the wild weird storm which such destruction in Irela

heside the haggard, sleeping soundly He was a chubby, blue-eyed lad and when lifted out of his rude ora

in, to his wife Kitty, and

Maurice carried him into

Like all poor

we had riches we would have poor

health, an' that would be a bigger

"Thrue for you, Kitty," Maurice

lived an' died here, an' I think we

The death of their little Brideen

was a sore loss to them, and strive

as they might, they could not shake

off the loneliness that hung about

the hearthstone. Sometimes they

would speak of her together, and

Maurice would tell of her cute baby

ways until Kitty had a good cry and

then the worthy couple would chide themselves for flying in the face of

Their lives ran on quietly in this

manner until the morning on which

Maurice discovered the chubby boy

in the haystack. Then all changed.

They decided to name him Joseph;

faithfully watched over that other

little Babe who lay in the manger

Everyone in the fishing village took

an interest in the lad, and the girls

and boys would call daily at the

cabin to see how he was growing.

Good Father Dovle, the great-heart

ed, whole-souled pastor of Drngle

parish, took a special pride in little

"You must train him right, Mau-

rice," he would say, "and maybe some day he will be another cham-

"Thrue for you, Father," Maurice

would reply, "but I would rather see

him a plain Soggarth like yourself

Joseph grew up a fine, healthy boy,

twelfth year was remarked for his

piety and devotion. His foster-

parents, with the aid of good Far

ther Doyle, sent him to school regularly and taught him his prayers

and catechism. He was very fair

looking and there was an unmistak-

able refinement about him which

caused Father Doyle to shake his

head often and say, "Poor lad, he has blue blood in his veins, if any-

one ever had. He came of a good

From the day of his discovery by

relatives of the lad, and he grew

fifteenth year, he startled Kitty by

saying he would like to become a

priest-that he wanted to go to col-

lege and study like Father Doyle,

Simple hearted Kitty burst into tears at the news, and taking him in her arms, cried: "God bless you,

alanna, we will speak to Father

Maurice was fervently grateful

when he heard what was in the bou-

chal's mind, and after supper hurried to the rectory to tell the good news

man, "and I think he has a voca

tion. I will take charge of him my

self, and I am sure there will

and help the poor.

Doyle about it."

to his pastor.

family, whoever they may be.'

Maurice, nothing was heard of

and by the time he reached

pion of Erin's woes.

than an O'Connell."

and to place him under the protect

tion of the good saint, who

can manage to do the same.'

would reply.

"Our fathers Defore us

FATHER JOSEPH.

a dowry to the of the support. We ear a religious ress like Foor amory of Our

ER 8, 1904.

in our couperioress for her us, and asked apel. It was furnished with d old pictures. Coptic churches stay in Egypt the total abictures of maiwhich in our walls of so rope. No counble persecution not consistent rentle nature of ell on scenes of ed. A Coptic

looked to see if there were any marks on the clothes, by which they, could gain a clue as to whose baby he as. There were none. The poor Irish couple never had but child, a fair-houred little girl, and she was taken from them when she reached her third year. looked at this little waif, looked at each other, and tears came to Kit-ty's eyes when she said: "Maurice, ce made the re is God's will; we will keep him." es which took Maurice Maloney and his wife had early perseculived in their little cabin, eking out er displayed on miserable existence for many years rs, replied to They managed to pay the rent, and sacrifice of ou that was about all. as so tremend Dingle, theirs was a hard struggle, but they were a religious couple and trusted in God to better astonishment and sacrifice oftheir condition. Sure, if it's His will that , we to the infinite should be poor," Kitty would we must bear it. May be if

of the superiossion to photowith her two The result dicrous picture as they stood. ashed, in front into the hand

willingly given ne represents in world. It is imese Copts with-rest. There is There is n the way they hurch as "the we visited apin peace in their neighbors take oings, and many their existence be termed nei-mplative. There f all the works which so many congregations the Catholic even be difficult spend the long woman does not ant occupation;

luties done, she sun with idle mplative life in w can it flourish ived of frequent presence of the ? These nuns nor read a spi priests would each, and Copy read. More-ey are a branch nk which alone or. interesting Cop-

ated in the viciwe have dess, their families be seen wander-g these once vehere now reigns Here we be Coptic schisma litary and sad efield; Christian ined; her master t power to save, n her, strangers gnore her exist-God arrests the dy to complete uction. Let us tly that ere long grant his grace ind, by renewing n to rejoice once is, Tu conversus ebs tua laetabi 7. 7.)—E. M. D., CKED.

onely isle, or he, im roared and igh, as rose the

addening gleethe shipwrecked me."

no brighter lad in all Maynooth." Joseph was sent to college, and as Father Doyle predicted, made rapid progress in his studies. " More and more he grew deeply religious, and when the year of his ordination tame round he was often styled 'An-other St. Anthony' by his class-mates.

He visited his foster-parents every summer, and wrote to them regular-ly while away. His letters were

tude to the devoted couple, to and his good wife, would pass the letters to the neighbors, se who were able to read did so

was a happy one for Maurice and Kitty, and early in the morning they to pray for the intention of their boy. On their way home they were congratulated by their friends, all looked forward to the following Sunday, when the young priest would be amongst them offering up the

Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel. When Sunday arrived, the little chapel was crowded, the peasantry coming from miles around to receive the blessing of the young Levite Father Dovle had the chapel beauti fully decorated with flowers, and af ter Mass tendered a dinner to Fathe Joseph, Maurice, Kitty, and the visiting priests.

Mr. and Mrs. Maloney shed happy tears when their son, in acknowledging the kindness of the aged pastor paid a tribute to the sacrifices and devotion of the poor Irish couple whom he knew as father and mother.

"He received his first inspiration from their holy lives." he said. "and he prayed that God would reward them two-fold for their kindness to him." He knew it would cost him He knew it would cost him a struggle and bring pain to their loving hearts when they heard his in-tention; he had volunteered for the White Mission in Africa.

The sorrow to Maurice and Kitts was a heavy one when the day arrived for the sailing of their fosterson. Long and fervently they pray ed for strength to bear the parting and the goodness of Father Joseph who visited them in the cabin, and prayed with them, helped them to bear up in their trouble

"Sure God only loaned him to us," wailed Kitty, "an" it is but right that we give him back to Him. do not begrudge him to God, but I feel lonely at the parting."

"'Tis the same way I feel myself," said Maurice, wiping a tear on the corner of his coat-sleeve, "but have no right to complain at all, at all. Sure, the Lord lendeth, an' the Lord taketh. We must be obedient to His will."

Regularly the lonely couple heard from the young missionary for the next five years. The letters were sent to Father Doyle, and that good man would go to the cabin of the Maloneys, evening after evening, to chat about his protege.

"I, always told you there was good in his face," he remarked one evening, after reading an unusually lengthy letter in which Father seph gave a glowing account of life among the negroes. "He had - the look of it. He has good friends somewhere, Maurice. Blood tells every time.

"As I used to tell Kitty here," spoke Maurice, "he was marked for God's service. He was always good and brought the light to our cabin."

"Yes," tearfully assented Kitty, "an' the light went out when he left. I would not feel so lonely-like if he were anywhere else but among the black naygurs. Sure the black devils are no company for Joseph."
"Hush, Kitty," said Father Doyle "all men are equal in the sight of God, and a black man's soul is as up knowing no other parents than the white as an Irishman's."

> be discussed by his friends, until one evening late in November, Father Doyle was noticed by Kitty walking slowly down the road.

"Maurice," said the good woman "run an' open the gate quick. ther Doyle is coming down the lane, an' he looks as if he was in trouble." "That's you! Woman alive but you are always borrowing the black

news," snapped Maurice. As Kitty felt, the sorrowful news both, and made Father Doyle cry like a child, as he read how Father Joseph had given up his young life, as hundreds of other priests had,

"I have been watching the lad ca efully, Maurice," said sthe gold ministering to the natives of Africa "He succumbed to the fever, wrote Father Doucet, the superior, "and we all mourn him deeply. He was the 'St. Anthony' of our band, faithful, patient and saintly. He labored for the flocks as he would for a brother. He hade me, as a last request, to write to you, Father Doyle, and to his parents, and to tell you he remembered you all daily in the Holy Sacrifice, and dying, he prayed that God would watch over you all until some day you met in Heaven. Two months before, while

returning from a tour of the m sions farther up, he came to a convent, and there met a saintly nun, Sister Marie. Something drew attention to her (for he seldom spoke to strangers), and a resemblance to some one, somewhere, whom he felt he knew, seemed to strike him. In general conversation, he learned that the Sister had arrived at the White Mission from Ireland ten years beand told the contents to their | fore, shortly after her profession and had been educated by the Sisters twenty miles from Dingle. Fur ther conversation elicited the facts that her father, a British officer, with his wife and one child, had be killed in the big wind storm which swept over the country, and a little brother disappeared heard from. She was adopted the Sisters, and spent her life with them, always praying for a reunion with her brother.

"The meeting of the brother and sister was a pathetic one," wrote the superior, "and a change - came over Father Joseph. He moved as in an ecstatic dream, and always praying, always thanking God for His great goodness to him. His sole thoughts were of his parents away back home in Ireland, and he intended writing and telling them of meeting with Sister Marie, but was stricken with the fever on his turn to the mission.

"He is buried by the side of our other martyrs," concluded the letter, "and I only hope that when our time comes we will be as worthy of Heaven as he."

"I only hope so," sobbed Maurice, 'My poor poor boy !"

"May God grant him a place He wen this night !" wailed Kitty, "and may we prove ourselves wor thy of his prayers !"

"Amen," sobbed Father Doyle. Josephine B. Sullivan, in-New World.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Rev. L. V. Broughail, formerly at tached to the staff of St. Laurent College, has been received into the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the Chapel of St. Joseph's Univer-The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. L. G. Guertin.

Rev. Alexander Munro, a convert. who began his classical studies when over twenty-one, in St. Boniface College, some ten years ago, and studied theology in the College of L'Assomption, Que., having been ordained year ago, returned to St. Boniface for good the week before last.

Chamberlain's Policy Not Needed.

E. H. Holden, managing director of one of the largest financial institu tions in England, The City and Midland Bank of London, is at present on a visit to Canada. He say the English workingman is not im pressed by Mr. Chamberlain, and that Canada will do well to manage her own trade without the right hon gentleman's assistance. Mr. Holder

"The working classes of England are in hearty sympathy with working classes of Canada, and they expect that Carada will not do anything to further this unjust burden being placed upon them. Carfada is a rich country. Her wealth is is the land, and it is illimitable. But the wealth that comes out of agriculture in England is comparatively There is no doubt that Canada will be patient and go on steadily as she has been going the the shape of trade with the mother country. Canada wants, of course more capital and a greater popular tion. Now if the measures of M: Chamberlain be adopted the immediate effect upon Canada would be that capital would come out of th farms in the United States and would be invested in farms in Canada; labor would follow capital. The population of Canada would there fore be largely increased by Americans, and they would get the advan-tage. In other words, the working classes of Lancashire would have to pay more for their food in order to benefit a large number of Americans who would emigrate to Canada. Mr. Chamberlain has promised that the working classes of England with adopt his proposals the manulative-rers of Canada will cease extending their present works and building new ones. Judging from the cleve men I have met during my sojourn in this country, I do not think that Mr. Chamberlain will prove to be right in the particular. What

A MONTH OF FAVORS.

(Arthur Barry, in Ave Maria.) nother new month,-grave October's

With its flaming leaves that will soon grow sere As they flutter to earth, all stricken

with fear Of the sharp white frost in the

The blue of the heavens oft fades

away, In its stead we have skies of sober

And the Winds get bleaker from day to day, The warmth of the summer breeze

Not the loveliest month, yet to you and me,

scorning.

Full as welcome as May or as June can be: "Tis the month of the Holy Rosary,

With favors as rich as aught other For oft as with fervor we say our beads,

The Queen who all potently inter-

With her Son Divine will supply ou needs.

And prove our most tender Mother

PRACTICAL PIETY.

The notion that in Catholic schools little else is taught besides religion is as absurd as the belief of many non-Catholics that in convents the practical view of any subject is the last to be taken. As an illustration of how sane and sensible nuns can be, a contemporary writer relates that at a certain convent where the Most Blessed Sacrament is exposed all day the Mother Superior found some novices apparently praying with great devotion before our Divine Lord. She tapped each on the shoulder, and when they were outside the little chapel she said to them : "Your duty is in the kitchen now, Sisters. You can get any amount of sanctity out of saucepans, but none at all out of neglected duties."-Ave Maria.

Jesuits Honored at St. Louis.

Two Jesuit Fathers, the Revs. John F. Quirk, S.J., President Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., and the Rev. Terence C. Shealey, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, have had the distinction of being included among the Jurors of Education, at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

These Jurors number from fifty to seventy in all. There are three groups of juries in the Higher Education, of which number three is the highest. It has to judge of college and university exhibits. This jury includes foreign jurors of great name: Woldeyer and Cohnheim, of Germany; Dr. Gautier of Paris; Le-Conte, astronomer, of Belgium; President Caroline Hazard, of Wellesley and Rev. J. F. Quirk, S.J., of Baltimore. The Rev. Terence J. Shealy S.J. of St. Francis Xavier's, N.Y. is in group 2. The German University exhibit is of striking nature and proportions, especially in the Medical Department.

The Pontifical Commission On Gregorian Chant.

The London Tablet of September 10, notes that Appuldurcombe Abbey, Isle of Wight, scene of the re-cent Summer School of Gregorian Music, was, during the week ending at that date, the assembling place up knowing no other parents than the knite as an Irishman's."

line this way Father Joseph would get almost everything she wishes in pare the Vatican edition of the Grelet : "The Commission has existed for some time, and the members of it resident in Rome have held several sittings. But it was obviously desimable that at the peginning the preparation of the great work which is to give us the Tracition Chant under the name and with all the prestige of the highest authority in the Church, there should be meeting of the Commission as whole, members and consultors alike, and the monastery of the exiled Be nedictines of Solesmes is the obvi ously surtable place for such a ga thering. It takes place there the express invitation of the monks and in particular of Dom Mocque reau, the present Prior and head o the Plain Chant School, and Solesmes-in-Wight it will have the advantage of being able to examine at first hand the thorough scientific methods and the great array of his torical documents which are the jasis of the Solesmes restoration of the chant, and which have enabled the manufacturers and working classes of Canada say? "helr com-patriots in England are waiting for their reply." the existing Solesmes edition to be recognized as containing the tradi-tional chant, and therefore as being in accordance with the prescription

of the first Motu Proprio. The Commission has been reinforced by the addition of several new consultors, four of whom are habitually resident in England. Among the members is the distinguished About of the now exiled community of S. Wandrille-Dom Pothier, the veteran worker in the movement, who, by his Melodies Gregoriennes, laid broad and deep the foundations of the Solesmes res-

toration of the Church's song. "At the first sitting of the Com. mission on September 6 the follow ing telegram was read out by Mgr. Respighi, who, in a letter received subsequently, said that the Holy Father 'had all but dictated it him'; 'His Holiness, desighted at the gathering of the distinguished mempers of the Gregorian Commission in the home of the illustrious Solesmes monks, sends his fullest Apostolic blessing to all, with augury fruitful result from such union mind and learning."

A BACHELOR'S TIP.

A bachelor is not usually credited with a knowledge about the proper treatment of children, but sometimes they step in where angels fear to tread. A confirmed specimen, who is pretty well on in years and not very fond of children, went to see a married sister the other day, found her trying to amuse her little boy, aged five years.

Not long after he arrived she step ped out of the room to attend to some household duty or other, leaving him alone with the child The latter eyed him dubiously for some minutes. He was a spoiled child, if ever there was one, and had no idea of making promiscuous acquaintances The bachelor tried to make the little one laugh, but all he got for his antics was a sour look.

Finally, without any warning, the child burst out crying. Here was a quandary, to be sure. He didn't dare to pick the boy up and soothe him. His attempts in a verbal line were dismal failures. What should he do? Finally a thought struck him. He looked at the crying youngster, and the crying youngster looked at him through his tears. He was evidently much pleased with the impression he was making.
"Cry louder," said he.

The child obeyed. "Louder yet," urged the bachelor. A yell went up that would have

done credit to an Indian. "Cry louder still," insisted the man, and the boy did his best to obev.

"Louder !" fairly howled his uncle "I won't," snapped the infant, and he shut his mouth with a click, and was quiet for the rest of the day.-Ex.

CLOG-NA-MARB,*

(WEXFORD BALLAD OF "98." Air, "The Croppy Boy.")

As I was walking Slieve-Coiltha'

Heavy my heart and hereft of hope; I thought of my husband in Wexford Jail.

Condemned to die for sweet Granu aile.

As I was facing to Gloun-na-smole, Telling the beads for my Torlough's soul,

A sound came by me that turned me pale,
The Clog-na-morrov upon the gale!

I looked before me in woe and fear And saw the "fetch" of my Torlough

Loving but sad his look and air, The death-mark prain on his neck so

My sister Norah was weeping sore, My aged father cried, "Patience still-

Sharp pikes are shining on Oular "The clog-na-morrov is tolling wild,

For murdered peasant and home de filed! The clog-na-morrov shall sound anew

A knell of doom for the Sasanna crew l"

At Newtown-Barry they wailed their dead. At Enniscorthy the pikes dripped red

At Tubberneering and Camolin
The Yeomen paid for their deeds of sin!

But sorrow is mine for a voice I miss ! And woe is me for my Torlough's

Christ rest his soul-for on Coiltha's

height His death-bell rings thro' the dreary

night ! -Rev. James B. Dollard, in Bosto

Pron. Clog-na-morrov-the bell of

IN MEMORIAM.

Death of Miss Alice Morris, of St. John's, Newfoundland.

"In the midst of life we are fn death" is being verified every day, yea, every moment of the day. The the nations to judgment. Some unprepared, others ready for that awful moment. The busy world moves on unmindful of those who have been snatched out of life. A few weep, the majority rejoice. It is not a long life that counts hereafter, but a life well spent, a life given to the practice of Christian word, a life devoted to God. Such a life was that spent by the late Miss Alice Morris, of St. John's, foundland, who died at St. Louis Mo., on Saturday morning, Sept. 10th. The deceased lady was born 10th. at St. John's, Nild., and received her primary education from the devoted Sisters of Mercy, at the Mercy Convent, Military Road. In company with her sister, she went Belgium and other parts of Europe, where both received a thorough education in languages, music and fine arts. After returning home both sisters sang for years at the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist. Miss Alice Morris was a true type

of a noble woman. Being imbued with that noble spirit of self-sacrifice, true Christian charity and lasting piety, she made herself all to all to gain all to Christ. In her native place when any beneficent movement was started, Miss Morris was one of the chief workers. When her brother, the late Rev. Father Morris, of happy memory, had the Orphanage at Villa Nova, the dear deceased was a mother to the children. When an epidemic of fever broke out in the orphanage, she went around like a ministering Angel tending on the children, consoling them with kind words and motherly care. Day and night she remained at the bedsides of the stricken ones, and when death carried them off, she, too prepared them for burial. Such unselfish crifice and devotion is worthy record and example in this world. Her prety was lasting. To Mass every morning of the year, she thus made strong the edifice of her spiritual life, which the storms and temptations of the world could not destroy. About four years ago, the deceased left St. John's and came to Montreal. Last year her sister, Miss Bride Morris, of Lorette Abbey, Toronto, came to live with her, and the two left for St. Louis in April, to spend the summer and visit the big Exposition now in progress there, and intended returning in November to Montreal. Recently word was received that the deceased was in poor health, suffering from a weak heart and some ailment which it was feared would render an operation necessary. Typhoid fever set in, and everything that medical aid could do

was done, together with the kind and careful attention on the part of her devoted sister, but all to no avail. Being fortified by the great spiritual aids of Holy Mother Church, her noble soul winged its flight heavenward, to receive the reward of faithful servant "She is gone, but not forgotten,

Never shall her memory fade; Fondest thoughts for her shall lin-

Around the grave where she is laid."

Far away from home and native land, rest the remains of the dear departed. She sleeps her last peace ful sleep. Her many friends will miss her and her place will be hard to fill. To her brothers, Sir E. P. rris, K.C., LL.D., Minister Justice; Mr. Frank J. Morris, K.C., M.L.A. Solicitor for the City Council, St. John's, and the other members of the family, we tender heartfelt sympathy.

A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral, St. John's. Tuesday, the 18th instant, for the respose of her soul. R.I.P.

VERY SLOW .- "Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged "Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M.D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I've taken it daily for nearly eighty years."

Somebody did a golden deed: Somebody proved a friend in need, Somebody, sang a beautiful song; Somebody thought "'Tis sweet

Somebody said "I'm glad to give," Somebody fought a valuant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; Was that somebody you?

WISH.- "Why to go to a weds. Enpeck. been to a wed-ded your own." onded Mr. En-And," he added