

the same moment whether the bar was firm.

"Open the door, you scoundrel," was the terrific reply, "if there be any further delay, we'll break it in and hang you up to one of the bacon hooks."

"It's the soldiers—the Lord preserve us," whispered Morris to himself. "I'm done for at last!—Eyah—'tis over with me!"

Again, the knocking was loud and reiterated, his limbs trembled beneath him, and the cold drops of perspiration burst out upon his forehead.

"This minute, your honor—this minute it'll be opened for you," he found power to articulate, after repeating which many times, while fumbling with the locks and bolts, the heavy old-fashioned door of the mansion turned upon its hinges, and allowed him to look out into the night.

By the pale light of the moon, he saw that the house was surrounded by a party of soldiers and police, and before he had time for even a conjecture, as to their object, the chief constable had entered and was at his side.

"Couldn't you display a little more activity and readiness in your movements, my fine fellow," exclaimed the chief, "I promise you this tardiness tells little in your favor."

"I don't know, your honor," returned Morris, scarcely comprehending him.

"Oh you don't, don't you? no matter. What is your name?"

"My name—your honor!"

"Yes, your name, sir—no harm I hope?"

"Eyah, harm sir, why should there? sure there's no harm in what one was christened."

"Egad I don't know that either," returned the chief, "many a man was hanged on account of his name. I can tell you, come sir, what are you called?"

"Morris Moran, your honor."

"Morris, hey, Morris Moran! Ah ha! my little hero. Have we nabbed you at last? All's right here, Copeley," he continued, addressing one of the party outside, in a louder voice: "bring in the hand-cuffs."

The person addressed, attended by another policeman, immediately entered, and seizing Morris by both arms, had his wrists locked together in a few moments.

"Gently, Copeley—gently," said the chief, with affected compassion while the operation was going forward, "pay all due respect to the captain—no noise captain, no exclamations if you please—no necessity for disturbing the family—you would not wish to have them distressed by acquainting them with the loss they are about to sustain—move on Copeley."

In compliance with the order, Morris was pushed forward by the police, and immediately surrounded by the soldiery; the officer followed, the door of Kilgobbin house closing heavily after him.

The unfortunate prisoner moved along in the centre of the party with tottering step and bewildered brain, almost doubting whether he was yet awake, or whether the events of the last half hour did not form some extraordinary part of the hideous dream which preceded it. As he advanced, however, the realities of his situation became more apparent. He felt the chill night wind about him, and the hard road beneath his feet. He saw the bayonets bristling before and beside him, and he heard his name repeatedly mentioned by some one in his rear, who seemed to be giving an account of a bloody encounter in which he seemed to occupy a distinguished position. He was often startled, too, when the road changed to wind through a dark glen or plantation, by the sudden voice of the chief from behind—

"Hilloo—sergeant—look to your prisoner."

Arrived at the military station at Ballinacally, he was handed over to the officer of the guard, and committed to a little room with a strongly barred window. But of all that occurred to him during the night, nothing astounded him so thoroughly as the charge he heard given respect to his safe keeping by the chief of police to the latter, as he was departing. He heard himself described as a most notorious and desperate character, who, if the greatest vigilance and activity were not enforced, would assuredly on the first opportunity baffle the guards and effect his escape to the mountains.

He passed two or three hours in this solitary room, listening to the slow step of the sentry as he paced back and forward before the door. The more he reflected upon the circumstances of his arrest, the less was he able to form any satisfactory conjecture on the subject. He might perhaps have been suspected of some participation in the late murder at Clondegad, if he had not been, fortunately for himself, driving his mistress to Mass, and seen by hundreds of people in the chapel-yard at the very time the fatal conflict was going on. It seemed altogether like some unaccountable fatality, bearing no relation to the past circumstances of his life, but coming upon him as a doom in his hour of hope and security. It was now long past midnight, the moon had gone down, and the wind was blowing in fitful gusts, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, which beat against the window panes. As Morris listened in melancholy mood to its dreary pattering, he heard the tramp of horses rapidly approaching, and in a few moments after a mounted patrol rode up. On demanding the report of the night, Morris, who caught every sound that fell with a painful acuteness, heard

the officer of the guard, to whose care he was committed, saying in an elevated tone, "Egad! Edwards and his party have made a noble night's work of it; they arrested the principal in Robinson's murder, the celebrated Torryall—Captain Morris Moran at Kilgobbin, not three hours ago, and we have him fast within."

"Capital! by Jupiter," ejaculated the patrol, "what sort of a fellow is he?"

"Oh, a bold fellow, I promise you! He's low-sized, but hard and wiry-looking. 'Tis unknown, I'm told, all the men he killed, or the jails he broke through during the last half year."

"Aye—aye—sharp's the word then—keep a good look out, and we'll have him in Ennis in the morning—a good night." Saying which the speaker touched his horse with the spurs, and followed by his party, rode off at a rapid pace.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MERCIES OF THE LORD

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

The Mercies of the Lord! No wonder the Psalmist broke forth into rapturous song when he thought of the Mercies of the Lord! And who better than a priest of God can echo from his heart of hearts the voice of the Psalmist.

I was on the streets of New York on my way to visit a poor consumptive, whom I frequently attended. My mind was distracted, and I did not notice until I was in the middle of the block that I had taken the wrong street. I kept on, however, thinking I would make it right when I turned the next corner. Suddenly a little girl ran hurriedly across the street, and said to me excitedly:

"Are you a priest, Sir?"

"I am," I said, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, Father there's a man dying in a stable over there, and they think he's a Catholic."

"Show me at once," I said, and quickly followed the little messenger to a back street, where, in a stable, sure enough, lay a young man apparently dying. He was conscious, and a Catholic, I soon found out, and although he could not speak distinctly I made out sufficiently to be able to give him absolution, and as I knelt at his side, I anointed him.

In a great city like New York we nearly always carry the holy oils with us when we go out of doors and this time, anyhow, I was on my way to a sick call. I got through, and had scarcely paused for a minute when the policeman who had come over at my call, and the little crowd that had gathered, watching, said:

"He's dying!" and in fact he was. Hardly five minutes passed, until that poor young man, unknown to me, met under such strange circumstances, and in such a strange place, had passed into the presence of God—with his sins absolved, with the great Sacrament of Extreme Unction to console his agony, and the prayers of the Church the last sound on his mortal ear. There was a lush over the motley group—not a word was said. Death, the great leveller, was there, and ever one recognized him.

"Do you know his name?" I said to the officer in a low voice.

"I think he is poor So-and-So" was the reply.

I took out my card and wrote on the back of it:

"I have given absolution and anointed this man, whose name I learn is So-and-So, on such a date, before his death," and I signed my name.

"Officer," I said, "take this card and find out something about him, and, if possible give this to his people."

The officer touched his cap, and I made my way out. I went on my sick call, no longer wondering why I had gone to the wrong street. A soul was to be saved! and God's Arms were stretched out to it. But this was not all.

Two days after, I was out again, and on my return home, as I passed the parlor and the door was open, I heard weeping, and looking up saw two women dressed in mourning talking to one of the Fathers. I passed on to my room, and almost immediately was followed by the Father who had seen me passing.

"That is a sad case downstairs," he said to me.

"What is it?" I queried.

"Why in the parlor are the mother and sister of a poor fellow who was brought home dead. The family is in the next parish, good practical Catholics, but the young fellow was wild and dissipated, and, as he had not been to the Sacraments for some years, the parish priest refuses to give him Christian burial. These poor women are broken-hearted, but what can be done? Their name is So-and-So."

"What!" I exclaimed, "go right down and tell them I gave absolution and Extreme Unction to that young man myself, before he died!"

"You—You did?" said the amazed priest.

"I did, and through the mercy of God his soul is saved! Go down and comfort their hearts. I will follow."

He went like a flash. And when I followed I found mother and sister and the Father in a state of joy and amazement. I told my experience, which was sustained on their return home by the card that was given by the police officer. The parish priest at once signified his change of mind, and the poor fellow was buried like a Christian with Holy Mass and the final absolution, instead of being

placed in an excommunicate's grave. God's mercy is surely infinite, for where else did that poor fellow get the grace of his Christian death but from the unsought grace of my straying out of my way?

LORD ACTON'S LETTERS

M. J. GRIFFIN, PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARIAN IN TORONTO STAR

The republication of Lord Acton's Letters comes to us by way of surprise. When they were first printed there was a disposition among many people to make protest. A distinguished English public man said to the present writer: "The volume is a mere bookseller's speculation." That Miss Gladstone should have so far betrayed confidence as to give to the public a long series of letters not intended, obviously, for publication, was remarkable. There was so much in these letters that Lord Acton would have repudiated in his later days, had he been consulted, that it was universally recognized as a blunder to publish them.

There was so much personal criticism, so many somewhat wild guesses, such an entire absence of prudence—in the letters, that they really discredited the reputation for ability and omniscience which Lord Acton had won. Full of epigrams and quaint comment and uncommon learning, they nevertheless left on the mind of a careful reader the impression of illogical surprise which one gets in Alice in Wonderland. It was the Mad Hatter not the Professor of History who was writing.

The volume has now been reprinted a second time. Why, we are unable to determine. It is not called a second edition; no notice of the new reprinting is taken; Mr. Herbert Paul, who edited the first edition, affords no light on the reason for the new edition, and no notes are given to indicate the cause. There are some twenty-five pages of new letters put on at the end of the volume; that is all.

We suspect that the reason for the new issue is to make the Letters uniform in type, paper, and form with the volumes of Essays and Lectures which have been published, very much to the advantage of the world of scholarship. This is no doubt, an excellent reason; but why we are not informed of the object we are unable to understand.

There is not, we are disposed to think, anything in the new letters to justify the new publication. Further, we are disposed to think that there are things in them which should have forbidden publicity. Common respect for the feelings of living men of eminence is absent on this occasion. We find ourselves murmuring:

Proclaim the faults he would not show; Break lock and seal; betray the trust; Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just, The many-headed beast should know!"

When Lord Acton is made to say that in regard to Home Rule and Liberal Policy "John Morley's importance is excessive," we are disposed to think that Lord Acton would resent the publicity and Lord Morley has the right to resent it. Even in 1886 Mr. John Morley was a man of commanding influence, ability, and sincerity. The biographer of Mr. Gladstone ought to have been respected by Mr. Gladstone's family.

Again, we are compelled to read Lord Acton's remarks on Mr. Morley in 1887: "He sees nothing in politics but higher expediency and no large principles. As there are, for him, no rights of God, there are no rights of man—the consequence on earth, of obligation in heaven." No doubt some such case might be made out against Lord Morley; but why should a whole volume be reprinted in order to make out the case? Lord Acton would never have consented to publish such letters.

There is a letter of February 18th, 1888, which contains an account of Sir Henry Maine's death in Paris: "We have all combined to conceal from (Lady) Maine when she arrived that Maine's splendid mind was beginning to decay." There is no sign of decay of mind in anything that Maine published. If there was, the world has heard it for the first time through Miss Gladstone's indiscreet publication. Was it worth publishing?

Again, in 1891, apropos of Lord Rosebery's life of William Pitt, in which Acton says "all the essentials of the Conservative cause" are admitted, he goes on to say: "When all this is written by Rosebery and edited by Morley, one asks oneself for what sufficient reason then they are not (Tory) Secretaries of State?" Probably both could supply the same reply, viz., that Pitt was never quite a Tory, but was adopted by the Tories as carrying out a national policy opposed by Fox's radicalism.

In 1896 (Dec. 23rd) Lord Acton writes: "I am sorry that Morley will not write either of the Gladstonian Chapters—in the Cambridge Modern history). Luckily this book on Home Rule is coming out and



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will tell (most) what he knows and we shall go on painting on his canvas with such material as we possess." There are other references to this proposed book, which we are told was actually in print at the time.

Now if Lord Morley had a book on Home Rule ready in 1896, three years after the failure of Mr. Gladstone's Second Bill, we must assume that he has suppressed it. That Lord Acton had knowledge of it, that Lord Acton had suppressed it, that he wrote about it to Miss Gladstone, no doubt in confidence; and that the fact has been made public is without doubt a very grave indiscretion. Lord Morley was probably not consulted.

In 1897 it appears that Mr. Gladstone placed, or was ready to place, all his confidential papers in Lord Acton's hands, so that he might write the Chapters on Home Rule and the Gladstone policies. Mr. Gladstone died in 1898. Lord Acton died in 1902. So two probably straggling chapters in history have missed being published—Lord Acton's and Lord Morley's. Probably the world can get along without them; but the men were so sincere, that we have, after all, no doubt, lost some beautifully controversial pages.

SOCIALIST TACTICS AGAINST RELIGION

A PROGRAMME ADMING AT COMPLETE OVERTHROW OF CHURCH

In a lecture delivered recently in Norwich under the auspices of the K. of C. Mr. David Goldstein, a convert from Judaism and also from Socialism, set forth in graphic style the diametrical differences between Christianity and Socialism. He began by pointing out the importance of his subject in this country at this time, when over a million people have expressed their favor of Socialistic doctrines. One hundred and fifty thousand are members of fraternal bodies for the spread of Socialistic principles and 1,000,000 are members of a dues-paying organization to help propagate the faith. Socialists are found in the colleges of the country and in the schools where the teachers of youth themselves are trained. Magazines are filled with articles of a Socialistic trend. As these principles are being spread broadcast about the country, it is necessary that the citizens become acquainted with the truth in regard to the teachings.

Touching upon Milwaukee's experience in Socialism, he claimed that the first winter in Milwaukee under Socialism saw the greatest number of unemployed in the history of the city. They raised the city budget above anything that had been known. They had complained of tyranny, but they were worse tyrants than any the city had known. They disregarded the civil service laws, and at the end of their term all they had to show was a public comfort station at a cost of \$13,000.

Socialism, said the speaker, is not only an economic theory. It is a philosophy of life. It is so broad in its scope and so various in its phases that but one branch of the subject can be treated in a single lecture. For this reason he would consider but a sub-division of the general subject of Socialism. The subject of his lecture would be, "The Tactics of Socialism as Related to Religion and the Family." The Socialist program is a complete overthrow of present civic and ecclesiastical institutions. Leo XIII. pointed out with emphasis the fact that the Socialist doctrine is in direct conflict with the Catholic faith. No; only Leo XIII, but also the present Pope Pius X, in February, 1904, issued an encyclical warning members of the Church of the danger of the Socialist doctrines. The Pontiff went to the very root of the matter and proved the futility of reconciling Catholic faith and Socialist principles. The Catholic who insists upon being a Socialist must go counter to the mandates of the Church itself.

The Catholic believes in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. He believes that God has revealed His will in the Ten Commandments. He believes that when Jesus said: "Thou art the rock on which I build My Church," He established the Church for all time. He believes in the sacraments and in the dogmas and doctrines of the Church, which are eternal and unchangeable.

ANTAGONISTIC PRINCIPLES Socialism, said the speaker, denies God, says that nothing is permanent, that all is changing. Karl Marx, the greatest Socialist, says that the materialist conception of atheism history, is the necessary foundation

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE

The Booklover's Magazine pays this unprejudiced and sterling tribute to the Catholic Church. It is a common sense view often expressed by Americans. It remains that these same sentiments shall be expressed in terms of the heart and conscience.

The growth of the Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history—and she has also gained the popular good will, or at least a favourable possession, and she has conquered respect. At present those who look upon her most favourably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant church is little more than nominal. They know enough of Protestantism to make them alive to its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, business-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism.

The Socialist argues, however, that religion is a matter for the individual and not for the party. The case of Ingersoll is cited as a prominent Republican who was one of the world's greatest agnostics, and yet no one calls the Republican party a party of atheists. The speaker pointed out that the difference is that the Republican party has never endorsed the agnostic writings of Ingersoll and called them the views of the party. On the other hand a man must accept Marx and Engel and Bebel and their theories or he is no Socialist, and all of these men are revered and honored by the party organizations as the men who wrote their doctrinal principles which pronounce atheism to be the bed rock doctrine of the Socialists' cause.

The lecturer attacked the assertion that Socialism had nothing to do with matters of religious beliefs, instancing the fact that all of the highest party leaders from Karl Marx down had been and are now atheists, that one of the principles of the party is the materialist conception of history, that it denies and scoffs at revealed religion, and those latter assertions were supported by copious quotations by the speaker from the works of Socialist writers and from the different organs and publications of the party. That "all standard Socialist literature is against God, antagonistic to the Christian ideals and against Christ," the lecturer asserted, and convincingly argued that Socialism was against the family and that its teachings were that men and women should be free to love as they will, "without the intervention of the Church or State," that these relations should terminate at will, thus obviating the necessity of any woman being "dragged through the mire of the divorce courts."—Providence Visitor.

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