

EDITH'S VOCATION.

Continued from last week.

Edith paused a moment before descending the steps. Every bush and shrub glistened, every blade of grass held a jewel in its heart. The world seemed to have been "washed clean" by the dew of the night. The sun pierced through the foliage, making little bright spots on the dew-laden plants. The velvety lawn sparkled with half concealed diamonds.

Edith drew in deep breaths of the cool, balmy air. Next week she was going home. Home! She had been away for one long year. Father, mother, the convent, Mother Agatha, the dear Sisters, Father Garvey, the church where she had received her first Holy Communion. She would see them all again.

The honk-honk of a big machine broke her reverie. She caught a flash of the car through the trees when it turned into the grounds. With a cheery "good morning" Mark Pennington sprang from the auto and hurried up the steps.

"Fair goddess of the day," bowing low before her, "behold an early worshiper. Surely I am favored by the gods this morning. I was but driving past the temple just to feel that I was near your shrine and behold! I see you, I am permitted to kneel at your feet and offer my request together with my homage."

"Your request, sir knight?" Edith played up to his jest. "That you would deign to share my chariot for a chase with the morning breeze—We'll outside the east wind, we'll meet the spirit of the lake, we'll fill our hands with earth's sweetest blossoms. I'll weave for you a crown of daisies, Ill—" "There, there, sir knight," laughed Edith. "I am persuaded of your fealty, I grant your request."

"My heart is torn with joy, fair goddess; my chariot waits." "Arise, sir knight, let us go." Laughing merrily, the young people hurried to the auto. After they were seated the young man turned to her. "I am curious to know where you were going so early."

"I wanted to get to 7 o'clock Mass at St. Ursula's." "Seven o'clock Mass on a week day?" Edith ignored his surprised tone. "It is not much out of your way. I thought you might set me down there and then go on with your drive or," noting his disappointment, "you could return for me."

"How long will this—a Mass keep you?" "About thirty minutes. You could have a nice little spin in that time."

"Couldn't I wait for you?" "Certainly, if you wish." "And," he hesitated, "I could go in, couldn't I? I have been inside a Catholic Church."

"Certainly you may come in. I shall be glad to have you." Mark Pennington paid little attention to the service. He watched Edith, who forgetful of his presence, prayed earnestly. He had thought her charming at tennis, beautiful in her simple evening dress. He admired her quick wit and ready humor. But this Edith, with the pure, angelic face whose tender eyes were fixed upon the altar, was a revelation to him.

Catholicism meant nothing to Mark Pennington; that is nothing more than handsome churches and broad charities. He rather admired their quiet indifference to small bigotries and their fidelity to their faith. But he always thought of Catholics as a race apart. His porter was a Catholic, so was his laundress. The negro woman who cleaned his office was a Catholic, so also was the old apple woman at the corner. He had seen her telling her beads while waiting for a car. The wise and learned priests, the black-gowned, soft-stepping nuns were Catholics. But Edith! the brightest, jolliest girl he knew. That was different.

Somehow she seemed very far removed from him. Yet he had intended that very day to ask her to be his wife. Love? why of course he loved her. He wanted her to be mistress of his elegant home. He would be so proud of her beauty, her bright mind and her charming personality.

Looking at her now he could think of nothing but the quotation: "Chaste as ice and pure as snow." Would mortal man ever wake in her eyes the tender love with which she gazed upon the crucifix above the altar? He knew not that her spiritual eyes saw the Calvary, the bruised and quivering Christ. With reverent head bowed above her folded hands, Edith finished her devotions. Turning to him with a smile, she signified her readiness to leave the church.

Seated in the machine, Edith was her bright, companionable self again. Mark, however, was quiet and thoughtful. "So you are going home next week, Miss Edith?" "Yes," brightly, "I can hardly wait until next week. Do you know I have been away a whole year?"

"Have you no regret in leaving?" A shadow flitted across her face. "Uncle Louis and Aunt Jane have been very good to me and I love them, but—father and mother are home. I have made some dear friends here but—there are dear friends at home."

"Dearest friends?" He watched her narrowly. "Some dearer. Mother Agatha and the Sisters. Then there are my old schoolmates and dear Father Garvey. Not to mention," she added laughingly, "the dog, the cat and the birds."

"What are you going to do with your time, your life?" "Something in the man's voice troubled Edith. "You cannot stay home always."

"I expect—I hope—to devote my life to the service of God, to enter the convent." Neither spoke for a moment, then Edith continued, "I pray that I may be found worthy."

"But you are so young, Miss Edith, you have seen so little of life. You could wait five, yes, ten years before shutting yourself up in a convent."

Edith's eyes met his fully. "Give my youth, the fullness of my health and strength to the world and the tag end of it to God?"

"But, Miss Edith," he hesitated, "you might draw some man to the right path. Is not the office of wife and—mother a holy one?"

"It certainly is, and God gives special graces to those whom He calls to that life. But when one has been called to the religious life, to be the bride of Christ, no earthly bridegroom can satisfy her soul. I cannot understand why I have spoken so plainly to you of my hopes for the future, Mr. Pennington. I have never mentioned my desire to anyone except my mother, my confessor, and Mother Agatha, and now," with evident embarrassment, "I am prattling to you—a non-Catholic—who could have no possible interest in my future life."

"Pardon me, Miss Edith, my interest in your future life is deeper than you can guess. I appreciate your confidence more than I can tell you. You have taught me much. I had no idea that very young girls became nuns or that they entered the convent because they felt a call to go. I thought that only women of mature years who had," he paused a moment, "failed in other things sought the shelter of the cloister."

Edith smiled. "What a strange idea! Most of the nuns enter between twenty and thirty, just as a girl marries. I am glad to have corrected that impression. They are such noble women, Mr. Pennington, such sweet, strong characters."

"I can well believe that." Edith tactfully changed the subject and they chatted cheerfully about many things during the remainder of their ride.

"Will you sometimes remember me in your prayers, Miss Edith?" Mark held her hand close. "You pray for heathens, do you not?"

"I will pray for you, yes, although I do not consider you a heathen."

Drawing the girl to her, "Surely you can tell Aunt Jane first. I am very pleased, dear, Mark Pennington is all that the most exacting could desire."

The color flooded the girl's face. "Mark Pennington!" she stammered.

"Did not Mr. Pennington propose to you this morning?" "He did not, and I am very glad that he didn't. She understood now, and her heart throbbed gratefully. "I would have refused him, Aunt Jane, and," she paused at the door. "I like Mr. Pennington."

When Edith—clothed for the first time in the habit of her chosen order—was receiving congratulations from relatives and friends Mother Agatha touched her. "Sister Loretta, an old friend wishes to speak to you."

Edith turned to meet the eyes of Mark Pennington. "I came, Sister, to offer my congratulations and to bring you some good news."

"Edith laid her hand in his. "Good news," she queried. "Good news," he answered. "I was baptized the first Friday in May and tomorrow—I enter the Jesuit novitiate."

"Good news indeed! Oh, this happy, happy day!" Sister Loretta's eyes were dim with tears. Father Garvey, who stood near, turned to Mrs. Detwynne. "Edith is a true child of Mary! Their influence, through the blessing and guidance of our Blessed Mother, is beyond our ken."—Lydia L. Coghlan.

Late News of Ireland

Carlow
Carlow U. C. conduced with Rev. Father Foynes, Carlow College, on the death of his father, M. Foynes.

Died—September 10, at Paulville, Tullow, Michael, eldest son of the late Patrick Dowling.

Cork
Very Rev. Canon Wigmore, D. D., P. P., Mallow, left £2,981. He bequeathed £1,000 and his books and plate to the Bishop of Cloyne for St. Colman's College, Fermoy; £100 for a little chapel in Mallow parish church to be erected over his grave; £50 to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for the poor of the parish and £50 for Masses. Middleton Guardians have followed the example of the District Council, deciding to have their paying orders and checks issued in Irish.

Dublin
Rt. Hon. Jonathan Hogg and Hon. F. Lawless have been re-appointed Governors of the National Gallery, Ireland, for five years.

The Executive Catholic Total Abstinence Federation, placed on record the loss sustained by the Irish Temperance movement through the death of John Gore. Joseph Mooney, J. P., Cabra, was unanimously elected honorary treasurer, in place of Mr. Gore.

J. W. Dawson, whose death has taken place at his residence, St. Mary's, Killiney, had been for twelve years acting secretary to the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, previous to which he was connected with the St. Vincent de Paul Society. About fifty years of age, he was a native of Dublin, and devoted his life to laboring for the poor.

Kildare
The members of the A. O. H. Newbridge, have presented a roll of notes to their President, C. McKenna, T. C.

Died—September 13, at his residence, Monasterevan; Dr. David J. Ryan. The funeral was to Fontstown.

Kerry
The departure of the Very Rev. D. J. Canon O'Riordan, P. P., V. F., from Listowel, to take over the pastoral charge of Boherbee, has caused much regret among his former parishioners, among whom he has left many memorials of his zeal and devotion.

Mayo
Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin on visiting Balla, was given a most enthusiastic welcome. Visiting the new church, now almost complete, His Grace promised a gift of an altar to Our Lady.

Rev. Father Roughneen, son of T. Roughneen, Co. C., Kiltihagh, has been appointed to a temporary mission at Brighton.

Sligo
Miss Mary B. Flynn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, New Rooskey House, Rooskey, has been awarded a scholarship in Galway University. She also has the distinction of taking the Cap and Gown for music. She was educated at the Marist Convent, Tubbercurry.

Died—September 10, at Rathmoney House, Ballintogher, Bedelia, wife of Edward Mulrooney, J. P. Interment at Killery.

Tipperary
The Very Rev. Canon McMahon, P. P., V. G., Nenagh, has been re-elected chairman of the North Tipperary Technical Committee.

Rev. W. J. Hayes, who has been put in charge of the Catholic mission at Batley Carr, near Dewsbury, is a native of Killenale.

Two Priests Dead

Rev. Mortimer L. Nolan and Rev. Otto E. Geiger Succumb To Pneumonia.

Rev. Mortimer L. Nolan, first assistant priest of the Cathedral and principal of the Rochester Catholic High School, died at the home of his mother, at No. 137 Rugby avenue, at 2:45 o'clock last Saturday morning after a few days' illness from pneumonia following influenza.



Rev. Mortimer L. Nolan

Rev. Father Nolan was born in Mendon, N. Y., September 14, 1886. He was educated in the parochial schools of Rochester and studied for the priesthood in the preparatory seminary of St. Andrew's and later finished his studies in St. Bernard's Seminary from which he was ordained into the priesthood on June 10, 1911. He was one of the best known and best loved younger priests in the diocese.

He leaves his mother, Mrs. Sarah Nolan; three brothers, Wm. P., Augustine M. and John J. Nolan and a sister, Miss Martha E. Nolan.

The funeral took place from the family home Monday morning. Services were conducted by Rev. John H. O'Brien, of St. Augustine's church, and the burial service at Holy Sepulcher cemetery, in the priests' plot, was conducted by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, assisted by the priests of the city. The following priests were bearers: Revs. James B. Keenan, R. J. A. Henry, Stephen J. Byrne, Joseph V. Curtin, Edward B. Simpson and William J. Brian. The requiem mass will be sung at a later date when the churches are reopened.



Rev. Otto E. Geiger

At a meeting of the trustees of the Holy Name Society of the Cathedral Parish resolutions of sympathy and condolence were adopted. The resolutions were signed by the following committee: For the trustees, Rev. J. Francis O'Hern, James P. B. Duffy, John

Kiley; for the Holy Name Society, Rev. R. J. A. Henry, Frank N. Hannis, Patrick J. Maloy and William B. Moynihan.

Rev. Otto E. Geiger, assistant rector of Holy Family Church for four years, died of pneumonia Wednesday morning at the home of his mother, Mrs. Lucy Geiger, No. 292 Selye terrace. Father Geiger fell ill of influenza on Monday of last week. For a few days it was thought he would recover, but pneumonia set in, and he quickly succumbed.

Father Geiger was born on September 14, 1886. He attended parochial schools, Frank Street Preparatory Seminary and St. Bernard's Seminary, and was ordained in June, 1913. He was at the Cathedral and served as assistant at St. Michael's Church for a short time before he went to Holy Family Church as assistant to Rev. Dietrich Laurentis. His ability as a speaker gave him prominence in Catholic societies, and he was one of the best known and best liked of the younger priests of the Diocese of Rochester.

Father Geiger leaves, beside his mother, three sisters, Mrs. Edward D. Snyder, of Lancaster; Mrs. John Somers, of Buffalo, and Miss Mary M. Geiger, of this city, and three brothers, Herman F., Albert J., and Sergeant Frederick Geiger, who is in France.

The funeral was held on Friday morning at 10 o'clock at No. 292 Selye Terrace and was private. Rev. Father Laurentis and Rev. A. A. Hughes officiated.

Church Dedicated

Service Conducted by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey at Handsome New Structure in Cohocton.

Cohocton, Oct. 29.—The new St. Pius Church in this village was dedicated last Sunday morning by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, of Rochester, who was assisted by visiting priests. Bishop Hickey laid the corner stone Sunday afternoon, July 7th.

The edifice is built of hollow concrete blocks, with facings of yellow tapestry bricks and cut stone trimmings. The roof is of red tile and the architecture is of the mission style. The building is the most costly of any church building in the town of Cohocton, and occupies as fine a location as there is in this village, being on Maple Avenue.

This structure takes the place of the wooden building on Hill Street, which was burned last January, and the members are to be congratulated on their promptness in rebuilding at this time in spite of the extraordinary expense for both labor and material.

A most appropriate and eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Hickey. In spite of the prevailing epidemic the attendance was large.

Charles M. Shatzel To Report For K. of C. Work.

Charles M. Shatzel of 41 Santee street has received orders to report for overseas service with the Knights of Columbus, making the fifth from this city to answer such a call. He is special representative of the Metric Packing Company of Buffalo, which granted him leave of absence for a year. He has a wife and five children. Mr. Shatzel has been a trustee of the Holy Name Society for seven years. More men for overseas secretaries, between the ages of 37 and 50 years, are wanted by the Knights of Columbus.