

The Catholic Journal.

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In a Sheltered Cove

The clock in the faintly lighted church tower proclaimed it to be about five, and a chill breeze came in from the water.

The first signs of dawn were showing uncertainly in the sky towards the east. The wan rays of the dimly burning street lamps seemed to intensify the gray drizzle and wet pavement of the quayside, where the fishermen moved about in flapping oilskins and sou'westers.

The surrounding buildings were plunged in complete darkness, save where a glimpse of light showed in an upper window of an obscure house. Presently the door of this house was opened cautiously, and a tall gaunt fisherman came out and joined the others by the boats.

"Hello, Quilliam! We were nearly gone without ye!" chaffed one sailor laughingly.

"Aw, yis, 'twas a close squeak indeed," said another. And then he added, noticing Quilliam's grave irresponsive countenance, "How's the lil' wan this mornin'?"

Quilliam indicated the square of light in the window at the other side of the quay with a jerk of his pipe.

"Middlin' bad, I'm thinkin'," he remarked briefly.

"Aw dear, bless me sowl!" returned the others sympathetically.

Then came a call for all hands aboard and each seafarer sought his own vessel. The mist took off with the dawn and the ebb of the tide, and long before Cornea had faded into vague distance, the gorgeous ruddy sunrise was a noble feast of color. But the men shook their heads and fore-cast "dirty weather."

At first the fleet of nobbles kept well together, but gradually the brown sails crept apart till they were dotted far and near in the morning light on the blue verge of the ocean.

"Why don't ye put yer lil' wan in an hospital, Quilliam? No doubt 'tis proper nursing she wants. Not that I'm saying anything against yer missus, but she can't look after the lil' wan lek them trained nurses do!" said Kinnish when the nets were let down.

"Is it put me only chil' in a free hospital I would? Where them doctors would use her, a poor man's chil' as couldn't pay nothin' to experiment on! God give ye sense, Kinnish, 'tis easily seen yo navar had wife or chil' of yer own!" Qualthrough spoke feelingly.

"But the lil' wan will die if she hev'n't proper nursin'!" retorted Kinnish. "Besides, is it my fault I'm not married. If Bessie Gorry would only give me an answer, we'd be spliced."

"My missus was sayin' herself this mornin' how fine it would be if we could get enough money to hev the lil' wan as a payin' patient in the hospital. I'm a middlin' proud man meself, for one of the nuns from the convent came to see the missus, offerin' terms. But I'm bitter agen the Catholics, and will accept none of their charity!" said Quilliam warmly.

"But yer missus is a Catholic, ain't she? Ain't the lil' wan been reared up a Catholic, too?"

"That's as it may be, but I'm not takin' their charity, that's certain!" replied Qualthrough stubbornly.

"Well, I'm a Catholic, an' I don't see what we ever done to ye. Why did ye marry a Catholic girl, in a Catholic church, if ye were that bitter?" asked Kinnish not unnaturally amazed at the other's inconsistency.

"I married her because I cared for her, that's the why I married her! I don't want to get her into a row with her Church, so we was married by one of yer priests," returned Qualthrough, puffing at his pipe. "Not that the Catholics ever did anything to me though. But me gran' father was an Orangeman, an' he had to leave Ireland, because the Papists were dead agen him."

"Aw, I remember hearin' me own father tell about yer gran' father. Terrible man for sheep stealin'—" began the oldest man on board.

"So it weren't the Catholic's that drove him out, but his own villany!" chimed in another.

"Aw, what's the use of rakin' up these ould stories agen a man's relations, anyway?" demanded Qualthrough, aggrievedly.

"And isn't it yerself drew up about yer gran' father first? Because yer gran' father bein' the ould sheepstealer he was, you must needs refuse Catholic kindness, to save yer child's life!" cried Kinnish.

"That's it, turn everything agen a fella! You'll be makin' out nex that I'm wantin, the chil' dead, an her mother's heart broke," declared Qualthrough in a sudden access of despair and anger.

"Stop talkin' an' lend a hand wid the net," sang out the skipper from the helm of the boat.

All day the boats fished about, catching but few fish indeed. The shadows lengthened, and the sun set in purple glory behind stormy banks of piled up gray cloud.

As the wind was dead against them it would take long hours to reach land, and as the catches had been so very slight, they decided to remain out at sea.

The night set in wild, with here and there a timid twinkling star in the sky. It became so rough that the nets were drawn up and all fishing was kept the boat close to the wind and abandoned. The seamen strove to all sail was shortened.

"We're off Rowth Point, boys, I'm thinkin'," said Callow. "We'll hev to be mighty careful of them there rocks about here. There is a little beach where we could shelter till daylight, under the Convent of Stella Maria. I used to know these parts well when I was a lump of a lad. Look at them lights above, they are the convent windows!"

It was decided, after some debate, that the course suggested by Callow would after all be safest. Accordingly with their united skill they brought the craft into the shelter of the cove.

The boat was made secure and the men found a dry cave, where they were at least safe from the fury of the gale. Above them, high and sheer rose the bold face of the cliff on which perilously near the edge, the convent was built. It well merited the title, Stella Maria, star of the sea, for its light served to guide many a bark over the waves.

"Catholic nuns livin' up there, I suppose?" asked Qualthrough, poking his pipe with his finger.

"Let's hev them! Though seein' 'twas the nuns' lamps brought us to safety, it ain't very grateful in ye," cried Kinnish.

"Well a fella was tellin' me as how they were often walkin' up the young gells, as didn't want to be nuns, an' were keepin' their fortunes," said Qualthrough.

"An' the nex' yern the fella was tellin' ye?" queried Kinnish scoffingly.

"Mind, I'm not sayin' I believe it, but it do seem queer, as fine goodlookin' young women is content to live in convents, an' teach children, an' navar get out nor get any pay," continued Qualthrough.

"An' was the fella tellin' you that they found dead corpses walled up?" asked Kinnish.

"That's what he were sayin'. Navar saw one himself, or knew any one that did, av course, but I still—"

Here Qualthrough was interrupted by the skipper striking in with a remark about the tide, and so the subject was changed.

Through the long, wild nights the cheerful gleam of one rudd' light in the convent chapel above cheered the men with its suggestion of companionship. To some of them it had a deeper significance, but to all it was comforting.

The pipes went out one by one, the conversation ceased, and his comrades fell into slumber. Qualthrough alone, his heart breaking with anxiety about his child, remained awake.

Gradually the wan dawn crept in. Qualthrough rose stiffly from his sandy couch, unrefreshed and anxious. He had resolved to take the nun's kind offer, and have the child taken to the hospital. The thought of possible future dangers at sea with the vision of a heart-broken wife in a desolate home rose before him. Yes, better accept the Papist's charity than let that "lil' wan" die.

Qualthrough strolled about the shingly beach to warm himself and to see to what sort of a place they had come.

"Seems to have been a lan' slip here las' night. Big boulder to get loose; with the noise of the winds an' the wather. But my grayshurs! What's this?" He leaned forward and drew a bleached bone from under the fallen rock.

"A human bone, I'm thinkin'!" he ejaculated, his face paling and hardening. "Under a convent, too." Waking up the others he told them of his discovery, bringing them to the spot.

"What did I tell ye!" he cried excitedly. "Some poor young gall, wid yalla hair, murdered and killed for her money by the Papists!"

"The young gall must hev had a mighty long leg! This looks like a leg bone, and it is longer than me own, an' I'm not a lil' fella neither," replied Kinnish, holding up a long, straight bone.

"Yes, she must hev been very big, and my grayshurs, what a lot of bones!" said Callow, examining several at his feet.

"Don't see her head about anywhere," said the skipper, speculatively.

"That was cut off before they killed her!" said Qualthrough, getting rather confused in his relief at finding something to justify his prejudice against the Catholics.

"I believe it is the remains of Godred Croven or Reginald or some of them Scandinavian fellas that came over to take the island long ago. But they're very big bones, even for men," said Kinnish.

Qualthrough set his face, and turned away disdainfully at the idea. The notion of the fair-haired damsel done to death was too alluring to be easily abandoned.

"Tell ye what, men," said the skipper, "jes you leave them bones alone till we get the police. Ye don't want us all hung fer murder, do ye?"

The possibility of such a climax came forcibly before their minds. They abandoned trivial bickerings and worked together for the common good.

Ascent by way of the cliff was impossible. The little beach where the fisherman took shelter could be reached only with much difficulty from the land, as the descent of the cliff was steep and dangerous.

They shoved off the boat and with the ebb tide ran before the breeze to the nearest town. There they laid the matter before the police. A search party was at once organized and proceeded to the place.

The bones were removed and a medical examination was made, with the result that the remains were found to be those of an Irish monk.

The remains of an Irish elk are not often found in Mannin, but the bones of two of the species have been discovered within the last twenty years in the Isle of Man. Their presence on the island gives rise to much controversy. An antiquarian purchased the bones from the crew for a tidy sum.

They were thinking of returning to Cornea, when a complication arose. Someone suggested that as the elk had been found on the convent land the nuns were entitled to any money it might fetch.

Accordingly, a deputation, consisting of the authorities of the place, and our four sailors, waited on the Lady Abbess. Qualthrough as he stood in the simple, spotless rooms, twisting his cap uneasily, learned many things. During the interview with the pleasant motherly Abbess, the story of last night's adventures and Qualthrough's sick child were revealed.

After due consideration of the men's position and trials, the Lady Abbess decided that they were entitled to the reward. Qualthrough was very quiet on the homeward sail. At last he spoke.

"I was a fool about them bones. I take back what I said about the Catholics. That Mother Abbess is a rare lady!"

"You'll be able to pay for the lil' wan now," Carlow reminded him.

"An' I'll get me missus a proper rig out," said Skipper.

"An' I'll take me lil' tulla up to Douglas an' show him life," said Callow.

"An' I'll make Bessie Gorry give me an answer, an' we'll be spliced directly," said Kinnish.

There was a long silence, broken only by the flap of the sails, and swish of the water.

"After all, we owe our luck to the Catholics," said the skipper.

"You—you won't tell the fella about the yella haired gall, will ye?" asked Qualthrough, anxiously.

There was a loud laugh.

"Well, I'll hev to turn Papist meself, or I'll navar hear the end of it," he said sheepishly. "What will I do at all, if the lil' wan is dead when I go back?" he added gloomily.

"Navar you fear she'll live to be a nun yet," said Kinnish.

And Kinnish was a prophet.—Madeline Nugent in the Magnificat.

News From Ireland

Clare.
John Enright has resigned his position as clerk of the Clare Assizes after a service of close on thirty years. He has been allowed a pension of £146 per year.

The Macroom Urban Council has adopted a resolution protesting against the exclusion of Canon O'Leary's works from the Irish program for matriculation in the National University for 1912.

R. Hennessy, J. P., chairman, Queenstown Urban Council, presided at a meeting of the friends of Dr. R. H. Townsend, West-borone place, when that gentleman was presented with a purse of sovereigns as a mark of esteem on his retirement from Queenstown General Hospital.

Miss Kathleen McArdle, elder daughter of Surgeon McArdle, Merrion Square, Dublin, was on the 21st of November received into the Carmelite Convent, Loughrea, Galway, her father and members of her family being present.

Fermagh.
A vacancy for medical officer occurring in the Churchill, Fermagh district, at a recent meeting of the Guardians it was unanimously resolved to place the district in charge of Dr. George Kelly, of Belleek, whose district adjoins Churchill.

Galway.
John P. Fogarty, porter in the old Galway Union Hospital, has been appointed to a similar position in the fever hospital.

The Pope on Nov. 21 received in private audience the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Galway. His Holiness expressed much pleasure at the report submitted by the Bishop regarding ecclesiastical conditions in Galway diocese.

Kerry.
Jeremiah Broderick, for many years porter of Tralee Union, has resigned his position.

Oswald Tough, Denny street, Tralee, has been appointed town surveyor of Tralee.

Denis J. O'Connor, Brosna, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county. **Kilbenny.**

Dr. O'Connell Sullivan, who applied from Brotton, Yorkshire, was unanimously elected to the Dysertmoon, South Kilkenny dispensary district at a salary of £105 a year by the New Ross Board of Guardians. There was no other applicant.



YOUNG YEAR! OLD YEAR!

Sligo.
Negotiations for the sale of the Ross estate are in operation which it is hoped will be successfully carried through without delay.

Limerick.
A member of an old and respected family passed to his reward in the person of Owen Kelly Corbett, which took place on Friday, Nov. 17, after a brief illness at the comparatively early age of 35.

Longford.
At the Board of Guardians on November 18 the tender of P. Kelly, Earl street, at £2,700 for rebuilding the workhouse was accepted.

Limerick.
On Nov. 18, Miss Margaret Josephine Hickey, daughter of the late David Hickey, of Coolishal House, Ballyaimon, was received the Convent of St. Louis, Killmogh, Co. Mayo.

Tipperary.
The death took place on Nov. 19 of Mrs. Honora Fitzgerald, Erighduff, a sister of Bishop Scanlan of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Waterford.
Died—Recently, Miss Marie Moore, Daisy Terrace, Waterford.—November 1, Henry Grainner, Waterford.

Catholic News Notes

Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer has appointed the Rev. Bishop Koudel, pastor of St. Peter and Paul's Church, Milwaukee. The Bishop succeeds the Rev. J. A. Hellweger, who died a few weeks ago. The congregation will build a new residence, at a cost of \$10,000.

The Archbishop of New Orleans has made the Very Rev. Canon Peter Scotti, rector of the Cathedral, he succeeds as such, the recently consecrated Bishop J. M. Laval, who, as Auxiliary Bishop, has been assigned the rectorship of St. Vincente Paul's in New Orleans.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has built, through its New York office alone, last year, about five chapels costing from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars each in remote mission lands.

Mr. Ryan.
The Dubuque, Iowa, man, who is breaking his fast, is serious.

On The...
Tokyo, O., gave the Good Shepherd...

There will be...
at the Temple... Cliff Gordon, Tom... (Hogan), Toos Paka, The... Princess; Braden... most beautiful... ever brought to... Greater Vanderbilts, Harry... Ford, James boy... el's Mannikina, the child... joy; Lane & O'Donnell, the... bleburg, Clement & Dan... ers and dancers & P... ly showing current events of... world at large.

Don't forget the...
complimentary dance on... Tuesday evening, Jan. 2... A. O. H., hall 108 West Main... You are invited to come... bring your friends. A good... and a Happy New Year... pass word.

Neglect Causes Trouble...
This is especially true of... eyes. If your eyes ache... vision is defective, or your... are not right, neglect... lead to more serious trouble... Briggs Optical Co., 217-223... cantile Bldg., will thoroughly... examine your eyes and supply... exactly the glasses they need... at a price which suits the... earner's pocket book.

Resolutions.
At a regular meeting of... G. M. B. A. the following resolutions... adopted:
Whereas it has pleased Our Heavenly Father in His Infinite Wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy brother, Patrick Hennessy, be it resolved, that we sincerely sympathize with the family of our brother in their severe affliction, and trust they will be enabled with a Christian resignation to bear their loss, which as all-wise Providence has indicated upon them.

Resolved, that as a mark of respect to his family, that these resolutions be published in the Catholic Journal, and a copy thereof be sent to the said family.

C. H. Conway, Secy.