

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



On a Visit.

[By Marie Louise Tompkins. When I go to my gram'ma's an' She gets done kissin' me, I wonder what's to happen nex', (Don't have to 'cite no Golden Text' At gram'ma's—no, sir-ee!)

My gram'ma she puts on her specs (That's so 'at she can see), "More like his father ev'ry day; Don't favor his ma's folks," she'll say, "A mite, it 'pears to me."

My gram'pa, when we go outdoors To give th' horse his feed, Stands me up 'gainst th' big barn door, An' marks it where I've grow'd some more; I'm "growin' like a weed!"

My gram'ma knows it's dreffle hard For busy folks like me To have to stop an' take a nap, An' so I sleep right on her lap, An' after—we go see

If Mr. Gingersnap is home— He has a roon' tin house,— An' I can "help mysef' to some, An' mustn't drop a single crumb," So's not to call th' mouse.

My gram'pa says I'll help him lots If I'll hunt 'round an' see Wich pocket's got his wintergreens An' peppermints—I know he means His candy! Some's for me!

When I'm all grow'd up tall an' big I don't know which I'll be— A gram'ma or a gram'pa, 'cause They're bot so good to me!

Little Folks' Don'ts.

Do not chalk on walls, doors or gates. Do not annoy shopkeepers by loitering at their shop doors or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not make fun of old or crippled people.

Be particularly courteous to strangers or foreigners. Remember to say "Please" and "Thank you." Always mind your own business. Before entering a room, it is courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close it after you.

Always show care, pity and consideration for animals and birds. Never be rude to anybody, whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself. Always show attention to older people and strangers, by opening the door for them, bringing them what they require (hat, chair, etc.) giving up your own seat for them if necessary.

Mary's Promise.

"No, I cannot give you permission to go one the river to-day, Mary." And Miss Walters turned back a pile of uncorrected exercise books that were lying beside her, and began to write very fast.

Mary's face fell considerably. She had counted on spending her half holiday with her cousins, who were going to row to a river-side house for ten, and as she was just learning how to manage the oars for herself, she was always anxious to get a chance to practice.

"I did want to go so much!" and she cast a sideways look at their governess.

"If your mother was home it would be a different matter, but I can't take the responsibility on myself. Now promise me before you go that you will not go out in a boat to-day!"

"Of course if you won't trust me I will promise, but I must call it most unkind of you."

And Mary marched out of the room with her head well in the air, so that her fourteen-year-old dignity should not be lost by letting Miss Walters see the tears in her eyes.

"It is as hard as hard can be," she exclaimed, when she was out of hearing, with little regard for her pet collie, who came jumping up to greet her as she passed into the garden.

How she frowned at him, until he sat down on the grass and refused to go a step further with her. The gravel had a bad time of it, too, for she dug little holes in it, quite regardless that it had been newly rolled. She walked so carelessly among the flowers that some sweet migonette was crushed and a rose-bush broken, while she pulled off several other flowers and threw them in the walk and trampled on them. Nothing contented her. She would not play with her little brother and sister, and sent them off crying at her rough manner. At last she subsided onto a bench and sulked until long after the tea-bell rang, and it was time to go indoors. Suddenly a hand was laid on her shoulder, and her father's grave face bent over her and his

eyes looked straight through her. "My dear Mary, I am so disappointed in you. To spoil your own pleasure and everyone else's, too, just because you could not have your own way. Do you feel any happier for the way you have behaved all afternoon? Where, now, is your half holiday, and what have you laid up to count in heaven for you? This is one day gone for which you have nothing but regret. Let this be a lesson to you, and never repeat it."

Mary hung her head and could not answer a word, for she knew in her heart her father was right.—Ex.

Penelope's Party.

It was to be a wonderful party. Felicity Jane, hard at work cleaning silver, was even more excited over the prospect than Penelope herself. Penelope was used to parties, and this could not be said of Felicity Jane.

Twenty-five girls and boys had been invited. There was a wonderful person coming to entertain them, a person who could take silver dollars out of empty hats, and other equally remarkable things. His trunk stood in the hall. Felicity Jane regarded it with awe. Not for the world would she have ventured near it by herself.

Felicity Jane's mother was the cook in the big house. Felicity Jane went to school and made herself useful out of hours. To-day being a holiday, and with a party in prospect, her usefulness had begun early. As she polished the silver, she sighed more than once.

"What ails you, Felicity?" her mother demanded at length. She was frosting Miss Penelope's birthday cake, but particular as the work was, she stopped long enough to look sharply at her daughter.

"I was thinking about the man that's coming, the man that does the tricks," said Felicity Jane. "Oh, wouldn't I like to see him!" Her mother sniffed.

"You can take it out in liking," she replied. "Them things is for the rich folks, and you're old enough to know it."

Perhaps Felicity Jane was old enough to know it, but she was also young enough to keep on wishing. It was a very gay party. The girls in their pretty white dresses were like beautiful flowers. Felicity Jane thought as she watched them come down the stairs. The conjurer arrived and was about to begin his entertainment. And then, as it happened, Penelope discovering that she had forgotten her handkerchief, hurried into the hall.

"Felicity, run to my room, quick, and bring me a handkerchief. Why, Felicity!"

Such a wistful face, with a tear in each brown eye! Parties were an old story to her.

When Felicity Jane came hurrying down with the handkerchief, Penelope beckoned to her.

"See, Felicity! I've fixed a peep-hole for you right here in this portiere. You can stand here and watch all through the entertainment. No one will see you and you will see everything."

Everybody said it was the nicest party Penelope had ever had. Penelope thought so, too. And she shrewdly guessed that it would not have been quite so nice if Felicity Jane had not shared in its pleasures.—Western Watchman.

How Gladys Helped.

"What a deep sigh, little girl! What is the matter now with my dear? Have the lessons all gone wrong to-day?" and Mrs. Vale looked up from her washtub with a smile.

"No, mother, it is not that; but all the girls are going to bring something to Sister for the Propagation of the Faith to-morrow, and some day Sister promised to take them over to the office, and I do so want to have some money 'to give.'"

"I only wish I had something to give you, darling, but now that father is away at sea, I must turn over every penny before I can spend it, and as it is, I will be short this week for the baker's bill. You see, I had your shoes to get last week."

"Not even five cents, mother?" "No, dearie, I am sorry, but I cannot give even that."

Gladys felt very sorry. She had hoped to give something, if ever so little, to help the poor missionary in Africa. Sister had told them about. Well, if she could not do that, she could go and pick some blackberries for supper to help her mother, anyway, so catching up a basket she ran off into the field.

You never saw such berries as grew outside the village she lived in, and soon Gladys had a basket full. Just as she was coming home, she heard a voice close to her call, and it made her jump, for she had not seen anyone.

"Little girl, are those blackberries for sale?"

And a tall lady stood smiling down at her, pointing to her berries. A glad thought flashed through Gladys's mind.

"Yes, they are if you would like to buy them." "And if I give you ten cents for these, will you bring me two baskets every day until they are all gone?"

Gladys was almost too happy to answer, and she ran home as fast as she could, after picking another basket for her mother, to tell her the good news.

"Now I can give you half and the mission the other half; won't that be fine, for I can help you, too, mother dear."

And you may be sure the money was more valuable because she had to work for it, and not only to ask for it.—Ex.

A Selfish Girl.

The girl who wears white is always an attractive figure in a summer picture. Immaculate from the plume of her white hat to the ribbons of her white shoes she seems to blend delightfully with the velvety green of the lawn, and the blue of the sky.

But sometimes there is another side to the picture. "Do you know," said a pretty girl to another who had commented on the freshness of her white pique dress, "that I had eight lingerie waists in the wash last week, besides the skirts and petticoats."

And on the friend's suggestion that her bill for laundry must be startling, she announced with a smile, "Oh, mother does them up. Our girl gets cross over big washings; and besides she won't be careful as mother is." To at least one listener that slender figure in white pique suddenly ceased to be attractive.

The girl who wears white all through the summer, and discards a lingerie waist as soon as it loses its first air of absolute freshness, should either be a good laundress herself, or should belong to a family where the laundering is done by special workers, who are paid in proportion to the amount required of them. The girl who, to gratify her liking for dainty dressing, is willing that her mother should toil in the laundry through the fresh summer mornings, is guilty of atrocious selfishness. Better wear brown gingham from June to September, than be fairly-like and dainty at such a cost as this.—Pittsburg Observer.

Catholic Summer School.

The Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., chairman of the committee on lectures of the Catholic Summer School of America has just made public the programme of that institution for the season of 1910. As is known, the school is situated at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain. The season will extend through eleven weeks beginning June 27 and ending September 9. The educational features will comprise a series of lectures on "Principles, History and Psychology of Education," to be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Face, the Rev. Dr. William Turner, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Edward Shields, all of the Catholic University of America. Dr. Face's lectures will embrace the meaning of education, the function of educational ideals, the content of the curriculum, moral and religious training, and the qualification of the teacher. Dr. Turner will cover the field historically, taking up the early ideas of education, how it was dominated by caste, the assertion of the supremacy of the spiritual in philosophical and theological education, and the rise and spread of the university. Dr. Shields will discourse on the sources of mental food balances in development and the teacher's part in the educative process. The general courses will include illustrated lectures by Prof. Robert Turner, of Boston, a series of morning studies by Gertrude M. O'Reilly, the Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J., of Holy Cross College, the Rev. J. O'Rourke, S.J., Prof. Arthur F. J. Reamey, Ph.D., of Columbia University, and Very Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., Attorney-General E. R. O'Malley will deliver lectures in the evening on citizenship. A special series of discourses will be given during August by the Rev. James McCaffrey, Ph.D., of Maynooth College, Ireland, on the "History of the Church in the Nineteenth Century."

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well, as externally. For sore throat, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic, and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little, and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

POET'S CORNER

To the Blessed Mother.

Ah, Lady elect, Whom the Time's scorn has saved from its respect, Would I had art For uttering that which sings within my heart!

But lo, Thee to admire is all the art I know. My Mother and God's; Fountain of miracle! Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell

In such a song As may my Guide severe and glad not wrong, Who never spoke till thou 'dst on him confere'd

The right, convincing word! Grant me the steady heat Of thought wise, splendid, sweet, Urged by the great rejoicing wind that rings

With draught of unseen wings, Making each phrase, for love and for delight, Twinkle like Sirius, on a frosty night!

Aid thou thine own dear fame, thou only Fair, At whose petition meek The Heavens themselves decree that, as it were,

They will be weak! Thou Speaker of all wisdom in a word, Thy Lord! Speaker who thus could'st well afford

Thence to be silent:—ah, what silence that Which had for prologue thy "Magnificat"?

Ora pro me! Sweet Girlhood without guile, The extreme of God's creative energy; Sunshiny Peak of human personality;

The world's sad aspirations' one Success; Bright Blush; that sav'st our shame from shamelessness; Chief Stone of Stumbling; Sign built in the way

To set the foolish everywhere a-bray Hem of God's robe which all who touch are heal'd;

Peace-beaming Star, by which shall come enticed, Though nought thereof as yet they weet,

Unto thy Babe's small feet, The mighty, wand'ring disemparadised, Like Lucifer, because to thee They will not bend the knee; Ora pro me!

Desire of Him whom all things else desire Bush aye with Him as He with thee on fire! Neither in His great Deed nor on His throne—

O, folly of Love, the intense Last culmination of Intelligence— Him seem'd it good that God should be alone!

Basking in unborn laughter of thy lips, Ere the world was, with absolute delight His Infinite repose in thy Finite; Well-match'd: He, universal being's Spring, And thou, in whom art gathered up the ends of everything!

Ora pro me! —Coventry Patmore, in "A Child's Purchase."

Immeasurable.

How wide is my trusting, thou ask'st— The bounds of my sweet faith in thee, Doth night-shadowed earth, for re-turning

Of day, voice a questioning plea? So naught of the bale wreath of doubt, dear, Doth haunt any cell of my heart: My faith would remain all unchallenged,

Could we be even vast worlds apart! How deep is my loving, thou ask'st— The depth of my passion for thee. Look you toward the sun-rising, dearest, Where smileth the unfathomed sea;

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Mr. John Connon, Burlington, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After using Burdock Blood Bitters several bottles I am completely cured and have better health. I am truly yours, J. Connon."

Profound though its mystery of waters— Exceeding humanity's ken, Yet deeper again is my true love, Yea, deeper, and always—again! —S. Virginia Lewis, in "Men and Women."

Comrade Mine.

(Jan. 25, 1904.) O infinite the loneliness and pain! I strive, so oft, to follow up the height

Where you, with sudden step, and swiftly, went, And left me to the darkness of the night!

O the silence that is ever all around, If I your voice might hear, my life would know Such sweetness of content as nought could mar—

Such sweetness as was mine so long ago! But you have gone, dear Comrade; you have gone;

Your path led far from me; where saints have trod You found the imprints that you long had sought—

You live within the Blessed Land of God! You dwell with God! Eternal life is yours!

Reach out your kindly hands and to me give The help and strength that I would fain possess,

For, out of death, I, too, desire to live! You still shall lead me, as the brightest star

Within my highest heaven you shall shine; I wait your call to follow you afar, For life is drear without you, Comrade Mine! —Amadeus, O.S.F.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Par-melee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action.

Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

Jew Refuted Charge of Mariolatry.

It is not often that educated Jews go to the trouble of combating Protestantism, which they hold in contempt; declaring that though Catholics may be wrong in their belief, sectarians can not possibly be right.

Whenever a Jew is provoked to reply to a Protestant, something worth heeding is sure to be said. Hence our interest in a rejoinder by Mr. Moses Kaufman, of Lexington, Ky., to a minister of that city who in a recent sermon declared that "pagans, Jews and Romanists are not in Christ"; and, among other charges accused Catholics of "adoring the Virgin Mary." After remarking that he had no serious objections to being classed with Catholics, and in kindly terms telling his opponent some things about Judaism which all educated men are supposed to know, Mr. Kaufman thus answers the preacher's charge of Mariolatry: Catholics adore God only, Catholics venerate Mary, the angels and saints. Why should they not venerate Mary? Why should not every Christian do so? Mary was the Mother of Jesus. And if it be true that Jesus is God, who could have greater influence with a son than his mother, when that mother is appealed to for intercession of mediation by supplicants? It is strange that after 1500 years the Protestant churches should adopt the decision of the Council of Nice regarding the Trinity and reject that of Ephesus, both being held by and under the same authority—the Catholic Church.

Mr. Kaufman says that when he visits a Protestant church he feels as if he were in a lecture hall, but that in a Catholic church he feels "at home,—transposed into Bible days when Jesus preached in the temple and admonished the people to repent of their sins and to love one another. I feel as Moses must have felt when he saw the burning bush and God called out to him, saying: 'Come not nigh hither; put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'"—Ave Maria.

"And how are the tomatoes coming on?" asked Mr. Younghusband of his little wife. "Well, dear," began the lady nervously, "I'm rather afraid we shall have to buy them after all."

Mr. Younghusband frowned. "But, my dear Maria," he exclaimed, "I distinctly understood from you a couple of months ago that you had planted a whole row!"

"That's quite right, dear," explained Maria, "but I've just remembered that I forgot to open the tins!"—Answers.

A Fruit of the Confessional.

In a city in this diocese where is to be found one of the most complete railway systems, the superintendent, who is not a Catholic, but who has Catholic employees, has been making observations and has been putting two and two together, to the advantage of the Catholic men employed as conductors.

Accosting a Catholic conductor recently, the superintendent put a supposititious question to him to the effect that had the conductor stolen a dollar from the company would he be obliged to make such fact known to his priest when he went to confession? "Sure," was the prompt answer.

The next question was intended to probe deeper into such affairs, the superintendent wanting to know if the priest would forgive such theft and allow the conductor to go to communion. "No," was the answer to this question, the conductor qualifying his statement by adding: "Unless the one making such statement in the confessional would promise to steal no more, and would also promise to restore the amount stolen."

The superintendent was satisfied. The answer was in line with his

own conclusions, for he informed the man he had been quizzing that he had been making comparisons of the return envelopes of Catholic and non-Catholic conductors, and the advantage of the former, and that there might be something in the explanation of the discrepancy that would explain the discrepancy that he noted.

Leper Sisters of Canada.

A subscriber writes us for information on the "Leper Colony" of Canada. The leper colony, the only hospital in Canada, is at Tracadie, Gloucester County, Province of New Brunswick. Tracadie is in the diocese of Chatham, over which Bishop Thomas F. Barry so ably presides. The government Hospital for lepers is under the care of the hospital nuns of St. Joseph. How this most dreadful of all diseases, leprosy, was introduced to New Brunswick, and by whom, has never been satisfactorily explained. When we visited the hospital some years ago, we were told of a tradition which recorded that nearly one hundred years ago two famished sailors who escaped from a West India ship, wrecked off Caraquet, Gulf of St. Lawrence, were tenderly cared for by the few people then living at Caraquet. These sailors settled here and married. About fifteen years after the death of these two men the dreadful leprosy began to show in their descendants. For a time the local doctors failed to properly diagnose the frightful disease, and not until the attention of the government was drawn to the condition of affairs on the Gulf shore around Caraquet was it known that the disease was tubercular leprosy. Then, about fifteen years ago—the Provincial authorities opened the lazaretto at Tracadie and invited the Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph to nurse the leper patients confined to the lazaretto.

These heroic sisters live in the same building with the lepers, do all the work in the hospital, minister to the victims, renew the bandages on the suppurating sores of these outcasts from civilization. Many of the predecessors of the Sisters now in the lazaretto died from the loathsome disease and to-day fill lepers' graves. The devoted nuns apparently have no fear of the contagion, indeed, from their cheerfulness and sublime resignation to the will of God, one might be pardoned for believing they welcome the disease and the death. Like the preaching of St. Paul, the devotion of these holy women is "to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Gentiles foolishness." What manner of women are these nuns, who, for Christ's sake and for the sake of these diseased "members of the Body of Christ," said good-bye forever to those at home, to all that women in the world value and prize: to ease, comfort, and the delights of pleasant companionship, and doomed themselves voluntarily to the horrors of continuous association with putrefying flesh, with repellant surroundings, to daily fellowship with repulsive human beings and with decaying human bodies.

"No deeds," says Cicero, "are more laudable than those which are done without ostentation and far from the sight of men." If these heroic women have no hope of immortality, belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ, or expectation of a judgment to come, they would be sublime examples of folly, if not insanity developed by religious fanaticism. St. Paul tells us he was considered by his heathen acquaintances to be a fool because "I take pleasure in my sufferings, in reproaches, in infirmities, in persecution, in distresses—for the sake of Christ."

There you have the solution of the problem of the entombment of these wonderful sisters. The love of Christ constraineth them as it did the Apostle of the Gentiles, and like him, "for His sake they are ready to suffer and to die."—The Inter-mountain Catholic.

At which I am loth to appear from public view, as they are the grave. Let us name of those more. First of all leader and our idol will be full twenty, watched with aching of Glasnevin fall sounds upon his casket before he pass Joe Biggar—brave, queable old Joe!

I believe, of the old fight. I remember he died how grieved all were. Poor old Joe's death shock upon us all, on those of us who and full of enthusiasm old days were a full of hope, marvellous young recruits in the fight, that it was an exciting thing. Commons the very day we were told ed, I think it struck thing impossible, of the horror with soldier sees the first fall dead in battle how many comrades since poor old Joe of them was ever m a braver and better gar never breathed were young in the up to him, and del him in his good fighting Ireland's end that he did not for all the power a British Parliament, upside down in ord to the world the vances of Ireland.

I think Parnell ne over Biggar's death ed so long with Big the loss more than we all felt it, and many a day even

After 1885, v franchise, the Iris nil numbered 85 of 1880-85 there at least, that is t picture to which I published by Mess Dublin and very v the days of long one men of the of in the picture, the nine left in Parli on, P. J. Power (the veteran), W. M. Healey, John gill.

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HONOR

Eloquent Tribu Who Have F

Alas, for the in the fight of Glasnevin cem of all movement there the other grave of Tim not help relie own colleague have passed aw twenty years v to see the caus triumphant. Harrington's no Parnell and Dr. A. M. Sullivan, but the other d mell to rest, ar years have pass rowful day, wh to say that all. And brave Davi he lies in Mayo, fire that has pe lordism, with a the face of Ireli think of the there is a consi that they did n that generations to be born wh the emancipator round tower ove donates Glasn give an added great home of Parnell's grave save for the rail it and for the loving hands ha and which are t all the year. I monument in O' been completed, over Parnell's ru mark at Glasnev the great chief s noted only for which some lovin it in keeping the and trim. Just ally all that is n eber beat, and oy And now Tim B laid to rest clos passing away, the their names will to all save comrades who ma battle in many twenty long year remaining comrad the early followe sadly scattered fr them, alas, ar names are seldo others have fal and their giv hands. Whilst I looking at the p of what may be e nell party in Pa say, the party ele nell after the ge 1880.

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