

5, 1908.

Coinealnan- h him, but ork. "God ntering in track of his

as smoking er. "Take let us know them. Anoked at the t right and hout a ditch. A poor exo come with s in her own it a fortune

r meantime n wishful of Maire, " said ed to be so one of your yond it," he good man?" reaking faith nt of himself a well-todo; though he- ment for his well content. We will be r. But now, her mother's tending the

ft step, quiet he. She looked ; of her deep e upon him middle of the y place; and. "Little to my and little the The sister, by her breath, scarlet red, s drooping to s speaking in he.

Go to Ellis nk t for?" Then he had faced rth; and that o him on the rose up in his re ward. "The d you, girl," ouse together, he father, not as a man of t telling you," out little Ellis

oft cunning of come up to be other woman," aid of us that ors." And she eck, and whis- set little secret

g after, either of the poets— ng the cofairy There was the one Shemus to be at every arony, because ul singing that of evening there, against l had from an O'Maille, and sea ever in his and high going, I Sea," said the

Christmas then, day's winnowing ust the dwelling lan. Bride, the orking with the d on the hill, all en darkness of re over toil and and made merry ing. Marie in n their company r and she was ttre, which she two song-makers in to praise her. Here is the to be fashioning

about. "Sing upon it, d of her mouth; the King of the Shee es over the fairy host s over she was rised strongest in the house inst which there is no

ender, could deny love curled and branching burying within a year st not my share-of-the-

e Coinealnan and cauter her, the Flower of the son my eyes, and my self in my

de this song they de, leaning on his eakness of death upon him. "Sure I be for you, after those about him. But the fair maid ing mutely, gives whatever be the vithin. began that other, rd. And he sang within the house, the door, and his

him. hunger; hunger; valley.

arkly: t the height and t a better story! gling waves! mitted ember; e one of the heart! ed black hat troubles the night,"

The people say how the blood went cold in them, to listen to this lament. It is set down here, in the English, as is that other rann made by Shemus O'Gallagher, but the folks of Bailenahoum have Gaelic upon them still, in which tongue be it understood, this is related. Be that as it may be, when the poets had made an end of their singing, Maire ni Coinealnan rose up with a cry, and ran swiftly from among them all, neither stopping nor staying until she reaches her father's door, over against them, on the hill. "What at all is on you, girl?" said the father. She threw herself against his bosom, and shivered and moaned.

"The slaying of the two fine men is on me," makes answer she. "She did not go any more to fair or dance after that. And as for her word, indeed, it fell out true, no great time after. Within the year the coining-women were waking Shemus O'Gallagher, recounting his good doings, and the good doing of his people for generations, caoing him mournfully, as it well befitted them to do. But as for the 'Man in the West,' his 'better story,' came to pass for him. There was a night of storm, and a ship in evil case, and he goes out with a little company to help them that drown. But who so returns he returns not. They tell how he saved seven lives before the white wave leaped upon him; for he was strong with the strength of a great heart. And all that night after till morning came gray upon a heavy sea, they say the wind caoined him like a woman, before the island woman might caoine him, gathering together for 'The Wake of the Absent.'"

But even before these things befall, Maire ni Coinealnan meets trouble of her own; worse again, meets it where she little expects. Of a twilight evening comes a little ragged gossamer seeking her, with a certain message; then Maire goes to her father and says: "There will be the hunt riding in these parts to-morrow."

"Do you say now?" inquired he, and a twinkle in his eye. "And will yourself and myself be going down to the crossroads to get a sight of them riding by?"

She mused a while; then said: "We will not be going. Let them that has need of me come up hither." But after that again, she sighed and said: "Beauty is a bitter thing, athair-dhillis!" The man did not think with her. Many a silver piece and many a gold piece found its way to his pocket from time to time from a person he knew—and all on account of his daughter's beauty. Maire had no knowledge of such givings. The tavernman down in the town there got the profit of them.

Myself, I would be for going a bit of the road to see the men pass," said the father. "Great gentlemen do be easy offended, often."

She drew in her breath with a start. "Whisht, athair-dhillis!" said she. "Tis not at all lucky to be laying out trouble." She went away then to the sick mother, on her bed in the room within, and the two conversed a long while secretly, and hushing their voices, when Brideen and the tall brothers gathered into the kitchen after work. At the end the mother said: "You had best go, and not set yourself against the father. For if aught came amiss of it, 'tis he that would be upbraiding us ever and always." Then Maire agreed that she would be going to see the hunt on the morn of the morrow.

"The 'Meot' was out there beyond Bailenahoum, on the far side of the river, but many a fine rider was to come by the cross-roads at the bottom of the hill, and many a great lady with feathers drooping from her hat, and silver buttons on her sweeping habit. Tadhg O'Coinealnan and his daughter stood by the gap in the corner field, and watched the hunting folk ride. "Tis you will be going in state like one of them by and by," said the father.

"God send it," answered Maire. "But, indeed, it is not of the fine gear that I will be thinking." She had none of her own gay attire upon her this day, but was wrapped about in her mother's blue cloak, and all her bright hair pushed in under the hood. Nevertheless there came a gentleman on horse-back, trotting past, and looking, he said in his own bosom that it might be the Virgin Mary was in it, yonder. He did not draw rein, nor slacken pace even; but he eyed the girl from his drawn brows, and said to his comrade riding by him: "Would to God I had been born the son of a herd and not a lord's son!"

"What for?" inquires that other. "That I might wed the wife of my own choosing," says the fine young gentleman who is handsome and womanish, and weak. His comrade laughed and said: "Wish it had your luck to quarrel with." And they rode on to follow the hunt, past the town, and the slow deep river.

At talking time in the evening, the mother of Maire makes excuse to send her younger daughter of an errand over the hill; and of the three brothers, one is gone driving sheep to a fair, northward; and one is courting a young maid below in the town; to the third, Tadhg O'Coinealnan says, "Ill luck had it that I broke half a dozen pins on the harrow this morning, and I to be harrowing the plot above."

The girl within, shy and fair, has a sweeter welcome, that young man deems. He watched the light in her eyes, and the hue of roses which is contending with the whiteness of neck and brow. "God's truth," says that unhappy man in his own bosom, "but it had been better for me to be a herd's son than a lord's son"—going back upon the word he spoke with his comrade that day.

He makes pretence to eat and drink with them, but they feast, one and all, without cheer. Even the father, yonder, has small comfort out of his bit of gold, in spite of his desire in it, and in the things it will bring him. Outside the dark is closing in, with a low wind making its own moan over hidden sorrow.

"Let us be getting to the fire," said the gentleman, and he shivered. They drew in toward the hearth then and the light was glancing and fading upon them there, and the countenances of each not clear to the other—which was as the young man willed it, it might be.

He began to finger the facings of his scarlet coat. "Maire, my girl," said he, "when you will be far away from your father's hearth and your mother's people, will you never repent yourself of these quiet days among the hills?"

She was near enough to him to lay her hand upon his restless hand, whether otherwise moving from her place. "My father and my mother, they will be well content in my contentment," said she.

"That's no lie," puts in Tadhg O'Coinealnan, from his corner. The mother within on her bed, yet listening to and hearing all, says: "That's no lie, indeed." Her voice comes to them, faint and soft, like the wind's sigh in the darkness. The gentleman bent his head, and spoke no more for a spell.

He rose up then and began to pace the floor. He was going to and fro like that, and Tadhg putting questions to him concerning the day's sport, and he making answers all astray, for another while. Then he stepped to the dresser and took up Maire's little scissors, which was lying there from a hook in the shelf. He kept the thing in his hands, meddling with it and feeling its edge, and he walked the floor. "Wish, wish O, but these scissors' uncleanliness upon you this night," said Tadhg O'Coinealnan.

"Faith, ay," made answer he. "And upon my beast out there." And without doubt the hunter tethered beyond the door was pawing the ground now and again, and fell to the work, immediately as his master was speaking. Who stood, sudden, as the sound came upon him, being close by the girl Maire, whose she sat and drooping a little, like a fading flower, he thought. "Will you see if there be anything wrong with my beast?" says the gentleman to Tadhg O'Coinealnan, and halting in this sudden fashion. "I will, and welcome," makes answer the other man.

The two being alone in the shadows then—the sick woman in the room within, Tadhg in the dark without—the young man speaks in some haste. "Show me the little token my Maire," says he.

She drew from her bosom a blue ribbon, and the half of a broken gold ring. The young man snipped the scissors upon the silk, and the gold dropped into his palm. "I go to buy another ring," said he, and his voice was dry in his throat. The girl lifted her face to him, all as white as death.

He stooped and kissed her mouth, a thing he had never done before. "Slan leat, a Mhaire mo chroidhe!" said he in Gaelic.

"San leat, go h-éag!" said the girl. "Good-bye till death!" He groaned, and turned his back upon her, and went out on the door. But he denied not her word. In a minute the father came in, trembling and shaking; the mother was murmuring in the room within. Maire went to her.

"What is this I heard him say—what has risen between ye?" she asked, quavering. The father is there at the girl's heel. She answers all in a few words. "He said, 'I go to buy another ring,' but he said not that 'twas for my wearing," says Maire ni Coinealnan. "Ochone! ochone!" cry father and mother in a breath.

BISHOP GIVES ANSWER.

INFLUENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE BUSINESS MAN.

The Right Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, and Titular Bishop of Tamassus, was asked by a commissioner of the 'American Business Man': 'What influence has the Catholic Church on the Business Man?'

The answer is as follows: The influence of the Catholic Church on the business man is to keep him in the path marked out for all mankind by Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ laid down certain laws for the guidance of man and all his affairs, and he left the means for their enforcement, namely, the Catholic Church.

To this institution Jesus Christ committed His work, with full and complete precepts to be followed to the end of time. His laws are for the nineteenth century, for the twentieth, for the twenty-fifth if there shall be one—for all centuries. And as they are for all centuries, so are they for all men, so it follows they apply to the Catholic business man.

How does the Catholic religion affect the business man? is asked. To which the answer might be another question. "What is the ideal business man?"

He must be honest in dealing with his fellow man; he must be truthful; he must be fair; he must refuse to take advantage of the weakness of others because he finds might in his hands; he must find it profitable to set an example for his employees which will conduce to his own material advantage when they indulge in the emulation which is natural. His heart must be free of venal feeling, the gratification of which too often brings disaster, even when its moral wrong is not considered.

The Catholic Church makes itself felt in the business world by forming such a type of business man, greatly through the corrective and instructive power of the sacrament of penance.

The Catholic business man is constantly under two forcible deterrents when he is tempted to depart from our description above of the ideal business man. The first, common to all, whether religious or not, is the fear of being caught.

By doing the thing which is wrong he will offend his God. He will break the law which Jesus Christ gave to him and for all other men. What then? He must confess it to God, through his agent—the priest behind the confessional wicket. He might deceive the priest, but he knows he cannot deceive God. So, believing that God is his Final Judge, that there will be none of the blessings of heaven for him if he commits the sin of lying to God's ministers, he does not lie in the confessional.

When tempted to cheat, to steal goods or character, to traduce, to deal unjustly with his fellow man, he knows that before him there is a day of reckoning, not only in the confessional, but also before God's final judgment seat.

If, having conducted himself in his business otherwise, than as a follower of Jesus Christ, he confesses his transgressions.

In the confessional, where his identity is concealed, and perhaps he knows not even the name of the hidden commissioner of God, he is told that he must make amends.

Has he cheated? He must give back what he has dishonestly gained. Has he lied? He must undo the damage his lie has cost another. Has he injured the reputation of a fellow man or woman? He must find a way to make complete restitution for his injurious act.

If he does not, there is the penalty which a Catholic dreads more than any other short of excommunication—the denial of absolution.

By the power to "loose and bind," distinctly endowed by Jesus Christ Himself, the Church leaves the man who fails to make amends for his sins without absolution.

The Catholic business man knows all this. The realization of certain punishment to come on earth or beyond and the penance that must be done for this, even of thought, are constantly with him.

Does he pay his employees less than a living wage or subject them to evil surroundings, moral or physical? Then he flies in the face of the holy reminder: for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My children, ye have done it unto Me.

For every offense, however, slight, the Catholic business man knows he must sooner or later be judged.

Let him conceal from the priest these sins of his business life and he knows that should he die the eternal fires of hell await him. The business man no more than any other knows when he is to be called from this earth to face the court from which there is no appeal. He knows not what moment the opportunity afforded him by the grace of a merciful God of making restitution for his bad acts is to be denied him. He will not take the chance of dying with another's money in his pocket, and as a business proposition he can't see what good that other person's money is going to do him if he is compelled to give it back and acknowledge that he acquired it wrongfully.

The road is plain for the Catholic business man. Let the Catholic world beware of the Catholic who ceases to approach the sacrament of penance; who ignores the Church each Sunday; who speaks slightly of the sacraments and who arrogates to his own untrammeled conscience the judgment of his acts, which is the express duty of the successors of Christ's chosen disciples on earth. For such a man has taken to the dark byways and needs to be watched.—Spectator.

The London Standard's correspondent at Odessa says: "Since the promulgation of the religious tolerance edict of October 30, 1905, the conversion of Orthodox Russians to Roman Catholicism has been of quite an intensive character. In the Government of Vilna alone, 30,000 of the Orthodox have gone over to the Catholic Confession, and a large number of orthodox rectorships and curacies have been closed. In the Governments of Siedlice and Lublin in the Diocese of Cholm, 200,000 Orthodox and a large number of Orthodox Rectors have joined the Catholic Church."

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CATHOLIC BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER. Knowing of the pleasant neighborhood relations which had always existed between the priests connected with St. Mary's cathedral, Trenton, N. J., and Rev. Dr. S. M. Studdiford, the late Rector of the Third Presbyterian Church, a few doors away, the Trenton Sunday Advertiser requested of Bishop McFall some expression concerning the death of Rev. Dr. Studdiford. In reply the Bishop wrote: "The doctor was one of the most genial, hard-working clergymen, with whom I have ever been acquainted outside my own Church. Whenever I met him I was reminded by his gentle humor and paternal manner of the old-fashioned Catholic priest of fifty years ago, whose kindly interest in both the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock endeared him to every one, young and old; so that his personality and wise sayings remain an heirloom in the families to whom he ministered. "He was broad-minded and large-hearted. It is certainly pleasant now to record and to bear witness to the happy relations which always existed between him and the Catholic clergy of St. Mary's cathedral. He and Vicar General Smith were warm friends, and enjoyed many a jovial chat together. Bishop O'Farrell had the greatest esteem for the deceased, and every one knows how highly I appreciated the man, his friendship and his long career of usefulness. It can be truly said that this city has suffered a great loss by his death, and the world has been made better because of his life."

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THE DIFFERENCE. Our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporaries are devoting much space to letters from their correspondents on the recent conversions to the Catholic Church, and many rather vague statements have found their way into print as to the number of Catholics who leave the Church and join the Protestant Episcopalians. No Catholic denies that there are people in the Protestant Episcopal Church who were originally Catholics. But we submit that there is a marked difference between the fallen away Catholics who enter any Protestant Church, and the converts who come to Catholicity from Protestantism. This difference is recognized by Protestants themselves. A staunch Protestant Episcopalian lady said the other day in the course of a conversation on religion and religious differences: "Protestants enter the Catholic Church who are impressed by the faith of Catholics, and who desire to lead more pious lives. Catholics enter the Protestant Episcopal Church through a desire for higher social standing." — Sacred Heart Review.

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