

# The Catholic Journal.

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## News From Ireland

Antrim.

An address and purse of sovereignty was presented at Cloughwell National school on February 18, to Andrew Dooly, the energetic teacher of the local Gaelic League class.

Armagh.

Close upon £53 per acre was the price given for 72 acres of land at Ballyhagan, near Loughall, the farm belonging to the late A. D. Preston. The acreage includes a big orchard area. The McCann, of Glasgow, was the purchaser. He is a native of the Loughall district, but has been in business over thirty years in the Clyde city as a cooper, and now has a large property holding in the country of his adoption.

Carlow.

Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, attended by Rev. L. Brophy, S. T. L., vice president and dean, St. Patrick's College assistant priest, and Frank Fletcher as master of ceremonies, officiated at the Cathedral on February 19, at the Quarter Tense Ordinations, when his Lordship raised to the deaconship Rev. J. Kehoe Sydney (Rev. S. O'Donohue, Concordia, Kansas); to sub-deaconship: Rev. J. Kelly, Kildare and Leighlin; Rev. J. Whelan, Kansas City; Rev. P. Sheehan, Salford; Rev. P. Hackett, Waterford.

Cavan.

Robert Fagan, son of James Fagan, Glenlara, Cavan, and sub-agent of the Bank of Ireland, Clonmel, for the past three years has been appointed manager of the Bank of Ireland at Castlebar, the capital of Mayo.

Cork.

The death has occurred in her 20th year of Sister Mary M. Charles Doyle, at the Mercy Convent, Enniskillen, Fermanagh. She was a native of Charleville, County Cork, and entered the Enniskillen Convent in 1858.

In the Victoria Hotel, Cork, on the evening of February 18, a presentation was made to James Maguire, manager on the eve of his departure for Dublin, to take up the management of the Central Hotel, Dublin.

Derry.

A sad fatality occurred on the afternoon of February 22, at Toverhead, near Castledawson. A farmer named David J. McErlean was at his horse's head on the way to a bog to cart turf when the sound of a vehicle coming behind caused McErlean's horse to take fright and the point of the shaft of the cart struck him on the back, and he died immediately.

Dublin.

Miss Hannelly, Blackrock, has been appointed night nurse in Rathdown Union.

After the close on 70 years' employment as overseer of the binding and stationery department at Messrs. Alexander Thom and Company, printers, Dublin, Mr. Gilbert, on his retirement, was presented as parting souvenirs, with a fully equipped smoker's cabinet, silver-mounted trophy horns, with centerpiece inscribed, and also with a silver cup of antique Irish pattern.

Galway.

At the Convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, Enniscorthy, Wexford on February 13 Miss Lily Killeen (in religion Sister Mary Ursula) was received into the Order. Miss Killeen is the daughter of Thomas B. Killeen, Lake View, Loughrea.

Kerry.

The profession took place on February 12th at St. Mary's Convent Rochampton, London, of Nora Mary King, youngest daughter of the late James King, Gortclohy, Killfynn. Name in religion Sister Mary Gabriel.

Married.—February 6th at the South parochial church, Cork, with nuptial mass by Rev. Father O'Leary, C. C. Timothy, fifth son of the late Jeremiah Cronin, Caherbarnas, County Cork, to Nora, youngest daughter of Denis O'Brien, Bébina.

Letrim.

During a recent storm a house occupied by a man named Wittens around the Stations for the Poor Souls, in the village of Letrim was

blown down, with the result that the occupant who lived alone, was killed. His body was subsequently recovered in the ruins.

## Won by the Poor Souls

It was a bright sunny morning, sunny even for Spain. A little girl paced up and down the large room opening out to the patio. Wistfully she looked out on the splashing fountain and the orange trees, mid whose snowy fragrant blossoms the black and crimson butterflies flitted.

With a sigh the child turned from the sunshine and the flowers, and took a violin from its case on the table. With caressing fingers she touched the strings and drew forth strains, sweet, low, plaintive.

She was a fragile, pretty child, with lustrous, dark eyes, and black waving hair which framed a delicately tinted, oval face with features revealing a character artistic, refined and straightforward. Her name, Vera, suited her admirably.

She was Irish by birth, but in foreign lands she had lived most of the twelve years of her life. Her mother, Mrs. McErlane, was an artist whose beautiful voice had been heard the world over, but of late she had devoted herself to her child's musical training. For Vera's sake she had left her husband and her far-off home, near the Southern Cross, that her child might have a mother's care while she studied under Signor N—in the Conservatoire at Milan. Now they had come to Spain that Sarasate might finish Vera's training. Today she was to have her first lesson from the great master.

As the child played she became oblivious to her surroundings, and her soul spoke in her pleading, thrilling tones. An hour went by and still Vera played—a yearning, a longing, an unexpressed desire was voiced in her music.

As Sarasate crossed the patio, he passed to listen to the sad strains. Unbidden tears rose to the great maestro's eyes; what hidden sorrow was in that young heart?

In a moment he entered the salon where Mrs. McErlane awaited him. Vera was charmed with the great violinist, and as the months went on she made wonderful progress. In the frail, childish form, the true artist-spirit lived, the keen perception, the innate delicacy, the fire of enthusiasm, the tenderness of love, the deep intuitive sympathy, the appreciation of true beauty, all that makes a great artist lived in Vera. Yet not all, there was a want, an awful want.

The child had been reared an atheist; she had never heard a prayer since she left her nurse in the quaint old-fashioned town in the south of Ireland, where she had been born. Her mother held no belief, her father was a spiritualist. The only doctrine Vera was ever clearly taught was that God was a myth, an imaginary being, whose existence was as absurd as that of fairies and mermaids, and the other illusions of childhood. The belief in God, the gift of faith was wanting to Vera—without this belief, this faith, there is no true artist.

Two years later a Miss Esmonde, a young Irish girl went to study under Sarasate. A close friendship sprang up between the girls; they were both Irish, both claimed the pretty town of — for their birthplace, and Nano Daly, Vera's old nurse, was then taking care of Kathleen Esmonde's baby sister.

Kathleen was grieved at Vera's atheistic theories, and determined to use every means to win her to God. She wrote to Mrs. Esmonde and asked her to tell Nano "her child", as she still bearing and Vera broke down. At once Nano entreated the Holy O'Connor thought, but it proved Souls to aid her—they had never to be more serious, and ended by failed her, yet, and she had often experienced their powerful help. Dr. O'Connor had long known Morning and night, and often Vera. He was a kind, fatherly during the day, Nano begged for man with happy children of his help, and every evening she brought Kathleen's little sister young artist stricken down at to the church, for Nano said, "Surely the dear Lord will listen to the baby's prayers, while I go poor patient."

At that time Donna Alvarez, one of her mother's friends, took her away to her beautiful home near Loyola. The scenery there was lovely; for miles plantations of orange, lemon and pomegranate, intermingled with maize stretched to the distant hills. As sunset the pagant was gorgeous—a crimson sky overhead, and around a waving mass of white, purple and gold, as the blossoms of the orange and pomegranate relieved the brilliant gold of the ripening maize.

Once, Donna took Vera to the beautiful Church of Loyola. The drive thither lay through a lovely gorge, where the sides of the steep hills were clothed in rich verdure. Down to the babbling brook the tall trees bent; to catch their image in its clear water. Then the bells rang from the tower on the height, and the glen was filled with the rich, full chimes which echoed and re-echoed till the gorge was full of music.

Meantime, Vera, unconscious of all this loving intercession, forever ascending for her, continued her studies. She was fifteen, tall, slight, beautiful—but in her playing there was still the same passionate pleading.

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A group of peasants stood before the little passad and greeted Donna Alvarez with their beautiful "Dios guarde a tu!" (God guard you always). Farther on, another hand wished her "Vaga con Dios" (God be with you).

To Vera it was all so strange, this wishing God with us. Did they believe in what they said? "God with us." Was there not something awful in it?

That evening, when alone in her room, Vera pondered on these thoughts. The lovely gorge of Loyola was again before her eyes. Who made all this beauty? What did Donna Alvarez mean by telling her children that God made these lovely sights? Was there a God? So pondered Vera. To her violin she turned for an answer, and the same piteous, pleading, yearning told of the hunger of her soul.

Two years more and her yearning was unsatisfied, and all the time the daily Way of the Cross, the evening Visit, the round of the Beads told that Nano still sought the protection of the Holy Souls for her "poor child Miss Vera."

The young violinist was seventeen. Her fame was established in Spain, and her mother took her on a tour through France. Everywhere she spoke of her music, yet many often asked what was wanting. There was feeling, power, passion. What was missing? It was surely faith.

At Pau, she was accorded a grand reception, a veritable triumph in fact. Vera and her mother were welcome guests in many a chateau. During a short visit to the Marquise de — at Auch, the girl visited the famous Cathedral, in that old town on the Gers. There she saw the strange Chapel of the Poor Souls and from her hostess heard the consoling Catholic doctrine of Purgatory. It seemed so beautiful to Vera, and often she thought of those suffering souls and wondered if their story were true—if there were really a God. If so, how different life would be.

But the whirl of excitement of constant concert-giving left little time for serious thought, and all the time Vera's music told of the void, the unsatisfied longing of her heart. Often she longed to have quiet, but engagements pressed; court invitations from some of Europe's crowned heads could not be disregarded, and still Vera played on, and still Nano, in distant Ireland, prayed on, and to God. She wrote to Mrs. Esmonde and asked her to tell Nano "her child", as she still bearing and Vera broke down. At once Nano entreated the Holy O'Connor thought, but it proved Souls to aid her—they had never to be more serious, and ended by failed her, yet, and she had often experienced their powerful help. Dr. O'Connor had long known Morning and night, and often Vera. He was a kind, fatherly during the day, Nano begged for man with happy children of his help, and every evening she brought Kathleen's little sister young artist stricken down at to the church, for Nano said, "Surely the dear Lord will listen to the baby's prayers, while I go poor patient."

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pain of paralysis is bad enough, but her mental agony is worse. Poor child, she asked me today as I sat by her, if I really believed in God."

Mrs. O'Connor called that evening, and recognized Vera's name, either one of her old schoolmates. Thus friendly relations were at once established and Mrs. O'Connor often visited the young musician, and brought gifts of flowers and books. One day, as she bent over Vera, a trinket became detached from her watch guard and fell unperceived on the couch by the window, where the girl lay. Some time after, Vera found it and on examination saw that it was a miniature of the Sacred Heart. She had often seen such in Spain and Italy and knew well that the Christians believed that God had become man and had thus revealed the love His Heart bore them, and faith led them to paint these images to the better express His tender, yearning love.

Long she gazed at the face where the majesty and sweetness blended with a gentle, winning sadness. She wondered was it true, had He really walked this earth—lived for man? "Surely," she thought, "if there is a God and if He became incarnate, such a face as this would He have. Even now those eyes seem sorry for my pain. If He were here He would help me."

Thus Vera gazed as she gazed at the tiny miniature. That evening Mrs. O'Connor brought flowers, and on finding how much Vera admired her trinket, begged her to keep it. Delighted with the gift, Vera asked to have it placed near her, and Mrs. O'Connor on her way home turned in to the neighboring church to remind the Hidden God of His promise to bless the house where the image of His Sacred Heart was honored. Surely Vera in her poor way was honoring it.

Days and weeks passed and Vera still suffered. At a consultation, Dr. O'Connor and his colleagues agreed that the patient was practically incurable. No more music for Vera, no more outlet for her longings; her thoughts must turn inwards, for, from her mother she could never seek sympathy in those yearnings for the infinite. Day and night she lay there, her mind a whirl of conflicting thoughts. Was the teaching of her mother false? Was there a God? Was Donna Alvarez right when she told her children that God made all things? If so, He made her. Then her heart turned to the unknown God. "You, who made me, help me."

Somehow the words quieted her and the terrible pain was easier to bear. But then, the light left her, and darkness was once more around her, she turned angrily to her mother's creed—all things come from nature. But there was no comfort in it. At these times her eyes sought the picture of the Sacred Heart. Then she lay silent, wakeful, during the long, weary hours, thinking of those suffering souls of whom she first heard in the dim prayer-wrapt Cathedral in quaint, sunny Auch. As she thought of them and of the picture close by, her sufferings became more bearable. The doctors ordered massage treatment, and advised Mrs. McErlane to secure Nurse Esmonde, who was quite a specialist in the art. Vera was surprised at the resemblance between the gentle, kind nurse and her old friend Kathleen, and soon discovered they were cousins. This was the first step toward the friendship that united nurse and patient.

Often Vera spoke of Purgatory as she believed in its existence, and she knew there was a God, knew that he had taken human nature the better to show how farrelled in. He loved men, and her loving "Credo" made music to the Holy Stars, the brain-storm comedian. At last, their pleadings had been heard, God had gained the artist-soul and the pulse of pain was for an instant stilled in Purgatory as the angels sang their glad "Glorias" for the rescue of the stray lamb, the latest victory of the Sacred Heart.

No more on earth was Vera's passionate pleading music heard; no more did her artist-soul wake responsive echoes in other hearts. Her yearning was satisfied, her spirit had found its rest, its repose, its joy in God.

Faithful old Nano wept with joy as she heard Nurse Esmonde's account of Vera's first communion. "Ah," she exclaimed, "God is good. Here at last is Miss Vera, won by the Holy Souls!"—St. Mary Gonzaga in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

## Around the Globe

How Fordham University, the New York City institution of the results its forging to the front is shown by the fact that it now has in its various departments almost 1,000 students.

William Wallis-Healy, one of the oldest Catholic journalists in Ireland, died at his residence in Dublin last week. Up to the time of his death he was an active member of the "Irish Times" staff.

Little Puerto Rico is in the foreground well doing. Under the guidance of Bishop Jones, of San Juan, the Catholic Federation has organized a new society for indirect Catholic defense, the name to be known as the Society of Catholic Lay Action.

In Belgium there are upwards of 100,000 Franciscan Tertiaries in the proportion of 20,000 men to 70,000 women. These are representatives of all classes of Belgian society, members of the government, civil servants and other functionaries, mechanics and working men.

Members of the Knights of Columbus throughout this country and Canada will be glad to hear that the church of San Silvestro in Capita, one of the most famous edifices in the Eternal City, has been placed at their disposal for use during their stay in Rome on the occasion of the pilgrimage to be made next August.

The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns—Lady Maria Howard belongs to the Carmelite order and Lady Elizabeth is a sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister to Lord Denbigh, is another who spends her days in a convent in England.

The Pope has accepted the views of the Bishops of the provinces of Saint Boniface, Canada, and created a new diocese at Regina, Minn., and an apostolic vicariate at Keewatin. Following the recommendation of the consistorial congregation the pontiff appointed Very Rev. P. R. Heffernan of the St. Paul Seminary to be Bishop of Winona, Minn.

Brother Augustin, in the world John Haggerty, died on March 10 in St. Francis Hospital, New York, of paralysis. Brother Augustin was born in London England in 1847, and was brought to the United States at the age of one year by his parents. He graduated from Manhattan College, and held the degree of master of science and bachelor of science. He was a noted mathematician.

Temple Theater.

The Temple management will bring "Peter," the international sensation among scientific men, to the Temple next week. "Peter" is an ape, an educated ape, who has an act that is all his own, and which consumes about 25 minutes of time and during that period the audience is held spell-bound by the wonderful intelligence shown by this most human of all the brute creation. Maudie and Gladys Finny will appear in a swimming act. Among the principals in the comedy and the she knew there was a God, knew that he had taken human nature the better to show how farrelled in. He loved men, and her loving "Credo" made music to the Holy Stars, the brain-storm comedian. At last, their pleadings had been heard, God had gained the artist-soul and the pulse of pain was for an instant stilled in Purgatory as the angels sang their glad "Glorias" for the rescue of the stray lamb, the latest victory of the Sacred Heart.

To Give Minstrel Show

The Young Men's Club of St. Bridget's Church will give a minstrel show on April 6th and 7th at the school hall in Hand St. which has been rescheduled and

new stage installed. The worth of scenery is and the hall will be with decorations.

## Will Visit the

Rome, March 23. Arrangements for the audience of Roosevelt family will be completed. They were the American Ambassador, Mr. Kennedy, rector of the American College in Rome, and the American Consul, Mr. Lashman was notified. It would be much to receive Mr. Roosevelt, that there would be no doubt as to what would visit to Rome of Mr. Roosevelt. With an audience of his Holiness, the matter of the audience would be if Mr. Roosevelt's movements permit to visit to luncheon.

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