

My Rosary

By E. M. McCarthy

Continued from last week.

He addresses two meetings at which I am to present him. Oh, I wish you could hear and see him, you would give him all your evenings. You see I know you so well, I must go. Be good to our big Tom." After he had gone Nellie sat in deep thought for a long time; at last she exclaimed, "I thought so. He is just what Jim said. I am glad he is coming Wednesday, and I am so glad Jim and Marie are coming. What a happy couple they are."

That Wednesday evening and the next Sunday evening found Tom and Nellie together, and every other evening he could spare. The night of the bazaar as Charles Harrington was going down town, Dr. Will Dowd met him at the corner. Charles was in a fury and as they walked along he told him what had happened. "Just think of it!" he said. "I just introduced him to Nellie. I have known her since she was a little girl and have always loved her, and I believe she would love me in time; what do you think Dowd?"

"Do you want me to tell you Charley?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Well", Dr. Will replied, "you are acting like a great big school boy. Now wait a minute" as Charles was going to stop him, "let me diagnose your case, because it's your case Charley you have no proof that Miss Nellie ever loved you; because you knew her and she was pleasant to you that is no ground at all. Why, my boy, you don't know what love means. I saw the light in the eyes of Tom before you introduced him, and if you had not done so, he would have found some one who knew her who would, so don't feel bad about that, and when she saw him, she had no thought of you or me, and some people think I am not half bad looking. (Straightening himself up with a big broad smile) Why, Charley, do you remember how you called her attention to us and in, I think, a very rude way, which brought a quick blush to her very pretty face. Why, man, I wouldn't have taken a thousand dollars and done that. You are deluding yourself. True love is not deceived because it comes from God and enters the souls of His children. Now, Charley, take my advice and look for a lovely girl who will love you and only you." But at that as well as all the young doctor said he was only more angry at Tom, his little short thin body trembling with his rage. He exclaimed before the doctor had hardly finished, "I'll show him! he thinks because he is big and tall and handsome he can win her. Of, course, she is well as all the girls, say he's so tall and handsome, but I'll show him." And so they parted. It was useless to argue more.

Charles Harrington lived on the west side of New York with his dear sweet little mother who was an invalid and Nellie often used to bring flowers to her. His father had been very successful in the hardware business, which Charles had entire charge of since his father's death a few months before. After leaving college he felt sure he would take up law as a profession, but finally at the suggestion and desire of his father he decided to look after his father's real estate interests to which were large and the store. Charles had a good heart and was kind if he was smoothed the let up all day. So after dinner he right way, but if anything went contrary to his will, he was in a rage in a minute; he seemed to have no control of his temper, which was unfortunate for him as he and all who knew him. He was also very conceited, he felt he would be a good husband for any girl. He was wealthy and from a good family and moved in the best society, and not so bad looking, even Nellie should feel that. These were his thoughts, as he passed into his stately and luxurious home. He never passed his boys as he passed up the avenue

and all went to the theater. When he got home he was feverish but he thought a good sleep would cure him and he would be all right the next day. He made a resolve he would call on Friday evening just before Tom could get there. He had a scheme of his own, never realizing what lawful heartaches he would cause.

The evening he planned to carry out his "little game" as he called it, was one of those glorious nights which fill the hearts of all who love Nature with wonder, admiration and adoration to the good God who creates such wonderful beauty. Poor Charles forgot the teaching of his good mother and saintly teachers. He had but one aim to "show" Tom. That night he did not wait for dinner, he really had no appetite to speak of. Oh! if he could only think before he would almost crush the hearts of those who were so innocent, or if he could only see just a little ahead! In a few weeks he would be on the very brink of Eternity, but the demon of revenge had him in his power. He would not say a prayer. He didn't have time, Oh, no. Once as he was going up the path to Nellie's he thought of the rosary, but only momentarily.

Knowing that Tom would come up the main walk and that at the end of both walks was a pretty bower of wild roses and seats of various kinds, Nellie seated herself in one of these. As she saw Charles advance she arose more to prevent him from sitting down with her than courtesy. Charles was excited as he advanced, saying to himself, "Mother is not as well, Nellie, and it's three days since you have seen her and she is constantly asking for you."

"Oh", Nellie said, "I am sorry, but I have been so busy, and I cannot get to-night."

"Well, Nell", he replied, "give me the rose at your belt for dear little mother, that will make her happy until you can come."

To be continued.

mother's room no matter how late without a good-night kiss, but to-night he forgot even his sweet little mother. His pride was wounded, but he thought thus: At the last party of the Knights of Columbus, didn't she dance with me four times? What a fine time we had! All the boys said she was the belle of the evening.

He took her home. Then he stopped a moment and thought: Well, with the rest of the crowd. But up again came his conceit: And could to night only for big Tom. Well, we'll see: all is fair in love and war, it's an old saying. What if she did say to-night, "Why, Charles, you are a spoiled boy; what right have you to speak like that to me? I am like a sister to you!" Ye gods! wasn't I mad, to treat me as a child! Oh! my head is splitting. I must go to bed. But sleep did not change him. As soon as he awakened, his first thought was how he could "show" him, as he termed it. He knew Tom No. 1 to be as jealous as Othello if he had occasion. For some time he planned. Nellie comes every Wednesday to see my mother and today is Tuesday. Gee whiz! I'll see her to-morrow if I have to stay home all day. And he did, but Nellie did not come. About four o'clock she telephoned to the housekeeper inquiring for Mrs. Harrington, saying she was prevented from coming and would come as soon as she could. When Charles heard the housekeeper repeating Nellie's message to his mother, he exclaimed, "Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" In less than ten minutes he was out. He had walked up and down and smoked cigarettes until Nora, the cook, said: "One more good pick of the crows and there would be nothing left of him." As she put her big arms akimbo, she thought, "Why did the lad stay home all day? Sure, he's always out. Oh, I see, Miss Fitzsimons' day! The pretty darling with her pure soul like the flowers she always brings. And she never is in such a hurry that she hasn't a word for poor old Nora, and many's the times she has raised me heart to God and his Blessed Mother with beautiful words and the prayers she gives me. And Father John Fitzsimons himself could not explain the mysteries of the Holy Rosary better than the darling when she thinks it out!" And slamming the rolling pin with which she is making some pies down, she rolled up her sleeves.

"Indeed, if he ever bothers the pratty darlin', it won't be well for him to have Nora Maginnis' hands fall on him. There won't be enough left of him to go to his own funeral. Howsoever, I'll keep my eyes open."

Next morning Charles was up early and down town and about ten o'clock he called on the young doctor. He was so well that morning and she was so pleased that Nellie came, saying: "Charles stayed home until four yesterday, thinking we would have tea together. The dear boy! he is so good and kind and thoughtful, isn't he, Nellie?" And Nellie replied with a smile. "He is thoughtful, Mrs. Harrington, I think you ought to have your doctor call. You do not seem so well." The housekeeper said, "I have phoned him." And as they were talking Dr. Dowd came in. He was so glad to see Nellie. She said, "I am glad you are here Doctor. I am sure she will be better now. I will see you soon, dear Mrs. Harrington."

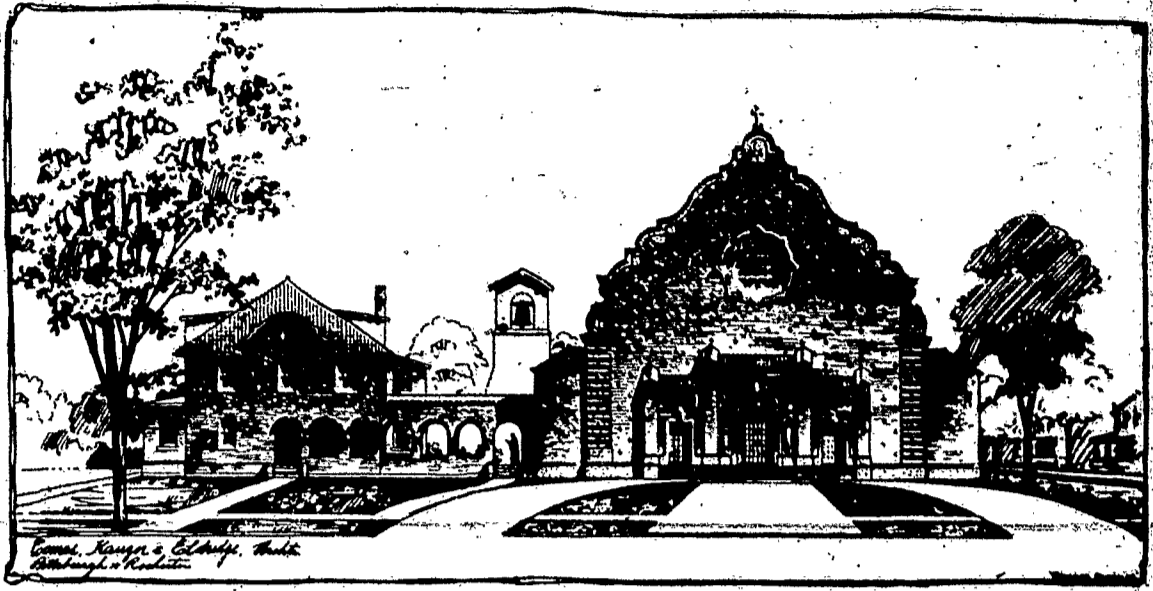
Charles was determined to see Nellie that evening and was trying to frame some excuse to do so. "Oh, pshaw!" he thought, "we're old friends, I'll just call on her and thank her for her kindness to mother, or something. I have tact, and I'll be as jolly as I can, and my headaches. It hasn't been so bad since that day. So after dinner he right way, but if anything went contrary to his will, he was in a rage in a minute; he seemed to have no control of his temper, which was unfortunate for him as he and all who knew him. He was also very conceited, he felt he would be a good husband for any girl. He was wealthy and from a good family and moved in the best society, and not so bad looking, even Nellie should feel that. These were his thoughts, as he passed into his stately and luxurious home. He never passed his boys as he passed up the avenue

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New Holy Rosary Church To Be Dedicated Sunday.

Kilkenny.

Athy U. C. and Guardians have tendered expressions of sympathy to the relatives of the late Rev. J. Carroll, P. P., Blessington, who formerly ministered in the town.

Kilkenny.

The Kilkenny County Council have passed a resolution of regret and sympathy in connection with the death of J. G. Dooley, Co. C., Rosbercon, and have co-opted his son, G. Dooley, to fill the vacancy.

Died—At Coolmore, Thomas town, Miss Nora Heavly.

Limerick.

James Roche of Limerick has been appointed organist at St. Michael's church, Tipperary. At St. Patrick's church, Cork (with nuptial Mass), Dr. James N. Clery, Grove house, Bruff, to Nina Liston, Newcastle West, County Limerick.

Rev. Louis Walsh, Killeeshil, has been appointed C. C., Cooley, Dundalk.

Died—September 14, at Kilsarvan Lodge, Drogheda, Elizabeth Cullen.

Tipperary.

Clogneen Guardians have passed a vote of sympathy with J. Lonergan on the death of his brother, Rev. M. Lonergan, C. C. W. F. Kent, Borriskane, has been appointed to the magistracy.

Tyrone.

M. Quinn, solicitor, Cookstown, and M. J. Coen, Carrickmore, were appointed president and secretary, respectively, of the Tyrone County Board G. A. A. at its first meeting at Poemroy.

Westmeath.

Died—September 17, at Tinaly, Dr. James McNamara (result of a gun accident), youngest son of the late John and Catherine McNamara, Anker's Burn, Athlone.

Wicklow.

Died—September 17, at Tinaly, County Wicklow (result of an accident), Dr. James MacNamara.

The Catholic Spirit Vividly Personified.

Life-Long Penance Of The Man On Molokai.

"The Isles of Peace"—How They Were Attained.

Hawaii and things Hawaiian are very popular in the United States—at least for the present moment. The fear of the Japanese peril has turned the eyes of statesmen and of warriors to that little group of islands, well-called indeed "The Key to the Pacific". Their strategic importance in naval warfare is well recognized, and the progress of our work on the station at Pearl Harbor is viewed with visible satisfaction. The songs and stories and color of the islands are also coming to us from many channels. The Christianity teaches penance and plaintiff tones of the ukelele can ever produce penance in those he heard in many of our homes, who live closest to her ideals, and the importation of these instruments is daily increasing. Our libraries are being filled with books telling of the glories of the religion which can meet the nat-

ural needs of man. For it holds out to him, aloof before him, this teaching of penance, the principle of hope and of regeneration, saving him from that morbid pessimism which has crept so insidiously into modern life. It is the great social force which brings about the true joy and peace, of which Bishop Keppler in his book on "More Joy" tells us. It is the only remedy for the black despair—which increased suicide shows us—of the present day.

But Hawaii, with all its earthly beauty and earthly attractiveness, is ever inseparable from that which seems its very antithesis—Molokai. The thought of the two—one suggestive of the pleasures of the senses and the other of the repression of the same—go hand in hand, from the writings of Stevenson and Stoddard to the last article of Katherine Gerould. It is therefore not surprising that in a magazine devoted to the spread of knowledge in regard to the beauties and opportunities of the islands we find this connection delicately revealed. Brother Joseph Dutton, the companion of Father Damien in his work among the lepers, writes in an issue of that magazine (The Paradise of the Pacific, Volume XXVIII, No. 12) a beautifully simple little article on "The Isles of Peace", telling what those regions have meant for him. Incidentally do we see in his life-story, as briefly recited there, a vivid personification of the spirit of Catholic Christianity, with its old lesson of renewal through reparation.

In speaking of the evils and destructiveness of impurity, Brother Dutton writes: "Am ashamed to say that I may be counted as an expert in these questions. I gave way in 1866. While on the surface ostensibly decent and busy, was living also a sort of sub-marine life with the people of the night until about 1890. For more than thirty-five years have been trying to do penance. It required hard fighting at first. So now I may say there is peace with me, and wish like happiness may be the portion of every inhabitant of these peaceful isles. I hold that the greatest possible peace is peace of soul."

Thirty-five years of penance for fourteen years of sin! And more still to come. How like a breath from the Middle Ages comes this narration; from those times of which Francis Thompson says: "There were giants in those days." This was the great mark of the medieval period, which showed so intensely its Christian character: its deep repentance for its sins. The men of those days "lashed themselves with chains; they went about in the most frightful forms of hair shirt, which grew stiffened with their blood; and yet were unresting energetic. They turned anchorites in the English country, the English fens, among the English fogs and raw blasts; they exposed themselves defenseless to all the horrors of an English summer." (Health and Holiness p. 23) And thus was penance deeply practiced for deep sinning all over the continent of Europe and where ever Christianity held sway.

So do we see the great historic mark of Christianity. Not as a homily or sermon is it mentioned here. It is not even said that to the progress of our work on the station at Pearl Harbor is viewed with visible satisfaction. The songs and stories and color of the islands are also coming to us from many channels. The Christianity teaches penance and plaintiff tones of the ukelele can ever produce penance in those he heard in many of our homes, who live closest to her ideals, and the importation of these instruments is daily increasing. Our libraries are being filled with books telling of the glories of the religion which can meet the nat-

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C. B. of C. V.

Holy Rosary Parish To Dedicate Church

Ceremony Sunday Morning, Bishop to Officiate.

Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, will dedicate new Holy Rosary church in Lexington Ave., on Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock. He will be assisted by Rt. Rev. Dennis J. Curran, V. G., as assistant priest; Rt. Rev. James J. Hartley, D. D., of St. Bernard's Seminary, and Rev. Dr. Augustine M. O'Neill, M. R., of Immaculate Conception church, as deacons of honor.

Rev. Michael J. Nolan, D. D., president of St. Andrew's Seminary, will be deacon of the mass and Rev. J. Emil Gefell, Ph. D., of St. Peter and Paul's church, will be subdeacon. Rev. George F. Kettel, S. T. L., and Rev. William J. Brien, S. T. L., will be master of ceremonies. Other clergymen are expected to be present.

The regular choir will be augmented by a large number of trained voices, and the singing will be under the direction of M. B. Hughes, with Miss Elizabeth Hennessy at the organ.

In the evening at 7:45 o'clock, Rev. John H. O'Brien, of St. Augustine's Church, the first priest to be ordained from Holy Rosary Church, will preach. The benediction will be pronounced by Rev. Augustine Temmerman, chaplain at Elmira Reformatory, who was the first graduate of Holy Rosary School to be ordained to the priesthood. He will be assisted by Rev. William Brien, S. T. L., and Rev. Walter J. Donoghue, who were ordained from the parish.

For Donation Day For St. Ann's Home.

Twenty-three Catholic parishes of the city will work for the donation day for the benefit of St. Ann's Home, to be held Wednesday, November 23d, at Convention Hall. Mrs. Mary Huester, general chairman for the day, has announced the officers, committees and chairmen of parishes, who, in addition to solicitation of donations, will have charge of parish tables in the annex at dinner and supper.

Donations of cash and supplies are being generously given. The work of the country parishes about the city in furnishing supplies is especially gratifying to those having the dinner in charge, as the distribution of tickets indicates that there will be the usual large attendance at dinner and supper.