

The Catholic Journal.

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A Case in Point.

"You will do as I ask you?"

The speaker was a man of thirty or thereabouts, tall, fair-haired, good looking, well-groomed and well-tailored, and carrying in every detail of his appearance an enviable air of prosperity and well-being. He spoke in deep, insistent, somewhat masterful tones, which were yet unkindly.

"I can't promise, at least not yet, you must give me time to think." The girl said it hastily, almost petulantly, and her companion looked at her in some surprise. He was not used to having his wishes questioned, and this mood of resistance and the rebellious lines about the girl's mouth were an altogether new and not entirely pleasant development of his short acquaintance with her.

"If you really cared for me," he began, "you would not hesitate for a moment."

"I do care for you Stanley, but all the same I should find it very hard to do what my conscience plainly forbids me, even for you. And I don't see why I should not be married by a Catholic priest in a Catholic church, like every other Catholic girl I know. I do think it very unfair, really unkind of you to ask me."

The mutinous mouth trembled, a tear or two rolled down the girl's cheek and fell on her gloved hands, clasping and unclasping themselves nervously in her lap.

Mary Barrington was a slender, petite specimen of girlhood, with a clear complexion, fair hair, and the deep blue eyes which betrayed her Irish birth. Her willowy young figure was clothed in a black serge gown of utter simplicity, even of shabbiness; yet as she passed along the busy streets of her adopted city, many admiring eyes were turned to look after her.

But to-day, sitting beside her lover on a quiet seat in the shady green park, neither her beauty nor her tears appealed to the man's tenderness. To think of the chit showing temper and self-will like this, at the last moment, too and he really considered he had been doing a noble and chivalrous thing in proposing to marry a penniless nobody. His eyes took on a hard, steel-blue look of anger. "See here," he said coldly and resolutely, "I don't want to be made a fool of in this business. I felt so sure that you would not oppose my wishes in the matter that I had already given notice to the Registrar, had even enlisted the services of my brother and a friend as witnesses. You see what a stupid position you would place me in by refusing now."

"I think you were very unwise, to say the least, to take such a serious step without consulting me," the girl answered with flushed cheeks. "But what objection have you to a Catholic marriage?"

"I have every possible objection. I would not for any consideration, have your meddling priests interfering in my private and personal affairs. Now Mary, do be sensible, like a good girl! You have everything to gain by pleasing me, and very little, as far as I can see, to lose."

Mary shook her head.

"It is not a little matter to me to give up the teachings of my religion," she said. "Anyhow I must have time to think of it. But I don't think I could ever consent to such a step."

"Very well," he answered in a voice to one who knew him well would have sounded dangerously quiet. "I'll give you to-morrow to decide. You told me before that you could not agree to a marriage in my church, and if you cannot make up your mind to be married by the Registrar now you can let me know and I'll cancel the notice. But in that case, you understand, it will be good-by forever between us."

"I understand," Mary agreed. She stood up with a pained and troubled face, preparing to go. What had come over the beauty of the day? The sun had hidden himself behind a cloud, the wind blew cold, the freshness and

sweetness of the green grass, of the flowers and trees and the blue summer skies no longer appealed to her as they had done half an hour ago. A few minutes later she had bidden a somewhat frigid good-bye to her lover and was walking quickly back to the milliner's shop in the most fashionable street of the city, in which for the past couple of years she had earned her daily bread.

Poor and friendless as she was, known to be pretty Mary Barrington's good luck in being offered a genuine proposal of marriage by Stanley Egerton, one of the cleverest and most good-looking, as well as most well-to-do young medical practitioners in town, had been the surprise and envy of all her companions. Mary's vivid and uncommon type and beauty, it was true, had already gained her many admirers, but unlike Stanley Egerton they were most of them almost as needy as herself, belonging to the class of shop assistants and clerks or at best a struggling commercial traveler.

There had been one indeed, Jack Hallissy, whom Mary had really liked. She had gone once or twice to a concert with him, had accepted his simple gifts of flowers and books, and might gladly have consented when the time came to share his home if Stanley Egerton had not just then made his inopportune appearance on the scene. Good-hearted and kindly as Mary really was, she could not but be dazzled by the attentions of such a wealthy and distinguished admirer, and poor Jack, seeing how small his own chances must be by comparison, had made things easier for her by holding altogether aloof after he had seen her once or twice in the other's company. Yet even then in the height of her triumph and appreciation of the great prize that had fallen to her lot, Mary's heart often ached sadly over Jack Hallissy and the hurt that she felt she had given him.

Ah well! today all her own gladness had been turned into bitterness and Dead Sea fruit. In her first happiness she had not dreamt that the difference of religion could have put on her love affair such a changed and mournful aspect. In one brought up differently the sacrifice which she was now called to make for her love might not have seemed so difficult and terrible. But Mary had been the child of a pious and devoted mother, who during the long, lonely years of her widowhood had paid the same careful attention to the spiritual as she had done to the bodily needs of her one darling little daughter. Mary had grown up full of devotion to Almighty God, to His Blessed Mother and the dear St. Joseph, above all to that loving and gentle Sacred Heart of her Divine Lord, towards which she had been taught to cherish a special love and tenderness. And now that both her parents were gone, and Mary had perforce to earn her bread in the great unknown city, the memory of those prayerful, innocent days of childhood spent in the little thatched cottage nestling on the side of a green Irish hill, had saved her from many a temptation, many a snare and pitfall set for her unwary feet.

She had also, happily, found many good and helpful friends; had joined the League of the Sacred Heart and become one of the most active Promoters, and it was the resemblance of this now, of her responsibilities and the example which she must set for others, as well for her love for the Sacred Heart and the tender thought of her dead mother, that came and stood between herself and Stanley Egerton bidding her hold back and refuse to yield to his selfish and unjustifiable demands.

And yet, the temptation was great. On the one hand a good looking, well-to-do husband, who would give her everything she wanted; money, a beautiful home, fine dresses, servants, her horses and carriage and all the rest; on the other, a life of hard work of poor remuneration, of little amusement or relaxation; a constant struggle to make ends meet, even to pay the weekly bill

in the dingy lodging-house which was all she could now call home. Torn by her doubts and indecision, the struggle between her duty and inclination, Mary suddenly bethought her of her friend, Mrs. Wayne. She would go to her, as often before, to ask her for her wise and kind advice—though she well guessed, with the sinking of the heart, what the good woman's advice would surely be.

Mrs. Wayne had been a countrywoman of Mary's mother and taking pity on the lonely and orphaned girl, had sought to become to her as far as possible, all that a mother might be. She it was who had obtained for Mary the situation which she now held for three years; it was also Mrs. Wayne who had induced her to join the League and become one of its Promoters; to Mary coming out from the noise and heat of the streets, she had been a frequent visitor to her kind friend, the quiet cool and green retreat on the outskirts of the city seemed a veritable haven of rest and comfort, of kindly well-kept peace.

So to Mrs. Wayne, when her work was over she came in this hour of indecision, telling the good woman the whole story, concealing nothing, exaggerating nothing, and while her friend listened quietly, holding the girl's hands very softly between her own as they sat side by side. She did not speak for a few minutes after Mary had finished her story.

"Of course you will not do what he asks?" she said at length.

"I don't see how I can—and yet I do not wish to offend him—"

Mary began with a troubled look.

"Are you very fond of him, child?" Mrs. Wayne asked gently.

"I am—at least I thought so. But somehow I have not liked him so well since he made such a hard and selfish proposition this morning."

"You are very young, child, and probably you do not quite know your own heart yet. I believe you are a little dazzled by this man's wealth and position—for I do not think from what you tell me that he can be a very lovable person. And what about young Hallissy, Mary?" He is beginning to think—"

Mary's eyes blinked as she looked guiltily out of the window.

"Poor Jack!" she sighed, while a soft, wise little smile passed over her listener's face. "Well, in any case you must not think of agreeing to Dr. Egerton's proposal. Leaving all question of right and wrong aside, I am sure that even in a worldly sense you would never cease to regret it. Listen now, Mary, till I tell you a story—a true story and I fear a common one—of something that really happened and which brought more trouble and sadness into my life than even the death of my good husband and my one dear little son."

"When I was a girl I had an only sister, a beautiful, light-hearted lovable creature whose name, like your own was Mary. She was a typical Mary, too, fair, gentle and sweet; pure of heart and of mind. She and I were the closest and most loving of companions until, when Mary was about twenty years of age, the first sorrowful shadow fell between us.

"She had, as was natural, many admirers, but the most persistent, as he was the most wealthy of them all was George Glover. Even from the beginning I saw that Mary was taken with him, and being something older than she was I sought by every means in my power to turn her thoughts and affections in a more worthy direction. Of course in a merely worldly sense he was what is considered a great catch—like your doctor—but there was something about the man, something so cold and selfish, even cruel, in his nature that made me instinctively dislike and distrust him. Besides, I knew him to be a Profligate of the most bigoted kind.

"However, all I could say to dissuade my sister was of no use, in fact it seemed to have quite the contrary effect. George Glover had the reputation of being a

most fascinating man, and I could almost have believed that he hypnotized my poor sister into doing everything exactly as he wished. Mary had always been of a pious and dutiful disposition, though a little too easily influenced by others of stronger will; at any rate, despite her upbringing and my own entreaties, her lover succeeded after a short struggle in inducing her to forego the Catholic marriage she pleaded for and to marry him in a Protestant church.

"For a little time all seemed to go well. Mary was genuinely in love with her husband, and he with her in his selfish, masterful way; so that I began to hope that the marriage might turn out more happily than I thought. But in a short time I noticed a decided change for the worse in my poor girl's looks and spirits. She grew nervous, pale and fretful; I found, too, that after the first few weeks she no longer went to mass, even on Sundays. I questioned her on the subject and after a time she confided to me with tears that she was afraid any longer to be seen entering a Catholic church. Her husband had not only terrified her into this by his threats and furious scoldings, but he's even now seeking to make her join him in his own church services—a project in which, despite her mingled fear and love of him I am glad to say he failed even to the end.

"When Mary's first baby was born, he insisted on its being baptized and brought up as a Protestant—so turning what should have been the most joyful occasion of my poor girl's life into one of bitterness and fruitless regret. And so it was with each succeeding child. As the children grew their father seemed to take a fiendish delight in deriding and caricaturing the mother's religion at every opportunity—and always in her hearing—this because she refused to do as he wished and go to his church. Mary, miserable and broken-hearted, had long been falling in to bad health, till at last, with the birth of her fifth baby, her own young life went suddenly out. I was away at the time, and she died without a priest, without one single consolation of her own beautiful religion. Indeed she had not spoken to a priest, had not been to confession or even entered a Catholic church since the first month or two after her marriage. I had reason to know, too, that the poor thing had become morbid over it all. She had an idea that it was too late to go back, even if she could; that God would not forgive her, that the very lives of her innocent children brought each another curse on her head.

"Dying as she did, in my absence, the thing was the most terrible shock to me. I believe I even felt, God forgive me, a kind of anger against the Almighty for taking her thus, suddenly and unprepared, in her sins. But we know that His tender mercies are over all things, and after a time I learned to be resigned and hopeful. And any little good that I have done in this world since, it has all been done for poor Mary's sake, rather equally near and dear to me. Mary's husband married again within a year of her death, and her children have all been brought up in the faith of their father. Well, child, that is my story—you see how these things end." Mrs. Wayne finished, wiping away a tear.

Her listener's eyes were dimmed, too, and she had grown pale and quiet; but in her face was a new look of firmness and resolve.

"Thank you for telling me, Mrs. Wayne," she said. "Your story has helped to decide me, perhaps more than anything else could have done."

"You will make up your mind not to marry Dr. Egerton?" Mary nodded. "I will never marry him," she said.

"I think it is a wise decision," Mrs. Wayne assured her. "Sometimes one does occasionally hear of a mixed marriage turning out well, but, my dear, it is very, very much the exception. It may hurt a bit at first, but I am sure, Mary, you will have no cause in the end to regret your decision." And then with the arrival of a maid with a dainty and tempting-looking tea-tray, the discussion came

to a sudden termination.

As Mary bade good-bye to her kind hostess that night, the latter called after her from the doorway.

"By the way, if you happen to meet that nice Mr. Hallissy, tell him I would like him to come here to tea with you any evening next week."

And Mary, with a wonderfully bright and unclouded face, nodded back a cheerful and smiling acquiescence.—Nora Tynan O'Mahony, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

News From Ireland

Meath.

Thomas Connell, Trim, has been appointed town surveyor of Trim at a salary of £22 per year.

The Gaels of Kells have organized a cycling and athletic sports under G.A.R. rules, to be held on May 23.

Queens.

The death of Dr. Adam Mitchell, for twenty-eight years medical officer of Borris-in-Ossory dispensary district, occurred recently, at the age of 55 years.

Westmeath.

The Sisters of Mercy in Kilbeggan have made arrangements for a drawing of prizes to be held on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 18, to enable them to complete the Convent Chapel. Tickets can be had of the Sisters for the small sum of six cents each, and it is to be hoped that the natives of Kilbeggan and surrounding districts, at present in the United States, will respond generously to such a worthy object.

Wexford.

Owing to the overheating of a kiln, about ten barrels of corn were destroyed at James K. Nolan's mills at Tombreck on the night of April 5. The damage is estimated at about £30.

Wick.

Charles Dempsey of Rathdown has been appointed as clerk to the master of local union.

About seventy-five men have been laid off from Kynoch's factory in Arklow, and the probability of a large number of others being laid off is giving much concern to the townspeople.

Galway.

The local Government Board have dismissed by sealed order John C. Gleeson, school teacher in Galway Union.

Lettin.

Nearly one hundred men recently visited the farm of Mrs. Sarah Prior, Stroke, one of the evicted tenants, who a few weeks ago reinstated and in a short time prepared her land for tillage, fenced the farm and removed the rank grass left on the holding by emergency men, who had no cattle to consume it.

Sligo.

Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, D.D., bishop of Elphin has subscribed another £5 to the Parliamentary Fund.

Armagh.

Most Rev. Dr. Tohill, in the course of a visitation address at Glenavy parish, urged that a Catholic weekly paper should be taken into every Catholic home. Referring to the drink question, his lordship was glad to know that the custom of treating at fairs and markets was dying out.

Armagh.

Mr. R. H. Henderson, J. P., has just arrived at Kildartton-Armagh from Kimberly, on a brief visit to his parents. Mr. Henderson was Mayor of Kimberly during its memorable siege in the recent South African war.

Derry.

Mr. E. N. Wellwood, Cavan, has been appointed Engineer to Coochill, No. 2 District Council.

Derry.

A rate of six shillings and six pence in the pound, has been made by Limavady Urban Council.

Donegal.

The local Government board have sanctioned the issue of a loan of £225 to Dongal Guardians for the purpose of enlarging the Infirmary and providing a shelter for consumptives.

Douglas.

Father McGrath, C. C. Newry, at the request of most Rev. Dr.

O'Neill, Bishop of Down, and with the permission of the Rev. P. MacRory, P. P., has been busy making a house-to-house collection through the parishes of the Newry Catholic District in the Newry Cathedral Bazaar. Father McGrath has been pleased with the generosity of the people from whom he collected aid.

Fermanagh.

James Gormley, permanent Inspector of the Great Northern Railway, has retired after 17 years service. He worked on the old Samickillan and Derry lines before the Dundalk and Drogheda line became incorporated with it, and he served under several managers as a trusted servant who could be depended upon.

Monaghan.

At the Degree examination last week at Glimorehill, Glasgow, amongst the students who passed the final examination for a B. Ch. B. in medicine was Edward O'Driscoll Graham, eldest son of Patrick Graham, late of Newry, Co. Monaghan, but now of 14 Bon Street, Glasgow (N).

Tyrone.

Mary friends of Professor John E. Maguire, B.A., M. A., G. I., Senior Moderator, Trinity College, Dublin, will be pleased to learn of his appointment as Inspector under the Intermediate Board of Education for Ireland.

Down.

Dr. Edward Hayes, for 17 years medical officer at the Lurgan dispensary and the workhouse, has resigned his position on account of advanced age.

A two weeks' recent fire destroyed the parish church of the Rev. Father Lavery, O'Farrell, of the Visitation, and was brought in a successful blaze at the Catholic Mission, April 20, which caused some damage.

Cork.

The death occurred recently of a local citizen, John J. Mahoney, a native of Sligo, in his 101st year.

Under very happy and auspicious auspices the work of erecting a new parish church at Glenties, in the Diocese of Cloyne, Cork, has just been begun. The first sod was cut by the Rev. Philip M. Murphy, the recently appointed pastor of the parish in the presence of a number of his parishioners.

Kerry.

There have just been completed as a memorial to the late James Nelligan, P. P., the works in the parish church of Erosna, in the diocese of Kerry, of which he was pastor for 25 years. A very beautiful memorial window, the work of Miss Perry, Dublin, has been erected, and is illuminated three-light. The figures in that of Our Lady, a small window, are a memorial of Erin at her feet, and the side are figures of St. Michael and St. Patrick. The scheme is exceedingly rich and good, and the whole forms a very beautiful window.

Limerick.

The treasury has decided to grant the application of the Limerick Technical Education Committee to grant £7,000 for the erection of a new technical institute.

Wexford.

Mr. W. Bailey, who lately returned from the U.S. to reside in Limerick, has purchased for £500, about 70 acres of land, and officers, at Rathbane near Limerick.