MAY 24, 1902.

ONE PRIEST'S DAY : ITS SMILES AND TEARS

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER, IN NEW YORK HERALD.

On the train stepped the Rev. Thos. Sullivan, rosy, plump, smiling, as it rushed up to the little suburban station. Totopie the crowded car and seeing the crowded car and seeing the crowded car and seeing the second seeing the second Entering the crowded car and seeing only one vacant seat, with a courteous "By your leave," he sank into it with a sign of content. Then, as he turned to deposit his bag

at his feet, a look of recognition over-spread his jolly, robicund face and he extended his soit white hand to the other occupant of the seat. That other-a grave, austere gentle-man-took the hand and shook it limp-

ly. "Now, how fortunate I am," began

Father Sullivan, "to meet you again. I have a good hour in which to renew our controversy of yesterday, and prove to you that you are wrong and I am right

The Rev. Jonas Clarke, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the pretty New Jersey town the two clerics were quitting, smiled faintly as he replied : quitting, smiled faintly as he replied : "Indeed, Father Sullivan, I would that we had two hours in which I could deinstrate to you your errors.

sent me

away.

to him.

Father Sullivan threw back his head and laughed—a good, round, hearty laugh—the laugh that does good to the man who laughs and to him who hears. Then he wiped the tears from his twinking eyes and said, with just a suspicion of brogue in his rich, unctuous voice: "Now, my good brother" — the Rev. Jonas Clarke slightly winced—"suppose we leave all theological discussions. ns forget that we are Presbyterian and Catholic. Let us be just two good fellows and have a nice visit between here and New York. After all religjous discussions should not alienate good friends, as I trust we are."

To this truce the Rev. Mr. Clarke agreed and thereafter the two clergyen chatted amiably on various topics and reached Jersey City without having their good nature ruffled. The two stood on the deck of the

The two stood on the deck of the ferry-boat crossing the river. It was a glorious winter morning. The sun gilded every spire and tower of the phantom-like city lying before them. Soft clouds, fleecy, rose flushed, hung over it. The sky was dazzling blue. It was an exquisite and captivating picture.

"I am thankful to be alive," said the Rev. Jonas; "my heart is singing

hymns of joy." "And so is mine," said "Father Tom," as he was familiarly called by his parishioners. Then turning, he looked at his companion quizzically. "Ah, my friend," he said, " though we may differ widely on theological tenets. when it comes to praise and thanksgiving; when it comes to prayer, we are very close together."

The boat touched the wharf, creaked and groaned like a soul in pain. The clergymen followed the crowd across * * * * * * * the plank, up through the ferry house and to the bustling, noisy street, where the two separated with kindly farewells

Remember what I tell you," said "Father Tom," lifting a chubby fore-finger, " when we come to prayer, my brother, we are not very far apart." tall, stern-faced clergyman The

The tail, stern-faced clergyman looked down into the eyes of the priest with deep scrutiny. "It may be," he said, with something of an effort, "it may be that you are right, Father Sullivan : God knows.' Think it over," said "Father

om," putting his arm encouragingly, and let me know if you come to agree Tom. " and let me KHOW "," with me. Good-by." " Eather Tom " was glad to get back In his ab-

"Father Tom" was glad to get back to the comfortable rectory. In his ab-sence over Sunday to fill a vacant pul-pit in New Jersey he had occasion to miss his cosy study, with its cheerful, open fire, its books and pictures. His thoughtful housekeeper had the time blaze, and the hot coffee and his mail awaiting him.

As the priest sipped the fragrant n his every prayed humbly that God would receive that poor soul, toreign stamp and addressed in a scrawl-ing, illiterate hand. He picked it us from when Father Tom" rose from his the cover of the hammock. cup, his eve caught a letter, bearing a and studied the postmark. It was from his own little native town on the banks of the Shannon. He tore it open.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The good man rejoiced at his find, led her aside and showed her dear old mother's letter. The tears were brim-AN OLD MISSION ROMANCE. Father McLaughlin's Story of San Mignel-Tale of al Murder in the Old Franming now in the glorious blue-gray eyes ciscan Monastery.

and almost running over. "Come now, no homesickness," said Rev. T. P. McLoughlin, during his California tour last year, visited the old mission of San Miguel, San Luis Obispo County. The following sketch is his reminiscence of the visit : of Our Lady of the Rosary, where ye'll be taken good care of till Mary Ellen

Last spring while staying a few weeks at Paso Robles in Southern California, Duffy shows up." His words reached the ears of a painted, flashily dressed woman nearby, wallowing in the unspeakable hot mud baths, I became acquainted with the parish priest of San Miguel (Rev. P. J. who in company with a man of dissipated appearance, was eagerly scrutinizing each girl as she passed. O'Reilly), which is one of the old Misions situated about nine miles from the

each girl as she passed. She turned, looked at Eileen, whis-pered a word to her companion then rushed over to the pretty immigrant and throwing her arms about her, cried rap-turously:—" Oh, my dear little cousin, He that has not seen California in the spring time has not seen the land of flowers at its best. And oh! how ro-mantic is the old mission, standing in I've been worrying so about you. You the heart of the Salinas Valley with the remember me-Rose-your cousin-why, Mary Ellen Duffy's girl. Come right swift flowing river at its feet, and the "That's my mother," returned the woman glibly. "She couldn't come, so sent mo."

swift flowing river at its feet, and the landscape for miles as far as the eye could reach covered with tapestries of golden poppies, and baby blue eyes, and all kinds of purple, yellow and pink wild flowers, that delight the senses, and make one involuntarily say: "Isn't that perfectly beautiful!" I recall with great pleasure two visits in parwith great pleasure two visits in par-ticular to the old ruins of this famous Franciscan Monastery. The first was a moonlight ride in February with a select party of four behind a spanking team of blacks, and driven by the elegant Mr.

nimals of the field, no exchange of in-

" the

priest significantly. His eyes, usually so kindly and laughing, blazed now with righteous wrath as he stared coldly at the woman. "Come, Eileen," he said, and took her hand to lead her J. ----. the society leader of the town of Paso Robles. During this visit we were invited to return Thursday to see The woman caught the girl by the arm. "You're to come with me," she said imperiously. "Pay no attention the curiosities of the place by daylight. This it happened that four days later we found ourselves one fine spring morn-" Take your hands off that child,"

ing in February, ready to investigate the ruins and relics of the old Mission San Miguel. When we approached the said "Father Tom" in a dangerous tone. The woman looked at him for an instant, then, muttering something, fell back. Her companion started forward, cloistors we saw the Padre seated on a wicker chair saying his Office, and he but one look from the priest was enough. The two slunk away, and "Father reminded us of the gentle Francis of Assisi, for at his feet crouched two fine Tom," seeing at a distance the gentle face of the director of the mission, took his charge to him and explained dogs, one an immense greyhound, the other an Irish setter. Back of him stood his pet mare, who seemed to be intent on the Breviary, which the priest the situation. Father Henry at once assumed care of was reading, while in front of him, only six feet away, was his favorite cow, chewing her cud. A hen with her

the frightened girl, but Father Sullivan did not leave her until he saw her safe within the walls of the noble rescue misbrood of chickens had scraped a hole sion, to await the advent of Mary Ellen Duffy. It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the to await the advent of Mary n the groudd in the cool shade of the nches, and a few caged Belgian hares nibbled the cabbage leaves which the housekeeper had given them

"Oho! she couldn't come ?" said the

afternoon when "Father Tom" left the mission and started to walk up Broadway. The fat, rosy, little priest swung along with so kindly a smile on his benevolent face, that his passing was like a benediction. So absorbed was he as he mused upon the scenes he had witnessed at the dock that he did not remark the crowd that was hurriedly massing a few blocks ahead of him. But as he came on he presently saw " it must be a case of 'vae soli ' here, if a man is not fond of books or music. man running toward him and frantically beckoning him : " Quick, Father," he I should die of ennui." The dogs rose gasped, as he came within hailing disof their own accord at our near ap-" quick ! Poor Dick Egan has fallen from a scaffolding, and he's dying, on seeing us stood and " shooed

The crowd made way respectfully for

the priest, whose rosy face had gone quite white. Something huddled and mangled lay upon the stones of the street. A fellow workman held the limp head upon his knees. Two or three stalwart policemen stood keeping the crowd back.

The good Father fell upon his knees and took the nerveless hand. He inclined her ear to the husky whisper of From his pocket he that passing soul. brought the carved crucifix, and lifting it before the man. "Look on this, Rich-ard, look at this," he murmured.

It was one of the sublime and wonderscenes which are enacted almost daily in a vast city. Policemen, ingmen and other onlookers suddenly

drinking the holy water out of the font. I regret to confess that we laughed outright in church. His reverence, how ever, did not see the comical side of it as we did, but indignantly said : "That as the boldest cow I ever saw. She would enter the sanctuary if I permitted, and last evening she ate the cover off my Bible." I have laughed many times over that incident, for it always reminds me of the funny saying of the exclusive operations of

The Fathers all loved this beautiful little girl, and amongst them was one, the youngest in the community, "Baby Blue Eyes." He was a man of twenty-five, she was but a child of twelve, and the love that existed between them as he prepared her for her first Com munion was like that of the saints of old. She worshiped him with super-stitious reverence and he looked upor her as a lily with a soul. One day whilst explaining the Catechism to her he said. "God is love and love is the

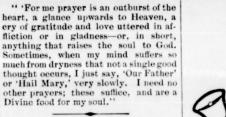
of the Madonna and her dear San Mig-

he said. "God is love and love is the greatest thing in the world." "But," saip the little questioner, "What is love?" Put the question to yourself, dear reader, and see if you can answer Father Junipero after a pause re-d : "Well, you see it means that a plied : pried: "Well, you see it means that a person cares a great deal for another and wants to do kindness always to him. Now, for instance, Christ has said : Greater love than this no man hath, Greater love than this no man hath, than that he give up his life for his friend.'" "Would you give up your life for me?" said little Inez. The Padre gazed into the tender blue eyes of the child and felt his heart beat with strange emotion as he answered: Why, yes, child, I would give my life for you if necessary." "Well," she said, "I hope it won't be necessary, for

I like you so much I could not bear to think of you as dead." Little Inez made her first Communion, and it was a great day in the monas-tery. The Fathers were all in the choir at the Mass, and when Father Junipero placed the Sacred Host upon her tongue and said, "Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi," tears stole down

the cheeks of the priest and he whis-pered to himself, "Yes, Inez, I'd give my life rather than see any harm ever efall you." Little did he dream how soon his words would be put to the test! There was present at the Mass on that morning a young brave who passionate fancy to this little budding virgin, and he laid a plan in his mind by which he would steal her away at hight and force her to be his wife. The day passed quickly and at 8 'clock she was sound asleep in her o'clock she little hut in the enclosure where the Indians dwelt. In the monastery at 10 o'clock all the monks were asleep except Father Junipero. He turned and tossed on his hard bed of cowhide, but sleep refused to come to his restless a few minutes before. It was a picture for an artist, this self-self-sacrificing priest, away thousands of eyelids, so he arose and opened his win-dow and looked out into the silvery dow and looked out into the silvery moonlight that lit up the hills and valleys and caused the cloistered arches to cast great shadows on the pavement of the cor-tile. His thoughts were of little Inez, and he prayed the Immaculate Mother to keep her from all harm. "Would it not be grand," said he, almost aloud, "if God called her to be a Poor Clare, to be the first fruit of our labors among miles from his native land, living alone in this bleak, ghostly monastery, hav-ing no society but that of these lowly tellectual, refining thoughts, save with his books. "Truly," I said to myself, the first fruit of our labors among While he thought thu the Indians." While he thought thus he heard in the distance a scream, and proach, the horse and cow remaining in their fixed positions, while the Father a white-robed figure rushed into the courtyard, pursued by the tall figure of hen and her little ones out of the way. n. Padre Junipero saw in an instant He led us first to the old Mission chapel with its sweet sounding bell, and that it was Inez who was chased by one of her own tribe, and quickly passing to our great amusement, the horse, the along the corridor, he opened the door leading into the large community room. The girl, panting for breath and her heart beating fast, flew to his arms as a door flew to the cote when pursued by cow and the two dogs followed us to the great door of the chapel. The Padre turned around and bade them begone and the dogs dove flies to the cote when pursued by the cruel-hawk. "Save me, Padre Juniobeyed, but the horse and cow simply moved away about ten feet and stood save me from that horrible man!" there looking after us as we entered the Do not fear," said the monk re-assurancient portals. We saw the fine vest-ments and sacred vessels and pictures, and were examining some antiquated ingly, as he shielded her with his manly form, then turning upon her pursuer, he cried out: "Stand back, you vilstatues over the high altar when we lain ; how dare you violate this sanctuwere shocked at hearing the Padre shout: "Shoo! get out of there!" We The red man was not to be ary ?' bailled by what he contemptuously termed a "squaw monk," and so, in-stead of replying, he lifted his deadly turned, and, heaven preserve us! there was that blessed cow in the church, and horror of horrors! she was actually tomahawk, and taking quick aim he sent it flying at the head of the Padre. Instinctively the monk raised his hand, but the tomahawk, coming with full force, cut through the parted fingers and dealt him a death

on the forehead. He reached out his hand to support himself and pressed it against the wall, leaving there the bloody marks of his five fingers; and then, stunned by the blow, fell to the floor. Meanwhile the whole community



Obedient to God.

Oh, that we could take that simple view of things as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world. to please the great-nay, even to please ose whom we love - compared with is? What gain is it to be applauded. this? Cardinal Newman.

POOR DIGESTION

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ly tonic medicine and unlike all pur-gatives do not weaken the system, but give life and energy with every dose. They are a certain cure for anaemia, dizziness, heart troubles troubles, neuratism, sciatica, indigestion, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women an t constant source of mise by dealers in medicine, almost Sold sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The writer begged him to forgive her for bothering his reverence, but her youngest child, her little Eileen, was "after starting for America." Would Father Sullivan meet the incoming steamer and look after the child until safe in the hands of her aunt, Mary Ellen Duffy, who would be "after giving her a home " and help her to a And might all the blessed situation ? saints reward him !

was signed by a name "Father quickly recalled, the name of an old neighbor and friend of his mother. Memories thronged thick and fast about the priest. He saw again the quaint little village in the Emerald Isle, he heard the soft lap of the Shannon against the tiny wharf whereon he played when a boy, and he smelled again the roses that climbed round his

Mother's humble cottage. He started from his retrospection with a sigh and again took up the let-He saw by its date it had been delayed, and then, looking down for the date on which the girl was to arrive in New York, was startled to find that it

was this very day. He hastily swallowed his coffee and to the nearest telephone station, he called up the Barge Office and discovered that the steamer was even then coming up the bay.

Fortunately Father Sullivan's parish was not too distant from the emigrants' landing place, and in another hour the priest stood at the foot of the gangplank, anxiously scanning every fresh,

sweet young face that appeared. There came presently a mere slip of a girl, with the color of wild roses, with hair of the warm golden eyes like stars, brown over which artists rave and lips of which poets dream.

Are you Eileen O'Brien ?" Father

Sullivan asked for the fifteenth time. "Yes, Father," with a voice like a murmuring water and a timid little

courtesy.

"This," said the Father leading us into a large room, " is called the haunted chamber, and I must confess I have

awkward man, who was still kneeling and silently praying. The priest heard strange sounds here at night, but had attributed them to the owls that nestle in the roof. This much is cerwaited a moment. The Rev. Jones rose from his knees tain that a murder was committed in and wiped the tears from his thin cheeks. "Father Tom" crossed to this room and here is the bloody prints of a hand upon the walls, which though him, and touching him gently on the

whitewashed many times, still appearagain in the course of a few months. arm, said : "When it comes to prayer, my brother, we are very close together," The Rev. Jones could not speak, but

"What is the history of the murder?" one of the party asked. "Well, I do not know," he rejoined, "but if you not know," laid his hand upon the shoulder of sit here in the cool shade of the clois-ters and partake of a little 'Zinfandel' the other and gripped it hard. And then, arm in arm, linked like brothers, the tall, austere clergyman and the little kindly faced priest hastily passed, and a biscuit. I'll tell you the story my fancy has woven around that bloody print upon the wall."

with faces on which lingered a nameless transfiguring light, through the hushed Many years ago, when the monastery was flourishing, and hundreds of In-dians were attending the mission, one evening while the Fathers were enjoying their recreation, they were sturtled

Advice of St. Francis de Sale .

and saddened throng.

a loud knocking at the door. A lay St. Francis de Sales, writing about rother drew aside the bolts and chain detraction, gives the following advice: "When you hear any one spoken ill of, and saw standing there a young Indian woman very much excited who, handing make the accusation doubtful, if you the brother a wicker basket, said: "It can do so justly; if you cannot, excuse the intention of the party accused; if is for the holy Father, tell them to pray for me," and before the Brother could that cannot be done, express a compas-sion for him, change the topic of conask a question, she had vanished into the darkness. The Brother carried the versation, remembering yourself, and putting the company in mind that they who do not fall owe their happiness to basket into the recreation room, and the assembled friars watched with interest the opening of it, presuming it con-tained some fresh figs or perhaps peaches or apples. When the cover God alone ; recall the detractor to him-God alone; recall the detractor to him-self with meckness, and declare some good action of the person in question, if you know any." If these words of the saint were only heeded and followed out this "black of the source of was taken off, the basket contained nothing else than a pretty little Indian baby girl, with a scrap of paper atout, this "bane of conversation," as tached to its white gown, and on which was written, "Baptize it and name it the saint calls it, would soon disappear, Inez after its unfortunate mother."

together with the host of sins which spring from it. "He who would de-liver the world from detraction would free it from a great number of sins."

PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST give me what I ask for-the one Painsiller, Perry Davis', I know it is the best thing on earth for summer com-plaints. So do you. Thank you: There is your money. one of her own. As the child grew up

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

was aroused and the Indian es the midst of the excitement.

When the Fathers entered the room they saw by the light of the moon which flooded in through the open doorway, a little slender figure in a white robe which was all stained with blood, kneeling beside the prostrate form of Padre Junipero. Life was fast ebbing, and while the monks administered the last sacred rites to him they heard him slowly murmur. "Greater love than this no man hath, Inez! — pray-for Padre Junipero."

SISTER THERESA, THE CHILD-CONTEMPLATIVE.

An exceedingly interesting article is published from the pen of Father Mc-Sorley in the Catholic World Magazine for May concerning the young Carmel-ite whose autobiography is now the pop-ular religious book. Among many incidents he relates the following :

"Another instructive trait in Sister Thérèse, and one that will endear her to many souls is this, that she could make little use of a set formula of prayer. As a child at home she would go into a retired spot and think of God -a practice which, though 'I did not then know it. . . really was a meditation.' During her last illness, it happened once that while praying

she was asked : ""What are you saying to our "' Nothing,' she replied ; ' I am only

loving Him.

and

"The following passage, perhaps, will help to give an idea of what she conceived prayer to be:

""Except the Divine Office—which, nuworthy as I am, I say gladly every day-I do not choose my prayers out of books. Their number bewilders me, and their beauty makes it hard for me The monks were astonished at the presence of the child thus forced upon them and sent for one of the squaws living near the monastery who took care of the little one and nursed it as took to choose. I cannot say them all. I am unable to make a selection amongst them; so I do like little children who she was called by everyone the daugh-ter of the Mission and it was her de-tell the good God what I want. He never light to bring flowers to deck the altar | fails to understand me.

Kingston, Oni. "A GRAVE YARD COUGH " is the cry of tor-tured lungs for mercy. Give them mercy in the form of Allen's Lung Balsam, which is used with good effect even in consumption's early stages, Never neglect a cough. Two Deven Devenues La olden time it

early stages. Never neglect a couph. THE DEMON, DYSPEPSIA -- In olden time it was a popular belief that d-mons moved invis-ibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by cereless or unwise living invite. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislogge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do barle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelse's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.



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