

he talks about, that most of the Cuban agents in this country are members of secret societies. Again, letters from unprejudiced residents of Cuba who belong to neither of the belligerents, show General Weyler in far other than the dark colors, in which he is usually painted. But the children of darkness must lie and lie persistently like their father. Liberty-loving souls should not let their sympathy run away with them. It is now and then good to recall what Madame Roland said, as she was led to execution, "O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

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It not unfrequently happens, as many a priest can attest by experience, that persons are tempted to lay aside their Scapular. It is a trick of the devil. The experience of the missionaries in Madagascar also shows the same. The fathers say that one of the most ordinary and perfidious devices of the evil one is the suggestion to the dying to throw off the Scapular of Mount Carmel. This is proved by some very sad examples. We are told of one poor soul who repeatedly tried to obey the devil in this matter. Prayer finally conquered the devil. Just before this woman died she remarked: "Here comes the Blessed Virgin to take me. She recognizes me for her daughter by the Scapular on my breast. A thousand thanks, my friends, for your not allowing me to remove it!" How consoling, dear reader. A warning too for us to never lay aside our Scapular during life in order that we may have it about us when we need it most—at the hour of death.

A good life gives ease to the mind, and a pure conscience affords great confidence towards God.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Billy Buttons, by Walter Lecky. Second edition, 12 mo. Cloth \$1.25. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

An American novel, breezy with the air of the wild hills in the Adirondack region. A rugged setting for simple heroic lives, full of pathos and nobility. The story, or rather the chain of stories, is told in short, crisp sentences. There are bits of wisdom scattered through the pages, bright epigrams, that sparkle like snow crystals in the sun. The characters are manifold, and so uncommon that they must have been drawn from life. And yet we know them, understand and love them far more than the un-American characters of Ian McLaren's books. It is pleasant to think that a gifted Catholic writer has enriched our American literature with this collection of gems, picked up from our own soil, a soil as productive of heroes as any in the world.

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A simple story, the characters of which belong to the humbler classes of New York city. Gabrielle Crystal, who asks the prayers of her pious sister Agnes, that she may win the heart of John Fulton, is as innocent a girl as she is true to her lover, when he is a prisoner, sentenced for a crime which he never committed. The persons figuring in this most interesting story are young people who are not impossible ideals, but strong, wholesome and natural types of true Catholic spirit.

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The most serious fault of clever writers is repetition of themselves. There were some critics who feared such a disaster for the gifted author of this novel. That their fears were groundless is shown clearly by the freshness and originality of this new story. Mr. Egan has been steadily progressing in power, until he has attained, even now, an enviable position among the writers of the day. The present volume is the best proof of this. It is the