Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD, by Elizabet

Mrs. Larkins had lost her wedding Mrs. Larkins had lost her wedding ring. All day long she had been, as her husband averred, "as crass as the cats." She had scolded him, and impartially cuffed the children, while predicting dire calamity because to lose your wedding ring betokens impending disaster.

"Nonsense," scoffed Mike, "sure if you did lose your ring 'twas your own fault, You have no right to take it out of the poor childher."

You have no right to take it out of the poor childher."

"Twasn't my fault at all. If Ned hadn't fed the hins' grain to the pigs, I wouldn't have to bile potatoes for them, and if Katie hadn't lost the pounder, I wouldn't have to mash them with me hands, an' lose me 'ring in the water when I washed 'em, and let you throw it out ring an' all. Then if you hadn't been as particular as if we lived on the main street of Dublin, instead of in the Canadian bush you wouldn't 'aswept every bit o'dirt off the yard, an' carted it off to the field wid me ring."

"Woman, have sinse. I thought you left them pishogues behind you in Ireland. They mare nothing here," he finished as he applied a match to his pipe. "It manes the same here as there. Throuble's cemin' I know," she snapped. Mr. Larkins then intimidated that Maria was capable of bringing about plenty of trouble independent of the lost ring, which statement brought forth fresh vials of wrath. The mental air was still murky, when the door of the back conced and Tim Grace Mario's

was still murky, when the door of the shack opened and Tim Grace, Maria's brother, entered.
"How's all here?" he queried genial-

ly, as he seated himself by the stove.
"We're well," returned Mike, the hint of a growl in his tone, "how're youse?"
"Fine, thank God, barrin the wife that
has a bit of a cowld. I came to see if could look afther things a bit for

are active. I want to go to the vil-lage to get a few groceries."
"Faith small good it'll do you to go to the village to-morrow. It do be Thanks-giving an' the stores'il all be closed," informed Mike.

"Be gorry, so it is, an' 'tis well you reminded me of it before I took a jour-

"Indeed then, 'tis little we have to b

"Indeed then, 'tis little we have to be thankful for," grumbled Maria, speaking for the first time since Tim's entrance.

"We have our four fine childher, at any rate," reminded Mike.

"Yes, with little for them to ate, an' hardly a rag to cover them."

"That reminds me," remonstrated Tim, turning to his sister, "that is a bad habit you have of tyin' the little ones out in the slashins, where you do be workin'."

workin'.' "Tis good enough for them," she snapped.

"Now, Maria," went on Tim, nodding his head convincingly, "I'm tellin' you 'tis dangerous. Sometime you may lose one of them, with so many wild bastes

"An' if I do, sure there's nothing we

can spare easier!"

Mike tock the pipe out of his mouth, and looked reproachfully across at his wife, who was preparing the baby for bed. "Well, you're a quare mother entirely," he protested, "any one'd think the poor childher were a curse instead of a blessin' the way you go essin,' the way you go on. Sur tis always the kick, an' the ouff, and the arp tongue you have for them, instead the tender touch and the kind

"Go long, you owld fool, and loo

afther your stock," snapped Mrs.
Larkins, as she straightened the baby's
gown with a jerk, and stood up.
Next morning Maria was still, "crass,"
so Mike decided to take the two eldest
children with him, to where he was
working, some distance from the sheet working, some distance from the shack for fear their mother would be unusually

"Now, Maria," recommended Mike, a he held the door open for a parting word, "do you like a good woman stay in the house to-day, an' kill a hin for dinner, for the heart o' me is wake from

stein' the salt pork. "T'will be waker before you ate one my hins," was the parting shot.

As soon as her husband was gone As soon as her husband was gone, Mrs. Larkins tidied up her two/rooms, nursed the baby, and laid her to sleep in the wooden cradle. Then she cut slices of fat pork, and put them to soak in a basin, so as to be ready to fry for dinner. When these preparations were completed, she took up little two-year-old Billy, and carried him out to where she was to work. Under the arms of old Billy, and carried him out to where she was to work. Under the arms of his blue denim slip were sewn two loops. Through these she passed a red handkerchief, and tied firmly at the back. To this she fastened one end of a rope, and tied the other to a sapling. When Billy was safely tethered she laid a piece of bread and syrup on a log where he could get it if hungry, then went at her work.

where he could get it if hungry, then went at her work.

The "slashins," was a piece of ground where the trees had been cut down, and branches trimmed off, and trunks cut into convenient lengths for hauling to market. The branches, or brush had to be carried, and piled, then let stand till dwe anough to hung. dry enough to burn.

dry enough to burn.

Carrying this brush was the task Maria had set for herself. So interested did she become that she almost forgot the child. Once, she thought she heard him cry, but paid little heed, as she thought it no harm to let the young ones cry if they felt like doing so.

Gradually she worked farther and farther away, till it came to her mind with a start that she ought to go and

with a start that she ought to go and see how it was with the child. She looked at the pile of brush she was making, and decided to finish it. Soon naking, and decided to main it. Soon the began to be conscious of an uneasy testing, but resolutely slammed the brush onto the pile till the work was not shed, then hurried in the direction the place where she left little

Billy.

When nearly there she heard a noise

When nearly there she heard a noise in the bushes, and turning her head caught a glimpse of a big brown bear, moving away through the trees.

She turned cold, and called loudly to the child, but only the echo of her own voice came back to her.

Work had driven the thought of the lost ring from her mind, but now it

lost ring from her mind, but now it came back with a shock that almost robbed her limbs of the power to move. Was this the realization of her recent forboding? With an effort she walked

past a brush-heap, and came into full view of the place. There she stood transfixed with horror. The rope still dangled from the sapling, but there was no little child at the end of it. was no little child at the end of it. She leaned her hand on a stump, and gazed before her with wide horrified eyes. The little blue slip was distinct-ly visible, and looked as if it had been trampled on, also, there was a glint of red. She dared not go any nearer, for fear of what she might see on the

for the shack by another way. Throb-bing in her head was the warning of her brother, and the answer she had made him. She had a dim notion that she must find Mike, and an instinctive dread of facing him with her ghastly

dread of facing him with her ghastly story.

When near the shack her limbs refused to support her farther. She dropped down on a log, and tried to scream out, but only a gurgling moan, like the noise one makes while struggling with a hideous nightmare, escaped from her paralyzed tongue.

Then the door of the little house opened, and Mike ran out. "Why Maria woman, what ails you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost," he cried.

But Maria only wrung her hands, and looked at him in dumb, helpless misery. Behind Mike, came Ned and Katie, who stood beside their father in wondering

stood beside their father in wondering silence. Then through the open door-way came a third little figure, clad only in underwear. He made straigh only in underwear. He made straight for his mother, who seemed powerless to move or speak, till he laid his fat little hands on her knees. Then she caught him up in her arm, squeezing and hug-ging him till he cried out. She kissed his face, his bands, and his sunny hair, then hugged him again, and buried her face in his fat little neck, all the time cooing to him, and murmuring the terms of endearment with which the Irish language is so rich.

Mike stood by regarding her in open-

"What does it all mane?", he blurted

out at last.

For a fleeting moment the look of terror came back to her eyes, then she answered in an awed voice. "Sure thought the bear killed little Billy,

then she began all over again.

Honest Mike watched her in wonder for a while, then said simply, "Why, Maria, I never thought you cared for the childher like that.'

"I didn't know it myself till now," was the equally simple reply.

"But, Mike," she added, "what brought you up in the middle of the

"Katie got her feet wet, an' was cryin' with the cowld. I couldn't let her come up alone."

He didn't mean this as a reproach;

nevertheless it found its mark. He wouldn't let Katie, aged seven, walk unprotected a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, while she, the other—
"Here, Mike; do you take Billy over

to the clearin' beyond, an' put on his slip, that you'll find there," she ordered. As he took the boy from her arms, and proceeded to do her bidding, she darted away in the direction of the hen-Now, in all the settlement there was

no pair of hands that could do work so swiftly, or so well as Maria Larkins, when she once set about it. Therefore, when Mike returned a half hour later the dismembered body of a fat "hin," was already in the pot, and beginning to

" Mike, asthore, dinner'll be a thrifle late, but plase God, we'll have our Thanksgiving dinner after all," she in-

ned him.

That's all right me jewel. I'll be splittin' a bit o' wood till its ready,"
was the cheerful response.
As Mrs. Larkins bustled about getting

the dinner, she didn't stap, and scold the children as was her wont. Iustead she called them, "avick," and "alanna," and patted their heads lovingly as she passed them. The children watched her wonderingly, scarcely understanding, but the caresses warmed their little

In due time Mike stood wining his hands on the roller towel, and scanning the table with an approving eye. A large platter had been lined with toast and over it was poured the rich thick-ened gravy, from which uprose seductive

orsels of chicken meat.
"I was talkin' to Tim when I wen

"I was talkin' to Tim when I went after Billy's slip, an' as soon as I told him what happened he was off with his gun after the bear," he told her.

Maria nearly dropped the dish of potatoes. "Oh, poor Tim!" she cried, maybe 'tis to him the bad look's comin'."

"Sorra the danger. Tim has been too successful a poacher to let a bear get the better o' him," hopefully asserted her husband. her husband.

Mr. Larkins then pointed out to his wife that if calamity threatened the wife that if calamity threatened the Grace family, Kitty should be the one to lose her wedding ring. This reasoning only made matters worse. Disaster must be hanging over their own home. Mike began to fear that the Thanksgiving dinner was likely to prove a dismal failure, when the door opened, and Tim walked in. "Thanks he to God the boar didn't

"Thanks be to God, the bear didn't get you," fervently ejaculated Maria. "Faith he didn't, but I got him,"

"Fath he didn't, but I got him," laughed the ex-poscher.

"Tim Grace, you shouldn't laugh," reproached Maria, "something maybe happening your own wife or children at this minute. I never knew a woman to lose her wedding ring, but bad luck came after it."

"It may be that way in Ireland, allowed Tim with a wink at his brother in-law, "but it's waker here. The climate doesn't agree with pishigues. Maybe 'tis a warnin' to us to be more

careful."

They were about to sit down to dinner when Katie, who had been sent after fresh water came in, breathlessly holding out something to her mother.

"Me ring," she cried, seizing, and putting it on her finger, "where did you find it all, at all?"

"Twas in the group of the here you.

"'Twas in the crop of the hen you

"Twas in the crop of the hen you killed," replied Katie.
Then they had a hilarious dinner.
"Well, thanks to God, we had our Thanksgivin' dinner," beamed Mike.

" Wid little to ate, an' hardly a rag to

For shame Tim Grace. Isn't our barr all, an' our cellar full, an' yarn to make ato cloth, an' isn't the land our own?" "Thrue for you," gave in Tim, "an' ow, Mike, I must be off to split rails to nee that same land, or Hogan's cows 'll

When the men were gone, Maria threaded a needle, and proceeded to sew a button on little Billy's slip.

"Faith, avick machree," she murmured thoughtfully, "if this button had been there this morning. e stein your crops."

there this mornin' you wouldn't have been able to wiggle out of your slip so easily. Then I wouldn't have killed the hin, an' got me ring and the dear knows what would have happened to us."

HER WAY OF THE CROSS

By Mabel Potter Dagget By Mabel Potter Daggett
Daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne,
and once a favored friend of Emerson
and Thoreau, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop
has retired from the world to become a
nun and a Servant of Relief in St. Rose's
Free Home for Incurable Cancer,
founded by herself. Soon after embracing the Catholic faith some years ago,
she learned of the horrors of cancer, and
determined to devote her life to the relief of sufferers from that dread disease.
Here is the story of her quiet heroism. Here is the story of her quiet heroism
—Editor The Woman's Magazine.

In her beautiful youth he had known her. "Why, let me see," he said. "It must be twenty years ago." Really it is nearer forty. But remembering in heart-beats that are links in one's life

kindly foreshortens the years.

He removed his glasses and laid them carefully on the desk before him, his gaze travelling indifferently past the office force of secretaries and steno-graphers of his great publishing house.

He was looking into yesterday.

"She was a glorious woman," he said "We were all of us young then, in Cambridge, just out of Boston; and George Lathrop was courting her. She had that hair that artists paint and poets rave about—Titian, I think, they call it. Anyhow, it was a waving mass all threaded with strands of brown and red

and gold.

"But the most marvelous thing about her was her laughing eyes. I never could tell what color they were. No-body could, they changed so from brown

to hazel and blue.
"Well," he went on, "she married George, who was the assistant editor then of the Atlantic Monthly, with W. D. Howells editor. Later they moved to New York and lived in Washington

Do you go out much? We'd like to have you come to us for dinner any evening." But, somehow—I don't know—it happened I never went.

"She had such wonderful eyes," he

"She had such wonderful eyes," he said again. "I never could tell the color of Rose's eyes." And his voice trailed off in the past.

Afterward, down on New York's East

Side, Mrs. O'Harrigan, housekeeper of the tenement next door, sweeping out the hallway, said also: "Believe me, hiven presarves her beauty."
So she was like that—a wor

dod endowed to live all there is of life. And He called her from it.

"St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable
Cancer," reads the gold-and-white sign
over the entrance; and beneath, in
smaller letters, a text that stands out

rom the centuries: "I was sick and on visited me." It is a little, old-fashioned, three

story brick building on Cherry street, in the shadow of the tall tenements where Mrs. O'Harrigan and others sometimes sweep the hallways at the sign of the overflowing garbage-cans by he doorways.
But the Cancer Home itself, set in

this district of poverty and dirt and disease, is immaculate like the spotless white muslin curtains that hang at its A ring for admission is answered by

the portress, who first looks out through the tiny sliding panel in the door. In the reception room, little tapers afloat in clive oil in red glass tumblers burn dimly before the religious pictures on

dimly before the religious pictures on the wall, and the carved figure of Christ hangs on the cross above the mantel. In the rooms of the upper floors lie the white-faced patients to whom this charity ministers. They are suffering death in life, and a misery one of the most awful that humanity is heir to. The stillness of the little bonne is the The stillness of the little house is the stillness of endured pain. It is broken

by the sound of a low moan of anguish.

Then there is the soft enanting of prayers in the chapel, where the Sisters, repeating with tense lips their Ave Marias, are beseeching the saints to intercede in compassion and soothe the pain of their helpless charges.

I waited.
After a time she came. The silve After a time saw came. The sirver crucifix gleamed brightly as it dangled from the black beaded rosary hanging at her side. It was a Dominican nun in the rough, cream-colored serge habit of the Order, who extended her hand in

reeting.
But it was Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. whose wonderful eyes fashed from be-neath the black-veiled, hooded head-dress.

Strange to say, she has not lost her miling.
Sorrow and self-denial and self-sacrifice in the service of humanity—all the burdens that the troublous years have

laid upon her have not been able to silence the joy note that still dominates the key in which her life was originally written.
The East Side will tell you, if you The East Side will tell you, if you ask: "She is laughing, always laughing."
It is her brave optimism that carries her through the valley of the shadow of suffering in which she long ago elected to pass all the days of her life.

She is Mother Alphonsa, the Mother Superior of the Servant of Relief, the Order that she founded to be derived.

Order that she founded to be devoted to nursing, free of charge, the incurabl cancerous poor. She separated herself from a long line of Puritan ancestors and withdrew from the Unitarianism professed by her immediate family to enter the Catholic Church and take up

enter the Catholic Church and take up this life-work.

That was fifteen year ago. By unceasing toil and the use of her entire private fortune and the contributions of her friends, she has made the Cancer its windows that overlooked hill and cross.

They were writing books now, his "A Study of Hawthorne" and "Rose afford to do less—and the Rooftree," a volume of poems; your self-respect.

Home established in the little

Home established in the little house on Cherry Street a success. For the last few years it has been crowded continually to its utmost capacity.

In the language of Able Isaacs and the other children who play on the narrow pavement in front of its door, "Every day the ambulance is bringing sick ones, and always the undertaker's wasgon is taking dead ones away."

But even so, they have not been able to die fast enough. Some of them have lingered on their bed of a year, two years, four years, unable yet to be "taken away." And sick ones have waited for whom there was no room.

In all New York City there is no other free home for them. As soon as they are pronounced incurable cancer patients, the other hospitals must turn them away. And Blackwell's Island. atients, the other hospitals must turn hem away. And Blackwell's Island which to some who know suggest Dante's Inferno on earth, is their fin

A year ago it seemed that St. Rose' Free Home must find a way to make room for more beds. So Rose Lathro took the matter to the Mother of Sor rows in the quiet little chapel when every day the Dominican Sisters knee

in devotion.

The answer stands in the new five The answer stands in the new five-story brick building—just around the corner from the little old crowded home—on Jackson Street, facing Corlears Hook Park. Monsignor Mooney, repre-senting the Cardinal Archbishop of New York in January laid the corner-stone. It is marked with a cross, in the four angles of which are the initials of the names, "Jesus, Mary, Dominic, Rose."

This Fall this new St. Rose's Fre Home for Incurable Cancer will be de dicated. And two hundred patients will enter its comfortable rooms and wide sun-parlors overlooking the river

and the ships that pass out to sea.

The building has cost a large sum of money. It has all been raised within a year. Thirty thousand people were cir-cularized in the appeal sent broadcast. The response that was returned came alike from Jew and Protestant and Oath-

Were there days when the collection arrived slowly—the Mother Superiordered the Sisters to their knees in special "novena" of prayer. Novena after novena was offered. Finally the returns registered \$100,000.

returns registered \$100,000.

I think the statute of the Virgin smiled. I know Mother Alphonso did. In the little chapel the Servants of Relief sang the "Laudate." The building soon to be dedicated will be absolutely

free from debt.

It it the triumphant achievement of woman whose feet formerly were set in the pleasant paths of ease and personal pleasure. There came a day when one led her to the heights from which she saw the sufferings of the world. She turned, with her beautiful face trans-figured, to give herself to the service of humanity. Some call it the service of God

On the third finger of her left hand on the third inger of her lett hand she wears the sliver ring that made her the bride of the Church. She took off a gold band wedding-ring and a flashing diamond ring to put it there.

Years before that, though the star of destiny that was to lead her to become a Dominian num might have been seen

a Dominioan nun might have been seen on her horizon if some wise soothsayer had been there to look. A little girl of eight, she had been transported from the cold, gray, religious asmosphere of New Eugland to Italy's eternal city that is

religion there is.

She was Nathaniel Hawthorne's little daughter, born in Lenox, Massachusetts, May 20,1851, the year after he wrote "The Scarlet Letter," that make him famous. With her golden hair and laughing eyes, she was somewhat dearer to him than the older children, Una and Julian. He always called her Rosebud.

After his consular service at Liverol, the family spent several years in propean travel, sojourning longer in Italy than elsewhere, because here they enjoyed the delightful intercourse of their friendship with the Robert Brown-

lings and the Storys. del Monti, to hear the nuns sing vespers. She stood in St. Peter's cathedral, with its pictured walls and twinkling candles and broidered vestments breathed the air that was heavy with

At their home, "The Wayside," in Concord, Massachusetts, she had been wont to scream with joy over the cro-cuses she once found in the garden. And her mother once wrote in a letter to her father: "Little spots of green grass choke with her unutterable ecstasy. The spring intoxicates her with remem-

And this was the same child who thrilled to the religious atmosphere of Rome.
One day, walking in the Plaza of St.

One day, waiting in the Plaza of Sc. Peter's with her mother, she passed a group in the center of which was he whom she had seen crowned and borne aloft in the gorgeous spectable of a religious procession of the week. "O mams, mams," she cried aloud, "there is Pio None new !"

None now!"
The Holy Father, hearing smiled. And Pope Pius IX. stepped from among the Church dignitaries with whom he had been conversing, extended his hand and blessed the child. For days there-

after she trod in rapture.

The Hawthornes returned to New England. Thoreau and Emerson and the Alcotts and others whose names have been written high in American literature were intimates of the house-hold in which Rose Hawthorne lived her

girlhood. She married the young journalist, George Parsons Lathrop in 1871.

Their friends in Boston and later in New York were delightful literary people of the day. Also they the relied much abroad. Their little son, Francis Hauthers Lathra Buch abroad. Hawthorne Lathrop, was born in E rope He died when he was four, and they brought him back to the Hawthorne brought him back to the Hawthorne burying ground at Concord, Mass. To forget her grief Rose Lathrop turned to literary work, and wrote much that was excellent for the magazines of the time. After a while, they settled in New London, Connecticut, in the pretty little cottage they called "Overdale" because of the wide-sweeping view from its windows that overlooked hill and dale.

er, " Memories of Hawthorne" and

"Along the Shore," also poems.

It was while living at "Overdale" that the Lathrops were thrown much with New London friends of theirs who were Catholics. They became interested in a study of the Church and its teachings. One day Mr. Lathrop said thoughtfully, "Rose do you know I am about convinced that I want to join the

The true daughter of Protestant forefathers said quickly, "On, no, not that!" Then there came to her a vision of St. Peter's at Rome. She was a little girl again, stepping softly past men and wo men who knelt in prayer on the pave ments. She was gazing longingly on their devotion. She seemed lifted to a spiritual plane where her soul rocked

gently on the waves of peace.

When she had passed her hand across her eyes, she looked at her husband once more. "But if you join the Catholic Church, of course, I shall, tco," she

said.
A little later, in 1894, they took the vows of their new faith at the Church of the Paulist Fathers on Ninth Ave., New York. After that they wrote one more book, together. It is the "Story of Courage," by Geo. Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, an account of the work of the nuns at the Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Georgetown, a suburb Virgin Mary in Georgetown, a suburb

Washington.
In the burying ground within the convent enclosure, they found the grave marked with a black cross where lies Sister Jane Frances. She was once Phoebe Ripley, the niece of Emerson and a girlhood friend of Rose Haw-

thorne in Concord.

When the book was flaished, Rose
When the book was flaished, Flore
When the last page, "Finis When the book was fisished, Rose Lathrop wrote on the last page, "Finishibit; initium operis"—"The end of the book; the beginning of the work." And as she had written, so it was. What can I do for God? she one day asked the Paulist Father who had conducted her into the faith.

ducted her into the faith.

He had just come from the bedside of a cancer patient, a woman of refinement left without money and without friends, who must become a city charge at Blackwell's Island. All the misery which that meant, he told his listener.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "why do we, any of us sit idle when such suffering exists!"

"Why, my daughter?" he echoed gently, looking steadfastly in her face. It was then that her resolve was made. Within a few weeks, she had en-tered the General Memorial Hospital on One Hundred and Sixth Street, New York, for training in the nursing of can for there is little beyond ordinary hygienic measures that can he done for this dread disease. It was in 1896 that

this dread disease. It was in 1896 that she was ready.

In an old house on Scammel Street, near East Broadway, she rented two rooms. They needed painting. They were so dilapidated that the painter who came to look at them declined to take the job. So Rose Lathrop painted them herself. It was the first manual labor her white hands had done. abor her white hands had done.

In the days that followed, there was no menial task from which she withheld them. She found her first patient or family when they knew the disea cancer.
Mrs. Lathrop took her to the Scammel

Street rooms, and waited on her with tender care through the long days of her dying.

And she not only nursed the patient but she scrubbed the floors and cooked the food of their simple meals herself.

And in one corner of the room she set up a little altar. It was to St. Rose of Lima, a patron saint of the Dominican Order. A year later, she moved to a house on Water Street, a few blocks distant. There were now five patients. Three other women had joined her in the work, to give their services in the name of

Christ for the care of the cancerous poor. Mrs. Lathrop organized them as the Servants of Relief The servants of Relief, who now number between twenty and thirty, were received into the Dominican Order. They are vowed to poverty, chastity and obedience. On the day that she took the veil, Rose Lathrop cut off the beautiful hair that had hung to her knees. It fell in a shimmering cloud of copper to the floor.

to the floor.

And as completely she severed her self from all worldly ties that would have hindered her renunciation. Ever since, the austere regime of the nun, together with the work of nursing, has

never looked into a mirror since she put on the Dominican habit.

A looking-glass that found its way as a gift to her at the Cancer Home

promptly bestowed on Mrs. O'Harrigan, whose home it now graces. In 1899, the Servants of Relief purchased a house on Cherry street, where they established the Home in perman ent quarters. Later they acquired Rosary Hill Home in Westchester County, New York. The two houses together, crowded to their utmost capa-city, have been able to accommodate but seventy-five patients. In the new building this remarkable charity's field of usefulness is to be more than doubled. Often through the still was ones of the

night, Rose Lathrop rises to a tend the Mother Alphonea's own firm, warm clasp, a suffering stul passes over to the other side in confidence and peace. And the passing built is rong. And And a cross is placed up in the breast between the folded hands. Some no e

is got e beyond all p.ta and sorrow and g it. may," says the physician who for years has given his probasteral services. But, on t'e berote work of these wo men who have given their learns and their hands in that chamber of to rors!"

Mother Alphoss says: "Lis so-thing. You know it is all for God," Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has found I believe, the peace that passeth under-But it has been by her way of the

Do your best, because you cannot afford to do less—because you owe it to

" THE NEWMAN OF NORWAY

KNUD KROGH-TONNING

By J. Faber Scholfield in Catholic World

Rarely does a conversion to the Catholic Church create such a profound im-pression in the convert's own country as was caused eleven years ago in Nor way, when the most learned and influen way, when the most learned and influen-tial of the Lutheran clergy, a parish minister and Professor of Theology in the University of Christiania, made his submission to the Holy See. It was an event that could only be paralleled by ovent that could only be paralleled by that October day two generations since, when John Henry Newman, facile princeps among the English Protestant ecclesiastics of his day, was received into the One Church by the ministry of Father Dominic, the Passionist. Little is known, indeed, by English-speaking Catholics, of the recent revival, and the present fortunes of the Church Catholics, of the recent revival, and the present fortunes, of the Church in Norway, and it may well be that the very name of Krogh-Tonning is strange to all but a very iew. The strong personality of the man, however, his spien-did intellectual gifts, and the saintliness of his character, deserve that his name and his career should be acclaimed far and wide, wherever devotion to the search after truth, and transparent search after truth, and transparent honesty of purpose, are held for precious things. And beyond the commanding figure of the illustrious convert himself, there is a still wider interest attach God. His conversion marks a point in the history of the Catholic revival in

the history of the Catholic revival in his country.

Gladstone said of Newman's submission that "the Church of Eagland reeled with the blow;" and it might be said with truth that the State-Lutheranism of Norway reeled with the blow she felt when her greatest son embraced the religion of his fathers. Anglicanism has never been at rest since 1845; two ourrents, the one seething to the faith, ourrents, the one seething to the faith, the other towards the solution of all dogmatic belief, have made even a sem blance of unity an impossibility. So, to those who have followed in any degree the history of religious feeling in Nor way during the last decade, there has been revealed a picture of the same kind, if not on the same scale. "Ortho-dox" Lutheranism, as it is called, which retains much of Catholic sentiment as well as of Catholic belief, is at grit with the probably larger, and certainly more influential, party whose aim ap-pears to be the destruction of all definite Christianity. The laity at present appear to be still, on the whole, in sympathy with the old dogmatic Lutheran-ism; and on this account are turning in numbers to listen to the clear, unvarying voice of the Divine Teacher, if pared to accept her message. The life and influence of Dr. Krogh-Tonning and influence of Dr. Krogh-Tonning cannot fail to act as an immense motive power in this direction for many years to come. As to the great English con-vert to whom he has been compared, thousand upon thousands owe, directl or indirectly, the grace of their con ersion, so to the famous Scandinavian theologian an ever-growing multitud of his fellow-countrymen are, and will be, indebted for that same unspeakable gitt. A brief resume, then of his life story should appeal to the mind and heart of every son and daughter of the

Knud Krogh-Tonning was born on Skiensfjord, in the south of Norway. The Catholic religion in those days barely existed in the Scandinavian pen-insula; yet the old traditions still lin-gered in the hearts of many of the people, whose ancestors had never de iberately apostatized from the faith, been robbed of it partly at the point of the bayonet, and still more through an unprincipled cunning which and left much of the old forms and the ancient faith, so far as its fragments were still preserved. His father was lawyer, but the boy soon decided that his own life must be dedicated to the ministry of the State Church, which to him was, of necessity, the sole represent-ative of religion. His mother appears to have been a deeply pious wome whose influence unconsciously prepared the way for her son's advance in Caththe way for her son's advance in Catu-olic feeling and conviction. Her Chris-tian faith was profound, manifesting itself in many works of charity, and formed a striking contrast to the pietistic, sentimental system which then was too much the ideal of Norwegian Luth-eranism. Around her beloved image were grouped all the treasured memories of her son's childhood and youth her letters to him during his residence in Christiania, where he was one of the most eminent students of the University, he carefully preserved, and had bound in a volume which contains between eight hundred and nine hundred quarto pages, and which has been de-scribed as one of the most valuable treasures in his large and comprehensive library. With him, as with so many great servants of God, his mother's influence and character seemed the very guiding-star of his life. We are told that in his boyhood he even troubled his conscience as to how he could reconcile his devotion to her with the supreme his devotion to her with the supreme love of God; that he prayed earnestly about this, and with no result, as he thought, because his feelings still cented round his mother. There was no one to tell him that the fulfillment of tue " first and greatest commandment is a matter of the will, and not of the As us education proceeded, the young

student came to see more and more which he had been brought up. II . own earnest thought and his everextending knowledge were leading him to a fuller and more coherent belief. Yet he was entirely unconscious that he was gradually drawing nearer the Catholic Faith. He tells us himself: "I lived in an environment which, what-ever its disagreement, was fairly agreed in one thing: that whatever was Catholic and led in the direc-tion of Rome, was proved by that very fact to be something one must reject." fact to be something one must reject."
This was an impossible position for anyone of Krogh-Tonning's intellect or

deep piety, and yet he believed that his duty was to act in absolute loyalty to the religion in which he had been reared and whose ministry he was about to ex-ercise. We are told that the *Imitatio* ercise. We are told that the Imitatio Christi and the Dogmatik of the Danish Protestant Bishop Martensan had each a profound influence on his mind. The popular teaching of Norwegian Lutheranism at that time, however, banned Martensen as no true Lutheran, because he had declared war on the "reformer's" theory of justification, and maintained the Cathohic doctfine that the justice of Oar Loid is infused into the soul by grace, and not merely thrown over her as a cloak to hide, not to remove, spiritual deformity.

as a cloak to hide, not to remove, spirit-ual deformity.

In 1867 Krogh-Tonning passed his theological examination, received the degree of Doctor in Theology, and entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church. Three years later he was ap-pointed to the parochial charge of Porspointed to the parconnal charge of Fors-graud, a small town near his native place, which he held for thirteen years. In 1883 he was presented to the "Gamle Akers" Church in Christiania, a large and import-Church in Christiania, a large and important parish, and was also appointed Professor of Theology in his own university. For seventeen years he administered his pastoral chair amidst the ever-growing regard and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and of the learned world of the North. His literary labors began in early manhood, and soon attracted keen attention. In 1870 his first important work, the Doctrine of the Christian faith, appeared. This was not so keen attention. In 1870 his first important work, the Doctrine of the Christian faith, appeared. This was not so much an independent work as the result of his theological studies, and shows the young author as standing unhesitatingly on the Lutheran platform. His next publication, however, Word and Saorament, exhibits a great development in the Catholic direction, especially in his exposition of the effects ex opere o perato of the sacraments. In spite of the Lutheran teaching as to the Keal Presence in the Eucharist by way of Consubstantiation, Lutherans generally regard the Communion in a purely subjective light, and Krogh-Tonning was advancing far beyond such barren theology. What he hoped and prayed for, during many years, was the corporate awakening of the established religion of his country to a sense of its needs, and the return of Scandinavian Protestantism of the ancient faith. It was very long before the conviction came that for each soul there is only one way back, the path which by submission, unquestioning and entire, leads straight that for each sout there is only one way back, the path which by submission, unquestioning and entire, leads straight to Peter's throne. But during these long years he was seeking, and with each new gleam loyally following, the light. There is no wonder that we hear of his deep aymenthy with the ** Aggle Cathe. deep sympathy with the "Anglo-Catho-lic" revival in England; he saw its lic "revival in England; he saw its deep earnestness, its good faith, and its high ideal; he could not see, any more than earnest Anglicans can see, its hopeless lack of coherency and its illogical and forlorn hope of corporate submission—Catholic Authority. That this should be so is a strange intellectual and spiritual phenomenon, and must seem an almost insoluble problem to hereditary Catholics; but those who have come to the Church from without know how many of the most sincere and pious many of the most sincere and pious minds are honestly convinced that their position is a consistent one. Krong-Tonning's administration of his

parish was such as was to be looked for from one of his zeal and spiritual depth. Both in the matter of external organization, and in the services of his church, he made Porsgrund, and then his parish in the content of the content in the capital, a pattern for his fellow-ministers to emulate. It will be unknown to many Catholics that Lutheranism, in Norway at all events, retains a shadow of the sacrament of penance in the shape of the confession, to which all communicants were until lately expected communicants were until lately expected to resort before receiving the very rarely administered Communion. This confession, however, is little more than a form; it involves no real acknowledgment of personal sins; in the most generative confession. phraseology, while taking from them all phraseology, while taking from them all phraseology, while taking from them all prayer known as "absolution" follows.

The minister of Porsgrund was determined to the prayer known as "absolution" and the prayer known as "absolution" and the prayer known as the prayer known as the prayer and the prayer is the less ceremony into a reality, and in doing so he certainly had the theory the Lutheran Church on his side. 1881 he put forth a strenuous plea for the restoration of confession in its ancient and proper sense. He relied upon the Lutheran declaration that the sacrament of penance, "with respect to its essence, divine origin, dignity and necessity, is of like rank with holy bap-tism and the Holy Supper; he would remember how the early Lutherans were disposed to reckon three instead of seven, sacraments; how such a Pro-testant authority as Melanothon had written: "Vere igitur sunt sacramenta, baptismus, coena Domini absolutio, quae baptismus, coena Domini. absolutio, quae est sacramentum penitentiae." (Apolog., art. v.) As was to be expected, Krogh-Tonning found no response among his co-religionists, and a royal decree subsequently made the Lutheran practice of "confession" no longer obligatory on communicants. This seemed to him a downward step, and for the first time he appears to have wondered if the State Church of his country was indeed capable of a true reformation. The State Church of his country was indeed capable of a true reformation. The study of the Fathers, Mohler's Symbolik, and Cardinal Wiseman's Fabiola (that wonderful story that exhibits far more vividly than many weighty treatises the faith and practices of the first Christian ages, led him to the vision of a Christianity beside which the religion that he professed seemed a sad corruption. In his private devotions he began to use the Hail Mary, the Divine began to use the Hail Mary, the Divine Office (at least in part), prayer for the departed, and the observance of the fastdays. He was already a Catholic at heart, but it was still twenty years be-fore his intellectual conviction made Protestantism an impossibility for him. His transparent honesty made him go slowly; he would never act in advance of what he was absolutely convinced of; and his sincere humility made him slow in committing himself to his own conclusions. Yet his works continually showed the advance of his mind towards the fullness of the faith. His book, entitled "Christianity and the Unbelief of the Time, is especially noticeable as being Catholic in its whole tone and

argument. The "orthodox" clergy and laity of the Lutheran body hailed him as their protagonist against the growing unbe-lief that is honeycombing Norwegian Protestantism. There was no one on