

A Steel King

"Now what can he want, tearing along at such a rate, and at such an hour, too? He can't have been more or less a failure. To dine," said Madge Seton to herself, as she stood in the little rustic porch, watching tall curly-headed Jim Franklin, who was scorching along towards her at an alarming pace. Another minute and he had flung himself off his cycle, and was at her side.

"Really, Jim Franklin, you ought to mind what you're about, and not be giving people attacks of nerves with your reckless driving, and your abrupt ways."

And Madge tried hard to look severe, but only succeeded in dimpling into smiles.

"Now, then, Madge, hurry out as fast as ever you can. I've glorious news. Come on at once."

Miss Madge decided to comply with the peremptory summons. "I can let him down afterwards, if he deserves it," she soliloquized, as she followed Jim into the tiny plot of ground before the cottage.

They were an affianced couple, these two, waiting for the "coming home" of Jim's ship, which would enable them to set up a little household of their own. The young man was engaged in the steel-works at Kempton, a small town out West. He bore a deservedly high character with his employers, and Madge Seton was very proud of her honest, hard-working lover. She lived with her widowed mother on the outskirts of the town, and it was Jim's arrival there at an unusual hour which had caused her surprise.

"Well, what's the wonderful news," she queried, as they began to pace the little garden path.

"You've heard of Frohman—R. K. Frohman, the steel-king?"

"No. Steel kings aren't much in my line. Who's the great man?"

"Oh, you may well say 'great,' Madge. His genius has achieved marvels in the way of mechanism and inventions. And connection with him spells success."

"How does this apply to you, Jim?"

"In this way. Frohman is about to set up a factory at Somerville. He wants a manager for it, and Mr. Meriton, our principal, has recommended me to him. I'm to be interviewed tomorrow, and Mr. Meriton has given me splendid testimonials. Isn't that grand?"

"Glorious!" cried Madge. She glanced keenly at her companion.

"You've something else to tell me, Jim."

"That's so. And 'tisn't easy to tell. But I'll keep nothing from you, Madge. This Frohman has a violent antipathy to Catholics; he won't employ one in any position of importance. Well, the thought did come to me—"

"You wouldn't wrong our holy religion, Jim?"

"No, no, a thousand times no! But the idea of not making it known, of keeping it in the background, so to say, suggested itself. 'Twas an evil, a cowardly thought."

"It was," said the girl emphatically. "And like all things of evil will die when dragged to light. My brave laddie! I'm prouder of you now than ever I was."

"God bless you, Madge! It makes things so much easier for a man when the woman he loves helps him on the right way. I want to ask a little favor."

"Granted. But you may as well explain what it is."

"An old pal of mine, Dick Kirby, turned up yesterday. He's been down on his luck, poor chap. I haven't met him for ever so many years, and I won't be able to see much of him to-morrow. May I bring him out here for a cup of tea?"

"Certainly," answered Madge. "Mother and I will be delighted to meet him. And I'll make a spice cake."

"Madge, your an angel."

Out of regard for the common-sense principles of our readers, we refrain from chronicling the further extravagances of Jim Franklin's reply.

In his own little "den" Jim and his senses. For, reclining easily in a big armchair, a decided twin-evident that Dick Kirby and his prosperity were not on friendly terms. He made no concealment that for many years his life had been more or less a failure. To the recital of his misfortunes Jim listened with genuine sympathy. "I wish with all my heart I could do something for you, Dick," he said, "you're far and away cleverer than I am."

Which was quite true. Dick Kirby's failures could only be attributed to the fact that he had got a bad start in life, had been out to business for he had neither aptitude nor taste. It was impossible to glance at his noble forehead, and eyes full of intelligence, without recognizing the latent talent that dwelt there. Those keen eyes softened now, as he listened to Jim's words.

"Don't trouble about me, dear boy. I didn't look you up to ask for help, but to see if you were the same true friend as long ago. Besides, things have been going on with me much better for some time. I found something that suited me to a T."

"I'm delighted to hear that," cried Jim heartily. "What line?"

"I'll tell you all about it later. Now what about this interview you told me of, that's to take place to-morrow. Are you still determined to let Frohman know you are a Catholic?"

"Most certainly. It will be one of the first things I'll tell him."

"But what if that fact will count against you, Jim?"

"Then Mr. Frohman will have to look out for another manager," answered Franklin quietly.

"You're evidently not one of those weak-kneed Catholics who bring discredit on our faith," commented his friend, after a short pause. "Well, I've had a good bit of experience. I'm twelve years older than you remember, and I never yet knew any man to come off worse for standing up for his religion."

Jim looked a little wistfully at the speaker. Poor Dick Kirby did not seem much of an object lesson for fidelity to religious principle. Well, that made no difference. He would do the right thing, and leave results in the hands of God.

At an early hour on the following morning Jim Franklin knelt at the Holy Sacrifice, begging a blessing on the coming eventful day. For Jim did not keep his religion for Sunday use only. It entered into, and made part of his daily life. He and Kirby had spent the previous evening at Mrs. Seton's, where she and Madge had made as much of the shabbily-attired stranger as if— to use his own words— he was a tip-top success. Today he expressed a wish to be left to his own devices, while Franklin's business was going forward.

Punctually at the appointed time Jim presented himself at the hotel where his momentous interview was to take place.

"Yes, Mr. Frohman had arrived," he was informed, and had given directions that he was to be shown up. At present the great man was engaged with Mr. Meriton.

In the ante-chamber into which Jim was ushered, he began to pace restlessly up and down. It was out of his power to keep quiet. Every nerve seemed tingling with suppressed excitement; every pulse throbbed. He felt as when, once steering a skiff in a boat race, the tiller quivered under his touch, and the distance from the winning point lessened inch by inch. He glanced at his watch. Two minutes more. One minute. There was Meriton coming away. No! 'twas only a chair being pushed back. Ah! At last. The door opened, and Mr. Meriton appeared.

"In with you," he said, giving Jim a friendly tap on the shoulder. Then, noticing something very strange in the young man's demeanor, he added sharply:

"Pull yourself together, Franklin. This kind of thing isn't likely to impress Mr. Frohman favorably."

But Jim Franklin stood rooted to the spot, staring incredulously, unable to believe the evidence of

no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stone, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like commonplace of Protestant satire! Lo! Yonder inscription, which blazes around the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world, that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built against which Hell shall not prevail."

"Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have burned before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realized in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday; others, to be blessed as they, walk the world even now doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their powers shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Isn't there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them! Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest-to-day, who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—hand in hand they hold their way by one another till the line is lost in heaven." Then he expresses a regret that he cannot believe these things—a regret which beneath his humor has a touch of sadness.

There is indeed something pitiful in all this. It shows the great evil which the Reformation created. Men who believe in Christ naturally feel a great desire to be united in the worship of Him. They do sincerely wish for unity which the Master himself loved so well and which He produced in the foundation of His Church, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. It is to be hoped that in this four hundredth year of the Reformation inauguration a great movement will set in among men to bring about the real unity of His fold once more. Catholics without exception should pray for this—and in addition endeavor in kindness whenever it is possible to impress this idea on their non-Catholic friends. This year gives them the occasion for such a message.

C. B. of C. V.

Irish Press and News Service.

The Desire For Unity With Rome.

Longing Expressed By Non-Catholics on Many Occasions.

The Remarkable Utterance of Thackeray.

The desire for the unity of Christendom crops out among men of serious minds on many occasions. The longing for a renewal of the oneness of the Church which existed prior to the great revolt of the sixteenth century has particularly increased since the outbreak of the great European struggle. At the beginning of the war a number of religious periodicals published articles which reflected this feeling, which the nationalism and helplessness of the Protestant sects in the face of the conflict had served to increase. It was felt, as it has long been felt, that Protestantism has somehow failed of its supposed great purpose—that it has been a force for destruction rather than for construction, that the division which it created was far from desirable. It is particularly interesting to note this recognition of the error of the Protestant revolt and the desire to correct it on the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of the beginning of this revolt. For this year marks the commemoration of Luther's break with the Church, which has been marked for celebration among all Protestant peoples.

There are many men, long before the present, who have expressed this longing for unity with the See of Peter. In the most unexpected places it will be found set down. Who would look, for example, to "The Newcomes" of William Makepeace Thackeray for such a statement? Very few would expect to find it there. And yet there it is, in Chapter XXXV of that novel, and it is put in the letter of Clive-Newcome to Pen-dennis. "There must be no further exports of food, and said the old colonel says, 'in Rome especially, when every man of friend-ly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighboring cliffs on clear days, one must wish sometimes that there were land

prices as are now prevailing, and these are all the more menacing because, while the cost of food has gone up, wages have stayed where they are.

"This has had the effect of remarkably increasing the demand for assistance, but we are hopeful that the generosity of the American people will enable us to meet the drain upon our funds."

"The diocesan collection taken up by direction of Cardinal Farley, of New York, amounted to \$18,000. Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, has sent us \$6,360, the result of a collection among the Irish and Irish-Americans of his diocese. New London, Conn., Relief Committee has raised over \$1,100. We received over \$1,500 from Jersey City; \$482 from Nome, Alaska; and checks have been received from the Canal Zone, from the West Indies, and South America. It is pleasant and touching, too, to note the widespread response to Ireland's call for help."

Irish Canadians Leaving Dominion

Montreal, Que. Jan. 1, 1917.

More than 1800 Irish-Canadians of military age have emigrated to the United States fearing the possibility of enforced military service throughout the Dominion. Others have left for South American countries principally Argentina.

The casualty reports and the wounded coming home are having a depressing effect on army volunteers. The war drags on heavily and so far as the Irish elements of the Dominion are considered there is no hope of securing any large number of soldiers. In Irish settlements the efforts at enlistments are nearly abandoned. The censored press do not admit the facts but the campaign of Premier Borden for "a million men" has lamentably failed.

Not only among the French and Irish is seen the growing feeling against the government but out in Vancouver where many of the inhabitants have moved over the line to Seattle. There is a popular notion that England has sacrificed the Canadians in the first line trenches. The wastage is not being repeated to overcome the heavy sacrifices of life demanded. Outside of the military official classes the sentiment is overwhelming that President Wilson's peace plans will prevail.

Foreign Mission News

Special correspondence by The Propagation of the Faith Society 318 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Dealing With The Men In The Philippines.

Fr. Carlos De Smet is enthusiastic about his work among the men of Tagudin, Philippine Islands. He sends a long letter telling how greatly American offerings have helped along the various enterprises, and adds:

"The old men are gathered in the Apostleship of Prayer, and seventy were present at the last monthly meeting. The young are not neglected, as they are the hope of the future. They belong to the Society of Saint Louis, the name of our young men here at Tagudin. Every Sunday they meet after High Mass to receive their religious instruction, of which many of them are badly in need, as there is no religious instruction in the public school. They are allowed, also, to present their difficulties. There are now one hundred and five members and candidates, eighty-five of whom are pledged to monthly communion. They are not yet ripe for more frequent communion, but with the help of God we foster the hope they soon will be. We attract them by English literature we receive regularly from some benefactors in the States and are thinking about a clubhouse in which they could meet their friends and have honest games and sound reading. That is the way we plan to deal with our youth, in order to divert them from bad influences which are, unfortunately, too frequent in our poor country."

News From Ireland

Antrim.

The death has taken place of Hugh Morrison, a gentleman who was very widely known and highly respected. He had reached the protracted age of 104 years, and had lived his whole life in the townland of Antraid, near Randalstown.

Carlow.

Died—December 3, Robert Aylward, 13 Synge street, formerly of Bagnalstown.

Cavan.

The death, after a lingering illness, has taken place of Mrs. James Smith, Millstreet, Cavan. Gerald F. Mortimer, Mullaghsworn in a J. P. for County Cavan, is nephew of the late D. Mortimer, race horse owner.

Married—At St. Patrick's, Ballybay, with nuptial blessing, by the Very Rev. Canon Keenan, P. P., John James, second son of the late John Moen, Main street, Ballybay, to Margaret Mary, eldest daughter of the late Patrick McParland, Albert street, Ballybay, Cavan.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea has sent to Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty—£100 for the poor of Ennis, being part of the estate of his brother, the late M. O'Dea.

Cork.

At Cork Cathedral recently Rev. Francis McCarthy, a native of Bandon, was ordained a priest by Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan.

His parishioners at Toomevara presented the Rev. P. O'Donohue, C. C., with an illuminated address and album on his departure after five years' zealous ministry.

Derry.

A record price of £11 2s. 6d. per cwt. was paid for flax at Coleraine last week.

The governors of Foyle College, Derry, have awarded the Irish society's university exhibition of £30 a year for four years to R. G. F. Thompson.

Down.

An old age pensioner named William Dougherty, aged 84, who lived alone in a laborer's cottage in Carnecavill, near Newcastle, was found dead. At an inquest the finding was that death was due to natural causes.

A two days' sale of farm produce was opened in the town hall, Newry, in aid of the funds of the Newry hospital.

Galway.

The L. G. B. have sanctioned the appointments of Mr. Whymys and Miss Kilmartin as master and matron of the Ballinasloe workhouse.

In the passing of Joseph Cooke, at Bay View House, Kilkerrin, Galway has lost one of its most prominent and respected citizens. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the west of Ireland.

Kerry.

Married—At parish church, Lauragh, with nuptial Mass, by Rev. J. Scanlon, P. P., Florence O'Sullivan, N. T. Lauragh, son of the late R. O'Sullivan, Kilgarvan, to Gertrude, fifth daughter of John F. O'Sullivan, teacher and merchant, Glenmore, Kenmare.

Kildare.

Died—December 6, at her residence, Brownstown, Kilkerrin, County Kildare, Maggie, beloved wife of Thomas Berney.

Kings.

Birr Guardians, the Banagher court, Kings county agricultural committee adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of Denis Dooly, J. P., Milltown House, Banagher, chairman of the agricultural committee.

Leitrim.

A sum of £107 odd, balance of proceeds of the estate of the late Canon Gilligan, P. P. V. G. Carrick-on-Shannon, has been handed to the St. Vincent de Paul society of that town.

Longford.

Most Rev. Dr. Hoare presided at a meeting in Longford at which a fund was opened for the relief of distress in the town. His lordship said the cost of living had gone up 95 per cent.