Catholic Internal

Vol. V. No 24

Ders

hat Fill iful d's res

ent f,s xe,

ion

the

to

est

18-

the

er-

Fhe

LIC.

res,

hil-

cck.

58.

Ity

able

10.315

c, Jr.

ers.

iight

lica.

fac-

gest

fur-

ındş

lish-

cost.

seti-

....

ake

030

nds

fair

a of

ery

o of

the

tion

ned

ork

8sn

1890

r of

06,-

the

ok.

igh,

DII C.

the

viro

ins

1 A.B.

der-

en's

to

the

by

00

ter

ing

led.

ene:

ifle.

ore

iae,

lme

by

to:

and

old-

the

ally

Hea-

Thě

ion-

the

nade

have

eleo-

ng 🛔

e of

niles

con-

ta

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, March 17, 1894



Oh. if for every tear That from our exiled eyes Has falles, Erin dear. A shamrock could arise, Wo'd weave a garland green To pierce the ocean through All, all the way between Our aching hearts and you. A. P. GRAVES.



(Copyright, 1894, by American Press Associa-Uon.1

> I'll seek a four leafed shamrock In all the fairy dells. And when I find the charmed leaves, Oh, how I'll weave my spells! -Samuel Lover.

"Ob, Gerald, I was so anxious to see you! I have found a four leafed shamrock. It grew near the sloe bushes at the banks of Teelin stream, and they say there's not a 'gentler' spot in all Tyrconnel. By that I mean there is no place more frequented by the fairies."

"Fairies!" repeated Gerald Gleason, to whom a fair young Irish girl addressed this novel greeting as he entered a neat whitewashed cottage in a quaint village in the north of Ireland. "Fairleal Sure, you're the sweetest fairy of them all yourself. You're fit to be their queen. They may be able to put a greater charm on a shamrock, but not one of them can charm a heart like you."

Una Costello blushed as Gerald emphasised his words by putting his arms around her and kissing the ruby lips upturned to his. His language was extravagant, as that of all Irish lovers is, but she know there was sincerity behind it.

"You see," added Gerald, "I've been him. "Oh, what will I do?" years away from these lovely glens and the fairies. In the United States, you me about it:"

"My darling, don't get excited. Somemountains and have forgotten all about thing strange must have happened. Tell Her emotions puzzled him. He could not quite understand the cause of her prised at his incredulity. "Don't you grief, for he did not imagine that Una's mother was so firm in her determination to cling to the old home that he could not induce her to share with Una and it's only a clover. But your name or him the happiness that swaited them in

I cannot leave her."

oome with us."

It was only natural that he should

want to look in at the little school where

his early education was received. The

old schoolmaster he knew was there no.

longer, but in his stead a young girl

with winsome smiles. Una Costello had

that day to make the proposition.

was the first case of the kind he had ever

nleaded. He would make love readily,

as all Irishmen can, but he hesitated to

ask her to leave the quietude to which

she had been accustomed, the dear

scence and dearer friends, for her love

"Yes, America is everything to you,

sherepeated, not knowing exactly how to

"Not quite everything," he rejoined

"There's yourself, for instance. America

would be brighter and dearer to me if

you were there spurring on my ambition.

Una, darling, you will not let me go

alone, will you? I have gone beyond my

vacation limit now, dreaming here, planning a happy home under the stars and

stripes, but there will be no such home

"Oh, Gerald, what would mother de?

"Leave her! Of course not. She will

"Oh, nover, nover!" exclaimed Una,

looking up regretfully, appealingly, to

for me, darling, if you are not there."

break the silence and its strain. -

for him.

love from his mind.

"Una, I am going to sake bavor. Will you grant it?"

"If it is within my power," she replied, divining his request by the uncerting intuition every loving woman seems to DGageos.

just attained her majority, fresh from "This sod." he continued, "will have the training institute at Glamovin, Dubmomories for me that will bring you lin, and her artices manner, sylphilite often before me as you mat me today. form and true Irish beauty fairly won We will part for awhile. Circommstances the young lawyer, whose toilful ambimay chauge your mother's views. Maytion had hitherto precluded thoughts of be the good gonins of this shamrook will pity me in that faroff land when he So he staid among old scenes longer hears my plaint and bring you to me. than he had intended. July fled and May I have it?" with it August. Scarcely a day passed

"You do not believe in the mystic powthat did not see him visit the ootiage er," she said. "I'm skeptical myself now. where Una and her widowed mother Bat if you desire the shamrock as a medwelt. The peasantry had already demento, it is yours,"

cided that Una would return with him Airs, Costello had considerately laft them alone. Oh, how the good mother to America. In fact, he had visited her had argued vainly against herself, trying to break down the barriers ber peouliar Gerald followed her as she went to reideas had placed in the way of her daughplace the sharmrock in the window. As his arm stole around, some electric thrill ter's happiness, but the years had so therof love warned her instinct that he had oughly impregnated them into a sensitive, impressionable organization that something to say. Her nervousness was betrayed in the trembling hands that they could not be eradioated, and Gerald had to sail some days later unaccompakept arranging the shamrock god in the box in which it had been planted. He was not altogether contained himself. It nied by Uus.

- On landing in New York, Gerald want to the immigrant's mission at the Battery with a few blackthorns he had promised to bring to the manager, an old and valued friend. The manager was talking to one of these careworn unfortanates whom reverses send to the mission for advice and assistance. Gerald paid no attention to the visitor, but rashing in exclaimed as he laid the blackthorns on the manager's desk:

"Here I am again, and I've kept my promise, you ace.

or of Ireland's patron same. The man-"Well, Gerald, how are you!" was the ager of the mission had sent a mi oordial greeting that followed the exthat morning to have a place reserve tended hand. "But what is that" forfor himself and a few friends who wished getting to return thanks when he saw the box of shamrocks Gerald carried, the to view the marching columns. Gerald keepsake being too precious to commit to waited them. The door opened. His open ware on

other hands. the shamrook, but the bong of the door as it closed awakened him from his rev-A shadow of pain crossed Gerald's features as heallowed his friend to examine arie. He looked up and-did his even the treasure. The thought of his love, deceive him? There stood Una Costello now more distant than ever, with all the and her mother, behind these two men, bitterness of parting, came to mind. Forone of whom he recognized as his friend. getting the presence of another, Gerald But it was on Une that his ages rested. told in open words the story of the sham-He runned forward to great her. What rock and of his disappointed love for cosbasy in that enabrace! Una Costello to this man, who had long. been his confidential friend.

After greeting Mrs. Costalle, kiming her as if she were his own mother, Ger--"Pardon me," said a voice behind him 79846 \$5 M



Granfren maan is part coll. Chier dagen shaatay priori, Asics in Magliah. in 1980 measanicus "Ant you a priorit" Ant pin a spy? Are you an Iriskuman? Priori robains and constrain particulty who ill these quantions are repeated survey times in strendly rising tonics. Then out-dealy he responder Tax, Fin & getter, Fur as Irisingan, and Tax a mag. Here up, or I will known the hand at

Half draminal Indian amp and appealing also of our one the trian particle "Thank you! I'm sirelif of these particle Print, appealing from the trian works brintman abbs of him, "Motion, investi shall burs the late of a working this eer, no matter how t

know, we have no such superstitions. "Superstitions!" she exclaimed, sur-

believe in the luck a four leafed shamrock brings?

"Shamrock!" he remarked. "I'll wager that part of it you will not have to America. change, Una-means fortunate, so that you need no four leafed clover as a tal-

held up to his inspection and admiration the shamrock, which seemed to be hiding ago. She never heard from him after the itself among others that were of the ordinary trefoil. Una felt she had a prize, for she had found it the day before beneath a sheltered bower, where true love has prospered for centuries under the benediction of the little people whom the Irish fondly believe to be exiles from heaven-fallen angels who could find no place to remind them so much of the paradise they had lost as the green fields and brown hills of holy old Ireland.

"Now, is it a clover?" she asked triumphantly as he looked closely at it.

"I'm not botanist enough to say, and if I were I would not undermine your faith and patriotism. But"-as to avoid a discussion of the point he took the shamrock. and nut the leaves near her rosy cheek-"here's the green above the red. It's something I've often prayed for in the land beyond the seas."

"But it must be more real than that," she replied as the treasured sod was returned to her. While replacing it in the "I do think you Irish-Americans care for nothing but America."

Gerald Gleason was 80 years of age. New York he was welcomed by an uncle. a man who had made himself a power in municipal politics and had the influence to advance his nephew to a place that, sooner or later; Gerald's own industry and genius would have won him.

Gerald had returned to the old home to erect a memorial to his parents in the village churchyard, where they slept



"NOW, IS IT & CLOVER?". peacefully with their ancestors under the shamrocks and daisies which nature has bestowed so bounteously upon the Irish soil.

"Tell me," he said coaxingly, "what is this nightmare that haunts you!"

isman." "It is no nightmare," she replied. "It Disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she went to the window and speak of my brother Maurice-her only boy-who went to America some years



"I HAVE FAITH IN YOU."

first year. She has conceived a strange window she remarked a little pettishly, notion of America. She likes its people for the good they do, but the country it self she looks upon as a siren that lured her most precious idol away to destruc-He had left Ireland 10 years before for tion. She would not live there, Gerald, New York and since then had risen from | and my place is with her. I am all she a clerkship to membership in one of the has left. Only last night she hinted at great law firms of the metropolis. In the probability of parting and advised me to leave her, if you asked me, and go with you. I had not thought of such a trial coming; I was so happy in your love. We must part, Gerald, bat I will always remember you."

Tears came to her eyes, and emotion mastered her. Gerald tried to regarde her, saying he was sure her mother would relent. But Mrs. Costello, when she returned, having been paying a visit to a neighbor when Gerald called, completely disillusioned him of the idea. Her appeal in vain was united with Gerald's to shake Una in her resolution to remain at her mother's side.

"It is only a short time, and Pll not be here, with my old notions, to keep you apart," said Mrs. Costello. "You mustn't talk in that strain." said

Gerald. "You will live many years, I hope, and soon outgrow this prejudice." "I'm afraid it will live with the mem-

ory of my dear boy all my life," she answered, her voice tremulous with awakened sorrow.

Gerald realized that he had lost. Further discussion would but intensify the pain each felt. He grose and went to the window which looked out upon the ocean he was soon to cross, the white capped waves coming dancing in to the Irish shores, still singing to the toilers, on the bracs above of the queer climes that lay far beyond the borizon. His eyes fell on the shamrock. Calling Una to his side, he pointed to the shamrock pod and said:

that of the careworn visitor who had sat unnoticed and heard the story, "will you let me kies that shamrook for the sake of the old land and its memories?" There was a tremor, an earmestmens in

his voice that awakened Gerald's sympathy. The man's frame tranbled with feeling as he stooped to kiss the sod. Tears fell upon the green leaves, and longingly and lovingly were the lips pressed to the shamrook. When his head again uplifted, the man said:

"I've drowned that shamrook in tears today. Too often have I drowned it in something else, too often steeped it and my senses in the flowing bowl."

Then, raising his right hand and looking upward as if calling on God to bear witness to his oath, he added: "I swear by this shamrock never more

to dishonor it and the land it grow in." His passionate outburst impressed Gerald, who turned to the manager in-

quiringly, inviting explanation in his look. His friend seemed to read his query in his gaze and said: "This man has come today for advice

and aid. His appearance gives evidence that he had the usual experience. I hate to recommend him to any one for employment, unless there is virtue in your shamrock that can redeem him."

Virtue in that shamrock! Who would dare deny it? . Gerald himself might in Una's presence, but it had become sacred in his eyes afar from her, and he would resent any doubt as to the power resting in that cherished emplem of his love and land.

"I have faith in you," he said to the stranger as he took out his cardcase and hurriedly scrawled the address on the reverse side of his own card. Then, hand ing the same with a orisp bill to the man, he added: "Go to the man whose name you see there, and he'll fix you in a place. according to your ability. Brush up a little before you go."

The man looked at the name and open ed wide his eyes in doubt and bewilderment. It was that of the greatest political light in the city of New York. Brighter days were sheed. The poor man grasped Gerald's hand and said: "Pll repey you for this."

He bowed himself out. The manager laughed. He had heard many such promises and saw nearly all of them broken. It was merely an incident of his day's business. He turned the conversation into other channels, and before Gerald took his leave the promise over the shamrock and the man who made it had passed out of mind for the time being.

Gerald took up the thread of his businees where he had dropped it, and the rush to catch up with the run kept him basy, but not too occupied to prevent him from giving due care to the shamrock that thrived in its native clay and flourished on his deak before him as well as if the Irish dew and the Irish air were upon It as in days gone by.

Gerald wrote to Una frequently, but her mother was still oldurate, and the time fied by until St. Patrick's morning. The sun streamed through the window, smiled upon the shamrock and swakened tender recollections within the heart of Gerald. His office windows overlooked the route of the procession. The gallant ble." Sixty-ninth was to lead that day in hou-

his companion, but before an english fould be asked the stranger stapped for-ward, offered his hand to Glenald and

"I have changed considerably. You may not remember me. I was the poor outenat you may as the ininigrant him I heard your story and issued the from, that my way wardness, my deepe in paths that made me obligious to mother, home and friends, was respondble for blighting the lives of those some and dear to me. I have kept the pledge made over the memorook. Your eard seoured me a good position, and I planned this by way of compensation. I surprisad mother and sister a few weaks ago as I now do you. With my revers, mether's prejudice disappeared. I am Manrice Ocetello."

"You have more than repaid me," said Gerald, pressing Maurice's hand warmly. Then, turning to Uns, he said:

"The four leafed shamrook had a oharm, after all. See how I have eazed for it."

He led her to the desk on which the abanarook rested. The others followed to look at the magic sails of Bris. Una grasped the box and raised the sources



to her lips with forvid encotion, and tears fell upon the flower, but this time they ware been of Joy. Then laying the box on the desk, she said to Gerald: "For luck, I'll place a sprig in your

lapel today."

Eler deligate singers parted a small branch from the parent stans. Gender looked proudly as also fusioned the sharerook on his cost. When she had failed he itsuk her in his arms again and kined her, nobody paying attention to their fond caressings, as all but the lovers had gone to the window to view the procession, summoned there by the opening notes of "The Wearing of the Green."

JOHN J. MCCHINNER.

Priost and Man.

Time-Bunday evening at 10 delock. Some-A horse car on Broadway, New York. Among the passengers are two Italians, one very drunk, the other tolerably drunk. Very drunken one, making noise, disturbing passengers and frightening ladies. Enter intellectual looking but slaiwart prios. Observer situation, speaks in Italian to less drank of the two, saying: "Tell your friend that he doesn't know when he is well off. Keep him quiet or he will get into thou-

Upon complaint of passenger very

One wills 1 Antes an Manifel in And being and facedy gradied of a schott of George II and W faces in high birthe to the of George III. Busheedi all of Georges III. Maniferenti all sever the representation between Relative and anti-con Irish digitomations. Right organized and berrous, Irisha Knightis of the Londonian of St. Looppoid of the Walter Region and of the Golden Planes, when if they all remained in the beams of Dondages, spottal able have been essagets of replacements of Statements of white conference of Statements of

freemen of perty corporations." He wrote alcountry of the billions in elefetsentik pentery, miet Berecht Bette daye have come for Jewland it miet ber that there are more second of Addition in other lands. There extern and a second second

Thursday and the second organista



New of Determine status Bad it to day building that the to In great colors there in my b Perion them a fold habers. If we compare most however, we support have been an elibert most.

Mare bearing without model. Which asymptotic to be endownides and other that the rounces of good furthers. Do have being it is a contention of the second of the large bill of the endown is it in the second bearing to the second of the second of the second Mare to full of bearing it is a content of the second Mare to full of bearing it is a second of the second bearing the second of the second of the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the second of parents which shall the second of the se

Key Dr. Pervil Chardbler the second of the Baptic Outrol Ab Minister (1997) and the second of the Baptic Outrol Ab Minister (1997) and the second of the sec

