

board with my head in a whirl. It seemed to me that I did very well, but I awaited the announcement of the result with my heart in my mouth. After I got the news my heart dropped into my boots.

I had failed!

No one can ever know what the word "failed" meant to me. I write it easily enough now, but at the time I felt as if the universe were in my chest and that I was about to lie there on my back forever. I had the usual number of Job's comforters. Nearly all of my friends assured me that I was foolish to have tried. One dear soul told me that now I had learned my lesson I should settle down to my job and forget all of this legal nonsense.

Clara said nothing.

But the look in her blue eyes and the pressure of her hand were all the encouragement I needed. She didn't propose to advise me. She knew that I would have to fight this particular battle on my own. If I had followed the advice of my friends, the law and I would have parted company then and there forever.

But at this critical stage of my career my obstinacy came to the surface again.

When I was a boy I read a biography of General Grant that impressed me greatly. There was one incident in it that fastened itself upon my memory and has remained there ever since. It told how Grant, as a youth, once went to the circus. It was the old fashioned, one-ring kind of circus, and among the attractions was a trick mule. The ring-master offered a dollar to anyone that could stay on that mule's back for one minute. Various persons tried it and all were promptly sent tumbling into the sawdust. Then the future President of the United States endeavored to earn that dollar.

He watched the other contestants closely and he studied the antics of the mule. Most of them had been upset before they got on the mule's back. He wasn't fooled by that sort of thing. He stood in a certain position as the animal came near him he grabbed it by the mane and lightly vaulted on its back. There was a burst of applause, but the next moment young Grant was hurled against the side of the ring. He was covered with dirt and sweat from head to foot, and his nose was bleeding. But did he quit? Not on your precious life! He tried it a second time, and once again he failed. Six times he failed, and the seventh time he won the dollar.

Grant won by keeping overbalancing. That was the secret of his success, that was how he became the one general with sufficient stamina to win the Civil War. Secretly I took Grant as my model. Twenty-four hours after my failure to pass the preliminary law examination, I buckled down to my studies again. I knew I would have to concentrate upon certain subjects, and I concentrated. A lot of good-natured ridicule was heaped upon me, but I paid no attention to it. I worked harder than ever and took the examination again. When the figures were announced, I got a severe jolt.

I had failed a second time!

This time I experienced a sense of extreme depression. I was so confident I would pass that the announcement of my failure came like a sledge hammer. I had a real case of the "blues," and for twenty-four hours I didn't care whether school kept or not. But at the end of that time I rallied, and before the morning of the second day I was more determined to succeed than ever. I thought of Grant and the mule, and my old sense of obstinacy began to revive. Almost unconsciously I adopted some of the words of the great soldier. I had mapped out my plan of campaign. I would not quit nor change my ambitions.

I determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer!

So once more I plunged into my studies. Latin had been my weak spot, and I was fortunate enough to get into touch with a young fellow who was making a battle somewhat similar to my own. He had failed twice, too, and his great difficulty was with his mathematics. Now that was a branch in which I was particularly strong, so we agreed to meet three times a week and tutor one another in the other two branches. As will be easily understood we complimented one another. I was amazed at his knowledge of Latin, and he could never cease admiring the ease with which I mastered the most difficult mathematical problems. I did not spend many nights at home, but Clara accepted it all with a patience which is beyond praise. She was my inspiration at every stage of the conflict. When I failed, she treated me as a mother might treat a child. She never complained, but on the other hand, she never spoiled me with senseless sympathy. That is the one thing that I cannot not have stood. Finally I essayed the preliminary examination for the third time, and on this occasion I passed, and passed with flying colors.

It was a proud moment for me. I cannot tell in mere words the sense of exaltation I felt. It was not merely the fact of passing the examination. It was the knowledge that I had triumphed over what had appeared to be insurmountable difficulties. Clara felt this, too, and there were tears in her eyes when she kissed me and congratulated me on my success.

That was the first stage of the business. After that I was duly registered as a student-at-law in the office of a well-known attorney, and settled down to the study of Blackstone and all of the other legal classics. I am not going into details

of these four fruitful years. But I will say that I worked all day in the postoffice and studied at home at night. Many a night I went to bed with burning eyes and aching head. It was hard, but I knew it was the price that had to be paid for success. Eventually the day came when I took the final examination. I passed without difficulty and that fact is the best proof I can offer regarding my industry during those four years. A few weeks later I was duly admitted to practice at the bar of my native city.

That sounds like the end, but in reality it was only the beginning. The question now was when I should start the practice of the law. My position in the postal service did not pay a princely salary, but it was a certainty. To hang out my shingle as a lawyer was a hazardous undertaking. I talked it over with Clara and she was for my resigning my postal job at once. By selling my shares in a building and loan association, I came into possession of four hundred and fifty dollars. I gave Clara four hundred dollars of this and with the remainder I rented a modest office and prepared to meet clients.

I had made the great plunge. It was like a man learning to swim. I was in the water. Would I sink or swim?

In the beginning I resolved to be very particular about my clients, but I soon discovered that clients are not very particular about themselves. Yet, in my case, they kept away from me as though I had the plague. One, two and then three weeks went by without one of the pestiferous tribe crossing the threshold of my den. It may be true that the profession of the law is crowded, but I know that my office was not. I kept up a bold front. Each morning I went to my office carrying my green bag and pretending to be terribly busy. But, in reality, I was in desperate straits. Another month's rent would soon be due, and I could not, in conscience, touch on the money I had given Clara for household expenses.

Just before the close of the month I managed to make a connection with a building association, and some small legal work I performed brought me in my first fee of twenty five dollars. The rent was thirty-five dollars, so I was still ten dollars shy of the needed amount. At that crisis I went to my office carrying my green bag and an angel entered in the person of a colored client. This gentleman said he had been unjustly accused of stealing a gold watch and a pair of trousers, and he wanted me to defend him.

I did not want to show any undue anxiety, and yet at the same time I was fearful that he might slip through my hands. My impulses was to shut and lock the door to prevent him from escaping. My fears were groundless. He wanted me more than I wanted him—and that is saying a great deal. He laid two grand five dollar bills on my desk.

"Dat's all I've got boss," he said, "but I'll give it gladly if you'll only defend my honor."

I picked up the money and carefully placed it in my wallet—and agreed to defend his honor. The case came on an hour later in a magistrate's office. The time and the place gave me a great opportunity. I was not handicapped by court rules of any kind. I let all of my pent-up eloquence loose on that poor magistrate. I pictured the mother of the prisoner. "Don't," I pleaded, "don't send this old gray-haired mammy to an early grave! Don't break the heart of his poor wife by branding him as a thief! Don't have his children jeered at by their companions!" It must have been an effective plea, for it brought the tears to the eyes of my client.

He was discharged—no blot was placed on his escutcheon.

As we left the magistrate's office he told me it was the best speech he had ever heard, even if his mother was dead and he had no wife and children.

"But, boss," he said, "you sure did have me shakin' in when you pointed me out to the judge if he thought I looked like a man what would steal a pair of pants."

"Why?" I asked.

"Cause," he ejaculated, hurrying away, "I was wearin' dem pants."

I had bridged the difficulty of the rent only to face many more loan weeks. I picked up a little work with the building association, but it was mighty insignificant when compared with my needs. I felt sorry—not for myself, but for Clara. I could not help thinking of Watkins with his limousine. She had forgone that—for me. I ventured to hint at this on one day and the wonder if my could bear with the privations to which she had been reduced. Her reply was characteristic.

"Frank, keep your shoes shined, your trousers pressed, and your chin up in the air, and you'll win out."

Her cheerfulness was a ray of sunshine to me. At the end of the third month a woman came with a damage suit against the city. She had stumbled in a hole in the street and injured her hip. I thought it was a good case and expended my best energies on its preparation. I asked \$2,000 damages. Four weeks dragged by and the case was not even in sight of court. One morning I received a letter from my client saying that she was sick of the whole business and wished to formally abandon the suit. Nay, more, she positively directed me to discontinue the suit.

That was cheering news for a poor lawyer who thought he had a chance to make a few honest dollars. I sat

there staring at that letter and wondering what I should do when the assistant district attorney was announced.

"Come to see you about the damage suit," he began, without any ceremony. "I've gone over it carefully, and I'm not anxious to go before a jury. If you're willing to settle it out of court, the city will pay you a thousand dollars."

I don't know how I kept from shouting with joy, but I sat there as silent as a grave image. He mistook my attitude.

"You'd better take it," he pleaded. "If you go before a jury you may not get a cent—you know the uncertainty of juries."

I moistened my lips with the tip of my tongue and said thickly: "I'll take it."

He shook hands with me and hurried out, saying as he reached the door:

"I think you're reasonable and that you've done the best thing possible for your client's interests."

"Reasonable! If he could only have known how hard I was trying to keep from giving three cheers! I had the pleasant task of persuading a good woman to accept money she never expected to get."

She accepted.

My fee was three hundred dollars which I think was reasonable under the circumstances. After that life took on a more sunny hue.

At the end of the first year I found I had made just nine hundred and twenty dollars. This was four hundred and eighty dollars less than my salary would have been at the post-office, but I felt I was on the road to success. And I was, for the second year my income was one thousand five hundred dollars, and the third two thousand five hundred dollars.

Clara's eyes grew brighter and her cheeks rosier. The nightmare of Watkins and his automobile passed from my mind.

My final struggle, if anything in this life of daily battle may be called final, came when I undertook to fight a big corporation, a gas-making concern in one of the smaller towns. I had heard a great deal about lawyers who had grown rich by acting as the conscience of corporations. I resolved to see if I could not win success by fighting the corporations. I would become the conscience of the people.

This concern had arbitrarily increased the price of gas to the consumer from one dollar to a dollar and a half per thousand feet. It was a gouge game, pure and simple. They were making a profit at the lower rate. They wanted to make more. The people seemed perfectly helpless. The concern had a monopoly and what they claimed to be an air-tight franchise. I volunteered to take up the people's case without any fee. I sat up night after night studying the statutes regarding corporations. I studied the franchise of this concern, line by line, comma by comma, and finally I found a flaw in it. I went to the attorney on the other side and told him that if his company did not immediately reduce the price of gas to a dollar a thousand, and bind itself never to raise it without the consent of the people, I would start a movement that would throw the whole concern in the legal junk heap. He came to me in twenty-four hours with an offer to compromise in some way.

"What are your terms?" he asked.

I thought of Grant and the mule. I recalled one of the famous sayings of the great soldier, and instantly replied:

"Unconditional surrender!"

He surrendered, and a month later I was nominated for district attorney. But why prolong this narrative? My obstinacy had won. Driving through the park one day with Clara in our new limousine, I noticed a shabbily dressed man on one of the benches.

"He has a familiar look," I said to Clara.

"It's Watkins," she answered simply.

"But," I stammered, "I thought

"Yes," she replied to my unfinished sentence. "He went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. It was superficial success. Yours will last because you were obstinate and have had to fight for it inch by inch."

I looked at her with swimming eyes, for I knew that my real success came to me on the day I won her for my wife.

### THE GREAT CENTER OF GRAVITY

The great center of gravity for all the history of the world is Jesus Christ. Around Him all time revolves. The centuries before Him looked forward, the centuries after Him look backward—for inspiration. The coming of Christ brought new life and a new freedom for His people. This freedom, however, was not to come suddenly; the old order of things was not to be swept away by an over-night cyclone; the new things were to come gradually. To make it a little clearer—our Lord did not come as a revolutionary hero, to overthrow an existing order; He came as a great doctor, with infallible remedies to heal the festering sores and deep-rooted cancers of a poor, sick and almost hopeless humanity. Neither did He force His divine prescriptions upon the world; everybody was free to accept or to refuse them, and the results were accordingly.

Among other things, Christ clearly defined woman's position in relation to God. All men, as well as women,

were created according to God's image and likeness; both are called to enjoy eternal happiness; both are called to serve God, and both have the same means of reaching their destiny; in this respect, then, men and women are equal. This may seem as clear as daylight to us, but there were nations, and there are some even today, who hold that women are inferior to men, even in a religious sense. There is a sect in Japan to day that forbids women to pray! Hundreds of millions of Hindoo women are not allowed to read their sacred books!

As Christians we are co-heirs of Heaven with Christ, and as such all social, national and sex distinctions are done away with. For as many of you have heard the saying: "Jesus Christ, have put on Christ." There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus." (St. Paul to the Galatians, chapter 3, 27-28.)

This quotation we find exemplified in looking over the long list of God's saints. We find just as many males of sanctity among the women as we do among the men; both alike share in the honors of our altar! In that white-robed, palm-waving throng of blessed saints, we find a woman, the greatest of God's creatures—Mary, the first lady in God's own aristocracy; in her, all women are ennobled!

A beautiful garland of saintly women winds its way so gracefully through the Christian ages; all the nations, all possible positions and stations of life are represented. Expressive and queenly, wealthy nobles, ordinary women and servants, as well as penitent sinners. You must admit that this is a rather healthy atmosphere to live in. You'll notice, too, a great contrast between Paganism and Christianity. It's true we do find excellent women even among the pagans, but their greatness and nobility are of entirely different calibre. We look in vain for saints among them; by far the most of these feminine pagan heroes seem like heartless women who sought power, influence and admiration; they have left the world cold and chilly. Christian women, on the other hand, astonish the world with their angelic purity, their love of God, and their utter self-denial in the service of the poor, the sick and the outcast.

Naturally, these great differences between the two classes of women brought about great changes in the various departments of public life; the good influence of the Christian woman was universally felt even as it is to-day. So much for this.

Christ was not only the Redeemer of the human race, He was also the great emancipator of woman! He elevated the woman from her degraded position about great changes in the foundation and root of the family. He proclaimed anew, and with a startling clearness, the unity and indissolubility of matrimony. No wonder the sneering Pharisees came along tempting Him with catchy questions, "Is it lawful," they ask, "for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" They evidently were not prepared for the following bolts: "Have ye not read that He who made man from the beginning, made them male and female? For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be one flesh. Therefore, now, they are not two but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Not satisfied with this rebuke, they went a step further: "Why, then, did Moses command to give a bill of divorce, and to put away his wife?" He answered, "Moses by reason of the hardness of your heart, permitted you to put away your wives—but from the beginning it was not so." (St. Matt. ch. 19: 4-8) and then, He continues: "Everyone that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away committeth adultery." (St. Luke, ch. 16: 18.)

In proclaiming these doctrines, our Lord built a new and lasting foundation for the successful development of the family. This happened to be one of the great blessings our Lord bestowed upon the world. But, as we might know from experience, we have it in our power to turn blessings into curses upon ourselves. The Church, in defending the rights and indissolubility of matrimony, brought fierce persecutions and deep hatreds upon herself. Suffice it simply to mention the divorce scandals of Henry VIII, which tore away from the Church the whole of England.

Besides restoring matrimony to its natural state, which was lost in the course of time, He raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament and thereby enriched the sacred contract with graces that would help man and woman to fulfill their mutual obligations in a manner most worthy of their great vocation. For this reason St. Paul calls matrimony a great sacrament in Christ and in the Church. This same St. Paul exhorts the men to love their wives, as Christ loved the Church, and he that loveth his wife, loveth himself.—(Ephesians, ch. 5—25-28.) In this same letter he also reminds the women of their high position.

This union, therefore, of a man and woman in marriage is according to God and the Church something very sacred and inseparable; this bond is with the salvation of the union and makes the home a sanctuary in which a woman obeys and rules—even as a queen!—Lord man in Buffalo Echo.

### SIENA, BRIDE OF SOLITUDE

A "DARK AGE CITY" WITH A WONDERFUL HISTORY

In the interest which Italy has for the world from the standpoint of religion, art and ancient remains, there is no country, I believe, that can compare with it. City, town, village and hamlet, each has its treasures either of one or the other. Hence the interest which will be felt in this sketch of a city in which a saint lived and died.

It is in the older and less frequented centers one to day gets a glimpse of Italy. The beaten route, "Naples-Rome-Florence-Lucerne-Paris," so dear to the heart of American and Australian travelers, cannot give the foreigner a whiff of medieval air which he gets on entering the small towns of the peninsula.

IN SIENA, BRIDE OF SOLITUDE

Here truly we live in the Middle Ages, the ages which some people call "dark," precisely because—though they would never admit it—they are themselves very much in the dark about them. As you reach Siena from Florence you find on the old city's gates a greeting which the stranger seldom sees in this cold-hearted world of ours:

"Cor magis tibi Sena pandit."

"More than her gates Siena opens her heart to you."

Experience proves the greeting is as sincere as it is cordial. As a summer residence Siena is noted among the people of Rome and Florence; the heat is not great; mosquitos cause little trouble; you get a good, airy bedroom and good meals with excellent wine—all for the lordly sum of a dollar a day. The people are pleasant, courtly and generous-minded; one notices the absence of that grasping spirit which the tourist traffic has engendered in every city in Europe which depends to any extent upon it.

What more can a visitor ask even in old Siena?

In every part of the quaint old town with its arches, its cobbled narrow streets, grey palaces, rich churches, its portraits of Sienese Popes and Cardinals, one finds the spirit of St. Bernardino of Siena and St. Catherine of Siena present. Over all the public buildings and city gates one sees engraved the monogram, I. H. S.—Jesus Salvator Hominum—Jesus, Saviour of Men.

The origin of this is given in Jameson's Monastic Orders:

When preaching St. Bernardino was accustomed to hold in his hand a tablet on which was carved, within a circle of golden rays, the name of Jesus. A certain man who had gained his living by the manufacture of cards and dice, went to him and requested to him that, in consequence of the reformation of manners, gambling was gone out of fashion, and he was reduced to beggary. The saint desired him to exercise his ingenuity in carving tablets of the same kind as that which he held in his hand and to sell them to the people. A peculiar sanctity was soon attached to these memorials; the desire to possess them became general and the man who, by the manufacture of gaming-tools could scarcely keep himself above want, by the fabrication of these tablets realized a fortune. Hence in the figures of St. Bernardino, he is usually holding one of these tablets, the I. H. S. encircled with rays in his hand.

### S. CATHERINE OF SIENA

Going down a steep street we come to a house having inscribed in letters of gold over its doorway:

"Spouse Christ Catherine, domus."

"The House of Catherine, Spouse of Christ."

Here are shown the room occupied by this marvelous woman, the stone that served her for a pillow, her veil, staff, lantern and almsbag, the sackcloth she used to wear beneath her ordinary clothing. Five hundred years have rolled away since Catherine prayed in this room and, as Symonds recalls, the Sienese still say:

"This was the wall on which she leant when Christ appeared; this was the corner where she clothed Him, asked and chivvied like a beggar-boy; here He sustained her with angel's food."

The chapel of St. Dominic is that which is most connected with St. Catherine's life. In it she made the promises of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and in it many of her ecstatic and visions took place, for she never entered a community as a professed nun, but resided in her father's home. How many there are to-day like her, saints unknown to the world.

Here is the fresco depicting the success of Catherine in inducing Taldo, the fierce criminal who had refused to think of repentance in his despair, to die a good death. Let Symonds tell its story:

"Catherine went and waited for him by the scaffold, meditating on the Madonna and Catherine the saint of Alexandria. She laid her arm neck on the block and tried to picture to herself the pains and ecstasies of martyrdom. In her deep thought, time and place became annihilated; she forgot the eager crowd and only prayed for Taldo's soul and for herself. At length he came walking like a gentle lamb, and Catherine received him with the salutation of a brother. She placed his neck upon the block and laid her hands upon him and told him of the Lamb of God. The last words he uttered

### WHERE THE FAITH IS KEPT

An Irish priest preaching in Glasgow on the Immaculate Conception made eloquent comment on the remarkable fact that where devotion to the Blessed Virgin waned, there also devotion to her Son became cooler. "Reformers" had overthrown her shrines throughout Great Britain, replacing them with temples of a soulless faith, a faith which might be the hall-mark of respectability, but which had not in it that God-inspired enthusiasm that raised men above the solid things of this world."

When the Blessed Mother was banished from her churches the nation sustained the loss of a moral and religious power from which it was suffering still, said the preacher, for "That lofty ideal of human purity which God had reared us as an example to mankind in the person of Mary, the Virgin Mother, could not be swept aside by men with impunity. Onwards, irreligion and rationalism, with all their concomitant evils, had made steady progress in Britain."

Decline in respect for women was one of the greatest evils resulting from the "Reformation," which had struck at the foundations of the home by lowering the status of women, whom the Catholic Church had rescued from degradation and slavery.

Where respect for the Mother of God was retained, there the sanctity of the marriage tie was respected and woman occupied the position to which the Church had raised her. In contrast to the decline of devotion to Mary in England was the example of Ireland where a passionate devotion to her is a marked characteristic of family life.

Ireland never lost the Faith because where the Mother is honored and loved there, too, is the Son and His blessing rests on the race to whom the name of Mary is the sweetest of sounds. Her praises are ever ascending to heaven from the hearts of her children.

There are no more beautiful scenes in Canon Sheehan's vivid word pictures of Irish life than those that set forth the confidence of the people in the protection of the Mother of God and their fervent supplications of her aid.

Her name is a household word. Jesus and Mary are the first words a Catholic in Ireland learns to say in infancy, and she wash on his lips when he comes to die. Mary cannot forget such devotion nor will her Son be heedless of the claims of her clients on Him.—Sacred Heart Review.

### BIGOTRY SCOTCHED, NOT KILLED

In the final report of the Commission on Religious Prejudices, established several years ago by the Knights of Columbus, appears a paragraph the reading of which will probably suggest to some persons the old saying, "The wish is father to the thought;" while, on the other hand, not a few will consider the prediction as to after-war conditions thoroughly warranted. The Ave Maria quotes the following paragraph from the K. of C. report:

The War will kill bigotry. Not the individual sentiment, but the movement. That personal dislike or disbelieve which one may have for this or that religion, that spirit of adverse though sincere criticism which is the salt of intellectual life, will abide so long as personal preferences and individual initiative remain characteristics of free men. But the jealousies, enmities, bitterness and hate, wholesale inventions of scandal, studied falsehoods, agitated feelings of anxiety, fear and suspicion born of dark thoughts and evil rumors, all played against each other with diabolical cunning,—these the war will quiet; and the social ferment arising from their systematic exploitation will stagnate and die.

To have ideas and to be silent is wisdom. Not to have ideas and to be silent is prudent.

### Pain and despair and heartache

cast you down for a while, but afterwards they help you to understand. Trust to God to weave your thread in the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet.

How numerous, how wonderful, how splendid are the arguments by which human reason should most lucidly be convinced that the religion of Christ is divine, and that every principle of our dogmas has taken its root from the Lord of the heavens on high, said Pope Pius IX.

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