

## A TRIUMPH OF THE ROSARY.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"How absurd for a great jurist, like Judge Arrington, to write sentimental poems in honor, as he tells us, of the Blessed Virgin, when everybody knows he is not a Catholic?"

"But you must remember that his wife and children are Catholics."

"Oh, yes; we all remember the lively protest made by the Judge on their becoming Catholics. For the instant, it seemed as if Madame and her children were to have a separate establishment!"

"But this was only for the moment. Every one knew there was not a more devoted husband and father than Judge Arrington."

"Which proved, conclusively, the honesty and the violence of his opposition to the Catholic faith. He has never changed, apparently, excepting in a cessation of open opposition: when all at once we see him writing chivalrous verses lauding the Blessed Virgin, which might be very well for Spenser or even Chaucer, but certainly most extraordinary for a notable jurist of this century, who is known not to be a Catholic, to publish over his own name;" and the paper containing the offending poem was tossed across the library table to the gentle faced lady opposite, by a member of the Chicago B. r.

At the time of which we are writing, two great pleaders stood forth in our courts; both giants as to mental and physical force; both warming up into an eloquence which always seemed to take a jury by surprise, because of an exceeding weight of gravity in the face of both, until they became radiant under their own enthusiastic treatment of their case. Both were men of chivalrous honor and generosity, with a certain poetic dash in their natural temperament which took away the prosaic dullness of legal details. Judge Arrington was from Virginia; Judge Beckwith from Vermont; but there was a blaze of light in the eyes of each under the excitement of a defence, involving character, which told of deep wells of genuine human sympathy in the heart of each, rather than of national sections or any accident of birth. They were rivals, as the world calls such evenly-matched legal gladiators; but there was no venom in their rivalry. Perhaps there were never more brilliant scenes in our court-room than when the two held a jury under the spell of their logic, their sympathy, and their eloquence.

But in the midst of these legal triumphs, Judge Arrington, the older of the two, fell sick. At first it was supposed to be only a temporary attack; but as weeks wore on, it was evident that the strong man must yield. All this time, what of his wife? There was no putting forward of theological solicitude. The children were instructed to respect their father's convictions. When the failing strength took with it the desire for conversation, the Judge's apparently non-Catholic attitude was not commented upon even in the family; but nothing stopped the telling of the beads, especially in the hands of his devoted wife. Night after night as she kept her untiring watch by his side, his brief slumbers were counted not so much by the hands of her watch as by the decades said. One night as she sat thus by his bedside, her right hand in his while he seemed to sleep, the fingers of her left held the beads as they were told with perfectly silent lips, while the rolled slowly down her thinned cheeks. How awful it seemed to her to watch thus the drifting of a noble soul to Judgment without reasonable preparation! for she knew he had often responded to grace even by those chivalrous poems addressed to the Blessed Virgin; and she also knew, that in the depth of his heart he believed the Catholic Church to be the true Church. To know all this, yet receive no sign from those lips, while the eyes, so eloquent even in their silence, were closed as if in a dreamless slumber—so like death seemed his sleep—was to rouse every solicitude of which a true woman's heart is capable; when, slowly, the eyes opened, and he said: "Say your Rosary prayers, I bid, my dear, that I may join in them."

For the moment her voice choked, but she controlled it, and without one word of comment recited decade after decade, one hand still in his. At last, as if she could not be surprised: "I wish

you to send for Father Conway to baptize me."

"When shall I send for him?" she asked.

"Now!" was the prompt reply.

For an hour the tears had dried on her cheeks, and now, as she stepped from the room to send a messenger to Father Conway, all her straightforward words, what he wanted of him. A little after midnight the conditional baptism had been given, and before one o'clock, Extreme Unction, the Viaticum, the last Plenary Indulgence. Father Conway left his penitent with a soul as humble and gentle as a child's, while a calm too deep for words gave an exaltation to the lines which suffering had already left on his countenance. As the white dawn crept into his room, these lines of suffering were more apparent, but the intellect was on the alert. "Now that I have made my peace with God, let me set this house of mine in order for you, my dear. There is yet time."

He gave the names of the legal friends he wished to have summoned, and received them when they came with his characteristic courtesy, which was always gravely sincere. There was no need of explanations, for the signs were not to be mistaken of a rapidly approaching end. When the last will and testament had been duly witnessed, signed and sealed, the judge said in his old, judicial way: "I hope, gentlemen, you have found me of sound mind and memory?"

"Sound and clear as a bell; never more so in your best days, Judge," said his special friend of the three, pressing the hand of the dying man, while his smile lighted the tears in his eyes.

"Then," said the judge, with solemnity, "I trust the court of heaven will consider my declaration of faith as valid as you consider this my last will and testament; for this morning I entered the Catholic Church."

Our barristers seldom allow their countenance to betray surprise, but these three, none of whom were Catholics, could hardly conceal theirs, making amends, however, by a reassurance of the pleasure they felt in seeing him thus in full possession of himself, and even adding a congratulation which was forced from them in spite of prejudice, by the evident sincerity and ever-loftiness of his convictions. They knew it was no mere sentiment which had moved him to such a declaration.

Twenty-four hours from the time Father Conway left Judge Arrington, he had breathed his last sigh in the blessed hope of a true son of Mary, virgin and mother. As his faithful wife passed from the chamber of death it was not with sobs and anguish, but with a certain exultation which made her feel the walls of her house too small, and throwing up the window sash she leaned out into the cold night to see the clear heavens set thick with their beautiful constellations, and realized that the soul of her beloved one had passed beyond the stars to the throne of Him whose judgments are, indeed, past finding out, but are still merciful. Then she remembered that this was the first morning of the New Year; and a great act of thanksgiving rose from her heart to the same throne, before which her dear ones had even then stood in judgment. It was so wonderful, and she kissed the rosary on which her prayers had been said so effectually, with a fervor she had never thought of before.

The funeral was to be attended at St. James', their parish church; Father Conway to celebrate the Mass, Father Roles to give the sermon. Before going to the church, however, the members of the Bar, with whom Judge Arrington was such a favorite, passed voluntarily in slow procession before his body as it lay in its coffin within his own house. But there was one who did not keep step with the procession, but stood—not one moment merely, but many minutes—looking down on the grand figure and magnificently-chiseled face which death had rendered even more noble in its solemnity, with eyes full of the profoundest veneration, taking in with his penetrating glance the brown habit of our Lady of Mount Carmel, with the I.H.S. on the breast and the rosary twined around the marble finger—all testifying to the open confession made by his friend in life, though so close to the hour of death, to a faith which he himself never, indeed, embraced, but of which he himself never spoke but in language of sincere respect; and this tribute of veneration was from Judge Corydon Beckwith, who had stood

shoulder to shoulder with the great jurist who, in the height of his fame, had claimed himself a true knight of Our Lady—Judge Alfred Arrington.—*The Rosary.*

## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Cardinal Logue attended the funeral of the late Archbishop Knox in the Protestant Cathedral of Armagh.

A new Trappist monastery has just been opened at Troisveaux, in the diocese of Arras, France.

The subscriptions to the building fund of Archbishop Corrigan's new seminary now amount to \$105,674.

Mgr. Ferrari, Bishop of Como, in Italy, has placed the *Alpe Reticca*, an anti-Catholic religious paper, under the band of excommunication.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Dagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his consecration on a recent Sunday.

A congress of Catholic students will be held at Brussels early in the coming year. The eminent historian, Goffredo Wirth, will preside.

Mgr. Siboldi moved into his new house at Washington on the 21st. An informal banquet was given at which several clergymen and a few laymen were present.

Very Rev. Father Icard, Superior General of the Sulpician Fathers throughout the world, died at the Grand Seminaire, Paris, France, on last Monday week in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

Mrs. Elizabeth, daughter of ex-Senator S. B. Elkins, was married by Cardinal Gibbons in the New York Cathedral to E. E. Bruner. The bride is a recent convert.

It is announced in London that the niece of John Morey, chief secretary for Ireland, has joined the Roman Catholic Church and will soon enter a convent.

King Humbert of Italy has been granting some exequaturs to Bishops, and it is thought that an arrangement will soon be come to with the Holy See respecting the Venice patriarchate.

A committee, presided over by Cardinals Parocchi and Vincent Vanutelli, has been formed in Rome for the celebration of the third centenary of the death of St. Philip Neri, which falls on the 26th of May, 1895.

No one, says a Paris correspondent, could have a more peaceful or happier death than Marshal McMahon. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and after he had made his confession to the Abbe Auvray and received Extreme Unction, his life quietly ebbed away.

The Pope has sent, through the Congregation of the Propaganda, a munificent sum to the people of Lien-Sin, China, who are suffering from famine; and he has given orders that those who are not Christians shall participate in this bounty as well as those that are.

Religious persecution continues to be the order of the day under the sway of the Czar. A telegraph from Warsaw says: Twenty-two Catholic priests of the province of the Vistula have been deprived of their offices or sent to Grodno.

The Archbishop of Rennes, France, has received a letter from the Holy Father with regard to the further organization of the Catholic University of Angers. The students of the dioceses of Vannes, St. Brieuc, and Quimper, who have been going to the University to Paris, will now go to Angers.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the Hospital of St. Hedwige, which is served by the Sisters of Charity. Its report for 1892, just issued, shows that, during last year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. The majority of these were non-Catholics, 3,311 Protestants, and 59 Jews.

Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., president of St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y., succeeds Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., as provincial of the New York and Maryland Province of the Jesuit order. The appointment has just been made by the Very Rev. Louis Marin, General of the Order of Jesuits, and the promotion of the college president to this important post is regarded with great satisfaction.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many afflicted with rheumatism, and we urge all who suffer from this disease to give this medicine a trial.

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