

periments several times he asked no more questions.

They bade him stay in bed, though he told them that he felt quite well. They took away his pillows, advising him to lie upon his back, and quite still, to move his head as little as possible. Why? He did not ask.

Some days later he was the only patient left in the ward; his companions were convalescent and they had all gone out into the garden where the sun was shining as though the words war and death and blindness had never existed.

He had made up his mind what to do if such an opportunity as this occurred, and now he did it. Breaking rules, he slipped off his bed, glided noiselessly in his bare feet to the door of the head nurse's little room, which opened off the ward, turned the handle, still noiselessly, and went in. What he sought lay upon a table beside the window—the register of patients in St. John's ward. He turned the pages swiftly till he came to the date on which he had been admitted to the hospital, and there he saw his name, and under it were two lines.

The first was in French, and he read it: "Retinas injured. Both eyes."

Below this there were three words in red ink, but they were German and he could only guess their meaning; but before returning to his bed they were impressed indelibly on his mind. He had a pencil in his locker and though he was sure he could not forget, he wrote the three words down; then he lay still with their sound, as he pronounced them, echoing through his brain.

There was a little Aletian Sister who often came through the ward towards evening, on her way to her own patients, and as she passed that night the sergeant called her. In his own ears his voice seemed thin and strange, but she did not seem to notice anything uncommon. He asked her the meaning of the German words, and smilingly she answered:

"Nothing to be done." He said no more, and so she moved away. She was only a girl, and she did not notice the great drops of sweat, that suddenly stood out upon his brow, and his silence, his death-like silence, told her nothing.

Nor did he speak to others of what now he knew for certain. There are things beyond the powers of speech and this was one of them.

He had been ready, quite ready, to give his life for his country; but it seemed to him that in this sacrifice France was asking him to give up something greater than life itself.

He asked them to send for his mother and for the girl who was to have been his wife. They did not know; they did not understand why he seemed to be devouring their faces with his eyes. To them it seemed curious, almost unnecessary, to have been sent for when he was almost well and coming home soon on leave.

One day he took his fiancée's hand and laid it outstretched upon his own, examining every line, every work-mark on the little sunburnt thing. "I never knew before what a wonderful thing a hand was," he said, drawing it up, until it touched his lips.

And even then the girl did not understand. When they had gone away again and left him he tried to shut his eyes and practice, "for when he would be blind." But he only tried this once. There would be time enough for darkness later on.

He asked leave to go out, and he was refused. He asked again, and received a second refusal. The third time he added to his request, "I know what's coming. Let me profit by my last days."

And this time they let him go. He had heard, long ago, of the Association Valentin Hany, for the blind, and he turned his steps in the direction of the rue Ducor. There he saw for himself what he had heard before, that no blind person is refused help, that here he is put in the way of earning his own livelihood.

Oh, the relief with which he read this affirmation, the gratitude he felt towards the kind hearts who for the past quarter of a century had devoted themselves to and succeeded over ten thousand blind!

His homeward way led him past the Church of Notre Dame, and entering he stood for a long time leaning against a pillar and watching the evening sunlight resplendent through the stained-glass windows.

On the following day he was allowed out again, and he went this time to the Bois de Boulogne. Nothing escaped him now. He noticed things that he had never even seen before. The trees and flowers, their reflection in the waters of the lake, the changing lights and shadows over them; and the children.

He stood still to watch the children at play, and a dog, coming along, wagged its tail in acknowledgment of a pat that he gave it.

To see! Never before had he realized all that this little word means. Oh, the joy, the delight of seeing! But day by day he felt this joy slipping from him; the gates of sight were closing by degrees. The edging of darkness stretched half over the line of vision; it came still further down, until only a rim of light remained visible where the retinas still were in their place.

But by evening even this might be gone. At night he could not count on seeing morning's light.

It was early in June and it seemed to him as though he had not slept;

at least the night had never been so long before. In the darkness he heard the Sister's voice speaking to him. Curious! She had always carried a shaded lamp in her hand whenever she had come to him by night.

"Why, Sister," he said, "how did you know I was not sleeping? And the night had begun to seem never ending?"

She did not move. She said nothing, but intuitively he knew that she still was by his bed.

Then, all at once he understood. It was not that the night was long. It was light: the sun was shining in the ward; outside the flowers of June were blooming, only—he could not see. Only he had entered into a night, so long that it would take up all his life.

He heard a smothered sob beside him: "God help him! Oh, God help him!" And on his own cheeks he felt the hot, wet tears, the slow, painful tears of the strong, stricken man. To him, and to the Sister, the moment of silence seemed a very eternity.

Then he turned his blue sightless eyes upon her, and his hand went up to forehead, breast, and shoulders, each in turn.

"My God," he said, and the quiver of his lips was still—"my cross—Thy will be done."—Alice Dease in the Rosary Magazine.

SPIRIT OF ADVENT

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord," is the clarion note which intones the spirit of the great Advent Vigil—a time most fittingly set apart by the Church to prepare for Christmas, the Feast of the Supreme Condescension—the central point of all time.

It commemorates, especially, the long waiting, the heart hunger, and exalted hope of the Ages which looked forward to the coming of the Prince of Peace, as the one solution of life's countless mysteries. During the thousands of years which intervened between the Fall of Adam, and the Birth of Christ, the human race had run an unchecked course in pursuit of happiness, under every guise that reason and the passions could devise. The Prince of this world held an almost undisturbed sway. Marvelous achievements in the material order attended the march of progress through the centuries. Empire succeeded empire, each marked in turn by a blaze of glory, ending in eclipse.

The knights of arrogant power and unparalleled magnificence were everywhere linked with depths of unpeepable degradation and misery—for the splendors of each civilization were built up on the insatiable pride and sensuality of fallen humanity. "Darkness covered the earth, and a great gloom" (Gen. 1:2) over the manifold experiences of blighted hopes and wounding disappointments, man had at least discovered his own limitations—his utter dependence on some higher power.

Jews and gentiles alike had come to yearn for something nobler than had as yet come within their reach. This dim realization of their need was a strong prayer that pierced the clouds. Thus said the Lord of hosts: "Yet once will I visit the earth, and the sea, and the dry land. And I will move all nations; and the Desired of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts."—Aggeus ii.

"They who run may read" in the story of ancient peoples, a certain anxious questioning of the future, a certain consciousness of undeveloped powers, a certain wistful craving for something they might have had—and missed; a completion and satisfaction of their own being, which would bring them peace. This is distinctly noticeable among the Greeks, that eager, restless, half-dying people, in spite of their natural gifts and perfections; a restless looking beyond which finds expression, with tragic force in their philosophers, and in the terrible agnosticism into which they fell at last. This spirit is also likewise marked in the less romantic Roman whose very triumphs ring with a certain dissatisfaction. But the later writers betray the hunger, and Virgil portrays the ideal that drowned their souls.

But if seers of all nations were peering and reaching into the unknown, how much more eager and hungering were the ancient Jews, for the Just One, whom they knew? Like a thread of purest gold glimmering through the meshes of a richly woven tapestry, their beliefs, hopes and longings shone through the world-wide gloom. All through the ages, the great ardor of Patriarchs and Prophets had burned themselves out in tender, insistent longings for the Promised One, Who was to proceed from the Highest, reach from end to end mightily, and dispose all things with strength and sweetness.

Their grievous needs made them fervently eloquent, and their cries echo from age to age with pathetic urgency—"O, Come!" "Come and Save Us!" "O that thou wouldst rend the Heavens and come down!" in varying key, the same prayer ever ascending until, in the fulness of time, they won their "Munificent Reward!" Such desires could not die—even in a Perfect Fulfillment—they are heaven-born breathings of the eternal spirit, and linger on with intensified power to stir the deepest springs of human aspiration. They live—to rarefy the dense atmosphere of this materialistic world that soaring spirits may rise more freely to the heights, where

life is keen, untrammelled, luminous. No wonder the Church dwells lovingly on these heart-outpourings of the ancient saints, borrowing them often in her Advent liturgy to set forth her own desires for the Rex Gentium!

From all eternity these holy sighs have mingled, and together, have mounted to the prescient hearing of God—to influence that Supreme Act of His Love, whereby He gave us His own Son for our healings and our everlasting joy.

The season of Advent is a transition—a recollected pause—between a great beginning and a blessed ending. "The old order yieldeth to the new!" St. Augustine's heart cry, in a moment of intense realization, "O Beauty ever ancient, ever new, somehow gives color to our thoughts each year, as the holy, mystic season recurs.

There was deep meaning and piety in that old name, "The Christ-Month" by which Advent was popularly called in mediaeval days. Even nature harmonizes with its spirit—for, just as the sun glides the darkening days, the bare and frosty landscapes, so in the mystery of the Incarnation, does the Sun of Justice arise, sending His cheery rays into our hearts, and awakening our souls to joyous summer activity.

As the old covenant culminated in the glory of our Lord's Nativity, so Advent is a preparation for His threefold Coming. The Feast of Christmas recalls the true historic birth of the Word made Flesh, which effects His spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful, and thus makes manifest the Sun of Justice.

In His first Coming, in His last, a lion; in the Second, the tenderest of friends! So it comes to pass that the true Advent Spirit is all alight with glowing desire, tinged with joyous expectancy, yes, chastened by a serene sorrow.

As the chosen people bewailed the sin which estranged the world from God, making it free to most terrible deterioration and misery, in time and eternity, so also, they exalted with jubilant hopes in the promises which let in a flood of light upon their darkness and distilled healing for all their griefs.

We live in the fulness of the glory they longed to see, and do we "rejoice with a great joy?" yet, we mourn, too, that the invisible coming of Our Lord is so often frustrated by sin, in individual souls. Then, too, we are reminded a Third Coming is to follow the silent one of grace, that is now offered, and it is this, which inspires the Church to lay stress, these days on the awful, yet certain truth of the Last Judgment.

She prays that her children may be roused to a wholesome, fruitful fear, by considering their own misuse of a copious Redemption, and bids them pray with her, that when Our Lord comes, He may not pass them by, but will enter in, and dwell with them. Now, Our Lord knocks at the door of all men's hearts; sometimes, so forcibly that they must need listen to Him; at others, so softly, that one must be lovingly alert to catch the whisper of grace. He comes to ask if there is room for Him in the house which is His, by every title, and to such as receive Him. He will give power to be made the Sons of God, (born, not of blood nor of flesh, but—of God.) He repeats His visit each year with unwearied tenderness; He would—"that all things be new!" The words of the Liturgy speak of darkness, which God only can enlighten; of wounds, which only His mercy can heal; of faintness which can be braced only by His Divine Energy. It is especially from the Prophet Isaiah that the Church gives expression to her confidence and longing, e. g., "Be comforted, be comforted, my people; thy Salvation shall speedily come; why hath sorrow seized thee? . . . I will save thee; fear not; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy one of Israel, thy Redeemer." (Drop down dew, ye heavens from above and let the clouds rain the Just One.)

But far beyond all others, St. John the Baptist preaches the Advent Spirit; he is himself the very incarnation of it, in every aspect of his life and mission. He was "a burning and a shining light" from the beginning; the morning star, whose rising heralded the Sun. The marvels attending his birth stirred the expectation of the people for the Messiah, "the latchet of whose shoe he was not worthy to loose." The times were dark and sad before his birth, but to announce it, Heaven deigned to send its messenger to earth after a silence of four hundred years.

His glorious vocation was outlined in masterly strokes by the Angel Gabriel; he was "the Angel" destined "to go before the Messiah, in the spirit and power of Elias" . . . "to prepare to the Lord a perfect people," by a life "great before the Lord," "filled with the Holy Ghost"—and the fruits of austere penance, solitude and prayer.—Providence Visitor.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind to religion.—Francis Bacon.

HENRY VIII'S OWN WORDS

PROVE THAT ENGLAND DID ACKNOWLEDGE SUPREMACY OF HOLY SEE

From Henry VIII's reply to Luther in "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum"

"I will not so far wrong the Pontiff as to discuss anxiously and carefully his right, as if it were a matter of doubt. It is sufficient for my present purpose that his enemy is so much carried away by fury as to destroy his own credit, and clearly show that through malice he is neither consistent with himself nor knows what he says. For he cannot deny that every Church of the faithful acknowledges and venerates the Roman See as its Mother and Primate, unless indeed distance of place and intervening dangers hinder access thereto. Although if those who come hither from the Indies speak the truth, even the Indians separated from us by so many lands and seas and deserts, are subject to the Roman Pontiff. Therefore if the Pope has obtained this great and widely extended power neither by the command of God nor the will of man, but has seized it by force, I faint would know of Luther when he rushed into the possession of so great a territory. The origin of such immense power cannot be obscure, especially if it began in the memory of man. But should he say that it is older than one or two centuries, let him point out the fact that he himself; otherwise if it is so ancient that the origin of so great a power is obliterated, let him know that it is allowed by the laws that he whose right ascends so far beyond the memory of man that its origin cannot be traced, had a lawful beginning; and that it is forbidden by the consent of all nations to move those things which have been for a long time unremoved. Truly, if any one would study the monuments of past decades he will find that formerly, after the pacification of the world, nearly all the churches of the Christian world obeyed the Romans. We even find that though the Empire was translated to Greece, it was subject, except in times of schism, to the Roman Church. In respect to the primacy of the Church, St. Jerome clearly shows how much we ought to defer to the Roman See, when he openly declares that though he himself was not a Roman, it was sufficient for him that the Roman Pontiff approved his faith whoever else might disprove of it. When Luther so impudently asserts, and this against his former declaration, that the Pope has no kind of power over the Catholic Church, no, not so much as human, but that he has by sheer force usurped the sovereignty, I greatly wonder how he should expect his readers to be either so credulous or dull as either to believe that a priest without any weapon or company to defend him, as doubtless he was before he became possessed of that which Luther says many bishops, his equals, in so many different and distant nations; or that all peoples should believe that all cities, kingdoms, provinces, had been so reckless of their own affairs, rights and liberties, as to give to a strange priest an amount of power over them such as he could have hardly dared to hope for. But what matters it what Luther thinks about this matter, who through anger and malice is ignorant of his own opinion, whilst he clearly shows that his foolish heart is blinded and given up to a reprobate sense to do and say those things which are not fitting. How true is that saying of the Apostle: "Though I have prophesied and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so as to remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing; of which charity Luther shows how devoid he is, not only by himself perishing through fury, but much more by endeavoring to draw all others with him into destruction, whilst he strives to dissuade them from obeying the Chief Bishop, to whom he himself is bound by a triple bond, as Christen, as a priest, and lastly as a friar—hereafter to be punished by God in a triple way. He remembers not how much better is obedience than victims; neither does he consider how we are warned in Deuteronomy, "That the man who will act presumptuously and will not hearken to the priest, that stands to minister before the Lord thy God, or unto the judge, even that man shall die; nor what cruel punishment he deserves who will not obey the Chief Priest and Supreme Judge on earth. For when cited before the Pope with offers to defray all expenses and a promise of safe conduct, this friar scorns to go without a guard; and now he troubles the whole Church as much as he can, and excites the whole body to rebel against the head, whom to oppose is as the sin of witchcraft, and whom to refuse to obey is as the sin of idolatry."—Assertio, etc., Lond., 1521.

occurs. The late Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., whose life of more than seventy years was spent largely among literary associations—he was editor of the Irish Monthly for forty years—advised seeking recreation among books: "Especially good books, and more especially good books with a Catholic spirit."

Of the comradeship of books, Oliver Goldsmith declared: "The first time I read an excellent book it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one."

Sir John Herschel affirms: "If I were to pray for a taste that should endow me in good stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be of a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, it would be a taste for reading."

An immeasurably greater authority, Thomas à Kempis, author of a book undying in the history of Christendom, said: "I have sought peace everywhere, and never found it, except in a little corner with a little book."

"Love of God and love of books led à Kempis to produce the 'Imitation,' which has been, and is, the inspiration and comfort of millions of readers."

"There is a little book which comes so near to being one of the immortals that I have a mind to put it on my list—'The Imitation of Christ,'" says a literary critic. "It is a slender book, but teeming with knowledge of humanity. The soul of its writer speaks directly to the soul of the reader, and the truth, simplicity, and charity of it, have made it a guide to the greatest and purest of minds. It is read and revered in many languages, and time seems powerless to diminish its influence."

Is not such a friend as this worthy of a place beside one's hearth, where the hand may fall upon it any moment, and the eye receive from it a message for heart and soul? Cardinal Newman, in his "Apologia," lists among duties the duty of living among books, and suggests the quiet influence of book companions in leading him on into the light. Referring to a letter to Dr. Russell, Newman says:

"My dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth College, had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He called upon me, in passing through Oxford in the summer of 1841, and I took him over some of the buildings of the University. He called again another summer, on his way from Dublin to London. I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion. . . . He sent me, several times, several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, unobtrusive. He let me alone. He also gave me one or two books."

Later, we read: "I recollect but indistinctly what I gained from the volume of which I have been speaking (St. Alphonsus's Sermons), but it must have been something considerable. What can speak of with greater confidence is the effect produced on me a little later by studying the 'Exercises of St. Ignatius.' . . . At a later date Dr. Russell sent me a large bundle of penny or half-penny books of devotion of all sorts, as they are found in the booksellers' shops at Rome, and on looking them over, I was quite astonished to find how different they were from what I had fancied, how little there was in them to which I could really object. I have given an account of them in my 'Essay on the Development of Doctrine.'"

Canon Sheehan, who gave us so many delightful books, constantly mentions the English thrones of William of Orange, a time of bitter persecution for those of the Faith, filled with deadly persecution and with glorious heroism. It is a strong, virile story, brimful of action, and highly dramatic in parts. The love scenes are charming. Every Catholic should read it.

PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM

In a moving address Cardinal Mercier made to the people of Brussels on July 21, 1916, the eighty-fifth anniversary of Belgium's independence, the heroic prelate promised his flock:

"Today, in fourteen years' time, our restored cathedrals and our rebuilt churches will be thrown widely open; the crowds will surge through them; but there is one occupation for leisure hours that never brings weariness to mind or body, if a wise choice is made of the companions with whom such leisure is spent. These companions are books. They are always at hand, always ready to interest us, and are never displeased if an interruption

BOOKS AS FRIENDS

It was a wise physician who said that amusement as pursued by many at the present day "is one of the things from which we need an occasional rest." But there is one occupation for leisure hours that never brings weariness to mind or body, if a wise choice is made of the companions with whom such leisure is spent. These companions are books. They are always at hand, always ready to interest us, and are never displeased if an interruption



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Gerald de Lacey's Daughter

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gign and their liberty, while the Bishops and priests, interpreters of the soul of the nation, will intone triumphant Te Deum in a common transport of joyous thanksgiving."

Before the light of victory breaks, however, as the Cardinal reminded his hearers, the cross of sacrifice and suffering must be nobly borne. He then called his flock's attention to the fact that the just war they are waging, in spite of its horror, is full of austere beauty, for the conflict has brought out the disinterested enthusiasm of a whole people which is prepared to give its most precious possession, even life itself, for the defense and vindication of things which cannot be calculated, but which can never be swallowed up: "justice, honor, peace, liberty," and thus the conflict has purified the Belgians, separated their higher nature from the dross, and lifted them to something nobler and better than themselves.

As the American people have now entered upon a war which threatens to be so long and costly that, before a victorious peace comes at last, it may demand from every man and woman in the country sacrifices similar to those the valiant Belgians have made, let us hope that our leaders and rulers may find in us the same heroic virtues that Cardinal Mercier and King Albert have found in their people. If the privations and sufferings inseparable from war will but purify our national soul, fill us with the fear of God and teach us to value justice, liberty and honor more than any worldly possession, this war will prove to be for our country a heavenly blessing for which we too can sing a Te Deum of thanksgiving when we welcome home our victorious troops.—America.

Ability is that which makes one capable of doing the impossible. Count your blessings. Do not forget the multitude of your benefits in the recollection of the few disappointments you have had. Let the many joys "remember" blot out the marks of the lines that stand back in the record. Even your sorrows are seed plots of blessing. When you get to heaven and look back, you will see the days that now appear draped in mourning have been your best days—the fullest of good. Where the plow has cut deepest, tearing up your garden of happiness and destroying the flowers of gladness, you will find loveliness a thousand times more wonderful. God always fulfills. Out of sadness He brings light. Out of pain He brings health. Out of disappointments He brings appointments of good. Every year is a harvest growing out of past years, each one better than the last.

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Agatha's Hard Saying. By Rosa Mulholland. A study in heredity, not obtruded in a dry scientific way, but overlaid with all the romance of "the love of men and women when they love their best." Between Friends, by Richard Aumerle. Joe Gavin is a young student of St. Nicholas' boarding school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. He has many adventures in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory, from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggaman. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstances to leave beloved St. Elmer's and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is against him, but his honesty and perseverance win him a place at the top. Helen of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamare. The story of a struggling home, bright, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials are so real that interest will be found instructive. Clara Lorraine, by Mrs. J. C. Clavin. Clara's cutting up at home determines her going to St. Nicholas' boarding school among the girls there, there to have her harmonious preparation for a possible future. Clara is not in the convent twenty-four hours before things begin to happen. Fred's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Garrick, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it is a story of a boy who has loved the adventures of a college boy. Fidelity Carr and His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Garrick, S. J. Fidelity Carr, a young man, a capable, a noble boy, together with his companions, to whom they are attached, are at St. Nicholas' boarding school of a Jesuit day college. In consequence of their pranks, they frequently find themselves in "trouble," the chief of which will be an amusing and many a useful lesson. Harmony Flats, The Gifts of a Tenement House Fairy by S. S. Whitmore. The author's realistic insight into the lives and characters of little, neglected children, forced by relentless circumstances into the poverty and squalor of a New York tenement house, is wonderfully true. Heroes of Crossstreet, The Story of a Boy's Heroic Deeds, by Mrs. J. C. Clavin. Her Journey's End, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousy, and of sublime devotion. How They Worked Their Way, and Other Stories, by M. Egan. Short stories, all of an inspiring and uplifting character, showing the ways of young people to remote from the ordinary surroundings of childhood in the city and country to find their intended mart. Ideals, or The Secret of the Rue Cassin d'Amint. By Raoul de Nassy. The story is remarkably clever one; it is well constructed and evinces a master hand. In Quest of The Golden Chest, by George Barton. An absorbing tale of real adventure—youth, fresh, vital, and full of life, in quest of a treasure, a brood over ocean pathways as well as the mysterious lure of tropical forest, a journey "in quest of the golden chest" will stir the ambition of many hearts. In God's Good Time, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grasps the heart, stirring in it the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good. Jack South and Some Other Jacks, by George S. J. Riders as well as juniors may read it with both profit and pleasure. Jack Hildreth, The Nile, by Marion Ames Taggart. Jack Hildreth, the hero of the story, has been received as a student at St. Nicholas' boarding school. He is the kind of hero that is dear to the boyish heart, young and powerful, bold, fearless, and daring in his adventures. He is a hero of the heart, thoroughly upright and honest. Justice of St. Nicholas, by Thos. H. Bryson. An excellent story in which the rough, poorly bred, but kind-hearted boy himself against the boy of sterling character and noble lineage. This is really a new style of Catholic tale. Klondike Placers, by Mrs. J. C. Clavin. Here we find a camp fitted up with stoves and all apparatus for fishing, bathing, or otherwise tiding away a holiday. The story is the reading of letters from real gold seekers on the trail to Dawson City. Lady of The Tower, and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories which are of a high order of taste. The volume comprises fifteen stories which are worthy to live in short-story literature. Most of them are delightful, and some are of the order of adventure or mystery. Last Mavens, by Mrs. J. C. Clavin. The story of a young man who has spent even a short time in such a house of kindly friends in the country. Penitents, and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. There are eight stories, and nearly every one of them has a very interesting plot. Playwater Plot, The by Mary T. Waggaman. This is a plot on foot to abduct Lester Leonard, a sick boy, who is a very interesting character. How the plotters are captured and the boy rescued makes a very interesting story, which is sure to please the young folk. Power, by Evelyn Buckenham. This is an optimistic, entertaining story, which will give a glimpse of all ages. In the beginning of the tale, every one is in a state of confusion, and the story is passed through a very dark night, a bright day, a dawn for Poverina and her friends. Queen's Promise, by Mrs. J. C. Clavin. The little heroine in this story, after being taken from her convent home by her uncle, an inveterate big game hunter, goes to St. Nicholas' boarding school in an attempt to find a more successful approach to his iron-bound heart. The story is a very interesting one, and the heroine is a victim of a storm at sea, and her way is opened to life, love and happiness. Sealed Packet, The, by Marion J. Brunow. A cleverly contrived story which carries an exceptional moral and some of the pictures of School Life. An excellent book for either school or home library. Shipmates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Flip a boy of twelve, is lying at death's door, without hope of relief, in close, unwholesome city quarters. A black on the coast is roused, and there the family take up their quarters. How the excursions in his little boat, which brings back the roses to Pip's cheeks, get them acquainted with Roving Rob, and the results, makes very fascinating reading. Storm Bound, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. A Romance of Silver Beach. A story telling the experiences and how nine persons amused themselves during the time they were storm bound. The Island, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The young hero of this story is mixed up with the saving of the famous Convent charter; prepares for the town of Hartford from an Indian massacre and is taken prisoner. Told in The Twilight, by Mother M. Salome. Mother Salome has gone to the Lives of the Saints and the volumes of early Church history and has gathered a crowd of interesting episodes and adventures. Temporarily they are laid out before us. Transplanting of Tessa, 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. Pressure of Necessity, The, by Marion A. Taggart. The ride for life from the lake of petroleum with the young hero, who is the hero of the story, is a piece of work-painting which has few counterparts in the language. Winnetou, The Apache Knight, by Marion A. Taggart. 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