one of them, only the old cabin above. I'll tell ye, now what got them for her. 'Twasn't looks that done it 'twasn't money that done it, but she just had the 'comether' in the

all know so well defined more aptly? 'Poor Jim 'twas the unchancy choice he made; an' I know that same, him bein' a friend of me own. was only after buryin' Neal abe over beyont when big Tom O'Hale came on her, an' she goin' home out of this. He asked her would she have him when Seraft was round, but, 'Wirra, wirra, Tom dear,' says she, why didn't you speak sooner?' For wasn't she after fixin' up the match with Jimmy Duggan when he'd been to shave the

Such ghastly precipitance rather startling, but Peter took it very calmly.

That'll be six years come Hollandtide and 'twas only in the Big Wind while back that he went. I won't deny but that he did ought to have water, without which no man from roped the roof down safer, but Jim was a bad hand on the ropewalk. him a gossoon, then again he couldn't well fix it himself-for he'd been complainin' this long while, backwards and forwards, of a heavy lightness in the head, had Jimmy. When the storm came in under the old thatch, it went for to lift the roof of the cabin, and herself was up, and it with no ropes but the old ones, where she'd bid Jimmy bind it. in his face, for the call of the sea So out into the black night she sent him, an' up on the roof she bid him him leave her with a whispered him, an' up on the root sne rad him, and the root sne down, an' never a stir out of him till sudden instinct—or did some she had him fixed up in bed. There murmur warn her of what he had she had him fixed up in bed. There was an ormous draw on the chest of him; an' me goin' in in the

'You'd best be sendin' for the priest,' says I, seein' how it was. 'Go yourself,' says she, 'if you think that's the way it is with

'What'll I get him, Father dear says she, after the priest attendin' 'His coffin,' says Father Mullar-

key, 'for it's all he'll be needin'.' 'He'd got the new ammonia, had Jim, an' got it double, God help him. Well with that, what does herself do, but get the cup of blessed water, an' her to fetch home a habit for him. out of M'Keowin's in the town. There wasn't one with Jim only him self and she with the door-key in her pocket. Well, he was dead and gone an' she comin' in. God rest him. They do be savin' she has the habit put by in chance she gets another man : still I doubt but she did bury him in it after all."

He was so loath to blame her that it seemed, in spite of everything, as though the "comether" was still

There was another grave beyond the burying place of the widow's husbands, with nothing to distinguish it from those around, but Peter told a real romance of the sea about it.

North of Tullaroan, between the gravelly shore of Killawurity and the sands of Dangonnel, a high mass of cliff stands boldly facing the Atlantic Even at low tide the waters swirl and eddy round its feet, but when the waves come dashing in, breaking against the granite walls and thunder ing through the caves that pierce their rugged sides, they form a sight not easily forgotten.

cruel jagged points, that in a storm den by the angry waves.

ships to keep away. Sailors travelthat coast know they cannot seek the shelter of the bay without a local pilot to guide them through the narrow channel, seemingly fair and wide, yet holding death at every point but one, in the merciless rocks that lie beneath the water.

The village stands sheltered by the headland, and when the fishing boats are out, it is only an abode of women and of children. Thus it was on the night that Owen Colohan lost his life. He happened, for some reason, to be at home just then, but there was not another seafaring man in the place, except Dan McGlinchy. Daniel, in his day, had been a firstrate seaman, but he was one of those who do not care for work, and when the others went away to fish, he ferred to remain behind, ostensibly to mind his lobster-pots, but incidentally to be within convenient reach of a public-house. A storm had sprung up early in the afternoon. and when evening fell, it was raging so wildly that not an eye was closed in all the village; women and children had to keep awake to pray for crash, and the burden at the rope

Fierce as was the gale, there was always a hope that their own were always beyond it; but that someone was in danger became known in the village early in the night.

Sounds of distress came moaning through the darkness, and at in-tervals, the light of fireworks told those on shore that a ship had tried to run for the Bay of Dangonnel, but missing the channel, now lay close to the hidden reef, and God only knew how long they could keep from drifting on to it.

Still, a man who knew the coast could even yet have saved the ship, and fragile as a curragh is, it has and ragile as a curragn is, it has been known to live where other boats were useless. There were curraghs in plenty on the strand, the question was who would dare to risk.

It almost seemed that he was wan be except that the latter is something to be regarded with suspicion."

desperate remedies, and with the question was who would dare to risk all up, the ship bounded through the strand that the latter is something to be regarded with suspicion."

("Great Thoughts," January 20th. And the Archbishop of York the ship bounded through the strand that the latter is something to be regarded with suspicion." his life on such a quest? A narrow the darkness.

question embracing only two men, Owen Colohan, strong, with a lad's strength, and Dan McGlinchy—than whom no one better knew the coast.

Which would it be ? "Toss," "heads!" said Dan, hoarsely

A coin was thrown, turned in the air, and fell. Some one struck a need to be told that they were saved. light, and the boy bent forward. The great jagged rocks that had The flick of the match lit up two threatened their destruction stood up anxious faces. Owen's young, cleanly, little touched by the passing of eighteen blameless years. And the other—there was one black sheep the parish, and his face it instant their eyes met above the coin that lay, with head upturned; then young Owen's hand went lightly to

Tails," he said quietly: "'tis me!" Then in the dark they moved towards the curraghs, loosened one and carried her across the shingle. A lantern was set in her bows, and thereabouts will ever put to sea.

Quick as the toss had been, some besides the two concerned had seen what happened. If the lad chose to go why should they prevent it? Dan had his wife and children, all still young, and Owen's mother was an ageing woman, God help her !-Owen knew that she was among the crowd that was gathered round, and having mad when she seen it rise tested both his oars, he turned to say one word to her. There was no fear was upon him. She would have let almost certain. Then, with done ?-she seized his arm.

"Is it you to go?" she questioned, with sudden fierceness. "Clean and honest, is it you?'

'Let me go mother." But he left ber cry unanswered. "Is it you?" she repeated, clenching her strong hands about his arms. Don't dare to go before the throne of God with a lie upon your lips."

And all this while the precious ents were slipping by.

"Let me go, mother agrah! he has s wife and the childer at home." "And no good he is to them! Owen avick, come back out o' that. was pleading now, but yet she held him strongly. "I wouldn't say you nay had it been the will o' God.'

Then he bent his head and whispered, in her ear, and even those about them could not hear the words said. Afterwards the people learnt them, and Peter told us what they were. He was ready to go: less than a week before he had been the priest, when the station was in Shane Devine's, but Dan—Dan wanted time. She loosed her hands and turned upon McGlinchy. 'Have you done your Easter? Are

you ready to meet your God ?" As far as animal courage went Dan was no greater coward than his neighbor, but now, in the dim light. the Widow Colohan saw there awful terror in his eyes. Then she

love you, now and forever." For a minute or more they watched heartbroken mother was taken up by

Since we have known the cliffs of again. Twenty pairs of eyes were Baptismal Regeneration, Apostolic Tullaroan, a lighthouse has stood upon their heights, warning passing pairs of ears sought for sound of

human voice. "Lower a rope!" The captain's down in the black chasm of waters. over and again they flung the rope towards him, but never near enough for him to grasp it. When at last it made the frail craft shiver, but Owen had it safely held. Keening only a he made the line fast

about his body.
"Heave to,"—very faintly they heard his call. The cord tightened; the spray flew from it on his face; a second pull, and he felt the curragh glide from under him. He was hanging in space against the side of the clasping his oar with both his hands to protect himself from crashing against the timbers. Once he flew out, but as he came back the oar

received the shock.

The second time the lurching essel flung him from her and those on deck heard a splintering crack, a end hung limp and inert, as hurriedly they drew it in. His chest was bare and wet, but not with the cold sea waves. A warm, crimson flood told its own tale, and the broken oar that had failed in its task was floating in splinters on the waves below Once again the thought of safety passed away from the crew; then the lad opened his eyes.

"Hold up my hand," he said. They did his bidding pityingly, not ret daring to hope that he could

guide them. 'Turn sharp to the right," he went on faintly. "Keep straight on Now to larboard, but quickly. Put up a

bit of sail if you can.'

answered "No." he bade them keep

'We see them now." face them."

A moment later the sailors did not solid breakwater between them and the storm.

He was still breathing when they laid him in his mother's arms, and all the long hours, whilst the barethat now showed grey and livid footed lad of Dan McGlinchy's was before the match died down. For an away over the mountains for the priest, she half knelt, half sat, holding him to her and wiping the lips from time to time through which his life-blood was slowly draining. With the dim light of early dawn, the priest came in and spoke the words

listening to his story.
One question we had to ask, and that was—whether the time he gave to Dan McGlinchy had been made

use of to good purpose.
"Didn't herself see to that?" said Peter. "I was only a gossoon meself that time, but the old folk did use to be sayin' he went to the priest that very mornin'. Anyways 'twas a good day for his wife and childher, for wasn't he the changed man with the fret he had had; an' many's the blessin' the widow woman got for the hand that she had in it.

'Didn't my Owen give his life for she'd seen her huntin' Dan along the road home, when she seen him next or nigh the public house, and never would a station be from this to service.' Killawurity but the Widow Colohan was in it, an' who would it be takin' along on the ass' back but Dan himself, an' he beside her with the

We crossed the still leading back to the sandhills and turned for a last waters lying on either side of it. The sun, sinking towards the horizon was vainly struggling to pierce the heavy clouds, but it only succeeded in showing a faint light, just enough to recall the radiance beyond.

Behind us Peter Keane had gone on his knees, and a glimmer of brightness seemed to fall upon his upturned His shapeless hat and the blackthorn stick lay on the grass before him, his head was bare, his joined, and his lips moved in supplication to Heaven, for the souls

## RELIGION AT THE FRONT

As mentioned in last week's article. Mr. Neville Talbot, an Anglican, con-fesses in his "Thoughts on Religion at the Front," the failure of British went again to Owen.

"Go then, avick," she said. "God He writes: "I reach here a glaring fact about the English Church. The War reveals that there are few the tiny light cresting the huge men in its loose membership who waves, then, as it disappeared in the waves, then, as it disappeared in the darkness the agonizing "keen" of a its faith. Religion as taught by the Church of England has a feeble grip the winds and carried sobbingly to on the masses. They hold it in no familiar embrace." Before the Ang-There are great blocks too, detached from the cliffs themselves, almost died away, when Owen's light, the merest speck, gave it sudden life Resurrection, the Real Presence, Succession, Prayers to the Saints pairs of ears sought for sound of and for the dead, and are just as much Anglicans as the man who believes them : by which and in which order was obeyed almost before it of these conflicting faiths are Anghad been spoken. The dot of light licans to be possessed and instructed? was close to now, tossing up and Are they to hold the High, the Low, or the Broad section in Owen dared not go too close, and embrace?" to follow Mr. Kensit or Lord Halifax? May not the total absence from Anglicanism of any authority teaching men with unerr hit the curragh the force of the blow ing certainty a definite, dogmatic religion account for the admitted failure? Be that as it may, Mr. Talbot reiterates an admission already made and joined in by his contemporaries. The Church which has Anne Boleyn as its foundationstone is condemned by its own dignitaries, and the supreme spiritual results of the English Reformation would seem to be a religion as to whose essential tenets scarcely two people agree, a total ignorance of the things that matter amongst "the masses." rationalism, unbelief, and materialism both in pew and pulpit. Mr. Dolling, an Anglican "priest," declared that the Anglican Church passes by the fallen. In the slums and on tramp men and women live and die without religion. Since the Reformation the Church had been lost to the masses. It had ceased to touch the lives of the people." ("Memoir of Father Dolling," by J. Clayton.) The Protestant Bishop of Rochester in 1880 lamented that to hundreds of thousands of his fellowcountrymen God was practically an unknown being, and Christ as distant as a fixed star. ("Good Words," January, 1880.) That was last century. In this century we find Mr. Temple, of St. James's, Piccadilly, saying practically the same thing. "It is amazing how little the ordinary man or woman in this so-called Christian nation knows of God or religion, except that the latter is something 1917.) And the Archbishop of York "did not suppose that the multitudes

"Can you see the lights of the vil-age yet?" he asked, and when they religious awakening. The chaplains reports showed appalling ignorance of the Church's sacraments and faith (which faith? what is it?) on the "Then turn, turn right about to part of great numbers of men who described themselves as members of the Church of England." (Glasgow Evening Times," September 27th, 1916.) Poor sheep, in what a sorry pasture they wander! A chaplain writes from a base his experience of a representative gathering of British soldiers, wounded or invalided home, that amongst them "there is no atmosphere of the supernatural there may be a grim and primitive form of ethic, but there is practically no idea of grace," and he heard some of them say, poor fellows: "You are telling us the things we ought to have learnt when we were children.' (Tablet April 21st, 1917.) Another Anglican chaplain writes: orly a few feet from where we sat

Angilean Chaptain writes: It is hopeless to find a Christian theory of life, or any theory, in the ordinary soldier. Many a time our scantily-attended services stir one to indignant speech against the irreverence, spiritual indifference, and prayer-lessness out here." (Ibid.) But whose is the responsibility, good Master Guide and Teacher of richest Established Church in the world? A layman writes: that the irreligion of the Army, as I fact. Officers and men alike, with too few, exceptions, know nothing whatsoever of the Christian faith. . . Of the first principles of religion they have never heard, as I fear the vast bulk "'Didn't my Owen give his life for that one to get time?' says she, 'an' heard. My contention is this. The 'tisn't me that'll see him lose his Church of England of the new failed to inspire them with decent immortal soul.' 'Me Mother, God be good to her, used to be sayin' that ignorance of God, though there is plenty of religious sentiment as can be seen from the way men enjoy singing popular hymns at the parade service." (Ibid.) These are melan-choly evidences of how the Anglican flock has been fed, or rather, starved, by its shepherds. But the Church of God still feeds the lambs and the sheep which the Divine Shepherd Himself entrusted to her. A famil iar and suggestive study in contrasts look at the graveyard by the sea. It is presented by the words of another stood out against the sky with the Anglican chaplain at the Front, who "The almost entire ignorwrites: ance of the average soldier of the elements of religion, the paucity of confirmed men or regular communicants, is simply appalling. A Roman Catholic soldier knows at once what to do. . . . He knows the Gospel of Christ, understands about repentance, about grace, about the presence of the unseen army of saints and angels. Our poor Tommy, not from any fault of his own, but from our neglect, is quite unconscious of most of this as a reality."
Yet another remarks: "The Catholic soldiers have been taught to expect the priest, and know what he

will do when he comes. I go to a man marked 'Church of England' I talk to him. He knows nothing. He supposes he has been baptized, and beyond a hazy idea that there is a mysterious somebody called God somewhere, Who is very angry with him ... he knows nothing." Whence it would appear that it is not "the Church of Rome" which "keeps the people in ignorance." Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P., writes that war either deepens the religious sense in a man or expels it altogether, and which it depends enormously on early training, and that the greater number immeasurably of whom he has heard in the French Army are men deepened in their convictions, or returned after long desertion to the those they are striving to make betcolours of Christ. "I have seen regiments and battalions bowed in worship, silent, shrouded congregations at all hours, prostrate in prayer and intercession. They were not moved to such devotion by any in-determinate, undenominational, newfangled theories of a higher life. No. they were just practising the religion taught them by their mothers or their village priests in their childhood, a religion based upon the most definite, the most dogmatic principles of the Incarnation and the Atonement. That was what they wanted in time of trouble. No shadowy substitutes, no short-cuts, no compromises would give them the courage they needed in the trenches. Under the shadow of the guns, or stunned with grief, they turned again like children to mother's knee, and clasped in faith the outstretched Hands of the Man of Sorrows." (I bid.) Ah, Catholic mothers, what a privilege is yours, to start in the right path the immortal soul, to give your children the finest education of all, the knowledge of God and His truths, a knowlwill stand to them edge through life, its every sorrow, and in the supreme hour of death! How mean and poor is the Protestant boast of the bigger purse compared with the spiritual treasures which the Catholic Church bestows upon her humblest member! The paper which records the Anglican admissions of failure makes mention of a young Second-Lieutenant, who was regived into the One Fold in 1915. 'Full of enthusiasm for the Faith and eager to make others partakers of it, Westwood has been instrumental during his brief life in leading several of his companions into the Fold." He had found the reality, you perceive, had discerned the Living Bread after starving on the crumbling stone. Dr. Martin, F. R. C. S., a New Zealander, writes that "one has only to be a little time with the French troops in the field to recognize and be impressed by their deep attachment to the Catho-lic Church." ("A Surgeon in Khaki.") About the nuns whom he met he is quite enthusiastic—"magnificent," "simply splendid," are the

## Used in Millions of Tea Pots Daily-Every Leaf is Pure

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'to their own' again."

quiet-voiced, simply-robed women,

carrying help and pity in the welter of blood and slaughter, have come

rather sad hearing for the convent-

calumniators, and others, who pro-

reviling and slandering the Faith of

our Catholic Allies. But, after all,

only men whose women-folk-rela-

tives, friends, acquaintances-have

respect, let alone reverence, for the

sex, only men and women whose

minds are unclean, who find pleasure

in thinking evil, who cannot believe

that any one is purer or holier than themselves and their kindred, defame

Catholic Sisters. We have got to

of the slanderers.-M. C. L. in Edin-

CONTENT WITH

"BETTER"

Of St. Augustine it was once said

make men good as to make them better." He did not expect his peni-

tents to attain in a few years the

heights of holiness. If they grew, however slowly, only a little better

than they were, he was quite con-

tent. He was not discouraged if his

sermons seemed to produce no fruit.

If, in spite of his valiant defense of

the Faith, heresies still spread, the

great Doctor of the West was not

disheartened. After he had deliv-

ered God's message as clearly and

forcibly as he could, the Saint left

the rest to heaven. From his close

union with Our Blessed Lord he

learned to imitate the Master's Di-

vine patience. He recalled how

many were the prayers, the instruc-

tions and the miracles of Christ, yet

what a meager harvest He appeared

to reap from His ministry and how

often His divine purposes were frus-

trated by the malice and stupidity of men. The saint reflected that it is

largely because man's span of life is so brief, that he fumes and frets

if prompt complete success does not crown his labors. God is so patient

There are many zealous promoters

of God's cause who grow restive and

impatient at the slow mental, mater-

ial or moral improvement shown by

ter. Quick and striking results are

when these hopes are not realized.

discouragement comes to sadden the

worker's soul and to enfeeble his

hands. Apostolic men and women

whom this spiritual malady attacks

world, because you are in it, is made

just a little better. Do not expect too much of poor human nature.

Be surprised at nothing. Neverthe-

less, like St. Ignatius Loyola, count

yourself happy if through your in-

fluence even one sin is left uncom-

mitted, and but one fellow-pilgrim

finds the next step toward heaven

VEIL LIFTED OFF

ARGENTINES

THEY SPEAK FOR SELVES

The charges of the Religious Pana-

ma Congress against the Argentine

of the Cathedral of Tucuman in a letter to "The Queen's Work," pub-

are refuted one by one. Instead of

lying in a lethargy under the influence of the Catholic Church, the

people are extraordinarily active.

Catholic organizations are almost

for the Protestant Congress to count,

innumerable, too numerous probably

and all are supporting works of

charity and social benevolence, both

those are hospitals, orphanages,

Catholic colleges, protectorates for

the aged and poor, rural banks,

mutual aid, preservation of the faith

houses for lay people and associa-tions for teaching Christian doctrine.

Social work among the laboring classes is carried on chiefly through

the Workingmen's Centers, the Social

League of Argentina, and the Con-

ferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

These organizations are in a flour-

ishing state and solidly established among the faithful. "The person,"

spiritual and temporal.

lished in the April number.

their own. Be grateful,

easier to take.—America.

because all eternity is His.

He always tried, not so much to

make allowances for the limitations

mote the "entente cordiale

Sealed Packets only.

he applies to them. He says the rector, "who does not be brought the fine work—"the finest example of the entente cordiale"— be regarded as the exception." of the French Sisters amongst our The spirit of the Church's sanctity men to the notice of Queen has protected and still protects the Alexandra, who sent them a letter unspotted purity of the homes of of thanks and appreciation. "The Argentina against all kinds of vice. French soldier loves and idolises the

French soldier loves and idolises the nursing Sister. . . I do not think that any future Government of Frence will France will ever oust the religious live together in open scandal. All Sisters from the hospitals. These are married by the Church."

unspotted purity of the homes of Argentina against all kinds of vice.

"I do not know," said the Bishop of Catamarca, "of a single instance of persons of the higher class who live together in open scandal. All are married by the Church."

The rector of the Tucuman cathedral informs us that:

"The Argentine can point to his home with pride as a lofty example of Christian honor and virtue. Among the higher classes of society an illegitimate child is practically unknown; it would be a scandal. Among the poorer people in the suburbs of the great cities and in the large cities of the world.

THE CALUMNY AGAINST SOUTH

"I do not know," said the Bishop of Catamarca, "of a single instance of persons of the higher class who live together with list companions, to work the edit with the coverse the development of the suburbs of a few that of correct and improve; but our morality is very far from fearing comparison with that of corresponding classes in other that of corresponding classes in other than the convent wenty four hours before things begin to happen.

Freeddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the deventures of a few deventures of a few deventures of the Begin to happen.

Freeddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the deventures of the segment of the present with list companions, to work the segment with his companions, to work the sudents of a few it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the segment of the segment with his companions, to work the segment with h

THE CALUMNY AGAINST SOUTH AMERICAN WOMEN

"The Protestant accusation that in South America a great proportion of the Catholic women have lost their honor is an offense as gratuitous as it is unjust. We have already spoken of the moral standing of our homes. The Catholic's conscience which forms them is a crucible of society which does not tolerate that lightness of moral principle so common, and even sanctioned by law, in non-

Catholic communities. To such an extent is our faith To such an extent is our faith looked upon as the guarantee of our social morality that many men of all religious professions and of high standing in social and economic life seek their spouses among the laddes of Argentina, and thus from Catholic homes —a proof to demonstration that the Protestants and anti-Catholic resident in Argentina, many of them men of the highest standing, do not believe that in marrying argentines they ally themselves with degraded and immoral women, and thus the statement made in the Protestant Congress of Panama is an infamous falsehood.

"This statement of mine receives full confirmation from the statistics of the latest census of Argentina, which prove that the number of marriages of foreign men with Argentine women is more than double that of foreigners among themselves; and the number of marriages contracted by foreigners with the women of Argentina is eight times as great as that of Argentine men with women from abroad.

ANOTHER FALSE CHARGE

"We are accused, moreover, of being buried in drunkenness and ignorance."

A for drunkenness, we are far from being its victims; on the contrary, the consumption of alcoholic beverages is decreasing gradually in proportion to the number of interpretation of the proportion to the number of interpretation of the contrary, the consumption of alcoholic proportion to the number of interpretation of the contrary, the consumption of alcoholic proportion to the number of interpretation of the contrary, the consumption of alcoholic proportion to the number of interpretation of the number of interpretation of the proportion to the number of interpretation of looked upon as the guarantee of our social morality that many men of all religious professions and of high

beverages is decreasing gradually in proportion to the number of inhabitants. On this head also we can advise the Protestant Congress that their own country far surpasses us should make St. Augustine's practice in the vice we are accused of. In the matter of education

Latin-America gives an example to the whole world. Argentina, for example, devotes to the education of her children more than a third part of her total revenues—a wonderful outlay, and such as few nations can parallel. If there are still illiterate people in Argentina, it is not through the negligence of the civil powers, nor for want of appreciation on the part of the people, nor through sloth church authorities. There are illiterate people in Argentina today for the sole reason that it is impossible to attend to all the educational needs of the country. Resources are not limitless, and the sparse settling of many districts obliges the State to multiply schools in far-Republic are taken up and the truth outlying regions without important told about the country by the Rector civil centers and in immense tracts of the Cathedral of Tucuman in a of mountainous country, where people live almost as solitaries, and where there is nothing to compenamazing directness the calumnies sate for the sacrifices made, since often a scant thirty pupils can be

collected for three leagues around. Such are our exertions and our zeal for the spread of education that we can say with lawful pride that we have outstripped in this respection many of the non-Catholic nations." -New World.

Happiness! Everyone talks of it. few know it, and those who feel it waste not their time in describing it. , who am meditating on it, enjoy it and the virtue of the young, retreat not at this moment. Feeling fills the soul; every enjoyment absorbs profound reflections: he. mind discusses matters coolly, is certainly not affected in a warm and touching manner. Such never wrote but from the want of something to would have thought little had not active grief unfolded their faculties -Madame Roland.

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from which he escapes, and finally gets back to bt.
Nicholas'.

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before us.

Transplanting of Tessie, The. by Mary T Waggaman. The influence which a little girl, educated in religious principles, may exercise in a circle where such influences have not previously been at work, is the ground idea of the story. It is most interestingly worked out through a succession of dramatic incidents.

Teasure of Nugget Mountain, The. by Marion A Taggart. The ride for life from the lake of petroleum with horse and rider clogged by the flerce unreason of the boy Harry, is a piece of word-painting which has few counterparts in the language.

the language.

Taggart In the present volume Jack Hildreth goes West, meets Winnetou under tragic circumstances, is captured by him and sentenced to dir. How he escapes and how they become fast friends is shown through chapters of breathless interest.

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