The Catholic Journal

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The Paths of Dawn

Continued from last week

This she insisted on passing around, writing vehemently to us all to know who would take some. After it was gone she wanted to know what we did with it and when we were going to give it back."

Again he laughed, sure of common standards.

"This was the time she began bragging. Say, she certainly did have energy. But the things she engaged to do, and then insisted that we all should do as much. It used to get me in a lather to hear the kid proclaiming the real life principles."

He paused. Holman's eyes fell. And the brotner knew that he was supplying the intervening stage of depression, disgruntled bitterness and irritably that preceded stolidity, and the cooling of impulsive affections.

"She was too independent. Why it simply grew on her. Well she is sufficient to herself and more capable than some men; but she has missed the best thing in life for a woman."

"Or for a man," said Holman. His eyes were not pleasant for Luke just then.

"Here she is making no use of the tablets she had—an old maid on a homestead helping Miss Dugan do altar clothes."

He had expected to draw Holman's opinion or sympathy.

"I'll think it over," said Holman shortly, lighting a cigarette as he turned to the fire.

Luke withdrew to the middle room and flung himself down huffily with a paper. Holman pondered again before the blaze. Until this humorously intended description he had held Luke's opinion of her all-sufficiency. Now he stared thoughtfully, held by a new speculation. After a time he saw that directly before his staring eyes was the missing prayer book behind a tobacco jar. He got it down. It was re-covered, thumb-worn and broken at the back. Holman knew it would fall open at certain places and he hesitated.

On the fly-leaf was written: "Souvenir of the Lazarist Mission."

The book fell open. He read: "Son I am the Lord who giveth strength in the day of tribulation. Come to Me when it is not well with thee." On the next leaf a verse was underscored:

"It is a temptation that troubles thee, and a vain fear that affrighted thee. What doth solicitude about future contingencies bring thee, but only sorrow upon sorrow. Let not thy heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. When thou thinkest I am far from thee, I am often nearest to thee."

Holman had heard of this golden book. He had not dreamed it could fit one's need so exactly. Had not his own heart known such need? He opened to the chapter, "Of the Want of all Consolation." The idea was strange to him: "But it is very much to be able to forego all consolation, both human and divine." The next gave him new wonders: "So do thou also learn to part with an intimate and beloved friend for the love of God. And take it not to heart if thou art forsaken by a friend, knowing that at last we must all be separated from one another."

The long, lonely years unrolled before him, back to the first pure love of his school days. And again the marked words rose before his dimmed eyes: "Take it not to heart if thou art forsaken by a friend."

A fierce slapping of wet boughs against the pane aroused him. He had not noticed the sudden rise of the storm. Full of concern for Margaret's return, he went in quest of Luke. The outer room was empty. He debated a moment as to seeking Luke at the saloon in the village; then he took his way to the landing alone. He got out the one ferry boat. The Rainy was swollen and rough. It was a hard pull to the Canadian side, and consumed an hour. There he waited a while before realizing that it was past time time that Margaret should have returned. The river ordinarily was crossed in five minutes. The lights in the little French village twinkled through the gusty torrents of rain. He thought of running down to the church. There were no sounds but the wind and the river, but in lulls came a queer, drowned, uncertain singing, a rollicking bar-room tune in the darkness of the troubled night. Suddenly he put back into the river, letting himself drift with the current. The ferry boat was not on the French side. The muffled singing came up from toward the falls.

Near the masonry of the dam, the limit of safety that way, he came upon what he had suddenly conceived. The thick, unsteady voice of the ferryman sang as he rowed futily, while the current sucked the boat from his strength slowly toward the falls. Margaret, with a black something huddled at her knees, prayed steadily.

Holman boarded the boat and throttled the man into partial sobriety. The two then fought the current for the pitifully short distance to the American shore. Holman heard the incessant "Hail Mary, full of grace—" as if we were at the same time far on his long wanderings, and by some quiet death bed. Then he remembered. It was at the close of a novena. He knew the significance of novenas and had sometimes yearned for such devotion in his behalf. He felt, too, the hopelessness of her prayers for her brother. He knew what had occurred; that Luke had gone to meet his sister; that when the boatman lost control of the boat, they had struggled for the oars and Luke lay stunned and stabbed. Holman found a damp patch on his head as he lifted him, when at length they gained the shore.

With Margaret he stood beside Luke. The doctor of the American village had failed to restore consciousness. There could be no other aid before morning—the Easter morning to which the girl had looked for a miraculous change in her brother. In the white face into which the sad awe of death had stolen, Holman read lines of hardness and weak selfishness. Still it was not Luke's need of redemption that concerned him so much as the failure of the novena. He wondered if it was the effect of its failure upon Margaret that he dreaded. He looked down at her, furtively.

Instead of the rapt, secure, spirituality that he craved, her elfish face was full of human desolation. His hand stole to her arm. She bent a moment with long soundless sobs, and before this masculine agony he dared to lay his arms across her shoulders as men comfort one another. She looked up then, but he would not see her ravaged face.

"Do you know what I am thinking of?" Her voice was quiet.

"Of an adventurous, lovable boy, leading younger brothers and sisters into new fields of thought and play, an oldest son, groping into the quagmires of adult life, telling Munchausen stories to us over harvest work. He was always ready to throw himself between danger and us unconscious little ones. There were stampeding cattle, and vicious playmates. I remember a boy in a red shirt waiting on his plow for lunch in the field. He was very small and young, but he was the oldest. And then somewhere I hear a sound of crying.

She did not finish her sentences. Holman's eyes were dim.

"See the boyish sadness around his mouth. It is such an old sorrow—a boy's is. I have no blame for anything when I see the bitterness. His mother told me never to forget it when she was gone."

Her hands went to Luke's hair maternally.

"He went to confession after all. He said he did it only to please me, but—but, oh, I want to know! I want to be sure!"

"To be sure—"

A soft familiar accent fell across her vehemence.

"There, darling, you'll soon know, right away. I ran all the way, soon as they told me. They always send for me because I've had some experience—"

Her garrulity ceased as she slipped to the patient's side. There was a certain professional confinence in her movements that inspired hope. It was as if Miss Dugan, missing the halls of fame in some intended vocation, would hold her own in the paths of chance. She listened at the breast and held the wrists.

"They ought to get a good doctor here." The gentle voice was innocent of sarcasm.

"Will he regain—" the others ventured, with sudden hope.

"Will he?" the voice of longer faith threw his back at Margaret.

Then the cooing brogue soothed again.

"He'll be to Mass in the morning love. Now run away and leave him to me. I had experience with just such an accident. You know Henry was taken from me this way."

In the swift revelation that came with the mention of this unknown dead man's name they stared. Miss Dugan's pinched face claimed full possession of all human heritage. Holman and Margaret withdrew, the girl to her improvised bedroom. Holman knew she was praying. Her novena had won its boon. He was glad for her and for Luke. And still he felt a sadness, self-explainable.

The night watch had outworn the storm. A faint glow with the two-fold glamour of dawn and spring was spreading through the darkness. It was bringing a day of music and joy of redemption and peace. In a few hours, across the river, the village would stir to the chime of bells and simple hearts would pulse with the glories of the Easter Mass. But for Holman there would be no change. The commercial ideas he had found sufficient were becoming deformed and repulsive in the growing glow of morning.

The soft tone of Miss Dugan's voice—that at least had changed for him—from something laughable to a sound fraught with much pain and comfort of tenderness. He had been looking at the crucifix on the mantel. Now he took it as Miss Dugan or Margaret might, and rested his lips lingeringly on the nailed feet. If Margaret had but cared to include him in her novena. Strangely the new sweet yearning for love of God was not incompatible with his human love for Margaret.

He turned to find her watching him from the door with shy questioning.

"I'm leaving all ready, so you can get yourself some coffee after you sleep a bit. I'm going to Mass first and I think I'll bring one of the priests back with me."

He met her eye in which the old repelling expression stood confessed as maidenly reserve. And now there was a timid challenge in return.

"Margaret—"

There was an appeal in his voice that drew his love to boldness after years of repression.

Let me go over to Mass—and will you begin a novena for me?"

"Her eyes shone on him. Her face went young with the sudden wonder of joy too great for hoping.

"I have finished it," she said.

He took her haggard face between his hands. It was the face of his boy ideals, listening to the call of the Cross to sanctification, listening now to the benediction for faithful following of the thorny path. In this long look was compensation for both for the long waiting. And the love so chastened held his lips, first reserved for the touch of Living Bread.—Catherine McPartlin in the Magnificat.

Cardinal Nagel Dead

Vienna, Austria, Feb. 5.—Cardinal Franz X. Nagel, archbishop of Vienna, died here to-day. He was created cardinal at the consistory on November 27, 1911 and received his red hat from the Pope only in December 1912.

Catholic News Notes

In thirty-three churches of Boston, societies of the Holy Name grandly celebrated the feast of the Holy Name.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Bridgeport, Conn., is soon to have a commodious nurses' home upon a site adjoining the present grounds.

The Chicago Appellate Court has handed down a decision in favor of the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters in a suit brought by Miss Jennie M. O'Brien, formerly financial secretary of one of the courts of the order. Miss O'Brien sought to enjoin the board of directors of the organization from expelling her. The upper court affirmed the decision of Judge Tuthill, who previously had dismissed the suit for want of equity.

Ground was recently broken for a new commercial high school for girls in Bridge street, near Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. The school will be conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The St. Frances Academy of the Colored Oblate Sisters of Providence, Baltimore, through fire has sustained a loss of $35,000. The 54 Sisters, 60 pupils and 98 orphans were conducted out of the burning building safely.

The Mexican Government, through the Hon. Manuel A. Esteva, Consul General at San Antonio, Texas, has contributed $100 for the rebuilding of St. John Orphan Asylum, recently destroyed by fire.

A half hour before the time set for Mass several hundred men and women were driven to the street in confusion when fire attacked SS. Peter and Paul's church in South Chicago, last week. None were injured. The loss is $10,000. Ornaments caught fire from lighted candles and spread to the altar and filled the auditorium with smoke.

Sister Barbara, the third eldest member of the Visitation Order in America, quietly observed the fifty-second anniversary of her admission to the order on Jan. 4, at Mount de Sales Academy, Catonsville, Md. Sister Barbara is a native of Limerick, Ireland, and is 78 years of age.

Aloysius Coll, editor of the Gazette, Easton, Md., and well known writer of verse, and Miss Blanche Madigan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Madigan were married recently in Immaculate Conception church, Connellsville, Pa. High nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. John T. Burns.

Miss Annie McGovern, sister of the late Bishop McGovern, died a few days ago at Lancaster, Pa. Her estate, valued at $15,000 is left entirely to charitable institutions and churches.

The total number of printed books in the Vatican Library is estimated not less than 350,000. This does not include the enormous number of manuscripts, codices, etc.

The great archiepiscopal See of Posen in Prussian Poland has been vacant for six years; the reason is; Prussia's failure to nominate or accept a candidate.

Archbishop McNeil enthroned Archbishop Casey as his successor in the See of Vancouver, Canada, and then was himself enthroned as Archbishop of Toronto.

"Were it not for the Catholic Church in New York City, life would not be worth living. It does infinitely more good than any other one agency to preserve law and order, and to bring contentment into the lives of the people." The Sun (New York).

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News From Ireland

Antrim.

Sister Mary Bridget Feeney, of the Community of Sion Hill, Falls road, Belfast, died recently. She was a native of Shrule, Castlebellingham, County Louth, and entered the Order of seven years ago.

Armagh.

Mathew, the three year old son of Mathew Hutchinson and Keady, was accidentally drowned at Anvale.

Carlow.

John Brown, Ballybrack, has succumbed to injuries which he received in a machine accident recently.

James Murphy, Borris, has been appointed secretary of the Carlow Insurance society, at a salary of $150 per year.

Cavan.

A widow's son, named Patrick McGarty, aged 24, of Kilnaslee, Belturbet, is missing since Christmas eve. It appears he left home on that morning about 10 o'clock telling his mother not to expect him home that night, but he would return that evening. He was afterwards seen in Belturbet, but his whereabouts now is a mystery.

Clare.

Michael Garry, an old resident of Kildysert, died on December 22, at an advanced age.

Kilrush Board of Guardians have co-opted Miss Talty, to succeed her late father as a member of the board.

Clare.

While repairing the roof of his dwelling which had been damaged by the storm on Christmas eve, a blacksmith named Crowley, residing at Cloughroad, near Ennis, met with an accident which terminated fatally.

Donegal.

Letterkenny Board of Guardians have accepted the resignation of Dr. Regan, recently appointed tuberculosis officer for Donegal under the Insurance act.

Down.

The funeral took place on December 29, of William Patterson, a gardener at Seaforde, Downpatrick, who died from blood poisoning brought on by the prick of a thorn from a gooseberry bush.

Galway.

The purchase of the Burrington estate Connemara, has just been completed.

Kildare.

A man named Murphy, a carpenter, residing in Pagan's Lane, Maynooth, received serious injuries by a fire which partially destroyed his home on Christmas morning.

Kings.

Wm. Flanagan of Birr, has been elected secretary of the Kings County Insurance society at a salary of $150 per year.

Louth.

Dundalk Board of Guardians has granted a pension of $[illegible] per year to Mr. McDermott who recently resigned his position as relieving officer after a service of thirty-eight years.

Mayo

Married.—December 17th, at St. Muredeach's Cathedral, Ballina, by the Rev. J. J. Kelly, P. P., Lahardane (cousin of the bride), Joseph McMonagle, Dublin, to Bertha, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Jones, Central Hotel, Ballina.

Meath.

A farmer named Garret Dillon, Tankardstown, slipped whilst in charge of a bullock and, the animal slipping, fell on him, crushing him to death.

Tyrone.

Mrs. John Boennan, a popular and respected resident of Cookstown district, died at her home in Killymoon on December 24.

Waterford.

Dr. A. Foley has resigned his position as medical officer of the Kilmackevogue district.

Westmeath.

A movement has been started in Mullingar to establish a large abbatoir and dead meat market in the town.

Weekly Church Calendar

9 S—St. Cyril of Alexandria.
10 M—St. William, C.
11 T—Our Lady of Lourdes.
12 W—St. Eulalia. Ember day.
13 T—St. Raymond.
14 F—St. Agatha. Ember day.
15 S—SS. Faustinus and Jovita. Ember Day.

Woman Hit by Auto

While returning from [illegible] in SS. Peter and Paul's [illegible] West Avenue Monday [illegible] Thomas O'Neill, of [illegible] was struck by an automobile while crossing the [illegible] was only slightly injured. [illegible] police of the [illegible] Station [illegible]