

THE HIGHER COURT

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649292806

The higher court by Mary Stewart Daggett & Richard G. Badger

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MARY STEWART DAGGETT & RICHARD G. BADGER

THE HIGHER COURT

THE HIGHER COURT

THE HIGHER COURT

BY

MARY STEWART DAGGETT

Author of "Mariposilla," "The Broad Aisle,"
"Chinese Sketches," etc., etc.



RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

135977

Copyright, 1911, by Richard G. Badger

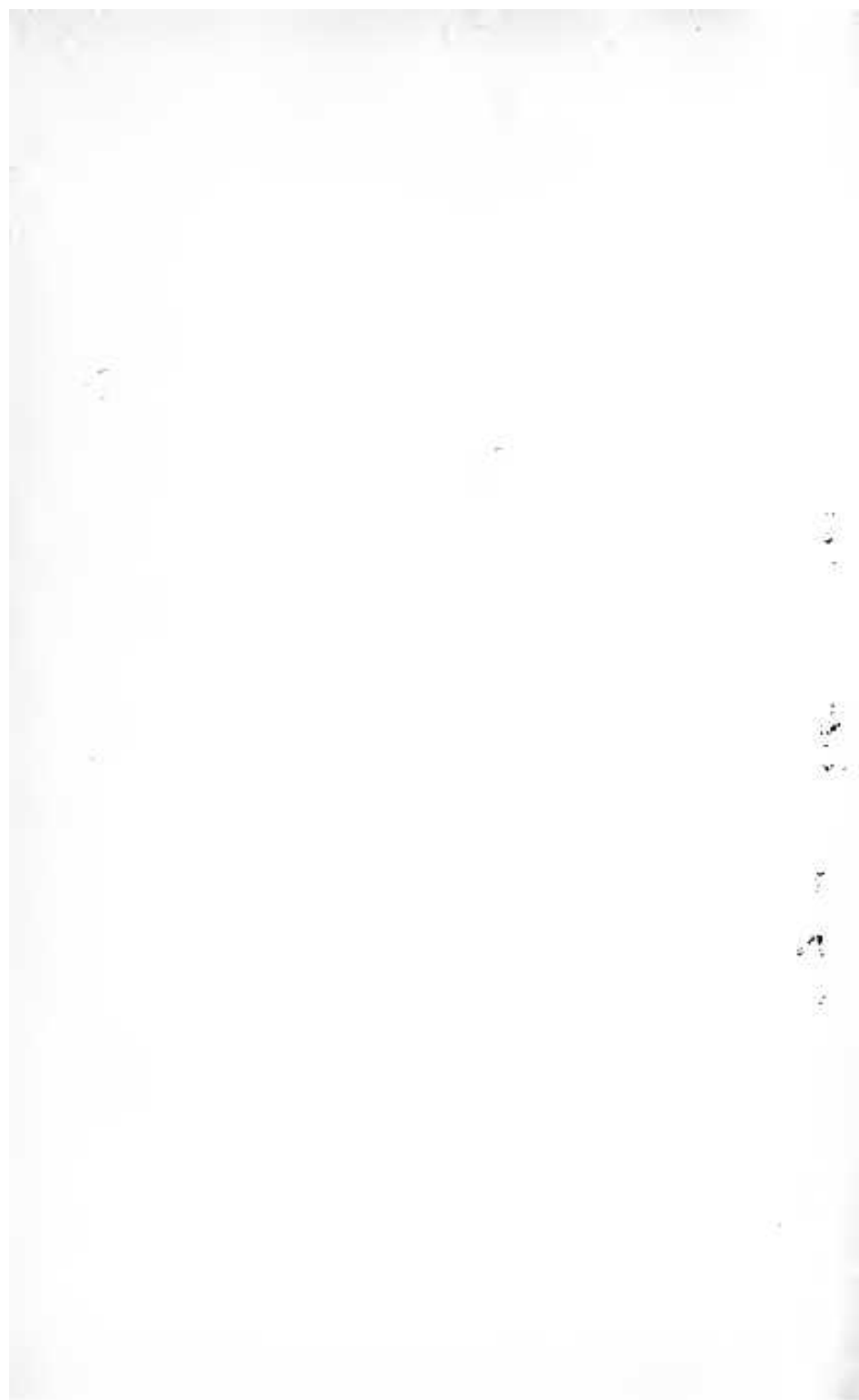
All Rights Reserved

ALBION LADY OF THE VALLEY
THE GREAT BRITAIN CO. LTD.

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

PS
1499
D 13^h
cop. 1

To Comrades Three
My Daughters
R. D.
H. D. H.
M. D.



CHAPTER I

FATHER BARRY'S late interview with his bishop had been short, devoid of controversy. Too angry to deny the convenient charge of "modernism," he sought the street. Personal appeal seemed futile to the young priest cast down by the will of a superior. To escape from holy, overheated apartments had been his one impulse. Facing a January blizzard, his power to think consecutively returned, while for a moment he faltered, inclined to go back. The icy air struck him full in the face as he staggered forward. "The only way — and one practically hopeless," he choked. Appeal to the archbishop absorbed his mind as he pressed on, weighing uncertain odds of ecclesiastical favor. Suddenly he realized that he had strayed from main thoroughfares, was standing on a desolate bluff that rose significantly above colorless bottom lands and two frozen rivers. Wind sharpened to steel, with miles of ceaseless shifting, slashed his cheeks, cut into his full temples, his eyes. He bowed before the gust so passionately charged with his own rebellion. To-day he was a priest only in name. For the first time since his assumption of orders he faced truth and a miserable pretense to Catholic discipline. Desires half forgotten stood out, duly exaggerated by recent disappointment. An impulse sent him close to the precipitous ledge, but he moved

Dr Purjeard
Lefr
1929

backward. To give up life was not his wish. He was defeated, yet something held him, as in a mirage of fallen hopes he saw a woman's face and cried out. He had done no wrong. Until the bishop cast him down he was confident, able to justify esthetic joy in ritualistic service, which took the place of a natural human tie. Now he knew that his work, after all, but expressed a woman's exquisite charm. For through plans and absorbing efforts in behalf of a splendid cathedral he had been fooled into thinking that he had conquered the disappointment of his earlier manhood. The bishop had apparently smiled on a dazzling achievement, and young Father Barry plunged zealously into a great undertaking. To give his western city a noble structure for posterity became a ruling passion, and in a few months his eloquence in the pulpit, together with unremitting personal labor on plans and elevations, had made the church a certainty. Thousands of dollars, then hundreds of thousands, fattened a building fund. The bishop appeared to be pleased; later he was astounded; finally he grew jealous and eager to be rid of the priest who swayed with words and ruled where a venerable superior made slight impression. Consequently the charge of "modernism" fell like a bolt from a clear sky. Until to-day Father Barry had been absorbed in one idea. His cathedral had taken the place of all that a young man might naturally desire. When the woman he loved became free he still remained steadfast to his new ambition. It seemed as if lost opportunity had attuned his idealistic nature