

As the days wore on, Tim failed fast. He never complained and was pathetically grateful for the least kindness, but he was silent and sad and evidently did not feel at home. He made friends of none of the other old men and seemed not to know one Sister from another. One day, however, when Sister Margaret gave him his dinner he smiled wistfully at her, saying, "My wife's name was Margaret, only it was Maggie we called her," and he appeared to be glad when on Wednesday and Saturday nights it was Sister Imelda's turn to be on duty. She would find him awake and watching for her almost every hour; and once every timidly, he asked if she would sit beside him a while. "I feel weak and strange tonight, and your bright face, I—I like to see it," he said. "You see, it's lonely here—and Ireland so far away."

"It's God's own country!" Sister Imelda exclaimed understandingly, and added, "I'll sit beside you if you close your eyes and try to go to sleep. We don't want Sister Evangelista to scold us both tomorrow morning."

He agreed, but instead of shutting his eyes, lay looking contentedly at her until she shook her finger and went away.

The next day, when he thanked Sister Evangelista for some little service, he added: "You are so kind that I'm almost happy here."

Knowing well that it causes a sore heart to pour its secrets into sympathetic ears, Sister Evangelista asked a few tactful questions. Before Tim realized it he was telling his story, seen from this side of Heaven. "I had four boys, Sister, big, stalwart fellows; but they died one after another. And Maggie, my wife, she's been dead more than thirty years—God rest her soul! I was good to them all, Sister, and worked hard for them; and I'm not grieving much, for I won't be here long now. I'm old, I'd be eager to go if—if—" His thin voice trailed into silence, and he closed his eyes and leaned his head wearily back.

It was a long time before he looked at her again and said, in a half whisper, "And I—had—one little girl. Lord forgive me—but I loved her more than all the lads together. She was as mischievous as the worst of them, Sister, with a gentle, tender heart like her mother's; and when her mother faded away and died my only comfort was that Norah would be beside me always."

"But she was only eighteen years when she wanted to go to the convent—Norah, of all girls! And she so pretty, and so winsome, and so gay, and me wanting her every hour of the day. All that was nearly thirty years ago. And I—I never defied God before, but I said 'No.' Norah waited for a while, but I still said 'No.' She waited until Father O'Sullivan told her that she was risking her vocation, and then she left home and came to America to enter."

Again he paused before going on shamefacedly: "Sister, you can't blame me more than I blame myself, but I—I forbade her to write to us, for they were angry too. The Lord soon punished me. My sons died, all of them, and year by year I've grown lonelier and lonelier, and more hungry for the sight of her face. I longed for her until I could not rest, and she—it's been hard on her, though I didn't think of that for many a day. I had \$250 so I came to look for her. She came to New York. I knew that, but I hadn't guessed America is so big, and New York—why it's got more people in it than a dozen Irelands! And I hadn't known Norah's name was so plentiful. I went all smiling and hopeful at first, to every convent in New York City, and some of them have Norah O'Connors, but not my Norah. And I went to Brooklyn, and to Albany—walked most of the way, and it was winter then, because my money was nearly gone. Then I came here. I can't do any more. If she could only know how sorry I am, and—how long I've been sorry."

Sister Evangelista said nothing. She was thinking less of him than of his daughter; thinking, too, how many a nun carries some such weight upon her heart. She had almost forgotten Tim, when he began again.

"I'm happier here than I have been in many years. You may think I'm out of my head if I tell you, but sometimes I hear her voice out there in the corridor, or even close to my bed, and I've thought some nights that I saw her face again quite plainly, not as rosy as it used to be, but just as sweet and happy."

Sister Evangelista smiled indulgently, and tried to comfort him a little; and a few minutes afterward, meeting Sister Imelda in the pharmacy, she said to her, "You will be on duty tonight in my ward, and I want you to be very good to poor old Tim. He is not going to last long, and most of us left lovely fathers behind us."

"Oh, I will be good to him. He seems to like me. I have always been particularly sorry for him. Poor old man!" Sister Imelda answered.

"His daughter's a nun, and he is broken-hearted because he can't find her. Norah O'Connor was her name. She left home many years ago. And now his sons are dead, and he's alone in the world and grieving his heart out for a sight of his little girl."

Sister Imelda looked at her strangely for a moment. "He's

restoration of Antwerp's pious landmarks was recorded in verse and song and marked by street demonstrations, whilst the procession of those years wended its way about square and thoroughfare with superadded splendor. Upon it did the images, tidied up for the occasion, look down complacently. Indeed, to show them off to their best advantage, neither gold, nor silver, nor time had been spared upon the lamps, brackets and consoles of the niches where Madonnas and saints were thronged in undisputed sway. At night they were the focuses of oceans of light, that poured in upon the city from patrician palace and poor man's hovel.

Ten years later in 1889, a more remarkable anniversary swung round, that of the five hundredth anniversary of the very same annual Marial procession. Eager to show new proofs of faithfulness to their Queen, the Antwerpians asked for a public and solemn coronation of the Madonna dearest of all, bearing the city's name, and preserved in the Cathedral, of Our Lady of Antwerp. Rich and poor vied in bringing offerings for a diadem of which the workmanship had been entrusted to M. Junus, an artist in the manner born, whose inspiration was the religious and artistic past of his native city. He achieved a chef-d'oeuvre of dazzling beauty into which he worked the gold of three hundred finger-rings, of hundreds of earrings, brooches, bracelets and chains, with the diamonds, rubies, brilliants, topazes, emeralds and pearls of long-treasured family heirlooms, gladly parted with for love of the Mother of Mothers.

In 1914, preparations were being made to commemorate the centenary of the return of the cherished images to their street-niches, wall-canopies and piazza-shafts. The World War stopped all these plans short, and the sums collected were bid aside for the solemnization of the eighth centenary of the consecration of the city to Mary by Bishop Burchardus of Cambrai in the year 1124. The projected festivities were an apotheosis surpassing everything that has been in the past to honor the Blessed Mother in her royal city of Antwerp.

Of old every house, every vantage point in the city, had its own name. That name was not written upon the house, but it was suggested by some sign, in carving or glazed tile. Did the house also have a statue affixed to it, the latter was specified by the appellation of the house. The corner-house of one of the squares was called "De Tromp" (The Trunk), hence is the Madonna of that house known as Our Lady of the Trunk, or better, in the endearing popular parlance of the Antwerpians, as *Ons lief vrouweken van den Tromp* (Our dear little Lady of the Trunk). It ranks as one of the statutory gems of the city, and its niche, canopy and pedestal, profusely adorned with wrought-iron festoon work, are particularly graceful.

All these statues, with the lamps that flicker beneath them, are not cared for by the owner or dweller of the house adorned with the statue, but committed to the watchful solicitude of some pious confraternity. In times past, these confraternities often trade-glids, had each its festive day upon which the statue it claimed as its own was seen at its best, gaily trimmed and decorated. Devotions were held in the open before it in the morning, and later on in the day, friendly *agapae* united all the members in their banquet hall. Set rules were laid down for the spread, some that at this distance appear quaint and naive. One confraternity's rule prescribed that all through the repast a candle should burn in honor of Our Lady, also that any that sat down at table or rose from it without praying be fined two pence.

If any spot adorned with a statue, be it house or square, should be so transformed as to necessitate the removal of the image, another place is selected for it in the immediate neighborhood. Serious conflicts have at times arisen because a Madonna had been removed or because it had been set up too far away from the original spot.

If a house with a statue to it is sold, the deed of transfer invariably contains a clause that said statue is never to be removed, that it shall be carefully attended to and that its lamp shall be kept a-burning. Thus it happens that there are statues of saints or of the Blessed Virgin upon dwellings of non-Catholics.

Under Mary's aegis Antwerp is safe.

RESULT OF MIXED MARRIAGE

A writer in the Catholic Observer relates the following incident: "While in the navy six and seven years ago, this writer had as a shipmate one Cornelius Jeremiah Reilly of Boston. It happened that our ship pulled into Ponta Del Gada, Azores Island, about 4 o'clock one Sunday morning and the good Irish chaplain of a British Regiment at that port sent out word to the ship that there would be two Masses that morning, one at 7 and the other at 9 o'clock. Out of 550 men aboard the ship, 375 were Catholics, so that it was necessary to send in two 'church parties.' We did not get in with the first bunch, but had to remain for the second. We sat around for most of the two hours with Reilly, and when time came for the second church party to go to Mass, and

barren gain and bitter loss," considered by Father Whalen as not expressing his ordinary moods.

Sister Mary Emily was the last of her family. Father Whalen died in Chicago in 1909.

At 2 months old he was so weak and small, his mother was told she would never rear him. But Virol brought about instant improvement, and now he is the fat, merry little chap of the picture.

Virol has saved thousands of lives

This is not a mere claim. It is authenticated by doctors, who employ Virol in over three thousand hospitals and clinics, as well as in their private practice.

Virol is a food apart. It is quite different to other preparations and often, when Baby has been "given up," and all other means have been tried, Virol has proved to be the one thing which Baby can assimilate and which can preserve a precious life.

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THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY

Recently the church has celebrated the Feast of the Holy Family. Amid the conflict of warring passions in Europe and the degrading conflict on the Divinity of the Incarnate word which is waging on this side of the Atlantic, it is refreshing to contemplate, even though only for a moment, the peaceful abode at Nazareth wherein dwell that holy trio, Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

We know nothing with certainty of the aspect of their dwelling, we know less of their friends or the environment in which they passed their time—but the Sacred Writer in one brief sentence affords us sufficient grounds to conclude that supreme peace and happiness reigned among them. "He was subject to them." There was no dissension in that household but an equal manifestation of respect by the Child to His Mother—as well as to His foster Father, however different the degree of their merits. It is this submission of children to parents and love of parents toward their children which really makes home life and it is a lack of these virtues which depopulates our homes at night, fills our theatres with children who ought to be safe under the protecting wing of their divinely appointed guardians and, worse still, crowds our streets and public places until all hours of the night with mere children and, finally, crowds our reformatories to overflowing. But before parents can expect the respect of their offspring they must show themselves worthy of it by the example of their Christian virtues. If they wish to keep their children at home and off the streets, they must make the home a place pleasant to live in—an image of the home of Nazareth rather than one resembling an inferno with the quarrels and contentions of its inmates. They must manifest in their domestic lives those social virtues which Saint Paul advocated in his Epistle to the Colossians. These precepts of the Great Apostle, the Church has worked into the office for the Feast of the Holy Family and they are as pertinent to the family life of today as they were nearly twenty centuries ago. "Bearing with one another and forgiving one another, if any have a complaint against another . . . and above all things have Charity which is the bond of perfection . . . Wives be subject to your husbands, as it becometh in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives and be as bitter towards them. Children, obey your parents in the Lord. Fathers, provoke not your children to indignation lest they be discouraged. Servants, obey in all things your Masters according to the flesh, not serving to the eye as pleasing men, but in simplicity of heart, fearing God. Be instant in prayer; watching in it with thanksgiving." It is the practice of these domestic virtues which will make our homes really happy and reduce to a negligible quantity the business of our divorce courts; it will perfect the family which is the unit of society and thus bring about a renovation of our social fabric and that peace to men's hearts which they are craving now with greater longing than ever before in history.—H. in The Guardian.

WORDS OF "THE ROSARY" ARE CREDITED TO PRIEST

Boulder, Col., April 16.—The late Father Thomas Whalen, of Chicago, was the author of the words of "The Rosary," generally credited to Robert Cameron Rogers, friends of Sister Mary Emily of Mount St. Gertrude Academy, a sister of Father Whalen, declared last night after Sister Mary Emily's funeral.

They said Father Whalen, while attending the Catholic University at Washington, wrote the song in memory of his younger sister, who became Sister Mary Camisia, and who died at Mount Carmel, Dubuque, Iowa, in 1895. Father Whalen, according to the story, submitted the words from The Post and sent them to Ethelbert Nevin, the composer, who set them to the well-known melody.

Nevin, thinking Rogers the writer, credited him with the authorship. It was while grieving over the death of his sister that the words of "The Rosary," his little being "My Rosary," were written, according to the story here.

Father Whalen did not claim the authorship because of the lines, "O memories that bless and burn; O

barren gain and bitter loss," considered by Father Whalen as not expressing his ordinary moods.

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