The Catholic Journal.

THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER

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Seen by a Camera

"Well, Father, what sort of a time did you have with the rector?"

Father Cuthbert put down his pipe and pointed to a chair beside the blazing wood fire.

"Glad to see you, Dudley," he said. "I was just wondering when you would look in for a chat. Well, I spent a very pleasant four days at Winchley, though a Catholic priest in an Anglican rectory sounds rather incongruous. Still, Mountjoy did not appear to dislike the situation, and we talked over old times at the 'Varsity till all hours of the night. I had a curious experience there too."

"Oh, that's all right," I exclaimed. "I am delighted to hear it—I have not had one of your yarns for ages. Let's have it at once."

"Yes, it was a very curious case," went on Father Cuthbert, reflectively, "and it bears out my theory that a camera is capable of seeing a good deal more than the human eye."

I stared my surprise. "What are you talking about?" I inquired.

He smiled. "I do not think that we have ever discussed photography—an interesting topic not yet sufficiently understood."

"But you haven't a camera, have you? And I never knew you took photographs yourself."

"I have not got a menagerie, Dudley, but I know something of animals. Now pull yourself together. Have you never heard instances of what the spiritualists call 'spirit photography?' You photograph a person, for instance and find that someone else is looking over his shoulder?"

"Oh, well—yes, have heard of such things. But I always supposed they were faked."

"And you were probably right in nine cases out of ten. But, all the same, I hold the theory, although I cannot give you any scientific proof of it, that a camera can see the violet ray—which is more than you and I can."

"And that is—?"

"I can't tell you exactly what it is, Dudley, but I can prove it to you by personal observation. I saw such a photograph raken at Winchley."

"That will be a rattling yarn!"

Father Cuthbert relit his pipe and puffed away in silence for a minute or two. I suspected him of reviewing the various methods of arriving at a dramatic climax.

"About half an hour or so after my arrival at Winchley," he began, "my friend, the rector, took me to see his church. It is a beautiful piece of architecture of the early Norman period, with some fine specimens of old stained glass, a carved oaken pulpit and choir stalls. Teeming with atmosphere, as you may fancy, it is an attractive if somewhat melancholy memorial of the ages of faith.

"It is a very curious thing, Dudley, that these Anglican chaps, honest, thorough-going men as a good many of them are, never seem to realize that these ancient churches were endowed by Catholics for Catholics, and that they are lining their pockets with the money which was left in order that Masses might be said in perpetuam for the souls of the endowers."

"Yes, but they imagine that they are priests too, purged of all the ancient errors but carrying on the same idea. I am blessed if I know how one is to convince them to the contrary."

"I really believe that is the case with Mountjoy," returned Father Cuthbert, meditatively: "He is a straight, honest fellow, without the faintest notion that instead of being an 'English Catholic priest,' he is merely an intelligent layman with an ear for music and a pretty taste in vestments. Well, I was especially pleased with the east end of the church, and remarked to the rector that I should like to have a photograph of it, and his son, a young gunner home on leave, offered to take it for me. He did this while his father and I looked on. The darkness of the building necessitated an unusually long exposure, so when the camera had been set, the rector locked the door after us and took away his key.

"An hour and a half later his son returned for his camera and spent some time next morning developing the photograph, so that I might take it with me. The rector and I had been taking a walk meanwhile, and when we returned we found the young soldier awaiting us, evidentally perturbed. 'Look here, Father Cuthbert, you are a witness, aren't you, and you, too, father, that no one could have got into the church while the camera was there?'

"'Yes, yes, what's the matter with the photograph?'

"He held it at arm's length, dramatically. 'The matter is that some old monk has contrived to get his photograph taken too.'

"I took the photograph, and his father and I examined it. There was an excellent representation of the east end of Winchley church, and before the altar knelt the figure of a monk.

"'Bob,' said the rector severely, 'you have been up to some of your tricks. It is not good manners, my boy, where a guest is concerned.'

"'I haven't,' he said, his boyish face crimsoning. 'You believe me, Father Cuthbert,' he added turning to me.

"'I certainly believe you,' I answered. 'And I do not know that I am altogether surprised at the occurrence. I think it susceptible of explanation.'

"'It can't possibly be a fake,' Bob put in quickly. 'No one could have got into the church and I never had a monk's photo on any of my films. I don't see how you can explain it.'

"I expounded my theories concerning cameras and they stared in silence till I had finished.

"'But—but'—stammered the rector, 'you are implying, Cuthbert—you are practically admitting that you believe in ghosts.'

"'So I do,' I answered in a matter-of-fact tone. 'Don't you?'

"'I most certainly do not,' the rector said, 'and I really think—er, you must allow me to say, Cuthbert, that such an admission in a man of your—er, calling, is, —er—'

"'That sounds just like old times,' I laughed. 'You were always calling me over the coals for my opinions and theories at the House, weren't you? Well, shall I tell you what I really think is the explanation of this mysterious occurrence? I can't exactly prove to you that it is the correct solution, but it is the one which seems the most probable to me.'

"'Yes, do tell us,' said Bob. 'It's deuced odd, but it's interesting.'

"'You were telling me the history of this church last night.' I said to the rector—we had gone in to lunch and the photograph had been shown to Mrs. Mountjoy—and you said that in former days there was a monastery here, that this house in fact was originally part of it, That is so, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' put in his wife, 'and one hears very odd sounds occasionally. Robert always says they are rats, but I believe that some of the old monks are troubled in their minds and can't rest!'

"'That is what I think, too,' I told her. And the rector and his son stared at me again and very nearly upset the gravity which I was making such strenuous efforts to preserve.

"'Look here, Mountjoy,' I said, 'can you not conceive it possible that one of the monks who lived here in the elden days may be spending his time of expiation in the church where he once worshiped? You believe in prayers for the dead—we were discussing the matter yesterday. The very fact of praying at all for our departed friends implies that they are not yet in heaven, but suffering for their sins in purgatory, and it is nowhere defined that purgatory is one special place.'

"'There is nothing in the Bible that leads us to believe in the possibility of souls returning to this world to ask for prayers,' remarked the rector, in his most professional manner.

"'It does amuse me when you chaps lay down the law about the Bible,' I returned, 'considering that if it had not been for the Catholic Church—whose members you always affirm never made use of it at all—you would not have had to pin your faith to! However—that is, by the way—you may take it from me, and I am not given to rash assertions, that they do return.' And I could as you know, Dudley, have presented them with several substantial proofs then and there, only that was neither the time nor the place for revelations of that sort.

"'You know, I went on, 'that their souls have never left this world but that is a subject we need not go into now. If you have any other solution to offer regarding the appearance of a monk in your son's photograph of this church I should be interested in hearing it.'

"Of course he hadn't one, and presently the subject was allowed to drop. I re-examined the photograph afterwards by myself and I tell you, Dudley, as our French neighbors say, it gave me to think. There was this poor suffering soul waiting, always waiting until some one should obtain his release. The Masses that in other circumstances would have been said for him had been stopped by the reformation, and even if he had been permitted to appear in visible form to the rector or his family which perhaps he may not have been—the manifestation of his presence there would have had no practical results."

"And you think," I interrupted eagerly, "that it was only because the photograph was taken for you that he appeared in it?"

"Precisely. I think so in this case at least, though mind you, I have both heard of and come across others when the camera has seen and photographed a spirit, and its owner being a Protestant has taken no further steps in the matter. Also, and this is a case I cannot understand, the soul of a monk was permitted to reveal itself in an old church to the rector of it and one of his sons, while remaining invisible to two or three Catholics who afterwards visited the spot purposely and who were in a position to afford it material help."

"You have never told me that story." I exclaimed.

"No, and I am not going to do so now. One thing at a time. Well, there is very little more to say. Mountjoy and I discussed it over our pipes that evening and before we parted he had reluctantly accepted my definition. I have said some masses for that long suffering soul since my return, and"—he hesitated and stared hard for an instant into the heart of the glowing fire—"I hope that perhaps now he has attained eternal peace."

I looked at him scrutinizingly.

"Are you not certain of it?" I said quietly.

Father Cuthbert rose, tapped the empty bowl of his pipe against the mantlepiece and held out his hand to me with a smile.

"I am sorry, Dudley, but I have an appointment at six. Come again soon and I will tell you another story."—Grace V. Christmas in the Magnificat.

Are You Protected From Fire?

You are going on your vacation tomorrow or next week? Your home will be unguarded by the presence of the family. Are you protected by insurance? If not you should consult Louis W. Wehn, 209 Powers Building, who is general agent for the Boston Insurance Company, and other first class companies. You can get insurance in companies with three millions surplus, and then take your vacation without fear or anxiety. Mr. Wehn also furnishes insurance on automobiles, launches, motor boats, sail and steam yachts. Both 'phones 1539.

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Catholic Summer School

The trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice" was the article chosen for the first production of the Cliff Haven Dramatic Co. which took place last Saturday evening. Following this number as a curtain raiser, there was a one act farce, "His Last Meal," with a record as a feature act on the New York stage.

With more than 350 guests at present at Cliff Haven, the third week at the Catholic Summer school began to take on the color of the mid-season gaiety, and the steady influx of guests is expected to soon reach the 1,000 mark of last year.

At the family gathering in the Auditorium on Sunday evening, the principal address was by Judge A. B. Reid of Pittsburg. Other numbers of note were vocal solos by Miss Katerine Kent and Mrs. John J. McGreay and piano selections by Dr. Camille W. Zeckwer, and Miss Marguerite Thornton, the young daughter of School Commissioner Thornton of New York City.

At the high mass on Sunday morning, the celebrant and preacher was the Rev. Maurice F. Cowl, a convert from the Anglican Faith, of the Diocese of Philadelphia.

The initial dance of the season at the Jersey Club was held on Monday evening and found great favor with the guests. On Wednesday evening the officers of the Champlain Club entertained the guests of the assembly with the usual formal hop of the week.

The morning lectures during the week were all delivered by Hy. Zick, Ph. D., of the Wadleigh High School of New York City, who gave a masterful development on the subject of "The Evolution of Modern Germany."

On Monday and Tuesday evenings the lecturer was the Rev. Geo. Caruana of Brooklyn, who delivered a series of two lectures on the Philippine Islands. The talks were illustrated with interesting stereopticon slides that went far toward making the lectures a huge success, and added much to the interest of the series. On Thursday and Friday evenings piano recitals were given by Miss Eleanore M. Payes of Brooklyn, who accompanied her delightful lectures with piano accompaniment that comprised a number of well executed selections from the works of the great masters.

The morning lecturer for the ensuing week is Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., professor of rhetoric at the Jesuit Noviate at St. Andrew on the Hudson, who will deliver a series on "The Method of Models in teaching English Composition." The evening lectures will be by the Rev. Patrick J. Healy, S.T. D., of Washington D.C., who is to deliver a series of four talks on "Asceticism and Early Monasticism."

The first minstrel show of the session is to be given on Thursday of the ensuing week, in the Auditorium. As nearly 50 campers are already quartered in the College Camp, the event ought to be a big success, in line with the memorable efforts of other years. The affair is being arranged under the direction of Joseph J. Stuhr, commandant at the popular encampment along the beach.

Weekly Church Calendar

8th Sunday after Pentecost

S. 21—St. Daniel
M. 22—St. Mary Magdalen
T. 23—St. Apollinaris, B. M.
W. 24—St. Francis Solan
T. 25—St. James the Greater
F. 26—St. Ann, Mother of the B.V.M.
S. 27—St. Natalis

Store and house, also 4 room flat to rent, at reasonable terms inquire of Mrs. Dennstedt in rear of 756 Jay St., open evenings.

News From Ireland

Cork

During a thunderstorm in Clonakilty district on June 7 a valuable colt belonging to Jerome Donovan of Beanhill, near Clonakilty, was killed by lightning; also three cows, two belonging to Thomas Hayes, Ballyvoreen, and one to John Hicks, Barley Hill, about three miles west of Rosscarbery.

Derry

A project is on foot, aided by the Harbor Commissioners and a number of capitalists, for the restarting of the shipbuilding industry at Derry.

Donegal

Died—recently, Michael Gallagher, Ardlongfield.—Major Doyne, Murracaboo, Letterkenny.

Down

While driving some friends on a jaunting car through Newry recently, J. D. Blackburn, proprietor of the Downshire Arms hotel, Hilltown, met with a severe accident in consequence of having fallen from the driving seat and coming between the animal and the vehicle.

Dublin

A little girl named Margaret Rossi, aged 4 years, of 97 Seville place, Dublin, was killed by a wagon, the property of John Wallis & company.

Fermanagh

Enniskillen, No. 2, Rural district Council has elected John Maguire and Philip McGovern as chairman and vice-chairman, respectively, for the coming year.

Kerry

Rev. M. A. Horgan, P. P., Sneem, has been appointed parish priest of Abbeylorney in room of the late Rev. F. Crimmins, P. P.

Kilkenny

The sale of Daly Thomastown estate has been finally arranged. In addition to the tenants purchasing their holdings at a reasonable price the demesne lands of Thomastown, containing about 250 Irish acres, will be handed up to the Estate Commissioners for division amongst the tenants in accordance with the provisions of the act.

[illegible]

The death of Rev. Denis Gray, P.P., Cloghan, occurred on June 13. He was one of the best known priests in the diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

Leitrim

Miss Susan Smyth died at her home in Ballinamore on June 4.

Limerick

A girl named Gleeson, aged about 15 years, died in the Limerick Union hospital as the result of burns sustained at her relatives residence near Patrickswell. It appears that when taking a pot off the fire her clothes caught fire and she was so badly burned that she succumbed after her removal to the hospital.

Mayo

M. J. O'Boyle, Ballina, has been appointed assistant surveyor by Mayo County Council.

Married—June 12, at Fahy, by the Rev. J. O'Toole, P. P., Wm. H., eldest son of John Scott, merchant, Aughagower, to Agnes, third daughter of the late William Joyce, and Mrs. Joyce, Clogher, Westport.

Meath

The death took place on June 8, as the result of an accident at Mayne of Thomas McEvoy.

Rev. Father Flanagan, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes church at Summerhill, County Meath, appeals to the Irish people, especially Meath people in this country for financial help to defray the cost of erecting the much needed new church at Summerhill.

Monaghan

Thomas Trainor, Ballybay, has been elected senior assistant surveyor by Wexford County Council at a salary of £109 per year.

Queens

Died—On June 8, in Dublin, Thomas Byrne, Doon house, Luggacurren, aged 25 years.

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Catholic News Notes

[illegible]

Rev. Lawrence [illegible] the Board of [illegible] Baltimore, has been [illegible] Cardinal Gibbons [illegible] James P. Nolan.

In a letter to the [illegible] of St. Patrick [illegible] to the many and various [illegible] religion in the [illegible] of the Diocese [illegible]

[illegible]

The appointment by Gov[illegible] mon of Ohio of Hon. [illegible] way as probate judge [illegible] county is a well [illegible] distinct honor to the Cat[illegible] that county.

[illegible]

[illegible] New York County [illegible] Catholic School [illegible] various Catholic [illegible] city's money.

At the Windthorst [illegible] Celebration in Berlin, the Catholic Centrist members [illegible] Reichstag pledged themselves to remain a unit in carrying out the principles of Windthorst, the Centrist founder. The party is a power in the German Parliament.

Mgr. Bertram Brocker, parish priest of Kevelaer, a famous place of pilgrimage, about which Heine wrote a well-known poem, has just died, aged 62. He was fined and imprisoned several times during the Kulturkampf.

The German emperor, who is now at Corfu, the other day witnessed a Catholic procession there. The emperor and his daughter were standing on the balcony of their villa, Kaiser Wilhelm bare-headed, when the bishop, passing at the end of the display, paused to lift his hand in the sign of the cross, blessing the emperor and his daughter, while his majesty bowed his head with appreciation.

Notice

The Catholic Journal [illegible] for sale at [illegible] Catholic Supply House, [illegible]