

Prince Of The House Of God

BY E. M. MCCARTHY

[Continued from last week]

It took but a moment for me to bandage it. I was so thankful then for my little knowledge of surgery. After giving him a good big drink of wine we got him up stairs to bed. Then in a few words he told us how it happened. He had been walking in the garden but a few moments [the night was such a glorious one] when he saw the figure of a man come slowly out of the shrubbery. First he thought it was one of the guests, but his actions showed plainly as he watched him that he was not. He threw away his cigar and took off his tight evening coat ready for— he hardly knew what. In an instant the man raised his hand and fired toward the veranda. Count Raffo was at him in a minute and had him down, and wrested the weapon from him. But he was not alone. Some one cut Count Raffo's arm as he raised the pistol, and grabbed it and ran down the hill. They disappeared like lightning.

When I told him of where the shot took effect he almost got out of bed, he became so excited. "Oh, my friend," he exclaimed, that villain was going to shoot again. That's why I grabbed about it. As I laid the noble fellow back, he said, "Joseph, you have a deadly enemy, and we must be on our guard against him. I wonder if it's Cordillo. No, no; he wouldn't fire himself; he would hire some coward to do that work for him—some one as cowardly as he is."

Our whole party stayed at Duke Lucia's that night. He would not permit us to go home, and indeed, my cousin was too frightened to enter the carriage. After all the guests had gone we talked it over until the wee small hours.

Count Raffo's arm was very painful the next morning, and the doctor insisted upon him staying in bed. We searched all around the grounds and shrubbery, hoping to find some clue of our bold enemies. We found nothing but a very fine handkerchief with no mark for identification. The police took it, although they considered it a small clue, and probably none at all.

At breakfast I noticed the trembling hand of the butler; particularly when he helped me, he was very pale and excited. He upset a cup of coffee when I said we found a slight clue, not mentioning what it was. I observed him every time I could when he was not looking. That afternoon, as soon as I arrived home, I sent for the police and told them what I had observed. Before evening they found the other handkerchiefs in his room which matched the one found in the shrubbery. They made no arrest until further developments, thinking it safer to watch and wait.

One of the detectives whom I employed was a very shrewd man. He said, "I must ask you a few questions." "Is Duke Cordillo a friend of yours?"

"Why," I replied, "I think he is, and yet since my engagement, he seems to avoid me; and now it comes to me that he did not congratulate us nor come to the ball until quite late, and did not remain long, begging to be excused on account of his father's indisposition. I thought it rather strange, but you see, he tried to win the hand of my fiancée, but she refused him as kindly as she could."

"Well," he said, shaking his head, "I believe you have a bad enemy in that man and we must work carefully. Say nothing to any one and appear as if nothing happened, though you and Count Raffo better be armed in case of another attack. Duke Cordillo is a dangerous one, but we must have positive proof before making any arrests."

Well, with such conditions existing in the home of my wife-to-be I certainly was not in a happy state. As usual, gentlemen, when in trouble or in doubt, I went to the bower of St. Joseph. As I sat

there, I thought of my dear saintly mother and of her many beautiful thoughts and sayings. One thought came uppermost to me: "Go to St. Joseph; Jesus, the Redeemer of the world will not refuse him anything he asks." Well, I had perfect faith in God, and I implored him to protect the girl I loved and to save us from all danger in the name of our beloved St. Joseph and also asked him to pray for the conversion of my enemy or enemies. Towards evening, I wanted to go to Lenora, but she had made me promise I would not go there in the evening, so I had to content myself. Later, after dinner, to my great delight, Lenora and her brother drove over. My cousin was very happy to see her lover. We avoided the unpleasant affair, but I was a little troubled when they were ready to go home and expressed my fears to them.

"Oh, Count, they won't touch us," they replied, "it's you, and we beg of you to be on your guard." And her brother added, "Are all of your servants trustworthy?"

"Well, I hope so; I replied but one never knows." So promising that we would lunch with them on the morrow, we said good night and Lenora whispered to me St. Joseph will protect you. Have faith in God, my love, he will not fail his children."

Arrangements for a big fête to be given at my home were going on, and the next day we talked about it, but Lenora wanted me to postpone it. The poor child was so afraid. But we decided to go on just as if nothing had occurred. Count Raffo was able to be with us at lunch, and was wittier than ever. As we passed into the dining-room he drew his fine athletic figure up and said in a dramatic voice, looking at the table and then at the butler, "the fight has commenced; come on, you villainous cowards, come on!" We all laughed heartily. Lenora was a little sad. He noticed it and said to her, "Your faith is being put to the test, my lady fair, and I know you will not fail us. We are in need of angels now."

"Oh, Count Raffo," she said, with a blush, "I hope God will convert our enemy or enemies and show them what a dreadful thing it is to injure people who have never done them harm."

The poor butler's knees were trembling so he could scarcely walk. I was so glad I had not mentioned what I thought of him to Lenora. Her words touched his heart. I could see that. He was a tool in some one's hands and was ashamed of his cowardly work. When he brought my coffee I looked him straight in the face. I felt sure then that he never fired that shot or used the knife. What part he had taken or was taking I was sure would come to light soon.

[To be continued.]

WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDAR

- April, Easter Month
- Low Sunday
- 7 S Saturninus Bp.
 - 8 M St. Perpetuus Bp.
 - 9 T St. Mary Cleopha
 - 10 W St. Macarius Bp.
 - 11 T St. Leo the Great P. D.
 - 12 F. St. Sabas M.
 - 13 S St. Hermenegild M.

\$2 Taffeta Silks at \$1.59;
\$2 Georgette and crepe de Chine at \$1.59 at Nisbaum's removal sale, 59 North Clinton.—Adv.

BISHOP RUSSELL AND THE Foreign Mission News Y. W. C. A.

Why the Bishop of Charleston Refused to Support its Organization Campaign.

Recently the Young Women's Christian Association solicited the support of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Charleston [S. C.] in a campaign for membership in their organization. Bishop Russell was asked to address a meeting in behalf of this campaign, but refused, and offers his reasons for doing so in a statement published in the Charleston Evening Post. We quote from the Charleston paper:

"Declining an invitation to make an address in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. campaign now in progress, the Rt. Rev. W. T. Russell, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Charleston, in a letter to the chairman of the committee on speakers, states his reasons for refusing to cooperate with both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. as follows:

"Both these organizations call themselves Christian. At the same time their constitutions exclude Catholics, the largest Christian body in the world, from active membership. Catholics, it is true, may become members, but only on a par with the infidel, the Mormon or the Mohammedan. I am a Christian. Consequently, I cannot affiliate in any way with an organization which, while professing to be Christian, says to me by the provisions of its constitution: 'You are not a Christian.'"

"Please, I do not refuse to assist the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. because these organizations are Protestant. If these societies would openly and frankly profess to be Protestant [as they are], and would ask my co-operation in any philanthropic work I should be pleased to comply with their request; but when they call themselves Christian and at the same time exclude me, who consider myself a Christian, implying, by their constitution, that I am in their eyes no more than an infidel, I cannot join forces with them without insulting my own church, which is the oldest and largest Christian body in the world."

"The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. should put themselves squarely before the public as 'Protestant Evangelical Associations.' For such they are, according to their constitutions. They should change their names or their constitutions. The one contradicts the other."

"From what I have said I believe that any fair-minded man will understand how any self-respecting Catholic must refuse to ally himself with any association which claims the broad name of Christian and yet ostracizes him by a sectarian test. Let me repeat: we would quite cordially cooperate with the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. or any other Protestant organization in any plan for the good of the community; but we cannot do so without stultifying ourselves, so long as these organizations refuse to recognize us as Christians."

Bishop Russell's statement is not only highly commendable for its frank courage but also because the prelate clearly states the line of cleavage between cooperation with the philanthropic work of organizations of this type and membership in their ranks. Membership in the Church is a privilege of the highest order and must not be impaired, much less sacrificed for the price of the favor of or membership in sectarian organizations. In this age of weak-kneed compromise and spineless concession, Bishop Russell's declaration is a wholesome statement of vital first principles and their application. The prelate's utterances deserve special publicity because of his proven interest in welfare work for the soldier boys and their chaplains in the South; the fact, moreover, that he has been called into the directorate of three prelates who represent the hierarchy of the country in the National Catholic War Council, should assure him a hearing in this matter throughout the country.

C. B. OF THE C. V.

WHERE WE COME IN.

The Propagation of the Faith Society, 338 Lexington Ave., New York City

WHERE WE COME IN.

The immediate future—for the workers in the great white harvest field is far from bright. The longer the war lasts the smaller becomes Europe's contribution to the missions. Priests are constantly reminding us how long it is since they heard from "Home." Sometimes home means merely their native land. More often it refers to the family fireside, which is no more. Many missionaries are in ignorance as to their immediate families. Many do not know whether the dear ones whom they left behind are dead or alive, for they have not received a letter from the "old country" since the beginning of the war.

It is our part to take the place of these parents—and relatives—and see that those who have made the great sacrifice shall not be utterly deserted. Why not adopt a missionary as well as a soldier.

THE SPELL OF INDIA.

Mystic India is replete with wonderful sights and sounds. The great festivals to which the Hindus throng in thousands, the majestic temples in which they are held, form pictures that cannot be duplicated in the world.

Fr. Hood, E. F. M., says of the feasts of the Arni, at which thirty thousand assist:

"What an amazing sight it was to see this ever-moving multitude perambulating the temple precincts; soliciting the favor of the deity or giving thanks for benefits received."

"Imagine the picture—an open space of ten acres filled by a huge crowd of very serious-minded people bent upon an errand of worship so incomprehensible to the western mind; stalls of camphor and coconuts used for worship, the bathing ghat, the butchering sheds, the slaughtering of sheep and fowls going well into five figures, the priests hard at work receiving the offerings of the people, the civil authorities controlling the great multitude, the shouting, the prayers, the call for lost children, who invariably turn up in the most unexpected places, the open-air cooking of families and individuals, the noisome smells of camphor incense, dust, blood and sweat—all under a sweltering tropical sun. And to see standing out in majestic proportions the splendid temple of the presiding deity, drawing to her feet a deceived multitude of human beings made in the image of the true God!"

We cannot in justice neglect those splendid men and women who have left home and country to carry the Gospel message to the heathen races. They have made the supreme sacrifice; we cannot do less than support their efforts, especially when they need help not for themselves, but for the immortal souls to whom they have dedicated their lives.

The world is so full of horrors just now that we pass with scant notice things that would once have made a great impression on our minds. But we must try to find a spare moment and a few spare pennies for two mission countries—India and China, in both of which the pest is raging. China is having that form of epidemic known as pneumonic plague; India is suffering from its ancient enemy, cholera. Not only natives, but European priests and nuns are likely to be sacrificed. Medicine, disinfectants and food will all help to banish the terrible diseases from the districts in which they are entrenched.

The Holy Father has appointed Cardinal Van Rossum, who was the first Dutch member of the Sacred College, prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, succeeding the late Cardinal Serafini.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

Receive Nine Novices.

At Nazareth Convent, Tuesday morning of this week, nine novices were received into the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

These young women, from various parts of the diocese, having completed the required term of probation at Nazareth Normal School, were given the habit of the Sisterhood in exchange for the robes in which they approached the altar.

The ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D., bishop of Rochester, assisted by Rev. Simon Fitzsimons, Rev. J. Ball, Rev. J. B. Keenan, Rev. M. J. Nolan, D. D.; Rev. J. O'Hern, Rev. A. Breen, D. D.; Rev. J. Nelligan, Rev. J. E. Kennedy, Rev. Thomas Connors, Rev. J. P. Brophy, Rev. W. Byrne, Rev. J. Strauss, C. S. S. R.; Rev. H. Doerbecker, Rev. M. J. Cluney, Rev. F. Moffett, Rev. J. Doran, Rev. J. Bergen, Rev. E. Meagher, Rev. J. Bayer and Rev. John Smith.

Before the sacrifice of the mass was offered the strains of the organ announced the approach of the procession led by the cross-bearer, Miss Margaret Leyden, who was followed by the maids of honor, Miss Evelyn Strickland, Miss Dorothea Carroll, Miss Louise Clarke and Miss Margaret Logan. Then followed the aspirants, who, ranging themselves before the altar rail, made the formal request for the religious habit. After asking the usual questions of the candidates, the Bishop, in the name of the church, gave consent to their assuming the religious habit. After this part of the ceremony, the candidates retired from the chapel, and returned soon clothed with the black and white habit.

As they again stood before the altar, the Bishop read the name of each candidate, and the name by which she will be known in religion.

They are as follows: Miss Helen Nary, of Holy Apostles' Parish, Rochester, Sister M. Clarence.

Miss Julia Ball, of St. Monica's, Rochester, Sister Edward Marie.

Miss Joanna Cannon, of St. Patrick's, Mount Morris, Sister M. Daffosa.

Miss Marie Dickson, of St. Patrick's, Elmira, Sister M. Evangelista.

Miss Dorothy Keenan, of Blessed Sacrament, Rochester, Sister M. St. Dorothy.

Miss Frances Sheridan, of Immaculate Conception, Ithaca, Sister M. Inesita.

Miss Anna Mahoney, of St. Frances de Sales, Geneva, Sister M. Callista.

Miss Ann Hayes, of Immaculate Conception, Ithaca, Sister Teresa Edward.

Miss Josephine Renner, of the Holy Family, parish, Rochester, Sister M. Clare.

The first house built by Columbus in America was a stone Catholic church and was dedicated on July 6, 1494. It was situated about sixty miles from Cape Haitien.

The diocese of Winona is reorganizing its schools.

In the sanctuary of the San Francisco Cathedral has been placed a white marble tablet in memory of the late Archbishop Riordan.

The modern dances prohibited by the Sacred Consistorial Congregation in March, 1916, are not only forbidden in public, but also in private, and priests are not allowed in any manner to countenance or promote them. Such is the recent answer to enquiries by American Bishops.

Nisbaum's Lining Store Will Move to 29 North Clinton. Buy your silks and linings before we move and save money. May Manton pattern free with every purchase of \$2 or over. 59 North Clinton.—Adv.

Late News of Ireland

Arrivals.

Belfast Corporation joined the Lord Mayor in touching tributes to the late Ald. G. A. Doran, J. P., and Councillor J. L. M'Donnell, and sympathy was tendered to the relatives of deceased. The Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, Sir Crawford M'Cullagh attended the funeral of the latter.

R. Anderson was elected Chairman, Portadown Town Council. Equal votes were cast for W. J. Johnston and D. F. Ball for the Vice-Chairmanship, so the appointment was deferred.

George Bernard Shaw has handed over to Carlow his property there, known as the Assembly Rooms, to be used for the purposes of technical education.

Mallow U. D. C., G. A. A., Petty Sessions Court, and a committee of citizens all expressed regret at the departure of Rev. R. Abern, C. C., transferred, after 17 years' ministry, to Mitchelstown.

Rev. Justin White, of St. James' Church, Renfrew, a native of Co. Cork, has been promoted to the charge of the Johnstone mission.

The funeral took place recently of Mrs. M'Laughlin, Drumblagh, Rathmullan, sister of Rev. William Sheridan, C. C., Annerghy.

W. H. Boyce, who has died at Lurgan, was author of many mechanical inventions, including a machine for raised pattern work on damask, which transformed that class of manufacture.

Miss Teresa Moran (in religion Sister Mary Emanuel of the Holy Trinity), daughter of the late Mr. Moran, Fosterstown House, Swords, was recently received at the Carmelite Monastery, Rosbuck.

The city and suburban branches of the Christian Brothers' Order were represented at the obsequies at Baldoye recently of the Rev. Bro. W. B. O'Connell, and the Superior-General, the Rev. Bro. J. C. Whitty, was in attendance. The Rev. Father Fintan, O. D. C., officiated.

The death occurred at the County Hospital, Galway, of Richard Morgan, of Abbeygate street. Mr. Morgan carried on a news agency business in Galway, was a prominent member on the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute and was well known as a follower of racing.

For Maid of Kildare Co. Infirmary Fund the sum of £270 10s. has been collected and lodged by the Ladies' Committee.

Died—John Masterson, Ardella, Athy, in his 77th year. He was an extensive farmer and was father of Rev. J. J. Masterson, C. C., Chapelized, Dublin.

Patrick Moffatt, son of Thomas Moffatt, Mullagh, Dromod, was married at Killybegs Church to Miss Mollie Duffy, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Duffy at Lavagh.

Much ploughing has been done on large farms in S. Leitrim. Good progress is reported over Connacht, and greatly increased areas of wheat are expected all over Ireland. Ploughing is advanced in Sligo and Roscommon especially for lea.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, preaching in Thurles Cathedral recently said in part:

"Our country, (Ireland), is passing through a very troubled time. Everybody should do his best for the country, according to his own light, to gain for our country the most that can be gained for it—for our country that suffered so much. May God grant our country that liberty to which it has an absolute claim."

Died—John Kennedy, aged 76 years, at his residence, Curragh, Dolla, Nenagh.—Philip Carroll, of Cashel.—P. Ryan, D. C., Ballinabinech.