MONTH OF THE ROSARY

While we were sitting in our sanc tum, thinking over the composition of an editorial on the "Month of the Rosary," our eyes fell upon the title of the following story, which the business manager had clipped from one of our exchanges, and laid upon our desk, "An Old Irishwoman's our desk, "An Old Irishwoman's Rosary Beads." It might start our sluggish thoughts, we said; so we eagerly grasped at the promising clipping. When we had finished reading it, we came to the conclusion that the story itself would deliver the message, which we were con templating for our editorial, much templating for our editorial, much more effectively than could any words of ours. We believe our read-ers will be of a like opinion, after they shall have read it. Here is the

During the course of a mission preached in London, Father Conway, who had been thirty five years in the priesthood, was invited to visit one of the noblest families in the city The hostess had amongst her jewels modest rosary beads of Irish oak, and the missioner looked his sur

Do you wish me," said the lady, "to tell you its history?"

"I shall be pleased to hear it," he answered.

First of all. I must tell you that my husband's people were about the greatest fanatics amongst the Protestants, and that my own ideas about Catholics were certainly very false. I had been taught that ignorance and idolatry were their greatest faults. My husband and I were most careful to allow no Catholic to enter our service or have anything to do with our children. One day my waiting maid came into my room almost beside herself with excitement.

"'Oh, my lady, see what I found— one of those horrible Papish idols!' And she held towards me the very beads you are looking at.
"Yes, indeed! And where did

you find them ?' "'At the entrance gate. The door-keeper said they belonged to a poor old Irish woman, who comes every day to sell cress.'

I took the rosary with me to the drawing room, where Harry, my husband, and his younger sister were, and while we were laughing at the thought of the superstitions of Rome, two visitors were announced.

At last my young sister in law d: 'Letty, will you ask the old lady to come here to morrow? It will be such fun?'

I willingly gave my consent to Clare's proposal. My husband, after some slight hesitation, agreed in his turn. The two visitors were invited we hoped to derive much amusement and one of the servants was ordered to bring the old woman next day.

"The following morning at an un-conscionably early hour we were all together again. Harry had com-pletely entered into the spirit of the game; and I was working out the means of converting this poor,

ignorant creature.
"'There she is!' my husband suddenly called out. And we all went in a body towards the window to see a little old woman, very neat in appearance, coming up the principal avenue beside our condescending looking footman. She seemed to be disputing and protesting vigor-

ously.
"What, to go into that grand room with my dirty boots! Sure, the lady can come here, and tell me what she wants me for.'

No my good woman, come in, said I to her, going to the door. don't intend to do you any harm.

She made a courtesy in her oldfashioned way.
''Do me any harm? Who in the

'Certainly, nobody. But come in. "She allowed herself to be per-suaded at last, came in, and then the

following conversation: Tell me, my good woman, have you lost anything?

"'Upon my word, I don't know. And what can Mary Feenan have to lose, my lady ?'

'Oh, but you have lost something, You have lost your God.' "'Lost my God? May the Almighty God preserve me! Whatever

can you mean by saying that?'
"'Don't be angry, Mrs. Feenan.
You have lost an idol, one of the things that you Papists adore.' And I held towards her the 103ary.

"'Oh, then, you have found my beads! May the good God reward you, my lady! That's all I (an say, only I am greatly obliged to you."
"Wait a moment, if you please Do you know, my good woman, that

'tis a sin to adore idols ?' I don't adore idols.' And Mary straightened herself up.
".'It was Father Mahony himself-

may God give him the light of heaven !—who taught me to say the rosary and explained the meaning of it as well.

I smiled with pity and said to her: 'You should read your Bible, my poor creature, and not allow yourself to be tyrannized over and

bewitched by your priest.' "The pious Irish woman had forgotten her shyness, for she began

"'Sure, my lady, I can't read at all, but I know as much about my religion as anybody, and her fingers caressed the black stones of her 'I know very well you are making fun of me. Well, never mind. This is what my beads teaches me, this is what I read.' And in a voice loud and clear, her eyes shining the while, she began :

she fervently kissed the cross.

"'Now, do you see this big bead and these smaller ones? That tells me there is only one God, and in that one God there are three persons. You can see there are also six big beads in the rosary and a medal which reminds me of a tabernacle.'

We listened in awe, and silence, old woman.

"'These six large beads remind me that there are six commandments of the Church besides the commandments of God, and that I must keep them, and the holy woman began to say them, then stopped to take

" 'Now, the rosary in itself is com posed of fifteen mysteries in honor of the Mother of God—five joyful,' and she enumerated them, 'five sorrowful,' and she named them, 'five glorious,' and in enumerating the latter her voice was raised. Then she added

When I go about the world trying to earn my living honestly, I say the joyful mysteries. When the day's work is hard, and I ask myself, whether I will have any supper, I repeat the sorrowful mysteries, and I say to myself: 'Mary Feenan, why are you uneasy? Sure, all this will end one day, and God will give you His grace in the finish.' And th have bravely surmounted my difficulties, the least that I can do is to recite the glorious mysteries in honor of her, who is the Mother of all. And this is how I spent my

of an life."

"Let us go; we have heard enough, said my husband. 'Give this poor creature her beads and

I often saw Mary again. She cheerfully gave me her dear Rosary beads, when I asked her for them. At last the day came when I asked F——to instruct me for baptism.

When I had been received into when I had been received into the Catholic Church, I told my husband of the fact. He was very angry, more angry than I had ever seen him. But I waited and prayed, and after some weeks he said to to ours.' The time passed thus, until one Sunday morning I said in my turn: 'Come with me today, for all.

Harry.'
"He yielded, and before the end the bosom of the Catholic Church."

Lady—finished speaking.

"And that is how you have always the old Irish woman's beads about you?" I said, after a moment's

Always, Father. And very often on my reception days some lady of my acquaintance comes to examine the stones of my beads. "Oh, Lady -what strange stones : Have they

'No, not from India.' 'Are they very precious?" "'Oh, very, very precious! They

are worth millions to me.' And when I have fully roused the curiosity of my questioner, I relate it to you. So you see my poor old Irish woman's rosary beads are still doing their good work, still continuing their apostleship." - The Cath-

A PROPHECY OF THE WORLD WAR

Rev. Joseph Husslein, in Our Sunday Visitor Twenty years before the outbreak of the world War died the great Catholic poet, Francis Thompson. So perfectly did he understand the cen-tury in which he lived—"Born with the cannon talking at thine infant ear"—that he was able to predict a perienced.

Gifted with the vision of the seer, details of that coming struggle; but nicious principles were able to gain ground which at last led the nations into the greatest of all wars, the result of the world's neglect of her. "Unqueened" by men, she still remained the Bride of Christ, the Lily of the King. What, though her silver petals might be bent into the dust, was not Christ, too, humbled in His

sufferings? "O Lily of the King, low lies thy silver wing, And long has been the hour of thine

unqueening; And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs,
Nor any take the secret of its mean-

"' Do you see this crucifix? Well, her and her Divine instruction, from when I look at it, I think how Jesus that doctrine of Christ which she died for me on Calvary. I think of all His wounds, of all His sufferings, greatest of all was to be her own imand I say: "Sweet Jesus, give me the grace never to offend you," and all was her love for men. At the very outbreak of the War her aged and venerable Pontiff was to die broken hearted, his saintly head bent low beneath the burden of the world's affliction. No less profoundly was was his great successor to be moved, and Christly in their love and zeal were to be his appeals to the nations in arms. "Most sorrowful of daughters" was to be that Church herself into the control of t into whose heart were to be gathered the tears of mothers and the cries of orphans, and all the world's great woe at the ruin of the youthful lives poured forth in that red "breaking of' the waters." Clearly the poet had forseen it all:

O Lily of the King, I speak a heavy thing. O patience, most sorrowful of daugh-

Lo, the hour is at hand, for the troubling of the land
And red will be the breaking of the

waters."

But there was no misgiving in the poet's heart. Through the darkness he beheld the coming dawn. Never had God ceased to guard His Church and the hour of His Providence was now to be at hand, when His power would be shown the more in her re-Large with comfort and with strength were the poet's words of

"Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk, With the mercies of the King for thine awning: And the just understand that thine

Thine hour at hand, with power in the dawning."

Thus in striking words did he fore Not one of us cared to speak of the wonderful things we had heard, but I asked myself was that the religion I had been taught to despise?

I often saw Mary again. She of the control of t were indeed to enrage her enemies the more. Her goodness itself and At last her solicitude for all mankind were to raise up accusers who should bear lying testimony against her, as had happened to her own Divine Master. And their testimony would conflict, for it was to come alike from both sides of the great struggle and each was to accuse her of a greater friendliness towards the opposing powers. But her own interests were to be me. 'Go to your Church, if you But her own interests were to be will; the children and I will go solely the interests of God, and she would wish only to save alike the souls of all, as Christ had died alike

This true men must come to see "He yielded, and before the end of that year I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the bosom of the Catholic Church."

Ledy—finished growbins mankind. Grandest of all and most prophetic are the words that now follow, foretelling the power of Christ made manifest in His Holy Church

"When the nations lie in blood, and their Kings a broken brood, Look up, oh most sorrowful of daugh-

Lift up thy head and hark, what sounds are on the dark For His feet are coming to thee on the waters."

THE GREAT CAREER

One of the most touching things that we have come across in con-nection with the tragedies of the war was the comment of an American mother when she learned that one of her boys had been "killed in action." When told of his death she calmly "It is a glorious thing to be a mother when one can give a son in such a cause." This women appreciated the privileges of motherhood.

In the past few years there has come from certain woman a protest against the decree of their nature and a demand that their sex owes a duty to the future of the race that woman alone can fulfill. Not like this great American mother do they appreciate that motherhood is sa glorious privilege. They profess to believe nothing of its joys and hold still more terrible ordeal, an "am-pler devastation" than the modern nations of Europe had ever yet ex-believe nothing of its joys and hold this greatest function of their set to be an insupportable burden thrust upon it unwillingly and which women Gifted with the vision of the seer, to behold in wondrous clearness the avoid.

A career for woman is supposed to in particular was his eye cast upon be incompatible with motherhood the sufferings which the Church and for some reason undefined and should still have to undergo. He impossible to understand, those saw her as she had been despoiled by women who have chosen a so called saw her as she had been despoiled by the powers of the earth during the long years that had passed since the "Reformation." The mystic "Lily of the King," she had spilled on the night wind her "scent of Paradise." Men had failed to understand her teachings and her Divine Sacraments. It was thus that those permissions principles were able to gain led the designs of her nature, has required out and completed her required to the requirement. rounded out and completed her

To the joys of motherhood has been added the halo of sacrifice. The mother can look beyond the narrow bounds of her life to the future of the race with its limitless possibilities. No "career" confines her vision to the present. Her heart beats in unison with future genera-tions and in all the deeds that are to be done she has a part. Let those who will prattle that in marriage and the bearing of children they cannot "preserve their individuality." The mother not only preserves her individuality—she perpetuates it. Upon civilization she can impress her personality by the son she nur-

Food will win the war: don't waste it.

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great men in history who have not stated that they owed all that was in them to their mothers. While in the Catholic Church there

are many women who have "chosen the better part," their choice was made in the spirit of sacrifice; in re-linquishing to become wives and mothers they did it as their greatest sacrifice They felt it to be as greatest sacrifice to their Lord they refused not their sweetest and dear-est possession—the hope of mother-hood.—Catholic Sun.

SISTER WHO WORKED 35 YEARS WITH LEPERS IS DEAD

Honolulu, August 25, 1918.-In a wireless today from the leper settle-ment on Molokai, news was brought of the death of Sister M. Marianne one of the best known and best loved Catholic Sisters in the islands.

Sister Marianne died at 11 o'clock last night, and was buried with all honors this morning at 10. She was buried according to her wishes in the quiet little graveyard at Kalaupapa, where she had spent so many of the best years of her long life.

Sister Marianne, or "Mother" Marianne, as she was affectionately known to all, was the head of the entire Order of St. Frances in America. She came to the islands in 1883 with seven other Sisters to start a branch of her religious order. This was done at the desire of King Kalakaua through his premier, Gibson. Upon her arrival in the island in November, 1888, she took charge of a home for the children of epers in Kakaako. The following March she was sent to Wailuku, Mani where she was in charge of a hospital for all kinds of diseases, including leprosy. In 1888 she was sent to Molokai, where she had been for the last thirty years working faithfully in the leper settlement and render-ing comfort and assistance to the unfortunates suffering from the dread disease. She was the head of the Bishop Home for women and children, in which the latter were taught all kinds of schooling and medical aid given to those who needed it. For the time being anyway, her place as head of the home will be filled by Sister Benedicta, who has been on Molokai as assistant for the

"Mother" Marianne was 81 years old. Born in Germany, she came to America at an early age and lived in Syracuse, N. Y. She came to Hawaii direct from Syracuse and had put in thirty five years of such noble service as could only be rewarded by the high regard in which she was held

PILGRIMAGE TO SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF GRACE IN ITALY

Rome.—At Leghorn recently His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, prefect of the Vatican archives, the bishop of Leghorn, the mayor and the municipal councillors, the consuls of France, Great Britain, the United States and Belgium, the members of the Cathedral chapter, the parish priests and made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Grace, some distance

from the city walls.

The shrine of Our Lady of Grace has been an object of veneration by the citizens of Leghorn for more than seven hundred years. At the shrine was a guard of honor consisting of Italian, English, French and American soldiers. After the gospel of the Mass, which was "pro tempore belli," the Bishop of Leghorn de-livered an address, during which he thanked Cardinal Gasquet for coming to Montero and conveying the bless-ing and indulgence which the Holy Father had conceded to the pilgrim

At the conclusion of the sermon "Royal March of Italy" played, followed by the national anthems of the Allies. The Mass continued, and at its conclusion an Italian officer spoke to the allied soldiers in English and French.

THE BLUE BADGE

There has been a very, very slow turning by Protestantism to the Mother of God. It is one of the hopeful signs seen amidst the crumbling of these religious bodies. Official Protestantism, whose creed was spun in the chancellories of empires, not concerned that its tenets be logical, satisfying or complete. It took American Protestantism a cen-tury to loose itself from this domination. But slowly it is veering away. It is unfortunate that the trend of the mass of it is to irreligion, but the zealous few are slowy finding their way back to the Truth which But the hour of the world's sorrow tures in the principles of morality was to arrive, the hour of its affliction for having turned away from her spirit of sacrifice and response to the truth which has been withheld from them for her spirit of sacrifice and response to the truth which has been withheld from them for her spirit of sacrifice and response to the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from them for the truth which has been withheld from the truth which has been with the truth which ha

to the calls of duty have an influence | in the daily press of preparations by far more reaching than can be expected by the woman with the "career." There have been few really the adoption of blue as the color of the badge that its workers will wear. And appended were the following lines explaining the choice of that

THE LITTLE BADGE OF BLUE

The greatest service ever paid By woman to her race, Was rendered when the Virgin Maid First looked on Jesus' face.

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