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A METHODIST TRIBUTE TO A CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

The following tribute to the work of the Holy Name Society is from the Christian Advocate (Methodist), New York: Bishop McPaul (Catholic) of New Jersey, addressing 14,000 members of the Holy Name Societies said: "No people can assert themselves unless they manufacture public opinion. Read your Catholic publications. If you don't support a Catholic paper, how are you going to be abreast of the times on Catholic questions?" (As true for Methodists as for Catholics.) The Holy Name Society is a protest against profanity. Every man in line carried a small flag of the order with white letters "H. N. S." The houses were decorated with American flags. At Newark 20,000 men, members of the Holy Name Society, with bands of music and banners bearing their mottoes and flags, marched for miles through the streets. It is estimated that about 50,000 persons participated in the Benediction services. Two thousand members of Holy Name Societies, from Morrisdale and several adjacent parishes, attended. All over the country this society is doing good work and another Catholic society devotes itself to total abstinence. Every person must approve these efforts. Profane swearing demoralizes the moral sense when it is begun, shocks those that hear it for the first time, and when it has become spontaneous and almost automatic, disgraces people in society in which on no account they would be guilty of such speech. What of all, it undermines reverence, takes the sympathy and love out of the name of Jesus and the majesty and authority out of the name of God. None who profane the name of God and Christ habitually are in the habit of sincere prayer, though they may count their beads or utter in public or to themselves stereotyped Methodist phrases. -Sacred Heart Review.

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may occur which will put us in communication with Mr. Halloran's friends.

"I beg your honor's pardon," said Nora, unable any longer to keep silent, and leaning eagerly forward, "but Mr. Halloran has a friend in Boston who will be broken hearted intirely to hear of his illness; it's Mr. Donahoe, your reverence, at the Pilot Office."

"Alas!" said Father Nugent; how unfortunate! Mr. Donahoe left the city last evening for New York, and will be away several days; besides which, he lives at a hotel, which I fancy would not do very well for a sick person to go to. But, my child, why is it that you are so deeply interested in this unfortunate gentleman?"

"Oh, your reverence!" said Nora, while tears fell like rain drops from her eyes, "sure I was born and bred with Mrs. Halloran; an' after the great downfall of the family she was so heart-broke at bein' separated from Mr. Halloran, who was nursed intirely out of Ireland, that I come to America to find him an' - an' do what I could for him at home, God save 'em. But I had begun to give up all expectation of ever layin' my two eyes on him again, when, sirs, the Blessed Virgin brought me to the widow Blake's this night, right to him. An' it's sorrow-tidin's to hear that his best friend is gone; but, your reverence, I brought him with me, an' he's now at Mr. McCarthy's, thinkin' he may be he'd be a deshor for means in a strange country; an' they'll pay all his expenses an' an' out."

"I am glad to hear all this, my dear child. God will bless your fidelity. Come to my house and nurse Mr. Halloran; let a familiar home-face be the first his eyes fall upon when he recovers."

"If your reverence an' his honor there don't think I'm takin' too much on myself, I'll beg you not to move Mr. Halloran away until I see the good lady I live with, an' tell her, and an' could gentlemen there that has promised to help me if I ever was in trouble, all that has happened. The lady I am at service with, sirs, has a fine airy room, that I think Mr. Halloran might like; she takes a few lodgers and it is a quiet, (quiet) nice place; so, without trouble, Mrs. Sydney, out of a help, I might nurse him just as well, an' have her to help."

Both gentlemen knew Mrs. Sydney, and thought Nora's plan was a sensible one; while they could not help admiring and respecting the nice sense of honor and self-respect which seemed to govern her in every particular. But Father Nugent could not remain another moment; and Nora, wishing to have matters arranged as early and as speedily as possible, also hurried homeward.

Mrs. Sydney was sitting in the dining room, with a worried, anxious expression on her countenance; but the moment she caught a glimpse of Nora's face the cloud passed away, and, smiling, she greeted her with "La suz! child! where in the world have you been? I've been in a perfect snarl about you. You'll be sick, sitting up so of nights, an' may-be get some dreadful disease yourself."

"I am very sorry, ma'am, you had any uneasiness about me; but I could not come any earlier. Do you think Mr. Mallow is stirrin' yet?" said Nora, with a nervous air.

"Up! He's been up this hour, and was down here about ten minutes ago, to inquire if you had come home. He's in an awful humor. I declare, I shouldn't wonder if a mad dog had bit him some time or other," said Mrs. Sydney, sharply.

"Might I go up, ma'am, an' ask him to come down here? I want to speak to you about something that's happened," said Nora.

"Lord's sake, child, you haven't gone and got married?" exclaimed Mrs. Sydney, looking over her spectacles at Nora with widely rounded eyes.

"Married!" said Nora, with a low, merry laugh which she could not repress. "No, indeed, ma'am; not married, or likely to be."

"Well - yes, go up to Mr. Mallow's room. But it is at your own risk."

When Nora opened Mr. Mallow's door, he looked up quickly, and gave an indescribable grunt, which said, as plainly as grant could express, "It's well you've come."

no secret of wiping her eyes. Mr. Mallow was only affected with a sudden violent cold in his head. He, odd in everything, had always felt the deepest interest in the history of ill-fated Ireland, and by way of obtaining the most reliable news concerning her ever agitated and gloomy affairs, had for many years been a subscriber to a leading Dublin newspaper. He therefore knew all about John Halloran, and how like a martyr he had immolated his affections and fortunes on the sacred altar of his country; and he had learned from the same source that the nobility and worth of his character were without reproach. So it was with no ordinary emotion that this eccentric but true hearted old man exclaimed:

"And you are sure it is John Halloran, the Irish patriot, who is lying ill, insensible, at the house of a poor widow who lives in an alley?"

"Yes, sir; an' the creature's been as kind as if he was her own kith and kin. But she's very poor; an' the doctor says it's not a fit place for Mr. Halloran to be in, because it's close an' smoky; an' I thought of the nice front room upstairs that's been empty these two months, an' says I, 'May-be Mrs. Sydney will let Mr. Halloran be moved into it; then there'll be no need for me to go away to nurse him, an' there's no fear of losin' anything, ma'am, for he has enough an' to spare for all his expenses.'"

"Don't speak, ma'am!" said Mr. Mallow, blowing his nose vociferously. "Don't, madam; for I must have my say out. Nora Brady, it's my solemn opinion that you only want a pair of wings - to be a perfect wild goose. You are a heroine; and that's next door to being a lunatic. You are a miserable, shiftless body, taking care of everybody but yourself; and now, to crown all, you want to give yourself and us some horrible disease - ship fever, may-be - by bringing a sick man into the house. But -"

"An' then, sir, I hope God an' Mr. Mallow will pardon me for demanding myself to ask a favor for the like of him," said Nora, with an indignation she could not control. "I may be a wild goose, but I've only done what I thought was right by them I was bounden to for whatever good fortune I ever had since I was born; an' I hope when I'm judged it won't turn the scales of God's mercy ag'in me. An' surely there's no need of goin' on my two knees to get a place for such a one as John Halloran of Glendiarid; for Father Nugent himself is havin' a room prepared in his own house for him, where I shall go to nurse him. Ma'am, you've been very kind to me, a poor stranger in your house, an' I'm sorry to take you at such a deshor; but it's my duty, an' I can't help it. An' it's no ship fever that's on him at all, only a bug that took him in the head last night, an' deadened his brain like; an' it was, it couldn't be caught from a better person; for he's a gentleman an' a Christian out an' out."

"Nora Brady, you are like a torpedo. Your tongue goes like a coffee-mill; and now that you've ground me to powder, I will go and finish what I was saying when you were rude enough to interrupt me. I was going to observe, when you broke out, that, no matter what called Mr. Halloran, he should come. If every boarder left the house on account of his being here, he should stay, and I would make good all losses to Mrs. Sydney - partly for his sake, partly for yours. Go away!" exclaimed Mr. Mallow.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was too hasty," said Nora, ashamed.

"Oh, never mind. A young lady who has money in bank, and who has independence enough to earn her own living, may be allowed a few airs."

"What do you mean, sir? I haven't a cent to call my own on this earth, an' never wanted it worse," said Nora, with a sigh.

"You are not telling the truth, Nora. You have at this moment, in the Trenton Bank, \$500."

"An' where, in the name of my old shoes, did it come from, sir? Faith, an' I think you might do something else to joke about," said Nora, puzzled and worried.

"Ah! I lost \$10,000 one fine night, and it was returned to me every cent. Did you think I should forget it? No, child. I went that very day and deposited \$500 in the Trenton Bank for you; and there you'll find it, subject to your order. You can get any or all of it at any moment, or let it remain where it is. It is yours, to give away, send away, or throw away - the latter of which I expect you will do. Madam, give the silly child an answer, or I'll have the boarders should object to a sick person's coming, let there be an exodus forthwith, and I will make up all deficiencies."

"Go, Nora, child, and get the room ready as quick as you can. Mind now and slick everything up nice. I'll attend to breakfast," said Mrs. Sydney, who had listened with no little interest to what had been passing.

"After breakfast, Nora Brady, I'll charter an omnibus and call here for a small bed, pillows, and other things, yourself included, to bring Mr. Halloran home at once. Begone now. I want no thanks - not yet, at least."

Then Nora began to see sunlight breaking through the clouds. Mr. Halloran had been removed to Mrs. Sydney's without any ill effects; he was surrounded by every comfort, and no attention was wanting that his situation required. His symptoms gradually assumed a more favorable type, and, although he had not yet recovered his faculties, there was very little doubt but that the disease would finally yield to remedial agents. But two of Mrs. Sydney's boarders went away - two young gentlemen who were so devoted to the violin and a clarinet that they could not endure the interdict which Dr. Bryant laid on the indulgence of their musical propensities.

Nora would sit watching every symptom and almost every breath of the sick man. To the moment, she gave him his medicine, and regulated the temperature and light of the apartment with instinctive judgment. When there was nothing else for her hands to do, she would sit beside the fire, gazing down into the embers, while her imagination like a prophet, foretold many beautiful and happy things. She saw under grand old trees a stately home, where were once more united all that she loved on earth. She heard the sound of Mary Halloran's harp, and the clear, wild cadences of her sweet voice, ringing down through the magnificent woods, as the sang strains of the land of their birth. She saw John Halloran, his fine face, thoughtful and noble, walking with a stately step through those handsome halls and lofty rooms, and heard his kind voice speaking gently and cheerfully to all. Then, floating up through the vision, came sweet, fast like tones, Little children were at play, and Grace's gentle tones mingled softly with Desmond's merry laughter. Dream tones indeed of the one who was gone, which would never more be heard on earth, for far away, beside the shining water which flows from the throne of God, her voice was blending sweetly with the angel melodies that make glad the celestial city.

Then came a softer spell - the twilight hour, the day's toil over, and a quiet stroll with Dennis Byrne through the old woods; and many a heart-felt word and bright anticipation seemed to be whispered in her ears, while ever and anon their thoughts flew back to "Holy Ireland" and lingered lovingly amid the scenes and beside the graves they loved. The entrance of Dr. Bryant or Mr. Mallow, or perhaps the crumbling of a coal, or a low moan from the invalid, dispersed the rainbows of her fancy, leaving only to her aching heart the stern and sad reality.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TOM DONNELLAN'S ROSARY.

The Donnellans lived in a comfortable farmhouse set in a beautiful country, just at the base of the Wicklow hills, with a distant view of the sea shimmering blue through the trees and shrubs that grew before the porch of the hall door. They held a broad farm of many acres, and the tiny little homestead, with its tiny lawn, its wide snow-curtained windows framed in clambering roses and woodbine, its flowerbeds filled with blossom of every hue and variety, gave a safe index to the neatness and cleanliness prevailing within the house, as well as to the care and unrelenting labors bestowed on the farm outside.

Mrs. Donnellan was a pleasant faced woman, who though a well past middle age, in her bright eyes and fresh complexion - the result of long years of early hours and a busy, happy life largely spent in the open, amongst her calves and poultry, her bees and flowers and vegetables - still bore traces of the youthful beauty which had caught Tom Donnellan's heart thirty short years ago and held it captive ever since.

She had been a very young lady when, man and thanked God every day in her heart and on her benedict knees for her pleasant home, her good husband, her five tall strapping sons, and her little blue-eyed daughter that had been the last and best of heaven's gifts to them. And yet, despite all their prosperity and comfort, she had one great care, one great sorrow which, though she seldom spoke of it - and then only to little Eily and Patrick, her eldest and wisest boy - kept constantly gnawing at the heart of her happiness.

Little Eily Donnellan was the one great treasure of her parents' lives. Coming as she did, the long wished for girl, at a long interval after her five big brothers, she seemed to Mrs. Donnellan to have been sent as a special gift from God in answer to her prayers. Tom Donnellan had not prayed for her, had not known, indeed, the need of a daughter. Yet her coming had made all the difference to him, and as she strode home from his work in the evening, the sight of the dainty little maiden who came down the shady porch, fringed with ferns and primroses, and violets and a myriad wild flowers, running with glad outstretched arms to meet him, spoke of it - and then only to little Eily and Patrick, her eldest and wisest boy - kept constantly gnawing at the heart of her happiness.

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Unfortunately for himself, this man, born and reared on kindly Irish soil, had felt in his youth "the curse of the wandering foot." Discontented with his surroundings, he had left Ireland while yet in his teens, and had travelled through England and America, where, through increasing neglect of his religious duties and constant intercourse with men of little or no belief, he came at last to forget the faith of his fathers, and to look on the tenets of the old religion as the merest rank superstition. Tired of his wanderings, and finding little peace or contentment wherever he went, he returned at length to the country of his birth and bought a comfortable farm with the savings of his years abroad. And when the gentle blood of his old neighborly daughter, whom he remembered as a little flaxen-haired girlish ten years his junior before he went away, consented after a swift wooing to become his bride, Tom Donnellan felt that indeed he had "all the heaven he wanted, right here on this old earth."

Owing to his industry and practical use of up-to-date lessons in farming acquired abroad, things prospered with him from the beginning. Yet he never "darkened a church door," never went to Mass or the sacraments, never knelt down morning or evening to thank God for His mercies, or to ask Him for a blessing or forgiveness. Even his going to chapel to be married by a Catholic priest had been more or less a concession to the conventions, granted

all the more readily since he knew that Eily could not otherwise become his wife. He never interfered with her religious beliefs; yet he disliked finding her on her knees, and expressed once or twice an irritable wish that she and the boys would get their praying done while he was out of sight and hearing. As the boys grew up, he even sometimes thought himself weakly good-natured in allowing them to accompany their mother to Mass.

But with Eily it was different. Religion, he argued, was meant for women; and what, after all, would they be without it? Of his many good qualities - and not his worst enemy could deny that Tom Donnellan was a good man, brave, honest, pure living, industrious, kindly though strict with those about him - not the least lovable was a great reverence towards women, a loving tenderness for children and all things weak and helpless. His wife, telling her beads by the fireside, with her baby's soft head laid close to her bosom, was to him as a beautiful Madonna, somehow akin to that Queen of Heaven whose purity and tenderness held even still an irresistible appeal for him; the little girl who of all his children was nearest and dearest to his heart, seemed at times an angel vision too fair and lovely for any earthly home. And now as he farmed his broad acres and tended his cattle with increasing care, he put forth heart into his work because of his Eily, for whom more than any of the others the fruits of his labor must henceforth be laid by.

The little girl grew up slender and graceful, with winsome, happy ways made none the less cheerful and bright because of a very real piety and a strong sense of duty inculcated by her mother's teachings. Mrs. Donnellan had a great devotion to the Holy Rosary, and whilst all the boys and their sister were yet young, had made it a custom that they and she should every morning recite the rosary for a special intention, which intention, she and Eily alone knew, was that God might bring back the heart of the husband and father once more to himself. Last the hearing of it should annoy or inconvenience him in any way, they always took care to get this devotion over while the father was yet out in the fields. Sometimes he caught the whisper of the murmuring voices as he passed by the parlor window, and the sound latterly, since Eily had grown so dear to him, filled him somehow with a new sense of loneliness and sadness, so that he had experienced once when he had peeped into the child's little bed and white bedroom, and found her lost in prayerful contemplation, on unaware of his presence, before the flower decked altar of the Mother of God.

When Eily was about fifteen, a great sorrow, the keener he had ever known, came into Tom Donnellan's life. The child was suddenly stricken ill; some strain or hurt, contracted they could not tell, had affected her side, and kept her in bed week after week, month after month. That happened to be a very warm summer and the great heat and the close confinement to her room weakened and wasted the frail young body, till at last she seemed the merest shadow of herself. With anxious, miserable forebodings, her father watched her from day to day. There was the strain of consumption in his own family; his sister Mary, when about Eily's age, had faded out of life just in the same way that his dear little girl seemed now likely to do. The big dark eyes, the little white transparent hands lying so quietly out side the coverlet, the pale, bloodless lips that smiled so bravely at his coming, each sent a sharper stab of pain to the father's heart. He had always known she was too sweet, too good and lovely to stay with them; why had she ever come to leave their hearts thus desolate at her going? And yet, God knows, it had been much to have her, this dear loving treasure, even for a few short years.

During those weeks when he was not at Eily's bedside, he wandered about the fields like one half dazed with sorrow and fear. The farm, his yet unfilled haggard, his prize cattle, his thoroughbred horse and stall, all he ceased to interest him. What was the use of anything if Eily were to go? And would he never, never see her again, once the cruel end had come? Was that bright, pure soul, that loving, tender spirit to be extinguished once and forever, like a candle blown out in the wind?

With a stifled groan of agony he stole to the door of her room, feeling a sudden fear lest she was too sweet, too good and lovely to stay with them; why had she ever come to leave their hearts thus desolate at her going? And yet, God knows, it had been much to have her, this dear loving treasure, even for a few short years.

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"Go on, go on, my pet!" he said at last. "You must not stop your prayers for me. Let me say them with you, child - if I only remember how!"

A strange look of happiness came into the young face, lying so white on its pillow, flushing it to a delicate wild rose color.

"That will be beautiful, father," she said. "Shall I begin it again? Mother and I were only at the first mystery."

He nodded assent, and she began. As he listened to the sweet girlish voice, ringing with a new sound of joy and happiness, and sweet with a mad as collected as might be on each wonderful mystery, repeating the Paters and Aves unforgetten of his youth, the whole joy and peace, the purity and tender solace of the religion he had cast aside came back as if borne on angel wings, and settled down on his soul. Pleadingly, brokenly, his voice went up to heaven with those of wife and child, he begged God to spare one dear life to him, whilst they brought their Heavenly Father to bless this father on earth, and grant him the priceless gift of faith.

That was but the first of many rosaries which Eily's father offered up for his child's restoration to health. Every night from that onwards the saintly family gathered round the sick girl's bed and said the rosary in unison. In every beautiful mystery there was something to appeal to the man's always kindly nature. The joy and purity of the Annunciation, the humble kindness of the Visitation, the humanity and love of the Birth of our Lord, the sacrifice of His offering, the motherly tenderness and fear and joy attendant on His infancy, the agony of the Divine Child - all appealed in turn to the human father's heart.

As it in answer to his prayers, helped doubtless by her own, and the ardent joy which her father's new dispositions gave her, Eily's health improved from that day forward with wonderful rapidity. Very soon she was able to go, first driving, then walking proudly by her father's side, to Mass or confession to the little chapel which Tom Donnellan had never entered since he made Eileen Kennedy his bride so many years ago.

Tom Donnellan is now the most earnest and exemplary of Father Dunphy's flock, while his daughter is as healthy and blooming a specimen of young Irish maidenhood as may be found in any three parishes. All this Mrs. Donnellan puts down to one thing only, the wonderful power and efficacy of the Rosary. There is little fear, either, that the pious custom will ever be allowed to lapse in their house, for sometimes, when Eily out of roguishness, pretends to be forgetting all about it, her father will delight her by asking, with a half-reproachful glance, as he lays aside his box or newspaper:

"Now Eily, my love, isn't it about time we'd think of saying the Rosary?" - Nora Tynan O'Mahony in the Irish Messenger.

This Father, all-wise, all-loving and all powerful, has me ever in His sight; He sees my afflictions, my sorrows, my tears; His knowledge is not limited; mine is, to what is already past; He knows and foresees all that the morrow has in store for me; He proportions my trials to my strength, and will never suffer them to be greater than I can bear.

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