The Catholic Journal.

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False Pride.

The rippling waters of the St. Lawrence gleamed brightly in the sunshine of a June morning some years ago, before the Chateau Frontenac was built; though the Dufferin Terrace then, as now overlooked the lower town and that of its opposite neighbor, Levis, and offered so fine a view of the beautiful river that not to admire it would have been to proclaim the onlooker as one dead to the beauties of nature, Cartier's words, Kabec! (How beautiful!") have been since his day re-echoed a thousand times by lovers of the sublime—and of Quebec.

To Miss Angelina Tavernier the scene had all the monotony of fifty years; yet, in the freshness of its spring beauty, it made her, too, feel young again, and filled her with that appreciation of life which such beauty inspires.

After her walk up the steep hill to the Terrace, she was glad to find a seat where she could look out on the river; for it was too early in the day for the usual crowd to be there; and, with the exception of one or two laborers Miss Angelina found herself practically alone. She had dressed herself with unusual care that morning, putting on her very best gown (a faded brown silk); and a little bonnet of the same material and color was perched daintly on the white hair which, in spite of all she could do, would wave and dance in the breeze, and resist every attempt to make it lie straight and smooth in a manner befitting the age of its owner. Miss Angelina was said to be a very girlish old woman, and there was a certain truth in the remark; for her simple child-like heart was reflected in her face and manner, and in her dealing with others. Young and old found in her the true sympathy and tenderness that ever sought to heal and not to wound.

Dr. Brown when he met her on his daily rounds, would bow most deferentially, then stop to say, "Good morning, Miss Angelina! Why, bless me, you seem to grow younger every day!" And it was something to see her blush and hear her reply, "O doctor, you know I am over sixty," though more than half pleased with the compliment. They had been boy and girl together, so the little bantering was quite understood. There were those who said, however, that the old doctor had remained a bachelor because of this same little lady, all whose youth had been given to the care of an aged father who could not part with her.

She sat for a long time on the Terrace, with a troubled expression on her usually calm face. That morning she had just made the last of her nine "First Fridays" in honor of the Sacred Heart; and, returning from mass, had found awaiting her two letters, both of which caused her much anxiety. One, indeed, was not wholly unexpected, and had been the chief intention in the novena she had just ended. This was to the effect that a foreclosure of the mortgage on her little cottage would take place if within a month she had not paid the interest which, through no fault of her own had fallen greatly in arrears. No wonder the poor soul felt troubled, for actual poverty stared her in the face. And then to make matters worse, a second letter informed her of the arrival that day of a niece whom she had never seen, and who, she had reason to think, possessed little or no means of her own.

What could be done? There was no way of letting her niece know in time the state of affairs. Her thoughts flew back to the days when she was not so entirely alone in the world—to the days when she was the loved and petted daughter of wealthy parents, and the fond sister of two sturdy brothers. Father, mother, brothers were all dead. Wealth, too, had gone. She would soon be an old woman, and before many more years had passed away would be at rest. She sighed and gazed sadly out over the beautiful river. Her favorite brother, Hugh, had settled in California, and at his death left a widow, and a little girl scarcely more than an infant. Miss Angelina had written asking them to come to her; but the reply plainly showed that her sister-in-law desired no help from her husband's relatives; and, as she soon made a second marriage the correspondence gradually ceased.

The letter received this morning was the first Miss Tavernier had had for many years. It was from her orphan niece, and merely said that her mother, who had recently died, had expressed a wish that she should seek her aunt as soon as possible. The date of the letter made it evident that she could be expected at Quebec that very day. A few lines written by her sister-in-law were enclosed; they expressed the hope that her child might find in her aunt the friend she needed in her loneliness and poverty. It was this last word so perplexed Miss Angelina, for she had always thought her brother and his family to be well off. "I could have helped them years ago, and she refused. Now she asks the aid I am unable to give because of my poverty." To the gentle soul of this little woman hard and bitter thoughts were alien. She did not encourage them now. "After all, she is welcome to what I have, poor child, and the good God will surely provide."

Here the town clock at the Parliament building reminded her that it was almost noon; so she hastened to her little cottage in the Rue Ste. Ursule, where Marie, her faithful maid, was anxiously looking out for her, with a telegram. It only confirmed the news of her niece's arrival; that the train was due at half past one; and by the time Miss Angelina had eaten her very simple dinner, she had but a few minutes in which to go down Palace street to the depot of the Canadian Pacific. The train was late however and she had half an hour's anxious wait before it arrived.

When most of the passengers had been met and taken their departure, she half timidly went forward in search of her niece, and came face to face with a young girl, who appeared to be looking out for some one. A very stately maiden, indeed, with large gray eyes and a mass of hair that framed a not very attractive face. Miss Angelina's heart sank. How she hoped this girl would prove no relative of hers! The young lady was claimed by a fashionably dressed woman, evidently her mother, and the two departed in a carriage that had been waiting for them outside.

Miss Angelina felt relieved, but where was her niece? She was on the point of going home when a laughing voice was heard behind her, "Just wait a moment! I think this is my aunt." And before she could turn to look at the speaker, she was taken possession of by a mischievous looking girl of nineteen. "I am sure you must be Aunt Angelina. I am Chrissie all the way from California, as they say." There was something very winsome about this little creature, with her sweet voice and laughing eyes, and Miss Angelina took her to heart at once.

"I am very glad to see you Christina," she began; but she was interrupted.

"O, auntie, don't call me anything but Chrissie! Christina is so awfully formal; it reminds me of mother when I had been naughty. But here are the luggage and the cab."

They soon reached Rose Cottage, where Marie welcomed them at the door. Chrissie was charmed with all she had seen on her way; and as for Quebec, it held much that was novel to her youthful eyes. Her aunt shared in her enthusiasm, and put aside, for a time at least, the worry she had at her heart. Marie, wholly devoted to her mistress, was glad to see a young lady whom only to look at was to love, and serve a pleasure, and felt sure better days had dawned for Rose Cottage.

After a short rest Chrissie came down to tea looking very sweet and dainty in her simple robe of white crepe de Chine, with black ribbons, but unwittingly caused her aunt a pang as to the probable cost. "How will the child accustom herself to my simple life!" she wondered. But she said nothing, though the half sigh did not escape Chrissie's attention.

"Auntie has something to worry her. What can it be?"

They were soon however, chatting over the incidents of the journey, and Chrissie told her aunt how she had known her by her photograph she had given her father years ago, and which she had now in her possession. The conversation drifted into religious matters and she said:

"You know, auntie I am not a Catholic—at least I have not been brought up as one, and it was only a short time before my mothers death that I knew I had been baptized, as a baby by a priest. Poor mother was always a Protestant, but when she was dying she regretted having kept this fact from me, and toward the last said: 'Go to your Aunt Angelina, child, when I am gone she would have taken you years ago, but I refused the help she offered then. When you are alone in the world, she will surely be a friend to you.' And so, auntie, as soon as I could do so I came; and I mean to stay with you always if you will have me. You will tell me about the faith that I have never known."

"Your father wrote to me dear, that you had been baptized and that he wished you to be a Catholic; but your mother would not let you come to me, and of course I could do nothing but pray; and this, you may be sure, dear, I have done all these years. And," added her aunt, "gladly I will help you, dear one, in the way you wish; though I fear you will find it dull with an old woman, and one who is unable to offer you any of the luxuries to which you have been accustomed."

"We were very rich once, auntie," Chrissie rejoined, "but it seems a very long while ago. My stepfather speculated rashly, and for months before my mother died we had many privations to bear; and when my good fortune came she was too ill to be told. But are you very poor, auntie?" the girl questioned naively.

"Yes, dear, very," was Miss Angelina's reply.

But to her surprise, Chrissie threw herself on her knees before her, and, half laughing, half crying, exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad! I am so glad!"

"Glad!" Miss Angelina said in consternation.

"Not glad because you are poor, but because I am rich." And, less incoherently: "You know, auntie, papa had many shares in a silver mine in Denver, Colorado, and these have lately proved very valuable. I did not know this until after mother's death, and was rather sorry to learn that I am once more a rich woman; for I had looked forward to earning my own living. But now that I have some one to share it with me, I am truly glad. So now, dear auntie, your money cares are gone forever."

The novena had not been been made in vain, and Miss Angelina thanked God who had mercifully come to her aid. The Sacred Heart had given her much more than she had asked: for had it not bestowed on her the love and care of this generous girl, and given to her lonely life an interest that hitherto it had not known?

Angelina's life more than her words, prepared the way for her niece's reception into the Church. It was impossible to live with such a woman and not be convinced that her charity and self sacrifice had for its source the divine charity of the Sacred Heart, and that, like her Master, she lived only for others. Chrissie saw and understood. She had already been baptized, and the day on which she made her First Communion was among the happiest days in her aunt's life.

Miss Angelina did not live many years after her niece's conversion. Her death like her life, was a holy one; and the happiness of that death was increased, no doubt, by the secret Christina confided to her—"the secret of the King."

In the old Ursuline convent at Quebec Sister Marie Angelina of the Sacred Heart still lives. Her name in religion describes the devotion of her life. God had given much to her, and she had rejoiced to give her all. In her cloister home she has a happiness of which the world knows little. She does not forget, however, that devoted soul to whom, under God, she owes it all, and who is still spoken of by those who knew her as "Miss Angelina."—The Ave Maria.

Third Week At The Summer School.

With the influx of mid-July guests on Friday and Saturday of last week, the Catholic Summer School, recovering from the late heat-wave, began to hum and buzz? in a way that has enticed the gravest and most sedentary from his place on the porch, while hundreds trudge along the links or play at tennis and baseball. The canoeing, launching and rowing are making the old lake merry with song and laughter. The swimming is exceptionally fine, the beach having been put in splendid condition, and Mr. Quinn's vigilance is taxed to keep the boys of the camp from spending more than the stipulated time in the water.

The high mass on Sunday at the chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, was sung by Rev. Martin H. Scanlon, of New York. The sermon was delivered by Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. H. Wall, D. D., pastor of St. Charles Borromeo church, New York City, on the gospel of the day:

The family gathering Sunday evening took the form of a reception to Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, V. G., pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, and a former president of the Summer School, and Rev. P. H. Halpin, Ph.D., who was for many years a trustee of the Summer School being one of the charter members of the Board. On the evening's program were the vocalists Miss Lina D. Kuhn, Miss Malumphy and the Musical Trio the Misses Carr and Master Carr. Hon. P.P. Cunnion presided and Rev. D. J. Hickey, president, also spoke.

Saturday evening's theatrical performance, the first of the season was the most successful affair of the kind that Cliff Haven had known. Two one-act comedies "My Father's Will" and "The Best Man" were artistically rendered by Miss Montgomery of Syracuse, Miss Barry of Julia Marlowe's Co., Mr. Harry Sleight and George Lind of New York, and Frank Walsh of Philadelphia.

Rev. P. A. Halpin, Ph. D., of the College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, N. Y., gave the five morning lectures of the week on "Christian Ethics". On Monday and Tuesday evenings Miss Nina D. Kuhn rendered two splendid vocal recitals, and on Thursday and Friday evenings Mrs. Letitia M. Wrenshall, president of the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore and founder of the Edgar Allen Poe Memorial Association, spoke on Edgar Allan Poe and Sidney Lanier.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Conlon of Rochester are guests at the Rochester cottage.

K. of C. Convention Program Announced.

The program of the national convention of the Knights of Columbus at Detroit, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1, 2 and 3 has been announced as follows:

Tuesday—Mass at Holy Rosary church, 9.30; reception and registration of guests at Columbus Club House, Woodward and Forest avenues; banquet at Hotel Cadillac to delegates, 8.00 p. m. minstrel show, club house auditorium, for visiting Knights of Columbus.

Wednesday—Boat ride on Steamer "Britania" from 9.00 to 12.30 a. m.; ball at Knights of Columbus auditorium, 8.00 p. m.

Thursday—Automobile ride about city and parks for all guests, 2.30 p.m., and concert at Belle Isle Park; moonlight sail on Steamer "Columbia," 8.00 p.m.

Catholic Women's Auxiliary

The Rev. Edw. L. Roe, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Catholic Church Extension Society has been appointed General Director of the Catholic Women's Auxiliary, and his efforts in the direction have met with splendid success, for the Catholic women of the country are responding to the call to action for the salvation of millions of Catholic children in a most encouraging manner.

Protestant Missionary Societies have long relied upon their women auxiliaries as their chief support. These auxiliaries have carried on tremendously successful work for both home and foreign mission societies and have spent millions of dollars to propagate their religion. It is well known that much of the money is being spent in the proselytizing of Catholic children.

It has long been the desire of The Catholic Church Extension Society to likewise interest the Catholic women of the country in a similar effort to save Catholic children, who are the natural prey for the various denominations working in the South and Southwest, especially. Having unlimited means with which to draw the sinews of war their efforts have met with remarkable success in territory where the people are often suffering from the want of the bare necessities of life.

The first branch organized in the new Auxiliary was established by the manager of the Women's Department of one of the leading banks of Chicago. It was this young lady's laudable desire to be the founder of the first branch of this Auxiliary, and when she received Father Roe's letter, asking her co-operation, she immediately marshalled the Catholic young ladies of the bank into line, and formed Branch Number One of the Catholic Women's Auxiliary. Since the enrollment of this Branch many others have followed, and it is the earnest hope of the officers of the Society that this Women's Auxiliary will, in time, prove one of its most effective subsidiaries in the furtherance of the cause, the nucleus of which is the salvation of souls.

National Convention of Federation of Catholic Societies To Be Held In Columbus, Ohio, August 20th-23rd.

One of the greatest conventions ever held in Columbus under Catholic auspices will be the national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies which will be held in the city of Columbus, Ohio, August 20th—23rd.

It will be attended by many prominent members of the Catholic hierarchy and drawn from thousands of Catholic laymen from every State in the Union.

Word has just been received by State President James J. Cosgrove of the Catholic Columbian League, who is in charge of the arrangements for public meetings that Dr. John J. Walsh, Dean of Fordham University Medical School, will be one of the speakers at the meeting on Sunday evening, August 20th.

Dr. Walsh is the author of the most talked of work of recent years, "The Thirteenth Century of Centuries." Other books by him are Makers of Modern Life, The Popes and Science, Education, How Old the New Catholic Churchman in Science, of a Hist address on "The Church and Science" on August 20th will be one of the intellectual events of the year. Admission is free.

News From Ireland

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