'IWO

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE form. He was turning out of the CHRISTINE FABER

Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER VIII.-CONTINUED

There is but one Australian con-

There is but one Australian con-vict that might be found in Dhrom-macohol, and that is Carroll O'Donoghue, my brother I might say. His father took me, a found-ling, in my babyhood, caused me to be reared in his own happy home side by side with his children, and through his love and care I am long. through his love and care I am what I am. Carroll O'Donoghue was arrested before, and trans-ported to Australia. He may have essened it may have bee and if so and escaped : it may be he, and if so and covered. that his capture now should be due to Morty Carter, then is he betraved had come. one who for my lifetime has been the trusted and intimate friend

of the family." He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Perhaps not; perhaps my infor-mation is wrong," said the little doctor, whose tender heart could ill bear the sight of such trouble as Father O'Connor's whole attitude expressed. "At all events, you can go immediately to Dhrommacohol and ascertain the truth."

The priest roused himself and shook his head. "I must bear the Viaticum back to this poor dying creature.

He started on with hurried pace, the little physician hardly able to keep by his side, till their paths diverged. The priest, quickening his gait

almost to a run, struck across the fields, and on to a by-lane that led to an exceedingly humble little church, and adjoining it a propor-tionately humble little dwelling. On the doorstep of the latter stood a neatly-dressed old woman : she was slightly leaning on a stick, as if she

boiling, so that he'll have a fresh cup of tea. I'll be bound that he's that a free ingress was made for

It's little he thinks of him- and stood surveying it with unconsions. It's little he thinks of him-self, may God bless him! Sure it's on my knees night an'day, prayin' for him, I ought to be; if it wasn't for him it's a home in the workhouse I'd him it's a home in the workhouse I'd have this minit; an' he might have taken many another for his house-in the midst of the kneeling mass. keeper-many a strong young woman that'd be able to do his work; but he picked me out, poor an' lame as I am; may God Almighty bless him !"

Jerry, a stout, name from and outcast condition, reluctantly, be-cause he had just missed an oppor-tunity of pilfering some of the cream

CHAPTER IX. THE DYING FENIAN "Hurry, your riverince! the soldiers have surrounded the house where poor Kelly is dying, and there'll be bloody work there afore The speaker, so violently excited

he had so

boreen into the fields

recently crossed.

became more subdued; they turned to leave the house and to join their companions who were without, guarding their captives. But the infuriated people, beaten though they were, would make another effort to rescue their comrades; they fell upon the soldiers, men and women of them, grappling, striking, teering till the value theoretoned to that his utterance was hardly distinct, was a stout, broad-chested Irishman of the laboring class. He carried his hat in his hand, and his tearing till the melee threatened to be a desperately bloody one. red and perspiring face and dust-Father O'Connor, seeing that the little handful of the Irish could avail nothing against the superior number and skill of the English, flung himself into the midst of the disarranged garments attested the speed with which he

Father O'Connor did not answer him, but pressing closer to his bosom the hand which was already contestants. "Listen to me !" he said, regard-less of the blows which rained partly within his surtout, he less of the blows which rained quickened his pace till even the around him, and making his voice

guickened his pace the even the around him, and making his the swift pedestrian, who, out of respect, had fallen a little behind, could scarcely keep up with him. name; shed no more blood this The report was not exaggerated ; day." soldiers had attempted to surround They were accustomed to yield soldiers had attempted to surround, the house where the dying man lay, but they were met by such de-was something in its accents now more forcible, more commanding but they were met by such de-termined and desperate resistance on the part of the people that they were forced to withdraw a little and consider how best to renew their attack. Every man, woman and child in the vicinity had gathered on the spot, and now stood forming in the front of the house a solid more than it had been ever before; there was also something in that form, standing so fearlessly in the midst of the affray, that compelled them cased, and the soldiers, many of

the spot, and now stood forming in the front of the house a solid mass the front of the house a solid mass of human beings, the men, armed with motley weapons, pikes and fowling pieces prevailing, and some the motley weapons are solid mass for human beings are solid mass the men bearing on their own bloody persons painful evidence of the prowess of the Irish, departed, taking with them as prisoners those fowling pieces prevailing, and some f the women bearing large stones. who had been foremost in the There was a subdued murmur as struggle. Some of the women folof the women bearing large stones. the form of the priest came in sight, lowed, wailing for their husbands, or fathers, or brothers, and Father and the glowering looks of anger and hate which shone so fiercely in O'Connor had enough work for the the eyes of many gave place to a next three hours in attending to the face wore the look of one who had maintained a long and anxious watch. 'At first sight of the straight, athletic, clerically - robed form hurrying up the little *boreen*, she turned to some one within, and cried joyously: "He's coming at last, Jerry; see that the kettle is boiling, so that he'll have a fresh calmer expression. On he came, his hand still pressing closely to his injured-fortunately none

The mass of beings opened, wedging themselves on each side, so The storm that had so drenched Rick of the Hills was in its wildest had neither bite nor sup since he left Dhrommacohol this morning, and here it is well-nigh evenin'." To her disappointment, instead of coming to the house he entered the To her disappointment, instead of coming to the house, he entered the church. "Always the way," she muttered; "either fastin' or prayin', or round among the poor, or hearin' confes-sions. It's little he thinks of himknew shone in Father Meagher's little study. There was another light in one of the upper windows, but he did not dream that it came pray; she could only look and try to nerve herself to courage and endurance by the contemplation of the image upon the cross. Clare our had thrown herself sobbing upon tic.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Since the time he saved me

from Squire Turner's dog." "And that was shortly after you came to live with me—shortly after the best human beings we ever knew, and doubless not without I promised your poor mother on her deathbed to be a true father to you.

regaining confidence. "Ah!" the priest drew a long breath, "so in just eleven months breath, "so in just eleven months and twenty-seven days you will be seventee. Out a seventee of the seventee o

And what, may I ask, were the plans of this ardent lover of yours?" Her faltering, depresating air

was again assumed. "If Mr. O'Donoghue could be got away safely to America, Tighe intended to ask your consent to our marriage, and—and——"

TO BE CONTINUED

A CROSS-EXAMINATION AND WHAT CAME OF IT

"He can hardly recover," said the doctor to me. And the words nearly broke my

heart. Yet I was not quite unpre-pared for them. My brother had been fighting hard for his recovery since he caught cold in the early spring, and I had misgivings from the first. He was a man of originally robust constitution, lived tem-perately enough, but had caught a terrible cold at a fire in which he volunteered to help a friend save his law library, and was drenched to the skin. Up and down, a little better and a little worse, was the order of things through those mem order of things through those memorable months; and now with All Saints Day comes the doctor's announcement. "He can hardly get better, though he will linger through the winter." It was the decade anniversary of my reception into the Church. I celebrated it by a fervent Communion. But that afternoon the cloud settled on me; my brother must die. We were devotedly attached to

each other, old maid and old bach-elor. My brother was a lawyer, his but he did not dream that it came from a room in which Nora McCarthy was then kneeling before her crucifix; she had exhausted her tears, and now she could not even tears, and now she could not even Presbyterian parents—and had joined that Church. But we were Almighty bless nim . She turned within to superintend Jerry's arrangement of the frugal supper, and finally bade him take her place at the door to cry out instantly that Father O'Connor should emerge from the church, in order that she might have the tea just ready for him. Lerry, a stout, half-grown, half-Lerry a stout, half-grown, daffer another of they grand in a few instances, they were unable had passed within the house, his retreat covered by a dozen power-ful lrishmen, and ingress after him daing man was gasping on daing man was gasping on they grand in that, save in a troublea, man a troublea, man bat the dourd, his face buried in his hands, was aroused by the gentle knock at the door; deeming it a sick call, or perhaps-of the prisoner, he hurriedly obeyed the summons, starting when obeyed the summons, starting when the protested against the but he protested against the burge only that he Marylanders, and the Church of

thank God he's gone where your hellish law can't reach him." Finding their prey indeed gone, and becoming somewhat awe-stricken by the still white presence before them, their demeanor became more subdued; they turned to leave the house and to join their companions who were without, muarding their captives. But the than an ordinary Southerner's aver-sion for the Catholic priesthood "but I never had met one person ally. You know we were brought up to look on them with aversion, blind, it may be, but shared by all some solid grounds for it. But de deathbed to be a true father to you. And how old were you then?" "Turned of thirteen;" spoken in a very low voice. "And what is your age now?" there was a touch of sarcasm in the tone that made Moira feel very uncomfortable. "I shall be seventeen the fifth day of next June," she alswered, in a bolder voice, as if she were regaining confidence. you remember how I spoke quite above the ordinary in our dry department of the profession. And a Catholic priest, his principal wit-ness. That was my first case in Washington, and my total failure in it seriously injured my prospects. There was no real dispute about the law which bore on the case, though we had some limit, forcing on the we had some lively fencing on law points. It was finally a question of fact; it was the miserable question of the validity of a marriage. On this depended my client's claim to part ownership of a work on civil engineering a text hole for the engineering a text book for the study for that profession, a live book bringing in a good annual revenue. The author of the book, who lived in Boston, had died suddenly, and intestate, leaving a widow. But there had been a widow. But there had been a previous marriage, and the children of that marriage had somehow got possession of the book, plates and copyright. They lived here in Washington. I was engaged by a Boston lawyer to bring suit on the part of the widow of the second part of the widow of the second marriage to secure her share in the ownership of the book. This widow was a Catholic, though her husband had been a Protestant. Their marriage had been celebrated had been a Protestant. Their marriage had been celebrated by a Catholic priest, so she assured me, and so she swore on the stand. We also had the record in the family Bible to prove it: and we had a copy of the record kept in the books of the Catholic parish in the pastor's handwriting and signed by him as having officiated at the ceremony, which had taken place several years before. When I brought suit that priest had been dead three years. To my surprise the widow was not cross-examined. "Well, Stoughton sprang another

surprise on me. I fancied that his objections on grounds of law were his chief reliance—that the evidence of my client's marriage to the author of the book would be uncontested, as it seemed final and conclusive. What was my amazement, when the judge having overruled Stoughton's legal objections, he sprung on me a denial of the validity of my client's marriage! I was thunder-struck. His principal witness was a Catholic priest of Boston. He proved easily enough that he was the successor of the pastor whom we claimed to have been the celebrant of the marriage. But he brought into court the official marriage register of his parish, and



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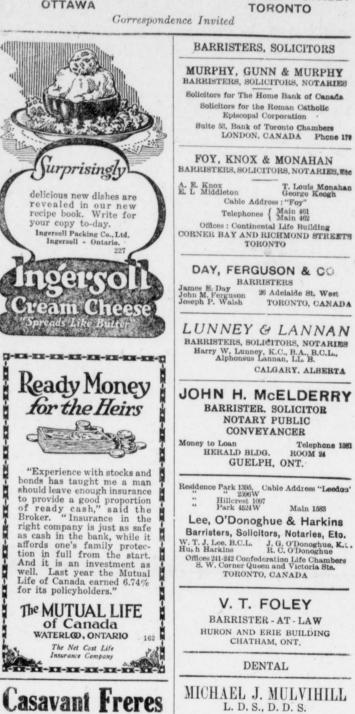
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of his idiotic laughs as he saw the housekeeper wring her scalded hand, and witnessed her anger at her disappointment.

"What did you spake for, thin, whin he wasn't comin'?" she asked

would be unable to inflict, as she sometimes did, so painful a blow upon his shoulders. Delighted Jerry saw in the accident many an opportunity of helping himself to the cream and the sugar in defiance of old Mother Daly's blackthorn, and he action to be accident many an opportunity of helping himself to the cream and the sugar in defiance of old Mother Daly's blackthorn, and he action to be action to be accident to be accident to be accident many an opportunity of helping himself to the cream and the sugar in defiance of old Mother Daly's blackthorn, and he action to be accident to b and he continued to laugh immoder-ately. The good old dame's indignation was very violent; between the smarting of her hand, which "Ireland forever!" show had been somewhat severely scalded, and her disappointment at the not coming, her anger Jerry each moment in-sounded a scream of agony. priest against Jerry each moment increased.

creased. "You ungrateful *spalpeen* !" st e cried, trying to hobble to him; but it was such awkward and slow work, trying to hobble to him is but it was such awkward and slow work, the settled into the white rigidity the settled into the white rigidity the settled into the white rigidity handling the stick with her left hand, that the lad had time to put himself into all sorts of defiant and grotesque postures before she dead. At that instant the soldiers

from the pitcher. "H-h-h-he—" stuttered Jerry. The housekeeper hobbled as fast as she could for the teaport, and in her hurry overturned the steaming contents on her hand as well as wel her hurry overturned the steaming contents on her hand as well as into the priest's cup. "He ain't violent emotions. A little table near had been covered with a hands some warm refreshment. coming," stammered out Jerry at last, thrusting his head in to see white cloth, and a common crucifix, what was the cause of Mrs. Daly's tog-ther with a lighted candle, had outcry of pain. He burst into one been placed upon it in preparation been placed upon it in preparation for the priest's return. his head and peered into the corners. It was Moira, almost prone to the been placed upon it in preparation for the priest's return. "You are at peace with all," whispered the clergyman to the dying man. "you forgive those who have placed you as you are?" It was Moira, almost prone to the floor, and so doubled up as to hardly bear semblance to a human form. She was in such a paroxysm of grief that she neither heard nor

have placed you as you are ?" "All, father; my heart holds

angrily. "Y y-you wouldn't wait t-t-to hear it all," he stuttered; "h-h he's gone down the boreen—an' n-n-now you're fixed," and he saw how powerless her right hand was to grasp her stick, and that having to employ her hand in its use, she would be unable to inflict, as she "I do father ; an' I hope for His

"Domine non sum digmus," his voice rung out clear and loud as he held the Sacred Host for a moment

held the Saered Host for a moment before the dying man's gaze. "Ireland forever!" shouted a voice without, high above the din of other voices, and then, simultan-eously with the report of a fire-arrow manded obedience, and she dropped her apron and stood before him, with a most ludicrously abashed

air. "You are trying to deceive The dving man had received the Sacred Particle, and a smile crossed Moira Moynahan; it's not for Mr. O'Donoghue's fate you are crying; it is for Tighe a Vohr." Moira blushed violently, hung her head still lower, and rolled her

apron over her thumbs.

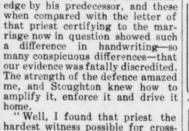
was such a thing as a personal Supreme Being." These were his words. But I hasten to add that his life was entirely blameless; and his profession absorbed him totally. intending to prepare with the one had become a "Catholic by Marri-hands some warm refreshment. The sound of sobbing startled him; he held the little lamp above his head and peered into the corners. All out school gut a the little by Marri-age," as my brother said, smilingly. She, however, repudiated the accusation of insincerity implied by

the words, and proved her sincerity by converting me to the Catholic faith. "You've got it bad !" exclaimed my brother after I had been in the

Church for some months. He meant that I had become a super-"I-can't-help it," spoken in most woe-begone accents from the depths of her apron; "Mr. O'Don-oghue will be hung, and there will be dreadful times-o-o oh," pro-longed almost into a wail. Father Meagher put the lown on the basic states of the states of most woe-begone accents from the depths of her apron; "Mr. O'Don-oghue will be hung, and there will be dreadful times—o-o oh," pro-longed almost into a wail. Father Meagher put the lamp down on the kitchen table, and stood looking at his niece with a mingled expression of displeasure and wonder. She, surprised at his silence, glanced up furtively. "Look at me," he resumed. The sternness of his tone com-manded obedience, and she dropped her apron and stood before him, with e most (ludiarouely, sheaked).

sunshine compared with Calvinism." I was passionately set on my brother's conversion; that, of course, may be taken for granted. I got him books, and he smilingly looked through them and tossed them back. I once asked him to go and see a priest with me. It was

grotesque postures before she reached him, and then to dance out of her way with screams of delight. She shook her stick at him. "You'll pay for this, you unman-nerly knave ! Wait till his river-ence comes back; I'll make a clame breast of the whole of yer doin's." "He-he-he," laughed Jerry, point-ing to Father O'Connor's retreating



hardest witness possible for cross-examination. He was a Jesuit Jesuit priest; I learned that at my first or second question. He was of a large, bulky frame, a heavy-featured, sleepy-looking, even stupid-looking man. But when I tackled him I found him the keenest man I ever met, and the coolest and most resourceful. After a while he unexpectedly perpetrated a pleas antry at my expense. I can't deny it, it was really witty. It was not very sarcastic, but it hurt me and hurt my case; and he followed it up with other bits of humor as I went DRUGS on prodding him, which were all the more funny—and to me distressing —because of the wooden look of his puffy expressionless face. As I PERFUMES grew more angry he grew more complacent, and even patronizing.

"I tried long and hard to trip him up, to confuse him, to make him up, to confuse him, to make him mad—all to no purpose. How I hated him, and all Catholic priests in the whole world, whom I felt to be wrapped up in him! Of course we lost the case. And my client was a Catholic woman! When I flung that into that priest's face, he for the first time showed distance for the first time showed distress. He paused a little while, slowly turned and looked at her (she was and see a priest with me. It was the first and only time I ever saw a scowl on his face. "A priest!" he exclaimed, "The priests are the ringleaders of the horde of deceivers who have hood-winked the human race." And although he was too kind to say harsh words to me, he yet gave me to understand that he had a genu-ine hatred for them, that in fact the mere mention of them was hateful priest's face whilst bantering me

