

The Catholic Journal.

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Through Mary's Intercession.

Continued from last week.

"Why, it is just like mine!" she exclaimed impetuously. Aileen stopped speaking, wishing she had not said so much, for her companion was looking at her in perfect amazement as he repeated slowly.

"Just like yours. How did you get a rosary?"

"Father Antilli sent it to me," she replied, with a generous smile, "to thank me for the stamps, but I did not know how to use it, or indeed why should I use it."

"Would you allow me to show you?" Brian asked, a look of uncontrollable pleasure shining in his honest eyes.

"Yes," she answered simply, "I would."

And there in the midst of the forest glades, with the glad trills of the woodland songsters filling the pine-scented air, Brian reverently told Our Lady's Rosary, putting his whole heart into the beautiful prayers.

When he had finished there was silence a moment. Aileen's eyes were filled with tears, and her hands were clasping and unclasping nervously. Brian saw that she was deeply moved, but he made no sign and quietly returned the rosary to his pocket.

"Is she really our mother, Bryan?" she asked at last, and there was a world of entreaty in her voice.

The young man looked up. "Yes," he answered gently, for he knew why she asked.

A few years previous she had lost her mother, and how deep had been her suffering at that time few realized as well as she. Mother and daughter had been bound together by more than ordinary ties, and the severing of those bonds meant almost the severing of the thread of life itself to poor Aileen as she lay prostrate under great sorrow. Their love for each other had been so tender and so all-absorbing, their confidence and mutual trust so absolute that the separation seemed to the poor child almost to heavy a burden to be borne. But Aileen's was a reticent nature, and after her first outburst of grief she shut her sorrow up in her heart that she might mourn and brood over it in silence and alone.

For a moment the wound that time had somewhat healed had been reopened, but strange to say, there was no bitterness in her heart as she dwelt on her great loss. Sorrow, yes, but comfort too, in the thought that she had a mother in heaven who cared for her and was watching over her.

"Tell me about it," she almost whispered. And quietly and gently Brian told her the solemn story of Calvary's mount, and of the dying Saviour's last precious gift to men, and of His own dearly loved blessed Mother. So well did he describe the scene that Aileen could almost see the great mountain, dark at midday, the Jewish rabble, the Roman guard, the rough cross outlined against the sky, the bleeding, crucified figure of the God made man hanging there in agony. She could almost hear the tender voice as Jesus bent His thorn-crowned head and gave the mother He loved so dearly to us to be our mother, gave her to St. John, who stood there in our place. She could almost see the sorrowful mother standing by the cruel deathbed of her Son, holding out her arms to receive us at His bidding, to comfort us in our sorrows, to rejoice with us in our joys, to be to us a mother.

Aileen sat motionless on a moss-grown rock gazing straight before her, her eyes soft with emotion.

"My mother!" she murmured brokenly at last, and bowed her head in her hands, while great tears trickled down unnoticed between her fingers. Brian's eyes, too, were moist, and for some moments a silence, fell upon them both.

Suddenly from the heart of the woodland rose the sweet, throbbing notes of a thrush. Sweeter and fuller they rose, until it seemed as if the little bird would burst its very throat in its passionate outpouring of song; then, at last, the sweet notes died slowly, breathlessly, and once again a golden silence hovered over all. Aileen raised her tear-stained face, and there was a look of peace in her great dark eyes, a look of deep content that had not been there before.

"Let us go," she whispered softly, and side by side, though strangely silent, they left the fragrant wood.

A year passed. Alone in the dim, vaulted church, at the foot of Our Lady's shrine, knelt Aileen Colton, her head bowed and her whole attitude expressive of reverent prayer.

"Mary, my mother she entreated, 'listen to thy child, and beg of God to help my unbelief.'"

For the past year she had been earnestly studying the doctrines of the Catholic Church, drawn to them irresistibly by the love of the Mother of God. To all the great truths she had given the assent of faith, save the doctrine of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; that although she longed to believe, it seemed to her so vague and impossible. The priest to whom she had gone for instruction and help in her difficulty had advised her to go to the little adjoining chapel and there pray, humbly and confidently as a child, for light and grace to believe.

"Ask the Blessed Mother to intercede for you," he said. And with loving trust Aileen had come to Mary's feet to pour forth her sorrow. As she knelt there, bowed in prayer, her pure young heart, open and docile, awaiting the voice of God, a powerful supplication was being raised for her in the far away Yukon. There, surrounded by the rejoicing, simple natives, the first Mass was at that moment being offered in the little chapel, which, thanks to Aileen's gift, had been erected in the heart of a wilderness, and priest and people were uniting in prayer for her. And as the silvery altar bell rang for the dawn of consecration, God sent His grace in golden showers on the soul for whom they were praying, dispelling the dark clouds of unbelief and flooding it with the sunshine of His love.

"I believe! I believe!" The blessed words trembled on her lips and died away into silence as, prostrate before the altar, Aileen poured forth her soul in adoration and love before the feet of her Master and King. A sudden grace had been given her and gone forever was her unbelief, and, bound by golden links of love to the hearts of Jesus and Mary, her soul felt a depth of peace and joy to which it had hitherto been a stranger. When at last she raised her head, her eyes were wet with tears; but they were tears of joy, not of sorrow, for her heart was at rest at last.

It was the morning of her baptism, and, arrayed in spotless, white, Aileen stood before the open gates of the sanctuary pronouncing her profession of faith. In one of the forward pews Brian knelt, rosary in hand, the same rosary which months before had proved to be the starting point of Aileen's conversion; and as he knelt his heart was full of gratitude to the great Mother of God, through whose powerful intercession it had become an accomplished fact.

Brian's joy was complete, his cup of happiness filled to overflowing. There was no barrier new to their union, nothing to keep them apart.

"O Mother of God," he murmured, "I thank thee for what thou hast done for Aileen and for me!"—Mary Adelaide Garnett in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Bishop Hendrick, Mgr. Gorordo, Hon. S. Osmeña and Hon. Jakosalem, says the Philippine Catholic of Manila, have offered some nice premiums to be awarded to the most deserving students of San Carlos College, Cebu.

The death of a man named John Cassidy was laid to rest in the burial ground at Tydavnet on July 18. Deceased was a member of a family who have been remarkable for longevity in the district. He leaves two brothers and two sisters—all of whom are in request of the old age pension and enjoying good health. One of the surviving members is 87 years. The remaining three are—83, 78 and 74.

As usual says the "Ulster Herald," not one out of the twenty-three grand jurors summoned by the high sheriff for the Tyrone assizes was a Catholic. Is it a fact that there is an unwritten law that a condition of selection as sheriff in the county is the confining of the Grand Jury to members of some of the Protestant Denominations.

The Lord chancellor has appointed Thomas Lloyd to the commission of the peace for the county of Clare.

A motor-car, in which was seated T. J. Studdert of Quinn while traveling near Clommel, Tipperary, on the night of July 16, fell into a field on the other side. The car overturned catching Mr. Studdert's arm under it and breaking it.

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News from Ireland

Austria.

A fire broke out at the Avoniel Distillery, Belfast, on the night of July 18. The outbreak took place in the grain store near the malt-barns, which were completely destroyed.

Armagh.

John Stuart died rather suddenly at his residence, Feoduff, near Middletown, on July 15. Up till Friday, deceased appeared in his usual good health, but becoming suddenly ill despite all care and attention he succumbed within a few hours. The deceased was very popular amongst all classes of the community, and his death at an early age is generally regretted.

Cavan.

Hugh Flood, Cavan, and James Foy, Cootchill, have been appointed storekeeper and assistant storekeeper respectively, of Cavan district asylum.

Terry Reilly, the popular football player of Killeshandra was deliberately shot and wounded by an Emergency man named Gilpin from the Killegar district, on July 10. Gilpin has been remanded, pending the outcome of Reilly's injuries.

Derry.

Mr. C. D. H. Jephson, R.M., Derry, has been transferred to Virginia, on appointment as resident magistrate for the county Cavan and that he will be succeeded at Derry by Ernest T. Lloyd, who is being transferred from Navan, County Meath.

Down.

The people of Ardara have just sent ten pounds as a first installment to the Irish Parliamentary Fund. An object lesson for regard nationalists the world over.

Dublin.

The death took place on July 16, in Belfast, of Mr. Robert McEneaney, who was for many years engineer in the Newry Foundry Company.

The Ratefriland Gas company formerly an unlimited company was on the 28th ult., in Dublin, re-registered with limited liability. Capital £1,500 in 600 shares of £2 10s each.

Fermanagh.

The death occurred on July 21, of the Right Rev. Monsignor Smollen, P.P., Enniskillen and dean of the diocese of Clogher, at his residence, Roseville, Enniskillen.

Bobby Kerr, a native of Enniskillen, but whose home is now in Canada, is at present on a visit to the old country. Mr. Kerr, a sprinter, having won laurels at the Stadium in London last year, and on July 17, as a representative of Ireland against Scotland, carried off the 100 yards and created an Irish record for the 220 yards.

Monaghan.

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The death has occurred in Macroom of Mr. Daniel Buckley, ex-

principle of the local National School, at a ripe old age. Deceased during an exceptionally long service had charge of thousands of pupils, many of whom occupy positions of prominence in various parts of the world, and some are now pensioners on retirement from employment under the Government.

Kerry.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given £3,000 for the erection of a public library in Tralee.

The death of Sister Gertrude (O'Sullivan), occurred at St. Vincent's Convent, Mill Hill, London on July 9, in the 26th year of her age and the 7th of her religious life. The deceased lady was the youngest daughter of Michael O'Sullivan, Inchinaplace, Ballyhooley.

Limerick.

At the recent civil service examination, at which over 700 candidates competed to fill 100 vacancies for boy clerks 16 being Irish appointments. Master Thomas Ryan, of Herbertstown (Limerick), was successful, taking fifth Irish place. Master Ryan is an eighth standard pupil of Herbertstown Boy's National School, and received his entire preparation from Joseph E. Reynolds, principle teacher.

Tipperary.

The master of Tipperary Union Mr. J. Fogarty, has been surcharged £206 by the L.G. B., auditor.

Waterford.

Thomas Sage, Manor-street, Waterford, has been elected plumber in Waterford Union.

Wexford.

Carlow Summer assizes were opened on July 22, by Justice Andrews who congratulated the Jury on the peaceful state of the County.

Wick.

Mrs. Mary Brian, of Frankfort, near Dundrum, County Dublin, recently celebrated her one hundred and sixth birthday, and is still hale and hearty.

Kilkenny.

A pretty wedding took place in Lisdowney Church on July 15, when Miss Nellie Welsh, D. C., became the bride of Mr. Richard Skehan, Tinnislatty.

Longford.

Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh, has subscribed five pounds (twenty-five dollars) to the Parliamentary Fund.

Louth.

The employees of Messrs. P. J. Carroll and Co., Dundalk, have held a meeting and passed a resolution thanking the firm for treating its workers to the customary annual excursion, the outing this year being to Warrenpoint, where a most enjoyable day was spent.

Meath.

Charles F. Bunford, Oakley Park, Kells, has been appointed Engineer to Kells rural district council.

Queen's.

A most successful demonstration was held on July 18, in Mountath, under the auspices of the Town Tenant's League. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Cogan Briscoe.

Westford.

Mr. A. Kinsella, auctioneer, Gorey, held a very successful hay auction on July 19, for Patrick Craughwell and very remunerative prices were realized. The following day he held another successful hay auction, this time for Michael Maloy, Clonatin. Buyers being in good attendance prices were high.

Wicklow.

The departure of Mr. Fleming, the popular stationmaster of Tinsley, to take up a similar position at Killurin, has occasioned great regret.

Galway.

At Westport (Co. Mayo), Convent of Mercy, Miss Delia Donovan, Tuam, was professed a sister of the order of Mercy, taken in religion the name of Sister Juliana. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop, assisted by the Very Rev. Canon Macken, Adm., Tuam, and Very Rev. Canon Canton, P.P., Athenry.

Let us do your job printing

An Irish Pilgrimage.

The news of the conversion of a member of the Protestant family holding Lough Derg, Co. Donegal, should cause rejoicing among Catholics, especially those who have made the fatiguing but enjoyable pilgrimage of "St. Patrick's Purgatory."

Some time ago I was sent to the land of my ancestors to do this for the intentions of American friends. A few words on the subject have been requested by some of your younger subscribers who have never read a description of the customs of the "Dear Sacred Isle."

From the station at Pettigo I was taken in a jaunting-car through scenes from which beauty seemed to have been frightened away by the sullen gloom with which Nature frowned over Erin's wrong. A ride across the "Red Lake" brought me to "Staber Island" with its quaint bell-tower, its two churches, St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, its presbytery, Hospice and other buildings. The fine white marble statues of Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Patrick excite the visitor's admiration at once.

To this island, where St. Patrick is believed to have frequently retired for prayer and penance, hundreds of pilgrims throng each year from June 1st, to August 15th.

There is something very inspiring in the deep piety of these men and women, many of whom are old and feeble, but appear so joyous while walking and kneeling in the rocky "penitential beds" unmindful of the wounds which their bare feet receive. There are always several priests among them. One gentle, white-haired father said, "I consider this place next to the Holy Land, as every sharp stone has been hallowed by the tread of those who have come to do penance for their sins." The exercises were conducted by Rev. P. Canon Smythe, Prior of Lough Derg. There was a mass each morning, short sermon at noon and another at six o'clock followed by benediction. At nine o'clock we made the Way of the Cross, the people following the priest from Station to Station; and this, my favorite devotion, had never seemed so beautiful as in that ancient church lighted only by the Sanctuary lamp and two candles.

But one meal is permitted each twenty-four hours, and that of the plainest kind; but the course is made from the red water of the lake are more delicious to the happy and exceedingly hungry crowd than the most delicately prepared food could be in any other place. All receive holy communion. When the company is large, each person keeps a "vigil" by spending an entire night in prayer in St. Patrick's church, but as I was present early in June, the vigils had not been established for the season. Those who had taken part in them year after year evidently thought it a privilege.

Hardships are not considered such at Lough Derg, and there is doubt that all pilgrims are sorry when their three days stay is at an end.

Among the best-known traditions connected with the place is that of the cave in which the early followers of St. Patrick were said to be favored with visions of future bliss and torment.

The cave is now closed, but it is not necessary to enter it in order to enjoy a foretaste of heaven if one visits Lough Derg in the right spirit. An American finds it particularly refreshing to turn aside from the rush and excitement of our strenuous life, forgetting the world and its temptations and coming into closer touch with God and humanity in this sacred spot.

In the new Dutch Chamber there are twenty-five Liberals, eight Democrats, seven Socialists, twenty-five Catholics, twenty-three Protestants and twelve Historical-Christians. The Right numbers sixty members and the Left forty.

Around the Globe.

His Holiness Pius XI, appointed Rev. Patrick MacGee, Professor of Theology, to be Bishop of Clogher, Ireland.

The first woman to be graduated from a Jesuit university has been given the degree of doctor of science at Macquarie University. The woman in question was Miss Grace Weston, Michigan.

St. Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Melbourne, Australia, has celebrated his eighty-first year. The bishop has held the episcopate for twenty-two years and is the oldest surviving Bishop of Australia.

The "Boleim Ecclesiastical" the Diocese of Victoria, records the restoration of the Church of the Cross, Hildesheim, Germany.

A great English body of pilgrims headed by the Rev. Canon Clifton, went to the beautiful Flemish city of Brugge, this month to venerate the sacred relic of the Precious Blood.

St. Michael's College, N. M., recently won the golden jubilee of its foundation. It is in charge of the Rev. Fr. John J. O'Connell, who was born in St. Louis, Mo., and came to St. Michael's from France.

According to a report from the members of a study society organized at the University of Ottawa, a student there said, "I consider this place next to the Holy Land, as every sharp stone has been hallowed by the tread of those who have come to do penance for their sins." The exercises were conducted by Rev. P. Canon Smythe, Prior of Lough Derg. There was a mass each morning, short sermon at noon and another at six o'clock followed by benediction. At nine o'clock we made the Way of the Cross, the people following the priest from Station to Station; and this, my favorite devotion, had never seemed so beautiful as in that ancient church lighted only by the Sanctuary lamp and two candles.

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From Dublin, Ireland, the intelligence that last Sunday previous to the races, many celebrated a Barranstown course, County Tipperary, arrangement was made for the benefit of the Catholics, who were driving in numerous numbers to the races, could not be accommodated in the little church.

This from the Catholic Observer sums it all up: "The fact of the Catholic religion in that Jesus is still actually alive in the Blessed Sacrament."

Unpleasant Month. The possibilities of unseasonable weather are not appreciated. The material is of a yellow, cream color, which lends itself peculiarly to decoration. For summer wear, nothing is more desirable than a light, airy fabric. A new bedroom in a summer cottage has the walls papered with delicate pink and yellow roses upon a creamy ground, while all the hangings, the window curtains, the door curtains, the bedspread, the couch and seat covers and cushions were all of a matching floral pattern. The room was charming.