

beneath or beyond your sphere to implant in their hearts the seed of one more holy duty—to love, to work for, to live, and if necessary to be prepared to die, for their fatherland?

Enthusiasm alone will not do this beneficially. There must be head as well as heart in the work, and for this purpose Irishwomen must read. In these days of studies and accomplishments, this will not be a hard task among our countrywomen of the wealthier class—and it is precisely this class whose influence we are most anxious to secure. The women of the laboring and very poor class exert an unconscious influence over their families, as great as is needed—the influence of suffering. No poor man who sees that his sweat and toil fail to give sufficient daily food to his wife or his daughter, wants any spur from them to do all he can to alter this. He knows that he cannot be worse off than he is and has been, and he has sense enough to perceive that the men who are working to effect this change for him have already given him substantial advantages as pledges for their future measures; and if he did need to be stimulated, there is less apathy and more unselfishness among that class of our countrywomen than any other. It is to the women surrounded by men whose circumstances of ease might prompt apathy—whose objects in life might tempt to an overlooking of principle for interest—that we more particularly address our words. It is among these that the influence of a well-informed, regulated, and enthusiastic woman would be most felt, and most needed.

We are sure of the poor men while they suffer as they do; but the men we want are leaders to these men—the powerful, the wealthy, the independent—above all, the leaders among the intellectual and educated men of Ireland. The aid of women in their homes would be a powerful agent to procure us these men; but we would wish to see that influence exerted—as all influence, to be effectual, must be—reasonably, not blindly. Irishwomen who can and do afford time, trouble, and money, to study the language and the history of almost every country in Europe, surely could convince themselves, by a moment's reflection, that there is something which is more important for them to know—something about themselves, their own history, their own character, their own resources, their own music—why not their own language? We want Irishwomen to read about Ireland—to give themselves reasons why they love her, and why they should put to work the engine of her silent power to help her.

We want no blind enthusiasm—it is not lasting nor useful. We want knowledge, instead of the grossest ignorance amongst Irishwomen about what concerns them most. We want them, too, to turn to the never-closed books of human nature and visible things, to learn from them.

Let them study the character of the people—let them observe their sufferings—let them look abroad and see how beautiful and rich God has made the land for them to dwell in; then, looking on man's part below, ask their hearts what curse it is that has blighted and marred so fair a work—that has given hunger and cold, desolation and misery, in the

midst of a land to which God gave all fertility?

Let the Irish woman assist us in our peaceful battle with oppression, and when (as, please God, soon she shall) she sees her countrymen free and happy, employing the natural resources of their own soil for their own

benefit—when tyranny and bigotry, and the iron hand of unjust laws, are things that are past, and that the pure spirits of love and liberty abide among us—when her dear native land has its place among the free nations of the world, let her, in thanking God, exult and say, "I helped this work."

A Complete Story

HIS PROBLEM

With a contented grunt, Barney Callaghan settled himself snugly in the big arm-chair which fitted so well his big muscular body. There was frank, manly affection in the look he turned upon his pastor when he inquired:

"Well, Father Casey, how are you this evening?"

"Discouraged," was the unexpected rejoinder, "discouraged and disheartened."

Barney shot bolt upright from the cushions among which he had been at such pains to ensconce himself; his two companions, also Dave O'Keefe and Dick Tracy, started as though they had touched a live wire and turned towards the priest in surprise and inquiry.

O'Keefe murmured something about "sincerely regretting," but that was too formal and too unsatisfying for the impetuous Barney.

"Why, what's up, Father? What are you discouraged about?" he asked in tones full of honest solicitude.

"About you young men."

"About us? What did we do?"

"It isn't what you do, it is what you don't do."

"Then, what don't we do?"

"You don't—in spite of all my urging—you don't become Catholics."

"What do you mean, Father Tim?" queried Dave.

"Catholic!" cried Barney, "why, I'm so Catholic that I—I firmly believe that, if a drop of Protestant blood were injected into my veins it would poison me."

"Do you believe all the Catholic Church teaches?"

Half in jest and half in earnest, the three shouted in chorus, the words of the last renewal of baptismal vows.

"Then why, in the name of goodness, don't you practice what you believe?"

"We always go to Mass on Sunday," said Tracy.

"And say our morning and night prayers," said O'Keefe.

"And abstain from meat on Friday," added Callaghan.

"That is all very well," declared the priest, "but what about the great, all-important act of practical Catholicism, Holy Communion?"

"I have received at least four times already this year," said Dick.

"I make it a point to receive once a month," said the methodical Dave.

"And you, Barney?"

"Why, I go every once in a while. You know, Father. You see me there."

"That is enough to show you believe in Holy Communion—which makes my problem

only the more difficult. 'Communion each month.' 'Communion every once in a while.' Why such Hebrew bargaining with God? Why don't you receive daily?"

"Ah, Father Tim, you know you wouldn't expect us young fellows to receive Holy Communion daily."

"My boy, I would expect it, and I did expect it, and I am disheartened and discouraged that you don't do it. You heard all those sermons I preached on the value and importance of daily Communion, didn't you?"

"Sure, Father. But you didn't mean that for us."

"For whom then did I mean it?" demanded the priest.

There was no reply.

"Come," he urged, "if I didn't mean daily Communion for you, for whom did I mean it? Eh, Dick?"

"For—for—Oh, I guess for some of those good young girls or for the old people that go to Mass every day."

"Why for them, and not for you?"

"They can get there every morning; we can't."

"Old Widow Curran or one of those frail, delicate girls can come to Mass on a bitter, cold morning, and you can't! Shame on you."

"But we have to work."

"So do they."

"But, Father," objected Barney, "we have to be at work on time. I just barely make it now. It would be absolutely out of the question for me to go to Mass and Communion and then come home and get my breakfast. Why, it would be noon before I got to the plant."

"I marvel you can hold a book-keeper's position there, Barney, if that is all you know about figures. Keep you till noon! Nonsense! Listen: Get up at 6.15. Be in church and receive Communion during the 6.30 Mass. It will be finished about 6.55. That lets you get back, eat breakfast, and be ready to leave home by 7.40."

"That would mean, crawl out every morning at 6.15. Shades of the Seven Sleepers, that's too much for me."

"That little stenographer, Maud Curtin, does it. You are big enough to make ten of her. Neither do you look like an invalid."

"I guess she goes to roost in time to get a night's sleep."

"So could you."

"Oh, gee! a fellow has got to have some fun."

"Surely, as long as it does not interfere with something of supreme importance in his career. If you had a high salaried position in the management of the plant which would