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Amid The Roaring Breakers

Continued from last week.

In ever increasing fury the wind came on. At once it became a steady gale with no intermission of strength, and the sky became so black that the skipper could not distinguish Carew at the foremast.

"Take in her jib, Carew!" he shouted. "We must send an' trust to luck to get into shelter down the coast. There's no chance of beatin' into St. John in this hurricane."

In the pitch darkness the skipper sped fast before the gale. The light of Cape Spear was passed, and under the sheltering hills of Bay Bulls the skipper decided to try and pass the night. He knew that he could not reach the landing place so he determined to take his chances by mooring in the bay, as close under the heads as possible. But with no compass on board he had ideas of where he was. Guided by the comparative calm which was now felt in one particular spot, he ordered the grape to be thrown overboard. Then the three men crawled as far aft as possible and huddled together under the shelter of a tarpaulin, to pass the hours of darkness as best they could.

It was a wild night. With every half hour the wind seemed to increase, and the little craft was pitched and tossed about in a manner baffling description. At times it was just as much as the men could do to hold on to the boat, though they were crouching far down below the gunwale. At other times a wave would break over her weather side, and a deluge of water would rush upon them.

"Carew," said the skipper, "let's make up and be friends. We're too near the next world to be at variance with each other."

Carew withdrew from the proffered hand, and held silence.

"Be a man Carew," whispered Dick, "and shake with the governor."

"I said me say," was Carew's only answer.

The wind was now whistling and shrieking madly, silencing even the dull, monotonous roar of the sea. The swell became terrible, and the spray was flung continually over the boat. Hunger and thirst began to torment the men, while the great chill of the wind made them miserable.

"Don't do that, Dick," commanded the skipper, as the son declared he would suck the water off the tarpaulin, "it'll drive you mad. Boay your thirst till daylight."

The skipper withdrew the covering and wiped his head.

"It's beginning to dawn, Dick," said he, "we must be up an' try to save ourselves. Treat God!" he cried, as he stood up and looked around, "see where we are! On the edge of the breakers. What kept us from bein' dashed to pieces! Creep for'ard, boy, an' see how the mornin' is!"

"All right, sir!" shouted Dick from the bow. "It's as fresh as the day we put it on her!"

"Pay out, then, till we get clear of the breakers! Come, Carew, get for'ard and pay out! Keep steady on yer rope!"

The light in the east was now gaining strength and the men could see that the boat was gradually being driven off the breakers by the hurricane. With a jerk Carew let go the mooring rope, and the wind and the sea swung the craft around so quickly that the skipper was knocked overboard.

Carew looked on him with an evil smile, and in the cruellest tones cried to the son:

"I never yet made a wish that I didn't get. Look! he's now getting what I wished for!"

The son stooped and seized an oar to brain the scoundrel, but before the blow fell a wave struck the skiff and overturned him.

For a time it looked as if the two men had gone down forever.

The skipper, who was battling bravely for his life, saw the accident and cried out to his son:

"Are you all right, Dick?"

"Yes sir, I jumped before it struck me."

A wild cry now arose from Carew.

"Help! help! for God's sake! Help. I'm drownin'."

"Keep your wits, Carew!" shouted the skipper. "I'll be with you in a second! Dick, ketch hold of the starn of the skiff! Keep up yer courage Carew, I'm comin' to save ye!"

When he reached Carew he found the craven with ashen face and froth covered mouth struggling wildly in the water.

"Keep quiet, man!" cried the skipper, "an' don't ketch hold of me when I come near! I'll save you unless the three of us is lost!"

The skipper swam around Carew and without giving any warning reached under the water and caught the fellow securely under the arms.

"Now put yer hands under water an' throw back your head. Look up at the sky! Keep yer hands under water man, or you'll sink!"

By this time Dick had reached the skiff and had clambered up on her keel, where he was now resting. At his father's call he again slid off into the water, and caught the gunwale of the boat. Then the skipper after admonishing Carew not to stir hand or foot, and not to be afraid, let him go and swam to Dick's side.

"Now, me lad, up with her quick, or Carew may sink. Are you nearly beat out?"

"Not yet, Father," the spell had on her made me fresh. You ain't worn out, father?"

"Not far from it child, for the swell is very heavy."

With a quick movement both of them turned the boat up, and Dick got aboard. He looked around and saw that theseas had strained the planking of the skiff, and that she was taking in water fast below the waterline; and the worst of all he had nothing to bail her with.

The skipper swam around Carew again and catching him, pushed him toward the boat. With Dick's aid Carew was drawn into the boat, where he fell shivering. The skipper made an attempt to follow, but the moment he placed his great weight on her side the water rushed in and nearly swamped her.

"I'm too heavy, Dick; I'll sink her."

"Come in, father, and take a spell, and I'll get out and swim. We may be able to manage to keep her afloat till we are seen from the shore."

For a few moments there was silence, then the skipper again spoke.

"Carew, forgive me if I was too hot yesterday. Let us be friends again."

And the man instead of answering, raised himself to his knees, and resting his elbows on the thwart, covered his face and wept passionately. Dick made a movement to go and lift him, when the skipper turned pale, and relaxing his grip on the boat, slipped into the trough of a great wave.

"Good-bye, Dick," he cried. "Be kind to yer mother, my child."

Instantly the tide took him and swept him from the skiff, and then the waters closed in over his head and dragged him down.

Dick at first stared in bewilderment. Then, grasping the back of the boat, he stood up and shouted wildly:

"Father! come back! Come back, an' I'll die for you! Great God in the Heavens, what am I to do? Carew! Carew! Carew! Man! get up! Me poor father is drownin'! Get up man! Don't ye hear me tellin' you that me poor old father is drownin'!"

The boy sank on the thwart and began to weep. In another second he had jumped to his feet again, and putting his hands to his mouth he gave a great shout that traveled far on the wings of the gale.

Ahoy! ahoy! Father! father! we're comin' to save you!"

Then he sank exhausted to the thwart, and buried his head between his knees, with his hands clasped tightly behind his neck. A hand placed on his shoulder made him start from his stupor, and there he saw Carew, white of face and with staring, eye, gazing on him.

"Dick," said the man, hoarsely, "there's a boat comin' round the pint fur us."

"Is me father on board?" asked the boy, with a dull stupid look.

"Hush! Dick, he's gone fur- ever."

Dick jumped up, his face crimsoned with rage.

"An' who made him drown?" he cried. "Who made him drown but you? Yes! you've had yer hellish wish and he's now down in the bottom of the sea!"

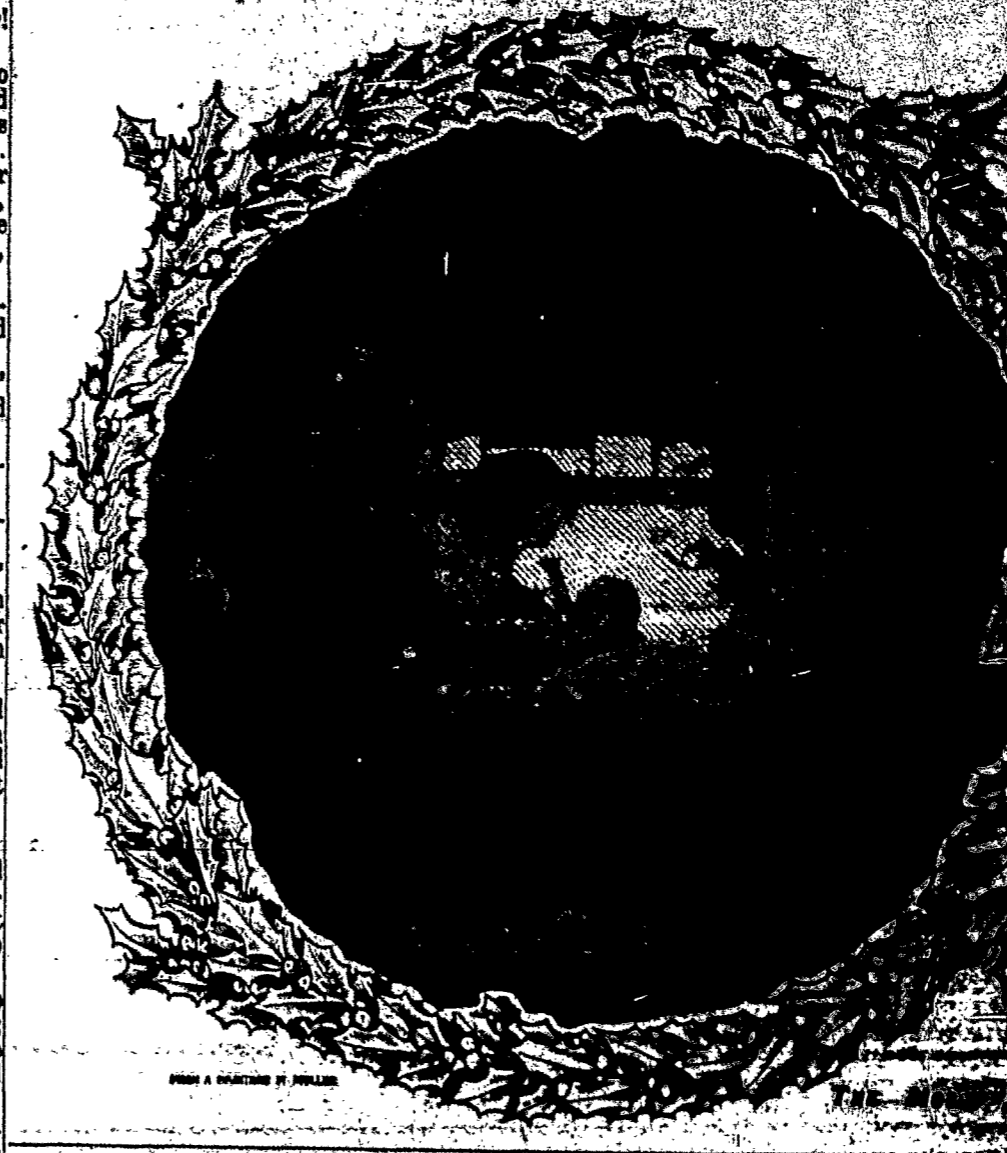
"I never meant it, Dick," said Carew, sorrowfully. "My passion was strong, but I'm a changed man. For his sake Dick, forget and forgive all I've done."

Dick hung his head.

"I'll never quarrel with mortal man again as long as I live," continued Carew, "but if you won't say 'Here's me hand,' I'll jump overboard."

"Don't do that, Carew. There's me hand for me father's sake; may God have mercy on him. He was a good father to me, an' I'll do what he'd do!"

"He was a great man," whispered Carew, brokenly, "an' you an' me'll be friends and partners all our life fur his sake!"—Edward F. Curran in The Rosary Magazine.



News From Ireland

Armagh.
The Keady to Castleblayney section of the new Castleblayney Keady and Armagh railway was opened for passenger traffic on November 19.

Carlow.
Patrick Dooley, Rosemore, has been elected porter in Carlow Workhouse.

County.
James Coffey of Bawnboy has been elected Petty Sessions clerk of the local court. His election has caused a storm of indignation as he is well known as a deputy grand master of Cavan lodge.

Derry.
At St. Augustine's, Oragh, Rathfriland, Dublin, amongst those professed recently was B. J. MacFadden (in religion Brother Stanislaus), son of Joseph MacFadden, Bishop street, Derry.

Dublin.
By 23 votes to 15 Dublin Corporation has passed the following resolutions: "That owing to the amount of distress which continues to prevail in Dublin, the salary of the Lord Mayor for the year commencing February 23, 1921, be reduced by £2,000, and that the resolution of Nov. 11th, 1920, fixing the present salary be accorded amended."

Fermanagh.
It is stated that Jeremiah Jordan, M.P., the veteran Parliamentary representative for South Fermanagh, will not allow his name to go forward at the next election.

Galway.
Galway County Council have given a retiring gratuity of £500 to P. J. Prendergast, formerly surveyor for the western division of the county.

Kerry.
Dr. Ferris has been elected medical officer of the Ventry Dispensary district by Dingle Guardians.

Kilkenny.
The wedding of James Heppell Mar, of Castlecomer, and Miss Constance Fletcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fletcher, of 83 Pembroke Road, Kilkenny, took place at Hooterstown church on November 17.

Kings.
Mrs. Sullivan, Lisnagh, met with a serious accident returning from Banagher on Monday evening, Nov. 14, in a donkey cart, with the result that she died on November 16.

Louth.
A proposal to levy a farthing in the pound on the rates of Louth

in aid of the erection of the Hartley bridge was started at a meeting on November 16th.

Louth.
Nurse Birmingham has resigned her position in the Louth Union, where she had held the position for many years.

Louth.
Cardinal Logue has been pleased to promote Rev. Charles McDonald, Administrator, to the pastoral charge of the parish of Comarcy, Tyrone, rendered vacant by the death of Father McElduff.

Mayo.
On Saturday night, November 12, the farms held by Mr. Conning, Ballyvary, Mr. Gallagher, Stralder, and Mr. Berkeat, Castlebar, were completely cleared of their stock of cattle.

Meath.
On November 14, Miss Convent McEvoy (in religion Sister Columba), daughter of Patrick McEvoy, Market square, Navan, was received in the Convent of Mary, Navan. On the same occasion Sister Rose made her final vows and was solemnly professed.

Monaghan.
Sister Mary Aidan Connolly of Castleblayney Convent of Mary, has been appointed nurse in the Castleblayney Union.

Queen's.
The Rev. John F. Cavanagh, Mountroath, has left Ireland for Johannesburg, South Africa.

Wexford.
Father Mathron, parish priest of Chesham, France, while crossing a field was instantly killed by lightning.

Wexford.
A Catholic Congress was recently held in Lombard, Cardinal Archbishop Ferrari, the Archbishop of Ravenna, and 20,000 persons took part in it, also 150 societies carrying 300 banners.

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The news has just reached this country of the reception in the Catholic Church of Mrs. T. St. John Gaffney, wife of the American Consul at Dresden. Mrs. Gaffney was previously an Episcopalian. Mr. Gaffney is a native of Limerick, his brother Joseph having been High Sheriff of that city.

Wexford.
In the death of Mother Mary Barthelemy, which occurred

writing last week, it was stated that she was the only woman to have been canonized in the year 1920.

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