

The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-fifth Year, No. 34.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, May 23, 1914.

61-63 For Year in Post Office

The Mistress of Wirribirri

Shane O'Shane rose and, taking the papers with a soft word of thanks, went slowly down to his cottage, where Billy, his black boy, kept everything in the pink of sweet perfection. He threw the papers on the table and himself into an easy chair—the master had seen that his chair left nothing to be desired—and, closing his eyes, went back into the past and saw many things, but chief among them was the tall, graceful figure of a woman, who smiled on him with a sweet, tender mouth and sea-blue eyes that held a world of love, and on whose shapely head lay coiled masses of red-gold hair and in whose arms there nestled a little child. The night came down unheeded; the past held him securely, and it was only when Billy came in and lit the lamp that he recalled himself and with trembling hands took the paper that lay nearest and opened it, and on looking down its columns read, at first uncomprehendingly, and then again and again, the following:

"Mr. and Mrs. John St. John have returned to Australia from abroad after an absence of twenty-five years, and taken up their residence at 'St. Winifred's,' at Mosman's Bay. They are accompanied by their two daughters."

"'Tis them; 'tis them," he said aloud. "Ah, dear Lord. After twenty-five years. Oh, my little girl, my little babe! I must, I must! Oh, surely I may just look upon you—just once—no more. I swear no more! 'Tis God's doing. Just when I'm about to search the whole world over, to just set eyes on you. He brings you here so close to me."

Then out of the night the past came leaping back again, and he lived through the most poignant anguish of his life, just as he had done one night twenty-five years before, and when the first faint rays of the morning came creeping into the room he awoke himself. He had a cold bath and some breakfast, meanwhile making his plans rapidly. He called the black boy.

"Billy, saddle Jess and bring her around for me quickly. I want to get into the township to catch the train."

The boy went for the horse, and Shane hastily wrote a note to the master, telling him he was going down to Sydney for a couple of days, but not giving any reason. It was the first time he had gone further than the township since he had come to Wirribirri twenty-five years before. He gave the note to Billy.

"Take it to the homestead," he told the astonished boy, "at dinner time and give it to the master. Mind the cottage, Billy, and I'll be back in a couple of days, please God." And, mounting his horse, he rode away.

On the following morning, when the first rays of the sun were tipping the treetops with gold and burnishing the crest of every wave that broke across Sydney's harbor, an upper window of "St. Winifred's," at Mosman's, was thrown open, and the morning light glorified the girl that looked out, turning her red-gold hair into a halo and deepening the depths of the eyes that were as blue as the sea she looked out upon.

She drew a long, deep breath and withdrew, and presently emerged from a lower door, swinging her bathing dress and towel, and ran lightly down through the grounds to the private bathing beach.

■ In about half an hour along the way she had gone came Shane O'Shane. With white, set face and cautious step he worked his way around to the back of the mansion and hesitated.

"Dear Mother of God," he breathed, "help me. Let me just see her and know if she is happy. I'll not break my word. I'll go then."

As he paused a door close to where he was standing opened and a woman came out—one of the servants early astir. He start-

Catholic News Notes

ed and faced her, and she threw out her hands with a startled exclamation, "Shane O'Shane!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Man, why have you come here—how dare you—what right have you?"

"The right of a father," he answered fiercely, fearing he was going to be deprived of the chance he had waited so long for.

"Shane," she said sorrowfully, "are you mad? Do you know what you are doing? What is it you want?"

"Not much, Alice—only the sight of my child, to know if she is happy and if they've stood fairly by her. Tell me of her, Alice; tell me, and I'll go without even seeing her."

The woman looked at the white face and the quivering lips.

"There is much I would tell you, Shane. Come with me to my own parlor. There are none astir yet, or likely to be for some while, unless it's her. Come with me, though heaven knows what the master would say if he knew you had been under the roof."

He followed her silently into a dimly lighted room. She closed the door and left the blinds unopened, and motioned him to an easy chair.

"Sit there, Shane, and I'll tell you of her," and she drew her own chair close, and neither of them noticed a wet bathing dress and a towel thrown on a chair, or the girl who was on the couch on the further side of the room, her damp, red-golden hair falling in a shower over the end to the floor.

"Shane," said the woman softly, "were you wise to come?"

"I don't know, Alice, but when one's heart hungers, as mine did one doesn't count what is wise or foolish, or the cost of it. For twenty-five years my heart has called for its own, and last night when I read that the St. Johns had returned to Australia I could stifle it no longer. If I could just look on her once and know she was happy, I could die content. But how could I face her mother—ah, how could I meet my wife and tell her that I knew naught of the little girl she left me; that I gave the child of our own flesh and blood to others; that her father was too cowardly to face the task alone? Oh, gracious heaven, none know what I suffered that night! I was mad, I think, and ah! how often have I lived it over again. I was kneeling by my dead wife and my helpless babe was clasped in my arms, when Mr. St. John burst into the room."

"O'Shane," he said, "our baby is dead. Man, it will kill my wife when she knows. The doctors say she will never have another child, and this babe was all the world to her."

"I looked up at him. I wish God had taken my babe," I said, "and spared me Johanna."

"O'Shane," said he, "give me the child. We'll take her for our own. It will save my wife, and the child will be as our own. She'll never know what, and she'll have all that money can do for her."

"I got up and put the child in his arms. 'Take her,' I said, 'and thank God.' And then he made me swear that I'd never attempt to become known to her; that I'd never, by word or act, make it known that she was not their own child; that I'd give her up, my little babe, body and soul, into their keeping for life, and I swore over the dead body of my Johanna, and I'm not going to break my word. I only want to look upon her and to know if she is happy. And, sure, isn't God good to me to send you in my way, the only other soul who knew that my little girl and the daughter of the millionaire were one and the same. Tell me of her. Do they call her Johanna? That was her name, you know."

"No, Shane; they call her Joan. And they're good to her, and they love her as their own, though God did give them a daughter of their own since."

"What is my Joan like, Alice?"

"And the quivering face turned away."

Catholic News Notes

St. Stephen's Church, built by the Catholic Magyars in McKeesport, Pa., has received from the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, an oil painting of St. Stephen in a costly frame, valued at \$10,000. Bishop Canavin, of Pittsburgh, will bless it with solemn ceremonies on the 14th of June.

The Alumni Association of the American College, Rome, will meet this year on May 13, in Cincinnati.

It is said that 30 American Bishops will visit Rome in May, June and July.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., ground has been broken for three new Catholic buildings whose cost will approximate \$100,000.

The Sisters of Mercy's Hospital at Davenport, Ia., is being enlarged; a new addition is in course of building.

The National Organization of Catholic Women for the erection of a national Shrine in honor of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University, Washington, announces the receipt, so far, of over \$40,000 for this object.

The Sisters of Notre Dame have charge of 28 parochial schools in Milwaukee and suburbs.

Lansdowne Philadelphia, has a St. Francis Country House for Convalescents. It is a splendid Catholic charity.

The new Catholic High School at St. Cloud, Minn., 120x80 feet, will cost \$60,000.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn, comprising 55 Conferences, will make its annual pilgrimage to Mt. Loretto, Staten Island, on June 7th. About 1,300 men will make up the pilgrimage.

The Benedictine Sisters will, on 480 acres of land, shortly established near Chehalis, Wash., an academy whose approximate cost will be \$250,000. The land will cost \$40,000. Forty Sisters are to be there.

Dr. William Whateley Battey, a noted surgeon of Augusta, Ga., was received into the Church before his recent death.

On the 30th of June will occur the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Bishop Burke of Albany, N. Y.

The Catholics of St. Paul, Minn., look forward to next Easter with exultation. They will celebrate the festival under the dome of their magnificent new Cathedral.

The Maryland Catholic Pilgrims Association has 300 members enrolled.

St. Joseph's Home for the Blind at Jersey City, had an eleven-day fund-raising campaign; the sum of \$65,000 was realized.

At Minsk, Russia, on the 21st of last February, 500 adults left for the Russian Orthodox Church for the Catholic Church.

In Paris, the Brothers of St. John of God have a great institute for infirm, incurable children; they also have an asylum with 412 maimed or half-blind children.

An appeal has been made for the erection of a church in honor of St. Patrick, in his native town, the ancient Bononia, now called Boulognesur-Mer, a French watering place of note.

News From Ireland

The Tullow Division, A. O. H., has passed a resolution condemning as "ungrateful, unpatriotic and most unwise," the silence of those who allow charges of intolerance to be made against their Catholic patrons and friends."

J. C. Casey, who has been for many years connected with the National Bank in this country, is about to retire from the service of the bank. He has been nearly for a quarter of a century manager of the Ennis branch.

Massy Lodge, the property of Lord Mayor Massy, containing 180 statute acres, and situated in a lovely country between Galbally and Michelstown, has been sold to Mr. Hanby, a returned American for £1,600. The residence is a fine one, and must have cost many thousands to erect.

An inquest was held in Derry on the body of Charles Doherty, 37, a laborer, residing at 142 Fahan street, who was found dead in his bed.

Miss McCaffrey, after forty-four years' service as matron of the Enniscolthy workhouse, has resigned her position and been awarded a yearly allowance of £56 13s 4d by the Guardians.

For some time past numerous buildings have been raised as an addition to the Curragh Camp, and at present a large number of buildings are in course of erection there, which are giving employment to numerous tradesmen, etc., in the neighborhood.

After the lapse of about nine years a race meeting was held in Callan on Easter Monday, over the Geraldine course.

The death has taken place at his residence, Walcott, Birr, of Thomas Mitchell, sessional crown solicitor for Kings county.

Among a number of young ladies received at the Mercy Convent, Waterford, last week, was Miss Lily Horan, Sister Mary Dolores, daughter of Edmund Horan, Holy Cross, County Limerick.

The Local Government Board have refused to sanction the proposal of the Granard District Council to reduce the rents on the first and second schemes of laborers' cottages by 8d per month. The proposal was carried at the council on the initiative of Dennis Elvers.

Thomas William Blandford, of Balsoon, Killeasman, County Meath, who died on January 27 last, left personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at £53,668 14s 6d.

Notwithstanding the depression induced by the prevalence of the cattle disease in the Thurles district, the value of land continues to increase. A farm of about fifty acres, situated at Garrenroe, near Thurles, was sold by auction for £1,560.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension
Gospel, St. John xv., 26-27; xvi., 1-4.
S 24 Our Lady Help of Christians
M 26 St. Gregory VII, P. O.
T 26 St. Philip Neri, G.
W 27 St. Bede, C. D.
Th 28 St. Augustine, B. C.
F 29 St. Mary Magdalen dei Passi
S 30 St. Felix, P. M. Fast

Foreign News
After nearly fifteen years of arduous toil the missionaries of Papua Oceania, have constructed a road eighty miles long, and practically the only one that exists in the whole colony.

A missionary in the same island is founding eleven new stations in remote districts, and intends to dedicate every one of them to the Blessed Virgin under a different title, so that she may be practically Queen of Papua. This beautiful thought will no doubt be rewarded with many graces.

"White Wolf," the Chinese brigand who has caused such disturbance to the new government, which he denounces, continues his savage plundering and killing and has succeeded in terrorizing three provinces. He is thought to be not unfriendly to the missionaries, and it is not by his orders that Christians are badly treated. His followers, no doubt, often take the law into their own hands when attacking a city.

Nothing is more marked in the letters we receive from our missionaries than the spirit of humility. Setting forth their pitiful needs in the humblest manner, expressing the deepest gratitude for the alms extended, and promising always the recompense of prayers, masses, and thanksgiving, it is difficult to realize that these men were once members of a society like our own, and accustomed in many cases not only to the comforts but the luxuries of life.

Truly they have "left all" in entering the apostolic life. Not only home, friends, comforts and refinements, but even the spirit of ever having possessed those benefits. Stripped of everything, they hold out their hands hopefully for the few dollars or even pennies that may help the needy or sustain religious belief.

They rarely or never speak of the personal discomforts they are enduring, but these are numerous and constant. Trials, known only to themselves, are daily occurrences, but lips are sealed regarding them, and only the One Eye above is witness to the struggles, heartaches and sacrifices of these heroes of the Faith.

How the Parsees of India Dress
There are no such gaily attired women in the world as the Parsees. The costumes, though similar in form to those of the Hindus, usually comprise less vivid colors, pale pink, sea-green and lemon being favorite shades.

A strange old custom in Parsee society is for the head of both males and females to be always covered, although there does not appear to be any other reason for this than long usage. The men, when not wearing their out-door head-covering, put on a round cap, flat at the top, but as this is apparently only worn to comply with the letter rather than the spirit of the injunction, it is not infrequently worn so small as to forcibly remind us of the appearance of the humble companion of the organ-grinder minus the chin-strap.

The article worn by the women over their hair is known as a mathabana, and resembles a pocket-handkerchief. Its use does not improve their personal appearance. In the walking costume, however, the sari, or outside garment, is passed round the shoulders and over the top of the

A Model Chinese Family

As an evidence of the deep seat which Christianity has struck in China the Rev. Lee Ting of the Catholic mission of Che Kiang sends us a photograph showing the various members of his large family and their devotion to religion, as several wear the religious garb.

"On my father's side," says this missionary, "my ancestors have been Christians for three generations, and on my mother's side even longer. Of eight children, they gave four to God. I was ordained a priest in 1904, and my brother in 1909. He is now a professor in the seminary at Hang-Chow. Two sisters also observed the religious life, one being now at Shao Thinglu, the orphan-asylum there.

"At my home we had a little chapel, where all the family, from parents to grand-children, assembled night and morning for prayer. We made a little community of our own, so numerous were we. Truly the Lord was mindful of us to give us such a plus example."

The Barnum & Bailey Circus this season had a wonderful engagement in Madison Square Garden in March attracting thousands of visitors to New York where the "greatest show on earth" was pronounced by press and public as "the last word to be written in circus." Barnum & Bailey will exhibit at Rochester, May 29th.

Everything is new but the name. America's youth demands with each recurring spring and summer the circus' visitation and it demands that it be none other than Barnum & Bailey's. The youth of this country is not to be denied and when the circus reaches his native beach he scowls up until his parents have pledged their word that he can go to the circus. Then his cap of happiness is complete.

A wonderfully brilliant new feature, this year is "The Wizard Prince of Arabia," a romantic pageantric spectacle. Incidents are from the legends of the Bedouins to mysterious India, where Prince Abdallah, in the test of stern competition, wins the heart and hand of a King's fair and favorite daughter. This colonial innovation is offered at the opening of the show thereby doing away with the old stereotyped "grand entrance."

This spectacle is followed by a three hour show in the arena by 350 internationally celebrated acrobats, gymnasts, aerialists, equestrians and hippodrome specialists and fifty funny clowns, who are right up to the minute. Then there is the mammoth menagerie containing 110 tons of the rarest and costliest animals and hundreds of elephants and camels.

Lovers of horses and horseflesh will be interested in the horses to be seen at the performance of the Barnum & Bailey circus.

There are 700 horses of various strains with "The Greatest Show on Earth." There are the blue-blooded lords of the sawdust ring, trained and spirited animals. There are the eager, am-bodied racers that take part in the contests of the hippodrome, and, not the least in importance, are the heavy and powerful Clydesdales and Percherons, which haul the enormous amount of paraphernalia from the circus train to the show grounds and back again.

New York voted the Barnum & Bailey circus the greatest and best in recent years and this stamp of approval only strengthens the general belief that in the circus realm there is only one great circus, and that is the Barnum & Bailey organization.

The Big Free street parade will leave the show grounds promptly at 9 A. M., on the morning of show date.

Excursion rates on all Railroads.—Adv.

To be continued

Send us your printing.

When you need printing, See us.