

MOIRA A SAINT PATRICK'S DAY STORY By Clarissa Mackie

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MICHAEL DOLAN stood in the doorway of his grocery store and watched the solitary pedestrian on the opposite sidewalk.

"Pretty, pretty," crooned Michael approvingly, "but only a week out of Ulster county, Ireland, or I'll eat me hat!"

The girl was looking anxiously at the numbers over the house doors. Suddenly she dropped her queer looking carpet-bag and ran up the steps of a vacant house to stare in at the unshuttered windows.

She was undeniably pretty, with the loveliness that only comes out of Ireland. Black lashed green eyes and hair of a tawny silken texture would make her conspicuous among dozens of black haired beauties, but her complexion was roses and cream, and her mouth was dimpled and her nose adorable.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Slattery," she said in a soft, rich voice. "The number's all right, but she don't be living there now, I'm thinking."

Michael frowned. He distinctly remembered Mrs. Slattery, who had moved away owing him a small bill.

"I don't know where she's gone," he replied. "I might find out if you'll come inside and wait. I'll take your bag. Begorra, but it's a load!"

"It is heavy," admitted the girl as she followed him into the store.

"Joe, you go around and see if you can find where the Slatterys have gone," ordered Michael, and the boy darted away. "You'll be having a chair by the stove?" he asked.

"Thank you," said the girl shyly. "Shure, and I'm making you a lot of trouble."

"None whatever," protested Michael, leaning against the counter. "The green and gold of ould Ireland commands me services at any time," he ended elegantly.

A swift flush deepened the girl's rare color. She smiled and displayed marvelous teeth.

"Of course I know I'm green looking," she admitted, "but it's beyond me to tell how you can see the Irish flag through me carpetbag," she laughed deliciously.

Michael was confused. He could not

explain that he had instantly compared the green of her eyes and the gold of her wonderful hair to the colors of the Irish flag.

"You just come in on the boat!" he asked hurriedly.

She nodded. "Yesterday, I was to room at Mrs. Slattery's."

"You going out to housework?" asked Michael.

"No, I'm going to mend lace in one of the big stores," she responded, looking past him into the street.

"Oh!" gasped Michael. This girl was not of the sort he had suspected. She had been educated at home and after a few months in the big city would undoubtedly have found a niche far above Dolan's corner grocery.

He watched her covertly while he waited upon the customers that straggled in. She sat there, gazing dreamily out into the dingy street.

To Michael Dolan she typified the country that he loved so loyally—beau-

tiful Ireland, waiting for the news that would awaken her to new life, that would turn her feet into other paths—paths that led up and away from corner groceries and Michael Dolans and Michael's thoughts became chaotic here.

All he realized was that at last he had fallen madly in love with a strange girl, who would presently go out of his sight forever. His trembling hands spilled sugar over the floor.

"I wish Joe would never find them Slatterys," was Michael's wicked wish. Instantly he was scared, for in darted Joe, panting.

"Back to the ould sod!" he announced. Michael stared.

"You mane they've sailed?" he demanded.

"Shure—yesterday."

"Oh, oh!" The girl had risen and was staring in a frightened way at Michael Dolan. "Whatever will I do? I don't

know a soul here, and I'm afraid!"

The last customer had gone. The street was quite dark. The 6 o'clock whistles were blaring noisily.

"You can't go out tonight," declared Michael firmly. "Now, me mother lives upstairs, and she'll be glad of your help for a night's lodging. Tomorrow you can start out and look for a place if you want to."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the girl faintly as Michael picked up her bag and opened a door in the rear of the little store.

She followed him up a flight of stairs to a tenement over the store. A handsome black eyed old woman who looked strangely like young Michael opened a door hastily.

Michael led the way into a neat kitchen.

"Make us acquainted, Mike," commanded Mrs. Dolan, her arms akimbo. Michael looked helplessly at the girl.

"My name is Moira Egan," she said, smiling shakily at Mrs. Dolan. And while Michael told her story the tears quite brimmed over the green eyes.

"Wurra, wurra!" ejaculated Mrs. Dolan, holding out her arms to the forlorn little immigrant. "Go down about

Pluck of an Irish Prince.

It is related that while engaged in the baptism of royal Prince Aengus, son of the king of Munster, St. Patrick, leaning on his crozier, pierced with its sharp point the prince's foot. Aengus bore the pain unmoved. When St. Patrick, at the close of the ceremony, saw the blood flow and asked why he had remained silent the prince said that he thought it was a part of the ceremony.

He Kidnaped St. Patrick. Milchu, the Irish chieftain who kidnaped St. Patrick, ended his life by throwing himself into the flames that were destroying his castle. He had previously thrown all his personal belongings into the fire, hearing that St. Patrick was coming to visit him. The saint saw the work of destruction from a nearby hill, but too late to prevent Milchu's self destruction.

ST. PATRICK'S CHARMED LIFE. St. Patrick was doomed to death twelve times during his fight to establish Christianity in Ireland, and each time escaped paying the penalty.

Followers of Christ should not be so swift in judgment until they know how true it may be which is written, "Do not desire quickly to be a judge."

Those in authority in the church ought not to have worldly wisdom but divine examples before them, for it does not become the servants of God to be crafty or cunning.

Judges of the church ought to judge just judgments, for with whatever judgment they shall judge it shall be judged to them.

Judges of the church ought not to respect a person in judgment, "for there is no respect of persons with God."

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MOIRA EGAN.



AS CAPTAIN MICHAEL DOLAN MARCHED PART.

yer business, Mike. Moira an' me has plenty to do gettin' ready for the St. Patrick's banquet tomorrow."

"Moira and me—Moira and her!" murmured Michael dizzily as he closed up the store.

"I'll wake up tomorrow," he assured himself while he ate his supper, with Moira sitting opposite.

Mrs. Dolan was as deeply in love with the girl as was her son.

"I always wished for a girl," she crooned in Moira's ear as they undressed in the tiny bedroom.

"Your son must be a comfort to you, he is so kind," said Moira.

Mrs. Dolan wagged her head. "That he is," she cried warmly; "never a better son. But me arms long to hold a girl. I'm wishful for Mike to marry."

"Then you'd be happy?" laughed Moira softly.

Mrs. Dolan looked keenly at her. Her face softened magically.

"I'm like all the Dolans," she said bluntly. "We're slow to get what's comin' to us, but when we see it we grab hold of it. Whist!" She smiled with sudden secretiveness, and blowing out the light, lay down beside the girl. When they slept the girl's hand was held in the wrinkled grasp of the old woman.

The morning of St. Patrick's was a busy one at Dolans'. There was to be a big parade in the afternoon, followed by a banquet, and Michael was to march. Mrs. Dolan and Moira flew around all the morning preparing good things for the banquet, which was to be held at Flaherty's hall.

In the afternoon Moira and Mike's mother stood hand in hand and cheered shrilly as Captain Michael Dolan marched past with the gallant Sixty-ninth.

After the banquet there was a ball, and Michael and Moira danced together, while Mrs. Dolan watched them with tearfully happy eyes.

Then came the next day, when Moira sadly took her bag and took her leave of the Dolans.

"I've had a happy time indeed," she quavered.

Suddenly Mrs. Dolan's apron flew up to her eyes.

"Wurra, wurra!" she moaned. "An' I always wanted a girl, an' she's goin' away from me!"

Michael's eyes met Moira's green ones across the bowed shoulders of the old woman.

An unspoken question was asked and answered, and then both the women were circled in Michael's strong arms.

"She's to be my girl—and yours, mother o' mine!" cried Michael dizzily, and when Moira protested at the briefness of their acquaintance mother and son agreed in unison.

"So long as we love each other, darlin', time don't count," said Michael.

Love ain't measured by years or hours. It comes like a breath—whist— an' if ye has it, why, your life will be all gold." Mrs. Dolan nodded her head sagely.

"All gold and green," finished Michael as he kissed Moira's green eyes.

Proverbs of St. Patrick.

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The Bell of St. Patrick

TO St. Patrick's bell, now on exhibition in the National museum in Dublin, is attached an interesting bit of Irish history. Far west of Connough there is a range of tall



By courtesy Catholic Encyclopedia. ST. PATRICK'S BELL, NATIONAL MUSEUM, DUBLIN.

mountains which bid defiance to the waves and storms of the Atlantic. At the head of this range arises a

stately cone in solitary grandeur about 4,000 feet in height, facing Crew bay and casting its shadows over the adjoining districts of Aghagower and Westport. The mountain was known in the pagan times as Engle mountain, but ever since Ireland became a Christian country it has been known as Croagh Patrick and is honored as the Holy Hill—the Mount Sinal of Ireland.

Religious history tells us that St. Patrick, in obedience to his guardian angel, made this mountain his hallowed place of retreat. In imitation of Jesus he spent forty days on its summit in penance and fasting and other penitential exercises. His only shelter from the fury of the elements was a cave in a solid rock. The flagstone on which he is said to have rested his weary head at night is still to be seen. The demons making Ireland their battleground mustered all their strength to tempt St. Patrick and turn him away, if possible, from his pious purpose. They gathered around the hill, history says, in the forms of furious beasts of prey. So dense were their ranks that they seemed to cover the whole mountain, and St. Patrick could see neither ocean nor sky. St. Patrick besought God to scatter the demons, but for a time it seemed as though his prayers and tears were in vain. At length he rang the sweet sounding bell, symbol of his preaching of the divine truths, threw it among them, and they immediately flung themselves into the ocean.

Birthplace of St. Patrick.

E. A. D'Alton, after making an exhaustive study of Irish history for the Catholic Encyclopedia, declares there is no reason to believe that St. Patrick was not born at Dumbarton, Scotland.

Conall's Gift.

Conall, the first Irish chieftain to become a Christian, made a gift to St. Patrick of a site for a church which to this day retains the name of Donagh Patrick.

IRELAND'S ANCIENT NAMES.

In ancient times Ireland was known by the various names of Ierna, Juverna, Juverna, Hibernia, Ogygia, Innisfail, Isle of Beauty and Scotia Major. Even now it is sometimes called Erin, but its designation by this title is chiefly confined to poets.

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