rch 16, 1901

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IN MEMORIAM.

rday, March 16, 1901

REV. P. F. O'DONNELL. Pastor of St. Mary's, Our Lady of Good Counsel Died Dec. 21st, 1900.

Dear Priest, patriot, prince of men, O'Donnell Saint of God; Pure was that soul, that broke its bond at the dark angel's nod, The manliness of Christ's annointed marked his active way, Charity, piety, patience beamed from his brow each day.

On tablets of eternity, memory shall engrave The gratitude of widows, and of

The gratitude of widows, and of or orphans he did save;
A deep spirit of devotion did animate his breast.
No ostentation though, but humble zs a child at rest,
Nor stranger, friend, nor guest could ever break his ardent zeal,
To Our Lady of Good Counsel, he loved to make appeal.

No doubt, it was inward voices that did his mind employ, And radiate his countenance with beams of holy joy; The children! how fond they loved him; like Christ of Galilee, They gathered 'round the pastor, and to them he spoke in glee. And for Christian education what sacrifice he hid; Oh children of St. Mary's bright, forget not what he did.

"Ego te absolvo," confessor, yes, of of Christ's true choice; The sinner's heart is melted at the Holy Spirit's voice, When pain and suffering centered upon the bed of death, One night soon after St. Patrick's day, after I had given benediction, a small son of Erin came to me with a mysterious message. "Shure, father," he said, "it's the Widdy Maloney that asks ye, in God's name, to go to her at once." "Is the widow ill, Pat?" I asked. He shook his head and ran off. I put on my hat and followed him, feeling that something was wrong. The little shop was, as usual, open and dimly lit, and some decent wo-men were buying bacon and cheese; but little Pat's mother was serving them : Catherine Maloney was not

upon the bed of death, His presence, so like an angel's, cheered up the fleeting breath. Oh, Lord! upon thine altar, how pure, and how true he stood;

Sure, his edifying priesthood inspir-ed us all with good.

"As citizen, a chieftain fair, among mankind he spoke,
Ever honored for his wisdom, his counsel and his joke.
His virtue, learning, genius—as his sanctity and grace,
Shed lustre on his honored name, and glorified his race,
He loved his father's shore,
No son of dear old Erin could ever idove her more.

back, father," said the attendant; and I passed into the living room. No one was there, only the cat on the hearth, fast asleep, and a cricket chirping. A voice—a low, hushed, frightened woman's voice—spoke to me from the stair head. (Fother is that you?" love her more. Now lie his holy ashes 'neath the

Now lie his holy ashes 'neath the dear-loved Virgin's shrine,
Sweet Mother of Good Counsel; sure his heart was truly thine:
Sons and daughters of St. Mary's will oft through coming years
Enshrine the tomb of him they loved with gems of precious tears;
Keep him in our memory green, while life's dull path we plod,
A friend in heaven, true to us, O'Donnell Priest of God.

P. J. LEITCH

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

A Leaf From the Note-Book of a Irish Priest.

"Will my soul pass through Erin On its way to our God?"

Just outside the city of Sherborne England—under the wing of St. Os-burg's Convent, as it were—is a quaint old house, in which a merchant prince may have dwelt in the old Tudor times. Now it is a home for the aged poor—a resting place for those who have found life's pathway stony. Among the denizens of the "home"

Among the denizens of the "home" is an aged dame on whom the storm had spent its fury when she was out-side the world. Her name is Cath-erine Maloney; and, when her birth-days come round she always looks up and says: "Another mile on the road to Tim, father. Shure, you an' me mind Tim." And I tell her truly, that her Tim is never forgotien; for he is remem-bered at the altar and is often spok-en of by one of my flock as "one whom God had taken."

ugh-going little patriot. He wore he Shamrock on St. Patrick's day; uitivated it in his little garden, and penly declared he intended going ack to Green Erin directly he beassigned to Cardinal Moran in J Federation procession. Cardinal A ran's place was allotted to him procedence to the Protestant T mate; but Sir William Lyne rever the authorized order, with the res that Cardinal Moran found hims unable to accept the position offer to him, and remained out of the p cession altogether, as did Archbish Carr also, and other leading dig taries of the Catholic Church. "Till pick up clock and watch re-pairing as my trade," he used to say, "and then mother and me will go back to Galway, where we'll smell the breath of the sec. and the peat; and we'll have a little pig and now and something to give to the a cow, and something to give to the Soggarth Aroon, bless him, when he lifts the latch of the door. And I'll

go to the fairs and travel round the

them : Catherine Maloney was not

"You will find the widdy at the

there

A WEEK IN IRELAND.

assigned to Cardinal Moran in th

Soggarth Aroon, Diess him, when he lifts the latch of the door. And I'll go to the fairs and travel round the country and keep the fc:mers' clocks right. And we'll speak Irish, think Irish and be Irish. We'll forget all but St. Osburg's and you, father."
He was a generous boy, was Tim; but he had but one great failing; he was sorry afterwards. This, as I take it, must have been the cause of the required age. His master, who wasn't exactly an iceberg himself, flung his nationality at him as a term of reproach, saying that "the Irish were only fit to fight and be shot at."
"Is that so?" said Tim; "then it's fight I will." And straightway went and enlisted.
I thought that his mother would lose her reason.
"Evil will come of it," she said, or the highest type of Cathgive broken. Rather would I have given him into the arms of the Blesseed Virgin when he slept, a babo on my breast."
I consoled her, tried to show her the bright side; but though she, as always, heard me with respect, I could see that she did not see this liver side of the shield.
One night soon after St. Patrick's day, after I had given benediction, asmall son of Erin came to me with a myster out and given benediction, asmall son of Erin came to me with a myster out and y for the anguage of bar descanting upon the great work of O'Connell.

work of O'Connejl.
My first visit in Dublin was to the fity of Ireland's dead – Glasnevin cemetery. Here sleeps 'neath' 'dull, cold mirble,'' in the comity and friendship of God, bishop priest, patriot and poet. It is a wonderous gathering of the sacred dust of Ireland. The shaft above O'Connell's grave is a very noble and imposing one. Here, too, lies buried Lord Thomas O'Hagan, first Catholic chancellor of Ireland since the Reformation, a namesake but not a relative of mine—if, indeed, there is any descent it is a great descent. His nephew is the well-known Judge Trish lyric, 'Dear Land.'' Fitting as it was that Judge O'Hagan should have been appointed by the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone on the stormission to reduce the price of land—'Dear Land!''
It is but a step from the grave of O'Connell to that of Charles Stewart Parnell. Unhappy memories seem to



obedient by wise correction of its faults, will open itself to Catholic truth and drink it in, as the thirsty ground drinks the rain. What a pri-vilege and a joy should parents find in the fulfilment of that which is the most solemn duty of their apostle-ship, the teaching of their children from infancy to know and love the good God who made them and re-deemed them, "to remember the Lord at all times, and to bless Him in truth, and with all their power." Thew may be, and they often are, obliged to delegate to other teachers much of this precious duty, but they cannot delegate the whole of it. They must see that it is fully accomplish-ed and they other tack cathedral is the work of the cele-brated revivalist of Gothic architecand had had no business experience, -Pugin, who superintended its rection. But, of course, the famous lakes But, of course, the famous lakes are the objective point of every pil-grim to Killarney. The morning, however, that I had made arrange-ments to "do" them proved very ominous. An Irish shower continues all day, mixed with mist. "Och, shure, there'll be no rain or mist at the lakes when you get there," said the man enthroned on the Irish isunting corn and more Irish jaunting car, and my Brooklyn friend and myself taking this Irish must see that it is fully accomplish ed, and they must take their part From the line of a parent diving their part

must see that it is fully accomplish-ed, and they must take their part. From the lips of a parent divine truth comes to the child with ten-fold force and efficacy. Who but a parent can ensure the devout and reverent recital of night and morn-ing prayers, or the habitual recita-tion of the Rosary? Whose influence will equal a parent's in teaching the catechism? and who will be so ablo to inspire a child with a tender love of Jesus and Mary, and with a de-vout reverence for the laws of God and of His Holy Church? Alas! dear brethren in Jesus Christ, is it not the case that the great multitude of parents grievously, and often total-ly, neglect their sweet and solemn duty of teaching and preaching to their own little ones? They think it enough if the children go to a school of any kind, careless too often as to who teaches the children for them. or how they teach them, and casting aside as if it did not belong to them. all care of their spiritual training. aside as if it did not belong to them, all care of their spiritual training. - \sim . One thing remains on which to speak. It is both the privilege and duty of parents to counsel and direct their children on the vocation which they should follow and the marriages which they should con-tract at the time of their settlement in life. But, though they have the right to control or compel obedience in this matter. Theologians tell us that each one has a right to decide for himself or herself the state of

for himself or herself the state of life which he or she may choose, and on the person who is to be his on her partner through life. It may be her partner through life. It may be indeed that special circumstances may make a choice so objectionable as to be unlawful, but apart from these circumstances children are free to choose, and the civil law, which in some countries require the consent of parents, has been over-viled -by Canon Law, that is, by the Law of God and His Church. Parents there-fore may often be guilty of grave in-justice if they use any compulsion to prevent a marringe upon which perprevent a marriage upon which per haps their children's happiness de pends, which may perhaps be nece sary for their virtue and innocenc and which at any rate they have right to contract if they so please

VALUE OF AN HONEST EYE.

Much of the success achieved by businessmen is due, in no small degree to the faculty of selecting their em ployees. Many things have to be considered in making the selections. A man of large affairs, writing 'Science and Industry," says : once devoted half a day to the hiring of a man whom I needed in my business, and I wanted one who was willing to work. I advertized for

him. The results were interesting. onen 1 arrived at my office half a dozen men were already in waiting. One at a time, I called them into the office, beginning with the first in line. One glance at the foremost set-tled his case; he wouldn't look me in the eye. I told him I should not need him. I suppose he is still won-dering why I was When I arrived at my office half a need him. I suppose he is still won dering why I was so short with him "Next came a young man armed with a double-barreled recommenda-tion from his pastor testifying to tion from his pastor testifying to his good character and business abil-ity. I looked at the youth several times, read the recommendation again and finally came to the con-clusion that either his pastor was no judge of human nature or the paper was a fraud. Those listless, vacant cyes told me that we could never hope to get along well together. I

and had had no business experience, but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant it dawned upon me that before me was the man I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save an honest, bright eye and a pleasant face, but that was sufficient. I en-gaged him on the spot. "Since then I have seen fit to ad-vance him over the head of a man who has been with me for three years. The latter grunbled, but there was reason for my move- the new man had proved himself worthy of promotion."

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of promotion." Instances might be indefinitely mul-tiplied of the value of an honest eye, comments the editor of the "American Boy." That wonderful window of the soul, the eye, is a sure index of character. Cultivate it! It is worthy of the greatest effort. Look up and fearless-ly meet the eyes of those with whom you converse. There has been many a choice position lost through an in-different, flinching eye, and there has been many a coveted position won through a fearless, honest eye. That kind of an eye is better than a hun-

EXTREME WEAKNESS

RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY BLOOD.

Heart Palpitation, Dizziness and Weakness in the Legs Followed, Until the Sufferer Felt that His Case Was Almest Hopeless.

From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont.

No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped construct by trade, and has helped_construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had re-ceived great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the "Mirror" called to obtain par-ticulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: "Last March." said he., "my health became so poor that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violent-ly, and if I stooped to pick up any-thing I would be overcome with diz-ziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of anaemia. Ho prescribed for me and I took three prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seem-ed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved, and by the time I had used four boxes I felt bet-ter than I had done for months. That ter than I had done for months. That ter than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about home without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man de-spite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other simi-lar sufferer to try them."

lar sufferer to try them." To those who are weak, easily tir-To those who are weak, easily tir-ed, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bear-ing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post naid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

oarsman had.
 On the second day, in company with a Dublin friend I visited the t, celebrated Muckross abbey, which d adjoins the pretty little village of Cloghereen, and stands within the enclosed demense of Mr. Herbert. It is said to be the finest preserved a bbey ruins in the world, surpassing in this respect Sir Walter Scott's famous "Melrose by Moonlight."
 The abbey was founded by Terge Me-si Carthy and finished by his descend-

weather prophet at his worf, climb-ed the jaunting car and were soon speeding towards the lakes with the droll stories of Pat ticking our ears.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Through the Gap of Dunloe is four miles, and four of us pedestrianed, it amid a drizzling rain, but rain in Ireland is a comforter-it makes you thank God for the sunshine that is to come. Of course we visited every cottage on the way and beside the way. Kate Kearney's cottage is a little on this side of the "Gap." We met her great-granddaughter, from whom we obtained some "moun-tain dew:" tain dew:'

"Oh did you not hear of Kate Kear She lives on the banks of Killarney ney? From the glance of her eye shu danger and fly

For fatal's the glance of Kate Kean We had fifteen miles of a pull on the lakes-that is, the sturdy Irish oarsman had.

th into me!"-ahoe's Magaz-

ollar

send us R we will Witness " any part stside the ed States nd.

UEST ... f the True

something ll have a neighbors approach subscribe

ollar

50.

in it. Mike lost his life, one Eastertide, trying to save a mate who had been compelled by drink and despair to make what he called "a hole in the water." And when the brave fellow had been laid to rest in the Catho-lic part of the local cemetery, we set about finding a place in the world's market for the widow and her little son.

son. Our Irish people gave their pennies, I may say mite, some kind Protes-tant theirs, and with the sum thus received Catherine Maloney was set up with a mangle and a small gen-eral store. Little Tim became junior errand boy in a watch manufactur-ers' factory, and so the broken threads were united for a time. Young as he was, Tim was a thor-

in it.

Scssenach land. He laid low all day, hid in barns, and tramped along o' nights. An Irish friend helped him, and he is here. We'll ship him off to America, if he gets well.'' ''Aye, that we will,' said I, ''and I went into the bed room. There, on the bed, lay poor Tim! who used to come to the sacraments in his threadb.re jacket, and bring me the first flowers of spring. Near, him sat Dr. MacDermott.

of by one of my flock as om God had taken." turn to my note book, and from I turn to my note book, and from it piece together this story: When Catherine Maloney came among us she was not a widow; she was a bright Irishwoman with a kind and steady husband and a stur-dy hoy.

first flowers of spring. Near him sat for. MacDermott. "He is unconscious, father," said the medico. "All for wearing a bit o' green, they said. Why his words stung me like whips. "Take the shamrock out of cap, he said. I didn't take it out, and cried 'God save Ireland!' Yes; I'll go back to mother. We will go to Gclway, and sing a hymn to Mary in the sea-washed streets. It's cold-cold here-and they don't love Mary. Yes, Jesus said to them, 'Love My Mother.' They'll be on my track-I know it. Mary take me to Jesus. Hide me under your mantle. I have always loved you; pity me!'' He said no more. From the pale, parched lips there issued a stream of blood. "'He has broken a blood vessel.

Was a Dright Irishwoman with a kind and steady husband and a sturdy boy.
Mike, her husband, was a brick-layer's laborer, and during the long, dark winters, when King Frost reigned, the Maloneys would have had a hard time of it had it not been for Catherine's industry and thrift. The sood God can but fill a cup full, and though Maloney's cup of life was but common earthenware, it was full of the honey of happiness-of content. "Shure the saints are wid us. There's no stranger's land with them; and Mike is willin', and Tim is like a little robin redbreast. It's a happy woman I am; an' if I were only in old Ireland, in me own town, wid the song in their hearts, an' the song in their hearts, an' the sawis on their hearts, I'd be in paradise afore I got there." Said Catherine often and often. parched lips there issued a stream of blood. "He has broken a blood vessel. father." said Dr. MacDermott. "He is going now-fast-fast!" Aye, he was going fast. I admin-istered the last sacraments, and the dim eyes looked into mine, as he whispered: "I'm sorry, soggarth aroon, sorry." Then came the words: "All for a bit of clover. I'll see Ire-land yet." And the spirit fled. As he lay there, cold and freed, and silent, there came a tramping of feet on the stairs. "They are here," whispered Dr. MacDermott. A spegant and two policemen en-tered the room. "We have come for the deserter Maloney," cried the soldier. "Aye, you come for my Tim; but you have come too late: Christ came first," cried the widow.-Inlermoun-tain Catholic.

A WONDERFUL PARISH .- In the congregation in Thurber, Texas, sev-en nationalities are represented, and sermons are delivered in English, Polish and Italian.

A PREMIER'S BIGOTRY. — A great deal of indignation has been caused among Catholics in Austra-lia., by the action of Sir William Lyne, Premier of New South Wales, with reference to the position

Catholic Citizen.

Silent Sister," The buildings pre-sent a very ordinary appearance from the exterior, but when you en-ter the court and take in the group you discover a certain solidity as well as architectural harmony in the various buildings. Here the well-known Greek scholar, Prof. Mahaffy, and the eminent Shakesperian critic, Prof. Dowden, lecture. Trinity is supposed to be ever in touch with "Castle government," yet it has nurtured some of the greatest Irish rebels that have ever disturbed the peace of England. It has one of the finest university libraries in the world. I was shown the Book of Kells, with its magnifeently illumin-ated work. The battle axe of the sturdy, stout and fearless old Irish chieftain, Brian Brou, is also there. The English spoken in Dublin is proverbial for its musical qualities. When compared with the pigeon Eng-lish you sometimes hear in England, it is very melody itself. I dropped into various shops to hear the Irish girlf talk and study their winsome ways. There can be no doubting the beauty and brillinev of Dublin vo ways. There can be no doubting the beauty and brilliancy of Dublin wo

DUTIES OF PARENTS. — Happy are the parents, says the Bishop of Nottingham in his Lenten pastoral, who have not to complain of head-strong children, children who make them afraid and are a shame and sorrow of heart to them. They are happy because they have made them obedient from their earliest infancy. But, alas! how miserable and how numerous are those parents who find But, alast how miserable and how numerous are those parents who find their heaviest cross in their insolent and unruly children. But are they not reaping as they have sown: or rather are they not suffering from the bitter weeds of passion and dis-obedience which they let to grow and perhaps fostered, in the hearts of their babies and little prattling infants, whom they treated as play-things, and whose souls they have runed and given over to the evil one?

nen. The run from Dublin to Killarney is a matter of about four hours-through Kildare with its famous race course-one of the best in the world, where the late Empress of Austria of appeared on her fine steed-through Kilkarny, through valiant Tipperary, through rakes of Mallow," to beautiful and charming Kilkarney. Killarney is the one spot in Ire-iard best known to the tourist. The town itself does not amount to a great deal. It has, however, some very creditable buildings. St. Mary's cathedral, the Franciscan church, the Presentation academy, the Convent of Milarney is the traciscan church, the Fresentation academy, the Convent of Milarney is the there is bishop's palee, are turt beauty. The present bishop of Killarney is the the Rev. Dr. Coffey, who succeeded the grifted and ele-quent Bishop Moriarity. It may be interesting to note that St. Mary's

hope to get along well together. I dismissed him. "The third one interested me the

noment he stepped inside the door He was poorly dressed, though his clothes were whole; his suit was at clothes were whole; his suit was at least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not in the least, for he held his head high and as he approached my desk he looked me square in the eye. He said that he had no recommendation

NOT HEREDITARY

In the main, consumption is not hereditary; it is infectious People are too afraid of heredity; better not think of the sub-

ject at all. Infection occurs continually.

Low vital force is hereditary; which gives consumption its chance. And infection plants it.

Between the two, the crep is a big one: about one-sixth known.

We suppose it needn't be 5 per cent, if people would take fair care and Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

The care saves life in all ways; the emulsion is specially aimed at the lungs, beside its general food-effect.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like, SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada,

IRISH MONASTIC SCHOOLS.

So famous were the Irish monastic chools from the death of St. Patrick till the Danish invasion, that a vast multitude of students from other countries flocked to them pursuit of learning. The Venerable Pede tells us that these strangers were received very kindly, and supplied gratuitously with food, books, and instruction. In Armagh and at and instruction. In Armagh and at Rahan, in King's County, a part of the town was known as the Saxons' quarter; while Mayo and Gallen seem to have been inhabited by them exclusively. The most celebrated Irish monastle schools were — Armagh, founded by St. Patrick; Mungret, near Limerick, also founded by St. Patrick; Kildare, founded by St. Brigid; Derry and Kells, by St. Col-umba; Moville, County Down; Ban-gor, Clonmacnoise, Aran, Louth, Clonard, Emly, Glendalough, Clon-fert, Ross, and Mayor, of the Saxons.

THE K C'S CASH BOX .- The re port of Daniel Colwell of New Haven, national secretary, of the human race, so far as is Knights of Columbus, showed the Knights of Columbus, showed the financial condition as follows: Bal-ance on hand Jan. 1, 1900, \$851,-160; increase for 1900, \$3587,761; total, \$738,921. Disbursements: Death benefits, \$183,800; other ex-penses, \$56,696; total, \$240,496; net balance for 1901, \$498,225.

> HONORS FOR A NUN.-King Edward VII. has conferred the decora-tion of the Royal Red Cross on Madame de Furrieres, superintendent of the French hospital at Johannes-burg, a Sister of the Sacred Heart. These Sisters have tended both Boers and Britons with tircless care.

Household Notes. §