A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of St. Laurence," "Tales of Sexton Maginnis," "The Fate of John Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.—The Triumph of Katharine.

Mrs. Sherwood was for ten minutes almost a happy women. In an instant—by this sudden turn of fortune's wheel, as it were—the things she had most hoped for had come to pass. But, like all people who put their whole trust in such unreal things as wealth and fashion, she began to find the apples she had longed for dust and ashes. It was not to her that the attentions of the Percivals and their train were directed; it was to her husband's niece, the simple and inexperienced convent girl. What did it mean? Was the world going mad? With Mr. Percival, the husband of the most exclusive woman in town, beaming at Katharine and acting as if he had found a long-lost daughter—with Wirt Percival and Ferdinand Carey hanging on her words, and Lady Alicia St. John fluttering about her like a delighted butterfly, it did, indeed, seem to Mrs. Sherwood that Katharine was getting much more than she deserved. She could not understand why so much attention should be shown to a mere, uninformed young woman out of a convent, and she felt a certain bitterness over it which was akin to envy. She remembered, too, the scorn she had expressed at the name "Biddy Singen," and was furious at the thought of it. Why had Katharine permitted her to remain in such error? She could not understand Katharine's simplicity; she set her silence on that occasion down to a deliberate intention to be impertinent. There was no doubt about the completeness of Katharine's social success, however. Fashionable people go in droves, and the group around her was soon surrounded by other groups, all desirous of knowing a person to whom all the elect were paying so much attention.

Now, if Mother Ursula were present, would have been the time when she would have been most solicitous for her pupil. She believed that Katharine's devotion would be augmented by adversity; but that the greatest danger to her would arise from prosperity or that luxury which produces artificial views of life and destroys all natural feeling and all real fervor.

To tell the truth, Katharine was pleased with the evident intention of everybody to be kind to her. She was not by any means overwhelmed by it, because she had not acquired Mrs. Sherwood's point of view, or Mrs. Percival's estimate of the value of social position. Lady Alicia St. John was simply her relative, "Biddy Singen," whom she had at last met in the flesh. The sisters had kept her simple and honest, and free from all snobbishness. She liked Mr. and Mrs. Percival, who had been kind to her during her lonely journey on the train, and she was glad to show it. She was not specially interested in the young men, but as they appeared to be friends of the Percivals and of her own "Biddy," she was pleased to see them.

Mrs. Percival was both delighted and displeased. Katharine had taken a certain place in her imagination ever since the scene of the baptism in the train. Besides, her conscience had troubled her somewhat. In spite of her callousness and the unreal state of feeling which an artificial point of view had induced, she desired, above all things, that her husband should become a Catholic. She loved him very truly, notwithstanding a habit of quarreling with him over all sorts of trifles. She knew that he was restless and unhappy about religious matters; she knew, too, that her domestic life would be more serene if he and she were united in religion, and she had an uneasy feeling that her worldliness had something to do with keeping him out of the Church; but it was only an uneasy feeling, not a conviction. She had deliberately placed beyond his reach the only Catholic of their acquaintance to whom he had shown a liking. She had been much struck by a phrase in one of the Archbishop's sermons preached at the Cathedral on the Sunday after she had met Katharine. He had said very strongly and gracefully—in a manner that gave the words a deeper meaning than they could possibly have in print—that example was more forcible than precept, that a life taught better than mere words, and Mrs. Percival, impressed as she had been by Katharine's faith, purity and sincerity, had asked herself whether she had done right to deprive her husband of the example of such qualities, springing directly, as they did in Katharine's case, from the influence of the Church. She hated to gratify that "climbing Mrs. Sherwood" by extending her hands to her so that she could mount the inmost inclosure of fashion, but she resolved to do it, as she could not help, with as good a grace as possible.

She determined, however, that Wirt should not take a fancy to Katharine. He must marry Lady Alicia,—he was already so English that an English-Irish wife would be quite appropriate; therefore she was a little taken aback when she heard a bit of talk between Katharine and the young woman from Dublin.

"Oh, Biddy," she heard Katharine say, "how lovely it is to meet you—and to think of our knowing each other by our photographs—wasn't it wonderful! You must stay here always! You'll have to marry an American and live near us, won't she, Uncle Marcus?"

Uncle Marcus, dumb in the presence of the aristocracy, smiled.

"Oh, no!" said Biddy, in a rather high-pitched voice, but in the charming Dublin accent, "we never marry American men on the other side; we do not like them, though some of our men marry American girls—when they are rich. One likes American men as friends, don't you know, but marriage is a different thing."

The frankness of this announcement brought a flush to Wirt Percival's face, for he was not altogether averse to his aunt's plans. He had thought of late how well it would sound to be announced in Philadelphia at smart functions as—

"Mr. Wirt Percival and Lady Alicia Percival."

"Why, the girl's a beggar," muttered Mr. Percival to Mr. Sherwood, "fancy—"

Biddy smiled, with perfect self-possession, and made a courtesy in the old fashion to the murmur.

"Not quite, Monseigneur—not quite. When I am," she added, with a mischievous laugh, "I may be reduced to take an American husband!"

Mrs. Worth, a pale woman with bleached hair and a single eyeglass, pulled her guest by the sleeve.

"Oh, my dear Lady Alice," she said, "you really mustn't joke in that fashion."

"Sure, I'm not joking," said Biddy, "a girl may express her opinion in a free country, I hope."

She put her arm in Katharine's and walked towards a great stand of lilies. The music had just ceased to play the Polonaise in Mignon; the Worths, the Percivals, and the Sherwood's—celestial combination in Mrs. Sherwood's mind!—gathered about the orchids. Mr. Percival scowled in the direction of the young woman, and Wirt looked disgusted.

"Did you ever hear of such an insolent speech? Why, the girl is a beggar," said the elder man. "Every acre of the estate of her father, Lord Bolingbroke, was mortgaged before he died, and now that the Gaelic crowd runs everything in Ireland, I don't believe she has a hundred pounds a year. I like her impertinence!"

"She is honest, at least," said Wirt. "We have to stand a little impertinence from people who feel their misfortune—"

"And whom you toady to," said Mr. Percival. "Positively, it makes me sick. What's a title to you? If you want to marry a nice girl, why not propose to that Miss O'Conor. And if you must have a title, you can buy one, and be as great a grandee as that American-Italian Marquis Riddle-Pope, who lives not far from you. Give me Duluth and the West; after all, they're really more American out there."

"Miss O'Conor's nice, uncle, I admit that—she walks like an English girl; but she wouldn't marry me—she is a Catholic."

Mr. Percival was silent.

"Ah, well," he said, with a sigh, "perhaps she is right—I don't think my wife has been altogether happy—but that's neither here nor there. I've taken a great fancy to her. You are rich; she'll not be poor as Marcus Sherwood's niece. My dear boy, she's the rage,—the new 'fad'—the beauty of the season;—everybody's looking at her and that cheeky Irish girl. You couldn't do better. It will be a perfect marriage of reason. Besides, neither you nor Ferdinand believe in anything, and you could easily adapt yourself to anybody's convictions. Oh! I am tired of all this," the elder man said, bitterly, "here are you, who stand as a son to me, frittering away your life in a silly attempt to be what you are not. What do the French call it—fin de siecle,—without convictions,—without heart?"

Wirt said nothing. He contrasted the Lady Alice with Katharine, as they stood amid the lilies, and thought that perhaps, after all, it would be pleasanter to marry a lovely girl like Katharine, who couldn't say sharp things, than an aristocratic one like her relative, who could and would.

Biddy looked into Katharine's face.

"How much sweeter you are than your picture. Oh, Kitty," she said, "how happy you must be—though I can't understand how anybody can really be happy in America."

"Happy?" said Katharine. "I don't think I am. I was almost happy in the convent; but here," she paused doubtfully, and then fearing that her friend might think she was ungrateful for the meeting, she added, "I'm sure I ought to be happy today, because I have met you."

"I am sure I shall like you, Kitty, and I want you to like me. I shall be here in Philadelphia for a month or so with the Worths,—one of the daughters married a French cousin of mine, and when they came to Dublin they asked me over here. I can't say I like it, you know, but when a girl's poor, she must do the best she can."

Katharine opened her eyes at the sigh with which this was uttered. She did not know what to say. She touched the stem of an exquisite calla lily and watched it vibrate.

"Now, you're rich—I can see that," Lady Alicia said, looking at her dress; "that gown must have come from Kate Reilly, or Worth, or somebody. It's quite perfect."

"I don't know much about dress," Katharine answered, "in fact, the world isn't as interesting as I thought it would be. Nobody is serious—nobody thinks of the next world: everybody is so intensely occupied with trifling things,—dinner-parties, and engagements, and marriages."

The Irish girl laughed.

"Lady Alicia," began Katharine, somewhat offended.

"Oh, call me 'Biddy,' as you always did in your letters,—I'm tired of being Lady Aliciaed! How you Americans love to roll a title in your mouths! I can't help laughing when I hear you talk of marriage as a trifling thing. Why, it's the object of my life! And the worst of it is, I've got to marry here, because I can't marry on the other side. If a girl doesn't marry, what is she to do?"

Katharine looked at her friend in amazement.

"She may do a great deal of good—"

"And be an old maid," said Biddy scornfully.

"She may go into a convent—"

"That's out of the question, if she has no vocation. Oh! really, Kitty, I must marry. One can't marry in Ireland, unless one has money. Now I have scarcely any, though I suppose some tradesman would take me for the sake of the title,—but that's not to be thought of. Now I rather like your men; they are not so well educated as ours, and some of them are rather queer, but I'm told they're all very rich."

Biddy raised her large blue eyes to Katharine's with an expression of shrewdness in them which for a moment repelled the girl from the convent.

"Mother Ursula sometimes talked to us about marriage, but not in that way. She said that it was a vocation—a very sacred thing—"

"Oh, I've heard all that," said Biddy, impatiently; "but I'm a poor girl, and as no Irishman of my class can afford to marry me without money, I've got to catch somebody here."

"But you'll have to marry a Catholic."

"I can't," said Biddy, smiling and showing a row of brilliant teeth in a way that made Katharine forget the shrewd glance of the moment before. "I can't marry one, unless he appears. All the rich men I've met don't seem to have any religion, and I suppose I'll have to make the best of it. They give dispensations in this country for mixed marriages, don't they?"

"But the Church is against them. Oh, Biddy—oh, Lady Alicia, don't."

"You remind me of Punch's advice to people about to marry—Punch said 'Don't.' Now, Katharine, I must do the best I can; it's only a rich girl that can afford to marry as she pleases nowadays,—or a very poor one without any social position."

Katharine was shocked. She did not speak. In vain the music rose and fell, in vain men and women passed her and her friend, envying the position of one girl and the beauty of the other. Her hand stole into the pocket of the silver-trimmed jacket she wore and touched her dear beads. After all, in doubt there is no consolation like a Hail Mary.

Wirt Percival's voice sounded behind them.

"Oh! Mr. Percival!" Lady Alicia said, "if you are going to drive me out on your brake to-morrow, you must include Miss O'Conor and Mrs. Sherwood—that's your aunt's name isn't it, Kitty?"

"Certainly," said Wirt Percival, with a pleased smile. He brought tea to both the young women; and, when Biddy had gone for a walk with Ferdinand Carey, he devoted himself to Katharine.

"Good!" whispered Mr. Percival in his ear, as he passed, just as Katharine had joined her aunt.

"She is lovely!" returned Wirt, in a whisper; "and I think she is interested in me. She asked me if I believed in Christianity?"

And Katharine had asked the question out of zeal for her friend's future!

"And what did you say?"

"I said that I had not considered the matter. Do you know, uncle, I think I'll propose, if the Lady Alicia rejects me!"

After dinner that night, Mr. Percival repeated this dialogue to his wife.

"Poor girl!" Mrs. Percival said, "I suppose those odious Sherwoods will force her into a mixed marriage for the sake of the advantage of marrying into our set. But I don't approve of mixed marriages myself, though we've always got on well."

"But you've never been altogether happy," said Mr. Percival, "and I know it."

Mrs. Percival did not answer; and her husband took up his newspaper, echoing her sigh.

(To be continued.)

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Passing Away of Archbishop Williams.

"I am willing to go when God wants me." His Grace said calmly when told that his illness was fatal, and then "Welcome be the will of God." There had been eighty-five years of preparation, and the few remaining days were but the culmination of a lifetime of holy living. They were spent in the routine of duty as usual, and only thirty-six hours before he died the Archbishop turned for the last time from the desk he had used for forty-one years. He worked until growing weakness compelled him to rest from his labors, and death was on the threshold. The Archbishop made his final preparations as tranquilly as he had lived, and, with the beautiful simplicity and trust of a child he yielded his spirit to his Creator, while his priests knelt in prayer beside him. The Profession of Faith, as prescribed by Pope Pius IV., was read aloud to him by his confessor, and at the end His Grace touched the Gospel; the Viaticum and Extreme Unction were administered by Archbishop O'Connell; and the Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death was given, after which the dying prelate communed fervently with his Lord, repeating, "Oh Mary, my Mother, be with me in my dying hour." "My God, I believe in Thee," "My God, I hope in Thee," "My God, I love Thee," "My God, I thank Thee for all Thy graces." Just before he sank into unconsciousness he spoke these solemn words of final renunciation: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." For an nour his priests knelt around his bed reciting the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and the Commendations for the Dying, at the end of which the beloved Archbishop peacefully and without a struggle passed away.—From "The Late Most Rev. John Joseph Williams," in October Donahoe's.

Literary Review.

DONAHOE'S FOR OCTOBER.

The October Donahoe's is a memorial number to the late Archbishop Williams of Boston. Over seventy pages are given up to a sketch of his life, works, death and funeral, and are illustrated by thirty pictures of Archbishop Williams, his friends and churchmen who took part in the funeral ceremonies. It is a splendid tribute to the "Nestor of the American Hierarchy."

"The Struggle for Religious Liberty in France," by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham; "A Modern Monastery," by Rev. John Talbot Smith; and "People in Print," are other illustrated features.

The second instalment of "The Diary of an Exiled Nun" holds the interest of the reader, and shows how the nuns of a French convent spent their last Christmas together.

"The Birth-Right," by Helen Palmer, a clever short story, and "The Drift to the Prosaic," by Charles S. O'Neill, a plea for poetry, are pleasant reading.

Monsignor Canon Vaughan's beautiful poem, "A Parable," appears in this number. Other poems are "An Unruly Member," by Rev. P. J. Cormican, S.J., and "Thanksgiving," by Amadeus, O.S.F.

Kidney Disease And Its Danger.

Kidney disease comes on quietly—may have been in the system for years, before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, etc. Perhaps you did not know these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept on growing worse, until disturbances of the water appeared, or there was gravel or retention of urine, or some such sign of kidney trouble.

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Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes: "I feel it my duty to say a word about Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered dreadful pains across my back—so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I now feel most completely cured. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

"Fighting Yankee Bishop"

How the Late Bishop Rooker Earned that Title. Convinced Filipino Official at Muzzle of Revolver,

The death of the late Bishop Rooker, of the Diocese of Jaro, Philippine Islands, has caused widespread regret. He was a man of scholarly attainments and possessed of great force of character. In the Philippines he earned the title of "The Fighting Yankee Bishop," through the following incident:

In April, 1903, Father Rooker was appointed to the bishopric of Jaro, and departed at once for his new post of duty. When he arrived there he found that several churches had been taken away from his people by the civic authorities; accordingly he announced his intention to regain them. He was warned that force would be used against him and that he could not depend even upon the members of his church, some of whom would betray him; but with true American "ginger" and bluntness he replied: "If I had wanted a soft snap I would have remained in the United States; I came here to work and I am not going to be bluffed."

At that time there were but twenty Americans in Iloilo, of whom only three were of Bishop Rooker's faith; but the whole twenty buckled on their weapons, rallied around him, and told him to lead them on. After a journey of several hours they reached the village and the Bishop demanded of the presidente the key of the church; this was refused, whereupon the Americans pulled out their revolvers and soon convinced the official that he ought to attend to political matters and trust the Bishop to look after religious matters. The key was surrendered. Bishop Rooker unlocked the door, removed the altar stone, relocked the doors, put the key in his pocket and announced to the crowd that had gathered that he would celebrate Mass in the church on the following Sunday. The Bishop addressed the people in Spanish, telling them that he had gone there to defend the Church, not to surrender it. He bestowed his blessing on them amid the cheers of the Americans and a few of the natives returned to his abode some miles away.

During the week news came that the Bishop's enemies had made plans to drive a herd of cattle into the church on the following Sunday and break up the service. Accordingly he called upon his American friends who again responded and, armed to the teeth, stationed themselves at the church doors. The church was crowded, no cattle appeared, and there was never any trouble afterwards. This was the way that Rt. Rev. Frederick Zodek Rooker came to be called "The Fighting Yankee Bishop," and made a name for himself in the Philippines.

Truly a Struggling Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, **DO PLEASE** send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a **GARRET** But it is an out-post; it is the **SOLE SIGN** of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing **CO-OPERATION** of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to **SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret.** My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have **no endowment** except **HOPE.**

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In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the true spirit of the Church is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

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