. "All in white, like an ironing board?"

"All in white, but like a pretty girl of sixteen," replied the agent. "I remember the murder myself. My father was in the real estate business, and I am sure that the figure was a school boy. I remember how the news ran through the village that Martha Penny had been killed by wild Jack Parker, and how I rushed up with the crowd to see her. Yes, ma'am, I saw her lying weltering in her blood across the threshold of the linen closet."

The lady shuddered and sat down in the large, chintz-covered armchair of the room that had entered.

"You can go and play in the garden," she said to the little boy whom she led by the hand. "Don't go out of sight. Now tell me the story, Mr. Brick!"

"Very sensible to send the child away," the agent said. "Well, the facts were these: Martha Penny lived as seamstress with Mrs. Parker. They made her one of the family. Jack fell in love with her. The story goes that she refused him, and that he said that she should never marry any other man. Then she declared that she meant to go away, and she was getting ready to go when she saw him with blazing eyes coming down the passage, and ran into the linen closet. A black servant watched it all. As he passed the door he shot her with a revolver, and she fell off to prison. But while the body was waiting for the coroner it disappeared, no one ever knew how Mrs. Parker had taken to her bed. Black Ann had been afraid to sit in the room with the murdered girl. In the night Martha Penny's corpse vanished."

The jury made up their minds that Jack was dead, and he looked up at the agent, by accident. When he was let out again his mother was dead. He is quite a rich man, but he never could bear to live on his property. He has a room at the hotel and has let all the land. At first he let the house also, but the tenants were all scared away by the ghost, they said, five years ago he boarded up the main building and only lets the wing. Every summer he hires it. It is pretty furnished, you see, with new things. The old stuff is all in the old rooms. They do say that they hear noises in the big building; but probably rats make them. And Mrs. Smith, you don't look like a lady who would be afraid of a ghost."

"Martha Penny's ghost?" interrupted the lady. "I don't believe in ghosts. I should be much more afraid of wild Jack Parker, though he is alive."

"He's an altered man, ma'am," said the agent; "quite broken, though he is rather young in years."

"Will you take the house, Mr. Brick," said the widow, rising and looking through the open window to her little boy. "And my servant and I and little Tom will move in on Monday."

"They did so, and soon flowers bloomed in the garden and at the window, and the pretty child swung under the elm trees or tossed his ball on the lawn. The mother, seated in the main building, often came to the window to see her little boy. And my servant and I and little Tom will move in on Monday."

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stairs, and spiders crawled along the balustrades and up the walls. She passed the big chamber and the little chamber and stopped at the linen closet. Opening the door she saw piles of clothes and sheets and towels and pillow cases, once white, but now powdered gray, as though a snow of that trip had fallen upon them.

She lowered her lantern and beheld across the sill a stain of blood, and within, on the floor, a deep one; but she did not shudder; indeed, a smile crossed her face—a pitiful, tender smile.

"Poor little Martha Penny!" she said, and with a quiver on her eye she entered and shut the door behind her. A small, round window, high up in the wall, let in a little gleam of moonlight, a broken pane admitted a breath of air, but amid the woolen blankets at the further end moths burrowed. She could see their tracks, and a curious smell that lingers in moth eaten wool made the air heavy. Already her lantern was lighted, and she looked through the broken pane above to flutter about it. (She closed the slide, and now looked like a very ghost herself—all white in the faint moonlight.)

She listened intently. Soon she heard the sound of a door closed carefully, feet upon the stairs, feet in the passage without the door. Some one began to pace slowly and down.

"Martha!" said a voice; "Martha!" Then there was silence. Then again, "Martha! Martha!"

It was a man's voice which spoke. Now it went on.

"They say your ghost haunts this house. I have come here so often and heard nothing, seen nothing. Martha, give me some sign that you hear me."

The widow lifted her hand and tapped lightly on the floor. "The parlor with the wainscot and the black marble mantel-piece."

There was a little cry without, then "Martha" came again, and now the widow spoke: "You call Martha. She is here. For once, and once only, she is permitted to listen to you. Who are you?"

"Who are you?—you—Jack Parker," replied the voice. "May I see you, Martha—angel Martha—may I see you?"

"If you swear not to move—not to try to touch me," said the widow.

"I swear," replied Jack, in a choking voice.

The door of the linen closet moved slowly. The man on his knees in the passage without saw a white draped figure with long braids of hair hanging below its waist.

"My God!" he panted. "Do I see you again, Martha?"

"I am Martha Penny," replied the widow, in a soft whisper. "Why have you called me?"

"To ask your forgiveness," the man replied. "I know I am lost in this world and the next. I speak to me, sweet angel, tell me that you know that I did not kill you with intent to do so. Let the world think what it will. Tell me you know it was not so—that you knew it even when you felt there, where you stand now—tell me so and save my soul!"

"When I fell," the faint voice whispered, "when the light rushed from the wound you gave me, I believed that you had shot me purposely. In this belief I lost my consciousness. Yes, when I seemed to die I thought you had killed me."

"But now?" asked Jack.

"Oh, unhappy man," replied the spirit, "night after night I have heard your voice, night after night I have heard you swear by that holy to your innocence. I do not doubt you now. Be at peace. We shall meet again, and I forgive you."

With a cry the man flung himself upon the floor, and great sobs burst from his bosom.

"At last!" he gasped, "at last. Oh, dear angel, at last. Oh, God be praised!"

The white figure came nearer to the faint man; it bent over him.

"Jack!" it said in more earthly tones. "I am so glad that you did not mean to kill me. Poor boy, you were always handling that revolver recklessly, but you know you threatened me. I loved you, Jack, but I could not marry you your mother was so proud, and yet she had been so good to me, a poor little orphan. So I swore to myself that I would go away and never see you again unless she called me back. That is why I refused you, Jack; that is why."

Thrilling and chilling, Jack lifted himself on his elbow and stared into the veiled face.

"Certainly I am really mad at last," he said.

But the voice, now even more distinct and full of earthly tenderness, went on: "Now Jack, do you are quite sane, quite sane. Remember how the body of poor Martha Penny was spirited away. Have you never thought that perhaps she was not dead, though that stupid old doctor, in his dotage, declared her so? Jack, poor Jack, she was alive. But when she came to herself the horror she felt that you should murder her was very great. And yet she did not wish to give any evidence that would send you to prison. She resolved to fly. The old negro helped her away, and left to cover the act. Jack, I am no ghost. I am alive, I am flesh and blood. Touch my hand, I give you leave. Poor Jack, poor fellow, how you have suffered all these years."

"As they suffer in Hades," he said, and he put his lips to the hand of her who said, "I am alive, I am flesh and blood. Touch my hand, I give you leave. Poor Jack, poor fellow, how you have suffered all these years."

"I worked hard for awhile, then a good old man married me," she went on. "He was kind as a father, and I have a little boy. I am a widow now, and I came back to see the old place. I live in the wing that the agent had to let, and night after night I heard you through the partition, weeping and praying for forgiveness of my ghost, wearing your hair, and then to hear me. And I meant that you should only think my ghost forgave you. But I—I could not help telling the truth, dear Jack, once I saw you so near me and so broken-hearted."

Then indeed Jack grew bolder and dared to touch her hands and to lift them to his lips. He was thankful and humble, as though heaven had vouchsafed him a vision of angels, and he left her at her door as he might have parted from one. But after all she was a living woman, he a man who loved her, and ere the autumn leaves fell they were wed.—Mary Kyle Dallas in *Fire-side Companion*.

## A Courteous Man.

Show me the man who is habitually courteous to other men of all degrees and I will show you a man who is sure to kind to his wife, his children, and his horse. I saw a man give up his seat in a horse car the other day to another who was old and shabby. After standing for ten minutes the one first named, alighted and three little children danced down to the gate to meet him. Good tendencies are always recorded on earth, although good acts may wait for a space.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Charming Fellow.

A lady who had but lately been married, seeing her husband return after three days' absence, stole up secretly behind him and gave him a kiss. The husband was angry, and told her that she had offended against all his notions of propriety. "I am very sorry," she said, "but I was so lonely."

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