

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Danger of It Pointed Out by T. P. O'Connor.

Plain speaking is a virtue which I have always thought to be much overrated. Candor, transparency of mind, simplicity—these are the virtues which distinguish all really fine characters.

There is one rule which I have laid down for myself and which I have rarely, I hope, violated; and that is, never to repeat to anybody the evil things I have heard said of them.

I have heard this habit of repeating disagreeable things well summed up by a clever man in these words: "When any person repeats to me a disagreeable thing, I know that I have two enemies instead of one; the enemy that has spoken and the enemy that has repeated."

There is one profession, above all others, which is confronted with the question whether it is right to tell a disagreeable thing more than any other; that is the medical profession.

"Once," writes one of his children, "he was challenged to a sort of contest in brevity, and accepted the challenge; his adversary was a Yorkshireman, who came into the consulting room and merely thrust out his lip, saying: 'What's that?' 'That's cancer,' he answered. 'And what's to be done with it?' 'Cut it out.' 'What's your fee?' 'Two guineas.' 'You must make a deal of money at that rate.' And there the consultation ended."

At this epoch, when cancer is so rife, it is the duty of every doctor to put to himself the question whether or not he shall speak the hateful and awful word to the patient. A hundred times I say No. In my gospel such unnecessary, futile, useless infliction of pain is little short of cruel torture; and unless I knew to the contrary I would regard a physician who did so, of a cruel nature. In any circumstance of life the real duty of the truly polite, humane, and civilized man is to spare

his fellow beings all the pain he can; and the love of rudeness or infliction of pain, which is called plain speaking, is the worst excuse that can be given for doing otherwise.

THE IRISH BARD.

A Tribute to Tom Moore, the Poet of Erin.

The Catholic Journal of the New South, published at Memphis, Tenn., prints the following tribute to Tom Moore, as an editorial in its issue of March 7, 1903. It is a remarkable coincidence that the same editorial, word for word, appeared in the Irish Standard of May 29, 1897, from the pen of the writer of this preface.

The genius of Tom Moore, the Irish bard, rises in the appreciation of literary people of all lands as the years go by, and his countrymen think more of him now than they did in the past for rescuing the noble music of Ireland from the oblivion in which he found it.

"Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee, The cold chains of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

The Irish bard may have "dearly loved a lord" and spent a great portion of his time in the company of the British aristocracy, but nevertheless he loved his country with intense devotion and gave voice to Irish nationality in soul-stirring lays.

"Mononia, when nature embellished the land Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair, Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print The footsteps of slavery there?"

Moore was "the sweet son of song," the poet of all circles, and his Irish melodies have done much to keep aglow in the hearts of his countrymen that love of native land which characterizes them wherever they go.

Moore's poetry has largely helped to keep Irish nationality alive, and though Mangin and Davis may have sung in bolder strains we doubt if either of them loved Ireland more than did the national melodist. The Irish people are deeply indebted to Moore, for he did more than any other Irishman to preserve the music and poetry of Erin from perishing.

The Irish Melodies of Moore have been translated into the principal languages of Europe, and the late Archbishop McHale rendered them into the beautiful Celtic language of Ireland. He wrote a work in vindication of the ancient faith of his country entitled "An Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion."

"Great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, And first gem of the sea."

Horace Greeley's Revenge.

The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was particularly apt at retort, and one of her swift parries of a thrust delivered by Horace Greeley against her favorite doctrine of woman suffrage is historic, says a writer in the Pilgrim.

man suffrage amendment signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and 300 other ladies."

"Why did you not put my wife's maiden name on that petition and call her Mary Cheusey Greeley?" he demanded the next time they met.

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wanted all the world to know that Horace Greeley's wife protested against her husband's report on the suffrage amendment."

REMINISCENCES OF LEO

By First American Reporter Who Interviewed Him.

For twenty-five years the frail successor of St. Peter, Pope Leo XIII, who has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation, has been a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, a palace of 11,000 rooms, says James Creelman in the New York World.

It was also agreed that the Italian conquerors should pay something like a million dollars a year for the maintenance of the pontifical court. Leo XIII. has always ignored communication from the Italian government relating to the money and has refused to accept a stipend from the invaders of his kingdom.

Even when the pope's favorite brother, Cardinal Pecci, lay dying in the Barberini palace, in Rome, his holiness endured the anguish of separation rather than compromise the triple crown by making the journey across the city. The Latin poem which he afterward addressed to his brother in heaven revealed the awful ordeal through which he passed that day and night.

In spite of his ninety-two years and the emaciation of his always delicate body, Leo XIII. possesses a reserve of strength which has for years astonished the world. When I interviewed him in the Vatican three years ago, he was so slight, so pale, so like a white-robed spirit, all gentleness and benignity, that his deep, strong, resonant voice was startling.

One of the most characteristic traits of Leo XIII. is his broad liberality. During the interview I had with him he spoke again and again of the Protestants and always with affection.

"I have a claim upon Americans for their respect," he said, "because I love them and their country. I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land—Protestants and all. Under the constitution of the United States religion has perfect liberty and is a growing power for good. The church thrives in the air of freedom. I love and bless Americans for their frank, unaffected character and for the respect which they have for Christian morals and the Christian religion."

"You are all my children, Protestants, Catholics—all, all. God has placed me here to watch over and care for you. I have no other aim on earth than to labor for the good of the human race. I want the Protestants of the United States as well as the Catholics to understand me."

The great unrealized dream of the pope's life is the unification of the whole Christian world. He addressed a lofty and tender appeal to the Orthodox Greek church, entreating it to reunite with the holy see. He also wrote a beautiful message to the Established Church of England, inviting it to return to the fold. But he called across the world in vain. The effect of his tolerant, conciliatory attitude, however, has been to break down the fierce bigotry which divided Christian peoples when he first sat in the fisherman's chair.

It is hard to forget his words on the very question which is in the forefront of American politics to-day: "I have watched the growing helplessness of the suffering working classes throughout the world with anxiety and grief. While I live I will labor to bring about a change. Human law cannot reach the real seat of the conflict between capital and labor. Governments and legislatures are helpless to restore harmony. The various sections must do their work, and I must do mine. Their work is local and particular, such as the maintenance of order and the enforcement of ameliorative laws. But my work as the head of Christendom must be universal and on a different plane. 'The world must be re-Christianized. The moral condition of the workingman and his employer must be improved. Each must look at the other

through Christian eyes. That is the only way. How vain are the efforts which seek to bring contentment to man and master by legislation, forgetting that the Christian religion alone can draw men together in love and peace."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

A Collection in Aid of Home and Foreign Missions.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese of St. Paul: Beloved Brethren: In obedience to the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, we order that on the second Sunday of Lent a collection be taken up at all the Masses in the several churches of the Diocese in aid of the Home and Foreign Missionary Work of the Church.

We wish to impress upon priests and people the importance of the collection in favor of Home and Foreign Missions. This is the one collection taken up in the Diocese which has for its object a work reaching out beyond the limits of both Parish and Diocese, and which, consequently, springs from charity that cannot be other than unselfish and disinterested.

It is our duty to measure our love for God, and our zeal for the salvation of souls redeemed by Christ. In our days Providence allows the widest extension to the missionary work of the Church. Messengers of divine truth reach into most remote and hitherto most hidden regions.

Belle Plaine, Minn.—At an early hour on Tuesday morning, March 3, Mrs. John Fitzsimmons passed away. She was in her 77th year. She had been very poorly the past few months suffering from a complication of diseases, which with her old age finally terminated in her death.

Ellsworth, Minn.—Mrs. O'Malley, wife of Prof. O'Malley of the public schools, died on Monday, March 2, at the age of 30 years. The funeral was held Wednesday morning from St. Mary's church where mass was celebrated. After services the remains were taken to the Catholic cemetery west of town, followed by a large number of neighbors and friends.

Austin, Minn.—Thomas Meaney, aged 72 years, died at his home on Water street, on Friday afternoon, February 27, after a long illness. He came to Austin about 1870 and this had been his home ever since. A wife and ten children survive to mourn his demise. Funeral services were held Monday morning from the Catholic church.

Le Sueur, Minn.—St. Anne's Catholic church of this city celebrated the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Moylman, of St. Paul Seminary, delivered the sermon at high mass, his subject being the Roman Pontiff. He also delivered a lecture before the Reading Circle in the evening.

St. Paul, February 8th, 1903. The collection taken up in the Diocese last year in aid of the "Home and Foreign Missions" amounted to \$5,045.56. This is an increase over the sum received for the same purpose in any previous year. Still we must say, in all truthfulness, that even this

sum is not as large as might be expected from the two hundred or more churches in the Diocese of St. Paul; and we confidently expect to have the pleasure of noticing a yet further increase in the offerings for the year 1903.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Died.—Colonel L. P. Stone, a well-known and well-liked character of Deadwood, died at St. Joseph's hospital in that city, on the 27th ult.

Married.—The marriage of Mr. Michael Kilbride and Miss Agnes Logue, both well-known and popular young people of Turner county, took place at St. Barbara's church, Centerville, on the 24th ult. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James McNally, of Beresford, in presence of the numerous friends of the young couple.

Married.—The marriage of Mr. Michael Kilbride and Miss Agnes Logue, both well-known and popular young people of Turner county, took place at St. Barbara's church, Centerville, on the 24th ult. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James McNally, of Beresford, in presence of the numerous friends of the young couple.

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OVER THE NORTHWEST.

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promising himself a visit to the home of his parents in Ireland, left last week with the Emerald Isle as his destination and the fond hope of being with his parents, whom he has not seen for twenty-five years, on St. Patrick's Day. He expects to spend about three months over there, and it is only through arrangements he has been able to complete regarding business affairs, that he was able to get away.

Hastings, Minn.—While returning from Washington county on Saturday evening, February 28, Rev. J. A. Fitzgerald met with a painful accident, and was fortunate to escape what might have been a much more serious one. Owing to the dreadful condition of the roads it was necessary to travel over the fields. His team was obliged to jump over several ditches, and in attempting to cross the last one, one of the horses missed its footing and fell. When the horse regained its feet, the team became unmanageable and started on a run. The pole of the cutter was broken and stuck into the ground, throwing the cutter containing the reverend gentleman about eight feet into the air. He fell heavily to the ground, and as a result was severely bruised, besides spraining his left wrist badly, from which he will be disabled for some time.

DULUTH NEWS.

Miss Anna Enright, of Two Harbors, visited friends in West Duluth, last week.

Bishop McGolrick's club held a delightful and instructive open meeting, Tuesday evening of last week. A new departure in the way of an open meeting was observed. Papers characteristic of all the work carried on by the club during the winter were read. Rev. Father Corbett was present and gave an entertaining talk. The following program was carried out: Scripture reading, Miss Estelle Miller; Paper—"Industrial Holland," Miss McCourt; Recitation, Miss Brotherton; Paper—"Martin Luther," Mrs. Stevens; Reading, Miss MacClaren; Paper—"Elizabeth Allen Starr," Miss Murphy; Current events, Miss Sweeney.

A quiet wedding occurred Sunday afternoon of last week, at the Catholic church, when Miss Sadie Mondschine and Andrew Krevager were married. Father Kosmerl performed the ceremony. The bride was prettily gowned in a blue suit and carried white roses. Mr. and Mrs. Krevager are at home at 315 Third avenue E.

St. Patrick's Day will be observed by the Cathedral parish with a play and address by Bishop McGolrick, at the Lyceum, Tuesday evening. A large number of tickets have been sold for the affair.

Div. No. 1, A. O. H., met Wednesday evening of last week. Resolutions of condolence on the death of Arthur Furlong, a member, were adopted. They will be found in another column in this issue.

Joseph Murphy, the celebrated Irish actor, played at the Lyceum two nights this week, in his great Irish plays, "Shaun Rhué" and "Kerry Gow."

The Lenten devotions at the Cathedral are being very well attended. Strict instructions are given of a practical character that are very interesting.

C. V. O'Hara, who was injured on the Iron Range railway some weeks ago, is around again. He had a very narrow escape.

A number of Duluthians will go over to West Superior next Tuesday night to celebrate St. Patrick's Day at the West Superior hotel. It is an annual affair given by a number of Irishmen in that city. A banquet will be served and a number of speeches given.

St. James' parish will celebrate St. Patrick's Day on Monday evening, March 16, with an entertainment, at Wieland & Wade's hall. An address will also be given.

Div. No. 1, A. O. H., will meet next Wednesday eve. in the Odd Fellows' hall. A full attendance is desired. H. H. Reardon, a member of Div. No. 1, A. O. H., had an exciting experience last week, being chased by six wolves. He finally climbed a tree and shouted to a camp nearby.

sent to the relatives of the deceased and published in The Irish Standard. AUGUSTINE MURPHY, JOHN FLOOD, ARTHUR McMAHON. Committee on Resolutions.

Fine Farm Land for Sale.

Three hundred and twenty acres near Graceville, Minn., two main well-kept roads go by the farm, along which will be established a rural free mail delivery; 240 acres under cultivation, 40 acres fenced pasture, 40 acres fine upland hay, good well, nice high grove, fair buildings, excellent neighbors, near church and school; top soil is rich black loam two feet and more in depth underlain by moisture-retaining clay subsoil; no sand around our locality. We raise timothy, blue grass, corn, all small grains and some clover. No better land in the Union. No crop failure, James J. Hill says (and he knows that our locality has finest soil in Minnesota). Sell your high-priced lands and make an investment of this at \$37.50 an acre; \$4,500 cash, balance to suit purchaser, at 6 per cent. I own above farm but am engaged in other work and wish to devote my attention to the same. Have few other fine farms, and if you write me will send you full information. JOHN A. GREEN, Graceville, Minn.

Long Ago.

To-night I sit and ponder On dear scenes of long ago, And again a child I wander With the friends I used to know— Friends so true, now gone for ever, Memory, lingering o'er the past, Brings them back from Lethe's river With the days too bright to last.

Once more I see around me Through the mists of vanished time, The flower-clad hedges stretching Where the honeysuckles twine; Live again amongst the clover And the humming of the bees, While the cuckoo's note is ringing From the leafy wildwood trees.

And I trace 'mid memory's mazes Where the rippling streamlet flows, Murmuring by the flower-clad meadows, Where the wild marsh-mallow grows; And in fancy I am wandering By that well-remembered stream 'Nenth the wild briar and the laurel, Plushed with life's young hopeful beam.

See my native hillside brighten With its wealth of golden corn, While the lark's song flutters upwards To salute the rising morn; Once more his lay comes drifting Down the long arcades of time, And the bliss of barefoot boyhood In dreams again is mine.

But, alas! 'tis but a fancy— Just the passing of a dream. Here there is no mossy wildwood, Or no gently rippling stream, And a sadness dire comes o'er me, As I hear the city's roar, For the vanished days of childhood And the days that are no more. —P. O'Driscoll in The Irish People.

Oh, the Shamrock! Through Erin's Isle To sport awhile As Love and Valor wander'd, With Wit, the sprite, Whose quiver bright A thousand arrows squander'd; Where'er they pass A triple grass As softly green As emeralds seen Through purest crystal gleaming, Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See They spring for me Those leafy gems of morn!"— Says Love, "No, no, For me they grow, My fragrant path adorning." But Wit perceives The triple leaves, And cries, "Oh! do not sever A type that blends Three god-like friends, Love, Valor, Wit, forever!" Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond May last the bond They wove that morn together, And ne'er may fall One drop of gall On Wit's celestial feather. May Love, as twine His flowers divine, Of thorny falsehood weed 'em; May Valor ne'er His standard rear Against the cause of Freedom! Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock! —THOMAS MOORE.

The Doctor—Yes; I understand what you say. You can't sleep. Take this prescription to the druggist. (Next day)—Good morning; you look better today. Have you slept well? Petersen—Like a top. I feel like a new man. Doctor—How many sleeping powders did you take? Petersen (surprised)—I didn't take any. I gave a couple of them to the baby.