

night, out she'll go on the road the mink's great the shrill.

"Is that the way you keep your oath?" said the father, pleadingly.

"I'll say nothin' to no wan," replied his son. "But out she'll go; and may the devil fly away wid her an' all belongin' to her."

"There's more ways of breakin' an oath than by shakin'," said his father, "but you can't do what you say you'll do, but which," he added, determinedly, "you won't do without tellin' what you know."

"Thin, who's to provint me?" said his son, sullenly.

"I'll provint you, and God will provint you," said the old man, solemnly.

"Glenannar is mine till I drop; and no wan will tetch that child so long as my name is Edmond Connor."

"You know well the iron determination of his father when he had made up his mind to a particular course of action; so he dropped his threatening manner, and pleaded with his father on another side.

"The Connors of Glenannar were never disgraced till now," said he. "I never thought I'd see the day when my father would bring shame and sorrow upon us."

"Dhrop that, I say," said the old man, "or maybe only wan of us 'ud see your mother to-night."

"To think," said the young man, sullenly, "that the house that sheltered a decent family for four generations should cover the child of an informer—oh, my God! how can we ever stand it?"

"By holdin' your tongue, and keepin' your oath," said his father.

"And do you mean to say, or think, that this won't be known?" said Donald.

"I tell you 'twill be known before a week's out; for there never yet was dug a grave that could keep a secret deep enough from them we know. And thin—they'll burn down the house before our eyes."

"The sayret is in God's keepin' and yours," said his father. "And He won't tell it."

There was a long silence between father and son, for now the day was breaking beyond the hills; and very soon the sun would be peeping above the dark shoulder of Keockraura.

They soon entered the suburb beyond Mallow Bridge. Not a soul was stirring. Dogs barked at them from behind stable gates, as the deep wheels of their cart rumbled over rough stones; but these sounds of life were soon quiet, as they rolled over the wooden bridge that spanned the river, and heard the deep murmur of the waters beneath. Here, a sudden thought seemed to strike Donald; for he suddenly reined in the horse, and confronted his father.

"Father," said he, in a trembling voice, "forgive me for I said agin' you just now. Sure I never thought that you were to blame. What could you know more than me that night you sinit me to the cowhouse? Sure, I ought to know that if you knew that night who it was we were bringin' in to our house, you'd have towld me to thren her out in the pit. Father," said he, dubiously, "noticin' the silence of the old man, 'say you never knew that it was an informer's child you were bringin' in upon a decent sure that night; an' I'll forget all.'"

"I knew it well," said the old man, solemnly. "Twas I asked the mother to lave her child wid us."

Donald said not a word, but whipped up his horse. In the afternoon of that day he made up his mind that his father had gone mad. The terrors of death and disgrace had unhinged his mind. It was all a pure fabrication of a demented mind. And he felt he could now keep the secret well. Time would reveal everything, if there was anything to reveal. Meanwhile he would watch and note all things carefully. And—Donald felt a real glow of pleasure as the thought occurred to him—that he could keep Nodlag, who, unknown to himself, had really grown into his great, big heart.

Edmond Connors felt a sensible relief when, as they jugged along the roadhome wards, Donald manifested the greatest concern about him; and, once or twice, whistled softly to himself the *Cullin deas Cruaidhte* name.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING THE "PATRON SAINT" OF MODERN INFIDELS AND SECULARISTS.

Here are some facts given by Rome, the new weekly published in English in the *Eternal City*, concerning the "patron saint" of modern infidels and secularists:

"Bruno's writings show with horrible clearness the kind of man he was. He oscillated—in turns between atheism, pantheism, skepticism, very much after the fashion of his modern admirers. He loved freedom of thought so much that he pronounced other heretics who differed from his way of thinking to be worthy of persecution, murder, extinction, less to be pitied than wolves, bears or serpents. He was such a hater of tyranny that he could hardly find language to express his adulation of the miserable Henry III. of Valois, or of Elizabeth of England, who was for him 'a nymph of heavenly essences, a grand Amphitrite, a divinity of the earth, worthy to rule not only this but all other worlds.' His ideas of woman are so foul and revolting that they will not bear quoting; his description of the masses, or the 'proletariat,' consists of a long string of abusive adjectives, and he exhorts the nobles of Wittenberg 'to crush those ferocious beasts, the peasants.' His comedy, 'Il Candelajo,' so reeks with filth and obscenity that it would not be tolerated by the lowest audience in any English-speaking country."

"The simple fact is," remarks the *Ave Maria*, "that the monument to Bruno, erected in Rome, in 1889 is nothing but a symbol of anti-clerical hatred of the Papacy and the Church. To laud the apostate friar of the sixteenth century as a martyr to freedom of thought is to avow one's ignorance of his life, his work and such influence as he may be thought to have exerted."

THE ROMAN PARSON.

People often wondered how Greaser became a Catholic.

This is the story.

It was in the Wild West, where six-shooters are commoner than fountain-pens, and their use far better understood. It may not be obvious, but it was from his practical mastery of the six-shooter that Greaser derived his name. The principal secret is that your own weapon must be the first out. Greaser had developed a quite abnormal sleight-of-hand in this direction. The Wizard of the West once offered him a substantial salary or even partnership, if he would devote his talent to more mystic purposes, but Greaser was content with being first of his own line. Now in America even lightning is not quick enough for their vivid imagination when a speed smile is wanted. There they have an automatic lubricator in the skies to bring thunderbolts up to the American standard. Hence Jim Pranty's first opportunity with the revolver was duly pronounced "quicker'n greased lightning," and the operator himself was henceforward naturally known simply as Greaser.

Tough as he was towards outsiders and rivals, Jim was a faithful "pardner" to his friends and his domestic life was above reproach. His wife was a quiet little woman who adored him, and on his side nothing that his pick or his revolver could command was half good enough for her.

There was a log-jam at the camp which served for a Catholic church, and here with open eye came the women and children, and with grave steadiness some of the older men had learned by stony experience that grace is an even more effective instrument in this world than a gun. Thither also with shamed-faced semi-reluctance came some of the "boys," much better in reality than they wanted the world to think and wearing an air of giving God notice not to expect the log-jam from them. Father Amblesford, as God's ambassador, took the notice with due diplomatic reservation, and was known elsewhere to dilate with enthusiasm on the good-heartedness of these same "boys." None of Greaser's household were ever seen inside the sacred log hut. Indeed, Mrs. Pranty was observed to give it a wide berth in her daily walks—a fact which, curiously enough, gave Father Amblesford considerable satisfaction. He suspected she had once been a Catholic, and if she had ceased to care she would not be afraid of passing near the light. It was like Jonah trying to get around by Tarshish, yet turning out a good prophet at the end.

The end for poor Mrs. Pranty came sooner than anybody expected, and one night there was a call at the log-hut. On opening the door, Father Amblesford found with surprise that the messenger was no other than Greaser himself. But it was in a defiant rather than softened mood he came.

"Are you the Roman parson?" he asked, somewhat unnecessarily for a place where everybody knew everybody else.

"Yes, I suppose I am the man you mean."

"My wife is dying and says she wants to see you."

"Certainly, I will come at once."

"One moment, parson, I want you to understand that you come at your peril."

"I don't know what you mean. It is enough for me that I am summoned. No priest refuses a sick-call. But I didn't know her illness was a dangerous one."

"No more it isn't—except to her self. But when my little woman first came to me, I swore I would have no parsons over my doorstep. And she agreed. I swore I would shoot them if they came."

"The poor girl loved you very much, I suppose, and she was young, and didn't measure the value of eternity. Now she is on the brink of it, things look different. You've been a good husband to her, Jim, except for that; and you needn't keep your word about that shooting."

"The Greaser always keeps his word, parson, and don't you forget it. But I'll give you one chance. I don't hold with this religion of yours, and if she must die, I want her to die in peace. You'll come there and worry her, and she's fretting already. Now I tell you this: You may come, because I can refuse her nothing. And if you peaceably I'll swear no more about it; if she dies while you are there, I'll shoot you like a dog."

"Well Jim, her dying or not is in God's hands. But you can't shoot me like a dog."

"Why can't I?"

"Because I'm not a dog. If there is any shooting you'll have to shoot me like a man, and don't you forget that."

"You'll come then?"

"Come? With a heart and half."

"Remember I never go back on my word."

"Never mind that. By the way, have you had any one to help you nurse her?"

"No; done it all myself."

"Good man. Well, just bustle around and freshen up the room a bit and make the little woman look as nice as you can. You know even a dying woman takes account of such little things. I'll be there five minutes after you."

"Gosh! you're a cool hand. But I never go back on my word."

A few minutes later Father Amblesford with holy oils and Viaticum, crossed the Pranty threshold. He heard the long story of faith repressed and conscience irrepressible, spoke the soothing words and lifted up her prostrate soul, anointed the poor erring body and sanctified it with the Word incarnate. Her strength was now fast ebbing and with brightened face, all unconscious of her husband's threat, she said:

"Call him in now, Father, and don't leave me. Give me the last blessing if you see I'm going."

"Don't you fear, my child; give your husband all the loving messages you can. I'll watch and do for you all that the Church can give."

So he flung open the door and beckoned Jim in. The latter saw at once the fruits of peace of soul, by a light in the eyes, that had not been there since the days of their courting. Half-reverent, he passed on seeing the priest making no move towards departure, and whispered to him, "Why don't you shoot, you fool?"

Father Amblesford bowed at the courtesy—for such it really was—and motioned him toward the bed; then stood apart and watched, but heard none of the sacred messages of gratitude, affection and farewell that passed between those two strangely assorted souls. Yes, sacred they were. The human soul has plenty of room for such inconsistencies, and this affection was the one thing which God had left as a leaven to prevent the heart of Jim Pranty from ever becoming utterly brutal.

At last the poor energies quite failed; even a whisper became impossible, and a last glance as the head sank wearily back told the priest that his turn had come again. There was the final absolution and the last blessing, and then on his knees he began, "Go forth, O Christian soul." "That God that Jim held went cold in death, and he stole from the room leaving the priest to finish the litanies. The prayers, eyes, crossed the arms and put his crucifix beneath them; then leaving the room and shutting the door reverently behind him, he found himself face to face with Jim, stony as to his expression and grimly fingering his revolver.

Whatever expectation of relenting Jim's moment of rough courtesy had raised, had now to be put aside and with a rapid silent prayer the priest braced himself for the encounter.

"I see you mean to shoot, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"I ain't afraid of your tongue; you can jaw if you like; you'll not jaw me off my point."

"No. But I tell you you won't be able to do it. You loved that little woman in there; you will go on loving her; as long as you live you will never be able to forget that I was God's messenger to her in her last moments, that I brought her peace of heart and enabled her to go happily into the presence of her Judge. I am to you a necessary part of her last loving farewell to yourself. You simply cannot look me in the eyes and fire straight. You haven't the nerve."

The pistol gave the only answer. But the priest was right. The hand shook and the muzzle swerved, and the bullet merely grazed his cheek and imbedded itself in the wall.

"I told you so," went on the quiet voice; your conscience takes away your aim. And if you fire again, remember this, that if I am found dead here, you will have the sheriff and the whole countryside to deal with. That you don't mind but it means that a won't be hers to see your wife buried. You aren't even come back to see her grave. You cut yourself off from all visible memorial of her. You fling her at this sacred moment on the hands of strangers."

At was levelled again, but Jim shrank from those eyes that looked him through and through. It was the heart he pointed to, and once more the pistol spat forth its murderous little puff. But once more the tremor had come with the pull of the trigger, and the bullet only broke the left collar-bone.

"You can hurt me, Jim Pranty, but you can't kill me, you did, for the rest of your life your wife's voice would call you a murderer. Those sweet messages which she gave you just now would be wiped out and over-aid with the constant whisper, 'murderer, murderer.' In your dreams she would denounce you, and your love would become your hell on earth. The shadow is already on you; your hell has begun."

"To hell yourself," said Jim lashing himself into a rage. Clenching his teeth and mastering his nerves, he aimed again at the heart. This time there was no tremor; the bullet came straight to its mark.

But Father Amblesford had forgotten, and this Greaser never knew that in the pocket over the heart there lay the silver vessel that had brought the fire from which the prayers for the dying had been said. The bullet crashed through the pyx and ploughed its way into the ritual, and there stopped.

Once more the level voice arose. Father Amblesford, much astonished at being still alive, pulled the pyx and book from his pocket and showed them to his assailant.

"There, Jim Pranty," he said, "this box brought your wife her last and dearest consolation on earth; your bullet has smashed it. This book contains the last prayers in the midst of which she went to eternity; your bullet has ruined it. And now, man—if you are a man—haven't you done enough? Aren't three shots enough for Greaser Pranty? Get off this murderous frame of mind and let it be fair play. There are three shots left in that revolver, hand it over to me and take your turn of standing it like a man."

"You're right, parson," cried Jim, "with an oath!" "It's your turn. Fire away! If you hit me bury both of us."

The priest raised the revolver and placed three bullets in rapid succession on a little horizontal line just above Jim's head. Then in shame the latter buried his head in his arms on the table and groaned.

Father Amblesford's face and his left arm hanging helpless, there was an ugly threat in the cry, "He's been trying to kill the priest." But the latter at once silenced them, and turning to the official said, "It's all right, Mr. Sheriff. Jim Pranty's wife has died, and he thought I was to blame. We've had a fair fight over it, three shots each. There are my three marks just over where Jim's head was, and his three marks are on me."

"First time I ever knew Greaser to need more than one mark," said the sheriff "but for him to miss three times is almost more than I can believe. However, I take your word for it, parson. It was a fair fight, boys, and the parson is in luck."

"And where was the third miss?" asked the doctor, preparing for his share in the fray.

Father Amblesford produced the bullet in the ritual. "You see, Mr. Sheriff, he didn't miss; that bullet should be in his heart."

"Is the hand of God," said one of the "boys," and lifting their hats reverently they went out.

The doctor took Father Amblesford to his surgery for an comfortable treatment, and the sheriff lingered long enough to say, "Greaser, you're well out of this. The hand that put those three bullets in that neat little row could just as easily have put them in your brain. I have my doubts about this little fight, but I take the parson's word. There was a fight, but it wasn't with the parson. And I tell you, Greaser, you are a dogged fellow when you take to playing duels with God Almighty."

Of course there was a bit of scandal when it was rumored that a priest had been fighting a duel, and explanations had to be made to the Bishop in confidence. But the scandal did Father Amblesford no harm. In fact, among the "boys" he gained more influence from the official version of the facts than he would have had from the real truth.

Then one day Greaser himself, after nightfall, like Nicodemus, came and said:

"Parson, if you can forget what has passed between us, I have an idea that it would do me no sort of harm to learn my wife's religion."

"So people wonder how Greaser could ever have thought of becoming a Catholic."

"That's how,—Catholic Magazine for South Africa."

CARDINALS PLEADED FOR "CHIC"

WHY THE WORD WAS ADMITTED INTO THE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH.

The reception of Cardinal Mathieu, on Feb. 8, by the Academie Francaise led M. Jules Claretie to write in *Le Temps* a few reminiscences of Cardinal Perraud, whose seat among the immortals has fallen to Cardinal Mathieu.

Cardinal Perraud was thin, ascetic looking and, as his successor said in the oration he made last week, like a saint of the thirteenth century. One of those often seen on a stained glass window.

"I don't believe I ever saw him smile," M. Claretie writes, "It so happened that he often arrived at a meeting of the academy when the members were at work on the dictionary, and late would have it that at that moment on many occasions certain words no longer used in society, but often met with in Moliere were under discussion."

"But it did not trouble the Cardinal he didn't seem even to hear. He was not heedless, but 'remote.'"

"One day we had reached the letter C, and the word 'chic' was being discussed."

"It's slang," said some.

"Look it up in Littré," said others. "You'll see that as a familiar term it has been in use a long time."

"It means, said a learned member, 'a man who understands chicness.'"

"It's an artist's word. A picture may have chic."

"It comes from the German schick."

"Or rather, the Spanish chico."

"So the discussion raged, until the point had almost been reached of treating it as a word of the boulevards and leaving it to slang dictionaries, when Cardinal Perraud broke in: 'Allow me a word.'"

"And with much humor and fancy quite unexpected he defended the word whose fate had almost been settled."

"Let me tell you why," he said. "When the centenary of the Normal School was being celebrated the pupils composed a little play for which they built a theatre. It so happened that I found myself obliged to cross the stage to get to my seat."

"When the scholars saw one who had been one of themselves and had become a Cardinal making his appearance on the boards, although only for a moment and by chance, their astonishment was great. Then they clapped their hands and began calling out 'Chic! Chic! Chic!' and I'm sure that a word current in the Normal School has a right to be quoted by the Academie Francaise."

"Thanks to this little speech, the word took its place in the dictionary."

"It was the only time," adds M. Claretie, "that the Cardinal ever threw off his seriousness."

THE CASE OF DR. CRAPSEY

It is hard to determine the exact status of the Mr. Shepherd, who is acting as counsel for Dr. (Rev.) Algon Crapsey, in his appeal to the ecclesiastical court from the ruling which convicted him of heresy. He takes the peculiar ground of agreeing with all the theories advanced by his client, and at the same time urging that he should be acquitted. We do not see how he can in any way reconcile his statement with his plea. Indeed, the only logical result is that he lays himself open to the same charges and liabilities which confront Dr. Crapsey, and instead of clearing, drives his client still deeper, becoming himself involved in the maze of contradiction, which, if followed to the inevitable end, can lead only to the total abandonment of Christianity as recognized by the Christian world, and the adoption of a new faith which bears about the same relation to Christ as Dowdism bears to "Elijah the Third," of unlamented memory.

Following is part of Mr. Shepherd's argument, which shows with clearness of a remarkable degree, how inconsistent must become the religious belief of a man who casts loose from the moorings of Faith.

"I need hardly deal with the accusation against Dr. Crapsey so far as it concerns the doctrine of the resurrection of our Lord. Doubtless his heresy been limited to this, if he had not dealt with the virgin birth, the presentment would never have been made. For the intellectual and moral difficulties in the interpretation of that item of our faith so that it should mean that the physical body of our Lord rose and ascended into heaven and sits on the right hand of God are so great that they are not and can not be held by many among the pious and faithful."

"Whether the Saviour's body of flesh came or did not come into being under a special or miraculous intervention of divine power, it is clear that the all-essential thing to the precious and fundamental doctrine of Christianity is that the body of our Saviour, being the body of a man, was the tombment of a soul and spirit, both God and man. Apart from the disputed introductions to the Gospel of St. Matthew and St. Luke, there is not in the New Testament any reference to the virgin birth—certainly none that is plain and clear."

It is an easy thing to deny the bodily, physical resurrection of the Lord. It is just as easy to deny his Virginal birth. In fact it is easy to deny anything—that Columbus found America, that Rome at one time ruled the civilized world, that Christ ever lived at all. Of course it is easy. The difficulty really is, once you deny this, that and the other, to admit anything. How much stronger than its weakest link is any chain? If Mr. Crapsey (or is it Doctor?) and Mr. Shepherd deny the action and the pure birth, why, in heaven's name, do they admit the existence of Christ, or of the Apostles; why not deny the validity of the Bible in toto; why, in fact, believe anything? Will the same intelligence that finds it impossible to believe the Bodily Resurrection, admit for an instant that Christ received His commission from a divine source? There is a subtlety in the reason why it should. The gentlemen are so utterly inconsistent. They swallow a mountain when they take for granted their own literal existence, and strain themselves black in the face over a goat. For surely the comparison is justified in the mysteries of the human soul, and the Biblical story of the Christ. The trouble with them is that they have been suffering with mental indigestion and are becoming fanatical. Perhaps, too, they are simply trying to create a ripple in their own particular puddle.

Mr. Shepherd, in the further course of his argument made a statement, advanced an opinion, which causes one to wonder if he really meant it. He says, with finished and convincing logic, that if the Episcopal Church is to be Catholic or universal, it must be tolerant. Well, we are advancing no opinion as to the Catholicity of the Episcopal Church, but it does seem to us that if it is to fulfill the honorable counsel's implied definition of that somewhat ambiguous word, it has a large order upon its hands. If it should be tolerant enough to admit such anti-Christian doctrines, could it reasonably refuse to accept Moslemism, Confucianism, Buddhism and all the other little isms? We do not think so.

Anyway, why does Dr. Crapsey go to all this trouble about the matter? He'd save himself and his followers many a weary intellectual step, by jumping to the inevitable conclusion of their argument—atheism, instead of following its devious windings. Of course, we understand that such action is really too easy, and, besides, the notoriety would not be worth mentioning.—Baltimore Mirror.

The Christian who neglects prayer is like a being without a soul, without intelligence, sentiment, or affection; while, on the contrary, it is admirable to see how strongly great and noble souls are drawn instinctively towards prayer.

Character is more than intellect, love is more than knowledge, religion is more than morality, and a great heart brings us closer to God, nearer to all goodness, than a bright mind.—Bishop Spalding.



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