The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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St. Joseph's Congregation Present Their Pastor Purse of $12,000.00

Rev. William Kessel Celebrates Silver Anniversary

Rev. William Kessel, C. SS.R., for more than eight years rector of Saint Joseph's Church on Tuesday celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. In the morning at 10 o'clock solemn high mass was celebrated by Father Kessel with Rev. E. J. Hanna, D. D., of St. Bernard's Seminary, and Rev. William Brick, C. SS. R. of Toronto deacon and sub-deacon of the mass, respectively. Rev. A. Engelhardt, C. SS. R., was master of ceremonies. Nearly all the priests of the diocese were present in the sanctuary; also Bishop Hickey with his deacons of honor, Rev. Dr. J. J. Hartley of St Bernard's Seminary, and Rev. Frederick R. Rauber of St. Boniface church. Rev. Francis Parr, C. SS. R., rector of St. Mary's church, of Buffalo, preached the anniversary sermon. He told of the services of Father Kessel and spoke in glowing terms of his abilities as churchman and educator.

At the conclusion of the services a banquet was served. Bishop Hickey made an address extolling the virtues of Father Kessel and detailing the good which he has done in the diocese. Rev. Michael Nolan. D. D., responded to the toast "Rev. William Kessel, C. SS. R., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church" and Rev. Mathias Hargather concluded with an address on "Rev. William Kessel, Rector of St. Joseph's Community C. SS. R." Rev. William Gleeson, rector of St. Mary's church, presented a purse to Father Kessel on behalf of the priests of the diocese.

During the day Father Kessel received a large number of congratulatory letters from various places all over the United States. Two of Father Kessel's brothers one from Buffalo and the other from Brooklyn were present at the services.

Father Kessel was born in Germany September 23, 1853. He came to this country with his parents in January, 1867, and located in Buffalo, where Father Kessel attended the parochial school. In 1873 he determined to enter the Catholic priesthood and was ordained ten years later, September 22, 1883. Since he has been in charge of St. Joseph Church, about eight years, the parish has flourished and its interests have prospered.

At present the following members of the Redemptorist order are associated with him at St. Joseph's: Rev. Leonard Schwabl, Rev. A. Engelhardt, Rev. Conrad L. Rebhahn, Rev. F. Miller and Rev. J. Lowekamp.

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock there was a grand celebration in the school hall. Members of the congregation were present in great numbers and long before the time set for the beginning of the ceremonies the place was filled. Members of the committee escorted Father Kessel from the rectory to the hall through the open ranks of the commanderies of the Knights of St. John connected with the church.

An orchestra was in attendance and rendered several selections. After a quartette sang one number, Alphonse J. Sigl on behalf of the congregation made an address conveying the best wishes of the congregation and their greetings on the occasion of the anniversary celebration. Philip Yawman followed and presented Father Kessel a check for over $12,000. Father Kessel was called upon and said but a few words thanking his people for the display of their affection for him.

Wednesday night there was a reception for Father Kessel in the C. Y. M. A. rooms. The C. Y. M. A., the St. Agnes Altar Society the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Literary were in charge. Thursday evening the commanderies of the Knights of St. John connected with the church, their ladies auxilaries, and the members of the Sacred Heart Altar Society expressed their sentiments relative to Father Kessel's anniversary. On Friday evening the church branches of the C. M. B. A., L. C. B. A. and C. W. B. L. met Father Kessel and presented gifts suitable for the occasion.

Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock there will be special church services for the members of the congregation. Father Kessel will again officiate at solemn high mass and there will be a congratulatory sermon.

Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1886 and Recent Times

by CHRISTINE FABER

Chapter XLIII.

Singular Interview.

Continued from last week

"Who you are?" his lordship repeated in a somewhat bitter tone. "By what right do you demand from me more knowledge of your origin than you already possess?"

"By the right of your strange interest and patronage; by the right of a mysterious impulse within me which impels me to you—speak, your lordship, and end a suspense which is crushing my manhood!" He bent forward in his eagerness every fibre of his form vibrating.

"You are dreaming, boy; your imagination has deceived you—you are simply what you have been told to believe of yourself. The inuendoes of this man Carter were perhaps invented for some purpose of his own."

He spoke so lightly, almost mockingly, a scornful curl upon his lip the while, that the young officer sickened for an instant from the bitter disappointment. He turned away, unable to speak.

"Dismiss these vague, morbid fancies," continued the nobleman, "they ill befit a soldier, and concentrate your energies upon the stern duties of the life which lies before you."

"I intend to, my lord." The young man had turned slowly back, and was facing the nobleman with all the eagerness and determination of some violently aroused energy; "I feel that too long I have been the willing dependent on perhaps a misplaced bounty. I stifled energies which cried for outlets in other directions than those proposed by your lordship - I struggled against feelings that told me of my utter inability to cope with circumstances which appealed alike to my heart and my judgment; but I did it all to prove my gratitude. Now, however, the time has come when my manhood refuses to be longer crushed; it will assert itself by choosing a life in which duty, principle, inclination shall unite; and it is for the purpose of announcing to you that decision that I am here this morning; but, before I leave you, my lord, before I resign a career which has been so eventful to me, I would fain learn who I am. You have failed to convince me of the falsity of my suspicions—you have failed to lift from my mind the crushing weight of a cruel conjecture!"

Lord Heathcote half started from his chair, but the movement seemed to give him pain, for his brow contracted, and his head fell slightly back. "That conjecture?" he asked.

Captain Dennier paused for an instant, as if he would summon strength to make his intended announcement; then, while the vivid color mounted to his forehead, and his breath came and went in gasps, he answered: "That I am your illegitimate offspring."

The nobleman bounded from his chair, but with a half stifled cry of pain he sunk into its cushions again, while an expression of agony broke over his face which the young officer could not bear to look at. He asked hoarsely: "Did this man, Carter, hint at such a possibility?"

"No; it is my own surmise, formed from reflections upon your singular interest in me, together with the strange inuendo from Carter that I was not what I seemed."

"Dennier,"—the nobleman was again partially erect, but his jeweled hand covered his face, as if he would hide its expression of suffering—"if I tell you that you are the legitimate son of one who was near and dear to me, but that that circumstances of your birth are such as to compel perpetual secrecy, what will be your decision with regard to your future mode of life?"

"The same, my Lord; but I could kneel to you in gratitude for having taken from my mind its horrible weight. Legitimate—then I can face the world with an honorable birthright. I ask no more; I seek not to penetrate to secret you would hold. I have gained all I craved, and I thank your lordship for the favors of the past, as well as for the happy tidings of the present."

"By resigning your commission," resumed the nobleman, retaining his hand to his face, "you will forego all right to a property which will one day be yours—you will lose the prospect of a magnificent alliance which is already contemplated for you."

He spoke very slowly, as if each word, in the utterance was receiving new deliberation in his own mind. The young officer replied: "I am willing to forego all; for I could accept the former of your inducements only at the expense of my principles, the latter at the cost of my affections."

Lord Heathcote looked up, his hand at last removed and the lines and careworn look of his face standing out with painful prominence. "Then your affections are already engaged?"

"They are, but hopelessly!"

"May I ask to whom?"

"No, my lord; I cannot tell you—her name has never passed my lips—it is my own unhappy secret."

"But why unhappy?" persisted the nobleman; "does the lady not reciprocate your regard?"

"Unhappily for me, she does not."

"What is the obstacle?" and Lord Heathcote seemed to take a malignant interest in thus pressing his visitor.

"I am the hated foe of her country—a soldier in that service whose boast it is to enslave and to crush her people."

He spoke with unusual warmth apparently forgetful of everything save his own impatient ardor.

"Ah! I understand,"—and the nobleman's mouth curled with disdain—"a pretty girl is the motive power of all these heroics; I might have surmised before the cause of your wish to resign; but you are now, by your own avowal averse to the cause you have professed to serve, and you are amenable to arrest." He paused, his searching look reading Captain Dennier through.

"Be it so," said the young man slightly inclining his head; "give your order, my lord, and I shall be far happier in a prison, knowing that my conduct is consistent with my heart and my judgment, than holding the highest place of honor with every hour bringing some conflicting duty!"

"No, Captain Dennier," responded Lord Heathcote; "I shall treat you with more magnanimity than you deserve—allowing for your youth, and the natural impulsiveness of that makish period I shall pass over your imprudent admissions. Neither shall you resign your commission; retain your command, sir, and bury in your own breast all that has been said during this interview."

"I thank you, my lord, for your great leniency, but, pardon me, I must demand that my resignation be accepted. I cannot, I shall not longer retain my commission in her Majesty's service."

"Be it so, then!" said the nobleman sternly; "but remember by this headstrong conduct you waive every right to your future inheritance."

The officer bowed.

"And may I ask," the speaker continued, "what is to be your first movement?"

"I shall remain in Dublin for three or four days; then I shall go to England, from whence I intend to seek a home in America."

Lord Heathcote touched the silver hand-bell on the table at his side, and when the attendant entered he waved Captain Dennier away without any further adieu. The young man would have fain had a more kindly parting, or at least one which would have evinced more gratitude upon his part, but the sternness of the nobleman's manner deterred him. He passed out, and Lord Heathcote rung again, saying to the attendant who entered: "Send Curry to me."

The order was obeyed, and Curry, a small, slender-formed and sharp visaged man, stood before his titled master.

"Watch Captain Dennier—dog him secretly day and night, and write to me or telegraph information of his whereabouts, and what he may be doing. Do not lose sight of him wherever he goes, be it to England or America. You shall be supplied with ample funds, but let your work be secret. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"That is all;" and the nobleman leaned back with an air of relief, while Curry bowed low, and departed to begin immediately his espionage of Captain Dennier. That gentleman had repaired to Captain Crawford's apartment.

"You look brighter, old fellow," was the salutation of the latter; "your conference, then, has been satisfactory?"

"Yes, in so far as relieving me of a dreadful suspicion—and I have succeeded in my purpose to resign. I shall send in the written form of my resignation this evening, and from that time I shall consider myself no longer in her Majesty's service."

"By Jove! I am sorry, Walter!" and for an instant something like emotion showed in the working of Crawford's face, but he recovered himself, and resumed: "We have had some pleasant hours together; but when do you go?"

Dennier did not reply immediately, as if he were reluctant to do so—I confess to some interest in the approaching trial of the young prisoner, O'Donoghue."

A peculiar expression broke over Crawford's face: "By Jove! Dennier, but I begin to have very strange suspicions—well, never mind, old fellow! I shall not press you on the subject. [illegible] some of these days [illegible] deuced whacking [illegible] and if you have [illegible] by caught, it [illegible] time a poor fellow [illegible] principles and [illegible] a pretty face. [illegible] feeling sorry for [illegible] renouncing a glorious [illegible] you are giving [illegible] which the [illegible] more mature [illegible] tainly change."

"It may be so, [illegible] least I am acting [illegible] with my conviction [illegible] am the happier for [illegible]

He turned away [illegible] air to prepare [illegible] dinner to which he had [illegible] to accompany Captain Crawford.

Chapter XLIV.

Carter Repulsed

The eventful day of O'Donoghue's trial arrived. [illegible] er Meagher and Oliver [illegible] macohol in the earlier [illegible] and reached Tralee [illegible] face the ordeal [illegible] They went in [illegible] of Nora, only to [illegible] Murphy that the [illegible] her father had [illegible] residence [illegible] the good [illegible] able to tell them [illegible] blank faces and [illegible] than they had [illegible] retraced their [illegible] seat places in the [illegible] court room.

All the wealth and [illegible] gether with the [illegible] fluence of the town [illegible] sented; the gallery [illegible] with ladies, the [illegible] lawyers, the body of the [illegible] thronged with a [illegible] men, mechanics and [illegible] thickly interspersed [illegible] military, while the [illegible] the police showed in [illegible] numbers to warrant the [illegible] tion of order. [illegible] pressed interest, and [illegible] countenance, [illegible] gra— ranges on the [illegible] evinced an anxiety that [illegible] construed into a [illegible] with the prisoner.

Clare, her veil down, and her person somewhat shielded by the large form of Father Meagher, who sat slightly in advance of her, was seated directly opposite the prisoner's dock.

(To be continued)

Prince Constantine Radziwill, who has been attached to the Russian court for twenty-five years, has become a convert to the Church. He is sixty-five years old, and is married to the daughter of General Skobeleff, the hero of the Russo-Turkish war. His conversion has created a pleasant [illegible] in court circles.