THE HONOR OF SHAUN MALIA.

Of the terrible periods of starvation that ewept ever Ireland, beginning in the year 1845, the famine of '48 will be mbered as the most destructive and devastating. While the suffering in the congested districts of the larger While the suffering cities was widespread, yet, to counterbalance this, there was in these places an organized system of relief con-ducted along both public and private lines. It was in the small hamlets and among the isolated tenant farmers that the famine wreaked the greatest havec for among those people there were no

philanthropists to give aid.

The cabin of Shaun Malia was situated on a barren tract of land, in the ated on a barren tract of land, in the mountain region, some twenty five miles northwest of Cork. There he lived with his wife and child for the five years that had ensued since the death of Capt. Sanderson. This death marked an epoch in Shaun's hitherto uneventful life; for the old captain and his ancestors for generations back. and his ancestors for generations had been lords of the broad domain that surrounded Sanderson Manor. that surrounded Sanderson Manor. A typical country "squire," of that period, the captain was a heavy drinker, and ardent sportsman, and a poor business man. His estates were so heavily encumbered at his death that his son despaired of reclaiming them, and consequently they passed into other hands.

With the passing of the old family Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the manor house was boarded up after the sale and the Sanderson family moved away. Many a time afterwards while tilling the soil of his stony farm on the mountain side, he sighed for the good old days of the easy-going captain. It was hard work, the mar kets were far away, and rent day came with certainty whether the crop proved

It had been a weary enough struggle since the first famine year to keep starvation away, but now, with the failure of the potato crop through the blight, the end seemed very near. For awhile they managed to subsist on potatoes that they dug from the ground, but Shaun knew that the half-decaye this was aimost as bad as starvation, and that they must soon be made ill by

the decaying vegetables.

Even this source of food was nearly exhausted when little five year old Mary fell ill. The first day of her sick. ness Shaun sat by her bedside, motionless, a despairing glare in his eyes, and his pale, bearded face haggard with both mental and physical anguish Maggie, his wife, with a wistful smile on her wan face, sought to comfort him, with words of hope as the night wore on; but in the gray hours of dawn, when she thought that he was sleeping, she stole sofily out of the cabin. When he followed her he found her leaning against the window ledge, sobbing as if her heart would

"Come, Maggie, machree," he said "sure it'll do ye no good to be actin' this way. I was thinkin' uv a plan just whin ye wint out, an whin the daylight comes I'll thry it.

Drying her eyes confusedly, she allowed him to lead her back to the dwelling, while he eagerly unfolded A good many years ago," he said, his plan.

"I had a chance to do a favor fur a great an' good man -- a priest now he is, in the city of Cork. At the time he told me if I ever needed a frind to write to him. Maybe he's forgotten me, but it'il do no harrum to thry an So, whin the daylight breaks, I'll walk to the village, an'-although God knows it'll go against me to do it -I'll beg the price uv the paper an' postage, an' write to him."
"It's a long way to the

good eight miles," she said, dubiously;

"an' ye're not sthrong."
"Yes," he answered wearily, as he sat on the side of the bed where the sick child lay rossing uneasily, "it's a long way, but it's our last chance.
We must thry and save her."

With the first glint of the rising sun he made ready to depart, and he kissed the child before leaving. Maggle fol-lowed him to the door and laid her hand on his coat sleeve with a pathetic little

"Are ye sure ye have the strength, Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murray, the ould man, started for the gesture :

village two days ago, an', an'—"
Shaun looked at her curiously as be

noticed her hesitation. I know what ye mane," he said. "They found him along the road yes-terday. But don't worry. I'm sthrong, an' I'll be back to night, with the help of God. Good by !" stood at the door, crumpling her worn apron in her hands, and watched him until he was swallowed up in the hazy mist of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick child drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's taugled auburn locks and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then taking her in her arms,

crooned a soothing air until the It was night when Shaun returned child slept. dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes that he might the more thorough ly enjoy the sense of rest that came to him. Maggie came close to him with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After awhile he opened

his eyes and spoke : "I sent the letter on the first mail. I met Squire Bagley-him that used to visit at Sanderson's-and 1 tould him that I wanted sixpence to post a letter. He gave me a shillin', an' I

bought this for her." little Mary, and Maggie noticed for yer closk an' up the chimney. It's Shaun.

the first time that he held a package in his hand. She opened the parce and found a sixpenny loaf of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water treasuring the crumbs as if they were gold. Before feeding the mixture to the child she offered some to Shaun; but he would not ear any and turned to gnaw the sodden

potatoes that were on the rude table. Another day dawned with no change in the situation. Towards evening a gale began to blow, followed by a cold, pelting rain—a hint of the approach-ing winter. Here and there the rain dripped through holes in the worn thatch and fell in monotonous splashes on the earthen floor of the hut. The scanty nourishment that had been given to little Mary seemed to have served no purpose but to feed the fever that was consuming her, for after nightfall she commenced to rave vio-

lently. Towards midnight the air grew very chilly and Shaun put a fresh piece of turf, of which he had a plentiful supply, on the smouldering embers in the huge stone fireplace. The wind wailed dismally down the chimney, and, as if in answer to an sed thought, Shaun shook his unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejactedly, saying, "No, there's no use thinkin' that anny one would vinture out to night."

A few minutes later there was a con tradiction to his speech in a guarded knock that came to the door. Shaun and Maggie both rose to their feet and The knock was repeated. listened.

"Its the answer to me letter," said Shaun, trembling with agitation as he started toward the door to unbar it. A tall, heavily-cloaked man in riding costume stepped in, in the wake of a gust of wind-driven rain and dead leaves. He shook the rain from his hat and took in the outlines of the room as best he could by the turf light, his eyes at last resting on Shaun.
"You are Shaun Malia?" His voice,

proportioned to his physique, was deep and resonant.

"I am," said Shaun. The stranger walked over to the door, and after peering out for an instant, set the bar in place. Then he continued:

You wrote to a certain priest in Cork asking for assistance. He was on the point of sending you some money when I came to him, a fugitive from justice on account of a political offense. My needs were urgent, immediate; I had to leave for America I knew that I could not take shipping from Cork, so I determined to ride through these mountains on horseback to Limerick and sail from there. gave me the money that was intended for you, and he told me that I migh take refuge with you to night, and tell you that he would send you relief as soon as he could-within two or three days at the longest.

Shaun reeled as if he had been struck.

Two or three days !" he muttered, weakly, clutching at the door post for support. "Two or three days!" Lurid of anger burned in his sunken, and grasping the stranger support. roughly by the coat lapel he drew him over to the bedside of the sick child:

"Will death wait two or three days? Can ye tell me that, you that was so ready takin' what was hers to save yerself? • h! but ye're a brave man to come an' tell me."

"Shaun! Shaun!" cried Maggie, clutching his arm in alarm, "don't be The priest had a talkin' like that. right to do as he plazed with his money, for 'twas not ours. An' sure he knew bestanyhow. Don't be abusin' the man that comes to our door for

shelter. The stranger, surprised at Shaun's an expression of sympa Mary, who tossed and muttered in the of her fever. Then, when Maggie hesitated, he began, speaking

"I'm very sorry. Of course I did not know that things were as they are or I would not have taken the money But it is not yet too late, and if you

will accept-"
"No, no!" said Shaun. "Don't mind what I said. I'm not right in me mind, 1 guess, since she took sick. Maggie is right, for the money didn't

belong to me."
"Hark!" said the stranger, and he stele over to the single window and peered out into the darkness. manding silence by a gesture of his hand, he listened intently for a few moments and then came back to the group at the bedside. He spoke with

out any evidence of excitement:

"It is as I suspected; my trail has been discovered and I have been pursued. There is a company of soldiers down there in the roadway; even now they are surrounding the house. Of course I cannot escape; so, my friend, you can free yourself of blame for harboring me and save your child's life by giving me up to the soldiers. There is a reward offered for me; if I am captured in here it may go hard

with you." Shaun stood an instant, dazed with

the sudden turn events had taken.

"If ye can't escape," he said, his eyes vacantly following the outlines of the one room of the cabin, "an'it'll I asked him to do some work on the mane life to her, I—but, O God! help grave of a dear friend of mine, Father feared that the temptation might prove too strong for him. the

Decide !" said "Quick! Dacide!" said the stranger. "I hear footsteps outside. Shaun, not answering, ran across

the room to the chimey.

There was a loud hammering at the

door and a voice shouted : "Open, in the Queen's name!" "Come on," whispered Shaun; there's a way to escape. Off with

wide enough to hold ye, an' it's built rough inside, so ye can climb. Go to the top au stay there until the soldiers Meybe they won't find your

hourse. "But," said the stranger, making

ready to talk.

"Hurry," said Shaun, stripping off
the stranger's cloak and throwing it
under the bed. "In with ye now an' up; an' may heaven speed ye

The stranger disspipared from view in the yawning black hole above the fireplace, and an occasional chip of plaster falling teli of his progress up The hammering at the door redoubled; and Shaun, quickly re-moving his coat to make believe that ward. he had just risen, withdrew the bar and let the searching party enter. Two efficers came first, followed by a file of soldiers.

Well," said the elder officer, "you seem to be mighty hard sleepers here it took you a long time to open that

door."
"I ax yer pardons, sirs," said
Shaun. "We have sickness here an'

I'm not overly nimble myself. We are in search of an escaped criminal, accused of several treason-able acts against Her Majesty's gov-ernment," said the officer. "We have every reason to believe that you are harboring such a person, in defisance of the law. But before searching the of the law. But before searching the premises I will inform you that a reward of £50 is offered for information that will lead to this man's apprehen

Maggie sat by the bedside soothing the sick child. The little sufferer began to call her father's name in a pite ous tone of voice and he hurried to her and kissed her, whispering terms of endearment in her ear.

"Well, what do you say to my proposition? You need the money: your child requires attention; we will capture him anyhow." Shaun sat at the head of the bed,

staring at the wall with a strange, blanched face. 'I need the money an' she needs it," he repeated, absently, fingering the bedclothes. Maggie looked at his

face and became frightened at its expression. "Shaun! Shaun!" she cried. He buried his face in his arms and a half smothered sob was heard. The soldiers

looked on curiously. Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet and

shouted hoarsely: "Search the place; don't tempt me anny more ; I can't tell ye annything. It took but a few minutes to examine the nut. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Shaun looked on with a stolid face. Preparations were then begun to start a rearing fire in the fireplace, so as to smoke the fugitive out if, as they suspected, he had taken refuge in the chimney. denly several shots were heard and a soldier ran in, saluting the command ing officer, and said :

"Sir, a man on horseback has just ridden through our lines on the road We fired on him, but did

way below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him. "Curse the luck!" said the officer: "we shall never find him now among these mountain roads. Put to your saddles and after him ; we must do our

Then he addressed himself to Shaun

saying:
"The finding of the criminal's cloak here in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man; but in view of your unfortunate condition, and the consistent, though in this case reprehensible, sense of honor you have manifested, I have decided to overlook your part in to-night's business.'

outburst, remained silent, gazing with In a few minutes the cabin was an expression of sympathy at little cleared of its unwelcome visitors, and eared of its unwelcome visitors, and death. Shaun and Maggie, uttering prayers for the escape of the unfortunate they had harbored, sat down to await the coming of daylight. But weakness, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after a while both slept.

Sunlight was streaming in through the window when Shaun awoke, and outside a blackbird was lustily warbling his last song before flying to the The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door, looked out. Two gentlemen were coming up the path from the roadway. One of them was a stranger to Shaun, but in the other, a gray haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his

friend of long ago-the man to whom all Ireland turned in the dread years of famine-Rev. Theobald Mathew "Thank God ?" Thank God !" was

all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his

"I was afraid that you had forgotten me, until you sint word last night," he managed to say at last. "No, indeed, Shaun," said the

"No, indeed, Shaun," said the priest; "I have often thought of you, and often prayed for you, since that

time when we met in Cork. Turning to his companion, he said : "Dr. Burnham, this is Shaun Malia, of whom you have heard me speak. He was a gardener in Cork when I was a young priest there, and one day mane life to her, I—but, O God! help grave of a dear friend of mine, Father me; I can't be a thraitor!" He said this with a sudden energy, as if he and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had cared for the grave all of that time. thought that I might have forgotten

him Father Mathew laughed-a merry, contagious laugh it was-and the xii.) doctor said :

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."
"Won't ye step inside?" said

The two visitors entered and the doctor made an examination of little Mary Mathew learned from while Father Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious fugitive. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they

awaited his decision.
"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, and there need be no fear of an un favorable prognosis if she proper treatment and nourishment.

That's the point," said the priest. " Now, Shaun, I have made arrange ments with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, it you can come to terms with him, the position is yours."

Father Mathew, smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The woman overcome with buried her face in her apron and bbed hysterically; while with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only

say: "God bless you! It's more than I

deserve One afternoon, in the early autumn about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of Dr. Burnham's lawn when one of the servants handed him a ter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to

Shaun's mind. "It must be from him," he said

" now I'll find out his name He eagerly tore the envelope open and found inclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100, and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia." John A. Foote in the Catholic World Magazine.

> IMITATION OF CHRIST. Love of Solitude and Silence.

Thou wilt find in thy cell what thou wilt often lose abroad.

Thy cell, if thou continue in it,

grows sweet ; but if thou keep not to it, it becomes tedious and distasteful. If in the beginning of thy conver sion thou accustom thyself to remain in thy cell and keep it well, it will be to thee afterwards a dear friend and a

most agreeable delight. There she findeth floods of tears, with which she may wash and cleanse herself every night; that so she may be come the more familiar with her Maker the farther she liveth from all worldly tumult.

For God with His holy Angels will draw nigh to him who withdraweth himself from his acquaintance and friends.

It is better to lie hid and take care of one's self, than, neglecting one's self to work miracles even. It is commendable for a religious

man to go seldom abroad, to fly being seen, and not to desire to see men. Why wilt thou see what theu must not have? The world passeth away, and the concupiscence thereof. (1

John, ti, 17) The desires of sensuality draw thee abroad; but when the hour is past, what dost thou bring home, save a weight upon thy conscience and a dis

sipation of heart? A joyful going abroad often brings forth a sorrowful coming home, and a merry evening makes a sad morning. So all carnal joy enters pleasantly, but in the end brings remorse and

What canst thou see elsewhere, which thou seest not here? Behold the heavens and the earth and all the ele ments; for of these are all things made

What canst thou see anywhere, which can continue long under the Thou thinkest perhaps to be satisfied but thou canst not attain to it.

If thou couldst see all things at once

before thee, what would it be but a vain sight Lift up thine eyes to God on high, and pray for thy sins and negli-

Leave vain things to vain people but mind thou the things which God

hath commanded thee. Shut thy door upon thee and call to thee Jesus thy beloved. Stay with Him in thy cell; for thou

shalt not find so great peace anywhere If theu hadst not gone abroad and hearkened to rumors, thou wouldst have kept thyself better in good peace; but since thou art delighted sometimes

to hear news, thou must thence suffer a disturbance of heart. Therefore we ought carefully to pre pare ourselves at times of devotion and converse more devoutly and keep all observances more strictly, as

shortly to receive the reward of our labours from God. And if it be deferred, let us believe that we are not well prepared and that we are as yet unworthy of the great glory which shall be revealed in us at the appointed time; and let us endeavour to prepare ourselves better

for our departure.

Blessed is that servant, saith the Evangelist St. Luke, whom his Lord, F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester when he shall come, shall find watch ing. Amen, I say to you, he shall set him over all his possessions. (Luke,

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

BOOKS IN THE HOME.

Catholies, as a rule, read too little some few have no books in their homes, especially those of a religious charac-They should first of all take their Catholic paper, as it contains a vest amount of information about what is going on in the Church. It also has columns of good religious reading that will instruct and and make their faith a living one, besides other articles of a bright and interesting nature. It possible they should also take some of the Catholic magazines, of which there are quite a number. It should be the aim of Catholic parents to furnish good reading matter for their children so that they will not have to go outside to seek amusement. A few more good books and a little less meat, might aid both in culture and digestion. Nowadays books are so cheap that there is no excuse for even the poorest family not possessing a few. Do not get all religious books—that is not the idea mingle them with light amusing literature, for a heavy diet, even of books, ruins the strongest digestion.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RE CEIVE.

Members of the League should not forget this, but ask each month the prayers of the millions of associates, for all the graces and favors they de sire. Ask with confidence. only for spiritual but temporal favors, for yourself and your relatives and friends. Do not let a month pass without sending in your requests, they can be printed in the leaflets that are sent to the members. Those who have no Promoter convenient can send them to us and we will be glad to forward them. The Sacred Heart says Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What grander promise is there in the whole Bible? We are so many of us weary and beavy laden. Our burdens often seem greater than we can bear. Let us go to the Sacred Heart, that haven of peace and refuge, and ask Him to assist us, help us, to make us better, braver, more helpful to others, and more devout in ourselves. He will hear and answer us

There is nothing truly great save goodness. - Bossuet.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me, I would not be without them for any money.'

I would not be without them for any money."

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