

Directory

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 6th, 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in the Fall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. P. Quinn; President, D. J. Sec., J. F. Quinn; Treasurer, Rev. J. P. Quinn; Secretary, Rev. J. P. Quinn.

WOMEN'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Established in the second month in St. Patrick's. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. P. Quinn; President, D. J. Sec., J. F. Quinn; Treasurer, Rev. J. P. Quinn; Secretary, Rev. J. P. Quinn.

A. & B. SOCIETY.—Established 1863. Rev. Director, Rev. J. P. Quinn; President, D. J. Sec., J. F. Quinn; Treasurer, Rev. J. P. Quinn; Secretary, Rev. J. P. Quinn.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 1885. Meets in the 1st of each month, on the 2nd of each month, on the 4th of each month, on the 6th of each month, on the 8th of each month, on the 10th of each month, on the 12th of each month, on the 14th of each month, on the 16th of each month, on the 18th of each month, on the 20th of each month, on the 22nd of each month, on the 24th of each month, on the 26th of each month, on the 28th of each month, on the 30th of each month.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, Disorganized Oct. 10th, 1898. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. P. Quinn; President, D. J. Sec., J. F. Quinn; Treasurer, Rev. J. P. Quinn; Secretary, Rev. J. P. Quinn.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY, No. 6 meets on the 4th Thursday of each month, on the 6th of each month, on the 8th of each month, on the 10th of each month, on the 12th of each month, on the 14th of each month, on the 16th of each month, on the 18th of each month, on the 20th of each month, on the 22nd of each month, on the 24th of each month, on the 26th of each month, on the 28th of each month, on the 30th of each month.

CANADA BRANCH, 13th November, 1898. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. P. Quinn; President, D. J. Sec., J. F. Quinn; Treasurer, Rev. J. P. Quinn; Secretary, Rev. J. P. Quinn.

GOD'S WAY.

Well, Bernard, here you are at last. I was really beginning to think that you were going to break through our old custom and leave me to spend this hour alone for once on Christmas eve. Come closer to the fire. Your ride was long."

The priest drew up the comfortable armchair to the fire and the doctor sank wearily into it. "Yes, poor old Campbell is down again. I'm afraid he won't pull through this time. I was thinking of you all day and rode hard to get back. How the time passes! Why, it seems only a few years ago since we were lads at school longing for our holidays, and here we are, settled down, working steadily at our calling—you with your penitents, I with my patients. I feel sometimes as if old age were not far off. Do you remember how I used to dread growing old?"

"Nonsense, my friend. You're gloomy to-night. This disagreeable weather is telling on us all. But Christmas is no time for dark moods." As he spoke he drew the curtains, shutting out the dismal landscape and nothing more cheery than the cozy study with its deep chairs and piles of books, its softly shaded lights and blazing grate fire could be imagined. They were old friends, these two; had played together, and now in manhood snatched from their busy lives an hour when they could spend in pleasant intercourse. Not only regard for old associations, that tie which has so strong a hold on the true hearted, but deep love and mutual respect held them to this friendship, as it was, by many a good deed performed in company. It was the custom of many years for them to spend together the supper hour on Christmas eve, and this year they had both looked forward to it with more than usual eagerness, as it was some time since they had met. They talked of the year just past, of the old times and the companions of other days, now scattered far and wide, ranging through various professions, some married, some dead, some worse than dead.

"I wonder if any one of them thinks of us to-night. Ah, it is pleasant to be here together like this. But by next year, my dear Bernard, I suppose you will be married and have a fireside of your own and give no thought to your lonely friend." Father Harding laughed lightly at the dreary prospect, but the other took it more seriously than it was intended. He did not join in the laughter, but in a moment pushed back his chair, and rising began pacing up and down with head moodily bent. The priest was much surprised at the effect of his light remark, and at a loss to understand Dr. Cavan's conduct. He was still more surprised at the question put to him when at last Bernard came back to gaze with troubled eyes into the glowing fire.

"Father John, do you remember that young lady who was on board the Jupiter with her mother, coming from Havre?" "You mean Miss Dupres?" after a pause of amazement. The other nodded affirmatively. "Yes, I remember quite well now," the priest went on presently in an unconcerned way to put Bernard at his ease. "Her mother was an invalid. My chief recollection of the young lady is the great fondness she evidently had for children. She was so kind to the restless little travelers. But some one told me they were infidels, and I thought it such a pity. They were the seal of distinction, the kind of people you can't forget."

Bernard sighed. Who knew that as he did? "Yes, they are infidels. If they were not—if Irene was not she would be my wife now." "My poor friend, this is hard for you." Father John laid his hand caressingly upon the hand that clasped convulsively the arm of his chair. "Aye, it is bitterly hard. It has been torture for more than a year. Would to God that I could end it all."

Father Harding was much shocked, but too diplomatic to show it, kindly inquired the details, knowing that it would be some relief to speak of his trouble to a sympathetic listener. Bernard Cavan had found Miss Dupres supremely attractive, and in spite of his knowledge of her lack of faith, improved her acquaintance. Each time that he saw her the more difficult it became to resist her charm, the more potent that it was unconsciously exerted. It was not the studied witchery of a woman of the world, but the delightful natural graces of a happy, unsullied girlhood. Often when he looked at her, one of God's most perfect creatures, listened to the sweet voice or saw her eager to perform some act of charity, he found it impossible to believe that she knew no Heavenly Father. How sweet a task and how easy to teach her His holy ways, he thought. But when she had accepted his heart and hand and he broached the subject to her, he found how firmly molded into the habit of thought of years she was.

He reasoned, pleaded, prayed, all in vain. To every argument when other answer failed her, she replied: "I cannot break the vow I made to my dying father, Bernard. How can I know that it was evil as you say? I cannot leave my mother alone—" "Yes, alone in utter darkness," he cried at last in desperation, and then she became proud and cold and bade him leave her, never to return. He did as she told him and suffered untold agonies alone, finding his only solace in duty. He prayed for her, but they were despairing prayers. There was, however, one impassioned appeal that he sent to heaven that she might never marry one who entertained like ideas of religion, and as far as he could learn that had been granted him. He heard that they had lost almost all their property, and lately he had lost track of them, and thus his burden was made heavier. "Sometimes I have been tempted to go to her and beg her to marry me, God or no God. Ah, you can't know the hell I have carried in my heart all these months."

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Father Harding looked up into the haggard face and could scarcely believe that this was the calm, grave Bernard that he loved so dearly. He spoke words of consolation and advice, the kind of words that leave one better and richer for their being spoken. They parted with mutual blessings, little thinking how soon or where they would meet again.

II.

The stars were paling ere Dr. Cavan sought repose. How vividly the recounting of his romance had recalled every detail of that bright brief time when in spite of his misgivings he had been so happy. Mingled with his sense of bitter loss was a vague feeling that it was through some lack of faith or firmness in himself that he had failed to convince Irene. He tried to put those memories from him and to fill those sacred hours with the holy thoughts fitted to them instead of regrets for a dead past. But they would not be put aside. Irene's sweet face smiled at him, look where he would, and when he closed his eyes to shut it out it was there in his very inmost heart. A glancing sunbeam was heralding a bright Christmas when he was awakened by repeated rapping at his door, and an imperative voice told of a hasty summons. The messenger was a boy whom Father Harding had often sent on like errands, and had come to tell him, not of Mr. Campbell's demise, as he had feared, but that the priest was awaiting him in a house on the outskirts of his parish. Regardless of the fatigue of the day before and his brief rest, he set off immediately. Arriving at the home of the sick woman, he was met by a Sister of Mercy, who told him that Father Harding had been compelled to leave for a time on account of his multiplied duties on the great feast day, and that the patient was resting easier. She led him to the sick room, and as he entered someone who had been sitting beside the bed arose and moved a step towards him. It was a girl, a tall, slender girl, and there was something about her that seemed strangely familiar, but the light was almost entirely shut out, and he paused where he was, uncertain.

"Sister Agnes," said the girl, "has he come—the doctor. Mother wanted—"

"Irene?" There was incredulity in Bernard's voice and passionate questioning. A glad smile lit up the pale fair face, and she swayed toward him in a peculiar groping, hesitating way that was strange to her. "Irene?" he said again, half doubtful till when he had taken the outstretched hands and drawn her towards him. He was looking into her eyes, trying to realize that it was true, trying to still an awful fear in his heart. She understood. She drew

back and put out her hands in that odd way that puzzled him. "Bernard, I am blind." She said it very simply, very resignedly, but no wild clamor of grief could have wrought upon him as those quiet words did. He no longer hesitated. The shelter of his arms was hers now; all the comfort of a life's devotion would be hers. All the past was forgotten save that that they had met and loved then, and to the reason of their parting she gave no thought. She remembered first.

"You have suffered, my beloved?" he asked presently when he was calmer. She lifted up her tear-stained face and laid her hand across the sightless eyes. "At first—O, it seemed I could not bear it. As the beautiful world faded and grew dark and I was shut out from it all, it was then I missed you most, Bernard. Perhaps it was because of that, that I began to consider gravely the cause of our parting, and that consideration and subsequent inquiry brought me to the greater light."

She divined the question that he knew not how to frame. "You know I am a Catholic now, Bernard—and mother, too. God has been so good to us. I see it all now—how I must have grieved you in the old days. How heartless you must have thought me. But when you were gone and I realize that it was forever—" She paused with a shudder at the memory. She could not tell him that it was her stormy, tearful grief at that time that helped to bring this affliction upon her. Poor impetuous child! What agonies her impulsive, undisciplined nature had inflicted upon her.

"Not long after that we lost almost everything, and the shock made mother much worse. It was then that Sister Agnes came to us, and she has been our good angel. She never faltered, never despaired, and it was her example more than anything else that won us to the faith. Her prayers were unceasing, and when I could no longer see, light entered my darkened soul. I must have been a terrible trial to her at first, but her patience and sweetness were admirable."

Bernard remembered his own impatience and bitterness with renewed self-accusation. There was much sorrow mingled with the joy that came to him on that beautiful Christmas morning, but the joy was so unexpected, so undeserved he thought, that complaint or murmuring was out of the question. Indeed, there was deep thankfulness in his heart, and it was a very different Bernard that greeted Father Harding on his return to the desperate man with whom he had parted the night before.

"I think that there is every prospect of Mrs. Dupres' recovering. I sent for you because I was sure you would wish it. The other doctors have given her up, but with God's help we will save her yet."

They made the effort and succeeded. She was never very strong, never able for much exertion, but she lived to see the day for which none of them had dared to hope, when Irene was no longer sightless, but looked out upon a world twice as beautiful to her for being shut out for awhile and transformed by the change in her own heart.

So, spite of its seeming improbability, Father Harding's prophecy was fulfilled and on the next Christmas eve Bernard had a happy home. But he was neither lonely nor dreary, but in his friendship was not selfish, but in its strength and truth could rejoice in Bernard's joy.—Anna Cecilia Doyle, in the New World, Chicago.

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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

BOSTON IRISHMEN To Reclaim Farms in Ireland.

Perhaps the most novel feature of the Irish question, says the Boston "Globe" which has ever presented itself to the people of America is the movement now on foot in various parts of the United States among the people who were evicted from their former homes in Ireland in the course of the land struggle of the last 25 years, to get back their former places and go back to the old country to live.

The passage of the new Irish land act has proved that there are hundreds of such people scattered all over America, most of whom are anxious for one reason or another to secure reinstatement in their old homes. Some desire it as a matter of poetic justice and for the satisfaction they would feel at returning to the homes from which they were driven ruthlessly forth by Irish landlordism.

Others believe that under the altered condition of affairs, life in the old country would be more pleasant for them than that which they have been experiencing here. Others still think they are entitled to some compensation for the loss of their property in Ireland, and reinstatement in their farms being the only means of securing it, they are desirous of trying that method.

The land act passed this year empowers the newly-formed land commission to take measures for the reinstatement of people thus evicted where the eviction has taken place since August, 1878, or the beginning of the Land League agitation. This can only be done, however, in cases where the landlord's property is put up for sale under the act. But the national leaders believe that within a few years the entire land of Ireland will have been thus disposed of by the landlords.

The land commission is authorized by the act to advance to the evicted tenants money for the purchase of their former holdings with the consent of the present occupier where the land is occupied, and provide compensation for those who now occupy it. Where the land is still on the landlord's hands the process of reinstatement will be much simpler. In practically every instance where negotiations have been going on for the purchase of their holdings by the Irish farmers since the passage of the act, they have demanded wherever evictions had taken place on their landlord's property that the evicted tenants must be restored to their former holdings before any purchase is effected. Some of the landlords at the outset held out against this proposition, but as in the case of the knight of Glin, son-in-law of Lord Dunraven, they later succeeded to the demand of the tenants.

The officials of the United Irish League of America and the officers of its branches all over the country have for several months past been actively engaged in bringing to the attention of the evicted tenants to the attention of the organization in Ireland, and since the Land Bill went into operation on Nov. 1, to the attention of the Land Commission itself, with the promise of excellent results.

The United Irish League in Ireland has within the past 10 days taken steps to secure the best legal assistance in behalf of all the evicted tenants as part of the programme of the national organization. Should the movement towards reinstatement prove a success, it will not be the least of the revolutionary steps which have been taken in regard to the Irish land question as a result of the movement inaugurated by the Land League and carried on to-day by the United Irish League.

Some 50 cases have already been brought before the Land Commission by the officials of the United Irish League of America, and of that number about one-half of those affected are at present residents of Massachusetts, particularly in the vicinity of Boston. Among the number are the following:—

P. J. Driscoll, who now resides at 85 Village street, South End, is one of those evicted tenants who were driven from the land war of the last 25 years, and who now desire to reclaim their old homes under the provisions of the new act of this year. Mr. Driscoll was evicted from his holding at Sallyport, near Kinsale, County Cork, Ireland, in 1886, by

the landlord Gresham Horriek. Mr. Driscoll's farm consisted of 101 acres of excellent land at a yearly rental of \$725. When Mr. Driscoll and his father were evicted, the national league, the popular organization of that day, aided the tenants, and after six months' struggle, the landlord was forced to reduce the rent to \$5 an acre and allow \$500 arrears of rent to the tenant. There was still 1 1/2 years' rent due and in order to meet that, the tenant had to sell his live stock on the farm at a low price. This simply tended to put off the evil day, for a little later they were driven from the old home and were forced to cross the Atlantic in the effort to earn a livelihood.

"My old homestead is very beautiful to the eye and still very dear to me," said Mr. Driscoll, "for who is the man living in a foreign land who does not feel tugging at his heart-strings that emotion that arises at the very mention of his childhood's home? People ask why a man, after seeing everything that is dear to him cast aside, every association of boyhood and early manhood vanish before his eyes, and sees another man in the home which he was wont to call his own, should want to go back to that old home. It is not for the worldly advantages that we want to do so, but that spirit which guides every man who has been cast aside from what is dear to him and who on the old people who are living, the fields, the woods and the rivers, and be able to say to himself once again, 'This is my own, my native land, my home and humble heritage.' That is why I want to return to my old home, and if the Irish leaders have made it possible for me, and other men like me, to do so, they are deserving of all praise."

"Yes, I want to go back and claim my old home, if it is possible for me to do so," said Patrick Fitzgerald of 9 Ferdinand street, who was evicted from his farm at Farnes, Kilgarryland, County Kerry, Ireland, in 1883.

"My father, my mother, three brothers and a sister were all evicted with me," he added. "My mother and two brothers still live in Ireland near the old home, and another brother and sister of mine, younger than I am, are in this country. I am the oldest of the family."

Mr. Fitzgerald was the son of John wants to return once more and look Fitzgerald, who died since the eviction. They farmed a holding of 75 acres at Farnes, the rental being \$325 a year. The landlord was John Ray, and the Fitzgeralds, after making vain efforts to pay the rent demanded, were finally evicted 20 years ago. They made the best struggle they could for a time, but finally three of the family were compelled to emigrate.

Patrick, the oldest, has been in this country for 13 years. He gives expression to the feeling that a wrong was done him and his family in their eviction, and if the recent changes in the land law should make it possible for them to return and reclaim the farm from which they were driven, he believes that it would be a sort of poetic justice for them to demand it.

His case has been brought to the attention of the Parliamentary representative of West Kerry. Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., who will be remembered in Boston as having accompanied Mr. John Redmond, M.P., to this country two years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald is very sanguine of getting back his old home again.

Patrick Sullivan of 336 E street, South Boston, is one who is desirous of returning to Ireland, his native land, and reclaiming his holdings there under the new land act. Mr. Sullivan is one of those kindly old men, and although 62 years of age, appears to be much younger. He was born in the County of Cork, Ire., in March, 1840, and there he lived for 43 years. His home was a plain, yet comfortable one on the low-lands of Lahans, in the parish of Drinah, and was valued at about \$105. He paid an annual rental of \$220, and this was raised to \$250, which he was unable to pay, and in June, 1882, he was evicted. In the month of April, 1883, he left Ireland and came to

this country, and has lived in South Boston nearly all of the time since then.

The landlord, Richard M. Beamish, according to Mr. Sullivan, was very exacting, and when the rent was advanced and he could not pay it, Mr. Sullivan was evicted. After the eviction they wanted him to return to act as caretaker, but he refused. The same landlord had evicted other tenants, and then paid them money, it is believed, in order to prevent them at any time having any claim on the land. Mr. Sullivan says that he did not take any money, and would not.

Mr. Sullivan lives in South Boston, and close by live his four grown up sons and a daughter. Mr. Sullivan although anxious to return to Ireland and reclaim his property, hesitates until he knows for certain whether he can reclaim the property. He has been awaiting further information and particulars concerning this Land Act. He says he does not wish to return to Ireland and then find that he has no claim upon the land and then be obliged to come back to America. He wants to know for certain that all will be all right and that he can get his land. On his property was his home, a neat house of brick and stone, containing five rooms and a large hallway, beautiful surroundings, although much of the land was barren. The present landlord, he says, is a son of the former one, by the name of Thomas Beamish.

In her home at 59 Magazine street, Roxbury, Mrs. Katherine Regan is anxiously awaiting the day when she can return to Ireland and reclaim the estate of her ancestors.

The estate, which is situated in Dunmanway, County Cork, is now the goal of her wishes. It was held in common by her father and grandfather, who paid an annual rental of \$650. Their landlord was a Dr. Morehead, and in 1881, when a year's rent was due, the family was evicted.

"But," said Mrs. Regan, "the land lay idle a long time, because it was boycotted. After a while a man named Beamish took it. He was unable to do anything with it, so he gave it up and was succeeded by a man named Lucey, who now holds it, paying \$300 a year.

"I'm going back as early as I can—with the New Year, perhaps, for there's no place like the home land. I've been here four years this Christmas coming, but if I had thought it was ever possible to get the old place, I'd never have left Ireland."

Like many others who expect to reclaim the land from which their ancestors were evicted, Mrs. Regan, who is now well advanced in years, is deeply interested in the success of the efforts to secure Home Rule and favorable terms for the farmers of Ireland.

A vigorous, jolly little man is Patrick Cullinane, who is now living with his wife at 20 High street, Brookline. Mr. Cullinane, was evicted from the estate of Francis Beamish at Keelmolake, County Cork, Dec. 3, 1882, and came to Brookline from Ireland 11 years ago next April.

Mr. Cullinane will tell, with just the slightest shade of regret in his voice, how he had a fine farm of 127 acres back in the Millicentown townland. He was obliged to pay an annual rental of \$165. At the time of his eviction he owed a half year's rent.

Packing up his few belongings, he came to this country and settled down. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cullinane like America very much, but they still long to return to their old home. Some time ago Mr. Cullinane hurt his back so that he cannot now work for any length of time, but he feels sure that if he could return to his old home all would be well.

Patrick Murphy, residing at 26 Lynde street, Everett, will shortly return to Ireland to recover an estate which he, as the oldest son, inherited from his father.

The estate, which consists of a farm of 80 acres with the buildings, is situated in Mullinahone parish, Tipperary County. Mr. Murphy's father was evicted about 15 years ago, and at that time was paying a rental of \$600 per year. The farm is worth about \$1,000. Mr. Murphy is 30 years old, single, and is employed at the Cochrane chemical works. He has been in this country between seven and eight years and is a citizen, but if he regains his home in Ireland will go there and live.

While he likes this country he would prefer to spend the remainder of his days on his native soil.