He walked on until he came to the cottage of his childhood—a pretty cottage despite its wintry garb. It struck him that in the prairie he had always pictured it in its summer dress.

He stood by the garden hedge, looking with saddened eyes at each familiar detail. Then he noted all at once a written notice in the window, and read it:

"Lost between Lordship Lane and East Dulwich, a rosary. The finder, on bringing it to Vine Cottage, will be rewarded."

Hillery's heart gave a bound. Here was an excuse to set foot once more in the old home.

Strong man though he was, his hand trembled as he lifted the latch of the gate.

He knocked upon the door, which he noted was still painted green, and waited.

The door was opened, and the big Canadian was so taken aback by the apparition that met his gaze that for a moment he found no words.

A pair of wonderful, laughing Irish eyes were looking into his on inquiry.

"I have brought your rosary," Hillery blurted out at last. "At least it may be yours," he added. "I didn't figure on doing a little service to some one living in my old home."

Nora Mulligan smiled enchantingly.

"Why, you must be Joseph Hillery," she said. "We have heard that the Hillerys built this dear little house, and that their only son went to Canada at sixteen. Come in. My mother will bid you welcome."

Hillery entered the narrow passage, noted the stairs (up which he had so often run when he had come in later than his father approved), and entered the front sitting-room, the room in which he had "done his lessons." Something rose in his throat. There were the two little cupboards on either side of the fireplace, just as he remembered them. But his mother's work-box no longer stood on top of the one nearest the window, and on the top of the other no longer stood the little statue of St. Joseph under a shade.

Nora took down the "Notice" from between the snowy muslin curtains and turned and faced him. His great bulk seemed to fill the room.

"Sit down," she said gaily. "Oh, I never thanked you for bringing back my rosary! I was so taken aback to find you were Joseph Hillery. I have often thought of you, and wondered how you got on. You see, we heard all about how you had to go away and seek your fortune, and I have often said a little prayer for you—a poor boy so unhappy and alone."

Hillery looked at her, a trim little figure in a blue serge frock, her pretty round face revealing two alluring dimples as she smiled up at him, her laughing, violet eyes meeting his with the sweet expression of girlhood.

"Do sit down," she said. I am going to fetch mother, and you must stay and have dinner with us in your old home, and then go over the house. I know you would like to do that."

Hillery was quite overcome.

"I thought," he said brokenly, "that I should only see the cottage and go away. I didn't know I should—"

He got no further, but sat down on the little sofa, staring in front of him.

Nora ran out to the kitchen, returning with her mother, a kindly, pleasant-faced woman.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Hillery," she said. "Make yourself at home. We have often talked of you here. The dinner will soon be ready—a bit of boiled mutton, not much for visitors, but you will excuse that. We are only poor folk, but you are welcome to the best we have."

Hillery, who had pondered on the fact that there was no one—no, not one—left of the friends of his boyhood to give him a welcome to the old country was quite overcome. The only thing he found to say was: "I thought I was right up against it when I came up Lordship Lane, and there was no one left of the friends I had known; and now—well I guess I'm in luck. I tell you right here, I haven't felt so happy this many a year. It was a stroke of luck my finding that rosary."

Mrs. Mulligan stirred the fire into a blaze. The room seemed uncommonly homelike.

"I came right on from Liverpool," went on Hillery. "I thought I should just look at the outside of the cottage and go."

"Now which room did you sleep in when you were a boy?" asked Mrs. Mulligan, as she spread a white cloth on the table. "We sleep together, Nora and I, and there are two rooms not occupied. But if you will take us friendly like and have the room you used to have, we will do our best to make you comfortable. I have often thought I would like to mother that poor little chap who had to go away all alone."

It was during dinner that Hillery learned that Mrs. Mulligan's husband had been killed in a railway accident and that the home was kept together by Nora, who was a typist.

After dinner Hillery showed his new friends the room he had occupied as a boy, and mother and daughter set to work to prepare it for his occupation.

That Hillery should accept the hospitality of strangers after this fashion was not odd. He was a Canadian and Canadians give hospitality quite freely to strangers and take it as freely in their turn.

The days passed, and Hillery was happier than he had been for years. To be made much of by tender hearted women folk, after "batching" it so long in the prairie was to Hillery a heaven upon earth. He owned to himself quite freely, in the solitude of his chamber under the eaves, that the pair of roguish Irish eyes which looked out from Nora's pretty face had no small part in the making of the enchanted land in which he found himself.

There was no servant in the modest home, so Hillery helped the gentle mother while Nora was at the office where she did typing, which was situated at Peckham Rye. Mrs. Mulligan was not a little astonished at Hillery's knowledge of housework and the expedition with which he accomplished household tasks. Hillery, for reasons best known to himself, talked a great deal to Mrs. Mulligan about the ideal farm he had built, and about his general prosperity, and about the delights which a free life in the Canadian prairie could yield.

"It is all perfect out there at my place, except one thing," he said, one morning, when he had just finished chopping up some boxes for firewood.

"And what is that?" she inquired, looking with keen interest into his kindly, weather-tanned face.

"I want a mother—and a wife at the farm," he told her.

Then she understood.

It was when Hillery and Nora were returning from Benediction on the Sunday evening followed that Hillery said:

"You promised a reward to the finder of your rosary, Nora. I want my reward."

She laughed shyly. Perhaps she guessed what was coming.

"I want a very big reward," Hillery went on. "I want you. Do you think you could trust yourself to a rough Westerner?"

"To you I could," she answered, almost in a whisper.

It was quite dark, and the road was nearly deserted, so Hillery did what most men would have done in his place—he gathered her to his heart and kissed her.

So do small events sometimes lead to great ones. That Hillery took a sweet wife and a tender mother back to his farm in Canada was all due to the lost rosary.—Mrs. Coulson Kernahan in the Universe and Catholic Weekly, London.

REMINISCENCES OF FATHER "TOM" BURKE

HIS NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD WHEREVER AN IRISHMAN IS TO BE FOUND

More than a quarter of a century ago on the morning of July 2, 1883, there died in the historic village of Tallaght, County Dublin, Ireland, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, one whose name was at the time a household word wherever Irish men and women were to be found, says a correspondent, "One Who Knew Him," in the Rosary Magazine.

THE CHAMPION OF THE IRISH RACE

Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican, who by his eloquence in the pulpit and on the platform had in various parts of two continents enthralled, as few had done, audiences differing in nationality, in social position and in mental culture, was no more. Great were the lamentations of the Irish race all the world over when the news of his death became known. And no wonder, for Father Burke was not only a great preacher, one of whom on that account, if for no other, we might well be proud, but, moreover, he had been the champion of our people when an unscrupulous emissary of England endeavored to besmirch their fair name.

I do not intend in the limited space at my disposal to write a life of Father Burke. Even had I the opportunity of doing so, I should be slow to take up such a work, for it would be hard to do him justice. The world knew him as the great orator, the wit, the reconteur, but comparatively few knew the wonderful patience of the man under excruciating sufferings arising from an incurable disease from which he suffered for many years. Few knew his spirit of child-like obedience to superiors, and his profound humility which was his safeguard in the midst of his great triumphs.

BORN IN HISTORIC GALWAY

Galway the "City of the Tribes," has the honor of having been the birthplace of Father Burke. He was born on Sept. 8, 1830, and a few days after he received the name of Nicholas Anthony in baptism. He used sometimes to say, laughingly, that if lived to be old people might speak of his as "Old Nick." It was when he got the habit of St. Dominic that, according to the customs of some religious orders, he took the name he is so well known by, that of Thomas, after the great Aquinas, the Prince of Theologians.

His early years were, like those of most Irish boys of that period, full of frolic and escapades. Over and over again he was chastised, not only for his own childish deeds but very often also for those of others, which were wrongly charged to him on the principle that once a dog had a bad name you may safely suppose him guilty, even though you have no proof, of the delinquencies of others.

RECEIVED MINOR ORDERS FROM THE FUTURE LEO XIII.

On Dec. 29, 1847, he was clothed with the habit of the Friars Preachers in the convent of Perugia, Italy. It was worthy of note that the Archbishop of that See at the time was he who years after, under the name of Leo XIII., sat upon the Chair of Peter. More than once the Archbishop, knowing that young Burke spoke French fluently even at that early age, sent for the "young Irish novice," and the future Pope and he whose fame as a preacher was to be world-wide used to converse in that language. Before the end of his stay of two years in Perugia the young Irish student received minor orders at the hands of Archbishop Pecci.

He then went to Rome, where he continued his studies in the Convent of the the Minerva. About this time Father Burke met Cardinal Wiseman, who, when speaking of others said: "That young man has a wondrous power of inspiring affection; he will be a great priest one day." So great was the opinion entertained by his superiors of his piety and talents that whilst still a young man, and not yet ordained priest, he was sent in 1851 to England to fill a post of great responsibility, that of training the young aspirants of the Order.

ORDAINED PRIEST IN 1853

On his way to Woodchester, which was to be his home till 1855, he arrived in London "attired more like a smuggler than a friar," and without a penny in his pocket. He had to borrow money from a priest he had known in Rome in order to continue his journey. It was during his stay in Woodchester that he was ordained priest on March 26, 1853, and stood an examination for his degree of Lector, which in the Dominican Order is equivalent to that of Doctor of Sacred Theology.

He had some rare experiences at this time. As the monastery was the first opened in England since the time of the "reformation," many non-Catholics visited it, anxious no doubt to see what manner of men the friars were. There turned up in Woodchester an itinerant preacher, who railed in the usual style against "Popery." Crowds of people attended his lectures and were greatly moved by the stories he told about the abominations of Rome. Father Burke, hearing what was going on, and recognizing the necessity of contradicting the false statements of the man, got permission from his superior to attend one of the lectures He did so, and was amused at what he heard as well as amazed at the gullibility of the audience. Amongst other statements of the lecturer was one that he had on more than one occasion "taken tea" with Pius IX. in a villa on the Tiber.

HIS ENCOUNTER WITH A MOUNTEBANK

That settled the matter. Father Burke saw the fellow was a mountebank and, rising from his seat, he at once denounced him as such. "My friends," he said, "I have lived amongst you for some time. I think you will believe my word. That man is an impostor. Allow me to put him a few questions in Italian and you will see he does not know a word of the language." There was great commotion. Sides were taken. At last one man cried out. "Give the long fellow (meaning Father Burke) a hearing." This appeal was granted, and the priest was invited to the platform. Needless to say when he put a few questions to the preacher the latter was unable to answer them. He narrowly escaped being lynched, and fled ignominiously from the town.

Father Burke had another curious experience whilst in Woodchester. It was a Good Friday night, and he was the preacher. The church was crowded for the most part with non-Catholics, and as he was about to ascend the pulpit his superior directed him to preach, not on the appropriate subject of the day, "The Passion," but on the sanctity of the marriage tie, saying, "There are numbers here who have loose ideas on the matter. They may never again have the opportunity of hearing a sermon on it." Without a murmur the obedient priest ascended the pulpit and preached as he had been ordered. He considered it one of his best sermons.

HIS FIRST LABORS IN DUBLIN

He was ordered to Ireland in 1855 to begin a work similar to that which he had so ably accomplished in Woodchester. It was in September, 1859, that he preached his first famous sermon. It was at the opening of the Church of the Star of the Sea, Sandymount, County Dublin. In 1864 he was appointed rector of San Clemente, Rome. In the following year he was called upon to take up the course of sermons begun by Cardinal, then Dr. Manning, in the Church of Sta. Maria dei Populo, as the latter was hastily summoned to England to the deathbed of Cardinal Wiseman. Later on he preached the Lenten conferences at Santa Maria dei Monti, and Santa Maria Degli Angeli.

He returned to Ireland at the end of 1867, and in May, 1869, when at the height of his fame, he delivered an oration which occupied two hours in delivery in presence of some fifty thousand spectators, on the occasion of the removal of the remains of O'Connell to the crypt beneath the Round Tower of Glasnevin. When Dr. Leahy, O. P., Bishop of Dromore, was setting forth for the Vatican Council in 1870, he selected Father Burke as theologian to accompany him in the journey. During the sitting of the Council they lived in San Clemente, as did the late Dr. Moriarity, Bishop of Kerry, and Dr. Errington, formerly coadjutor to the Archbishop of Westminster.

AN INCIDENT IN HIS LIFE IN ROME

A certain English gentleman held brilliant receptions in Rome during the Council. There were attended by many of the Bishops and priests. Amongst those who visited the house from time to time was Father Burke. He discovered that a special room had been fitted up in Oriental style for the Eastern bishops, many of whom would sit there and smoke their hookahs with the exchange of scarcely a word. The quiet of the place appealed to him rather than the talk and laughter of the salon. He often retired to it, and sitting down in Eastern style like his companions, would enjoy a quiet smoke. What was his horror one day when the door was suddenly thrown open and he heard the voice of the host saying: "This way, my lord, if you please. I will have the pleasure of introducing you to some of the Eastern bishops."

"Oh! oh! is this a smoking room?" replied Dr. McEvilly, Bishop of Galway. There was nothing for it but to brazen it out. Father Burke hoped that as the room was filled with smoke, and he sat like the Easterns he might escape observation. But it was not to be. On came the host and his guest, the former making the introductions: "Your Lordship, this is the Patriarch of So-and-So. Allow me to introduce you," etc., etc. When the two came opposite to Father Burke, the gentleman of the house knew not what to say. Father Burke was sitting like a statue Dr. McEvilly was bewildered. He peered through the thickening smoke. He could scarcely believe his eyes. "Is that you?" "Who else should it be," replied Father Burke. "What are you doing here?" asked the bishop. "Oh I come here occasionally to have a smoke and a few words with the Patriarch of—" "You are joking," said Dr. McEvilly. "Let me hear you talking to His Grace."

HIS "KNOWLEDGE" OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE

Now Father Burke was gifted with an acute musical ear, and years before he had readily acquired, through intercourse with a Chinese Dominican novice in Rome, and other Orientals, a knowledge of Eastern phonetics. Taking up the challenge of Dr. McEvily, he turned towards the Eastern Bishop and addressed him in what appeared to be articulate language. The Easterner turned round, looked at Father Burke, uttered some words — very probably it was, "What are you saying?"—then relapsed into silence and returned to his pipe. "You are a wonderful man!" was the remark of Dr. McEvily to Father Burke.

Something similar to this happened a few years previously when Father Burke was living in Dublin. He used to crack an odd joke with an old Father of the community who had been in the East, and used occasionally address him in what he said was Chinese. The old Father didn't believe Father Burke knew the language, and one day, to his great pleasure, there turned up at the monastery a priest who had been for years on the Chinese mission. He was invited to dinner. "Now, Father, I'll prove you are joking," said the old priest to Father Burke."

HIS JOKE ON THE OLD BROTHER

What was his astonishment, however, when at the dinner Father Burke entered into conversation with the Chinese missionary in what sounded like Chinese. After five or six minutes of what appeared like intelligible conversation to those listening, the Chinese missionary, turning to Father Burke said: "Father, it is evident to me that you speak the language of the educated Chinese. I am only a humble missionary. I mixed with the poor and uneducated and speak only their language." The effect was wonderful. The old priest could say nothing.

In 1871, the year after the Vatican Council, Father Burke was extremely busy. He preached at least seven hundred and sixty sermons at the lowest computation during that year, considering he preached sometimes four times a day during the twenty-one retreats he gave. It was about this time he had the great honor conferred upon him of being one of a commission of five appointed for the revision of the Rules and Constitution of his Order, a work involving no little trouble as many of them, dating back to medieval times, needed amendment and adaptation to modern life.

HIS VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY

And now comes the crowning part of Father Burke's life, his visit to America. He was sent in 1871 to the United States as representative of the General of his Order. He expected to be absent only a few weeks, but did not return to Ireland for eighteen months. When his work as "Visitor" of the houses of his Order in the United States was finished and he was about to return to Ireland, it may be truly said a crisis arose with regard to the Irish race.

James Anthony Froude, chartered liar, and calumniator of the Irish race, had appeared upon the scene. He told the Americans that the "mere Irish" got what they deserved. He had come, he said, "to appeal to an American jury for a verdict in justification of England's occupation of Ireland, and of her administration of the affairs of that country." Froude had his lectures prepared. He had a reputation. All were afraid to meet him, not that they had not a good case, but that the time was short. Father Burke was asked to take up the work. He retired for a few days to the residence of a friend, who is now an illustrious member of the American hierarchy, and there in a well-stocked library prepared himself for the fray.

FROUDE'S ARGUMENTS SHATTERED AND THE CAUSE OF IRELAND VINDICATED

The sequel is well known. Froude's arguments were shattered, and the cause of Ireland was vindicated. Thenceforth Father Burke's short career in the United States was that of which the most exalted might be proud. A sumptuous banquet was given to him at Delmonico's, at which all that was representative of the Empire City was present. He was the lion of the day. During his stay here he preached and lectured constantly. The net proceeds of his sermons and lectures amounted to at least $200,000—I have seen it stated that it was $400,000. Of all the money his lectures and sermons in the United States realized, not more than $20,000 came into the hands of his Order. The remainder of the big sum was handed over to churches, orphanages, and convents in the United States.

It was Father Burke's great privilege to receive an invitation to speak on the floor of the House of Representatives. Only one Catholic ecclesiastic had previously had that honor conferred upon him—Bishop O'Carroll, S. J. Parnell also got the invitation and accepted it. Father Burke intended to appear in the House in the habit of his Order; but it was ordained otherwise. England's garrison in Ireland got alarmed at the impetus given by his lectures to the cause of Irish Nationality. A complaint was made to his superior, and he was ordered to return immediately to Europe.

HIS RETURN TO IRELAND

Before the order reached him the superior, who was in his last illness when he issued it, had died, and the news reached Father Burke by cablegram. Many a person might have said to himself in like circumstances: "I am no longer bound to obey this order now that he who issued it is dead." Father Burke did not argue in this way; but, good religious man that he was, he resolved to make the sacrifice, though doubtless the temptation was strong to address the cream of American intelligence and worth. He did not, therefore, wait to address Congress, but returned home by the first steamer. On March 7, 1873, he reached Queenstown. Crowds were waiting at the quay, and he received a most enthusiastic welcome.

He lived for ten years after his return, and during that time, most of which was spent in Tallaght, near Dublin, where he is buried, his life was one of hard work and almost constant suffering. He preached often in Dublin and Cork, and in many parts of England, as well as at the dedication of Armagh Cathedral. He was some time in the middle of this decade member of a committee formed in Dublin for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to John Mitchel, who had returned to Ireland for the first time since his transportation in 1848, after a short residence in the United States. The two met at a dinner at the house of a mutual friend. Father Burke was very much pleased by the manner of the old "rebel," who, alas, soon after was laid to rest amongst the friends of his youth.

DECLINES THE ARCHBISHOPRIC OF TRINIDAD

About this time Father Burke was offered the Archbishopric of Trinidad. The same offer was made to him years before during the sitting of the Vatican Council. I have good reason to believe—indeed, I may say I am certain—that the mitre of at least one See in Ireland, and that of either Toronto or London, in Canada (I forget which one), were offered him. He pleaded his bad health, and so escaped the burden. Indeed, had he been in robust health I am sure he would have done his best to escape the dignity.

These are but a few of many reminiscences, gay and sad, which I have of Father Burke. They are only sidelights. A full, complete life, one that will do justice to the qualities of head and heart of the great orator, has yet to be written. Let us hope that someone competent for the task may undertake it at no distant date. These pages are a very humble tribute to the memory of one whom I loved and revered, and whom I shall ever consider it a great privilege to have known. I lay this humble offering at his grave.

A LAY SERMON

ENGLISH CATHOLIC DOCTOR ON THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING IN THE WORLD

In a paper read at the English Catholic Congress, G. W. B. Marsh, M. D., expressed some ever-timely thoughts on "The Mystery of Evil:"

Why all this suffering, sorrow, and misery, could not God have attained His end without it, if He be omnipotent; and does not his goodness demand that He should have done so? What do we know of this end that God has in view? Has he declared it to us? Was He bound to declare it to us? Has the Creator to justify His ways to the creature? Yet without such knowledge how can we judge of the means, of their necessity, of their fitness? For aught we know, physical evil may be necessary to the end that God has in view. Certainly He cannot be acting wantonly or cruelly, or He would not be God.

But would it not have been better never to create at all, than to have brought into being creatures who should suffer in body and mind? Again, how do we know that it would have been better?

We cannot explain the mystery of evil—for mystery it is—and that just because we have exceedingly limited information. This cannot be insisted on too much. What we do know is, that, as in the case of moral evil, we are confronted with facts—one, that of the existence and infinite goodness of God; the other, the co-existence of physical evil. They must, therefore, be compatible, for two truths cannot be contradictory. Again, if we deny God's existence, we go back on our reason and stultify all knowledge, and if we deny the existence of suffering, we are flying in the face of palpable and certain facts. It is useless to attempt to explain away the existence of evil in general by saying that there is a preponderance of good in the world. That is not the question. We do not want to know what the proportions are: but why any, even the least evil, should be possible in the presence of God's omnipotence and goodness.

To say that on the whole the good are rewarded even here in this world, and the wicked punished, is to go against facts; for it is the evil-doer who prospers and flourishes, and lays up stores of this world's goods. Scripture has told us that whom God loves He chastises and scourges, and tries, as in the case of Job; and we are told that it is more difficult for the rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass under the needle-like eye of an Eastern city gate.

Let us review our position. We know that God exists: and that He is infinitely good, and we know that evil exists, both moral and physical. We are sure that there can be nothing cruel or wanton in God. We are equally sure that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, and that, therefore, there must be much in God's dealings with His creatures that we cannot understand; much that is a mystery to us, nay that even seems to contradict his goodness. But we must accept facts as we know them, not as we would have them, and if we are reasonable beings, we must bow our heads and intellects before the Infinite, in the humility of mind that alone becomes us—trusting absolutely in Him, confident and certain of the uprightness of his cause. Like Job, we should say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." And this is the only reasonable, scientific, and dignified attitude that man can take.

To cry out against God and say "I will not serve," is but the folly of the man who dashes out his brains in his endeavor to pierce a stone wall with his head. Job was wise because "in all this he sinned not; nor did he charge God foolishly." In sorrow and suffering let us follow reason and religion; and say, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" and He Who knows all that we endure, will perhaps one day explain these mysteries to us; and in any case He will give us the reward of our fidelity—a reward exceeding great—nor shall the dumb animal be forgotten on that day.

Father Tom's Mother

The mother of the great Dominican preacher, Father "Tom" Burke, was much beloved by her gifted son. He used to say: "Mother, the old convent in Galway, and the first dawnings of my vacation are built up in my soul together; the first, my mother, the most intimate and endearing of all." Yet, though Father Tom was the only son—indeed an only child—he was by no means coddled. When in his youth he needed the rod (which, according to his own story, was quite often) his mother did not hesitate to apply it. He often told that his mother considered such corrective part of her sacred duty to her boy, and she always began them with prayer. "Direct O Lord, our actions and carry them on by thy gracious assistance," she would gravely say, to the terror of her delinquent son. "When I saw my mother enter the room, and make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the light of the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy," said Father Burke. "I never got such a beating as that directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it. At times by way of variety the word 'direct' was changed to 'prevent.' But it never did prevent. Down the lash always came."

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