

# The Catholic Journal.

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## AROUND THE GLOBE.

WHAT THE CHURCH IS DOING IN THIS AND OTHER CONTINENTS.

Many Items of General Interest That Will be Appreciated by Our Readers.

The chaplain of one of the Spanish warships at Manila was killed by a shot, and it is also reported that a similar fate befell one of the nuns engaged in hospital work in the town.

The Catholic hospital in Holland, toward the erection of which Catholics have been contributing for many years, will be opened in September. It cost \$113,000 and the Pope contributed \$2,000 toward its erection fund.

A granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Anhalt, was present at the first Catholic sermon preached by the Rev. W. B. Maturin, the former famous Anglican orator. Afterwards she was granted an audience with the Pope.

The Holy Father recently received a body of pilgrims from Perugia, saying Mass for them in the Sistine Chapel. After giving them his Apostolic blessing, the Pope announced his gift of 500,000 francs to the Institution of Perugia.

Rev. Mr. Ferguson, an Anglican clergyman, formerly attached to the Protestant Episcopal cathedral, Edinburgh, has just been received into the church by Father White, S. J. Mrs. Ferguson has also followed her husband in the momentous step he has taken.

In the temporary church of the Redemptorist Fathers, Belfast, Father McNamara, C. S. S. R., preached the other day in Irish. This is the first occasion during the present century that an Irish sermon was heard in Belfast.

Father Sherman, who is to act as chaplain in the army, has received a handsome present from Philip Scanlon, of St. Louis, in the shape of a Kentucky thoroughbred bay horse, fifteen hands high. The leaders of the Sodality of the College church parish have presented him with a chapel outfit, new vestments and altar cloths. Mrs. Graham Frost and Mrs. Thomas Brent, of Salem, Mo., donated the chalice and other altar ornaments.

St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Monticello, N. Y., which was built by the Dominican Sisterhood, has been completed, and will be dedicated on Tuesday, June 7. The ceremony will be performed by Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn. The sanitarium was built through the efforts of wealthy residents of the Eastern districts of Brooklyn. It will be under the jurisdiction of the authorities of St. Catherine's Hospital, in that borough.

At Turin some weeks ago took place the public exhibition of the sacred winding sheet in the church of St. Sindone, and afterwards its transfer from that church to the cathedral. The first-mentioned sacred edifice being the chapel royal of the house of Piedmont, King Humbert himself was present, and it was he who issued the formal invitations. The winding sheet in which our Lord was enshrouded has hitherto been kept in an urn. It will now be brought forth to public view and will be carried in solemn procession through the streets of Turin. It is considered a happy idea of King Humbert to vary the present exhibition festivities in Turin with an interesting religious function of this kind.

There is great religious activity among the Poles of Buffalo. Plans are now being prepared by architects for the building of a church, monastery, convent and school at the junction of Sears, Kent and Clark streets. The Franciscans are the projectors of the institution, and they intend to spare neither money nor labor in the carrying out of their plans. Workmen have been busy for two weeks remodeling the store at the Kent and Clark streets corner and also building a large addition to it, making the building suitable for a temporary chapel. This chapel will be used pending the building of the more permanent structures. The details of these buildings have not yet been determined, farther than they will be of stone and brick, and cost about \$200,000. A convent and monastery will be built for the accommodation of the religious as soon as possible. These buildings will cost about \$20,000 each, and the first plans of the church itself indicate an expenditure of more than \$100,000.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

## THE TWO COUSINS.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER XI.  
[Continued from last week.]

It had been a little over two weeks since the return of the travelers. Virginia who had continued through the winter to spend her whole time in study, had been admitted into the Catholic church in early spring, but her first communion had been deferred until the day before she started for home. Could Alexia have seen the fervor with which she approached the holy table she would have felt herself well rewarded for having given her own life to the service of her Creator, but she was still kept in ignorance.

Several times since her return Agnes had been to the asylum; but Virginia only once, and then she had been unable to see her cousin. She had intended that day to tell Alexia of her conversion, but would not let her learn the good from other lips than her own. When Agnes heard of the celebration which was being prepared for, she said, "Mamma, Sister has had happiness enough for the present in seeing me entirely cured, and why not keep your secret now until the feast of the Sacred Heart?"

"Let it be as you say, Agnes," said Virginia, and this was why she did not make a second visit. Sister Agnes had hoped that the miracle that had been performed for Agnes, and the devotion her cousin must have seen while abroad, would have some effect upon her, and vainly did she await some sign of it. Once she said to Agnes, "What does your mamma think of your cure?"

"Oh, Sister," was the evasive reply, "it has made her very happy," and she changed the subject. "Poor Virginia," was the Sister's mental comment, "the grace of God has not yet touched her heart for if it had Agnes would certainly tell me, then she said, let us continue to pray for her, Agnes."

"Yes, Sister," was the reply, but the twinkle of her eyes escaped the notice of her companion. Alexia's next question was, "Why hasn't your mamma called on me since your return?"

To this Agnes replied, "She did once, Sister, but you were not in and she has been too busy since. She will call again soon."

Alexia's prayers for her cousin were redoubled and she left her to the care of the Sacred Heart, hoping that the approaching feast might bring some grace to her. Mrs. Hurley in the meantime was busy preparing for the event. Together, she and Agnes made a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, and attended Mass, with an humble fervor in which each seemed eager to excel the other. The day was spent in study, hearing Agnes practice her hymns, and working on the wardrobe she was to wear. Instead of a costly robe of satin and silk lace such as Agnes had worn at her first communion, the one chosen for this occasion was of simple white muslin the plainness of which was relieved only by a blue sash and frills of delicate lace at the throat and wrists.

Virginia on the happy morning occupied a front seat on the side aisle directly opposite those reserved for the participants in the procession and only two seats behind her were several of the Sisters of Mercy; so, although unconscious of it at the time, she could not have chosen a place where her cousin could have watched her more closely.

The convert having said a short prayer, had taken her seat before the Sisters entered and Alexia noticed that she was sitting while many around her knelt. But at the sound of the organ she saw her fall on her knees and she thought she made the sign of the cross, but put it aside as only the effect of her imagination.

Now the long procession wended its way slowly down the aisle; first came the younger members of the League of the Sacred Heart carrying a beautiful banner of the Sacred Heart painted on white satin with streamers of blood red ribbon, the girls wearing white dresses and red sashes; then the older members followed by the Children of Mary, with their banner bearing a picture of the Immaculate Conception and their white dresses relieved by sashes of delicate blue. Notwithstanding that Agnes had not yet been admitted to the sodality, it had been deemed proper that one who had received such wonderful favors from the Immaculate Mother of Christ should be permitted to carry her banner, so now we see her at the head of this band; and next came the various other societies all

singing a hymn appropriate to the occasion. At the same time another procession moved into the sanctuary and solemn high mass was commenced. Sister Agnes was so intent, first in watching her who was no longer a delicate child, but whose cheeks bloomed with roses of health; then the celebrant at the altar, that for a time her cousin was forgotten but Virginia was still devoutly kneeling and held a book when she looked at her again. A faint suspicion that she might have some thoughts of becoming a Catholic occurred to her, but banished directly, for Agnes, who would know all had told her nothing. The "Domine, non sum dignus" had been pronounced, and at the sound of the bell Virginia's book was closed and her head bent low; but it was only for a minute for the communion cloth had been turned and she arose and approached the altar.

Like one transfixed to the spot Alexia watched her in wonder. She felt her blood chill within her as if she were beholding a great sacrifice which she was powerless to prevent; but she felt confident that her cousin would never dare commit so bold a deed. Besides her devotion had been such as no one but a Catholic could affect. She glanced at Agnes who was directly opposite to her and their eyes met. On the face of the girl was a look of holy triumph and she smiled, slightly nodding her head, as if to say that all was well, then her head was bowed in prayer.

At the close of Mass there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the little girls strewing the bright June flowers from silver baskets walked ahead of the priest who carried the Holy Sacrament under a white satin canopy. When the consecrated host was placed on the altar, all knelt in adoration, then before the consecration to the Sacred Heart the clear sweet voice of Agnes floated through the edifice as she sang the beautiful hymn alone. For the time she seemed raised in ecstasy above her surroundings; and, as if regardless that she had an earthly listener, she sang as to her God alone, her voice growing sweeter and more plaintive, finally dying away in a sweet melody that thrilled many hearts. She was not heard again until after the benediction she joined in singing the Te Deum.

One heart had been touched by her voice. A man of about forty, or younger, but on whose once handsome face might be seen the marks of dissipation, had been attracted to the church by the procession which had entered as he chanced to be passing. During the Mass, which in childhood he had loved to attend, he sat near the door with a heart that could not be moved until he heard that sweet voice. Something recalled a voice he had once known and as she sang his mind went back to the lost days of his youth. He could not see her face until she was leaving the church when she passed near him, a bright vision, which reminded him still more strongly of the dead.

Soon the church was deserted; he alone remained kneeling near the door, his heart moved by Agnes' hymn to contrition for his wasted life, and a desire to return to the long neglected practice of his religion. How long he knelt there he hardly realized, but when he left the church it was with a firm resolution to amend his life and he sought one of the priests to whom he told a story which was listened to with a double interest, inasmuch as the man proved to be, not only a wanderer who wished to return to the church, but was no other than the father of Agnes Maloy.

The priest who had known Agnes from her infancy knew the story of her life as well as the Sisters themselves so that he soon became fully convinced as to who his visitor was, and when in conclusion he learned that the heart of the hardened sinner had been touched by the voice of his own child, he could scarcely withhold showing the emotion he felt; but he would not for the present let him know who she was. When he was asked her name his calm reply was "Agnes Hurley."

On the night he turned his young wife out in the cold he had gone to a saloon where he remained until morning, then returned home in hopes of finding her, but when he found that she had fled with his child his anguish knew no bounds. All day he awaited her return and on the next went to look for her, visiting several institutions where he thought that she might have left the baby, but it never occurred to him to call at any of the convents. By this time he had become fully sobered. He realized how much he loved his patient, loving wife and the little one, and resolved if he found them to do better for their sakes.

[To be continued.]

## IN MEMORIAM.

[To the memory of Margaret Buckley Carroll, wife of ex-Mayor William Carroll.]  
When from sadder earthly light  
A lovely spirit wings its flight,  
Grand halls from heaven hasten down  
To give that soul its brightest crown.

The gems that star our brilliant sky  
Are worlds that meet the mortal eye;  
Yet ken we not the dazzling night  
Of one pure soul in Heaven's sight.  
So gather all, with prayer and thanks  
That mid the soiled and sordid ranks  
Of men, we find that angels tread—  
Our immortal, living, precious dead.  
EDGAR H. SHERWOOD.

## O'DONNELL'S CALM AT DEATH.

Fearlessness of One of the Irish Brothers Who Became Famous in Spain.

In the early part of this century three brothers named O'Donnell left their native country, Ireland, and went to live in Spain, where they all had extraordinary careers. One died in 1867, after he had become the Duke of Tetuan, though he was better known as General O'Donnell; he was one of the most brilliant military men of his time. The youngest brother was cut off in his youth, but nothing in the lives of the others is so strange as the story of his death.

In 1882 there was war in Spain regarding the succession to the throne, and young O'Donnell declared himself for Isabella, who was soon proclaimed queen; but before that time O'Donnell fell a prisoner to General Zumalacarreque, a leader of the Carlist forces. The young Irishman looked upon this as almost a piece of good luck, for the Carlist leader was an old schoolmate. The two friends celebrated this meeting after a separation of years as a festive occasion, and as they ate supper together and drank toasts to old times, Zumalacarreque said:

"Your captivity will be brief, my friend. I am just about to send off a flag of truce to your general to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, so that you may expect to be free tomorrow."

The flag of truce was sent, but the result was entirely unexpected. The general of the Christians (that was the name given to Isabella's party), answered the Carlist envoy by saying: "I will show you how I treat rebels," and forthwith he had all his Carlist prisoners brought out and shot down before the eyes of the Christians, and the officer had no better news than the story of their death to take back to his chief. The next morning Zumalacarreque came into his tent where his prisoner was breakfasting. He sat down in silence.

"What is the matter?" asked O'Donnell. "Have you slept badly, or was your chocolate burnt?" "I am immensely disturbed," was the answer, and he told how the Carlist prisoners had been shot, and added: "I must make reprisals. My friend, in one hour's time you must be shot, no matter how I feel about it."

O'Donnell sat down his cup after finishing his chocolate, and said: "Yes, that is a matter of course; you must not distress yourself about it; I should act in the same way myself. Now give me a couple of cigarettes and writing material, for I must write a letter, which I will trouble you to take care of after my execution."

As he was finishing the letter the guard came to take out the prisoner. O'Donnell got up at once, shook hands with the man who was both his friend and his enemy, lit another cigarette and walked out to be shot.—New York Sun.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### BOOKS.

The second week of the Stuart Stock company's successful season will be inaugurated with a scenic production of Lester J. Wallack's famous romantic comedy-drama, "Rosedale," with its bright scenery and charming humor, is conceded by all to be the best play of its kind ever written. It abounds in humor, pathos, love and hate, and runs the gamut of every human emotion. Special scenery has been painted for this production from the original designs, and everything will be done in a thoroughly artistic manner, with faithful attention to each minor detail. Miss Jessie Bonstelle will again delight her many admirers with a return to light comedy. It would be difficult indeed to say in which particular role this clever little woman excels. Her audacious impersonation is invariably that she is at her best in whatever role she happens to be playing. Stephen Gratian will assume the rollicking English lazzar.

## CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Transpiring in the Different Fraternities—Current Calendar.

PICKINGS FOR THE GOOD OF THE C. M. B. A.

BY J. J. H., B. S.

CHAPTER IV, SERIES III.

Dear Brothers, if you have a member in your branch who is willing to do his own share of the work and part of yours, encourage him all you can. Don't accuse him of wanting to "run things." It is a good thing that some members do want to "run things," as you call it. I say either let him alone or take off your coat and try your hand at "running things" yourself. You will feel better, and in a little while be surprised at the friends you have made and the influence you wield over the branch's affairs. But do not say, as I have often heard remarked by members, that the clique runs the branch or association. This you will find is most generally said by the members who probably attend two or three times a year, then only when there are high festivities, etc. They say that the branch is run by a ring or clique. These remarks are not confined to the presence and hearing of members only, but are made in public gatherings given by the association, and in such manner as to impress on those present that the clique, as he terms it, are endeavoring to run things to suit themselves, irrespective of the wishes of the majority of the members. Now, who is the "clique"? If I may ask, and who is the unfortunate member who is in such a brotherly humor? I will answer you. The "clique" are those members who attend every meeting—are there when the meeting opens and remain until it closes; do committee work and fill the respective offices; visit the sick and do all in their power what they conscientiously think is for the welfare of the branch and the C. M. B. A. in general. Now, who are these growers? They are members who come to meetings only to breed discord among the members, or come only when they do not know where else to go. Do you think such enjoy the noble brotherhood of man? I will give you my version of it in these columns next week.

[To be continued.]

Hibernian Notes.

There was a small attendance on Tuesday evening at drill, but a more jolly crowd never filled the hall than it turned out to be before the meeting was over. The cause of the special activity on the part of the boys was the presence of President Cornelius O'Neill of Division 2. The boys turned in and drilled like veterans. They not only surprised themselves, but made a favorable impression on the distinguished visitor. After drill the armory was the scene of much merry making. While the visitors took the boys by surprise in point of numbers, they gave an after-drill concert to entertain the visitor and his party, and Bros. Dunnalon, Fitzgerald, Keyes and Byrne did themselves and the company credit with their songs and recitations. Each comrade joined in with the utmost joviality, and Comrade Keyes danced songs and jigs of a very fine order. That which surprised all present was his impersonation of a colored pleasure party. Bros. Keyes and Byrne were new members, and it being their first effort they delighted their comrades. Bro. Morrison and Corporal Brown were not behind. His song, from which the words borrowed this stanza, captured the crowd. Then hurrah for the glory young children hurrah! Oh, had we such lightning would heroes today. Again would our "sunburst" expand in the gale. And freedom sails o'er the green tentacles. Taking things as they come, the boys are having a glorious good time at our meetings now, as the members are out for one object—to have their enjoyment and increase the membership of the company. The presence of President O'Neill has a good bearing and shows the good spirit of Division 2 at all times, and especially since this veteran Hibernian has become the head of the division. The Division has always worked for the good of the company, and we hope that we may long continue to enter the confidence and brotherly friendship of Division 2. The boys of our divisions will visit them in the near future, as a committee to be appointed from the company intend to make its annual visit to the terminus during the next six months.

We hope to meet all the members at headquarters.

June 11th will be the regular monthly meeting.

At a meeting of Branch 22, C. M. B. A., the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas, Almighty God, in His wisdom has called from our midst our brother Michael E. Conner, we feel it our mission to His will, remember him, and know not the day on the hour when he may come to us. Be it therefore Resolved, That in the death of Brother Michael E. Conner Branch 22, C. M. B. A., has lost a faithful member, ever ready to perform all duties imposed on him by the Branch. Be it further

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this hour of affliction and sorrow, remembering that our loss is his eternal gain. Be it further

Resolved, That our charity be kept for a period of thirty days, and that all of these resolutions be sent to the nearest family, spread on the minutes of the meeting, and that they be published in the Catholic Journal.

P. CANNY,  
TREAS. MCNAMARA,  
HON. D. MURPHY,  
Committee.

Knights of St. George.

The third degree of the Knights of Columbus was conferred in Hiram on the evening of Decoration day by State Deputy Hon. John J. Delaney, of New York city, some 60 candidates being guided through its workings by that worthy gentleman. The candidates expected a generous assistance from visiting councils, but were looked for such an outpouring. The incoming trials brought about 100 delegations, and a commensurate mass placed the number of the 250. Committee members at the different lodges, and a special car conveyed them to the place of the ceremony. Y. E. McFarquhar, of the council of Hiram, was the master of ceremonies. He was welcomed by the lodge, and the candidates were then initiated. The ceremony was a most interesting one, and the candidates were all sworn to the principles of the order. A committee was appointed to visit the sick and do all in their power what they conscientiously think is for the welfare of the branch and the C. M. B. A. in general. Now, who are these growers? They are members who come to meetings only to breed discord among the members, or come only when they do not know where else to go. Do you think such enjoy the noble brotherhood of man? I will give you my version of it in these columns next week.

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