AFTER THE MASS.

Sunday Morning in a Typical Irish Village.

Oh, who can duly appreciate the harm and the quiet peacefulness of that Irish crowd assembled on the side just after hearing holy Mass in the chapel, except him who has had the delightful experience of mixing in such a gathering on each of the fifty-two Sundays and holidays throughout the year.

Picture, then (and not an imaginary one, either, but a weekly oc-currence in holy Ireland), the wayide chapel and the congregation just leaving the holy precincts. The holy water is reverently sprinkled by each of the devout Catholics on his on er forehead as they pass the font.

The crowd waits outside the chapel gate; there is no hurry or bustle homewards. "Shure, I'll see ye at the chapel on Sunday, avic," is the universal arrangement for a sure appointment with the Celtic nation amongst themselves.

The neighbors who meet at the markets or fair, funeral or wake, and who, perhaps, as is often the case. wish to have another friendly inter wiew in a few days' time, always at parting arrange for the next place of meeting-namely after Mass time

There they stand in hundreds-old and young-conversing volubly on everything worth talking about. The old men about the weather and crops. the young men as to the evening's programme, whether a football or hurley game, or a dance with their "purty colleens" at the cross-roads in the evening. Some of the more devout old women remain behind after Mass inside the chapel, to say an extra rosary for her darling boy across the seas-who sends the "Ameriky letter" and its welcome contents with unerring regularity. Others are doing the "Stations of the Cross" with fervor and faith.

But it is the outside crowd that I would wish to call your attention to.

"Morra, Phil, 'tis a grand day, glory be to God." "Morra kindly, Dinis. How's all

yer care." "Thank God an' you, they're middlin', barring that young heifer I

bought from you last Lammas fair, shure, 'tis back she's going in her milk." "Pshaw, man ! 'Tis the grazin'. I

towld ye kape her off that mountainy strip and put her where ye have the three other milk cows. Didn't now, Dinis, tell ye thim words at Pat Donoghe's wake. (God rest his sowl.)"

"Begorra, an' maybe ye did, an' I forgot, but plaize God I'll do what you bid me to-morra mornin'- the first thing, too, Phil."

"Are ye for home, Dinis ? I'll lave ye the length of Moll Nolan's, I've a bit of tibbacy to pay her for since the last fair day.'

"Shure, an' I might as well be goin'," replies Dinis, "only I expected to meet Condy M'Hugh, the carpenter, to give him an order for a pair wheels, an' bad scran new him, he hasn't thurned up-an' he's no letters nor no money now, barmissed Mass as well."

"Oyeh," replies Phil, "divil a much religion ever was in the M'Hughs. the ould uncle that walked barrin' with a halt. Bedad' 'tis he was the holy man entirely."

And so these two sturdy Trish far-

"Go long wid yer foolin'," say Moya, "an' talk sense. Content, I. I'm sorry for Katey, Fitzgerald. Whist, shure here they are, an' Fa-ther John wid them. Come, let us will be out from the temperance meeting again Kitty reaches thurn in the road." the "Quick, then," replied Kathleen. "And are ye goin' to the big dance

at M'Carthy's to-morra night ?" "Maybe I amn't indeed," says Moya; and off they skip to have a better view of the much talked bride-elect. and also to wait their sweethearts.

Look around. Here comes ling along, on the homeward jonrney, two old well-known figures. Never a Sunday or a holiday, blow high low, do they miss Mass.

Peggy Duncan and Moll Malone. The beads are still twisted round their old wrinkled hands, and each bedecked with a neat white cap and pretty border. Real old ancient, good-natured Irish women they are. "Faix, Peggy, I'm gettin' stiff. Shure the chapel bell rung twice the other day afore I got the length of the dure. I'm bad wid the pains." "Arrah, 'tisn't younger we're gettin', alanna. I'm gettin' hard o' the hearin' meself. Shure, I barely heard what Father John was sayin Shure, I barely

about the Stations. Did you catch it, Moll ?" "Aye, shurely," replies Moll. "Twas about the Easter dues he

was talkin'. Half o' them aren't collected yet, and 'tis a shame, entire

"When had ye word from Ameriky, Peggy ?' "Och, shure, 'tis goin' five weeks

again Monday, Moll; but I'm expectin' wan every post."

"Aye aye, Peggy. They say the times is bad out there, and Eileen, that's my youngest, is brakin' her cross the say. Ochone. neart to ochone, an' 'tis the lonely house we'll have thin; bekase go she will. She's savin' all the egg-money this last six months to pay her passage money out." And poor old Mrs. Malone wipes away a tear with her snow-white apron.

"'Tis God's holy will whativer happens to us, Moll. Shure, look at me now-after rearin' nine of them-left like an orphan, wid nether chick or child, and thim all scatter ed over the four winds o' the

earth." "But, shure, Peggy, they're all well and doin' well, an' that's a com fort to ye in yer ould days. Ye'l niver go to the poor-house while there's wan o' them able to draw

the breath," replies Moll. "May God and His Blessed Mothe keep me an' me worst inimy from that place, Moll, an' that's from me heart this blissid Sunday mornin',' fervently exclaims Peggy.

"Faix, an' ye might well pray against that same," continues Moll. "Shure there's poor Nancy without wan belongin' to her, Moll."

"Not a sowl. Peggy, in the wide wurruld. Her last boy was kilt (God be merciful to him) on a railway in Glasskey. Shure, an' he was the good son. Ivery Monday mornin poor Nancy would cum to me wid the latter from Pat for me to read it, an' the money ordher inside, be kase the sowl can't rade writin', Goo help her; an' wirre, as thru, she gets rin' what she begs from you an' me an' the likes o' us."

"Musha, then Moll, she's a charity; an' I've two ould skirts and a pain of boots lyin' by me, an' ye might send her to me an' I'll give them to

her, for the winter's comin' an' the mers trudge leisurely homewards and sowl will be in need o' them."



THE TRUE WATNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICIAL

It Cleanses

nds of cloth

encourage him to bear his burden of sorrow or tribulation with patience and many a heavy-hearted soul leaves the Irish sacristy or confessional a thousand times happier and lighter than when he or she entered it, after receiving the good priest's blessing and listening to his words of solace and comfort.

SKETCH OF ST. DOMINIC.

St. Dominic ! The name is indeed a "lordly" one but the bearer- how meek and humble ! In fancy we picture him as described by one his spiritual daughters, "of middle stature, but slightly made, his face beautiful and rather sanguine in its color, his hair and cloven beard of a fair and bright hue, his eyes remarkably fine." His white habit is threadbare and travel-stained, feet bruised and often bleeding, for this holy man, despite the fact that he was born of an illustrious family, and connected with the noblest house of Spain, invariably made his many journeys on foot. His disposition was always joyous and cheerful, and

he was ever moved to compassion by the afflictions of his neighbors, constant petition to God being for the gift of true charity. The story of his life is one absorbing interest. It is the story of a life, the keynote of which was his boundless zeal for the salvation

of souls, springing from the burning love he bore his Divine Master, find this spirit of zeal manifesting itself repeatedly in heroic acts of charity. As a student he sold his clothes, furniture, and even his precious books that he might distribute the price to the starving poor whom he saw suffering from famine. On another occasion he offered himself to a poor woman, asking to be sold to the Moors as a slave that her own son might be ransomed.

"Ivory of Chastity," "Rose of Pa tience," "Doctor of Truth,", "Confounder of the Albigenses," "Promulgator of the Holy Rosary," among the titles by which we hail him in his litany, and in a few words they give us an idea of th virtues which illuminated his holy life and of the labors he accomplish ed for God's greater glory. The story of how he led the spi

ritual crusade against the heretical Athigenses of southern France finally triumphed because Our Lady herself deigned to teach him her rosary as a means of overcoming the works of Satan, is a matter of Car tholic history, and to him and the devoted members of his order is due

ever, the Pope seemed to see the La teran Basilica about, to rall, but supported on the shoulders of St. Dominic. Four years before he had seen a similar vision when St. Francis o Assisi solicited approbation for his infant order, and the Pope under stood the designs of God that these two Saints had been raised up to

repair the ruin caused in the church by heresy. It is also, related that the Bless Virgin appeared to her devoted client

one night and sprinkled his Friars with holy water, making over them the sign of the Cross. When the Saint prostrated himself pefore her asking her who she was, she vre plied: "I am she whom you invoke every evening and when you say, 'Turn, then, O gracious advocate thine eyes of mercy towards, us,' I prostrate myself before my Son, for his the preservation of this Order." the same night St. Dominic had a second vision in which he saw Ou Lord with the Blessed Virgin rounded by religious of every order except his own. Weeping bitterly he drew near our Lord when signed

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do so, and when He asked him the cause of his tears he answered, weep because I see here religious o every order except my own." And Our Lord asked him: "Wouldst thou see thine own ?" And St. Domini trembling, replied, "Yes, Lord."

Then the Lord placed His hand on the shoulder of the Blessed Virgin and said, "I have given thine Order to my Mother." Our Blessed Lady then opened her mantle and extend ing it before the eyes of the Saint so that its immensity covered all the space of the heavenly country, he saw under its folds a vast multitude of his children.

work found high favor with God and after his death many were the reve lations of his glory. His principal feast is celebrated Aug. 4, by the church he enlightened by his eminent virtues and teaching and his rule of life is faithfully followed by thousands of his white-robed children in three orders bearing his name the Like an echo of his Master's "Behol I am with you all the days, even to the consummation of the world, are the dying words of the Saint spoken to comfort those who went at his bedside. "Do not weep me, my children. I shall be more helpful to you where I am going than I have ever been in this life. And throughout the ages those who strive to imitate his virtues, rely on his hopeful promise and pray, "Ful-

fil, O Father, what thou jast said, in a large measure the widespread and help us by thy prayers $1^{\prime\prime}-$ teaching of this beautiful devotion. From Mother Frances Raphael

Socrety Directory. Business Caras. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY -Estab THE Histod Elsevia 6th, 1856 incorport ated 1868, revised 184'. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexas Smith Bros.' Granite Co.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1904,

ion street, first Monday of the

der street, anst monday of the month. Committee mests last Web needay. Officers : Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty : ist Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd:

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cording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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loran; President, W. P. Doyle; Res.

Secy., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Valles

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Daute was one of the greatest poets that ever lived. He was born at a time when Italy contained within itself all that the world had of great or noble. The poet first saw. light in Florence, May, 1265. His father died when he was nine years of

DANTE.

ATURDAY, OCTOBER OUR BOY BY.

Dear boys and girls : ,

So many of our little frier if we could not their own selv asking if m space with they might contribute zles, games, etc., that we co to meet them and gladly give Now, dear c "Corner." rite and tell us how you spen ummer vacation, what amus like best, what books you hat studies you have, and hing you think will be inter We want to make this departm tractive, so let us see what y

Dear Editor:-I am a girl

years and have never written ter to a paper before, but wi amma read your letter at of the "Boys and Girls' Corn said it would be nice to le know some little ones appr what you were doing for us. gone back to school and was my teacher was not changed. the dearest baby brother yo He has just com wish to see. to walk, and often pulls my around, which makes me ver with him. We love him s that mamma says he will be boy. I love to work out puz I hope to see some soon.

Your little friend, MARGA

Dear Editor:-I was surprise I saw the Children's Corner i week's True Witness. I was a the mountains all summer, bu the time had been very shor I had to go back to school. a lovely spaniel that follow everywhere I go, and didn't l right to school with me the day. I thought I had left h hind after playing with him somebody must have opened for I was not long in school heard loud barking, and who be the cause of it but my de

Jack.

Your friend,

• • • KI

Dear Editor :-- I have a littl and I call it Smut for it is s It came crying to the door and we took it in. I have a bird, too. My auntie gave i for my birthday.

Your friend, I

. . . Dear Editor:-I am at hom school just now. I broke climbing in the barn at my where I was spending a mont oh, didn't it hurt, but I wa that it was my left instead right arm. I don't mind s being home from school, bu papa gave me a present of and I had just started to t

sons, when I fell. I am g have a page for ourselves no Your friend, • • • J

Dear Editor:-I had a b party last Wednesday. I l little friends over to play w and such fun as we had. We games and romped round heart's content. Mamma ma lovely cake covered in pink a icing, and she put ten little of all colors on the top. M has a magic lantern, and he

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