

TOM O'ROURKE.

BY FRANCIS D. DALY, MONTREAL.

In famous old Tipperary and on the sloping side, Of "Keeper" grand and hoary that's seen both far and wide, There rests the little hamlet half hidden by the grove, Where Tom O'Hare was born before he took to rove.

Poor Tom was left an orphan when not quite ten years old, But sturdy little fellow, so wise, nor yet too bold, He worked among the neighbors and rambled here and there, Well liked by all the people, was honest Tom O'Hare.

When Tom was nearly twenty, a strapping lad was he, And all the village maidens were not too blind to see, That pretty Alice Kelly was first and only one, At every fair and market you'd see her there with Tom.

The farmers were complaining of cattle stolen, lost, The crops were all a failure, and then the cold and frost So ruined the poorer people that misery was rife, And hunger with its fever cost many a precious life.

A widow poor and humble lived on the mountain side, A battered little shilling, 'twas where her husband died, Three little naked children, whom hunger brought so low, They were her greatest treasures, and now her cause of woe.

One lad was down with fever, the others cried for bread, "Oh, mummy dear, I'm hungry!" the smallest of them said, The mother in a frenzy rose up so dazed with grief, Not knowing how to comfort or give her babe relief.

A knocking at the cabin, a raising of the latch, And in there comes a manly form, whose head near touched the thatch, A voice with music in it, because its pity told, The poor despairing mother, 'twas Tom the friend of old.

The tears of pity from eyes so good and true, The sympathy and prayer, and the help he offered too, And right or wrong he gave it, I'll leave you to decide, The merit of his action for which he nearly died.

And when O'Hare departed, a life was going fast, The fevered lad was fighting for life unto the last, And when brave Tom arrived with food for their relief, He found the dead before him and loud and bitter grief.

When O'Hare left the cabin to beg or seek relief, He never had intended to be a common thief, He met a couple running who seemed in great alarm, But Tom never hesitated nor thought of any harm.

A fresh killed sheep he found it, 'twas lying in his route, 'Twas God that sent it surely, his pocket knife was out, He quickly cut a portion and hurried to the cot, Where raw it stopped the hunger, while some went in the pot.

Misfortune of misfortunes! the man who owned the beast, Was dark skinned Phelim Conly, the nephew of the priest, A rival of O'Hare, was he for Alice Kelly's hand, And swore to have vengeance or to make Tom leave the land.

And Conly and his comrade had caught him in the act, Of stealing but not killing; Ah, well they knew the fact, But vengeance and not mercy was Conly's aim and deed, So followed to the cabin with all their hate and speed.

Confronted with his enemies, accused of such a crime, Overpowered, abused was he before he had got time To think or so decide if, and thus avoid his fate, He found himself in prison and then it was too late.

When Norbury, the hanging judge asked the reason why, He should not be condemned to death he made this reply:—"My lord, I done what you'd not do, I'd do it o'er again, For those whom God afflicted so with poverty and pain."

"I go to meet my God above, the judge who judges all, I'm guiltless of the killing sheep, and you will yet recall, The innocence of Tom O'Hare, when on your dying bed, And death brings clearly into view, your victims hanging dead."

The judge put on his black cap and with sardonic grin, Began to give the sentence amid a silence grim, A fearful shriek and fainting, "Keep back and give her air," "This pretty Alice Kelly, who's lying deathlike there."

Again the judge commenced to sentence Tom O'Hare, And tears were shed in plenty by men and women there, Again he's interrupted by one of wilder mien, With madness plain depicted as ever yet was seen, "I am the man who killed it, my lord, and here's my wife, She'll say so though her husband will likely lose his life, But better far to lose it than murder Tom O'Hare, Who nursed us through the fever and gave us every care."

A shout of gladness rises and then the judge exclaims, The prisoner is acquitted of penalties and pains, And Tom O'Hare a free man escapes death by a hair, For hanging was the fashion when such a judge was there.

And wasn't there a wedding, and all the country side, The Kellys of Killeacon were there to back the bride, And Conly fled the country, his perjury and strife, Would give him to the hangman instead of to a wife.

And Tom and Alice Kelly are living happy yet, And how they loved and suffered they never will forget, O'Hare there are in plenty—the maids of beauty rare, And tall and strapping fellows, who soon could clear a fair.

Random Notes For Busy Households.

This is the season when, instead of bringing the spring medicine bottle into use, an effort should be made by every householder to provide cooling and palatable dishes.

A contributor to an American journal writing on this subject says:—Among the most valuable, if least expensive articles is lettuce. It is so universally popular, and perhaps unnecessary to advise its use. One may add, however, that it should be served cold and crisp, must not be allowed to lie in the dressing until it begins to wilt, and must never be cut with a knife. With the tips of the fingers it should, before the dressing is put on, be torn to bits of a size convenient to be handled with a fork. Another, and one of great medicinal value is rhubarb. Were it more often properly cooked, it would be better liked. One method of cooking it is carefully scrape—not peel—the stalks

cut into inch lengths, and lay them in cold water for half an hour. Weigh the rhubarb, and to each pound of the fruit allow a pound of granulated sugar. Put the rhubarb, still wet, in an agate-lined saucepan, mix the sugar with it, and set it at one side of the range until the sugar melts. Then bring slowly to a boil and stew until the rhubarb is very tender. Eat cold, accompanied by plain cake or thin bread and butter.

To the American girl who wishes to keep the beauty she has, or to acquire the beauty she has not, Dr. George P. Shady gives a prescription in one word—walk! Sickness is destructive of good looks. To be a chronic dyspeptic, always on the edge of nervous collapse, and be a charming personality at the same time is a task beyond the power of man or woman.

An exchange commenting upon the matter has this to say:—

There is no better time of year than now for our girls to try Dr. Shady's beauty prescription. Walking is a physical delight in the general air of these early May days.

Of all the forms of exercise, walking is, no doubt, the least popular. One reason for this is that the trolley car now goes everywhere, not only through the city streets, but through the country fields, tempting us at every step of our walk, if we start on one, to get aboard and make quick time.

Then, again, walking is so easy and so cheap. It does not have to be learned and it costs nothing. Bicycling, horseback riding and boating, all call for a course of instruction, special clothing and equipments, and are all more or less expensive.

And it is the thing that is most difficult and costs most money that men and women are prone to prefer. Hence the proverb: "Things that cost nothing are worth nothing."

Dr. George C. Lorimer, in an article on "Living Beyond One's Means," says:—

"Some one has said that our children desire to begin where we leave off. Consequently if we can procure the elegancies of life in no other way, they will secure them on the credit system and pay interest on a cut-throat chattel mortgage, a form of finance that would bankrupt the Rothschilds and lead to a panic on every exchange in the world. For it is a fact that the poor pay far higher for the accommodations they receive than do the rich for theirs. The not unusual outcome of this kind of housekeeping is that the debtor falls behind in his payments, is annoyed by duns, borrows a trifle from a friend to ward off the evil day, and at last abandons hope, losing furniture and all that has been paid as interest and principal."

"In happy contrast was the course adopted by a bright-eyed wife in Chicago. Calling at the house, I remarked, 'Your home looks very pretty.' She replied, emphatically, 'It is pretty, for we have paid for everything in it.' Then she told me that before her marriage her intended requested her to select a carpet and he would buy it on trust; but that she stoutly refused, and assured him that the bare floor was good enough for her until he could afford to pay for what he purchased. I exclaimed, 'Bravo!' and I am persuaded the little woman has made a good business man of her husband by this time."

Sleep is the best medicine, the best restorative, worth more than all the nostrums, specifics and curatives, allopathic and homeopathic, remarks a writer in the National Educator.

Early rising is positively injurious to health unless it is preceded by early retiring. Retire at 9 and rise at 5, or retire at 10 and rise at 6. This gives nature enough time for sleep, provided not more than half an hour is lost in falling asleep, otherwise making the time for rising an hour later.

Never rise immediately on awakening. It is too severe a strain on the system. Never force or drag a child out of bed the moment he is awakened. Never rouse him out of a sound sleep; the nervous system may be wrecked for life thereby. Always ease your nerves by pleasant reading or conversation before retiring, so that you may fall asleep as soon as you reach the bed.

Don't sleep under heavy cover. It will interfere with the circulation of your blood and cause you unpleasant dreams. If not warm enough, place a few newspapers, pasted together at the edges between the blankets.

Always have plenty of fresh air in your bedroom. Even in the coldest weather, the sash of a window may be lowered a few inches to admit

fresh air. The temperature of the bedroom should not be above 65 degrees.

If you are a father or a mother, never send your child to bed crying or angered, or under punishment, without giving him a kiss. Remember, it may be the last night on earth, for a burning fever, diphtheria or croup may deprive him of reason, and you will never again be able to make amends for your cruelty or ask forgiveness.

If you are a farmer says an American writer, and want your son to be a farmer after you, don't snub him. Let him have the money he earns. You would have to pay a hired man for taking care of the cows and colts—why not remunerate your boy? Do not disgust him with farming in the beginning by telling him that he does not need anything but his board and clothes now, because he will have 'it all' when you are gone. Give him something now. Five dollars to a boy when he is ten years old is more to him than five thousand will be when you are dead and gone and he has the farm.

"There is no place like home," so the old song runs, but sometimes home is not what it ought to be. It may and it may not be a blessing to be born rich, but there can be no greater blessing than to be born in a bright, cheerful and loving home. Such a blessing as this is within the reach of even the poorest. It insures a happy childhood, and makes sure a virtuous womanhood, and in old age a heart still young in spite of the weight of years.

To make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper mirth is a duty incumbent on every parent. Every parent thinks his or her way the proper and the only way to bring up a child. How misguided some of these good people are! Some of them haven't sense enough to rear a kitten. Those are the people who spoil their children, who pamper their every wish, no matter how unreasonable it may be. There is another class much more common. These are the people who themselves were born cranky and have been cranky ever since. They cuff and slap all day long and the only happy hours the child knows is when its eyes are closed in sleep. Make allowances for youthful natures. You yourself didn't always possess the great stock of wisdom which you think you have. Throw away the rod; you need not thereby spoil the child. A loving word, and when needed a tender reproof, will work wonders in the child's disposition and will leave a lasting impression on its young life. Make the child's life happy at home. It will always love that home and will not seek another roof in later years. There is still another class, perhaps the worst of all. These are the people who are blessed above others with the riches of this world, but the poor fools don't know how to use it. God blesses them with children, but they have not sense enough to appreciate the favor. The children are handed over to a nurse, relegated to a nursery for all the days of their young life, and live almost in perpetual exile from the company of their parents. When they grow up they are packed off to a boarding school, and when they return the parents learn that they have made the acquaintance of their children.

I wonder if there is a formal introduction? What are we coming to? Thank heaven these poor rich fools with us are few. Ye fathers and mothers who are blessed with children thank God for it, and the larger the family the greater be your praise. Train your children in love, not in fear. Make their young lives happy; give them sunshine and play and kind words and fond caresses. When they grow up they will not cease to love you, but will be your stay and support; your joy and your comfort in the evening of life.—Paulist Calendar.

Temper, like fire, is a good slave, but a tyrannical master, and an exhibition of bad temper is never calculated to arouse admiration for the exhibitor in those who behold it. Yet strangely constituted creatures that we are, we feel nothing but contempt for the person without some amount of spirit. We talk of a good temper and a bad one, but a good temper is nothing more or less than a bad one well curbed. Temper is temper, and it is only the iron, inflexible will power that makes the difference in its outbursts. A woman who can force back the hasty, angry words that are welling at her lips at some slight, some housekeeping misadventure, or owing to bodily fatigue or irritation, is the one that wins the victory. In ten minutes she will feel so glad she did not utter those sharp sentences, and will have a sense of triumph that the sister who did not try will never enjoy. The few words she uttered, regardless of other's feelings, have probably multiplied into many more. The snappish sentences have shaped themselves into recriminations and discontent, and the tiny seed of ill-temper has grown into a full-sized apple of discord. Matket report

FOR Crochiers, Beads, St. Anthony's Medal, Little Orphan of St. Anthony and Canceled Postage Stamps, write to Agency Medallion, Apostolic School, 133 Shaw Street, Montreal, (4-26-96)

A REMARKABLE CONTRAST.

It is a well-known fact that the Catholics of Ireland treat their fellow-countrymen of the Protestant minority with an amount of indulgence and generosity which it is not easy to find equalled elsewhere, says the London Universe. A printed return of the workhouse chaplains in Ireland has just been issued, and from it we learn that at Clones a Presbyterian minister gets the sum of £15 per annum for ministering to one inmate of his persuasion. In the same workhouse the Protestant minister of the Church of Ireland receives the sum of £25 per annum for preaching to a congregation of twelve persons. In addition to this, Mr. Labouchere tells us in the current number of Truth, that there are upwards of eighty workhouses in Ireland where Protestant ministers draw stipends ranging as high as £80 for their ministrations to less than six inmates. This generosity on the part of the Irish guardians will seem all the greater when we compare it with the treatment extended to Catholic workhouse chaplains in England. During the last ten years a few Catholic priests here and there, after considerable agitation, succeeded in gaining from the guardians of the workhouses under their charge a slight remuneration for their services. For instance, a Catholic priest may have to provide for the spiritual needs of as many as 200 or 250 poor Catholics, and for this English Guardians offer him £25 to £30 per annum as a considerable favor, and then only after years of fighting, when the priest's application had perhaps been refused half a dozen times. We would earnestly recommend the Bumbles of England to study the example of the Irish Guardians, and learn therefrom a much-needed lesson in generosity and fair play.

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JUDGMENT REVERSED.

"Wasn't that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the Judge of his eldest daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?"

"Yes, papa; but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision."—Tit Bits.

BREVITIES.

You will never become a saint if you starve the pig Intemperance to fatten the pig Spiritual Pride.

It requires forty horses to pull the family vanity at a funeral, and only two to pull the corpse.

It is the part of the wise, in their estimates of success, to make due allowance for the effect of chance.

It requires two faulty persons to make a long quarrel as certainly as it takes two blades to make a pair of scissors.

Fools take ingenious abuse for kindness, and often make one in the laugh that is carrying on at their own expense.

Many shining actions owe their success to chance, though the general or statesman runs away with the applause.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

We can all of us learn the patience to endure anything that life deigns to send. But that patience is borne of love and trust.

Some would be taught to do great things who are but tools and instruments, like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ when he only blew the bellows.

The envious person is the most miserable of all human things. He nourishes vipers which sting and devour him—is the enemy of all, and inflicts mortal wounds on charity—outrages nature, which produces only that which is good, and grace, which cannot act in concert, or ally itself with any evil.

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