The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-first Year, No. 38. Rochester, N. Y., Friday June 17, 1910. $1.00 Per Year, [illegible]

The Dramatic Instinct

Margaret was tired of knitting for her hands were small and the stocking large; and she yielded to temptation!

"Five times around," her aunt had said, as she went out to weed the beans.

"Four is almost five," thought Margaret, changing the place of the little white thread so that it would indicate that her "stent" was done. Then her conscience awoke. "I've cheated," she said to herself; and not only changed the thread to its original place, but in a spirit of penitence knit two more rows.

That done, she felt free, and took her sunbonnet and started for a field where wild, sweet strawberries could be had for picking. Some one was there before her—an elderly woman who looked weary and travel-worn. She was taking off her bonnet and with it was fanning her flushed face.

"Good afternoon!" said Margaret who had been trained to be courteous, especially to her elders. "Please keep your seat," she added, as the woman, evidently startled, arose from the ground where she sat; "and help yourself to the strawberries. I think the little ones are the sweetest, don't you?"

"Ah, lassie," said the woman "it's kind you are this day!"

"Oh, don't mention it! I'm sure grandfather would tell you to take all the berries you like."

"Your grandfather? Is he the laird?"

"My goodness!—grandfather a laird? Won't he laugh when he learns that? You're Scotch I should judge."

The woman nodded.

"You see, we don't have lairds in America, Mrs.—I didn't catch your name."

"MacDonald—Miss MacDonald."

"Oh how lovely!" exclaimed the girl.

"That's one of my favorite names. Are you a Jacobite?"

"A what?"

"A Jacobite. Maybe you call it something else. Jacobites are those who believe that the Stuarts are the true sovereigns of England. I'm a Jacobite. I wrote a composition once about the Young Pretender—only we don't call him that. We call him Bonnie Charlie, or the Bonnie Prince. When I get old enough I'm going to join the White Rose League; then when I have to use an English postage stamp I shall put it on the envelope upside down, to show my contempt for the Hanover usurpers. It must be very interesting to be real Scotch. Excuse me if I ask you how long you have been in this country."

"Not long, my bairn. I'm searching for my brother Jamie, who was but a laddie when he left us."

"Well, I'm sure I hope you find him. May I ask where you're stopping?"

The woman hesitated.

"I'm just wandering now, lassie—staying a night here and a night there. 'Tis weary work."

"I don't doubt it," said the young girl, thinking how strange it was that so eminently respectable a woman should be strolling about just like a gipsy. "I hope you'll stay with us tonight. My grandfather and aunt will be glad to have you do so. You see it gets pretty lonesome up here at the farm."

"You don't seem like a country child."

"I am and I'm not," laughed Margaret. "Winters I live in Boston and study so hard that I have to come here summers to get well. My father is a lawyer."

"And your mother?"

"My mother is dead," replied Margaret, softly, "but I love her all the same; and I feel as if I must do what would please her, just as if she were alive. And—I hope—I hope you won't think it strange if I should tell you that I did something very wrong today. I cheated—yes, I did. I was to knit five times around on grandfather's stocking; and it was so far around, and my hands ached, and I moved the thread that my aunt had sewed in. But I put it back again," she added blithely, "and knit two more rows. But I wanted to deceive at first. Don't you think it is wrong to deceive in any way?"

The woman made no reply.

"Excuse me for running on so," said Margaret. "I know I'm a chatter box, but after you meet my grandfather you'll understand why I'm such a talker."

The stranger arose, looking more respectable than ever, smoothing her bonnet strings and pinning her faded shawl afresh. She had a bundle with her, tied up neatly; her old gloves were carefully darned and her hair was tidy. Altogether she looked a woman of whom the clan MacDonald should be proud.

"It seems like intruding—" she began.

"Oh, not at all!" answered Margaret. "Grandfather likes strangers, and the house is so far from the main road that he doesn't see many. And, then, to think that you're from Scotland! He is proud of his Scotch blood, even though he does make fun of me for taking Prince Charlie for my favorite hero. And you mustn't be surprised if he asks you a lot of questions."

"Questions?" repeated the woman, in a startled voice.

"Yes. He's a great hand to want to know about things. He'll ask you all about Scotland."

"I don't think I'll have time to stop at your house," said the stranger, hastily; "though I thank you kindly for asking me."

"Why, here comes grandfather now!" exclaimed Margaret, as a flurried old gentleman, very short of breath appeared in sight. "Here's a stranger, grandfather: Miss McDonald, from Scotland."

Mr. Gordon gave a short nod, but took no other notice of Margaret's companion.

"Your aunt's had a sunstroke," he said. "She got it weeding those pesky beans."

"I know what to do for sunstrokes," said Miss MacDonald.

"Then for goodness sake do it!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon.

The stranger, formerly somewhat listless, was now all activity, and led the little procession to the house, where she set to work and brought the sick woman out of danger and to her senses in a short time. The stroke had been but a slight one.

"Who is that fussing around the kitchen?" Miss Gordon asked her niece.

"A nice Scotch lady, Aunt Jane. She's in America hunting her brother. His name is Jamie."

"Send her in here," said brusque Miss Gordon. "The least I can do is to thank her."

The stranger was summoned.

"This is Miss MacDonald, from Scotland," began Margaret.

"Miss Fiddlesticks!" remarked her aunt indignantly. "She isn't any more Scotch than our old Plymouth Rock rooster. She's Sarah Ann Doolittle, from over the Minks. How do you do, Sarah Ann?"

"Pretty well, thank you; and awful glad to get found out! As soon as I saw you I knew you'd know me the minute you came to and I wanted to have it over with."

"Anybody would know you," said Miss Gordon. "You're only play-acting a little more than usual. What are you up to now, going around pretending you're somebody from Scotland you never saw or heard of?"

Here, Margaret finding her voice, broke out.

"Oh, you haven't been deceiving, have you? Aren't you Miss MacDonald?"

"Just as much as you're Queen Victoria," answered the visitor.

"But at least you're Scotch and have a brother Jamie?"

"I'm plain New Hampshire, and my brother's name is Enoch; and after I've changed the clothes on your aunt's head, I'll tell you all about it. There, Jane, you're most well. You always were a poor hand at being in the sun. Do you remember the day when you were visiting your uncle John over the Minks, and you fell out of the cherry tree and lit in the wheelbarrow?"

Both of the ancient maidens laughed.

Strange as it may seem, except in the mind of the little maid who had absorbed opinions from the standards of another locality, there was no thought of the unseemliness of Sarah Ann's play-acting. So little happened on that lonely hillside that Miss Gordon and her father welcomed any diversion that broke the monotony. But to Margaret deception was deception, no matter what guise it wore. She saw nothing amusing in taking a bundle and leaving home and imposing upon confiding and hospitable strangers. But she was a just child and waited to hear the explanation.

"Haven't you some knitting work set up Jane?" Miss Doolittle began. I can talk better when I knit."

Margaret blushing as she thought about her own intended fraud, handed her the unfinished stocking.

"There I feel more like myself!" said Miss Doolittle. "Don't you think it about time to set the heel? I generally make the leg two fingers long, but a few more rounds won't hurt. Well, you see, I always took to play acting. I wasn't but five when I spoke 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck'; and I actually cried real tears, imagining I was that little fellow waiting for his papa come. And when I learned 'The Maniac,' and spoke it at the Sewing Circle, I couldn't sleep afterward, and kept hollering: 'Your task is done—I'm mad!' till they gave me paregoric to quiet me. As to dialogues, I was a master-hand at them, taking any part and making folks laugh or cry.

"After all my folks were gone but Enoch. I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't known how to act. I'd get books from the village library and act them out. Sometimes I'd pretend to the chickens that I was Mary Queen of Scots, and I always spoke Marc Anthony's Oration when I churned. It seemed to make the butter come quicker. Enoch was awful near, and didn't seem to think I needed any new clothes, so I took my society out in pretending. I wasn't going among folks without a decent dress to my back, and they stopped dropping in to see me. But I had grand company in my mind and I used to fix up the red table cloth for a royal robe and entertain earls and duchesses. I never let Enoch know a thing about it; and one day when I forgot and said 'I am thy father's ghost!' he said I might be a ghost, but I was a terrible silly one; and I'd better patch his coat and stop mooning around.

"Last winter I got lonesomer than ever, for he began to go and see the widow Rogers over to Bradford, and kept all the butter and egg money to save up and get the house painted with. I wasn't surprised a mite when he told me he was going to be married this afternoon and would like to find a good supper ready when he got home. Now, there wasn't a thing to eat in the house except some dried apple sauce and half a pie, and I was ashamed to have the Widow Rogers see how poor my clothes were. So I started off, thinking I could get work somewhere; for I'm a good cook if I do say it—if I have anything to cook with. And I walked until I was all beat out; and when I saw that little girl I felt as if some play-acting would sort of chirk me up. I'd just been reading a Scotch book, and the talk came easy. I forgot that you lived over here, but I'm awful glad to see you again. I know it's time to set the heel. There's no use wasting yarn."

Margaret began to see things more clearly—to understand how the starved nature of the poor soul had been fed and consoled by the one strange gift she possessed. "To comprehend all is to forgive all," a wise counsellor had said to her. She [illegible] Miss Doolittle. Furthermore, she remembered her father's oft-expressed longing for an old-fashioned New Hampshire housekeeper, and wrote to him that night.

Sarah Ann "play-acts" no more but goes with her young friend to harmless matinees where others interpet various phases of human life, and is happy. Often, too, she accompanies Margaret to her mother's church, and writes to Enoch of the beauty and devotion that make her feel near to the angels. "More play-acting!" he tells his wife; but we know better.—Flora L. Stanfield in The Ave Maria.

News From Ireland

Antrim.

Speaking at a gathering of the Students Union of Belfast Gaelic College recently, Most Rev. Dr. Tohill, Bishop of Down and Connor, said he was glad to see that provision had been made for the teaching of Irish in classical and scientific method during the next session. The English language, his Lordship said, which they had unfortunately been compelled to speak, had no inflection, but Irish stood in front rank of inflected language. Passing from a knowledge of English to a study of Irish, one was unable to appreciate the shades of meaning and peculiarities expressed by inflections which were the outcome of hundreds of years of civilization and scholarship.

Armagh.

Married.—On the 27th of April at St. Paul's church, Belfast, by the Very Rev. Father Convery, P.P., V.F., Thomas McKee, second son of the late James McKee, Tassagh, Armagh, to Mary Ann (Minnie) Daley, eldest daughter of William Daley, The Cavan, Armagh.

Cavan.

Replying to Vincent Kennedy in the House of Commons recently the Chief Secretary said that on the estate of Mr. Thomas Finlay, otherwise Robert Scholefield, near Bawnboy, 75 holdings were sold to tenants under the provisions of the Land Purchase Acts of 1891 and 1896 between the years 1898 and 1901. The terms of purchase varied according to the circumstances of the different holdings. The advances in each case were sanctioned having regard to the security.

Cork.

Sister Mary Joseph who was formerly Miss Butler and niece of the late Tim Hurley of Inchageegin House, Cork who left South Dakota 25 years ago, and Sister Mary Cecilia, a Miss Sullivan from Bantry, are now home on a visit.

Derry.

Professor Woodburn, Magee College, Derry, has been appointed examiner in philosophy in the National University Dublin.

Through their patriotic pastor Rev. J. L. McGlade, P.P., the priests and people of [illegible] and neighborhood have subscribed over £38 to the Irish Parliamentary funds.

Donegal.

O. B. Butler, R. M., has been transferred from Donegal to Derry City as resident magistrate.

Down.

Owing to indifferent health Henry Thompson, D. L. has resigned the presidency of the Newry Agricultural Society.

Galway.

Sister Mary Elliott has been elected Superioress of the Presentation Convent Galway.

A pretty marriage ceremony was witnessed at Dunmore Catholic church on May 11, the contracting parties being Miss [illegible] McDonagh, daughter of [illegible] J. McDonagh, J. P., Dunmore and Dr. Thomas W. Conway, [illegible], County Sligo, and 21 South Frederick St., Dublin, by Rev. Paul McLoughlin, C.C.

His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Healy confirmed 400 children in Claremorris on Sunday, May 15. He expressed himself greatly pleased with the examination.

Fermanagh.

Garrison parish [illegible] chial houses, one on a prominence overlooking Lough Melville close to Garrison and Kiltyclogher and the other immediately adjoining Garrison chapel to be occupied by the curate Father J. R. Maguire. In addition, both the parish churches, Garrison and Cashel just undergone a thorough scheme of renovation, and in the former church a magnificent altar in white Sicilian marble and Mexican Onyx has been completed in memory of its generous donor, Father Maguire of Bundoran, who died last year, and who spent many years on the American mission.

Kerry.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. John's church, Tralee, on May 7, when Miss Maggie Horgan, of Pembroke St., Tralee, daughter of the late Michael Horgan, Ballymac, and Nicholas [illegible] Kennelly, Heirhill, Ballyheigue, were united in matrimony.

Leitrim.

On April 20th, [illegible] O'Rourke the master of Mohill Workhouse was married to Miss A. M. Foy, the matron of that institution, in St. Patrick's church Mohill.

Patrick Farley, a native of Corderry Paton, Keshcarrigan, a son of the late John Farley, has just been made a Justice of the peace for the city of Manchester, England. On the same day almost he was elected president of the Manchester City (Thomas Davis) Branch of the United Irish League, the leading branch of the national organization in the city.

[illegible]

A moonlight raid was made [illegible] Templeglantine on the night of May 8. [illegible]

The site for the Father [illegible] monument has been selected [illegible] the Square Abbeyfeale. [illegible] patriotic soggarth whose memory it will perpetuate.

Mayo.

Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry, has appointed Rev. M. Devine, C. C., Foxford, to be P. P., of Coolaney in room of the late Rev. Daniel Gallagher, P. P.

A subscription list was opened in the parish of Charlestown for the Parliamentary fund [illegible] the course of a week a sum of over £40 was collected [illegible] forwarded to the National Directory. [illegible]

[illegible]

Around the [illegible]

The death occurred [illegible] New Orleans of [illegible] for 46 years a faithful [illegible] the Louisiana retreat [illegible] Sister Mary Ann [illegible] of the two Sisters of [illegible] 46 years ago founded the [illegible] retreat.

As a result of the [illegible] Laymen's Congress held at [illegible] Rock Ark., a new Catholic [illegible] will soon be launched [illegible] amounting to $90,000 [illegible] scribed by the delegates [illegible] hop Morris and [illegible] for the establishment [illegible] paper.

The Holy Father [illegible]

[illegible]