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The Cross of the O'Kelley's

The soft summer breeze on this Sunday afternoon was fragrant with the order of pine and fir as Anna O'Kelley walked down the path thickly carpeted with needles, across which the sunlight flickered and danced, to the small wooden chapel in the clearing. Her niece, Eileen, a restless little sprite, accompanied her. Reaching the door Anna gave a gentle push and to her delight it opened.

The chapel was but a temporary affair for the convenience of the Catholic visitors at the summer resorts nearby. A great many visited this town of Granby, on the Maine coast, and here Anna O'Kelley had come to spend the summer with her brother and his family at their summer cottage.

She was pleased to find she could enter and say a few prayers, as it was closed during the week, and sometimes immediately after Mass on Sunday. Today Father Burns had not returned at once to his own town, ten miles distant, and the chapel would be open until he was ready to return.

The place was cool and quiet and so soothing after a week of fun to spend the afternoon there in prayer. She finished her rosary and began on some special prayers for favors received, when Eileen began to get restless. She gave the child her rosary beads to keep her quiet, but after a while she tired of these and began walking up and down, going into the different pews and picking up the prayer-books which had been left in the benches.

After a few moments she wandered outside and spent the remainder of the time running in and out until her young aunt was ready to return home, when she missed her rosary beads and then remembered that she had given them to the child.

"Eileen, darling, where are auntie's beads?" she said.

Eileen ran back into the chapel and returned with the beads, but as Anna took them in her hands she felt a thrill of alarm, for the small silver cross was gone.

"Eileen," she cried, "what did you do with auntie's cross?" Eileen was frightened and began to cry.

"Didn't do nuffin' with it." Anna saw that if she was to get any information she must keep calm, so taking her small niece by the hand she led her into the church.

"Now, dear, show Aunt Anna where you put the cross," she said gently.

Eileen went straight to one of the pews.

"It comed off and I put it in this book."

There were several prayer-books about and she examined them all but no cross appeared. She searched up and down inside and outside of the chapel, but her search was fruitless. Then she knelt in one of the pews and prayed, with a sob in her throat, that she would find the missing cross.

It was near supper time when she at last gave up the search and started wearily for home. The scent of the pines, the flickering shadows across her path and the roar of the sea in the distance were lost upon her, for her heart was heavy with the shadow of her loss.

Granny O'Kelley had given her the cross. It was a family heirloom.

"It's an Irish cross, given me by the O'Kelley himself," the white-haired old lady had said proudly as she placed it in her hands a few hours before the Angel of Death had summoned her, "and when I'm gone, child, it's to be yours. It's blessed for a happy death and it has brought me many a blessing. I give it to you with my blessing and the blessing of those before me."

When the little old lady had passed away with a smile and the name of God on her lips, Anna took the cross, which hung by a chain about her neck, and had it placed on her own rosary.

The family at the cottage were much concerned over her loss, especially when they saw how badly she felt about it. Continued questioning of Eileen elicited the information that she had put it "in the birdies' nest."

"Try and not think about it tonight, Anna, her brother comforted her, "and tomorrow we will make a systematic search."

But the systematic search failed to bring the cross to light.

"The little rogue hid it carefully," was the comment of her father, but one by one they came to the conclusion that she had dropped it somewhere, perhaps among the pine needles and really did not know where she had lost it.

"Keep up your courage, Anna we'll hear of it before the summer is over," John Kelley cheerfully assured her.

At the post office, on trees by the path leading to the chapel, in the hotel office, at the boat landing—anywhere that there was a good chance of being seen—he posted notices offering a reward to the finder for its return. But the summer passed—and it was not found.

Day after day Anna knelt and offered a prayer to St. Anthony, begging his intercession for the finding of her beloved cross. Sometimes the tears came unbidden as she thought of the little old lady who had given it to her. Poor Granny, to think I had it so short a time, and she brought it over the sea and had it for years.

"The blessing of the O'Kelley's is on it," Granny had often said, and she had lost it. But all her prayers and all her sorrowful longings brought no results.

"Saint Anthony will surely help," said Anna, hopeful to the last, and up to an hour before train time on the day they were to leave she searched.

"Well, I guess Saint Anthony went back on you this time," her brother said teasingly when they were finally on their homeward way, but Anna spoke up spiritedly.

"There's time enough yet. It may be found before the last of the summer visitors leave."

But it was not found, although Anna made a novena to the good saint. She said little to the home folk's about it, dreading her brother's teasing, but never a day passed that she did not offer a prayer for the return of her cross. Oftentimes she stepped into her own parish church and prayed, and lighted a candle; never a day but she watched the mail for some news. The winter passed away and another summer came, and they returned to Maine to find that a fire had swept the woods on the outskirts of Granby—the chapel was gone and the summer visitors were donating money for a permanent church in the center of Granby—more convenient for all concerned.

All hope was apparently gone, and though she often searched there was less chance of finding it now, as a new growth had started up on the fireswept area.

On her return home after the summer she made up her mind that the cross was gone for all time.

"Saint Anthony did not obtain my wish," she said, "but there was probably some good reason for it and I shall not think any more about it."

With this logic she resolutely put her loss from her mind; but just as if God had been trying her faith and courage, so came the answer to her prayer, and Eileen, who had been the one to cause the loss, was also the chief factor in its return.

Anna had taken Eileen to visit some friends in the suburbs of Boston and they were obliged to cross the city on the elevated on their return. They were on a South Station train and seated opposite them was a group of young men, some with dress suitcases and bags, some with instruments. Apparently they were surveyors—their tanned faces helped in the surmise.

A man without religion is like a horse without a bridle.

After the first glance Anna paid no attention to them, having an interesting story to read, but Eileen seemed fascinated by the instruments and studied them with a child's unabashed curiosity. Suddenly Anna felt a tugging at her sleeve and Eileen spoke excitedly, pointing to the young man across the way.

"Auntie, Auntie, he's got your cross!"

Anna gave a glance of startled dismay, but sure enough, fastened to the fob hanging from his pocket was a silver cross. Surely there was no other just like hers and right in the center, just as hers, was an emerald.

The young man was as startled as she herself. He blushed red through his tan at her niece's accusing finger.

Anna recovered herself. "Sit down, Eileen, you mustn't act like that," she said sternly; but the child's eyes were blazing; she remembered the long search and how she had been continually questioned.

"It's yours, auntie; it's yours!" she persisted, alive with excitement.

The young man became uncomfortable and embarrassed. Several of his party were watching him quizzically. An older man, apparently the engineer in charge, spoke to him, glancing at Anna, who had returned to her story, un mindful of the fact that she was reading a page of advertisements upside down.

"I beg your pardon," she heard a low voice say, "but your young friend seems to think I have something of yours. Perhaps I have; but as I get out at the South Station, and must catch a train, I have no time for explanations. He gave her a card on which she read: "Edward J. Burke."

"If you will give me your address I shall communicate with you on my return," he said simply.

She hesitated, but his face was so frank and so honest she yielded to impulse, and taking her visiting card scribbled her address on the back and handed it to him.

"South Station," called the guard; there was a general collection of luggage, and in a moment he had disappeared with his party.

It was a wonderful tale of adventure to tell at home.

"It sounds like a fairy tale," John Kelley said, but he smiled good naturedly as Anna, wildly happy, said: "Now did Saint Anthony forget me?" and Eileen talked incessantly of the bad man who took auntie's cross."

Two postcards came from a town in Connecticut, signed "E. J. Burke," the first with the words: "Just to show that I haven't forgotten," and the second: "Will call on Tuesday of next week."

John Kelley liked his looks the moment he saw him. "A straight clean young fellow," was his mental verdict as he listened to his story.

"We were surveying a tract of land near Granby, Maine, last spring," he said. "There had been a fire the autumn before and we saw the ruins of a chapel. I heard it was a Catholic Church."

In making the boundaries we cut into the trunk of a tree near the church and found it hollow. There was a very small opening, made by some animal, and inside were about a dozen prayer-books. We could not get it through our heads how they came there."

"I being the only Catholic in the party, took charge of them and I thought the best thing I could do was to burn the lot. The last book while burning turned over on its side and this cross dropped out. There was no name in the book; no one about the town seemed to know anything about the prayer-books and I made no mention of the cross. The priest who had charge of the chapel in the summer had been transferred to a distant place; so I showed it to the fellows and hung it on my watch fob for luck."

He handed it to Anna, who received it gratefully. Then they entered into explanations.

"Eileen must have spent her time pushing prayer-books through the hole," they said laughing; but Eileen, who had been listening, made the old persistent answer:

"I put it in the birdies' nest," and light dawned upon them as to her meaning.

This first visit of young Mr. Burke was not his last by any means, and as he grew to be a favorite with the family, to realize that the sincere regard he had for Anna was beginning to be returned, he said joyfully to himself:

"The Cross of the O'Kelley's seems to have brought me their blessing, too."—Margaret E. Donnellan in Michigan Catholic.

Claudia, Pilate's Daughter

A sacred drama to be presented by the Ladies' auxiliary of St. Joseph's church, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings April 27, 28, 29th in St. Joseph's Hall on Franklin St.

The play, "Claudia," Pilate's Daughter, which was written by Rev. Kenzel, a Redemptorist priest, is to be produced under the direction of Rev. Wm. Keeseel, C.S.S.R., rector of the parish. The drama is divided into five acts. The scene of the first act is an apartment in the house of Pilate, a handsomely built, well furnished, sumptuously furnished room with large balcony from which one can look upon the city of Jerusalem in the distance. The trial of Christ is supposed to be proceeding. Claudia Procles, the wife of the Roman Governor, wavers in her faith to the mythological gods and feels that Christ is being unjustly accused. In her household are two servants, Rebecca, the betrothed of the son of Nain, whom Christ raised from the dead, and Leah, the daughter of one of the money changers whom Christ has scourged out of the temple. She hates Christ, for she declares that she has seen Him strike her aged father with a whip, and leagues herself with Judas to betray the Nazarene. Claudia, distressed in mind sinks exhausted on a couch and falls asleep. Her slumber is disturbed by a dream which is vividly portrayed. She awakes startled, and soon messengers enter at intervals, and tell her of the progress of the trial and condemnation of Christ. She attempts to send a message to Pilate to have him stay the work of the mob but the messenger returns with the awful news that "All is over," Christ has been condemned and is on His way to the death of the Cross. Leah comes in exulting in the death sentence, and in a frenzied speech demands an evidence that the Christ is dying. In the midst of her invocation she is struck by a thunder bolt and becomes bereft of her reason.

Claudia announces her faith in Christ and in confirmation of His power, her pretty daughter of 10 years shows a beautiful rose, which though trampled upon by thousands, still preserves its beauty and fragrance, for it has touched the robe of Christ. The sky suddenly becomes darkened the earth trembles, thunder rolls, the heavens are rent amid appalling cataclysm of nature's forces, all run to the balcony, where they fall prostrate and there amid the clouds, stands the cross with the figure of the Saviour.

The scene of the second act is laid ten years later, at midnight, in the woods on the Alban hills near Rome. The temple of Vesta is the scene of the 3rd act and the fourth act is the scene of a large cell in the Mamertine Prison. The last act begins with the feast of the vestals in honor of Jupiter, the Empress Agrippina presiding. The last act and the play end with a beautiful tableau showing Claudia in her glory.

A pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last.

Adversity makes men and prosperity monsters.

Send us your printing.

News From Ireland Catholic News Notes

Cork.
The death occurred recently at the Brigidine's Convent, Tullow, in her ninety-first year, of Sister Mary Ignatius O'Callaghan. A member of an esteemed County Carlow family, the deceased nun labored zealously in the cause of religion and education for more than fifty-six years.

Cork.
At Macroom Board of Guardians a resolution was adopted strongly condemning the action of the actionist majority in the Cork County Council in adversely criticizing the action of Mr. Redmond and the Irish party regarding the concessions offered by Mr. Aquith for the peaceful passage of the Home Rule bill.

John McLaughlin, an extensive sheep farmer, of Cruckanilm between Dungiven and Garvagh, was found dead in Carn on March 22.

Donegal.
"The general condition of Donegal was," said Justice Kenyon in opening the Spring Assizes, "perfectly peaceful. There had been a substantial decrease in serious crime," a state of things that led him to extend congratulations to the grand jury. At the Crown Sessions white gloves were given Judge Cooke.

Rev. E. T. Gallagher, a native of Ardara, County Donegal, who died in West Toronto, Canada, in July, 1912, left personal estate to the value of £32,496. He bequeathed £1,250 to the Catholic Church, and the remainder is to be distributed among relatives.

An anonymous local gentleman has offered the Bangor Urban Council £200 for the erection of a public clock on the Esplanade. William Mayne of High street, Newtownards, was co-opted on the Urban Council, defeating William J. Morrow by the chairman's casting vote.

H. E. Martin has received an address and handsome presentation from his many friends in Ballyshannon and Bundoran on his appointment as manager of the Belfast Bank, Pettigo.

The Volunteer movement is making gratifying headway in certain parts of Kerry, such as Caheriveen, Dugagh Killarney and Listowel.

Mrs. Collins, wife of Denis Collins, licensed publican, Colbridge, was found dead in bed.

County Court Judge Drummond opened the Birr Quarter Sessions, Mr. Bull, sub-sheriff, presented white gloves to his honor.

Limerick.
His friends in Glin were delighted to hear that Frank G. Hartigan, B. E., was elected by a decisive majority of the Limerick County Council to the position of assistant county surveyor for the western district.

Leitrim.
Joseph M. Door, of Clogher House Kilmore-Drumshan, County Councillor for the Aughrim division, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for County Roscommon.

Mayo.
By a majority of 18 votes to 9 for Dr. Semple of Cong, the Ballinrobe Board of Guardians elected Dr. P. D. Daly medical officer of the workhouse.

Rosecommon.
Two farmers named O'Brien and Jennings of Kildare, were drowned in a boating accident on Lough Mask on March 13.

Tipperary.
Died—Recently, P. Soeghan, Parnell Street, Clonmel; March 15, Miss M. O'Donnell, Clonmore, Cahir; recently, ex-Sergeant Matheus Maber Cashel.

Westmeath.
Died—Recently, John Farrell, T. C. Mullingar; March 15, Bernard Moughy, Ballynacargy, March 13, Miss Lizzie Cooney, Rathoath.

The new St. Mary's Hospital at Galesburg, Ill., will contain 12 rooms, sixty-five of which will be private rooms.

The Queen's Daughters' Society will soon open a permanent home for working girls and friendless women at No. 569 Westcott street, Buffalo.

The work of erecting a new orphanage will shortly be started in Lodi, N. J., under the direction of the Felician Sisters.

The late school teacher, Miss Mary McCusker, left Fordham University \$5,000.

In Cincinnati on last Sunday, a campaign to discourage the holding of objectionable plays, was launched by the Hamilton County Federation of Catholic societies.

St. Mary's school and chapel in South Hackensack, N. J., was recently formally opened and dedicated.

The Archdiocese of New York last year led the world in its contributions to the foreign missions of the Propagation of the Faith. Its contribution was \$154,000, in the past ten years its contributions amounted to \$1,006,924.78.

A new wing is being built to St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J., which will increase the capacity of the institution to 200 beds. St. Michael's was started in 1897, by the Sisters of the Poor, in Essex street, with thirteen beds. The new wing will cost \$100,000.

St. Mary's Hospital of Camden, N. J., received a bequest of \$1,000 from the late Wm. B. B. B.

Last year the Archdiocese of Boston contributed about \$70,000 to the work for the Propagation of the Faith.

The new Cathedral school of St. Paul, Minn., will cost \$22,500.

The non-Catholic business men of Mitchell, in the diocese of Sioux Falls, have contributed over \$5,000 for the new additions to Notre Dame Academy.

Bishop Koudelka has 406 Catholic Indian converts in his diocese of Superior, and many German, English, French, Italian, Polish, Bohemian and Hungarian Catholics. One of his priests is an Indian.

St. Patrick's Church of Joliet, Ill., has recently celebrated its 76th birthday. Rev. P. O'Dwyer is the present rector. St. Patrick's was founded by Father Plunkett in 1838.

In Alaska there are 4,500 Catholic Indians. Last year 241 Indian children were baptized there. The Jesuit Fathers principally attend to Alaska.

Next May a monument costing \$3,000 will be erected at Scottsville, N. Y., over the grave of Rev. Louis A. Lambert, who died as editor of the New York "Free-man's Journal."

The international sovereignty of the Pope has been officially recognized by the Brazilian government.

A new and very able Franciscan review entitled "Archivo Ibero-Americano" is published in Spain. It is devoted to the history of the Franciscan Order in Spain and America.

Five hundred silver coins of the period of Queen of Scots were unearthed at Ayr, Scotland.

A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.