The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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The Ladder of Love

(Concluded From Last Week)

"Get up, Dan! Get up!" commanded Denis, excitedly. What would she think of a stranger stopping before her door? Further on, where the stream crossed the lane, he dismounted, and giving the horse his liberty, fell to thinking the picture the girl made until beauty, thrusting his nose into his hands reminded him it was time to eat their dinner. For the first time in his life Denis found the work days unusually long, and experienced a new and pleasurable excitement as he made ready for his next Sunday trip. She was not on the porch that morning. In her place was a gray-haired woman, but as he repassed it in the evening he saw the girl sitting on the step, her head resting on her hand. The pensive, if not sad, picture she presented stayed with him all that week. When again he passed she was in the yard and he thought she sent a look of recognition toward him. A man on a bay horse with a brown dog in his arms, was, he reflected, likely to be remembered, after having passed three successive Sundays; and he wondered what she thought of him, and the object of his coming. He reflected, during the days that followed, that they were probably alone in the house, and as the presence of a stranger might alarm them, he resolved when next he saw her to explain the reason of his coming. To make the resolve and to execute it were two different things, and as he drew near the house he knew he could no more stop to address the girl than he could speak his thoughts to the men with whom he worked. Fortunately, however the older woman was gathering roses from a bush that grew by the gate. There was something on her countenance that disarmed all his timidity, and almost before he was cognizant of it, he had told her of himself and Dan and Beauty.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, and he thought he had never seen any star shine softer than her dark eyes. "How kind you must be when you give such attention to the comfort of the horse that that is not yours. On your way back you must stop and let me give you some flowers."

Denis lived through the day like one in a dream, and when he drew near the gate late in the afternoon and saw the girl waiting for him, he seemed to lose all sense of his identity.

"Mother was taken with one of her bad headaches," the girl was saying and her voice seemed to come from a great distance, "but she told me not to forget to have your flowers for you," and as she spoke she offered him a sheaf of fragrant blossoms.

This was the beginning of the acquaintance, but it might never have passed beyond an exchange of friendly greetings had it not been for Beauty.

Denis had often noticed a small flock of turkeys straying through the field, and had divined that it belonged to the owners of the white cottage. On this Sunday, the turkeys following their roving instincts, ventured down to the place where Denis and his two dumb friends were; and Beauty as true to his instinct to pursue game, leaped into the middle of the flock. An outcry ensued bringing the girl speedily from the house. A cry of horror broke from her lips as she beheld the spaniel catching one of the most promising birds. She and Denis reached the spot at the same time and disengaged Beauty's teeth from the struggling bird; she rung her hand in misery, more for the turkey's suffering than for her own loss. Without a word, she caught up the turkey and fled to the house her white dress stained with the blood flowing from the bird's lacerated body. Denis sought his place under the tree the culprit dog in tow. There was a great pain in his heart, for he knew he could come down to the lane no more; he should see the girl no more, and dream a strange sweet dream no more. And that Beauty should have brought this misery to him gave the pain its sting.

After an hour, perhaps of such bitter thoughts, he heard a light footstep on the grass beyond the fence. He turned quickly and saw the girl coming toward him.

"I was very rude," she said. "It was not your fault, and the little dog is not to be blamed, either; and," she finished with a laugh, "the turkey is not very badly hurt. Mother says you must come up and take tea with us, and if you don't I shall think you are very much offended."

Afterwards he learned their story. The mother had inherited from an uncle this tract of land, which, if small, was fruitful. She had married a man from the city one who knew nothing of farming and it had been a struggle for existence during his life, while his illness and death had put a mortgage on the place. They had rented out the place to the neighboring farmers, but the farms barely sufficed for their own requirements, and when the mortgage fell due they would lose their home. The mother naively declared she did not know what would then become of them, for she was getting old and her health was feeble, while her daughter had been trained only in the profession of housekeeping.

This information had only been gleaned gradually, though from the first Denis saw some heavy cloud lay upon their lives. When he knew all, it became his own, for with the passage of time came to him the great love of his life for the dark-eyed daughter. Could he win her love? When he put the question to Dan, the great liquid eyes answered a soft affirmative and when he sought counsel of Beauty, the same dumb assurance was given. But he would not believe, for they were dumb animals, to be won by any person who would give them kindness; while she was a woman, demanding so much of a man. Moreover he was conscious of his own unworthiness. What was he to expect that, that beautiful girl should love him? But he could serve her. He would hire himself to her mother, and by applying his knowledge of farming to advantage enable them to lift the mortgage on their home. Then—well—there would still be Dan and Beauty!

He carried his savings to the owner of Dan, who, while regretting to part with both, transferred the ownership of the horse to the driver; then Denis offered himself to the lady. He thought she looked somewhat discomfited but she replied he would have to make his contract with her daughter who was in charge.

"Why do you want to do this?" asked the young lady, looking at him with eyes one less diffident would have read aright.

"I like farming," he answered.

"That is not your reason," she asserted. "I must know your reason, and I will know if you are speaking truthfully.

"Then I will give it to you!" cried Denis, although he felt his dream vanishing. "I love you and I want to free you from care!"

"And did you not think—" she began, and then stopped.

"That I—" and again she stopped; then she cried: "Oh, Denis! you are so blind!"

"Blind!" he repeated, and then the great light broke upon him, and he took her in his arms and life forever.—Grace Strong, in the Rosary Magazine.

Your Own Misfortunes.

Bear your own misfortunes with half the resignation that you bear other people's and you will be happy. It is so easy to tell other people how to be heroic and so difficult to be courageous ourselves.

A Slight Change.

Slight changes sometimes make a great difference. "Dinner for nothing," would be agreeable, for instance; not so, "Nothing for dinner."

His Wish.

Tom—I wish this ten dollar bill was a ten dollar debt. Dick—Heavens! Why? Tom—I'd never get rid of it.—Cleveland Leader.

We are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but grapple with her.—Seneca.

Around The Globe

The sixth annual retreat for women physicians in St. Regis Convent, One Hundred and Fortieth street and Riverside Drive New York city, will be preached by Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., from Friday, September 23, 4 P. M., to Tuesday, September 27, 8 A. M. Applications should be made in advance to the reverend mother superior.

Rev. F.M. Kenny, D. D., Mohawk Hill, N. Y., and his brother Rev. J. R. Kenny, Medina, Ohio, have left for a two months' visit with their parents and relatives in Leitrim, Longford and Cavan.

The golden jubilee of the Sister Mary Vincent, O.S.D., one of the best known and best loved religions in California was celebrated on Tuesday, June 21, at St. Rose's Academy, San Francisco. Sister M. Vincent was born in Brailes, England, and is a sister of the late Mother Paul, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul, Selly Park, Birmingham, England.

There may be a few Catholics who still imagine that parochial schools are inferior in mental training and opportunity to the public schools. For their special benefit we allude here to a recent contest and its outcome in Cincinnati. Prizes were offered to the children of the public and parochial schools in the four higher grades for best essays—four prizes being assigned to each grade. The results, as printed in the newspapers, show that St. Xavier's School took all the prizes in the eighth grade, all but last place in the seventh and all in the sixth. St. Xavier's school is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur and the Brothers of Mary under the direction of Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J.

The usual pilgrimages to beautiful Auriesville, on the Mohawk, where Father Jogues and his two companions were put to death by the Indians 264 years ago, have begun. It is hoped that on September 18 Mgr. Touchet, the Bishop of Orleans, in France, where Father Jogues was born, will visit the shrine.

Bishop Gibney, who has ruled the diocese of Perth, Australia for more than twenty years, has resigned on account of failing health. Dr. Gibney was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1839, and was ordained a priest in All Hallows College Dublin, on June 14, 1863. He went to Perth as a young man and has seen much arduous service in the propagation of the faith.

English exchanges chronicle the death, on July 4, of Very Rev. David Canon O'Brien, Vicar general of the Diocese, of Clifton and administrator of the Pro-Cathedral, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine.

Next year the Catholics of Porto Rico will commemorate the fourth centenary of the erection of that diocese and the foundation of the Cathedral of San Juan. In that connection "Borinquen," of Porto Rico, announces the generous donation by the venerable pastor of Trujillo Baja Rev. Mariano Gonzalez, of his own home and some twenty-five acres of land surrounding the same, for the establishment of an agricultural school, which shall be erected as a monument to mark the glorious epoch in the history of the island. Father Mariano who is eighty years old, has bequeathed to posterity an inheritance which will make possible the education of orphans into men of usefulness in the most important features of life in Porto Rico.

The French Academy at a recent meeting (May 3, 1910) conferred on Right Rev. Alexander Le Roy, formerly Vicar Apostolic of Gabon, and now superior general of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost the Juteau-Duvigneaux prize of two hundred dollars for his valuable contribution to ethnological knowledge. "The History of Primitive Religions."

News From Ireland

Antrim.

Most Rev. Dr. Tohill on July 10 laid the cornerstone and blessed a magnificent new convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Ballynafeigh in the presence of a distinguished gathering

Cavan.

Married.—July 4th at Lower Lavey R. C. church by the Rev. C. Collins, P. P., assisted by the Rev. J. P. Rehill, C.C.; Patrick Lee Manchester, to Margaret, second daughter of Thomas Gilchrist, Lavey.

Cork.

Miss Minnie Kelly of Allihies, while in her home on the evening of July 11 was attacked with a razor by a woman visitor named Helen Lowney, who had become suddenly insane. Mrs. Kelly was seriously but not fatally injured.

Derry.

Fully seven thousand persons participated in the annual excursion of the A.O. H. from Derry on July 10. The venue this year was Moville.

Donegal.

Died.—July 10, at the residence of her brother (Dr. Scanlon), 511 Duke St., Glasgow, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Daniel Scanlon, Glasgow, formerly of Glenfin and Ballymagroarty, County Donegal.—Recently, Mrs. Mary Dolan, Loughill, Ballyshannon.

Down.

In opening the summer assizes at Downpatrick on July 18, Justice Wright congratulated the grand jury on the peaceful state of the county.

Fermanagh.

The death occurred recently of Mrs. Robert Simpson, Kilmallen Lack.

Galway.

Menlough Castle, Sir Valentine Blake's seat in County Gaway, was destroyed by fire on the night of July 25. Sir Valentine's daughter, the Hon. Miss Blake, with two servants perished.

Kerry.

James J. Fitzgerald of Springfield Mass., after 29 years in the States, is now enjoying a well-earned holiday in his native land. Mr. Fitzgerald who was born in Dingle emigrated when he was only 11 years of age.

Kildare.

Perhaps the most wonderful centenarian in a land of centenarians is Mrs. Granley, of Clonbrian, Monasterevan. The venerable lady is 184 years of age and still hale and hearty. She is the mother of five daughters and three sons, the youngest being over 70 years of age.

Limerick.

A watch raffled at the A. O. H. rooms Rutland street, Limerick, was won by Miss M. Keane, Ballyfinnane Parteen and the winning ticket bore the number 15.

Mayo.

General regret is expressed throughout Mayo at the death of the Very Rev. Canon Greely, P. P., Newport, which took place on July 17 at Ballyhaunis.

Rosecommon

E. Ryan, V. S., has been elected inspector under the Dairies and cowsheds order in Strokestown.

Sligo.

Much regret is felt in Ballymot at the death of John Gorman, who was postmaster for the past twenty-three years.

Tyrone.

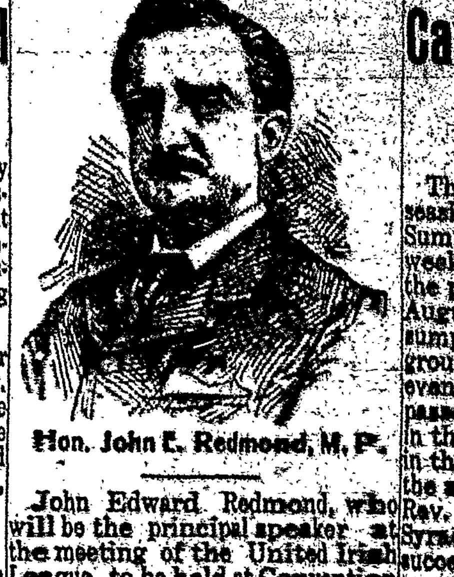
At Omagh assizes, yesterday, Justice Madden confirmed a decision of County Court Judge Todd awarding £50 damages to an old man named John Burton, Aughnacloy, a supporter of T. W. Russell, for alleged assault and damage to his house by three Orangemen.

Tipperary.

Rev. Terence O'Brien is at present visiting his friends at Glenbane, after some years' of absence in Chicago.

Wexford.

The priests and people of Kilmore have subscribed a sum of ten pounds to the Parliamentary funds.



Hon. John E. Redmond, M. P.

John Edward Redmond, who will be the principal speaker at the meeting of the United Irish League, to be held at Convention Hall on September 30th is the head of the nationalist party in the English parliament. He was born in 1851, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and after being admitted to the bar was elected to the House of Commons. He became one of the most prominent organizers of the Home Rule propaganda throughout England and when the break came in the nationalist ranks, consequent on the Parnell divorce case, he sided with the minority that urged that Parnell's leadership should be followed. In 1900, in spite of the Irish party, he became a leader in the movement for union and was chosen to succeed Dillon as head of the recognized party. His historical and political addresses have been published and find wide circulation.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday 21—St. Joachim
Monday 22—St. Timothy
Tuesday 23—St. Philip Benizi
Wednesday 24—St. Bartholomew apostle
Thursday 25—St. Louis
Friday 26—St. Victor
Saturday 27—St. Joseph Calasanct

King George, by virtue of his accession to the crown of England, has become invested, like all his predecessors on the throne since the reign of James I., with the monopoly of printing the so-called "authorized version" of the Bible and the "Book of Common Prayer," that is to say, of the liturgy, writes the Marquise de Fontenoy. Licenses are granted in his name to the Oxford and Cambridge University presses and to certain societies, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society, to print and publish the Bible and prayer book. But this can only be done with his permission, and were he to will it he could by a mere decree put a stop to the printing of every Anglican Bible and prayer book in the United Kingdom.

Who Got the Baby?

Once upon a time a crocodile stole a baby and was about to make a dinner of it. The frantic mother begged piteously for the child that the crocodile said:

"Tell me one truth and you shall have your baby again."

The mother replied, "You will not give him back to me."

"Then," said the crocodile, "by our agreement I shall keep him, for if you have told the truth I am not going to give him back, and if it is a lie I have also won."

But the mother said, "If I told you the truth you are bound by your promise, and if it is not the truth it will not be a lie until you have given me my child."

Who got the baby?

No Sense of Proportion.

The young man who had spent his efforts for several years without result in studying art was talking with his practical uncle who had patiently paid the bills.

"Of course," said the young artist, "I know I haven't made much of a go of it, but I don't think you ought to advise me to try something else. You know it's best to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."

"Um! That may be, Charlie, but did you ever think how foolish it is to put so many baskets around one bantam egg?"

Applied History.

First Professor—My dear colleague, I'm a little puzzled. When did the first Peloponnesian war begin? Second Professor—B. C. 431. First Professor—Quite right, quite right. That is the number of my [illegible] [illegible]. I was to call for it [illegible] [illegible] my wife is [illegible]

Catholic Summer School

This week, the eighth [illegible] session, known at the Catholic Summer School as the children's week, has had as its chief [illegible] the procession held on Monday August 15, the Feast of the Assumption on the [illegible] grounds. It was the [illegible] event of this character and [illegible] passed all its predecessors [illegible] in the elaborate preparation [illegible] in the attendance. At the head of the arrangement committee [illegible] Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., Syracuse, to whose efforts [illegible] success of the procession in [illegible] years has been due, and [illegible] untiring zeal in the service of the Summer School since [illegible] very commencement of [illegible] movement ranks him among [illegible] most prominent supporters [illegible] feature of the procession [illegible] the banner of the Blessed Virgin borne by Hon. James A. [illegible] Mr. Wm. A. W. Jones, of [illegible] York, and Mr. Paul Brown [illegible] Baltimore, Md. The American [illegible] Papal flags were carried by [illegible] ran E. Moher of New Rochelle and Edwin O'Dougherty [illegible] Brooklyn. The cross was borne by Edward Moore. After the procession around the grounds [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]