

Saturday, June 9, 1900

THE STORY OF TWO SOLDIERS.

It is the first of December, 1895. The glorious Indian sun, streaming through the open shutters and veils through the open shutters and veils...

On this particular morning Her Majesty's troopship "Malabar," is riding at anchor a few hundred yards from the beach. Already she is getting up steam for her return voyage...

Before the sick man had time to answer, Lieutenant Norman himself entered, and going straight over to O'Neal, asks anxiously if he is all right again.

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here and there lending a hand, and keeping an eye to everything. Our friend Norman finds himself seated beside the Catholic chaplain, Father Drew. During dinner they converse on a variety of general subjects.

"I am very fortunate then in getting beside you, as, in addition to the pleasure of your company at meals, you will be able to give me information about the Catholic men of your regiment."

On the voyage many were the devices got up to pass the time pleasantly. It was not uncommon to see a group of ladies playing that manly game, quills; but it is a pity to have to record that, when they were, a great number of quills found their way overboard.

On one of these occasions a certain naval officer, Mr. K., well known by the sailors for the use of an excellent pair of lungs, and a "strong, swearing accent," was taking a part on the stage.

The ship called at Malta en route, and took in, among other things, about a dozen Maltese cattle. These were arranged at the foot of the main mast, and were killed as fresh meat was needed.

Just before reaching Gibraltar, the third concert of the voyage was prepared, and proved as great a success as the preceding two. The officers, black and white, sat some time discussing matters.

Shortly after the 49th regiment arrived in Dublin, and, naturally enough, Lieutenant Norman started to look up his old friend, but could find no trace of him.

and had almost given up hope when, quite unexpectedly, he discovered him in the hospice. Attending the church of St. Mary, in Rathmines, he had become acquainted with Father Bourke, chaplain to the hospice.

Before passing into the hospice proper, she brought her visitors into the chapel, near the entrance doors of which are a few seats for the benefit of such patients as are able to attend Mass.

The first thing that struck the young man on entering each ward was the general air of cheerfulness about every one and everything. The patients, even those who were unable to leave their beds, had all an answering smile of welcome for the Rev. Mother's kind greeting.

In one of the wards, however, Norman saw a very sad case. It was that of a fair young girl. Just before the visitors entered she had been coughing fearfully, and when they approached her bed, seemed quite exhausted.

Descending again to the lower part of the house, they went through the men's wards, the last one they came to being Saint Patrick's, the largest in the house.

The sick man raised himself to greet the visitor, and immediately recognized his old friend, Norman. "What, O'Neal! I have been hunting through Dublin for the past fortnight looking for you."

As duty often detained him during visiting hours, he had permission to come at any time convenient to himself. One afternoon he arrived at the hospice about three o'clock, the hour at which all the patients unite in praying for the benefactors of the institution.

Entering Saint Patrick's Ward he found them all saying the Rosary. Those who were up were kneeling before an image of Our Lady. The others, propped up in bed, were lending their feeble voices to swell the volumes of praise in Mary's honor.

Norman knelt down near the door, and, in a low tone, joined in the prayers of the sick men. The Rosary being ended, he proceeded to O'Neal's bed, and was quite shocked to find the change that had come over him in a few hours.

After watching his friend for a long time, Norman left the ward, and, telling the chaplain, who had been sent for, that he would wait for him, he proceeded to the little chapel. Here he knelt down and tried to think.

He had always led a most exemplary life, and now he began to imagine he had missed his vocation, and that he was intended for the Church. Whether this was the result of his frequent conversations with Father Bourke, or the sight of the dying in the hospice, he could not make out.

He had entered the army at his father's desire, just as he would have joined the navy or any other profession he might have brought up to; but he had no ardent love for it, and felt he could leave it without the slightest feeling of regret.

As these things were passing through his mind, Father Bourke entered, and presently they started off together. On the way the young man mentioned his thoughts to the priest, but Father Bourke, while praising the ecclesiastical state as the noblest in the world, at the same time treated the young Lieutenant's aspirations in that direction very lightly.

Separating from his companion on Stephen's Green, Norman returned to his quarters, feeling altogether unsettled. The idea which he had mentioned to the priest, and which had been made so light of, had taken a strong hold on his mind.

Next day he got word of his friend's death, and soon after followed the humble coffin to Glasnevin as the chief and only mourner, for poor O'Neal had few friends and no relations.

Just a year later, as Father Bourke was making himself comfortable at the fire one evening, a knock was heard at the door, and two minutes later in walked Lieutenant Norman.

The next thing was to get the approbation of his father, a landed proprietor in the South of England. This was granted at once.

But who can forestall the future? One evening, after leaving the hospice, where he complained of not feeling well, he went early to bed, hoping to be quite recovered on the morrow.

A doctor, who was called in, said he had scarlatina, and in three days he was dead. The grief of all who had come in contact with him may be better imagined than described.

There is a picture at present hanging in Saint Patrick's Ward, presented to the hospice by the young man's father. It represents the Child Jesus in the Temple, and recalls to the minds of the patients the story of the two soldiers. May they rest in peace.—B. T. Graham, B.A., in the Irish Rosary Magazine.

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A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprade streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill, Officers: D. Gallery, President; P. T. McLeod, Vice-President; Wm. Bawley, Sec.-Secretary, 78 Mansfield street; John Hughes, Fin.-Secretary; L. Brophy, Treasurer; M. Fennell, Chairman of Standing Committee; Marshal, Mr. John Kennedy.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Sec.-Secretary, Jno. F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, (to whom all communications should be addressed); Fin.-Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 798 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke, Marshal, J. Tynan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444a St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1888.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe O.S.B.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, Hugh O'Connor; Secretary, Jas. O'Loughlin. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Hinphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killfeather; Secretary, James Brady, No. 97 Rosel Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner York and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

ST. PATRICK'S COURT, NO. 95 C.O.F.—Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, James F. Fosbre, Recording Secretary, Alex. Patterson, 197 Ottawa street.

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