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The Forty Sovereigns

Annie Merton came in tired and cold from her daily work of giving music lessons, and descended the stairs that led to her rooms in Maycourt street, Baywater, London. She wondered if the good-natured, but over-worked Irish servant would have kindled a fire. If so, she would sit over it the entire evening and read the book she had taken from the library.

Yes, a bright fire burned merrily in the diminutive grate, a gypsy table was laid for tea, and a pair of comfortable slippers reposed in the fender. Nora had not forgotten! Half of Annie's weariness melted away. What a wonderful amount of cheerfulness and restfulness there is in a fire! Then came the sound of Nora's patient feet ascending the stairs. Annie's face brightened as the girl came in bearing a tray.

"How good of you, Nora, to light the fire!" Annie said with the look and smile that had won Nora's heart. Annie held out her chill cold hands to the blaze. "A fire on such a day is perfectly delightful. I shall toast myself over it and read Father Benson's latest book."

Nora laid down the tray without speaking. Then she said:

"Mrs. Murphy was here inquiring for you about an hour ago. She looked if she was in trouble. She said she would come back about five."

"Mrs. Murphy in trouble!" Annie said. "You know she was our cook before she married, Nora. I wonder what is amiss. Alice is married and doing well in America, and her only son, Ned, is in a very good situation in London."

Nora shook her head. The worries of parents with their children always comfortably confirmed her in her own state of spinsterhood.

"Children are great trials, old or young," she remarked.

"Oh, perhaps Mrs. Murphy only wishes to have a letter written to Alice," Annie said. "Send her up when she comes."

Annie had finished her tea and was enjoying her cushioned basket chair and the warmth of the fire when Mrs. Murphy appeared. It was quite by accident that the girl and her former nurse had encountered each other in London. Pat Murphy had died of consumption some years after his marriage to Bridget Hagan, and Bridget had turned to letting apartments as a means of living. In the old days, before Annie Merton's father had taken to dealing in stocks and shares, Bridget had received a good domestic training. She could accomplish wonders in the kitchen. She was also perfectly honest and warm hearted, and possessed those particular virtues which make a landlady a success.

Just before five she came. She was a small woman with an abundance of ruddy brown hair that refused to turn gray and a face like a wrinkled winter apple. She burst into tears as Annie drew forward a chair to the fire and proceeded to make a cup of tea.

"I couldn't swallow a drop of tea," Mrs. Murphy protested. "Sure 'tis broken hearted I am entirely."

"Of course you can drink the tea," Annie said firmly. "An hour ago I thought I hated tea and yet I have taken two cupsful and I feel better for it. No, I won't listen to your story till you drink the tea, Bridget."

Mrs. Murphy drained the cup. "Oh, Miss Annie, time brings changes! Little did I think to see you in a place like this and earning your own living! Oh, oh, but we were the happy ones at Brookfield—and didn't know it!"

"Have you heard from Alice?" Annie asked, though she knew from experience that Mrs. Murphy would only tell her tale in her own particular fashion.

"Oh, Alice is all right with her husband and child. Sure what trouble can a child of three give Alice? 'Tis later the trouble comes."

"Then it is Ned?" Annie said interrogatively.

"And we so proud of him," Mrs. Murphy admitted. "Maybe, God knows, too proud. Sure he took in the learning like anything, and got the situation in the bank by his own cleverness entirely."

"I know," Annie had often heard how Ned Murphy had obtained the position of clerk in Marchant's Bank at a competitive examination.

"And now," Mrs. Murphy threw out her hands wistfully, "he's a thief, a common thief!"

"Nonsense," Annie remarked. "But he is," Mrs. Murphy produced a handful of sovereigns from her pocket. "Look! I found them in his drawer!"

"Perhaps Ned had been saving up. Perhaps he is thinking of marriage."

"That's it," Mrs. Murphy asserted emphatically. "That's it. Sure he must go and see Miss Katie Early every night. And the boxes of chocolates he buys and the time he takes dressing! If used to be able to iron his collars and cuffs but now they must go to the laundry if you please."

"But why do you think Ned stole the money?"

"Didn't I hear him and young Nolan, that's another clerk in the bank, talking last night?" Mrs. Murphy was definite at length. "There was a deficiency of forty pounds yesterday," she proceeded in a whisper, "and there is going to be an inquiry into the matter to-morrow. And Ned had forty sovereigns that he had no right to have. I asked him did he know anything of the missing money, and he said he did."

"I can't believe Ned took the money," Mrs. Murphy ignored the observation.

"What I want you to do, Miss Annie, is to take this money to the manager who is also the junior partner. He lives at Hamstead. See, here's the address, Oaklawn. Tell him it was the son of a poor widow that was tempted to take it because he wished to have a home and wife."

"Me!" Annie was startled into the objective.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Murphy said imploringly, "you can speak to a gentleman as he ought to be spoken to, which I can't. And any one would guess I was Ned's mother anyhow. We're just alike, the two of us."

"Oh, dear!" Annie said, "but she had long ago learned to respect Bridget's wishes and the habit was telling. Besides she wished to save Ned from the consequences of his folly or crime."

"I suppose I had better go at once," she said presently. "It's a long way to Hamstead."

"You'll take a taxi cab," Mrs. Murphy said, "and I'll pay the fare."

Annie was drawing on the coat which she had cast off on a chair, and Mrs. Murphy secured the sovereigns in a pocket handkerchief and thrust them into a hand-bag.

"Oh, God bless you, Miss Annie, God bless you!" she cried. "You have taken a load off my heart."

The junior partner of Marchant's Banking Company was descending the wide stairs of Oaklawn preparatory to entering the dining-room when there came a loud insistent ring at the door. John Probyn paused on the last step. He was a bachelor and had no relatives and his callers out of office hours were few.

"I wonder who that is," he said and then moved toward the outer door and threw it open. A lady entered unhesitatingly.

"I wish to see Mr. —," she began and stopped. She did not know the name of the junior partner. "I mean the manager of Marchant's Bank."

"Annie!" said Mr. Probyn. "Miss Merton!"

"O-h!" Annie gasped. "I did not know. I did not suppose—"

The two stood staring at each other and both thought of their last meeting. It had taken place in the hall of the country house near Brookfield in the days when

Mr. Merton was thought to be a wealthy man and Alice was looked upon as an heiress. John Probyn had ventured to remark and condemn the frequency with which Annie had danced with a certain officer, and Annie had answered that it wasn't necessary that he should approve. The two young people had parted in anger. John had soon after gone to an office in London to ruminate on the fickleness and inconsistency of woman and Annie had latter enough to occupy her. When John Probyn next visited that neighborhood, Mr. Merton was dead, his property was in the hands of his creditors, and Annie had disappeared.

"I have come," Annie said at length, "on a business matter. There has been some money missing from the bank."

"Won't you come in here?" John threw open the dining-room door absent just as a maid servant came leisurely up the kitchen steps, then retreated precipitately to inform her fellow servants that there was a lady in the dining room.

Annie produced the pocket handkerchief and the sovereigns and began to explain. Mr. Probyn interrupted.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Yes, there was a sum of money missing; but one of the clerks, Edward Murphy, gave me a hint as to the person who took them. His name was Nolan. He had been gambling a bit, but he gave Murphy the money back. Oh, it is all right. There shall be neither prosecution nor inquiry and Nolan shall stop backing horses. Murphy has the forty pounds in safe keeping."

"I'll never forgive Mrs. Murphy nor myself," Annie told herself wrathfully as she returned to Maycourt street. "What an utter idiot John Probyn must think me."

But John Probyn was at that time thinking very different things. He was counting up the number of years that had gone by since he and Annie had parted in anger; and wondering why Annie had remained unmarried. She answered that question for him a few weeks later.

"Why didn't I marry!" she said. "Oh, well; you see, John; I was in love with you.—Magdalen Rock in the Magnificat."

Hard Work in Confessional

The alarming morality among Philadelphia Catholic pastors has caused Archbishop Prendergast considerable trouble in filling the vacancies by the deaths of the priests.

It has been suggested that the confessionals are to blame to a large extent. These, in nearly all of the churches whose priests have recently died are small, dark enclosures, constructed in such a way as to afford little or no ventilation.

A prominent physician, who is a member of the Church, has taken up the subject with Archbishop Prendergast and has informed him that unless some different form of confessional is used he will soon find that more priests will be stricken.

Upon the arrival of the Archbishop from Europe, his medical adviser's suggestion will be taken up, it is said, and, in place of the closed compartment now in general use there will be placed in one section of the church a screened enclosure.

Cardinal Antonio Agliardi, Archbishop of Albano, Italy, on Sept. 6, celebrated his 86th birthday anniversary. The Cardinal received congratulations from His Holiness, Pope Pius X., the Cardinals and from numerous friends.

Cardinal Katschthaler, Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria, is organizing a movement for the establishment of a Catholic university in his cathedral city. A meeting for this purpose was held in Salzburg on September 15.

News From Ireland

Armagh.
Miss Kitson of Wakefield, was drowned while bathing on August 10, at Bushford Strand, Port Ballinrae.

Armagh.
The death took place recently of M. J. Rice, The Hotel, Poyntzpass, at the age of 29 years.

Armagh.
Married.—At St. Kevin's Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, Patrick J. Bergin, Carlow, to Kathleen Frances Conlan, Carlow.

Armagh.
Martin Curtin, a respected resident of Killaloe, died on August 21 at the age of 86 years. Deceased was the father of Rev. James Curtin of Brooklyn, Iowa.

Armagh.
The death occurred on Aug. 14 of the Very Rev. Peter Hill, P. P. V. F., Rosscarbery, at the North Infirmary, Cork.

Armagh.
Died—Recently, Mrs. Susan McGinley, Coolcholly. Recent widow, William Cassidy, Drummacooly, aged forty-five years.

Armagh.
A man named Richard Gilliland, aged fifty years, of Moneyrea, was killed by being run over by a wagon of which he was in charge near Downpatrick.

Armagh.
The town of Dunmore, which is on the Deering estate, is being inspected and appraised for the Congested Districts board with the expectation that it will shortly be sold to the occupying tenants.

Armagh.
On the 31st of August there passed away in the Presentation convent, Oranmore, in the 70th year of her age and the 48th year of her religious profession, Sister M. Magdalen Mangan, eldest daughter of Patrick Mangan, Caherlistrane, Tuam.

Armagh.
The death took place on August 14 of Michael McElligott, The Square, Listowel, at the age of 46 years.

Armagh.
Dr. James Kilbride for thirty-four years medical officer of Athy who resigned recently, has been granted a pension of £210 per year.

Armagh.
Thomas Brennan, Stradbally has been appointed master of Castlebar union.

Armagh.
Leitrim
A very interesting wedding ceremony was solemnized in the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, on August 13, when Charles Brady, merchant, was married to Mary Noonan, Limerick.

Armagh.
Dr. Thomas Hays has resigned his position as medical officer of Rathkeale dispensary district after many years service.

Armagh.
After thirty years service as assistant and surveyor for the county of Limerick, Frank Fotherby has tendered his resignation to the Limerick county council.

Armagh.
The death took place recently of Miss Mollie Kiernan, Longford.

Armagh.
Married—At Reaghstown, the sixth son of the late James Mulien, Knocklore, Ardee, to Bridget, second daughter of the late James McHugh, Arhurstown, Ardee.

Armagh.
Rev. John Morgan, B. D., died on August 10 at the Presbytery, Ballinrobe.

Armagh.
Mrs. Boylan, North road, Monaghan, has been appointed head nurse for the county.

Armagh.
The very Rev. L. J. Farrelly, P. P., Ashford, has left personal estate valued at £1,174.

Armagh.
Died.—August 11, William P. Anderson, Abbey, aged 18 years, Aug. 10, Mrs. Sarah Phair, 3 Cathedral square, Waterford.



Ceremony at Cemetery Last Year—Bishop Hickey Addressing the People

Blessing Of The Graves Bumper Crop

Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, assisted by the priests of the Rockport diocese, will on Sunday, September 24, conduct the annual ceremony of blessing the graves in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

The students of both St. Bernard's and St. Andrew's Seminary will take part in the ceremony and following the procession through the old and new parts of the cemetery, Bishop Hickey will deliver his annual sermon in front of the cemetery chapel.

Catholic Charity Conference

The Committee on Organization of the National Conference of Catholic Charities has just issued the following instructions to delegates:

All Catholics who attend the Conference will be considered delegates. It is not necessary to be delegated by a charity organization although such organizations are asked to send delegates.

Delegates are advised to ask for "delegates certificates" when purchasing tickets, as the railroad has promised a two-fifths reduction in the return rate if attendance is sufficiently large.

An information booth will be erected in Union Station where incoming delegates may, on arrival, make inquiries concerning hotels, street cars, concerning meetings, etc.

The official badge of the Conference will contain the papal colors and the American flag, together with a picture of the memorial statue to Columbus recently erected in Washington.

All meetings of the Conference both general and sectional, will take place in the University building. Delegates arriving on Sunday morning, September 22, will have an opportunity of attending the solemn opening Mass at 10 o'clock at the University. The sermon will be preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburg.

It is stated that the Sacred Heart Missionary Society of Sparta, Wis., is negotiating with the Trappists of New Melleray for their farm near Dubuque, for the purpose of opening a college for boys and establishing an agricultural department or institution.

Father Matthew Russell, S. J., editor of the Irish Monthly, has just celebrated his 78th birthday. He is still hale and active.

The German Catholic Congress called for a repeal of the law against the Jesuits. Said the President of the Congress: "Self respect demands that we take no rest and no repose until this law is repealed."

By the will of Thomas Ruddy, of Madison, Wis., who died recently, \$5,000 is bequeathed to St. Raphael's Church of that city. The same amount was left in a piece, and the rest of the estate of \$17,000 was given to two Milwaukee charitable institutions.

The new Slovak Church of St. Mary at Uniontown, Pa., has handsome two towers, topped with spires.

The Vicar-General of Chicago laid the cornerstone of a new church to be known as St. Bernard's and Bishop Rhoads laid that of St. Bonaventure church, two new churches in that city of over 200 parishes.

The Dominican convent of St. Ann, Neb., have completed a \$25,000 addition to St. Catherine's Convent.

While Father James Cahill, of Garden City, was on a visit to Father Sullivan, of Dodge, Kansas, the spire of the church was struck and destroyed, which rendered the priests unconscious and spoiled less in the adjoining rectory for some time.

The pilgrimage shrine of St. Stein built at Frank's, a distance south of Bellevue, over 40 years ago, has been destroyed by fire.

Rev. Jules Fallon, the former pastor of the French Church of St. Louis at Williamsburg, N. Y., died at the age of 78 years.