

# The Catholic Journal

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Rochester, N. Y., Friday Oct. 28, 1911.

## Judge Donahoe's Return.

(Concluded)

Such were the two visions evoked by the red book in his hand for the rich and powerful Judge—the adventurer who had jet-tisoned more than a mere letter of his name in five-and-twenty years of toil beyond the seas—years holding no thought of home or of her and yielding no message of his whereabouts. He got up and replaced the book, while the pale rays of a weeping dawn filtered in through the windows.

Surely some influence was at work on this egotist. He sank upon a couch and plunged his head in his hands. Long he remained thus, rocking slightly to and fro. It was as though a light more cold and searching than that of the newborn day, were piercing the worldly brain and heart. The retrospect, which overnight had been tinged in all rosy hues of complacency, now looked dreary, gray, iniquitous. He had gained the world. Had he lost his soul? Would all the sil-

very speeches of the great ones of this earth talk down the stern-er voice within, now heard—full strange as it may sound to those who know not the venom of transmigration—for the first time since his flight? He would arise and go to his mother. That was the one thing to be done, if he would not suffer remorse to unman him altogether—to undermine even his iron strength of mind and body. He would go to his mother and crave her forgiveness.

Judge Donahoe shivered as he entered his bedroom, not to lie down, but to pack. The courts had risen. He could hit him home, then, as fast as rail and steamer would allow. The wifely silence so malignantly entertained should at length be broken; he would repent, he would essay to make reparation. But how? No matter, so he could scourge himself severely, as she had never done, and thus show at least the will to atone.

The journey was swift. In ten short days the Judge stood upon the platform of the little station nearest what he had once called—home. In every movement a personage of distinction, Judge Donahoe was civilly accosted by the station-master and guided to the only hotel in the place. The good man in uniform might have spared him pains. The Judge remembered the building with grim fidelity. Put up in his last term at college, it was ready for the slater the morning he fled.

He ate some food and set out on his pilgrimage, his heart a prey to torturing fears. The man of the house made offer to show him the district. The Judge replied he thought he could trust himself.

Every yard, every inch of the way was more familiar to him than Fifth avenue. He walked through the winding street and turned up the bohemian like a man in a daylight dream, yet with sure, unerring instinct. And no man knew him; no, nor woman either. No one could read in the man's chiseled features, the slack lineaments of the listless boy of old.

At length he confronted the well-known door. It was closed and the latch did not yield to the pressure of his hand. He knocked.

Hollow echoes in deserted rooms were the only reply to his summons. "Fear is on me," he said, in the language she had taught him. He gazed earnestly at the windows. The blinds were drawn. There were no signs of abandonment or decay. But a certain desolateness hung over the once busy homestead.

With sinking heart John Donahoe went round to the back of the holding and entered the haggard by the family gap. Here again there was rather an atmosphere of lifelessness than evidence of long neglect. Forcing himself to hope and unwilling to ask questions of any party, the Judge left the place

and made his way to the house of the parish priest.

The pastor was none other than he who had fed the flock in the Judge's boyhood—an aged man now, even bowed with the weight of years. He received the imperious-looking stranger politely and asked in what way he might be of service to him. The truncated name on the card had no memories for Father Hugh Den-

The Judge came to the point directly. Could his reverence give him news of the Widow Donahoe—or rather O'Donahoe—for so many years a resident of the parish.

The priest picked up the visitor's card again and read it less indifferently.

"She died ten days ago," he replied, rather coldly.

"Merciful, heaven!" cried the Judge. "How many days ago? How many—pray repeat."

"Honora O'Donahoe, poor soul," said the priest, "died on last Tuesday week, which is ten days since, if you count." And there was fire as well as light in Father Hugh's old eyes, as he looked at the man now sitting in sorrow before him.

"Ten . . . days," said the stricken Judge. "And—on a Tuesday. . . She died the day I made up my mind to return. . . Poor mother!"

"O Patrick!" cried the priest. "I dare use the name, for 'twas I who baptized you by it. And 'twas I who was privileged to console the last hours of your holy mother's self-sacrificing life. Her dying words were a passionate prayer for you, Patrick, she was always praying for you, the poor helpless, wandering dreamer, as she thought, in the great land where I see—by this in my hand now—you have been a rising and successful lawyer."

The pain of the blows was welcome to the Judge. He bore them unflinchingly and in silence. Indeed, both the priest and he remained mute for some moments, till Father Denvir resumed in a gentler tone:

"The world, Judge, would say you have repented too late. Ah, the world, the world—the world we serve too well! The world is always wrong. No repentance comes too late in God's eyes. Yet Patrick, the human pity of it all! Why she had the awful years of your absence down in her prayer book as time went on to the very months and weeks and days—so many of each. You shall see for yourself, for you now own all that was hers. I am the sole executor of her simple will. She leaves everything to you, and failing you—to the monks of Mount Mellera, for Masses for your soul."

The Judge's lip quivered.

"Ah, Judge, ah, Patrick avic!" said the tender-hearted old man, "the pathos of all was that her heart ever blamed itself for your running away. She never blamed you. She pictured you in poverty in distress, in fever, crying aloud to her from some bed of pain in the wilderness. Always a dreamer, a dreamer," she would say to me. "Wisha, Father, the poor man in a daylight dream, yet with sure, unerring instinct. And no man knew him; no, nor woman either. No one could read in the man's chiseled features, the slack lineaments of the listless boy of old. You see, Judge, she was so simple to realize what men of your years, and still more of mine, know so well. I mean the strange law by which it is the unimagined, the unimagined, the only true idle dreamers. They dream and dream dull dreams and nothing ever comes to them. What passes for imagination with them lacks true imagination's power of growing the actual out of the ideal. The dreams of matter-of-fact people are never notions of effort, to ambition, as with men of your stamp."

Judge Donahoe smiled sadly. "What is left of my imagination, Father?" he said, "now reels before the burden I must lift. God send I may bear it to the end! Pray advise me. Besides going to my religious duties from this forth, how best can I make atonement?"

Father Denvir made as though to reply, but paused with down-cast eyes and moving lips for the



Cardinal Gibbons surrounded by Archbishops and Bishops immediately after the jubilee dinner given in his Eminence's honor, at St. Mary's Seminary.

## News From Ireland

**London.**  
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As the result of a splendid sermon delivered by Most Rev. Dr. T. Hill of Down and Connor on Sept. 10, the debt remaining on the new church at Killoe has been cleared.

**News.**  
Miss Sarah Foy, one of the head nurses in the Ballinacree Asylum, has been allowed the full superannuation on her retirement.

**Kerry.**  
Listowel Guardians have decided to add ten years to Dr. P. T. Dillon's service as medical officer of Tarbert, who was recently compelled to resign owing to ill health.

**Kilkenny.**  
Died.—Sept. 10, Michael P. Phelan, Thomastown. Sept. 12, Mrs. Anastasia Comerford, Bullock Hill.

**News.**  
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The Howard Trained Bear act will undoubtedly be a drawing card to the women and children next week at the Victoria, also the Alpha Sextette, who will give a repertoire of selections from the light opera, Billy Falls, the Rochester boy, will appear in his original conception; Scintilla, the petite violinist, will appear in a high class musical act; Charles Van Lear and Sam Rome will offer a burlesque on magic; and Howell and Webster the gabby messengers and the silent actors will be presented thrice daily at popular prices.

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