

A TRANSPLANTED OMEN

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD, by Elizabeth Pollard, Walkerville, Ont.

Mrs. Larkins had lost her wedding ring. All day long she had been, as her husband averred, "as cross as the cat." 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 child's hand."

"Woman, have sense. I thought you left them pishages behind you in Ireland. They made nothing here," he flailed as he applied a match to his pipe. "It makes the same here as there. Trouble's comin' I know," she snapped.

Mr. Larkins then intimated that Maria was capable of bringing about plenty of trouble independent of the lost ring, which statement brought forth fresh visits of wrath. The mental air was still murky, when the door of the shack opened and Tim Grace, Maria's brother, entered.

"How's all here?" he queried genially, 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 cold. I came to see if you could look after things a bit for me to-morrow. I want to go to the village to get a few groceries."

"Faith, small good it'll do you to go to the village to-morrow. It do be Thanksgivin' an' the stores'll all be closed," informed Mike.

"Be gorry, so it is, an' 'tis well you reminded me of it before I took a journey of twelve miles an' back for nothing."

just 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. She leaned her hand on a stump, and gazed before her with wide horrified eyes.

The little blue slip was distinctly 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 grass.

With staggering steps Maria started for the shack by another way. Throbbing 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 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 silence. Then through the open doorway came a third little figure, clad only in underwear. He made straight for his mother, who seemed powerless to move, speak, but only a faint little hands on her knees.

Mike stood by regarding her in open-mouthed astonishment. "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 I 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 childer like that."

"Wid little to see, an' hardly a rag to cover 'em." For shame Tim Grace. In't our barn full, an' our cellar full, an' your own make into cloth, an' isn't the land our own?"

"Three for you," gave in Tim, "an' now, Mike, I must be off to split rails to face that same land, or Hogan's cows 'll be stein your crops."

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 mornin' you wouldn't have been able to wiggle out of your slip so easily. Then I wouldn't have killed the bear, 'n' got me zing and the dead knows what would have happened to us."

HER WAY OF THE CROSS

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.

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 forethoughts 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 stenographers 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 at the time a woman whom 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 wavy mass all threaded with strands of brown and red and gold."

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 Abbe Isaac 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 wagon 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, which to some who know suggests Dante's Inferno on earth, is their final destination.

A year ago it seemed that St. Rose's Free Home must find a way to make room for more beds. So Rose Lathrop took the matter to the Mother of Sorrows in the quiet little chapel where every day the Dominican Sisters kneel in devotion.

The answer stands in the new five-story brick building—just around the corner from the little old crowded home on Jackson Street, facing Corlies Hook Park. Monsignor Mooney, representing the Cardinal Archbishop of New York in January laid the cornerstone. 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 Free Home for Incurable Cancer will be dedicated. 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 circled in the appeal sent broadcast. The response that was returned came alike from Jew and Protestant and Catholic.

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

her, "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 Catholic Church."

The true daughter of Protestant forefathers said quickly, "Oh, 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 women who knelt in prayer on the pavement. She was gazing longingly on their devotion. She seemed lifted to a glowing plane where her soul rocked gently among 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, too," she said.

A little later, in 1894, they took the true daughter of Protestant forefathers to 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 of 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 Hawthorne Lathrop.

When the book was finished, Rose Lathrop wrote on the last page, "Finitis libri; 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. 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 entered the General Memorial Hospital on One Hundred and Sixth Street, New York, for training in the nursing of cancer. Only a short course was necessary for there is little beyond ordinary hygienic measures that can be done for 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.

THE NEWMAN OF NORWAY

By J. Falger Schofield in Catholic World

Rarely does a conversion to the Catholic Church create such a profound impression in the convert's own country as was caused eleven years ago in Norway, when the most learned and industrious 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 the conversion of 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 in Norway, and it may well be that the very name of Krogh-Tonning is strange to all but a very few. The strong personality of the man, however, his splendid 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 honesty of purpose, are held for precious things. And beyond the commanding figure of the illustrious convert himself, there is a still wider interest attached to his "coming home" to the City of God. His conversion marks a point in the history of the Catholic revival in his country.

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In the days that followed, there was no mental task from which she withheld herself. She 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.

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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 exercise. We are told that the *Imitatio Christi* and the *Dogmatica* of the Danish Protestant Bishop Martensen had each a profound influence on his mind. The popular teaching of Norwegian Lutheranism at that time, however, named Martensen as no true Lutheran, because he had declared war on the "reformer's" theory of justification, and maintained the Catholic doctrine that the justice of Our Lord is infused into the soul by grace, and not merely thrown over her as a cloak to hide, not to remove, spiritual 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 appointed to the parochial charge of Porsgrund, a small town near his native place, which he held for thirteen years. In 1883 he was presented to the "Gamle Aker" 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 charge and filled the professorial 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 *Doctrinae Christianae fides*, 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 Sacrament*, exhibits a great development in the Catholic direction, especially in his exposition of the effects *ex opere operato* of the sacraments. In spite of the Lutheran teaching as to the Real Presence in the Eucharist by way of Consubstantiation, Lutherans generally regard the Communion as a purely subjective light, and Krogh-Tonning was advancing far beyond that for each soul there is only one way back, the path which by submission, questioning and entire, leads straight to Peter's throne. But during these long years he was seeking, and with each new gleam loyalty following, the light. There is no wonder that he near of his mind was a purely subjective light, and Krogh-Tonning was advancing far beyond that for each soul there is only one way back, the path which by submission, questioning and entire, leads straight to Peter's throne. But during these long years he was seeking, and with each new gleam loyalty following, the light.

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