The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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Catholic Summer School

With the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ann, Isle La Notte, the ninth week of the session was opened on Sunday. The pilgrimage this year was one of the most successful ever held, more than six hundred taking advantage of the opportunity to this visit famous shrine. This annual pilgrimage, which was inaugurated by Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., of Syracuse, has grown in interest and numbers with each succeeding year.

The morning lecture periods have been devoted to "Studies in Comparative Literature" by Prof. Arthur F. J. Remy, Ph.D., of Columbia University. This course, given under the direction of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association, has been of a high scholarly order. The studies included "Legend of Tannhauser,", "The Wandering Jew," and Hinnesingers,"; "The Celtic Element in the Literature of Europe," "Oriental Influence on Occidental Literature."

It was a great delight to hear once more Mr. Frank T. Molony of New York who gave two song recitals which were most cordially received.

Mr. Andrew J. Shipman, who is authoratively familiar with conditions in Spain, gave two lectures Thursday and Friday on "Spain."

The chief dramatic performance of the season was given on Saturday evening. Mr. Harry Beresford, the great comedian, appearing with full professional cast in "The Woman Hater."

The Alumnae Auxiliary Association, under the direction of its president, Mrs. Charles Murray, held its annual mid-summer meeting on Thursday, August 18. Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, V.G., Moderator, was present for the occasion. The splendid association which has now done such fine work for the Summer School, has achieved new laurels during the past year in the form of two beautiful cottages erected on the grounds. The election of officers resulted in the re-election of Mrs. Charles Murray and the selection of the following board of officers, Miss Rose F. Egan of Syracuse, first vice president; Mrs. Francis P. Walsh of Philadelphia, second vice president; Mrs. L. Ullo of Brooklyn, third vice president; Miss Katherine Hagerty of Brooklyn, recording secretary; Mrs. Edward J. Fitzgerald, of New York, corresponding secretary, Miss Ida L. Gallagher of White Plains, treasurer.

On Tuesday evening the Alumnae Auxiliary Association gave a bridge and euchre at the Champlain Club, the proceeds being given for the erection of a new golf house.

Plans for the thirty-sixth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union are now taking definite form. The association formed for the promotion of healthful, social union among Catholic young men, will convene September 5 and remain in session during the sixth and seventh. The program will consist of reports showing the progress of society devoted to the work of young men. Speeches will be made by officers and delegates to the convention.

Great interest is being manifested in the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal which will bring many dignataries to this section of the country. Arrangements are being made to run a special train from Cliff Haven to Montreal each day during the session of the Congress.

On August 15 the first issue of the Champlain, a journal devoted to the varied interest of the school, was issued.

The lecturer for the tenth week is Dr. James J. Walsh of New York, who has taken as his theme "The Physician and the Community." The evenings will be given over to song recitals by Miss Marie Marelle.

A drop of honey catches more flies than a hogshead of vinegar.

News From Ireland

Armagh.

A verdict of accidental death was returned at an inquest on July 16, touching the death of James McFadden, a farmer, living at Grange, near Portadown, who was thrown out of his cart in a collision with a motor car; and the motor-driver, a young man named McClatchey, has been remanded on bail.

Antrim.

Lisburn Guardians have appointed Thomas Oliver, publican Lisburn, to the position of relieving officer of No. 2 district.

Cavan.

A sworn inquiry was held in Bawnboy workhouse on July 2, into Rural Council's laborers cottage scheme which it is estimated will cost £10,873.

Clare.

Among the visitors to Kilkee at the present time is the Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, S. J., of Fordham, N. Y., who is paying a short visit to his mother, Mrs. Margaret O'Reilly, of O'Curry St. and renewing old friendships after an interval of twenty years.

Dublin.

Archbishop Walsh observed the silver jubilee of his consecration on August 2. Owing to the wish of his grace, no public observance was held.

Derry.

A handsome granite obelisk has just been erected in Derry City cemetery in memory of the late Basil McCrea, of Belfast and Derry, who bequeathed his entire fortune to Magee College. The monument was erected by his sister, Rebecca.

Emmet Guards

The following members are requested to report to the Captain on the next regular meeting to have positions assigned them in the new military initiation accepted by the company at their last meeting. Capt. M. T. Ryan assisted by Corporal D. McPartland and W. Mannering; 1st Lieut. Frank P. Murray; 2nd Lieut., Ed. Hennessy; Sergeants, T. O'Malony, M. Buggie, P. Kavanaugh; corporals P. Mackey, S. Mackey, M. Murphy, M. Henley, M. Arundel, E. O'Connell, M. Morrison, to act on the military secretary and President John Cotter; vice president Martin Walsh; Fin. Sec., F. O'Donoghue, for the civic side.

To Hibernian Convention

The 38 annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is to be held at Far Rockaway, September 6th to 10th. Among the 400 delegates will be the following from Rochester: Martin B. O'Neill, John Lanahan, Patrick Kelly, Jeremiah Carmody, Wm. McCarthy, Thomas Frazer, John Neary, Owen Ward, J. J. Kenney and Henry R. Glynn.

Send Us Catholic News

We are always glad to receive for publication brief accounts of events of Catholic importance and interest, such as missions and retreats, religious professions and special Church ceremonies. Such contributions should be concisely written, on one side of the paper and should reach us not later than the first mail of Wednesday of the week in which publication is desired.

An Aquatic Tragedy.

When visitors came, Bobby was often turned out of his room and into the garret for a night or two. He did not object to this, but he felt that it endangered certain cherished possessions. When his uncle, the clergyman, arrived unexpectedly one night Bobby was transferred to his garret quarters in haste and with small ceremony, and neglected to take any precautions to guard his treasures.

"I have to thank the thoughtful person who placed a glass of water on the table near the bed last night," said the clergyman the next morning. "I awoke in the night and found it refreshing—most refreshing."

"Oh!" said Bobby, in a tone of sorrow and reproach. "You've drinked up my nice new 'quarium, and all"—

But here Bobby's revelation was suppressed by his mother.—Youth's Companion.

The Lonely Road

(Translated by Father Fitzgerald, O. F. M., from the Irish of Peter O'Keane.)

At the sunny side of Cruck-Ma there's a little deeney country village, hiding from the north wind.

A little while ago there was a man by the name of Michael Meeney living in it. A fine tall, muscular man, in the flower of his age, was Michael, and his likes as a working man wasn't going into Tuam. It's all equal what kind of work it was, he could do it; but as a reaper his name and fame had gone through the country. As it happened that God didn't give him much land or means of this world, and as he had a couple of children to keep Michael had to knock out a living with the strength of his hands and sinews, and not a day from St. John's Feast to the latter end of harvest that he wouldn't have his scythe in his hand, mowing meadows and cutting corn for the neighbors.

At that time it's an odd man was able to use a scythe, and you may say that Michael had no inclination to teach them, and so the farmers were coming from the four corners of the country side after Michael, and giving him his own wages. It's no wonder he was getting an opinion of himself, and there was nothing troubling Maura, his wife, but the long journey he'd have to walk, morning and evening so long as he was working down at Kilcoula.

"It's worse on me," said he, "the long walk than the day's work, and it knock's more out o' me."

And it's likely 'twas true for him. At last he bought an old mule at the fair of Castle Hackett to carry him to his work in the morning, and home again in the evening. A complete ruffian was the same mule. So long as the halter or the bridle was on him he was quiet enough, but if he was out in the field Paudeen the Thimbleman couldn't go near him, he was so frisky and scheming. What harm would that be, but when he'd be put to work he'd be as slow and lazy as an old ass.

Be that as it is, Michael didn't find any fault with him, and it isn't right for me to blame him like that. He did the work beautifully, and 'tis himself would be satisfied going out of a morning riding on the mule, and 'twas all equal to him now whether his work was near home or at a distance, he was ready for it.

Anyhow, he was working one harvest at a place they called Bloody Brook, and he was seven miles from home, and the old mule was lazy and slow, as I said already, 'twould be late enough on him when he'd reach home. It was all the same to him, as he was a brave, courageous man, and he didn't care a thraneen for anyone or anything, and nothing ever put fear on him and he didn't know what it was.

Travelers were known to have an uneasy feeling when passing on the road Michael had to go by this year, and tell the truth it is no wonder they had. There was a wood on each side of it, and so dark and black and lonely that you'd be afraid to go by in the middle of the day, without talking of the night at all. You'd hear an echo in it, and it as loud and as sudden as a clap of thunder. You'd hear the rabbits running among the brambles, and maybe a dog after them. But there's no need to talk of the strange things that you'd hear there for wasn' Knock-Ma itself beside the wall, and the world knows that it's there Finbarra and her fairy-hosts dwell.

It's often Michael, heard people saying that they had seen a bright light, or that they heard strange noises like people arguing with each other at the bare bush, but sorra' heed did he ever give to themselves or their sayings.

As he was going down the road one night, and it was late enough on him, he was turning over in his mind all the things he had ever heard concerning the place and that same road. As usual, there wasn't much hurry on the mule but he was going at a little trot, with his head down. Just in front of the bare bush there was a start knocked out of him, and as quick as you'd clap hands in he was off at a gallop and he never stopped till he came to the stable door. Michael's wife was sitting up waiting for him, and it's herself was getting uneasy and troubled when he wasn't coming home, and there's no fear that she forgot the strange, lonely kind of a road he had to travel. But these black thoughts went out of her head when she heard him outside. "You're welcome home," says she, when he opened the door, "an' its no lie, but it's time for you." But there wasn't so much as a word out of Michael. Maura looked up at him and she saw the white color that was on him, and the cold sweat in blobs on his face.

"Arra, God between us and harm," says she; "what happened to you, Michael?"

Poor Michael drew his chair down to the fire, and he related to Maura, as well as was in his power, the story from first to last; the way the mule took fright, the way he took off in a gallop, and the noises he had himself heard on the road, as if a band of the mounted fairy-host were striving to overtake him, and they urging one another.

"At what place did it happen you?" asked Maus, inquisitively.

"Just opposite the bare bush that's growing at this side of the big gate," said Michael.

"Musha," says she, "'twas easy knowing that the good people had always something to do with the same bush. Don't mind any place at all you see a bare bush in autumn. You remember when Shawn O'Keane—a blessing with his soul—cut down the big bare bush that was near Ballydoby that it turned out misfortunate for himself, and other people, too; for look, before a year the poor man was stretched in his grave. I never liked that bush, Michael, and any place you'll see one of them, this time of year especially, 'twould be right for you to cross yourself."

They stayed talking and conversing like that for a while until the candle nearly burnt down, but before Michael went to bed he said that it's long again until 'twould be so late on him coming home.

He wasn't better than his word and it's fine and early he'd be home after that, and it's what Maura said in her own mind 'twas a blessing from God the start that was knocked out of him, and that she wasn't the same woman at all, as there was no anxiety or trouble on her sitting up waiting for him.

It was hard to bring the mule past the bush after that, and he wouldn't go by it ever after without turning a crooked eye at it, "but Paddy's toothache dosen't last forever," and so it was with Michael, and the remembrance of the fright didn't last long in his mind.

About a month after that he was stacking barley, and, as was customary with the farmers at that time when they'd be coming to a close of the work, there'd be a grand spree.

There used to be plenty of poteen long ago, and, my conscience, they had it galore at the spree. Michael leant on it, and he never felt until 'twas late enough in the night and he tipsy or near it.

The old mule paid for it that night going home and knocked smoke out of the road. And he going down the glen near the bare bush Michael began to think about the fairies and a smile of contempt came over his face, for the height of his courage was on him, on the head of the hard stuff he had taken. "I'm certain in my mind that the likes aren't in it all." In a minute there was a tight, hard hold on him, and a man riding behind him. He fell in a faint on the side of the road and, away with the mule. He didn't know how long he was there, but when he awoke there was a little fat man, with a red breeches and a blue coat, standing over him, and looking down very compassionately at him. Michael let a shout out of him. He tried to talk, but he wasn't able for he was shaking like a person would be shivering with the cold. "In heaven's name," says he at last, "who are you?"

The man of the blue cap answered him: "Michael Meeney," says he; "don't be afraid of me! harm to any person I never did, but in place of that it's often I did good to them, and I'll do the same to you."

When Michael heard his own name he took courage, and he said the little man had great advantage over him, or how did he know his name like that. "That's no wonder," said the little man of the blue cloak. "It's a long time now since I left the world but it's often I heard talk of the smith used to work at the big house long ago, Shawn Meeney, your grandfather's brother."

"O," says Michael, "is that the man lived at the cross-roads, and used to be putting shoes on the horses all day? Musha, God's blessing with the souls of the dead; but it's often I heard my father talking about him, an' I a little gossoon. But what about him?"

"There's nothing, only that I'm that man," said the little man.

No sooner was the word out of his mouth than Michael was standing out before him, and shaking hands with him as friendly as if he had known him his whole life and saying to him: "And you're little Shawn Meeney, the wonderful smith! Musha, it's great honor to me to be talking to you; and my soul, I'll tell Morteen, the smith, that I saw you. O, isn't it a pity Morteen not to be here; isn't it himself would be pleased to see his grandfather."

"Now, Michael," said Shawneen, "I put you under promise that you'll keep as a secret every thing that happened tonight, and if you're willing to come with me till the break of day tomorrow I'll be very grateful to you, for you can do a lot of good not only to me, but yourself and your neighbors and friends."

"Musha, I'll do anything is in my power to please you, and 'twould be a bad day that I couldn't," says Michael. "But what business have you with me?"

"Come away with me up to the big cave on the top of the hill until you see my dwelling-place," says Shaween.

They went off, and as they went up the hill he began to tell Michael the business he had with him. "Yes, Michael," says he, "when I was in the world 'twas a rule of my life, and the key of my good name, 'good for good, and round against crooked.' I had always friendship and esteem for the O'Kirwan's, and I have still. There's a mean, deceptive job to be done on them tonight, and although it's our great heroic leader, Finbarra herself, that's going to do it, I can't but make an attempt to spoil their trick and have beautiful Eyleen O'Kirwan with her father."

"Lord save us all" says Michael, "what has happened her?"

"Finbarra and the whole fairy host are gone to bring them with her tonight, and they left me at home to take care of the court. You will be able to have her back tomorrow if you do as I tell you. But this is the door. In with you."

They went in a long, dark passage, and when the little man lit the light, the sight left Michael's eyes. He was standing in the middle of a big, round room, the table and chairs the color of gold in it; the walls and the pictures the most beautiful that eye ever saw. There was every kind of eating and drinking in it, and Michael and the little man ate and drank galore.

At last says Shawneen: "Out with you. I hear them coming, and by the hurry that's on them their journey wasn't for nothing. Up with you on the oak tree now and here's a cup of salt for you and when Eyleen will be going in let a pinch of it down on her. There'll be no delay on you to see her, for this place will be lighted up brilliantly. Keep some of the salt, and when the people of the whole country will be here tomorrow, looking for her to see her and it failing them to do so, throw the rest of the salt into [illegible] cave, and you'll [illegible] Eyleen will be [illegible] will be a [illegible] and she won't speak [illegible] taken out. Banacht [illegible] and keep your secret [illegible] self."

Michael went up on the tree and he was scarcely there until he saw the fairy host coming on the most beautiful horses he ever saw. The cave lit up with bright light, and as they went in Michael let down the salt on Eyleen, [illegible] was told of him. The following day there was heavy, sad sorrow through the whole country. Eyleen O'Kirwan gone—Eyleen O'Kirwan was gone.

A shower of sorrow fell on the country like snow would fall on a winter's night. Eyleen O'[illegible] was gone, the mannerly [illegible] young woman, nice and [illegible] and respectable. What'll [illegible] without her? "Ah!" one [illegible] would say, "the fairies [illegible] for her, she was too [illegible] lankly for this world. It's likely she's in a palace on the top of Knock-Ma tonight." At last [illegible] made up their minds to go [illegible] from the foot to the top of Knock-Ma. Down with they went [illegible] into the cave, and he threw the salt into it unknown to [illegible]. Then he spoke boldly, bravely [illegible] threateningly, and asked [illegible] people were they ready [illegible] down the place. [illegible] in one shout they [illegible] about was heard [illegible] place. Before the [illegible] out Eyleen [illegible] Michael's side, [illegible] 'twas noticed she [illegible] Then Michael [illegible] again a trick of the [illegible] thousand thanks [illegible] have found out [illegible] [illegible] was in the back of [illegible] moment she [illegible] [illegible] hands with [illegible] gave him a big kiss.

Everybody was [illegible] Michael, Eyleen's [illegible] him a farm of land, and [illegible] he'd make a house [illegible].

Michael, his wife and [illegible] lived comfortably [illegible] never parted with [illegible] did he speak about the [illegible] the blue coat until he was [illegible] death-bed. He told it [illegible] as I am telling it now.

Reception of Religous [illegible]

In the chapel of [illegible] vent Monday morning [illegible] ing received their [illegible] The Misses Evelyn [illegible] will be called in [illegible] M. Recardo; Agnes [illegible] ter M. Vincentia [illegible] Sr. M. Estella [illegible] Sr. M. Florentia [illegible] Francis Marie [illegible] M. Alberta [illegible] Aurelia [illegible] Sr. Ella Rose [illegible]

The novices [illegible] first vows were [illegible] M. Loretta, M. Edward [illegible] etta, Florence [illegible] Louise Marie, Margaret [illegible] and Sr. St. Monica.

The sisters making their [illegible] vows were Sisters M. [illegible] Etta, de la Salle, M. [illegible] cella Agnes, M. Anita [illegible] phila, M. Linus, M. [illegible] Sylvia, M. St. Ann, M. [illegible] Quesilla, M. Peter [illegible]

Bishop Thomas [illegible] sided, assisted by [illegible] rector of the Cathedral [illegible] F. J. Goggin, D.D. of St. Bernard's Seminary [illegible] Wm. E. [illegible] Rev. J. B. [illegible] dral, Rev. [illegible] Bernard's, Rev. Lewis [illegible] chaplain of the convent [illegible] P. Brophy and Rev. A. M. O'[illegible] and Rev. J. Ganey of Immaculate Conception church.

After the reception of the sisters the bishop officiated [illegible] The choir of the convent [illegible] ed the impressive music for the occasion.

Personal

Mrs. Sophia [illegible] L. C. B. A. [illegible] the reception of [illegible] [illegible]