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A Sprig of Lavendar

(Continued from last week)

The old soldier would very willingly have stayed behind. He had grown used to exile.

"How will they recognize you, my dear lord?" he inquired. "Eighteen years have gone by; you were only a child then and always shut up among women. No one will remember you. You have no troops and no money. Our two swords count for very little!"

But Count Roger felt no misgivings; to meet the advice of white-bearded age, he had the mysterious oracle of his youth, the inner voice which bade him set forth.

They quitted the villa at day-break. The Count had laid into a silken bag the cluster of dried blossoms brought away from Provence, and wore it next his heart under the folds of his brocaded doublet. They seemed starting for a falcon-hunt. Few words passed between them and they rode one behind the other, as master and squire. They journeyed on from point to point until one day they caught sight of a dark forest of lofty trees, whose crest rose sparkling and looming up large in the morning mist.

"These are the pine trees of my noble father. I have never ceased to see them and hear their murmuring. Here they are!"

He put spurs to his horse, and once in the forest, took off his helmet and swept the ground with its white plume. A woodcutter was at work near by. The young man rode up, accosting him, and learned that the new lord of the fief, defeated on account of his exactions, was away, bent on waging war with the inhabitants of Castelsarrasin, and had left the castle with a merely nominal garrison. They spoke of the old lord, and the woodsman said:

"All who knew him regret him still. If a scion of that race survived, I assure you, my young cavalier, they would struggle for possession of him as they would for a cock at the top of a flag-mast, at the fair of Beaucaire."

"Salute then thy young master the heir of thy old Counts, for he stands before thee!"

But the other, having examined the two horses and the outfit of John, the Burgundian, burst into laughter, seizing his azelane such hearty laughter that his blows fell at random on the pine he was felling and the chips flew in all directions, like snowy bits of merriment, off into the forest. "Ah, ha, ha! You are joking, friend," he cries, "go your way and do not make me lose a day's work."

He was still smiling, when the two riders came in sight of a village and found there two aged men, sitting on a bench before the door of the principal dwelling and trying to get warm in the winter sunshine.

John, the Burgundian, who remembered them as friends of his early days, called them by name, which surprised them greatly, and proceeded to recount the events of the siege and how he had saved the young Count by means of the underground passage. Then pointing to the white-plumed cavalier who was holding aloof a few paces off, looking up loftily to behold the maids and wives of Provence gathering at their casements to peep at him, John said, confidentially, "That is he—he, himself!"

But the old people snapped their fingers, like men now too feeble for sharp gestures, and with faces of incredulous amusement rejoined. "It may be you, speaking to us—John, the Burgundian, of honest memory—we need not journey a mile to make sure of it! It is plain you have not forgotten your old trade of story-telling! That you saved your own life we can easily believe. But there have been other witnesses, who have assured us, time and again, that the young Count was found dead at his father's side. Go your way, and may the Lord keep you out of the prisons of our new master! He is not tender to men without cre-

dentials." As they spoke in loud tones, many of the casements, as a matter of prudence, closed promptly and Roger felt cut to the heart. The pain of it made him think how the Lord of Heaven was once deserted by His earthly followers.

He pursued his journey, nevertheless, questioned some twenty people of various ages, showed his face in the full glare of daylight and the brocaded shield of his doublet. They did not recognize him. He only met with mockery, jeers such as "are dealt out to adventures and threats which drove him to madness. "Scoundrels," cried he, "forgetful of the faces and benefits of your masters, I will punish you!" John, the Burgundian, had much trouble in making him understand that this was hardly the course to pursue, for a lord who wished to regain the affections of his people.

At eventide they had made no more headway towards their object than at dawn. Emissaries from the chateau were in search of them. The country was no longer safe. The wrath of Count Roger had yielded to a sorrow which deepened at the approach of darkness. How cruel is night-fall to the sufferer, when the world seems to shrivel away before his intensifying pain!

Count Roger was soon wandering along the edge of the wood. Having dismounted beside a pool, encircled by little hills crowned with ancient olive trees, he stretched himself out to rest on the sward while the horses nibbled on the green grass. Not far away a girl was busy washing and a soft white light fell upon her and upon the clothing she was handling among the weeds. The young lord noticed that her hair was bound up with a close roll of soft silk, like a large sequin, that she had regular features and that her lips took the proud curve peculiar to the girls of his province; who are said to resemble the Greeks. So he observed to John. "This girl is from our place, although I cannot tell just where we are." And the girl, overhearing this, passed close by him with her linen under her arm and wished him good evening. Then she saw that he was weeping, and stood still. As for him, since day-dawn he had encountered only faces full of mockery and wrath; now he partly rose, resting on his elbows and gazed at her. Then he spoke out.

"My pretty maid, he whom you see is on the point of returning to a far-off land. The people here do not recognize him, and yet he is their lord, their real master, their true friend, Count Roger, son of the Count, who was despoiled of his possessions, eighteen years ago—just precisely your own age, I think."

"I am seventeen," answered the girl. "But you are Italian, my good lord; I know it by your accent."

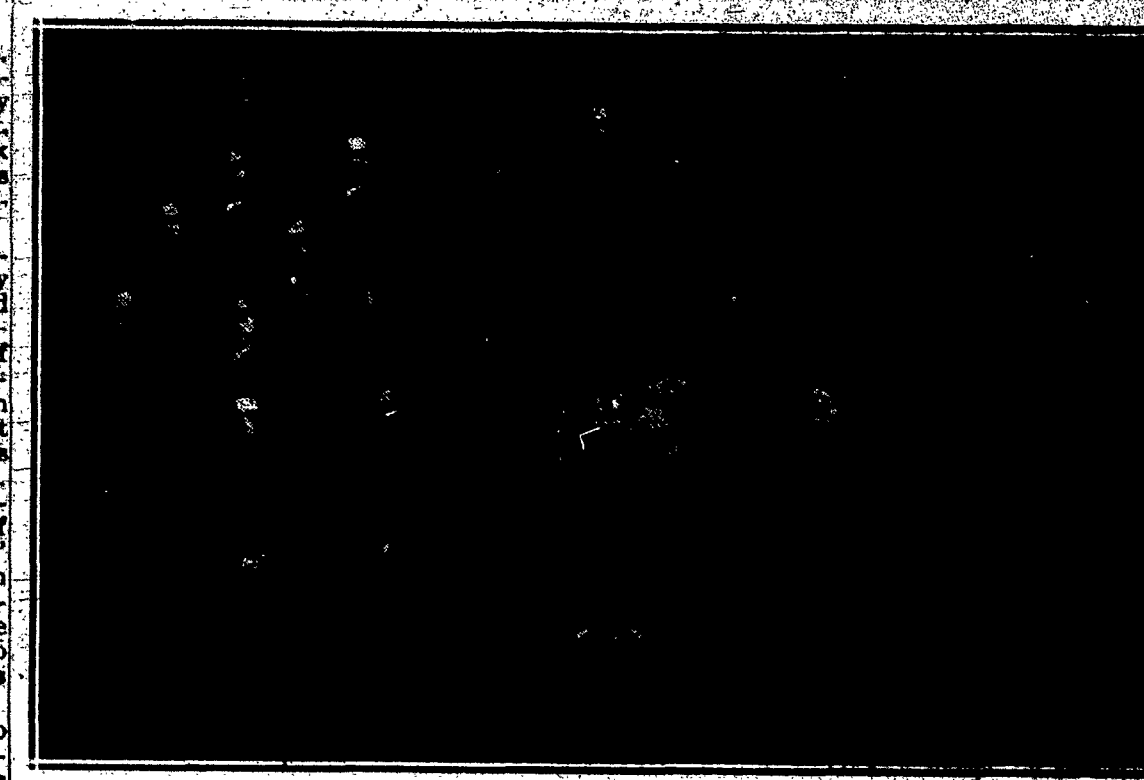
"Certainly. I have just left Italy; but I was not born there. I am Count Roger."

She smiled and then cried out, as the breeze floated toward her, "Oh, what an astonishing thing! This is winter, yet I catch the fragrance of lavender!" Count Roger partly opened his doublet with its embroidered coat of arms, drew forth the silken bag and showed the withered flowers. "Eighteen years ago," he said, "I gathered this tuft of flowers on the highest tower of my chateau. It has followed me into exile, the only thing I took away from my own country."

The young girl dropped her bundle of linen, took the bag and lifted it to her face. "Count Roger, you say truth!" she exclaimed. "Nowhere, except with us, does lavender grow so tall and so sweet. You look like a noble. I believe in you. Give me your bag and mount once more."

"I will do so," said Count Roger at once. "Go before me, like Hope, to lead the way and I will follow."

She went on before him, into next village, where the first pine torches were beginning to be lighted. Her closely wound ker-



Class of 1913 St. Bernard's Seminary.

Reading from left to right, the students shown in the photograph are: Top row—Edward Lyons, Rochester; Francis A. Jones, Buffalo; Edmund Ward, Springfield, Mass.; Frederick Straub, Rochester; James McHugh, Scranton, Pa.; Francis Kelly, Albany; Otto Geiger, Rochester.

Third Row—William Dooley, Syracuse; John G. Dambach, Wichita, Kas.; John F. Schneider, Belleville, Ill.; Joseph Garrity, Patrick Walsh, Syracuse; William Graham, Peoria, Ill.

Middle row—Thomas O'Brien, Peoria; L. Dykal, Buffalo; Edward Eschrich, Rochester; Charles F. McEvoy, Syracuse; Francis Brennan, Cleveland; Jeremiah Sullivan, Sioux City; Stephen Sosanski, Buffalo; Peter Bleeker, Marquette, Mich.

Bottom row—Michael Liddy, Syracuse; Silvio Desautels, Springfield, Mass.; Nikolas Maklan, Jarro, Philippine Islands; Edward McCarthy, Ogdensburg and Joseph Smith, Springfield, Mass.

James McHugh and Leonard Dykal will not be included in the class, having been ordained last year.

Of the other 24 shown in the photograph only 14 will be ordained here by Bishop Hiseby. They are: Messrs. Desautels, Dooley, Eschrich, Geiger, Lyons, Liddy, Maklan, McCarthy, McEvoy, Smith, Straub, Sullivan, Walsh and Bleeker.

Blessing of Bells

Of St. Joseph's

The bell at St. Joseph's Greek Catholic Church in Remington Street, which the church installed a year ago, was blessed at ceremonies May 30, by the clergy of the church. Present for the occasion were several out of town Greek Catholic clergymen and Rochester priests and other guests.

St. Joseph's is a Roman Catholic Church. Its title occasionally causes some confusion, but the only difference between Roman Catholic Churches and St. Joseph's is that the language used by the Greek Church is Ruthenian, instead of Latin.

The visiting clergymen and guests were given a reception in the afternoon at the home of Rev. Basil Merenkow, pastor of the church. Among them were Rev. Alex Prystay of Syracuse, Rev. Fildemon Trnasky of Auburn, Rev. John Orzynsky of Buffalo, Rev. Cyprian Adamak of Buffalo, Rev. Vladimir Stech of Elmira, Rev. Ignatius Klejns, Rev. Jacob E. Staub and Rev. Father Scheilhorn of this city.

Members of the little Greek church in Remington St., donated generously towards the bell, following the ceremonies in the morning. Five hundred dollars were collected and the debt on the bell was entirely wiped off.

Obituary

Elizabeth Dolan Flaherty, wife of P. B. Flaherty, died at her home, 24, Oriole St., recently at the age of 71 years. She was born in Canada, and had been ill for some time bearing her sickness with resignation and patience of a good Christian woman. She will be missed very much by her family. Besides her husband she leaves one daughter, Sister Ambrosia of St. Joseph's Order in St. Mary's Convent, Canadaigua, N. Y., and five sons, Brother Anthony C. M., of St. Vincent Seminary, Germantown, Pa., Joseph, of Chicago, Edward Henry and Thomas of Rochester.

A very handsome school building has just been completed for St. Cecilia's parish, Oakley, Ohio.

There are 80 Catholics in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

New Catholic Church

Rev. Jacob F. Staub, pastor of Holy Redeemer church, is said to have an option on property at Portland Avenue and Durbin St., near the church, and to be preparing for the erection of a new church and school building. Father Staub's option is from Benjamin Klehammer, and before a church can be erected on the site two old houses will have to be removed from the property, one of which is a landmark, built by Mr. Klehammer's father more than eighty years ago.

Church Events for June

June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Some Salms of the month are: 5, St. Boniface; 10, St. Margaret of Scotland; 11, St. Barnabas, Apostle; 18, St. Anthony of Padua; 21, St. Alexyus; 22, Nativity of St. John the Baptist; 29, SS. Peter and Paul.

Knights of Columbus

The third degree was exemplified on a class of 200 candidates Sunday, June 1. The work was in charge of State Deputy Robert J. Powers of Binghamton and his staff.

The sermon at the mass which will open the state convention of the K. of C. at Holy Family church on Tuesday, June 10, will be preached by Rev. W. F. Dougherty, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's church, Syracuse.

A Generous Will

Requests to Catholic institutions amounting to \$50,000 are made in the will of the late Eliza P. Dean, of Boston, widow of a Harvard professor. The gifts include \$15,000 to the Corpus Christi Monastery of New York City, and \$5,000 to the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston for a scholarship in St. John's Ecclesiastical seminary, in Brighton. The Catholic University of America will get the residuary estate.

All the Bishops of Portugal have addressed (the President of that Republic representations setting forth complaints against the persecutions to which Catholics have recently been subjected.

News From Home

Professor John Park... died on April 25.

A sudden death occurred recently in Ballymonee...

Considerable damage was done in the Keady district on April 27 by a heavy fall of rain which flooded the Keady winding factory and destroyed crops.

R. N. Somerville, county surveyor, Carrigrohane, has been appointed night surveyor for the County Council.

Miss Minnie O'Connell, county clerk, Carrigrohane, has been appointed night clerk for the County Council.

Cork City has sent a statement of \$100,000 to the Home Rule fund.

Olive Bond has been appointed secretary of the District of County Council.

The death of Mrs. M. J. O'Connell, Bridge House, Carrigrohane, has been announced.

Mrs. Ellen O'Connell, Carrigrohane, has been appointed night clerk for the County Council.

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