

GLORIANNA McGINNIS.

"Andy," said Julia Reilly to her brother-in-law, Andrew McGinnis, as the christening party marched up the street; "Andy don't raise a row before the priest about the name."

Andy looked defiance and disgust, but maintained silence—a silence so ominous that the wily Julia was inspired to change the base of her appeal.

"Andy, dear," she asked persuasively, "wasn't Nora always a good wife to you?"

"Never a better, Julia," he agreed heartily, thrown off his guard for a moment by a wave of tender feeling towards the mother of the pink and white bundle they were taking to the church.

"Sure, then, you wouldn't want to break her heart. An' she says to me comin' out, she says, 'If Andy won't let me call the darlin' Gloriana, I'll break me heart.' An' she cried that hard! 'God forgive me!' she ejaculated to herself."

"She cried!" exclaimed Andy, repeating bitter opposition. "Well, I never made her cry before, an' I won't do it now. You can give the middle name Gloriana—oh, but it's disgraceful! An' I'll give the first name Honora. But it's against the principles, Julia, an' I'll always call the child Nora. It was good enough for me own mother an' for her mother an' it'll be good enough for me child. Ye can call her anything you want, but I never will."

Further discussion was prevented by their arrival at the parochial house. It was well for Andy's principles that the slippery-tongued Julia did not have more time to work upon his softened mood. She might have persuaded him to repudiate the name Honora altogether. He had accepted Gloriana though with a feeling of guilt, and now, as he sat in the office waiting the coming of Father Doyle, his heart reproached him with a thousand reasons against sanctioning the assumption of a name.

The entrance of the priest at this critical moment drove from his mind all method of argumentation and cast an indefinable fear upon him. What would he say to such a name? Ah, there he was asking the question.

"What name are you going to give her, Andy?"

"Yes, father," Andy stammered, his heart beating wildly as he strove to do for the humiliating moment.

"What name, I asked?" kindly ventured the amused priest again.

"Oh, the name! Yes, father, Honora, after me—father—mother—I mean."

The priest wrote it down. Julia gave the excited Andy a nudge. Sure enough, he had forgotten the second name!

"That's the first name, father. An' the wife wants a second one."

"Well, what is it?" asked the priest, looking up.

The look disconcerted Andy. His lips seemed to struggle with something, and then he blurted out "Honora Gloriana."

Father Doyle almost dropped his pen, and a faint smile showed upon his face—a smile that Andy felt was leveled at him for his folly in calling the child such an outlandish name.

"It isn't me, father Doyle," he protested in self-defense. "It's them women. They would have it, an' pushed me to give it. I don't blame you if you refuse to take it."

[[Father Doyle continued to smile, but wrote down the name, though in his heart he agreed with common sense Andy.

So the child was baptized, and her father drew a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them. "I knew you'd make a fool of me," he said bitterly.

"To bring me before the priest an' cover me with confusion and disgrace. But ye'll carry it no further. I'll never call the child anything but Nora, nor will the rest of ye, if I'm to be master in me own house."

And Andy kept his word heroically, as we shall see later on.

Honora Gloriana grew as all youngsters grow. For little Nora, as he called her, Andy had planned a future of unalloyed bliss. He had already picked out the place in the parlor where, in the near future, the child would be drumming scales on a fine big square piano that he had in his mind's eye.

With this end in view, he had applied himself more than ever to his daily toil for the advent of the first child had taught him the great lesson of providing for the future of the charge that, in his true, child-like faith, believed God had entrusted to him. More than ever was he a home man, delighting in the company of his wife and child and refraining from the crowd that was happiest over the battle.

So it was that when Andy's Nora could look back to two sisters with names as many brothers, all of them with names in no way approaching the style of Gloriana, her father's perseverance and shrewd ability had placed him in partnership with O'Malley, the contractor, and on the high road to prosperity. It was no surprise to Andy himself. He had promised it to himself, and he had kept his promise.

It was not the only promise he had kept for as you passed by his still unpretentious house you might hear the sound of the piano at which the prodigy of a Nora was doing her best to try the patience of her neighbors. But Nora was really a smart child, and her success in school, as in music, would have delighted the heart of a father less doting than Andy. It was the essence of happiness to him to sit on the piazza while Nora wrestled with a popular song or two step. When any one passed the house and looked towards it at the sound of the music Andy's face beamed with pride, as much as to say, "That's the daughter of Andy McGinnis!" But Andy's adoration for Nora was not a little due to the fact that she was the child of his victory, after what was once his miserable defeat. There was never a mention now of Gloriana. For upwards of two years the women folk had endeavored to use exclusively the name of their own choice, but Andy was not balked by their persistency. He was fully as

persistent. He had set out to win the day for Nora as against Gloriana, and he would succeed in the effort or die. And he had succeeded. He had tried everything in his power to make the name ridiculous—in which effort he was not seconded by all the boys in town. With the abundance of ridicule and the counter efforts of Andy in calling the little girl Nora whenever he had a chance, even in times unnecessarily. Gloriana soon lapsed from popularity, and finally came a bit of ancient history, and when Honora Gloriana was conducted to school for the first time her name was entered on the books as plain Nora McGinnis, with not even an initial letter to mark the ruin of the glory that had been. So it continued during the child's preparatory studies, a name as unpretentious as the sweet-faced girl who answered to it; and when she entered the high school she was still Nora McGinnis, the girl who sang like a nightingale and played the piano like a professional. But at this very time began the evolution of Nora.

Everything that Andy had touched became on the instant gold. He had built a new house, one of the finest in the town, and ten times better, he boasted, than the O'Brien mansion. This fact alone would have turned a more settled head than Andy's. But not so with him. He was still unpretentious Andy, respected on all sides for his honesty and above all, for his democratic manners, despite his money. Mrs. Andy, however, was more prone to social aspirations, and felt in duty bound to preserve the honor of the noble family name by the assumption of a name quite at variance with her meagre education. Andy noticed this shortly after he had moved into his new palace.

He had been contented where he was, in sheer desperation and to have peace at home, he followed out her every desire in building an up to date mansion, of which she was extremely proud and he supremely ashamed, except for the fact before stated, that it beat the residence of the O'Briens.

He did not feel at home there. It seemed to him to be beyond his element, even though he could afford it, and, above all, he feared the evil influence it might have in the education of his children and its tendency to make them consider themselves of a superior mould, and thus assume airs which, to Andy, were detestable in an extreme degree. The idol of his heart, Nora, he trusted, would keep her simplicity in the new house, although he had his fears, seeing the added airs of his wife when she came into the place of her ambition.

"Don't be laving the people laughin' at you," he said to her. "Sure, every body knows you were poor Nora Reilly when I married you without a cent no more nor me. Don't be givin' her example to Nora and the child. I'll not be bringin' them up Yankee duds, nor sports. Now mind that, Nora, an' quit your nonsense."

Nora was impatient at these obstacles to her social advancement. The point she aimed at was very high, so high that she almost became dizzy as she yearningly looked to it. If worse might come to worst, she was not averse to being content with the social superiority of Newport, though, to tell the truth, she did not shudder a bit at the possibility of being translated to foreign soil and in close proximity to the throne. The newspaper had done this. Mrs. Andy had read so much about the life of the wealthy, their social ways and aspirations, and she had come to think that there alone was happiness, and here alone the great destiny of the McGinnis family. To Nora she had confided her heart's desire; and though the more sensible daughter had smiled at the career marked out for her, she nevertheless was dreaming dreams of a far less startling than those of her fond mamma. It was not surprising that when Mrs. Andy reached this stage of her delirious thoughts should revert with such a pang of regret to the ill-fated day when she stopped calling her child by the glorious name of Gloriana. Why, she reproached herself, had she ever relinquished that name? How suitable it would be now, when the McGinnis had advanced to such a state of social superiority! If Nora, Nora, Nora, none of those would look stylish in fine society. True, McGinnis was rather common and Irish, but after a while she would remedy that. A little hyphen with the aid of her maiden name would make good style out of the plainness and Reilly McGinnis would be as aristocratic as any hyphenated combine in America. This scheme was also confined to winozone Nora, with the result that next day—Nora, with the last year in the high school—the subscription to one of Nora's letters were tremblingly anographed Honora Gloriana. A week later, with all conviction according from mamma's persuasiveness, Honora had dwindled down to a mere initial, and by its side, in courageous attitude, and by its side, in courageous attitude, stood Gloriana. It was a rapid transformation, of course, but then it was only a name to be done it had to be done quickly, or a golden opportunity was gone forever.

Honora Gloriana, however, was not satisfied with signing herself in this sweet, romantic manner. Her dear girl friends who, needless to say, were of all foreign ground, never within the democratic companionship of Papa McGinnis. That would be the end of it if he ever heard of it, and Gloriana knew it. With her brothers, who were as democratic as Andy, and her sisters, who were not yet old enough to acquire the airs of a princess, Gloriana, some bridged to Nance or Nancy, though these much to her discomfiture, though when her father was present she seemed to delight in such truly common names.

So went the struggle for style till the great night of graduation. It was a proud night for Andy. Nora was going to sing a French song; she was the only soloist in her class—a fact which delighted Andy still more.

After that she was going to read an essay on "The Nebulous Phenomena." It was a very nebulous subject to Andy. He knew much more about laying bricks and making money, but he bobbed his head very knowingly when Nora made known to him the title of the work she had laboriously compiled from some of the standard encyclopaedias. He was gratified to think that daughter of his knew so much about things that he never heard of, and he pictured to himself the great sensation she would make with French song and that essay. The whole town would be at her feet and raving about her! He could hardly be blamed for feeling quite elated as he proudly marched down the aisle of the Town Hall, with Mrs. Andy by his side. They were somewhat late, but she had caused delay on the plan that the distinguished mover on time, and more, made especially for this night at such an expense that every one must see it. Of course, only a late arrival could accomplish this.

They were seated just as the piano struck up a march to accompany the graduates to the stage, and Andy, with a contented smile on his face, turned around to get a glimpse of the fair procession and especially Nora. But a reprimand from his very correct consort re-directed his face to the front. Ah, there she was leading off the march with the Mayor's son! She was handsome—the handsomest there, Andy knew—and this was a joy to his heart. The programme began but he paid little attention to the speakers. The heavy essay which a fair girl was sending forth as a message to the world on the subject "Time is Money" seemed very puerile to him. What did she know about the nebulous phenomena? What did she know about French songs? Wait till Nora stood up with a voice like a thrush, and that girl with the essay on "Time is Money" would be sorry that she ever graduated.

"She is going to sing now," whispered Mrs. Andy, and Andy craned his neck to see how she looked on the stage.

"The next number on our programme," announced the master of ceremonies, "is a French song by Miss N. Gloriana McGinnis."

Andy's face assumed a look of surprise, then indignation, then anger. "What did he call her?" he said to Mrs. Andy.

"N. Gloriana. It's that way on the programme."

"It's all your fault, woman. Let me out of this."

"Be quiet. Where are you going? Listen to her. She's singing."

"I don't give a hang," said Andy. "She's disgraced me. Let me out, I say."

All eyes were turned upon Andy, for he had taken no pains to moderate his expression of wrath. Mrs. Andy heard the subdued laughter about her, and her face was flushed with shame. But that did not subdue her husband. He took his hat and started for the door, while Mrs. Andy became deeply interested in the programme, to the accompaniment of a French song of the unflinching Gloriana.

Andy went home immediately. He felt disgraced. He felt that he was beaten. He had killed that name once, and here it was cropping up again with new vigor, and with not even a mention of the name which his mother had always borne, with never an attempt to smother it with high-falutin titles.

"N. Gloriana," he muttered angrily. "N. G., that's what it is, an' they're all N. G. It's too many an' they're gettin' it. But this is the end. I'll show them that Andy McGinnis is boss, an' that he'll have no upstarts in his house."

While he waited for the return of the women his anger increased in proportion, and he flashed indignant glances at them as they entered the house with enough flowers in their arms to stock a good sized greenhouse. They had trembled all the way home in fear of papa's indignation, but now his rude behavior before such a crowd would be the talk of the town and bring eternal opprobrium upon them.

"Aren't they lovely?" said the sweet girl graduate, holding out a bunch of roses by way of an attempt to soften his wrath.

"No, they ain't," said he tartly; "they're glorious glorianaes. So you did the dirty work of your old man, did you? An' now the old man'll sort it back on you. You pack up to the old house. I'm going to sell this place."

"Papa!"

"Papa!"

But the imploring voice smote upon a hardened ear.

"Papa!" he sneered. "Call your old man father, now ye repay me by bein' upstart. Pretty soon you'll be changin' the name of McGinnis. Ye're ashamed of me now because I'm an ignorant Irishman, but I'll give ye cause to be ashamed of me. Go on now, no more talk. Ye'll pick me up in the mornin'! Go on now, I say."

The two women retreated, but not in joy. There was a heavy weight upon their hearts. Oh, the awfulness of it! What would people say? Go back to the old cottage and leave this fine palace? Ah, death was better a thousand times. Gloriana felt bad, but her mamma felt a thousand times worse. Her dreams of the social which were, alas! in vain. Neither slept much that night, and Andy knew it. He was happy in the thought that he was bringing home a lesson to them, and he remained implacable.

Early in the morning he rapped on the door of Miss Gloriana's room. She called it her boudoir.

"Get up with you. The movin' wagon's outside."

"Yes, father." There were tears in her voice, but apparently Andy did not notice such a trifle. She looked out of the window to see if the horrible dream were true, and sure enough the moving van was patiently awaiting operations. O' my word and degradation!

Why had she been so foolish? She heard her father turning to the stairs. It was all lost. He was getting his revenge.

"Father," she called out in desperation; "come here!"

Andy heard the voice and turned back.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"Come in!"

The indignant papa, the iron ruler entered and was immediately assailed with feminine argument. The face of the sweet girl graduate of last night was now tear-stained and pained in expression. In his heart Andy was sorry for her, but still unrelenting. She threw herself at his feet, and, grasping his hands, poured out a torrent of invocation. She would never do it again; no never, never. She would do this. She would do that. The promises came so fast Andy lost count of them. Like an immovable judge he stood.

"Will you promise never to use that name again?"

"Yes, oh, yes," interspersed with sob.

"Will you promise to leave off yer high-toned airs?"

"Yes, oh, yes," interspersed with tears.

"Will you promise to do all I tell you about the company you keep, an' so on?"

"Yes, father," decided Andy. "If so I won't be too hard on you. You needn't pack up this time. But (it was an awful but) if ever again you know what that means, I'll go new an' send away the movers, but—go on now an' tell it all to your high-toned mother. I'll have a word with her by-an'-by myself."

With the same dignity wherewith he had entered he now left the room. But when the door closed behind him the dignity dissolved and a broad smile illuminated the face of the democratic Andy.—St. Patrick's.

REFLECTIONS.

Once more the season of Lent has come, and is now nearing its close. Holy Week is with us with its bitter passions and sad recollections of a God having suffered and died to regenerate mankind. Easter, the most glorious festival of the Christian calendar is but a few days off, when the fulfillment of Our Lord's promise to His disciples, when conversing with them in Galilee, He said: "The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill Him and the third day He shall rise again," will be commemorated. Speaking of this day, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, said: "The resurrection of Christ is the most signal and splendid evidence of His divinity. It is the keystone in the arch of faith, as it is the most brilliant luminary in the constellation of Christian festivals."

Since that eventful day, now nearly two thousand years ago, many heretics have proclaimed dogmas antagonistic to the Resurrection, but their theories were ill founded, and won the distinction of disreputable oblivion. But the great truth lives and grows with time. The most profound reasoning of the heretic philosophers could not persuade mankind against this dogma. The mission of the Son of God was not to be thwarted by clever explanation of doubting Thomases.

God's mission was to be fulfilled, and in the Resurrection the crowning achievement in His eventual career was to be actualized. In the church it is a day of great rejoicing. It signifies God's triumph over Satan, and marks man's emancipation from the bondage of sin. Moreover, it is the season of spring with its lessons of life and Nature's re-awakening.

The manifestation of the indestructible life and the ever-recurring outward form that suggests the wonderful cause that set in operation these beautiful phenomena of nature. The sun rose again on the third day, and to Whom nations will raise their voices in glad Hallelujahs on Easter morn.

All creatures are living in the hand of God; the senses perceive only the action of the creature, but faith sees the divine action in all things. Faith realizes that Jesus Christ lives in all things, and that He works through all ages; that the least moment and the smallest atom contain a portion of this hidden life, this mysterious action—Father Faber.

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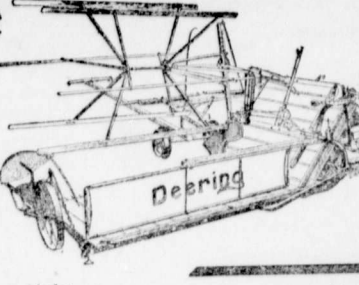
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