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# The Catholic Journal.

Twelfth Year. No. 9.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, December 1, 1900.

\$1.00 per Year, Single

## CALLANAN, THE POET

SANG OF THE BEAUTIES OF HIS BE-  
LOVED COUNTRY.

Efforts of the British to Crush Out  
the Literary Life of Ireland—Halls  
of Learning Demolished and Bards  
Persecuted.

Perhaps there is no other country in  
the world so prolific in bardic legends  
and inspiring themes for poetic fancy  
as Ireland. It has been happily called  
the "Cinderella of nations." While po-  
etry and the fine arts were flourishing  
in other countries she was scourged  
and gagged by her rulers lest the in-  
dignant voice of her bards should  
burst forth to thrill her down-trodden  
children. A nation's defeat or a nation's  
glory sways the poet more than the  
soldier, for he yearns to sing of her  
while struggling against oppression, to  
sympathize in her woe or rejoice in her  
fame.

Ossian was the Homer of Ireland,  
and his wild legends of the heroic ex-  
ploits of the ancient inhabitants are  
yet preserved in mystic legends  
through the highlands of our country.  
When a prince was set on the head of an  
Irish priest, he had to resort to the  
caves and the mountains to celebrate  
his religious ceremonies. The ancient  
bard did not fare better. He, too, had  
to fly to avoid the persecuting edicts of  
English rulers.

Ireland fell, but instead of being con-  
soled in her desolation by the songs of  
her bards she was crowned with igno-  
rance and persecution. Her halls of  
learning were demolished or deluged by  
the soldiers of her invaders, who de-  
stroyed her bardic orders, burned her  
historical records and wrote her bloody  
history with the torch and the sword.

Thus it happened that the true poetry  
of Ireland was preserved in old manu-  
scripts and legendary lore among the  
humblest of her children. But the true  
aristocracy of Ireland was driven from  
their baronial halls to find safety in her  
mountain fastnesses or in the expres-  
sive words of an old English chronicler,  
"to a loathsome cave," to be replaced  
by the scum of Strongbow's hordes and  
Cromwell's murderers. Those wished  
to obliterate all records of their bloody



Jeremiah J. Callanan.

reign and usurpation, but the spirit  
that has so long warred against them  
preserved the only national heritage  
left—that is, the poetry of a nation's  
wrongs and sufferings.

It is thus that Ireland's poetry and  
her history are to be found not so  
much in her written records as in stray  
ballads and legends and in the manu-  
scripts of her banished monks.

Jeremiah Joseph Callanan was born  
in Cork in the year 1795. While a  
schoolboy he had acquired some re-  
putation by writing for the local journals  
and current periodicals of the day.  
The poetic fire could not be controlled  
by college discipline, and the combat  
between his natural inclinations and a  
sense of duty preyed on his naturally  
delicate constitution. After two years  
in Maynooth he quitted it.

In 1820 we find him studying with  
the intention of going to the bar. He  
devoted much of his time while in  
Trinity to poetry and contributed largely  
to the Dublin magazines and jour-  
nals.

After two years' trial he also re-  
nounced his prospects of getting ad-  
mitted to the legal profession and re-  
turned to Cork, where he got an ap-  
pointment as tutor in Dr. Maginn's  
school. Through Dr. Maginn's intro-  
duction he became a contributor to  
Blackwood's Magazine. He also wrote  
for several periodicals. He was of a  
romantic turn and spent most of his  
time rambling through the country,  
picking up the floating ballads and  
legends. Some of these he translated  
from the old Gaelic language, and others  
he wrote in his own composition.  
He died in Lisbon, Spain, 1829.

### Sale of an Old Estate.

Mount Shannon estate, three miles  
from Limerick, on the road to Castle-  
connell, has been purchased by Mr.  
Nevin, an Australian, all the details  
of the sale having been completed fol-  
lowing the dismantling of the property  
by the surviving relatives of the Fitz-  
gibbon family, says The Irish World.  
Mount Shannon was the home of John,  
first son of Clare, who contributed to

the passing of the act of union of the  
Irish and English legislatures a cen-  
tury ago. The mansion has been ten-  
anted by members of the family, its  
last tenant being Lady Louisa Fitzgib-  
bon, but who was not in residence  
there for some years before she recent-  
ly died as the Marchioness de la Roche-  
au. All the furniture, paintings and art  
treasures of Mount Shannon were dis-  
posed of by public auction a few years  
ago, the oil painting of the first Lord  
Clare going to the National gallery in  
Dublin.

### ALFRED THE GREAT.

He Had a Deep Admiration For Irish  
Civilization.

This great ruler was the fifth and  
youngest son of Ethelwolf, king of the  
West Saxons, and he came to his fa-  
ther's throne in time to be driven out  
of his country by the Danes, says The  
Irish World. In his fifth year young  
Alfred had been sent to Rome, where,  
according to the old Saxon chronicler,  
Pope Leo IX "consecrated him king." Three of his brothers occupied the



INVISIT THE FAIR.

throne in succession, however, before  
Alfred was declared king upon the  
death of Ethelred.

Alfred was then 22 years of age. He  
made a temporary truce with the  
Danes which held good for five years,  
when he fitted out a fleet and beat the  
invaders in several sea fights. Finally  
the enemy landed in such overwhelm-  
ing numbers that Alfred was compelled  
to seek safety in flight. He landed in  
Ireland, where he was given a hospita-  
ble reception. During his stay in Ire-  
land Alfred mastered the whole sys-  
tem of Irish jurisprudence and learned  
to play upon the harp with such mas-  
tery skill that he was enabled to enter  
the camp of the Danes disguised as a  
wandering minstrel, where he obtained  
their confidence and acquainted him-  
self with their plans.

These he communicated to his coun-  
trymen and inspired them with such  
courage that they drove the Danes  
from the country. Alfred had a deep  
admiration for Irish civilization, and  
he turned his knowledge of Irish laws  
to practical account in his own king-  
dom. He established industries, brought  
order out of chaos and gave civilization  
such a firm footing in England that it  
earned him the title of Great. He set  
the English at the construction of war  
vessels such as he had seen in Ireland  
and organized a militia force.

Upon the plan of the psalter of Tara  
in Ireland he began a regular record of  
English history, customs and laws, the  
continuation of which was afterward  
named the "Doomsday Book." He  
adopted the plan of measuring time  
which he saw in Irish monasteries—  
namely, burning wax tapers in which  
pegs were stuck at regular intervals—  
but he improved the device by inclos-  
ing it in a case of thin horn, glass then  
being unknown in England. From this  
came lantern—lantern.

Trial by jury was one of the good  
things which he introduced from Irish  
jurisprudence. He acknowledged his  
indebtedness to Ireland in the matter  
of education in a poem which was called  
"Alfred's Itinerary." The poet  
Clarence Mangan made a literal trans-  
lation of the poem, as follows:

### IRELAND UNDER IRISH RULE.

I found in Innisfail the fair  
In Ireland, while in exile there,  
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,  
Many clerics and many laymen.

I traveled its fruitful provinces round,  
And in every one of the five I found,  
Alike in church and in palace hall,  
Abundant apparel and food for all.

Gold and silver I found and money,  
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;  
I found God's people rich in pity,  
Found many a feast and many a city.

I found strict morals in age and youth;  
I found historians recording truth;  
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,  
I found them all—I have written sooth.

### SHORT SERMONS.

The sores sin leaves never heal unless  
Christ be our physician.  
The servant of God draws spiritual  
honey from all he hears, sees or reads,  
as the bee extracts from every flower  
the sweets it carries to the hive.

We should not only break the teeth  
of malice by forgiveness, but pluck out  
the sting by forgetfulness. To store  
our memories with a sense of injuries  
is to fill that chest with rusty iron  
which was made for refined gold.

We are here apprenticed to learn the  
art of service. No grief, no loss, no  
stern discipline, no dreary failure, no  
misery of death, but shall one day find  
its compensation in that great fitness  
for service which it shall have wrought  
out in us.

## A TOUCHING LIFE

MOTHER SETON'S DEVOTION TO  
EARTHLY OBJECTS OF LOVE.

Which Comprises a Sketch of Her Life  
From Her Birth August 28th 1774—till  
She Was Not a Heretic, she Would Be a  
Saint.

Last week, in the sketch of Mr. Du-  
pont's Life, a passing allusion was  
made to Mother Seton, as one of the  
saints whose life was hidden in the  
Sacred Heart of our Lord, and this  
week, we have quoted her touching  
analysis of earthly life, viz.:—"A  
journey in which nothing—whether it  
be painful or pleasing—is worthy of  
notice, but the blue sky and the al-  
tar."

The life of this sweet woman, is a  
most beautiful illustration of that  
great and soul-satisfying promise ut-  
tered by Jesus on the mount, nineteen  
hundred years ago—"Blessed are they  
who hunger and thirst after justice,  
for they shall be filled." She was born  
in New York City on the 28th of  
August, 1774, that is to say, about two  
years before the declaration of Ameri-  
can Independence. Her father was  
Dr. Richard Bayley a distinguished  
physician of that period. Her mother  
—the daughter of an Episcopal clergy-  
man—died when little Eliza was  
scarcely three years old, and the child  
thus gave to her father the undivided  
love of her heart—a love so strong  
and tender that it cheered his soul up  
to the very last moment of his life.  
From her earliest youth she was char-  
acterized by strong religious tenden-  
cies. Although a strict Protestant,  
she always wore a small crucifix  
around her neck and used constantly  
to express the wonder that this sac-  
red symbol was not "more generally  
kept in view." When she was twen-  
ty, she became the wife of Mr. Wil-  
liam Seton, a wealthy Protestant mer-  
chant whose youth had been spent in  
the city of Leghorn, Italy. To this  
apparently insignificant fact, and like-  
wise that of the friendship he had  
formed while living there with the  
Messrs. Filicchi—prominent mer-  
chants of Leghorn—Mrs. Seton was,  
under God's Providence, indebted for  
her conversion to the true faith. All  
her life she had kept the thought of  
God in her heart. In a letter written  
many years after to a friend, she  
speaks of the reluctance with which  
she used to pass out of the meeting  
house door, knowing that a whole  
week would have to go by before she  
could enter it again, and she calls to  
mind the ridicule to which she was  
subjected, in trying to satisfy her  
thirst for communion, by running  
around to all the Protestant churches  
she knew of in order to partake of the  
"Lord's Supper" as they called it, as  
often as possible!

In the course of a few years, Mrs.  
Seton became the mother of five  
children: Anna, William, Richard,  
Katherine and Rebecca. To get the  
slightest idea of what a beautiful,  
loving mother she was, one must read  
her journal and the charming letters  
she wrote to these children of her  
heart in absence.  
In the ninth year of her marriage,  
her husband's health began to fail no-  
ticeably and a sea-voyage was ordered  
by the physicians. So leaving her  
other four children in the care of re-  
lations, Mrs. Seton accompanied by  
her eldest daughter (then eight years  
old) went with her husband in his  
search for health, to the shores of  
Italy. Arriving at Leghorn after a  
most trying voyage, spent in nursing  
both her sick husband and suffering  
child, they were prevented from land-  
ing, and kept in a sort of prison, in  
strict quarantine on account of a fear  
that the ship might be infected with  
yellow fever. After some days they  
were allowed to go, and with her hus-  
band and child, Mrs. Seton was con-  
veyed in Mr. Filicchi's carriage to  
Pisa. Here his suffering became so  
intense that at the end of seven days  
—days of real agony to his tender, af-  
fectionate wife—death released him  
and Mrs. Seton was left "a widow  
amongst strangers in a foreign land."  
But her beautiful faith in God and  
conformity to His blessed will was so  
great, that the Italians speaking of  
her among themselves used to say:  
"If she were not a heretic, she would  
be a saint!"

Now, as you may suppose, Mr. Fil-  
icchi and his family did their best to  
enlighten Mrs. Seton on the subject  
of the one true faith. They intro-  
duced her to the famous Irish priest—  
Father Plunkett, who did his best  
likewise to open the eyes of her soul;  
but so secure did she feel in the faith  
of her childhood and that of her be-  
loved father, that at first she had no  
misgivings as to her position. Grad-  
ually however, she began to doubt the  
good faith of the Protestant minister  
who had, up to this time, been her  
only spiritual adviser. Noticing that  
the Filicchi family fasted during Lent  
and spent the greater part of their  
time doing penance for their sins, she  
called to mind the unsatisfying in-  
terpretation of the phrase "We turn  
to Thee in fasting, weeping and mourn-  
ing" in the service for Ash-Wednes-  
day, which had been delivered by the  
clergyman and listened to by the con-  
gregation "after a hearty breakfast of  
buckwheat cakes and coffee." But the  
time had come for her to return to her  
"dearest ones" in America. So, leav-  
ing with tears, the grave of her be-  
loved husband, she sailed from Italy

for home.

For a long time she was afflicted  
with the deepest doubt and anxiety as  
to "where was truth," or rather "what  
was truth." Her various friends of  
different Protestant denominations  
strove to get her to enter their dif-  
ferent communions. "Betsey" said a  
dear old Quaker friend, "I tell thee,  
thee had better come with us."

But "Betsey" was in that state when  
she couldn't decide anything. The  
Catholic Church satisfied the yearn-  
ings of her soul and yet she couldn't  
persuade herself whether it was the  
true Church or not. After a terrible  
struggle, she finally made up her  
mind in this wise: "As the strictest  
Protestant allows salvation to a good  
Catholic, to the Catholics I will go,  
and try to be a good one." Persecu-  
tions followed, of course. At that time  
Catholics in New York, were consid-  
ered the "offscourings of the people,  
and public nuisances."

What a "good" Catholic she became,  
the world knows. She lived from  
that time on like any saint of old. She  
founded the order of the "Sisters of  
St. Joseph" or as it is now known,  
"The Emmitsburg Sisters of Charity,"  
which has a membership at the pres-  
ent time, of something like 900 Sis-  
ters. All who knew Mother Seton  
agree that she was remarkably fasci-  
nating, and singularly gifted both as  
to mind and heart and soul. She was  
the tenderest of mothers to the chil-  
dren of her own flesh and blood two  
of whom were with her when she be-  
came a nun. The darling of Mother  
Seton's heart—her baby Rebecca—  
died in the convent at Saint Joseph's  
Valley, some months afterwards. The  
account of this dear child's last days  
is touching given in Mother Seton's  
Journal. "I do not look," said my  
little darling, "to being left in this  
grave, and you all turning home with-  
out me! I took high up!" Then she  
said good-bye to those around her  
and, but when it came to saying it to  
her beloved mother, "her little heart  
failed her," writes Mother Seton, "and  
she hid herself in my bosom."

So greatly was this devoted woman  
loved and revered for her great vir-  
tues that when she died, on January  
4th, 1821, in the 47th year of her age,  
she was followed to the grave amid  
the tears and lamentations of the  
whole community, and to-day, her de-  
voted children are praying for her  
canonization.

May God hasten the day when the  
name of the valiant woman shall be  
placed in the calendar of American  
saints!—Catholic Transcript.

### A JUST REBUKE.

Decent Protestants, who did not fall  
under the spell of the Methodist  
Episcopal orators at the New York  
Convention, says the Catholic Trans-  
cript, are little disposed to take part  
in the applause which was so gener-  
ously vociferated. Here is the protest  
of one of them: "To the Editor of the  
Tribune. Sir: Permit me to express  
through your columns the mortifica-  
tion of myself and many other Pro-  
testants at the un-Christian attack of  
Bishop Goodell and the Rev. Dr.  
Drees upon the Church of Rome at the  
Methodist missionary meeting. . . .  
Those of us who have worked side by  
side in charity and reform with the  
Catholic workers know what good  
work that Church is doing, and can-  
not help feeling angry at this discour-  
teous and unjustified attack. There  
is a sad need of all of us doing  
the best we know how, whatever our  
religion may be, without maliciously  
attacking an organization that is pa-  
tiently and efficiently working to  
make men better. Vainly for our de-  
monstrations is not love of Christ.  
Bishop Goodell and Dr. Drees will  
have to have better motives behind  
their work if they wish to retain the  
respect of their followers." The  
Transcript has always maintained  
that the Christianity of the Protest-  
ant pew is frequently of a much high-  
er type than that of the pulpit. The  
perversion of right order is doing yeo-  
man service for the Catholic Church.

### PROTESTANT DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

Some are tempted to think lightly  
of the devotion to the Sacred Heart;  
as something that is only suited for wo-  
men and children and that it is not  
for them. They are mistaken; it is  
exactly suited to them, and if they  
will only stop, and take a little time  
to investigate and study this devotion  
they will find it is exactly what they  
need. It will help them in all their  
trials, temptations, sorrows and af-  
fections; it will give them strength  
and courage to do their work well; it  
will hold them up when they are de-  
spondent, and will turn their sor-  
rows into joy. In a word it will  
change their whole life, and make it  
really and truly a genuine Christian  
life. When they practice it, their vi-  
sion will be cleared and they will see  
the right thing to do, and will be giv-  
ing the grace to do it. By this devotion  
they will be enabled to save their  
own souls, and to help save the souls  
of their relatives and friends. Strive  
to make the devotion to the Sacred  
Heart a part of your lives, and from  
this time forward learn to use it daily.  
Go to the Sacred Heart when tempted,  
when discouraged or sorrowful, and  
relief will always be had.—Record.

It has been asserted repeatedly,  
since the opening of the year, that the  
Catholic Church has gained little, or  
nothing during the century that is  
now about to close. The statement is  
diametrically opposed to fact. During

the nineteenth century the Catholic  
Church had advanced more than 20,  
000,000 in numbers. At the opening  
of the century she had no missionaries  
working among the heathen. To-day  
she has upwards of 60,000 mis-  
sionaries, preaching to un-Christianized people  
while the number of religious women  
who are giving their lives to the same  
great cause, is known to God alone.  
The outlook for the coming century is  
one to inspire confidence; yet there  
is no reason to repine over the  
achievements of our own century.

Cardinal Gibbons and a distinguish-  
ed company of clergymen and mem-  
bers of the French Embassy at Wash-  
ington, were entertained the other  
day by Admiral Richard, commanding  
the French squadron which has been  
visiting Baltimore port for several  
weeks. His Eminence was honored  
with a salute of seventeen guns on  
departing from the admiral's flag-  
ship.

The Very Rev. Frer, D. C. L., for-  
merly missionary in Arizona, has  
been appointed director-general of  
the Association for the Propagation  
of the Faith.

Catholic Young Men's National Union.

Office of the President, 41 E. 119th St.,  
New York, Nov. 21.

To the Members of the Affiliated So-  
cieties of the Catholic Young  
Men's National Union:

According to a sacred and long es-  
tablished custom the Sunday within  
the Octave of the Immaculate Con-  
ception of our Blessed Mother, which  
falls this year December 8th, has  
been set aside as the National Com-  
munion Sunday, on which every mem-  
ber of the Union is expected to ap-  
proach the Holy Table. We are fully  
persuaded that all loyal members of  
our organization will respect this ob-  
ligation and fulfill this duty. It is a  
day of days for us, on which by this  
public act of faith we show to the  
world the reality of our convictions.  
The Convention held recently in  
Brooklyn was an inspiration and a  
revelation. An inspiration to those  
who took part in it, and a revelation  
to outsiders who were astonished at  
the themes discussed so well.

It arrested the attention of our fel-  
low citizens, while its stirring resolu-  
tions echoed and re-echoed from one  
end of our land to the other. Its ef-  
fect will be permanent and far-reach-  
ing, but to have it accomplish its mis-  
sion we ourselves must individually  
put into practice that which we so  
earnestly and enthusiastically mark-  
ed out as the work of our organiza-  
tion. To have their power felt in  
these days the Catholic young men of  
the Nation must come down from  
their dignified retreats and come out  
upon the broad battlefield of human  
life and endeavor, and while ever  
ready and eager to unite with their  
fellow-citizens in all that tends to the  
common weal of our native land, they  
should at the same time respectfully,  
yet emphatically, protest against any  
unjust discrimination made against  
themselves or their religion. That  
such discrimination exists it is absurd  
to deny, and faithless is he to faith  
and to conscience who would persuade  
us to the contrary. It is our duty to  
stand fearlessly before the fair-mind-  
ed American people, and conscious of  
the rectitude of our purpose, to strive  
by all lawful means to secure for our  
co-religionists, whether of high or  
lowly stations, the rights guaranteed  
to them under the constitution of our  
well-beloved country. This is the  
only rational way in which the fifty  
thousand members of the National  
Union can have their influence felt  
and their just claims respectfully  
listened to. Above and before all else,  
however, they must show by the intelli-  
gence of their purpose, by the individ-  
ual integrity of their lives that their  
religion is a mighty factor for good,  
and for all things that tend to the  
betterment of the highest interests of  
the Nation.

If the world is presented with a  
Catholicity without loyalty to coun-  
try, without a devoted, consistent ad-  
herence to conscience and to principle,  
the world will have none of it. This  
will be the inevitable consequence if  
the mass of mankind may have lost  
their moral rectitude, they have not  
lost their common sense and their  
judgment of what is just and true,  
and it is a vain endeavor to hide our  
religion over the common sense of the  
people of our country without a con-  
sistent and loyal devotion to its teach-  
ings.

The Catholicity that will be effec-  
tive on the part of our young men in  
winning the affectionate esteem of  
those not of the household of faith,  
must have in it a beating heart full  
of sympathy and love for all, but  
above all things else it must have in  
it that which will make them upright,  
honest and pure. The new century  
soon to begin opens to us the bright-  
est possibilities for good, and may a  
kind providence direct us in the fu-  
ture as in the past, and help us to  
keep ever before our eyes the inspir-  
ing motto of our Union "God and Our  
Neighbor."

F. H. WALL, D. D.,  
President.

N. B.—A plenary indulgence under  
the usual conditions may be gained  
by all the Members of the Union who  
receive Holy Communion—above re-  
quested. This being the Holy Year, all  
will understand that this indulgence  
must be applied to the souls in pur-  
gatory.

### CORPUS CHRISTI.

In five districts of the city of  
Rochester alone are Catholic parishes,  
little churches and the many con-  
gregations, says the Catholic Trans-  
cript, writing in December, the  
feast of Corpus Christi in Japan.  
Our Christ! I remember the  
church at Tanabe, Japan, where  
five hundred parishioners were  
in the procession of the  
Sacrament round the block. The  
ceremony I shall never forget.  
Thirty Japanese acolytes were  
led by the various societies, and  
the hymns of the occasion were  
sung by the European and Japanese  
nuns. European and Japanese  
followed by twenty little Japanese  
ranging from six to ten years of  
age, dressed in blue, pink and  
white, their heads shaven as all  
Japanese children, and their hair  
of jet black dangling on either  
side. These little ones scattered flowers  
the path of the Blessed Sacrament  
and marched and counter-marched  
a way superior to any I have  
seen before. When we halted at  
the first station for the incensing, a  
chant 500 fervent Japanese Catho-  
lics were on their knees on the ground.  
And so too when we returned to the  
church. Each active boy had his  
slippers at the door and walked  
stocking feet to the proper place  
within. The contrast of the  
singing of the hymns by the Japanese  
was excellent, not only on the  
occasion, but on others in which I  
part, and which I might describe, but  
had not already said too much.

In the course of a very eloquent  
lecture on the education question,  
delivered in the Catholic Literary  
Institute, Limerick, the Most Rev.  
O'Dwyer, after condemning in  
terms the half-heartedness of some  
of our public men on the Catholic  
education question, said there was  
body on whom a very weighty re-  
sponsibility, both to their own country  
and before the tribunal of  
heaven, rests in this matter, and that  
the Catholic Unionists of Ireland  
of England. It had been  
known all through that the  
Government would do justice, but  
the fact, the only Government that  
do us justice in education,  
hopes had been raised and  
fallen again, but what  
very strange was that there  
no mainly independent author-  
ity to show that they were  
treatment which has been  
them. Their position was  
very creditable nor even  
in Ireland they might go  
and enjoy Viscount's  
also, but whenever the  
movement for Catholic  
came to be written, they  
rather inglorious page.

Catholic or should be Catholic  
becoming inoculated with the  
of the atmosphere in which the  
The Mirror says twenty-two  
cases are on the docket for  
Williamson, Del., during the  
term of the Supreme Court  
large proportion of Irish  
found among the unhappy  
who seek relief in court from  
which death alone can  
dissolve.  
Appointment has been made  
Rev. Frer, D. C. L., for-  
merly missionary in Arizona, as  
of the Association for the  
of the Faith. For several  
Frer has been presiding  
law in the Boston Court  
which position he has  
Mary's in Baltimore  
new work.

Millwaukee did not  
the Columbus Catholic  
School this year. The  
Detroit, where its welcome  
was very cordial and  
satisfactory.

Archbishop Chapala, of  
Apostolic to the Philippine  
will, it is reported, re-  
United States next month  
to Rome in time for the  
the ecclesiastical festival  
to Christmas. He will  
his report of Church  
Philippines to the Holy  
is asserted on the ground  
that His Excellency will  
by the friars.

Three more names  
of St. Francis, of  
due to a lower  
villain Islands. O  
former Syracuse  
Schilling, a lawyer  
linger. The Schilling  
order of Franciscans  
eighteen years ago  
has been located  
She visited Syracuse  
alike to her family  
a member of the  
One of the Sisters  
York, the daughter  
covered by St. An-  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
to St. Francis  
Havel, N. Y.  
to St. Francis  
Aunt  
order of the  
latter of the  
called by the  
plan for the  
when the  
last was  
and was  
and was  
and was