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## Led by a Spirit

I am in the mood for a really authentic ghost story, Father Cuthbert," I said. It was a May morning and we were on the Patine. Father Cuthbert waved his pipe expressively at the scene before us.

"There are ghosts all around us, Dudley. The atmosphere is permeated with tragedies of a pagan past—and that is what most people mean by ghosts. Only neither of us is as yet sufficiently sensitive to see them."

"I should think you might be!" He paused to apply a match to his beloved pipe. "What kind of a ghost story do you mean?" he asked, while we gazed at the intense azure of the sky above us and the flower-strewn grass at our feet. Wild flowers in profusion grow on the memory-haunted site of the Caesar's Palace—scarlet poppies and blue forget-me-nots, foxgloves, cyclamens, honeysuckle, pale monthly rose—to be looked at but not to be picked. Such is the decree of the stern-faced guardians at the gates.

"One of the old-fashioned sort?" queried Father Cuthbert. "Shrieks from the battlements of an ancient castle on a certain night in the year, the swish of silken raiment down a long corridor from a man with his head under his arm. By the way, I do know a yarn of that kind, an object lesson in the suggestion line. Remind me to tell you about it another time."

"All right, but I want an authentic one now." Father Cuthbert reflected a moment. "I will tell you a short ghost story, and I can vouch for its authenticity, but it must be a short one—I am lunching with the rector of the North American College at half past twelve."

"That, allowing for interruptions, gives us three-quarters of an hour for your tale." "There must not be any interruptions," remarked Father Cuthbert with an air of finality. "What I am going to tell you took place during my Oxford days, at the time when my hopes and ambitions were all centered upon a diplomatic career."

"Were they?" I asked eagerly. "I never heard that before!" He looked at me for an instant with a kindly glance in his eyes. "At one time I was very keen about getting on in diplomacy. I was fond of power—I am still, for that matter—and I wanted to set the inner machinery of the world's affairs in motion. I was young, and I believed in myself. And that, Dudley, is half the secret of success."

I studied the clearly cut profile beside me, noting the wiry strength of the firmly molded chin, and realized that the delights of success, as the world counts it, would have been his in no stinted measure. "I wonder how you were able to give it all up!" I blurted out impulsively.

His lips, so indicative of the man's constant self-control, so capable of relaxing into tenderness, smiled at me. "I became a Catholic, you see, Dudley," he said simply, "and God called me to serve Him in the priesthood and—how about interruptions?"

"Sorry," I murmured. "I had recently heard of the engagement of a young fellow who had been in the 'House' with me some eighteen months before," he continued, "and had promised to act as his best man. The wedding was to take place at the home of the bride's parents, in the country, in the late spring, and the ceremony was to be performed by the prospective bridegroom's brother, who had just taken Orders."

"These two—brothers were twins and there was an unusually strong sympathy or affinity—call it what you will—between them. When one of them was ill or in trouble, the other was somehow aware of it—they had never found themselves mistaken on this point."

"The wedding was fixed for the thirteenth of May, and on the

eleventh I went down to Brooklands to be introduced to my friend's finance and to meet his brother, whom I had never seen. The family kindly offered to put me up, but I had engaged a room with gabled windows and bed linen that smelt of lavender at the picturesque old village inn. If I close my eyes this moment—here amongst the ruins of the Caesars' Palace in old Rome—I can see the wealth of color which made that English landscape a joy to behold. The hedges were white with May on either side of the narrow lanes, the apple trees were a mass of pink-and-white loveliness, lilacs and laburnum and gaudily tinted tulips bloomed in every cottage garden. And in the Brookland woods there lay a shimmer of blue on the grass tender green, which when approached resolved itself into a carpet of bluebells. In Italy spring is the magical Primavera, but I think there is greater charm in the way she steals upon us under gray skies, smiling at us in shy coquetry, first one cluster of blossoms then another in her hand.

"My friend had met me at the station and driven me up to the Hall. He was so happy that it was good to see him, and delighted that I was to meet his other self," the clergyman brother.

"You can make any picture you choose of the bride-elect and her relatives. The healthy, natural, clean-souled English girl of no remarkable beauty or talents, but devoted to my friend and likely to make him a good wife. They had many tastes and ideas in common, and that makes for a more perfect union than sentiment will ensure."

"Dick was feverishly anxious for his brother to arrive. He had promised to come the day before the wedding, but on the morning of the twelfth he wired from London that a friend would motor him down in time for the ceremony on the day itself. Dick was disappointed and I could see that he was greatly depressed."

"What is the matter?" I asked. We were standing beside the sundial and he was gazing moodily at the somewhat illegible motto, written in old French, "I mark only the happy hours." He roused himself with an effort and raised his eyes. There was a look of fear in them.

"I can't tell exactly, but I feel that a frightful catastrophe is hanging over one I love. It sounds absurd, I know—but he hesitated, 'you understand.'"

"I knew he meant that the marvelous sympathy between himself and his twin was asserting itself on the very eve of what he believed would be the happiest day of his life."

"We dined at the Hall and walked together in the moonlight to the village inn, where he was staying, then sat till the small hours smoking and fitfully exchanging reminiscences of Oxford days. He made no further reference to our conversation beside the sundial and I forbore any illusion to it. But when we met again on his wedding-day I saw that the baneful shadow still hovered over him. As the hour fixed for the ceremony approached, everyone felt more or less uneasy at the non-arrival of the officiating clergyman. At last it was decided not to wait for him any longer, but to call in the services of the rector, who was an old friend of the bride's family. He was to have assisted in any case, and expressed his willingness to perform the marriage service himself."

"Dick and I walked to the little church together. He was deadly pale and hardly spoke until we reached the porch. 'You see, I was right,' he said. 'There is something very wrong with Jack. Nothing would keep him from me of his own free will at a time like this, nothing on earth.' He repeated the words as we entered the church, and as I noticed his set lips and unnaturally gleaming eyes I was seized with a vague apprehension and wondered what the end would be. The service began. The bride made a pretty picture, but Dick looked more like a knight arming himself for some heroic undertaking

than a happy bridegroom at the altar, and I hoped that those most nearly concerned were too preoccupied to notice him. He murmured his 'I will,' in an audible tone, and when I handed him the ring he seemed unable to speak. 'With this ring I thee wed,' prompted the rector, and with a cry that rang through the church Dick tottered and fell back into my arms unconscious.

"As I caught him I raised my eyes and staggered myself, for there, Dudley, as distinctly as I see you now, stood the form of a young man behind the rector looking straight at me with Dick's sunny smile."

Father Cuthbert rose from the stone seat in front of the historical date palm, now flowering for the first time for half a century. "Come along," he said, "it is time we were moving."

"But don't leave the story like that!" I exclaimed. "It was the twin, of course, but what happened to him and why should you have seen him?"

"Yes, it was the twin, and the motor accident which killed him instantaneously took place, so we heard afterwards, after the wedding party had gone to the church. They had had several mishaps which delayed them on the way and put on a final spurt round a dangerous corner in a desperate attempt to get there in time."

"For three weeks after the interrupted wedding Dick lay in a precarious condition. Everyone thought he would die, but he rallied by degrees, and was married quietly about a month later. He has never been quite the same man since."

"And you," I ventured again, "you have not answered my other question. Why did you see him? He was not a friend of yours—you had never met him."

Father Cuthbert passed under an archway and pocketed his pipe. "I told myself at the time that it was a case of suggestion. There was a certain amount of sympathy between myself and Dick, and had I seen the apparition through his eyes, as it were, simply because he had seen it. I was not much of a believer in the occult or in things spiritual at that period of my life; indeed, there was little of a supernatural nature that I believed in at all. I fought against the idea that I had really seen a spirit. You see, Dudley, it was the first time I ever did see one," he ended simply.

"But how do you account for your having seen it?" I persisted. "One can understand why Dick did—that was quite another matter; but you?"

"It was my first glimpse into the supernatural world and it gave me pause, it taught me to grasp the great truth of immortality and of an existence after death—it laid the foundation stone of my conversion to the faith."

We had reached the gates and Father Cuthbert held out his hand. "Our ways part here for the present, Dudley. Now never forget that God leads souls to Himself in many different ways and that in the inscrutable designs of Providence nothing happens by chance."

He hailed a taxi and left me in the blazing sunshine of that May morning outside the ruins of Caesars' Palace, to meditate on what I had heard.—Grace V. Christinas in the Magnificat.

**Hair Combing is Useful**  
If made into a switch, cluster of puffs or pompadour for your own use. Bring your hair combs to our store and let us figure to make them into fashionable hair goods that will assist you in arranging your hair in a pretty and becoming style. There is more than 25 years of practical experience back of our work which assures you expert services at reasonable prices. Guggenheim's Hair Store, 17 Clinton Ave., south opposite Hotel Seneca.

The new convent of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary at West Hoboken, N. J., is ready and will soon be dedicated.

## New Church For Italians Dedicated

The new Italian Catholic church of St. Lucy, on Troop St., was solemnly dedicated last Sunday morning by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, in the presence of a large number of the clergy, several Italian societies and hundreds of worshippers.

St. Lucy's represents the newest style of combination church, school and parish hall, and has a capacity to accommodate between four and five hundred persons. It forms a notable addition to the growing number of Italian Catholic church properties which have been built in this diocese largely as a result of the deep interest which the bishop has shown in the work of providing Italian citizens with the facilities needed to preserve their faith.

Bishop Hickey was assisted by Very Rev. J. J. Hartley, D. D., Rev. M. J. Hargather, Rev. M. J. Nolan, D. D., Rev. James Vesale, D. D., Rev. A. M. O'Neill, M. R., and Rev. J. F. O'Hern. The mass was celebrated by Rev. J. E. Gaffney, Ph. D., with members of the faculty of St. Bernard's Seminary as deacon and subdeacon and Rev. A. B. Meehan, D. D., as master of ceremonies. The students of St. Andrew's Seminary were in the sanctuary and sang the mass.

After the dedication service, which began at 10.30 o'clock, the mass of the day was celebrated by Rev. J. E. Gaffney, of St. Peter and Paul's church.

The pastor of the church, Rev. M. Catalano, D. D., spoke in Italian and Bishop Hickey spoke in English to a congregation which filled every pew and included representatives of the various Italian church societies of the city.

In his address Bishop Hickey spoke of St. Lucy's, the newest Catholic church in this city, and the worship of God which was to be carried on there in the daily sacrifice of the mass. In the administration of the sacraments, the preaching of the word of God, the religious education of the young and the burial of the dead.

"This is the purpose of a church, to honor and worship God and thus merit His grace," said the bishop. "Here the word of God will be preached to you, not the message for America alone, or for Europe, but for the whole world, as Christ says in the gospel of this day. That message is no new one, but is the old message—which Peter brought to Rome, which was preached here first and then throughout all Europe. When you hear men talk about new doctrines, remember there is nothing new for God and that the gospel of to-day is the same as it always was."

In the evening at 7.30 there was a vesper and benediction, conducted by Rev. J. F. O'Hern, pastor of the Cathedral.

The church is beautifully decorated. The stations of the cross were donated by the following: J. Adam Kragg, Frank Hanna, John Conway, Frank Torre, Frank Caffaro, Vincenzo D'Yppoto, Mr. De Angelis, Mary Egan, J. M. Murphy, Misses Abbie Crimmins, Emma Sullivan of this city and Joseph Lavezza, Mrs. Victoria Cardequa, Mrs. Cherigo of Baltimore, Md. A beautiful baptismal font was donated by Mrs. Laboria Catanzaro, Baltimore, Md.

**Personal.**  
Miss Elizabeth M. McCarthy sailed on Tuesday, May 20th, from New York for Italy on the steamer Hamburg. It is her intention to visit the music centers of Europe.

A reception was held by Miss Nora Barry at her home 119 Urquhart St., in honor of her sister Catherine who just arrived from Ireland. Several solo selections were rendered by some of the guests. A recitation was given and a few old Irish songs were sung. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

## News From Ireland Catholic News Notes

Mr. Philip McGovern, the Irish hydrophobia specialist, who 42 years ago created a sensation all over the United Kingdom by his cures for the rabies, has passed away. No matter how marked the symptoms, if the patient could swallow a complete cure was effected inside of three days. The cure is a family secret handed down from father to son for 300 years.

While on her way to Mass at Corcaghan church on the morning of March 23, Mrs. Bridget McGuinness died suddenly. Deceased had only returned to Corcaghan from Chicago, Ill., on a brief visit.

The priests and people of Kanturk parish, County Cork, have contributed \$43 to the 1913 home rule fund.

The Confraternity Hall in Thurles, Tipperary, was recently destroyed by fire.

Judge Law-Smith congratulated the Jury at Limerick quarter sessions, March 27, on the peaceful state of the country.

A fund is being raised in Mullinahone to care for the grave of the late Charles J. Kilkham, and Tipperary men in America are earnestly requested to contribute to this worthy movement. All subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the chairman of the committee, Thomas Kennedy, Mullinahone, County Tipperary.

Very Rev. John E. Hogan, D. D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, has been appointed by royal warrant a member of the senate of the National University of Ireland.

Judge Cooke, who was presented with white gloves at the opening of Donegal quarter sessions in returning thanks, said they were an emblem of the purity and freedom from crime in that large division, for which he congratulated the grand jury.

The G. A. R. and Gaelic League have lost a warm and practical supporter by the death of Mr. Frank O'Leary, Ballintemple, Cork. Deceased had spent several years in Liverpool, where, as in Cork, he was very popular.

In the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, is the bell which lay upon St. Patrick's breast, taken from his tomb in the year 552. It is called the "bell-of-the-will."

Very Rev. C. H. Condon, O. P. St. Mary's Cork, recently celebrated his golden jubilee in the priesthood.

The death has taken place at Ballymono, six miles from Midleton, of a farm laborer named William Coughlan at the age of 104.

Tydaynet (County Monaghan) Hibernians opened a splendid new hall recently.

The commissioners of national education have appointed Mr. M. Dougherty, principal at Keadue National School, Burtonport, as organizer of Irish Language instruction in national schools.

Mr. James McDonald, locally known as the Mayor of Killeigh Kings County, was laid to his long rest, having reached the age of ninety. He was over six feet in height.

The death is announced, in his sixty-ninth year, of Dr. Wm. J. Meharry, Belfast. Deceased was a native of Crawfordstown, County Down and enjoyed for a considerable period a large practice in the Shankill Road district.

The Alumni of the American College, Rome, met in Brooklyn recently.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque will preach the sermon at the Pontifical mass on the opening day of the convention of the Catholic Federation, August 17, at Milwaukee.

In his administration of nearly eight years, President Bernard appointed 11 Catholic Chancery Presidents. In his four years appointed eight.

Among the recent appointments made by the Archbishop of Hartford, Conn., is that of John F. Ryan, pastor of St. Ignace's Church, and of the juvenile center.

A handsome new parish hall has been opened in the parish of St. Patrick, Butte, Mont., with a capacity for 500 people.

The Premier of Ontario, Mr. T. A. A. Crerar, was recently elected.

The venerable Father John D. Ryan, of St. Ignace's College, Montreal, was appointed by royal warrant to the honor of the National University of Ireland.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Conboy, of the diocese of Tuam, has been appointed by royal warrant to the honor of the National University of Ireland.

The Bishop of Tuam, Ireland, has been appointed by royal warrant to the honor of the National University of Ireland.

It is expected that the new building of the United States will be the one at St. Mary's, Woodville, Ind.

Mr. Peter T. Hallahan has been appointed a church at Teyon, N. C. in memory of his son who died in 1910.

The club house now in course of erection in St. Peter's parish, Jersey City, for the boys and young men will, it is expected, be completed by the end of August. The cost will be \$65,000.

Rev. Wm. R. Arnold of Park, Ind., has been appointed a chaplain in the army by President Wilson.

**Catholic Town**  
Five dollars down and \$5 monthly buys a lot in exclusively Catholic town, Celeste, in the hills of beautiful Southern Alabama. Lots \$75 and up. Winter homes—health resort—fine investment—excellent business opportunities. No interest, no taxes. Catholic Colony, Duck and Pig Farms.

Series No. 1, consisting of 10 orchards, sold out. Series No. 2 comprises 500 combination five-acre duck and pig farms, adjoining Catholic town, Celeste, \$5 down and \$10 monthly. No experience necessary—expert direction—no failure. Splendid profit—sure income. Write today for references and full particulars on lots or farms to Gulf Coast Fruit Farms Co., Knights of Columbus Bldg., 106 St. Joseph street, Mobile, Ala.