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From World to Ward

She was a sweet-faced dainty little thing, one of those ministering angels who chase away by their very smile the loneliness and misery and suffering of a hospital ward. A pair of innocent blue eyes looked out from beneath the starched and stiffened square of spotless white that lost itself in the semicircling folds of her black cashmere veil.

I had recovered consciousness half an hour ago, and lay experiencing all the misery of the friendless injured one. Kindness personified seemed to have taken me unawares, for there, bending over me in anxious solicitude, was the little angel I have been trying to describe.

"Good morning, sir. Quite recovered? Thank God? And your poor arm—let me see it, will you please?" Thus she rattled on, and by the tone of her request you would imagine it was I who was dispensing all the kindness. A minute later and she had deftly changed the bandage, bathed my arm and other scars, and all with simplicity and tenderness that she instinctively thought of his mother and the sacrifice of allowing one's self to be bandaged, or plastered, as occasion required, in the olden nursery days.

"Sister Angela, do you like patching up broken things?—or what induced you to take to this manner of spending your life? With your kindly winning ways, I could picture you a paragon of perfection in some other sphere; and I must say it puzzles me to find one like you wasting thus your time and talents and energy."

"Oh, doctor, is that how you you look on life?—a man of your profession too?"

"Yes," I replied, "I cannot understand how you can be content to dress eternally in the habit of a Sister of Charity, with an inevitably incessant outlook on a world to be bandaged."

She smiled and shook her head and then turning up her eyes in a thoughtful manner, she hesitated a moment and replied:

"Why, sir; there must be a world of suffering as well as a world of rejoicing—they are constantly exchanging places; and what would you do if there were nobody to look after your wounds and bruises out there in the accident-crammed whirling of life? Don't you think that we are sometimes a desirable adjunct—for example, in an accident like your own? And do you not believe that this is the very best place for me, since God has given me talent to do this kind of work? Come now, what do you say for yourself?"

"I quite agree with all you say but what passes my ken is how it came to pass that so clever a nurse as you has contented herself with the simple ambition of a Sister of Charity. Were you a trained nurse before you entered religion, or do the Sisters usually turn out as creditable a product as you?"

Of course I knew the good Sister had been a trained nurse before she entered religion, but, curious to learn some more of her history—which rumor put down as a strange one—I played upon her simplicity and endeavered to make her tell me of herself while defending her Order from my sceptical remarks.

"I am astonished, Doctor, that your superior mind does not see beyond the veneer of this so-called respectability. I thought that one such as you, who is continually in touch with the quivering sorrows of diseased and bruised humanity would see not so much the cover you patch as the soul, where the pains are really felt.

"Ho! ho!" said I, "and so you are going to preach me a sermon Sister! But you have not answered my question: Do the Sisters always train their nurses as well as they have trained you, or were you trained before you entered religion?"

She raised her eyes for a moment to heaven, then looked steadily into mine and began:

"The Sisters train nurses far better than I, for they instill into their hearts the great principals of kindness and brotherly love; and in the technique of the profession they are always in the van. The Sister of Charity, sir, is trained not to look so much at the bruised hand or the bleeding heart. The man in pain needs kindness as much as physic, and that is why the charity of the little Sister so often soothes where the doctor's prescription fails. Love, sir, is the beginning and end of all things; and do you think the ambition mean that consecrates itself to charity?"

"But," said I, determined to make her ardent defense still more vigorous, "are there not many others left to take care of the wounded and carry on the cause of charity? Why should the best of our women desert the home for the cloister and the hospital bed?"

"Doctor, I am astounded at your views, but I suppose the old saying is true: 'Never have two persons read the same book, or look upon the same picture.' Your best women do not always run off to the cloister. It is only those who live for God alone, and those who fear to trust their weakness to the world, who rush to the sanctuary of a religious order. Life possesses just what we put into it ourselves: and if the Sisters of Charity look braver, it is because she tries to do her duty, which is modelled upon a brave ideal. You think our choice is a strange and difficult one, but then Doctor, you must remember that Providence soothes and lessens the pain and the difficulties by a peculiar sweetness known only to those who dare carry out the gospel."

"I bethought myself that the good Sister's time was nearly expired and I had obtained very little knowledge except the consciousness of how strangely she felt and understood the truths of pain and love. I wanted to get her history and she seemed oblivious to the fact. So I went straight to the mark this time. "But, Sister, you have not yet told me why you became a nurse."

"Oh, well," said she with a light laugh, "I have been defending myself and you haven't given me time. There, now, goes the bell! I must be off. I will tell you some other time."

"Tomorrow, then, for sure!"

"Very well, Doctor." A whirl of white and blue, a creaking door and she was gone.

I lay back and thought. "This is a noble soul; truly I must get the story that lies behind its chastening."

Next day Sister Angela appeared, smiling and bright as the preceding morning, and after a few answered inquiries for my wounds and spirits, I took her to task for the story.

"Sister your story I have not heard. May I hope for the pleasure now, pray? You know you've promised me."

"Yes, so I have. Well, then, you shall have it—but it is such a strange one."

"All the better," I remarked.

"Yes, but it is not one of romance or adventure, but simply of the miracle of a rosary, and how it converted me from Protestantism to Catholicity, and thence led me to the convent."

"From Protestantism!" I repeated. "Surely you are not a convert, Sister?"

"Yes, indeed and a rosary was the cause of my conversion."

"Tell me the story, will you please?"

"Yes, but you must first lie down, rest your arms thus, close your eyes and listen.

I lay back among the pillows, submitting my broken arm willingly to her to be placed in position and closing my eyes gladly, for I was weak and suffering. She then began:

"First I must tell you that I was not trained by the Sisters. I was a trained nurse before I became a Catholic at all. But the Sisters train all their nurses far better than I, for all that, and I, who have had the double experience, tell you that the intention of the nursing order makes quite a change in its members. When I was a professional nurse I looked on my patients simply as my work, and except for some personal motive I took no interest in them. Now, as Sister of Charity, every patient is to me a brother or a Sister with whom I expect to live forever in the great hereafter, where surgeons and nurses shall be no more except in their deeds. But to my story. I was head nurse in the Protestant hospital of a well-known English city. There were no Catholic priests granted admittance on professional duty. Catholic patients had more than once been refused the offices of a priest, and as the dissenting clergyman's ministrations were sure to be rejected in such a case many a poor sinner had to start on the fateful journey unfriended and unshriven, calling in vain for 'the priest.'"

Continued next week

Catholic Summer School

The season here is at its height, if the large attendance at the Sunday masses in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake is a fair criterion. The high mass at 10.30 was celebrated by the Rev. T. A. Corr. The sermon of the mass, a beautiful eloquent discourse, was delivered by the Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., of the Catholic University of America. The choir under the direction of Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer sang Mozart's Twelfth Mass. For the offertory Miss Alma Grafe of Philadelphia played a violin selection from Pierne. The Sunday evening family gathering this week took the form of a reception to visiting clergymen, Mr. Wm. McCluskey of Syracuse being the only laymen on the speaking program. The Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., ever interested ever interesting, presided at the gathering. The musical portion of the program consisted of vocal selections by Miss Elizabeth Welty of Brooklyn and two beautiful violin numbers by Miss Alma Grafe, a talented violinist of Philadelphia. The speakers were the Rev. E. F. Gibbons of the diocese of Buffalo, Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., of the diocese of Albany, and the Rev. D. J. Hickey, acting as president.

The lectures, for this the fifth week, have been quite exceptional. The splendid course in education inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Pace. has been continued by the Rev. Wm. Turner, D.D., Professor of Philosophy, Catholic University. Taking as his general theme the History of Education Rev. Dr. Turner has traced in a most scholarly and convincing manner, the development of education from the earliest dawn of history, when imitation and tribal custom dominated all, down to the present day when the highest university training stands out as the exponent. The 11 o'clock hour during the week has been taken by the Rev. John T. Driscoll S.T. L., of the diocese of Albany who spoke on the "Basis of Sociology." It has been a scholarly and painstaking series. The evening week-end lectures were given by John F. Reilly, A.M. R.A., of Binghamton, N. Y. Mr. Reilly a profound student of Roman history and archaeology, spoke on St. Peter's and the Vatican.

The Cliff Haven Dramatic Club under the direction of Mr. Bernard Sullivan gave the third performance of the season on Saturday evening. In honor of the officers of the 5th U.S. Infantry who graced the occasion with their presence, the caste presented a double bill.

New York Cottage No. 1 under supervision of Mr. F. P. Cunnion gave a masked ball and barn dance on Friday evening at the Champlain Club. The ladies' Alumnae Auxiliary Association held a meeting on Tuesday and decided upon August 12 as the date for the annual bazaar for the benefit of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake.

The Boys of the College Camp the liviliest place on the assembly grounds, gave good evidence of what the American lad can do at their camp fire Tuesday evening. The program consisted of minstrel, vaudeville, burlesque, songs, dances and quartette numbers.

The lecture program for next week includes the course in Education by the Rev. Wm. Turner, D.D., and the series on the Church the bulwark of the Republic" by Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S. J. The evening periods will be taken by Thomas F. Wilkinson, LL.B., of Albany, N. Y., and song recitals by Miss Bertha Clary of New York.

C. Y. M. A. Held Picnic

The ninteenth annual picnic of the C.Y. M. A., of St. Joseph's church was held at Manitou Beach, Tuesday, July 26th. Special cars were taken by the members from their Club Room on Ormond St., at 8.30 A. M. Dinner was served to 150 on the porch of the Manitou Beach Hotel at 1 p. m. The features of the sports were two ball games; one at 10.30 a. m. by two picked teams captained by Al. Frank and Phillip Reichert. Captain Frank's team winning to the score of 19 to 7. The afternoon game captained by E. Callon and Joseph Fritsche, Jr. was won by Captain Callon and his associates with a score of 9 to 8. The following athletic events were held at 4 P. M.

100 yd. Dash, 1st, George Shicker, 2nd, G. Hettig, 3rd, H. Bechtold. Married Men's Race, 1st E. Fred Henricus, 2nd, J. Faustus Leinen, 3rd, Edward J. Myer. Three Legged Race, 1st, F. Weber and R. Metzger, 2nd, E. Meng and Kimmel, 3rd M. Eisenmenger and H. Alfing. Go As You Please Race, 1st, Ed. Hart, 2nd, L. Kimpal, 3rd W. Reilly.

Obstacle Race, 1st, F. Burns, 2nd G. Schicker, 3rd, G. Hettig.

Shoe Race, 1st, F. Semitt, 2nd W. Haefele, 3rd, H. Bechtold.

Pie Race, 1st, C. Haefle, 2nd, P. Reichert, 3rd K. Schmitt.

Drawing Race, 1st, A. Leinberger 2nd, W. Mura, 3rd, C. Haefle, 4th, Brother Eustace, 5th H. Dunnigan.

The following committee had the picnic in charge: Rev. Wm. Kessel, C.SS.R., Wm. Hall, John H. Neubert, Chas. H. Fahy, Philip Reichert, Ray W. Metzger, Geo. A. Swalbach, John Garin, John Riley, Edward J. Meng, Oscar Schuchart, Geo. Schicker, Ray J. Dunnigan, G. Frederick Weber, Raymond F. Leinen.

Around The Globe

Bishop Kelly of Savannah, Ga., recently confirmed a class of prisioners in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

Forty adults, about thirty of whom were converts, were confirmed June 9, by the Right Rev. John J. Monaghan, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington, in the church of Our Lady of Sorrows.

For the first time in the Archdiocese of Baltimore four brothers, all four priests, participated either as celebrants or assistants, in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice when Rev. John Carter Smyth, C. S. P., celebrated his mass in St. Ann's church. Rev. Thomas G. Smyth, of St. Ann's Church, Tenallytown, D. C., was archpriest; Rev. James A. Smyth of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, was deacon and Rev. C. Carroll Smyth of St. Martin's church was sub-deacon.

The Holy Father gave an audience June 10, to Right Rev. John J. Hennessy, D. D., Bishop of Witchita, Kan., who presented a group of Americans headed by a white-robed girl bearing an American flag. The Bishop read a Latin address of homage and devotion. The Pope thanked him and blessed the pilgrims and their families.

Very Rev. Superior-General Murray, C. SS. R., will come to America and visit the houses of his congregation which is now divided into two provinces with the headquarters at Baltimore and St. Louis.

The San Jose College, Manilla, P. I., with its estates and appurtenances has been given to the Society of Jesus.

Six daughters, members of the orders if the Sisters of St. Francis, of Dubuque, Ia., constitute the unique distinction of the family of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Koedken, among the pioneer residents of Peterstown, Ia. The aged parents, who recently gave up their two remaining daughters, posess a considerable fortune, but the pleasure of the world which they were able to give their children held no attraction for them.

A pleasing little note comes to us in relation to the great fire in Lake Charles, Louisiana, where the Catholic community suffered heavily. At the dedication of the First Baptist church on the Sunday after the fire it was announced by the Board of trustees that they had tendered the use of their new building to the Catholic congregation and would continue to worship in the old.

The Rev. Edward G. Dohan, O. S. A., rector of the church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine, Fordham road, The Bronx, has been appointed to the presidency of the Augustine college at Villanova, Pa. Father Dohan will succeed the Very Rev. Lawrence A. Delurey, O.S. A., who is resigning on account of poor health.

Keep Your Word

A man's word stands for himself; if his words are false he is false. "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." The man who is to abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, is one who "sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." He may make a bad bargain, but if the thing promised is not wrong, he is to do his best to make good his promise.

The man who sets little by his word will find that people set little by him. "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble," says the wise man, "is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint." We put little dependence on broken teeth and dislocated feet, and so there is very little dependence to be placed on a person whose word fails. God keeps His word; the devil does not keep his; there is the difference between the two.

God has magnified His word above all His name, and we must take our choice whether we will keep our word as the Lord keeps His or break our word as the devil breaks his. If we are valiant for the truth we shall stand at last with the God of truth. If we love lies or make lies, or do not regard our word, we know with whom we stand now, and with whom we shall fall by and by.

A Lincoln Anecdote

[illegible]

The Long Siege

[illegible]

News From Ireland

The New York Medical [illegible] Training ship Newport [illegible] Belfast Lough and dropped anchor opposite Carrickfergus June 23. The vessel carried 100 boys, ranging in ages from [illegible] to 20 years and is in charge of Lieutenant-Commander [illegible] Everhart, U.S.N.

The following were ordained to the priesthood in Maynooth College on June 19: Rev. [illegible] Dermott, Rev. J. Ward and [illegible] E. Murphy, all of Armagh [illegible]

The Very Rev. Canon [illegible] D. D., Professor of [illegible] guages at Maynooth College, has been appointed [illegible] the college in the [illegible] most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin [illegible] of Clonfert. [illegible]

South Derry [illegible] subscribed over [illegible] pounds to the Irish [illegible]

Messrs. Wm. [illegible] W. Reid have been [illegible] chairman and vice [illegible] spectively of [illegible] council.

Sir John Newell [illegible] B.K.C. M. G. [illegible] been his Majesty's [illegible]

[illegible]

Hon. John [illegible] of the Legislative [illegible] South Wales who [illegible] tour through [illegible] daughter-in-law [illegible] staying with friends [illegible] island.

[illegible]

On [illegible]

[illegible]

Married [illegible] At the [illegible] Waterford (with nuptial [illegible]) by the Rev. [illegible] John's College [illegible]

[illegible]