

Death of Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J.

Sudden Calling Away of Sainly Priest, Distinguished Scholar and Eminent Pulpit Orator.

Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., one of the most distinguished as well as saintly priests in America, died last week at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

The sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., is an irreparable loss alike to the Jesuit Order, to the Church in general, and to the Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

Even the most recent heresy ably combated by Father Pardow was "Modernism." This was a subject which by its name alone challenged the attention of the non-Catholic intellectual world and drew to the Church a Protestant congregation.

Reverence for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus were his spiritual passions, and thence came the gentleness that tempered his sternness, and the sweetness and sympathy that endeared him to all.

His mere presence ostracized the gross, the coarse, the material. He was a reproach to men of the world, in his mere existence. "Good God!" cried a florid non-vivante of good will, but whose physical side was stronger than the spiritual: "I wonder why the mere sight of that man makes me feel ashamed?"

When Father Pardow's term as Provincial had expired, Father Purbrick, then the Tertian-Master of the Jesuit Novices at St. Andrew's-on-the-Hudson, was ill, and Father Pardow was elected in his place.

In truth the Church leads its children in progressive ways, and every unprejudiced historian and scholar hails her as the one true "Light of the World," intellectually as well as spiritually.

As Pastor of St. Ignatius Loyola's, Park Avenue and East 84th street, Father Pardow, succeeding the late Father McKinnon of beloved memory did much for the church and its schools.

Of recent years Father Pardow was the exponent of the attitude of the Church in regard to all modern

questions, and thereby incurred from the rash and unintelligent the term of "modernist." In truth he was a conservative, as all loyalists are. Broad and great of mind, sympathetic of heart as he was, he was a "Tartar" on grounds of religion or moral principle.

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Name of Jesus?" As he grew worse he asked to be taken to the hospital and as he was carried out two priests expressed their hope for his speedy return.

"No, I shall not return, I am going on a long journey," was his answer to both; proving his true premonition of death.

The effort of changing his covering was considered too much for him by the doctors and Sisters, but he could not be dissuaded, saying that since his time was so short, the risk did not matter.

The funeral of Father Pardow was unpretentious and simple as Jesuit ideals dictate. A painted pine coffin held all that was mortal of the immortal departed.

Archbishop Farley celebrated his funeral low Mass, attended by the Rev. James Lewis, after the chanting of the Office for the Dead by Monsignor Mooney, the Vicar-General, and nearly four hundred priests, representing the most prominent churchmen of New York and vicinity.

Father Pardow was buried in the cemetery of Fordham University. Immense throngs blocked the streets about the church and followed him to his grave.

St. Elizabeth.

"Von Helm!" called the Manager angrily. A look of wearied patience passed over the little bookkeeper's face.

"I believe, if I am not greatly mistaken," growled the big man, "that I have advised you time and time again, Von Helm, about your sevens. They are devilish queer looking affairs. Anyone would take them for nines in this account sale."

"That's all," flung out Bolton, impatiently, turning to his desk. The long enduring Von Helm knew that the criticism was unjust, yet and without hesitating, he felt that remonstrance would be useless.

subject him to such indignity before the office force, yet he endured it in wondering silence. His work was apparently done with painstaking and care, always accurate, always finished at the right time.

"There's something about that Dutchman I can't fathom," warned Bolton. "It will do to keep an eye on him. He will cause trouble some of these days, Mr. Harris, you mark my word!"

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came into the office. Her eyes wandered about the room with a vague unrest. Advancing slowly to the desk of the boy and girl, she opened her apron and said softly in German, "See, they are roses. I have no leaves of bread," but they did not understand her.

"He was writing the last telegram: 'Answer immediately by wire if you accept our bid of—' Just a moment he paused to look at the marble top and make assurance doubly sure in regard to the price offered while Johnnie and the stenographer looked for something in the nature of a volcanic eruption to occur by the stranger approached his desk.

The young woman stood resting her arm on the railing that set off her Manager's desk, and watched him curiously. Placing a crimson rose by the side of the partly finished telegram, she announced in a voice sweet with pathos: "Ich bin Sanet Elizabeth von Ungarn."

She looked in truth like a saint, in her simple white gown, and pure of heart as though no earth tarnish had ever touched her.

As Mr. Bolton looked at her he was too bewildered to make reply, and when he had recovered and found voice to thank her for her offering, she had caught sight of Von Helm on the opposite side of the office. Being engrossed with his work, he had not seen her enter, neither had he heard the soft, familiar cadence of her voice.

The afternoon sun came through one of the office windows glinting her flaxen hair until it shone like burnished gold. The waiting was so long, so weary, and the time dragged by at a snail's pace.

"Heim gehen?" she repeated wonderingly, as she raised her head then drawing him to her side she kissed him, whispering softly: "Adolph, Ich liebe dich."

Von Helm lifted her from the stool and led the way to the door, while she followed obediently like a child. On his way out he stopped at the Manager's desk, and said simply: "I will take my wife home. I will soon return." At the door Von Helm's wife dropped a quaint courtesy, and called back: "Lebe wohl, liebe wohl," then she clasped her husband's hand and passed through the door.

The Manager at his desk bowed his head and tried to frame some sort of prayer for forgiveness, as the little bookkeeper went out into the late December sunshine with his heart's precious sorrow.

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THURSDAY, F... "What have dren?" The mother As she kiss And tucked To help some Then each one dead— A loving wife Some sacrifice Or gift of rice But when 'tw speak, A tear drop gl... "I cannot thin So very good She sadly said, A chicken find Back to its mo But it was lost... "Twas naught, But, mamma, It felt so sorry, The right way To told us onc To save the last... "The little chick And how it cri It was so glad T Under its mot And I was happy "Twas with sound... The children hid Their bed's wh But the mother Just where the "Your part," she have done; God is well pleas... WHAT A DO... You have heard dear children, but bear repeating. One day a merch boy who was d store— "You will never you are too small. The little fellow the work he was d "Small as I an thing that no one place can do." "Oh, what is the plover. "I don't know as you," he replied, "I know, urged him t could do that, n place was able to "I can keep from the little fellow. There was a blus one face present, and shown for further i then, from the smal... WHY HE LOST... He was always feelings, making sar remarks at their ex He was cold and manner, cranky, gloo He was suspicious. He never threw the heart wide open to them into his confid He was always r assistance from them too busy or too s them in their time of He regarded friendl to be enjoyed, instea tunity for service. He never learned th porous trust is the v stone of friendship. He never thought to spend time in kee friendship. He did not realize h will not thrive on se that there must be se ish it. He did not know t thoughtfulness in litt He borrowed money He was not loyal to his reputation for his about the way in thei to advance him. TABLE RULES FOR In silence I must take And ask God's blessing I must for food in pati I'll I am asked to pas I must not scold, nor count, Nor move my chair or with knife and fork or I must not play, nor m must not speak a usele word. Nor children should "I must not talk about m Nor fret if I don't, think I must not say, "The tea is hot, the coffee must not cry for this or for murmur if my meat mouth with food crowd, Nor while I'm eating spe must turn my head to sneeze, and when I ask say "If y the tablecloth I must no for with my food my fin must keep my seat wh done, Nor round the table spo when told to rise, then I and lift my heart, to God I thank for all His won —Bert Pickett.