

Send us
your
Book and Job
Printing.

The Catholic Journal.

Twelfth Year. No. 24.

Rochester, N. Y. Saturday, March 16, 1901.

\$1.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

PEARL OF THE OAKS.

(Copyrighted)

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

PART SECOND.

[Continued from last week.]

XIII.

One after another companions whose Christian fortitude had made them dear to Father O'Brien, had been borne away among the dead but he thanked God for their happy release as he paid them the last tribute of respect by offering silent prayers for their souls; but when he beheld the lifeless form of brave James Levimore he felt that he had lost one of his truest friends. There was no time, however, for idle lamentations for the dead were already being gathered up, and he had only time to glance once upon the tranquil face and lay his hand in blessing upon the cold forehead before they took him away and threw him on the pile of dead who were awaiting burial the next morning.

XIV.

It was a cold, dreary evening in October, the rain had fallen all day and the wind was howling dismally around, coming now and then in frightful gusts which at times seemed to threaten to overflow the cabin where Dora was alone with her little great grandson; Meg being still at the house where she was kept busy all day. Melissa would have had her and her baby sleep at the Oaks had it not been for the feeble old woman who could not be left alone nights. As the wind rattled the door, the almost helpless creature looked expecting to see her grand daughter enter; but Meg who had had extra work to do was late to night and she vainly watched for her. At last footsteps were heard but instead of the expected one's entering there came a loud rap at the door which caused Dora to clasp the boy tighter to her bosom.

"Who can it be prowling about here this hour of the night?" she thought, her aged frame trembling with fear, for the war had made her timid; but she would not turn her bitterest enemy away on such a night as this.

The rap was repeated and she tried to arise from the chair, but the damp weather had brought on an attack of rheumatism which rendered her limbs useless. Imploring the protection of the Mother of God she called out, "Who's dar?"

"It is James, aunt Dora," answered a weak, trembling voice, "please let me come in."

"In the name of the Lawd, come in Mas' James."

The door opened and the emaciated form in a Confederate uniform which stood before her caused her to exclaim, "You ain't mas' Jamie for he wore de blue; but whoever you be you look as though you half starved."

"I am James, Aunt Dora," he said faintly, but I have been ill."

At that moment Meg entered with a dish of dainty morsels which Melissa had sent her grandmother; but the woman who had not yet had her supper insisted upon James eating it all, after which she made him lie on her own bed while he and Meg sat up all night and watched as if fearing that the enemy was in pursuit to take him prisoner.

After the many long nights he had lain on the damp ground, Dora's hard pallet had seemed more inviting than his own soft bed on which Marie still reposed, and feeling secure at last he soon fell into a refreshing sleep from which he did not awake until nearly noon the next day. The storm had cleared away and the sun was shining in through the small window; but he heeded not its rays when he saw the sweet, sorrowful face of the young girl who bent over him, and I will not attempt to describe the greeting between the two.

Hastening to the house when the first bright streak of approaching dawn began to appear in the east, Meg had gone directly to her young mistress' room and told her of James' arrival, preparing her for the great change in him by telling her that he had been ill and looked as though he had been starved, too. Hurriedly donning a loose morning wrapper Melissa went alone to the cabin expecting to see an invalid, but unprepared for the sight of the wasted form on the bed. Her tears flowed freely as she kissed the noble brow which looked like that of a corpse, and then forcing Dora to take a little rest she sat down to wait for him to awake; but she could remain with him but a few

minutes after he opened his eyes, for she had promised to go to Marie in the morning and she could not disappoint her, who now on the verge of her grave, so eagerly waited her coming. Surrounded by every luxury that wealth could purchase and every care that loving hands could bestow, the frail young girl lay upon her brother's bed, too weak even to lift her head, but casting wistful glances toward the door at every sound of approaching footsteps, but through the long morning she did not hear the step she loved so well, "Has Melissa come yet?" "Why don't she come?" were the questions she asked at least a dozen times, then she would turn sadly away with a disappointed look on her face. Marie had always loved Melissa as a sister but the fact that she was engaged to her absent brother made her dearer than ever, and since she had been confined to her room not a morning had passed that she had not spent at least an hour or two with her, so she now grew impatient at her delay.

As the clock struck two the expected one arrived and the invalid's face brightened as she extended her thin, white hand saying, "I am so glad you have come, Melissa, but where have you been all the forenoon?"

Melissa would have asked no greater happiness than to have told her; but James who knew how much it would pain her to see her as he was, had strictly forbidden it, denying himself the pleasure of seeing her until he grew stronger, which he knew that he soon would under the care of two such good nurses as Melissa and Meg who were directed in everything by Dora. Or, at least they pretended to be, for the kind hearted old woman insisted that the young people did not know much about caring for the sick; and James seeing the situation, really willing but without a patch of faith in the native qualities of the doses she had prepared for him, swallowed them, declaring with a smile at Melissa, that they made him feel much better.

"I would have come sooner," answered Melissa, kissing her young friend, "but have been too busy."

"What were you doing?" I missed you so much."

"How is my little friend this afternoon?" asked Melissa averting the subject.

"I feel better, thank you, but you did not tell me what you were doing."

"Miss inquisitiveness, that is a little secret of mine if you wish to know, so please do not ask any more questions."

"Won't you please tell me? I am so anxious to know and I will not tell."

In a few days, dear, you shall know; but I cannot tell you now."

"Why not?"

"I told you it was a secret; and can you not have a little patience?"

"I will try if you wish; but I would like so much to know now."

"Shall I finish the story I commenced reading yesterday?" she asked, averting the subject.

"Yes, if you will be so kind."

The invalid was soon so deeply interested that Melissa's secret did not recur to her until after she was gone to Dora's cabin; where after answering numerous questions James asked about his mothers and sisters, she listened with tearful eyes to the story of his imprisonment and wonderful escape.

As I have stated, James was carried out with the dead; but he was not left there long for late at night the negro boy stole past the guards, and taking him from among the dead watched over him until the moon had set and all was darkness; then he carried him to his mother's cabin where he soon awoke from the stupor caused by the drug which he had put in the water he had given him. For two days he was kept hidden in the cabin where he received the kindest care from his dark skinned hostess, and on the third night, in the midst of a wild storm and intense darkness, relieved only by flashes of lightning, he started with the boy as a guide toward his home. All night they traveled and at dawn found themselves at the hut of the boy's grandfather who lived alone on the edge of a forest many miles from Andersonville. The old man, who on the death of his master had been freed, had resided here, unmolested, on part of the old plantation for fifteen years, and before the war many had been the fugitive slave he had helped escape; while in those troubled times only he himself knew how many Union soldiers had been sheltered from their enemies in his humble abode. James guided left him here and under the direction of Uncle Zeke (as the old man was called) who knew the country for a hundred miles around, he continued his journey



March 17th,

THE SHAMROCK.

The summer's breeze ne'er stirr's thy leaves
In shady dell or glen;
For closely pressed to earth's fair breast,
You shun the gaze of men;
Yet on this day when hearts are gay,
Thy trefoil leaf is sought;
For spell thou hast, to speak the past,
And spin the web of thought.

Thy triple crest, o'er many a breast,
Is fondly pressed to-day;
For memories dear to son and cheer,
Thy tiny leaves portray;
Thy hymn is sung by old and young,
On each recurring year;
And tales of old again are told,
That make thy memory dear.

With thee are twined the links that bind
Our hearts to Freedom's cause;
Which thou dost bring to the thoughtful mind,
Which thou dost bring to the thoughtful mind;
Which thou dost bring to the thoughtful mind,
Which thou dost bring to the thoughtful mind;
Which thou dost bring to the thoughtful mind,
Which thou dost bring to the thoughtful mind;

On one frail stem, this 'Mile gem,
United grove, and bower;
Emblem of Him, who reigns supreme,
O'er sky, and earth, and air;
Thy modest sheen of fairest green,
Engraven is, and true,
Upon our hearts, whose joy imparts
A glory to the view!"

—Helena M. Carey.

The Wearing of the Green.

A Leaf From the Note Book of An 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. O-
burg's Convent, as it were—is a
quaint old house, in which a mer-
chant 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
sloony.

Among the denizens of the "home"
is an aged dame on whom the storm
had spent its fury when she was out-
side in the world. Her name is Cath-
erine Maloney; and, when her birth-
day comes 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 forgotten; for he is remembered
at the altar and is often spoken of
by one of my flock as "one whom
God had taken."

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 sturdy boy.
Mike, her husband, was a bricklay-
er'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
good 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 lit-
tle robin redbreast. It's a happy wo-
man I am; and if I were only in my
Irish land, in me own town, wid the
fisherwomen goin' to make wid the
song in their hearts, an' the shawls
on their heads, I'd be in paradise
 afore I got there," said Catherine
often and often.

Then came the day with the rain
in it.
Mike lost his life, one Easter tide,
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 Catholic
part of the local cemetery, we set
about finding a place in the world's
market for the widow and her little
son.

Our Irish people gave their pennies,
I may say mite, some kind Protestant
theirs, and with the sum thus receiv-
ed Catherine Maloney was set up with
a mangle and a small general store.
Little Tim became junior errand boy
in a watch manufacturers' factory,
and so the broken threads were united
for a time.

Young as he was, Tim was a thor-
ough-going little patriot. He wore the
shamrock on St. Patrick's day; cul-
tivated it in his little back garden,
and openly declared he intended going
back to Green Erin directly he became
a man.
"I'll pick up clock and watch repair-
ing as my trade," he used to say,
"and then mother and me will go back
to Galway, where we'll sell the
breath of the sea and the peat; and
we'll have a little pig and a cow, and
something to give to the Bogarth
Arroon; blow him, when he lifts the
latch of the door. And I'll go to the
fairs and travel round the country and
keep the farmers' clocks right. And
we'll speak Irish, think Irish and be
Irish. We'll forget all but St. O-
burg's and you, father."

He was a generous boy, was Tim;
but he had one great failing; he was
warm-tempered when anything put
him out; he did things for which he
was sorry afterwards. This, as I take
it, must have been the cause of his
enlisting directly as he was of the re-
quired age. His master, who wasn't
exactly an iceberg himself, flung his
nationality at him as a term of re-
proach, 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. "If
the stick touches him, he'd break or
be broken. Rather would I have giv-
en him into the arms of the Blessed
Virgin when he slept a babe on my
breast."

I consoled her, tried to show her
the bright side; but though she was
always, heard me with respect, I
could see that she did not see the sil-
ver side of the shield.

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 ya to be 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 women
were buying bacon and cheese, but
little Pat's mother was serving them.
Catherine Maloney was not there.

A voice—a low, husky, Irish
woman's voice—spoke to me from the
stair head.
"Father, is that you?"
"Yes," I replied, "is that
an' all?"

"For God's sake, come up, please,"
ly," was the reply.

So I went up the creaking stairs,
and at the top stood a woman
a hand lamp—a woman on whom
was written fear and despair.

"The saints reward ye, Tim's
Tim's in there, I'm afraid."

Dermott (who is safe) is wid him
came back yesterday night,
prayin' for him, when I heard a
say "Mother, mother, mother,"
when I opened the door there was
man in an old cloak and a shawl
hat, bent like a broken reed, look-
in' like a toddlin' child. It was
my Tim—come home to die.
The stick had broken him, father,
smart red jacket, he can paralyze
one side, like a maple's leaf,
smart came. Only shame, illness,
grace. He wore the bit of olive
St. Patrick's day, and he was
minded. He spoke up, was in the
guard house, was punished, was
deserted—ran off to what he
old Ireland in the summer time,
laid low all day, hid in a
tramped along at night. As I
friend helped him, and he
well ship him off to America,
gets well."

"Aye, that we will," said I,
went into the bed room, took
the bed, lay poor Tim, who
come to the sacraments in his
own jacket, and bring him
flowers of spring. Near him
MacDermott."

"He is unconscious, father,"
perched the madcoo.

"All for wantin' a bit of grog,"
said. "Way, his words were
wild." "Take the grog, then,"

your son has said, I said, and
and cried "God with us,"
I'll be back to mother."

Galway, and then a hymn
the sea-wind, and the rain,
cold, however, and the rain,
"Yes, James said to me, 'Mother,'

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"

"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"
"Mother," "Mother," "Mother,"