

your bank, and I'm right sure you wouldn't be companion to a man, even if he is a Catholic person, who had a bad reputation. So I take back what I've said, and my sons and me will go out to that automobile, and see what we can do for you.

"Of course, my friend and I assured him we had paid no attention to his remarks. They were natural, considering the surprise, and we thanked him for the fine supper. I took out a 'greenback,' and would have offered it to him, only he shouted to me to put it back in my pocket. 'I think you're only a victim of bigotry—not his fault, and his heart was as sound as a nut.'

"We got our coats, and hats, and all five went to the door. The rain had stopped, and the moon was shining. With the strong arms of the three men, and our own, we got the tree to one side, and pried up the machine. After it was on harder ground we found there was no damage done. Soon we started off. The farmer shook hands heartily with us, as did his sons, and as we sped along you may be sure we could talk of nothing but our adventure. We reached home late at night, but safely. The days passed on, the good bishop came, and administered confirmation. The great occasion was over, and things settled down into their usual routine. I remembered the storm and the farmer for a long time, but at last the memory of it all faded away.

"Two years passed by, and I was in the next town, assisting the pastor at his Forty Hours. When it was over I said good bye, and was going down the steps of the rectory into the street. Just then, a slender, pretty young girl, dressed with taste, came up to meet with a smiling face.

"Are you not Father So-and-so?" "Why, yes," I replied. "I think you have the advantage of me. I do not remember ever having seen you before. What is your name?" "My name is Rachael Wilton," she said.

"Still I was not able to place her. 'How do you know my name?' I said, for I was in a strange parish. 'Father,' she said, taking a little book out of her pocket, 'do you remember being storm-bound one evening two years ago? It was a terrible storm, and you and your friend had to leave your automobile, and seek shelter in my father's farmhouse. He gave you a stormy welcome, too, she said, smiling, 'but he did not mean it. You were wet through, and took off your coats to dry, and this little book fell out of your pocket. I found it after you had gone. Do you remember, now, and do you recognize the book?'

"Indeed I did. I remembered the young girl who admitted us from the heart of the storm that evening, and I recognized the book, a small imitation of Christ, which was given me by a friend in the seminary. I prized it highly, and I had been greatly distressed when I found I had lost it. I had no idea where it was. I reached out for it eagerly.

"Of course I recognize it!" I said, opening the book, where sure enough my name was plainly written on the fly-leaf. No wonder she knew my name!

"And so you have had my book all this time," I said, smiling. "The girl flushed.

"Father, I began to read it, and it fascinated me. I always meant to return it to you some day. I read it over and over again, and each time I became more and more convinced that those doctrines were the doctrines of the true Church. This is why I came here to-day—to see if I could find you and ask you to give me more information about the Catholic Church.

"All this time we had stood talking on the steps of the rectory. 'Come in, my child,' I said, 'and I will introduce you to Father X—'. He will do all I could do for you, and more.

"We entered the rectory, and by good fortune, just met the pastor. He took us into his study. Then I told him of the night of the storm, introduced Miss Wilton, and showed the little 'Imitation of Christ' as the innocent cause of leading this chosen soul to the faith of Christ. He was quite interested, and said he would do all in his power to instruct and help her.

"I might as well tell you, Father," she said, 'that I have left home, and I want to get a position here as a teacher. I have some money of my own, and a good enough education, and I think I can manage. When I told my father I was convinced that the Baptist Church was wanting, and that I was going to look into the Catholic Church, he raged, and fumed, and swore. Finally he ordered me out of the house, and told me never to darken the door again. You know what a temper he has, Father,' she said to me. 'Well, it hasn't improved much. I made up my mind I would go and try to learn what Catholics believe. I am staying with a friend here, and mother knows all about it, but she can do nothing. The boys are with father.'

"There was a little catch in her voice as she mentioned these details, and I saw that the pastor was deeply touched. She was in good hands. I left her with him, presenting the book to her, although she wished to return it. He seemed distressed at my depriving myself of it—I told her it was a great pleasure to give her this little souvenir, and I would always be glad she had it. When I told her this she was satisfied. I left then, and the pastor promised to take care of her. This he did, for he took the trouble some weeks after to come up to see me and tell me of her progress.

"Without trouble she had secured a good position as teacher in the district school. She had come regularly for instructions, had been baptized, and had made her first Holy Communion. Her mother had come down to see her, and was surprised to find her so well and happy, and doing so nicely. She had secured a pleasant home with friends, and was quite independent. She was, in fact, a good Catholic, fervent and earnest, and thanked God continually for His goodness in allowing that little book, the 'Imitation of Christ,' which came to her out of the heart of the storm; to be her guide into the true Fold. She never ceased praying for her dear ones, at home, all of whom, except her mother had disowned her.

"It was all true. Yet while Rachael went about her daily work with the heroism born of true conviction, and an enthusiasm that kept her grateful to God glowing and fervent, when the day's toll was over there were hours of depression in her lonely room that tried her strength of soul to the utmost. How could she help missing the old happy hours at the homestead, the rough, tender love of that old father, his devotion of her two brothers, and the sense of security and protection from the old indifference of the world? Do not all converts have such hours of pain? Rachael was not an exception, but God was with her. She prayed for strength, and it came. She prayed for those dear ones from whom she was exiled because she preferred her Lord, and with more and more love did she plead with Heaven for the reason that she felt the super-abundance of light and peace flood her own heart. The years passed by. It seemed as if her prayer could not be heard. But the answer came, and again I was the happy medium of winning their souls to God.

"One afternoon I was riding leisurely along the same old road where our automobile met with such a storm the day my friend and I had gone to secure the bishop for confirmation. Strange to say, although it was fully four years before, the whole scene came vividly before me. The storm, the darkness, the rain, the old farm house, the abuse of the farmer, the good meal, the conversion of Rachael—and I began to think of her fervent prayers for the conversion of her family. Surely, I thought, such prayers, and such a sacrifice will have their reward. I was passing the woods, beyond which I knew was the old house, when I saw a man, a farm-hand, a man I did not remember having seen before—running towards me, waving his hat as a signal for me to stop. Of course, I did so. When he came up to me, although out of breath, he asked if I were not a priest.

"Certainly I am," I replied. "Are you Father So-and-so?" "Yes, that is my name," I answered. "Well, Father, for pity's sake will you come over to see Mr. Wilton; the old man is sick, has been in bed for two weeks. He is so restless and cross that the wife and sons are worn out with him. They got the Baptist minister to come and see him, but before he left the old man lost patience with him, and he left in a temper. He began to mention your name—said he wished he could get to see you. It seems you came here one stormy night long ago, and he treated you badly. Am I right?"

"I remember," I said, smiling. "He was only talking for his ancestors. He really had nothing against me. We parted the best of friends. Of course I'll go to see him. Can the horse go through these woods?" "I'll lead him," said the man. "I'm mighty much obliged to you for coming, and I know the Missis will be, too. Just say you heard he was sick, and that you made a friendly call."

"It was only a few minutes when we found ourselves before the farmhouse. How well I remembered it! Mrs. Wilton came to the door, looking worn and pale. But her face lighted up when she saw me. "You are welcome indeed, Sir," she said. "My husband is very poorly and besides he is so restless and worried-like. We don't know what to do for him. The doctor says he'd get well, if he'd stop fretting. You see," she said in a whisper, "he has never been the same since Rachael left us."

"May I see him?" I asked. "Yes, indeed. Why he's been wishing you would come along. It seems you took him so kindly the night of the storm, that he never forgot you. He said any other man would have knocked him down for the way he abused you. He's sorry for it now."

"Why, I never gave it a thought," I laughed. "I knew he never meant it."

"No, he didn't," she said. "He always had a temper, but it was over as quick as it came. Come up with me."

"She led me to a pleasant room where propped up on pillows, lay Amos Wilton, reading the paper. He certainly looked a sick man. But he threw down the paper, pulled off his glasses, and stretched out his hand in welcome, while a friendly smile played on his face.

"You're welcome, stranger," he said. "This time I am glad to see the Priest Parson!"

"And I am glad to see you, but not as a sick man. I hope it won't be long, however, until you are up and about."

"Take a seat, Sir. Martha, get a chair, and don't be all day about it."

"The obedient wife obeyed orders, and then left the room.

"Amos continued. 'I don't know about being up and about. There's more the matter with my soul than with my body. Somehow, since I sent my daughter Rachael, out into the world, because she intended to worship God the way she felt bound, I haven't had an hour's peace. That girl has some of her old dad's make-up in her, and it occurs to me very often that if she didn't think she was right she would never have acted the way she did. And if it's right for her, why it's right for me, and that's all about it. I have been wanting right along to talk religion with some one that knew all about it, and they sent for the Reverend Jones, but he didn't get on to the tack I needed. So I let him know it. Then you came into my mind, and I kept a wishing and a wishing you'd come along, and here you are!"

"And I am delighted that the Lord sent me when you wanted me," I said, heartily, "and I think I can satisfy you in all your questions."

"And then this simple-hearted, hot-tempered man began to ask about the faith of Christ. He listened wonderingly to the plain, clear truths of religion. I sat with him a long time patiently answering all his objections. Finally I asked him if he would read the little book I drew out of my pocket, a small catechism, and I promised that I would come back soon again. He consented readily, and when I arose to go he called his wife to show me out. His face was full of grateful feeling when I said good-bye.

"I told his wife I thought he would get better, and she seemed greatly consoled. I promised to return in a few days, and left the house wondering at the ways of God. I saw the touch of grace in the man's heart, and it had so transformed him that I could only wonder and praise the Lord.

"It seems to me there is not much more to be said. Old Amos Wilton plunged into the instructions the way he did everything. He made his wife and sons listen to that catechism. After his visits he would repeat all I had told him, and in course of time, his mind being easier and the burden of his perplexities relieved he became better.

"At last the day arrived when I told him I would baptize him, and by this time I had included wife and sons in the instructions. He was able to ride to the Church, and Rachael was there, to be present—all tears and joy—at the baptism of father, mother, and two brothers. Although they were Baptists they had never been baptized.

"Happiness beamed from Rachael's tearful eyes. She could not contain her gratitude to God, and indeed it was as much as I could do to keep back the tears of joy that persisted in coming to my own eyes.

"Rachel went home with them, and it was the talk of the neighborhood for many days—how the Wilton family all went over to Rome. But in the hearts of the new converts there was that peace which the world cannot give, that surpasses all the good things of this world. May God give them all the grace of perseverance!"

"THE REPORTER WHO BECAME A KING"

Under the above heading a daily contemporary publishes a sketch of the life of the present King of Belgium; for it appears that when King Albert was a young prince, desirous of seeing the world and learning about it at first hand, he came to the United States and took some lessons in that most interesting and strenuous of all schools, daily journalism. The young Belgian prince used to sign himself "John Brink of New York," and, at other times, "C. A. Harris." He had done some newspaper work for a home paper, and had traveled extensively through Europe, studying commerce, ports, shipyards, etc. The tour to America rounded out his experiences. We are told in the sketch of his life that as the guest of James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, the young nobleman traveled throughout the Northwest. He also spent a month in Minneapolis, finding employment as a protégé of Mr. Hill on a newspaper there, and acquiring himself creditably. In St. Paul he repeated the experience, and even now there are city editors in the sister cities who will learn with a shock that the promising "cub" they employed then—at the behest of the railroad owner—is now one of the commanding figures in the greatest war the world has ever known.

The democratic young Prince fitted easily into his new environment. He liked journalism because of the opportunities of gaining knowledge in a wide range of subjects, and because of its surprises, interests, and even an element of romance that it held for him. Says his American historian:

"If you ever looked into the steady, thoughtful blue eyes of the King you would realize at once that wedded to the hard, practical element in him is the rare and beautiful spirit of the romance of the middle ages. And yet they say that if he had not been born a prince he would have been a mechanic of exceptional ability—probably an inventor."

"There are few things that he can not do. He boxes, fences, rides, shoots, swims; knows metallurgy, mining and shipbuilding; is an expert aviator and an all-round engineer. He drives his own motor—or did before the war—and should the gear box go wrong he has never hesitated to get on his back under the

car and do the fixing himself. A story is told of a pretty waitress of a Tyrol inn who beholding him after a long struggle with a rebellious motor had made him look like an oiler on a tramp steamer, ordered him from the spick and span place. It was characteristic of him that appreciating the humor of the situation he quietly obeyed her."

An even more amusing incident occurred last summer when the King's Queen to a store in a Swiss town. And while he waited there for her to make her purchases along came an American lady. She saw the car, and the smart chauffeur standing beside it, reading a newspaper. She was in a hurry. Fortunately there was a taxi at her hand, so stepping into the car, she curtly commanded King Albert to drive her to her hotel. The King only said: "I am at your orders, Madam," and drove her to the hotel. She paid him a generous fee, and the royal chauffeur went off in high glee to get his Queen, who was wondering what had become of her husband. When he told her of his experience she joined with him in a hearty laugh.

To King Albert America is a country of great ideals and of great deeds, and the generous response of the nation to the needs of his people has cemented the bonds of friendly feeling and admiration. The King who said: "my skin is no better than my men's," when urged to leave the trenches, has proved himself to be not only every inch a king and a soldier, but also every inch a man.—Sacred Heart Review.

ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM

We take the following illuminative paragraph from the London Daily News, which shows how grievously modern Materialism has corrupted whatever faith in Christianity still remained in Anglican Protestantism. The statements in this respect are of value and information. The paper named says:

The announcement that the Bishop of Hereford has conferred the vacant canonry in his cathedral on the Rev. B. H. Streeter, of Oxford, recalls an ecclesiastical appointment of more than ordinary interest.

An editor of "Foundations" and contributor to it of an essay on "The Historic Christ," Mr. Streeter was one of the three objects of the Bishop of Zanzibar's attack in the famous open letter that precipitated the Kikuyu crisis. His authorship of the essay in question was understood to be the cause of the termination of his appointment as examining chaplain to the Bishop of St. Albans.

With two of the Hereford canonries already held by Archdeacon Tilley and Dr. Hastings Rashall, the diocese becomes very definitely marked as a stronghold of theological liberty.—Church Progress.

BOOM THE "TRACE IT BACK" IDEA

Some men in Albany if report be true, have organized a "Trace it Back" club, the result of which may be the suppression of a certain amount of irresponsible gossip. The men had been listening to a story introduced by the words, "They say," and decided to trace the story back, to see who originated it. They intend to continue their research, and hope to prevent some of the mischief from careless and unfounded stories.

The above item which we clip from a local paper, is treated jocosely, but we prefer to look at it seriously, and to hope that the "Trace it Back" idea will spread. As Catholics particularly we welcome it, and trust that no obstacle may be put in its way. Many stories, ideas and beliefs derogatory to Catholics and the Catholic Church are in circulation among our non-Catholic neighbors. A "Trace it Back" club set to work on such fallacies would soon run them to earth. Examples of such notions are given by our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Citizen, as follows:

1. That arms are hidden in Catholic churches.
2. That the Knights of Columbus take an oath against Protestants.
3. That awful things go on in the nunneries.
4. That Houses of the Good Shepherd kidnap girls and make slaves of them.
5. That Catholic priests are bad men morally.
6. That the Catholic Church slurs Protestant marriages, and is narrow about mixed marriages.
7. That the Catholic Church is a political machine.

Not a few pastors have their patience sorely tried by a large number of their parishioners who are in the habit of arriving in church on Sunday mornings long after the Holy Sacrifice at which they intend to assist, in fulfillment of their solemn obligation, has begun. Surprising as it may seem to Catholics who have a proper respect for their Maker and their Redeemer, these habitually tardy arrivals are more frequently in evidence at the short, Low Masses than at the others.

Their persistent negligence in this important matter is exceedingly reprehensible, and the most charitable plea that can be put forward in extenuation of their blameworthy conduct is that they do not realize that the offering up of Mass is the supremest act of adoration of Almighty God of which we His creatures are capable. It would be a blessed thing if, acting on the suggestion made by a prominent pastor on a recent Sunday morning, these late-comers at Mass would make a New Year

8. That the Infallibility of the Pope means that he can order Catholics how to vote.
9. That the Catholics assassinated Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.
10. That the Pope recognized the Southern Confederacy.
11. That Catholics would destroy the Public school system.
12. That if what the Menace is publishing about Catholics isn't true, why don't the Catholic Church sue that paper for libel?
13. That when Catholics talk about "making America Catholic," they intend some political movement to capture the country and oppress the Protestants.
14. That Catholics are opposed to freedom of the press and free speech.
15. That Catholics are opposed to the freedom of the press and free speech.

And a correspondent of the Citizen supplements the foregoing list with these:

15. That Catholics worship pictures and images and the person of their priest.
16. That Catholics are forbidden the Scriptures and their Bibles taken away from them, and destroyed by the Church authorities.
17. That the Bishops and priests purposely keep their followers in a state of ignorance the more easily to keep them in subjection.
18. That the administration of the Sacraments, the offering of Masses, the saying of prayers for the living and dead are commercialized—and sold for cash considerations.

That the Catholic Church defends the liquor traffic and attendant evils, as evidenced by the great number of priests and of church beer picnics.

Speed the day when "Trace it Back" clubs may be formed in every American community to rid the minds of otherwise sensible people of such stupid beliefs as those given above.—Sacred Heart Review.

ANGLICAN BISHOP POINTS A MORAL

In his diocesan magazine the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, England, deals with the arrest of Cardinal Mercier. He says:

"Probably the most interesting moral to be drawn from the incident is the power still possessed by at any rate one branch of the Church of Christ in regard to the conduct of a great war. Whatever one's feelings may be in regard to some of the teachings of the great Roman Catholic Church, it is something to feel that on the continent of Europe the strength of that great body is so real that it can prevent, or any at any rate lessen, brutality in a great European struggle. I wonder sometimes whether our own Church has cared sufficiently to influence national conduct, or whether she has lost some of her force in regard to great moral questions by striving too much after details, which, however valuable in themselves, are not of the absolute essence of the religion of our Blessed Lord."—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE TONGUE

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds, always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring, to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of truth, that we need to be on our guard. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie who yet suffer themselves to make such inaccurate or exaggerated or one-sided statements that they really come under the condemnation of those whose lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked. And it should be borne in mind that what is often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious.—St. Paul Bulletin.

LATE COMERS AT MASS

Not a few pastors have their patience sorely tried by a large number of their parishioners who are in the habit of arriving in church on Sunday mornings long after the Holy Sacrifice at which they intend to assist, in fulfillment of their solemn obligation, has begun. Surprising as it may seem to Catholics who have a proper respect for their Maker and their Redeemer, these habitually tardy arrivals are more frequently in evidence at the short, Low Masses than at the others.

Their persistent negligence in this important matter is exceedingly reprehensible, and the most charitable plea that can be put forward in extenuation of their blameworthy conduct is that they do not realize that the offering up of Mass is the supremest act of adoration of Almighty God of which we His creatures are capable. It would be a blessed thing if, acting on the suggestion made by a prominent pastor on a recent Sunday morning, these late-comers at Mass would make a New Year

Our Home Library

50c. Each
POSTAGE FREE
Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors
NUMBER TWO
ADDITIONAL TITLES NEXT WEEK
NOVELS

THE SILENT SISTER. By Rev. John Joseph Franco, S. J. An absorbing story of the persecutions of Catholics in the fourth century, and the attempt of Julian the Apostate to restore the gods of Homer and Virgil. THE SOLITARY ISLAND. By Rev. John Talbot Smith. A mysterious and dramatic story in the plot as either of the sensational productions of Archibald Clavering Gunther, and it contains portraits which would not shame the brush of a Tackery or Dickens.

THE TWO VICTORIES. By Rev. T. J. Pater. A story of the conflict between the Catholic family and their entrance into the Catholic Church. THE HIBERNIAN DAUGHTER. By Cecilia Mary Caddell. A story of the adventures and final conversion of a miser and his family through the selfless labor of his daughter. In this book every part of the Mass is explained in a simple and clear manner.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET. By Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and it is not to think of and to pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own. IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others' good, are keyed on divine truths and the noblest of all that we can do for our fellow-men. TEARS ON THE DIAPHEM. By Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth. So interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it down. "DEER JANE." By Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing elder sister whose ambition to know the truth about her mother is told with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

LOUIS KIRKBRIDGE. By Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S. J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narrative infused with a strong religious moral tone. THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP. By Hendrick Conscience. A novel of compelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant, and Raphael Banks, who through the uncertainty of fortune, enters the parental approval of their marriage, which had been withheld on account of difference in social position. MARIAN ELWOOD. By Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a haughty society girl, selfish and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man who has been abandoned by her.

CONSCIENCE'S TALES. By Hendrick Conscience. Fourly interesting and well written tales of Flemish life, including "The Recruit," "Miss Hot Redoubt," "The Poor Nobleman." FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY. By Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting story of a young man and adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution. THE COMMANDER. By Charles D'Hericourt. An historical novel of the French Revolution.

BRECH BLUFF. By Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the American Civil War, and adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution. THE COMMANDER. By Charles D'Hericourt. An historical novel of the French Revolution. BRECH BLUFF. By Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the American Civil War, and adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution. THE COMMANDER. By Charles D'Hericourt. An historical novel of the French Revolution.

CAPTAIN ROSCOFF. By Raoul de Navery. A thrilling story of fearlessness and adventure. CATHOLIC CRUSOE. By Rev. W. H. Anderson, M.A. The adventures of Owen Evans, Esq., Surgeon-Major, set against a background of a desolate island in the Caribbean Sea. HAPPY GO-LUCKY. By Mary C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic stories for boys, including "A Little Heroine," "New's Baseball Club," "Terry and His Friends," "The Boys at Balton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

MERRY HEARTS AND TRUES. By Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Beginnings," "The Little Woman," "Folly's Five Dollars," "Marie's Trust," "I'm Fanny's Prolly," and "The Little Heroine." THE AFRICAN FABIOLA. Translated by Rev. Mr. J. O'Connell, D.D. The story of the life of St. Fabiola, who suffered martyrdom together with her slave, St. Cyprian, in the year 303. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church. HAWTHORNEAN. By Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life found on fact. KATHLEEN'S MOTTO. By Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story for young people who, by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

ALIAS KITTY CASEY. By Miss Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is a really Catholic girl, a girl threatened with infidelity, who in an endeavor to secure her own and her family's happiness, she is drawn to the arms of a man who enjoys the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a mental position in a hotel, taking the position of waitress in the hotel, and the secret influence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

LATE MISS HOLLINGFORD. By Rosa Mulholland. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mulholland, who has written a number of books for young ladies which are really Catholic in spirit. FERNCLIFFE. Ferncliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted son, Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the secret influence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

ROSE LE BLANC. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A thoroughly interesting story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors. THE STRAWCUTTER'S DAUGHTER. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people. LADY AMABEL AND THE SHEPHERD BOY. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic story of England, in which the love of a humble shepherd boy for the daughter of a noble English family is ridiculed. In this story the young people present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and finally results in her marriage.

MAY BROOKE. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows them through a series of trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters. AUNT HONOR'S KEEPSAKE. A chapter from "Life." By Mrs. James Sadler. BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT. A tale of Early Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue. BLAKES AND FLANAGANS. By Mrs. James Sadler. This book is the author's masterpiece. CARDOME. A spirited tale of romance and adventure in Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue. CINERAS, or Rome Under Nero. A story novel of early Christianity, by J. M. Villancher. FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY. By Cardinal Manning. OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE. By Mrs. J. Sadler. Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an Irish Borough. ORPHAN OF MOSCOW. A pathetic story full of interest for young readers arranged by Mrs. Sadler. PEARL OF ANTIQOH. By Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerfully written story of the early age of the Church. THALIA. By Abbe A. Bayle. An interesting and instructive tale of the Fourth Century.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION. By Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of the south and southern people. ALVIRA. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. ALVIRA. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. A story of the times, by Richard Baptist O'Brien, D.D. Showing how evil, murder and such pastimes are managed and justice administered in Ireland together with a series of stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of the heroic lives of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. These are the lives of our ancestors. For those interested in Irish history of these later days Alviras in a new dress will serve a good purpose. LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS. This book is sufficiently full and comprehensive to furnish a lucid and correct knowledge of the glorious Saint, the wonderful work she performed in life, of her invaluable writings, and the miracles wrought through her prayers and intercession. HEIRS OF KILGARREN. By Mrs. J. Sadler. History and fiction combined, very interesting. ROSEMARY. By J. Vincent Huntington. One of the best Catholic novels ever written.

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

House-cleaning
is soon finished
if you use—
Old Dutch Cleanser

A BOOK BY "COLUMBA"
"At the Gate of the Temple"
A "People's" Book of Irish and Catholic Poems by "Columba" (Rev. D. A. Casey). AN IDEAL GIFT BOOK. Bound in cloth with portrait.
POST FREE, \$1.00, from
The Catholic Record, London, Ont.
W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
or The Author, Brantford, Ont.

FOR ROUGH SCOR, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS
Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample—27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.