'All right, mother, I'll try again and may God and St. Francis reward

As he slowly retraced his steps to the sick room, a sudden thought struck him. Opening the door noiselessly, he saw at a glance that a decided change for the worse had come over the patient. Realizing that death was at hand and that not a moment was to be lost, he knelt at the bedside with deepest emotion. With a mut-tured curse, Jimmy turned again to the wall, but the priest never faltered. He spoke of the happy days now long past, the days of Jimmy's boyhood, the days when he knelt each morning the days when mortal sin was a stranger to his innocent heart. As the words flowed with marvelous unction from the lips of the good priest, two little streams welled from the boy's half closed eyes and trinkled down his cheeks. Grace had triumph-

After listening with compassion to the boy's story of sin and shame, and assuring him of the Savior's merciful forgiveness, Father Roch repaired to the kitchen to bring the good tidings to the heartbroken mother. He found her kneeling against a chair, clutching her rosasy tightly to her breast her eyes turned toward heaven dead | A few minutes later, the prodigal's purified soul took its flight into eternity borne aloft on the wings of his mother's prayer.—Father Giles,

THREE BISHOPS AND THREE KINGS

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

In the consistorial allocution of July 28, 1915, Pope Benedict XV. spoke a few words which should be taken to heart by all who in any way can contribute to the peace of the world They should be remembered especially by those who now have the destinies of nations in their hands. "Remember," said the Holy Father, "that nations do not Humbled and oppressed they indignantly bear the yoke fastened apon them; they slowly prepare for he day of deliverance and transmit from generation to generation a grim heritage of hatred and revenge."

In this single sentence the Pontiff laid down a truth which history confirms. To act in opposition to it is to act in opposition to the laws of nature, and sooner or later nature will have her revenge. When her laws are outraged on a colossal scale, her reverge is in proportion to the enormity of the crime. National crimes draw down national retributions. An unjust war and still more so, perhaps, an unjust peace ever rankles in the hearts of the victims. An unjust peace sows the seeds of future discords. It casts the dragon's teeth into furrows from which will rise files of armed men locked in battle. An unjust peace, a peace of revenge and, muti-lation, is in reality the first note of another declaration of war. It permanently mobilizes the spirit of hatred and revenge.

Against such a peace the Holy Father has sent his warning. "The Pope's War Work" describes what should be. It is not the peace imshould be. It is not the peace imposed, in this hour of triumph, by the conqueror, "who sword in hand smites down the weak and looks solely to his own interests. It is a peace in harmony with those principal of conting which God has entered to them the whole French nation is an object of hatred to its neighbors."

This is no exordium to tickle the read of the most formulation of the most peace in harmony with those principles of equity which God has engraved on the human conscience and which the religion of Christ has sanctioned and perfected." It is not a peace that leaves the sparks of discord smouldering under the empty of the monarch. The beginning of the letter promises on the contrary some rather startling disclosures. They are not slow to come. The letter was written probably either after the sentight of the ground; the trees of the forest the ground grou whose inspiration is justice, one which respects the sentiment of nationality, and "whose aim is to reestablish in the world the reign of the coarity of Christ and of Christian civilization.

The words of the Pope should form the ground work of the decisions of the Peace Conference. They might well form the preamble of the charter of the League of Nations. Had such noble sentiments been heeded, wars which have deluged the world with blood would have been avoided. When France lay powerless before the armies of Prussia and the policies of Bismarck in 1871, and Alsace Lorraine was about to be torn from the country to which she had belonged for 200 years, a French prelate, Charles Emile Frep pel, Bishop of angers, addressed a bold appeal to William I the King of Prussia. The letter was written after the French had been defeated at Sedan and Metz, when Paris was in the grip of the enemy, and France on the brink of ruin. Yet it breathes the noblest patriotism. It is bold without being arrogant, and joins to the language of an apostle and a bishop the views of an experienced

Victory, the Bishop writes to the King, has crowned your arms. Yours is the highest success that can come to a sovereign; your troops have conquered the armies of France. not surprised then to hear a minister of the Gospel reminding you that you "All have one more victory to win; you must conquer yourself." Referring to the rumor that Alsace was to be the scandals which have taken place, banded over to Germany, the Bishop, the provinces plundered, the towns Alsatian himself, begs the King to and the villages reduced to ashe, less disastrous to Germany than war of 1672."

France: The province may be That war is the source of all the prince. to France. The province may be

Jimmy and try once more. I'm sure must and will remain French. clare war, because your terms are "Hence, Sire, I make bold to ask unfair and cruel. So true is this your Mejesty, what profit will accrue that your enemies prefer to fight you to Germany from the possession of a province ever drawn towards the motherland by its memories, its afctions, its yearnings and its hopes?" The seizure and possession of alsace "will be for Germany a source of weakness, not an element of strength a permanent well head of unrest, not a guarantee of tranquility and peace. The France of the future cannot accept the odious sacrifice thus forced upon her."

> Looking into that future the Bishop beholds the seeds of hatred sown in the heart of his countrymen. That violation of his country's in-tegrity and honor will sooner or later cause another war, at a time when modern progress and civilization and the bonds of commerce and industry would seem to make such fratricidal strife an impossibility. History teaches that a durable peace is one that is profitable to the conqueror without exasperating the conquered. If the King of Prussia refrains fro annexing to Germany a province which in heart and soul is entirely French, he can bring about a lasting peace. France intact means a peace for many years to come; France mutilated means war. Between such alternatives the King of Prussia must not hesitate." Had these words been heeded one at least of the causes of the late war would have been elimin-The history of the Church gives us

similar examples of pastoral frankness. There are few cities whose names have come up so often in the last months as Cambrai. The name brought back memories of an archbishop who 200 hundred years ago presided over its spiritual welfare. Thousands lovingly remember the gentle Fenelon and recall the days when they read the opening sentences of his "Telemachus." The Swan of Cambrai," thus is the Arch-bishop, known. Never was there a more tender-hearted and lovable priest. But the gentle are also strong. Theirs is the heart kindle with indignation under injustice. Fenelon was no ex-ception. In the very volumes which contain his letters full of a father's love to his pupil, the Duke of Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV., there is an historic letter to Louis himself. Some doubt has been cast sentence or two which are hard to reconcile with what we know of the ormer life of Fenelon at court under the very eyes of Louis. The majority of critics, however, call the letter his.

In spite of the prevailing opinion that the court preachers of XIV. were afraid to tell him time and again Bourdaloue and Massillon spoke the plainest truths to the royal sinner. But Louis was never so sternly lectured as he was by the apostolic writer of the letter in question. Truth is strong and free, Fenelon tells him.

"You have unfortunately not been accustomed to hear it. In spite of ful confiscations; homes violated and your noble qualities, because of your rifled; people turned out their dwellment has served only to further your selfish ends. For thirty years your Ministers have overthrown all the old laws and principles of the kingdom, to exalt your authority. They have lifted you up on the ruins of all the reals and orders of the reals as a reject of most of their churches. the ranks and orders of the realm, as of the Pontiff, a true peace and be. It is not the peace imprinted by the ranks and orders of the realm, as if you could achieve greatness by ruining your subjects, on whom your industry and agriculture are brought

but an enduring peace, one inspiration is justice, one respects the sentiment of nality, and "whose aim is to re- Tourville, was seriously crippled by He had ordered to be put to the the Aoglo Dutch, or after the capture of the French East Indian colony of Willi Pondichery by the Dutch. It was a time for sober reflexion. Fenelon helped the King to make a little ex to read In his exile at Amerongen helped the King to make a little ex amination of conscience. He asks the monarch to go back to the Dutch War of 1672. He tells him fearlessly that it was undertaken for frivolous arrogant hopes and thwarted designs arrogant hopes and the litter memories. and unjust reasons, that it was the cause of all its other wars, and that the territories which it added to Catholic priest and archibishop. He France were unjustly acquired. will rue the hour when he rejected though Fenelca admits that a subsequent treaty seemed to consecrate this act of injustice, since it gave him the conquered territory, he reminds Louis that "an unjust war does not cease to be unjust because it is successful." In words which startingly resemble those of Benedict XV and Bishop Freppel, he writes:

"Treaties of peace signed by the conquered are never freely signed. The conquered sign them with the his purse to a highwayman, when he must either do so or die. You must then, Sire, go back to the origin of the Dutch War in order to examine own avengers." your conquests before God.'

The prelate helps him to refresh

"All the frightful disasters which

torn from the country with which it has been so long identified. In heart, You dictate an unjust peace. In the future in soul, in ideals, in aspirations it very act of making peace you de- han.

ce with you, because they know that the peace made at the point of the sword will not be a real and lasting one.

In these words the Archbishop of ambrai shows himself a real states man. But he is also a patriot, and the sorrows of his country wring from him words of deepest pathos. Your people, he informs Louis, as La Bruyere was to tell him, though indirectly, are dying of hunger. fields are deserted, town and country are depopulated. You have de-stroyed one-half of the real strength of your kingdom. Yet you are blind-folded to these evils. Referring to Marshal de Luxembourg's brilliant but flimsy victories at Steenkirk and Neerwinden, he adds a few words which might have gone home to William of Hohenzollern had he read them some time between March 21 and the middle of July, 1918.

While after a terrible struggle remain master on the field of battle and capture the guns of the enemy, while you take towns and cities, you do not remember that you are fighting on ground which is crumbling under your feet and that in spite of all your victories you will

In this arraignment of the policy of Louis, who, as Fenelon says, "loves only himself," acts as if he were a God on earth," and as if " everything else on earth has been created to be sacrificed for him," the priest, the Bishop, the father speaks. The King must be told the truth; he must humble himself under the hand God; he must give peace and rest to

his suffering people.
History repeats itself. As long as there will be princes like the Henrys of England and of Germany. like Louis of France or the Hohen-zolleras of modern days, there will be men like Ambrose and Thomas a Becket and Gregory VII., Mercier and Freppel and Fenelon to plead for outraged justice. The see of Cambrai gave us in the late war another example of episcopal courage. In Cambrai, as in the cities of Belgium, the German authorities had ordered the Bishops and priests to surrender the church belis to furnish materials for German arms. The world knows how Cardinal Mercier protested against the injur tice. It does not know quite so well of the letter of protest sent to the Kaiser by the Archbishop of Cambrai, Mgr. Chollet. It is a brave letter, breathing the spirit of those gallant gallant Bishops, Frauenberg of Mechlin and De Broglie of Ghent who were not afraid to withstand the encroachments of Austrian statesmen and of Napoleonic

After exposing the odious character of the order the Archbishop paints a striking picture of the ravages of the German invasion. Everywhere he sees:

"Excessive requisitions and unlaw-

unfortunate training, your Governings; furniture scattered or carried ment has served only to further your off; exorbitant fines; prisons filled

William of Hohenzollern received and justice. These words written by ominous in the ears of the disillusioned war lord :

Sire, the tears and curses of a whole people are a heavy burden to carry, the weight of which your Majesty will not care to have lying upon your dynasty or your Empire. If you think that international conventions knife at their throat. They sign that above all conventions there are them in spite of themselves and to avoid greater losses. They sign either be denounced or abrogated, the them just as a man must hand over laws of justice and humanity, and the principle of the supremacy of right over might. These principles and laws, if they be violated, are their

To that warning William II. of Germany, like his grandfather, and Louis XIV. in similar circumstances, turned a deaf ear But the Archbishop's prophecy did not go unfulfilled. Law and justice have shown that they could defend themselves. They have been their own swift and merciloss avengers.

We may buy back the time we have sinfully squandered, if only for the future we are faithful.-Canon Shee

THE NEW YEAR

The old year is closing; the new year will soon open. These are days for reflection and the expression of gratitude. During the past year God has bestowed His bounteous blessings upon us lavishly. His favors came to us even when we neglected toask for them. A wise and generous Father did not forget His children, although many times they not only forgot Him but turned away from Him and offended their best Friend and Benefactor.

It is because God has at heart the

interests of His people that the world has received such signal proofs of love. During the past year He allowed us to be tried, and that too, by the severest scourge that can come on men in a merely human and material way. Thousands fell in the battles for freedom. Want, poverty and desolation fell thick and fast over the nations. But suddenly the gigantic strife ended. God's wrath was the last this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hallstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he Him our sincerest gratitude.

In a personal way how many favors God has bestowed upon us individually and how little use we have made of them! They have come but we have, perhaps, not profited by them. And yet they were intended for our express. for our eternal welfare. We now see that everlasting riches have been thrown away, and that we are debtors before the throne of heaven for what before the throne of heaven for what "It was something I thought of," we have squandered. We realize he said, simply. 'Someth now that every good impulse wasted mother used to say to me. was but increasing the account that we must give of our stewardship.

some degree redeemed. Many a saint has at some time of his life neglected the divice inspirations and departed from the straight and narrow path. But such deficiencies were made the groundwork for sincere repentance and a renewal of life in keeping with the dictates of religion and conscience. Our past trangres sions should lead us not only to repentance but to promise ourselves efficaciously to remain true to God and ourselves during the year that is about to open. There are many reasons for this, chief among which is the uncertainty of life certainty of judgment. If we lose our immortal souls all is lost. Our lives will then be but a miserable failure, Before man we may have seemed to prosper, but in the eyes of God we are doomed to eternal reprobation.

We should resolve, therefore, rise on our dead selves to higher things during the coming twelve-month. For religious duties should be the subject for reflection. We should esteem it a privilege to serve God faithfully. And faithful service demands from each one of us that we frequent the Sacraments regularly and carry out to the last detail both the Commandments of God, the precepts of the Church and the holy injunctions so often preached to us from the pages of the Gospel. These should form the basis of all

our resolutions. Their loyal and scrupulous observance is denominative of true Christian character. Thereby is the Christian distinguished from the pagan and the in-fidel. As children of a loving Father we can do nothing better for ourselves than to resolve that temporalities shall not stand in the way of the performance of our duties to God. Only one thing is necessary, to save our immortal souls. Such a resolution will go far to redeem a cold and ungrateful past and will open to us an era of spiritual progress which will redound to our temporal prosperity and peace.-Boston Pilot.

THE BRAVEST DEED

A group of English and French soldiers were recently swapping stories of the War, relates a foreign exchange. At last they fell to com paring the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and an Englishman told the following story:

"It was a hot July day the summer before last and the Germans were close upon us Our men had hurriedly dug trenches more like rifle pits to protect themselves, and dead and dying were lying up to the very edge of those pits.
"In one of those pits was an un-

gainly, raw, red headed boy. He was York Tribune, he says: a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid aside from Christian Science, which much attention to him, one way or has made definite progress during the

the sun was getting hotter and only holding its own with its own hotter. They were suffering hortier and members, and finding them responsible in ways affected by the war so feet away outside the rifle pit lay a mortally wounded officer who was services for the soldiers are unour enemy.

As the heat grew more intolerable this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeal in his own stood, were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found tears flooding his grimy face he cried fore they return to the front.

'I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm going to give that poor fellow my

For answer to this foolbardy speech one of us stuck up a cap on a is "the sure word of the Church." ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Buffalo Union and Times ramrod and noisted it above the pit.

Instantly it was pierced by a dozen
bullets. To venture outside a step
was the maddest suicide. And all
the while we could hear the officer's

He who allows himself overything
that is permitted, is very near to moans:

"'Water! water! Just one drop for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!" the dying man then cried in French.

"The tender hearted boy could stand that no longer. Once, twice, three times : in spite of our utmost remonstrance he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumach bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hand.

You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never anything like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch appeased and instead of misery the he reached the edge of the pit he world again tasted of the blessings of called cut to his comrades to clear peace. For this we should render to the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the War. He did not answer. His eyes had a

soft, musing look.
"'How could you do it?' I asked
in a whisper later, when the crack Something my to me. "I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink," she re must give of our stewardship.

The past is gone but it can be to

Bible and she taught it to me until I Many a could never forget it, and when I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.'

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier with a quavering voice.—N. Y. Catholic News.

RELIGIOUS RESULTS OF THE WAR

As we read the numberless disquisitions of non-Catholic writers on the uncertain fortunes of religion during the course of the war, we are amused at their efforts to formulate for the future what the character of the Church" is to be. Protestant. ism has had a drastic test during the conflict and no one will concede that it has proved anything else but a failure. So great has been its failure to meet the supreme demands of human life that all these writers agree upon the necessity of religious "reconstruction." The church must be remade, they maintain, on broader and simpler basis. Misi terpreting the feeling of fellowship which the common misery of the war has created in the breasts of the soldiers, the leaders of Protestant thought assert that the war has shown conclusively the need of eliminating all dogma. Hence-forth Protestantism must be more than ever elusive, ictangible, vague and highly adjustable—a something that may mean anything or nothing. The Protestant leaders fail to realize that the very reason why Protestantism failed battlefield is because it held nothing definite or satisfying for the soldiers to grasp. As it is a man-made re-ligion, it lacks the divine element which alone can appeal to the troubled heart. The soldiers on the gory field of battle confronted with the frightful prospect of impending death, longed intensely for the true offer them but a stone. Is it any wonder that it failed to do the work which it is the office of religion to perform? It was Melancthon who said in answer to his mother's earnest inquiry: The Protestant religion is the easiest to live in but the Catholic religion is the best to die

In contradistinction to the palpa ble failure of Protestantism during the war looms up the success and progress of the true Church during the same period. The testimony of William T. Ellis, a Presbyterian minister, on this point is striking. In an article contributed to the New

The one religious body in Britain, war, is the Roman Catholic Church "The wounded had been lying for Interviews with its leaders, clerical hours unattended before the pits and usually well attended, but that it is also winning hundreds of converts from the non Catholic population. Especially among military have the recruits come to the Cath tongue which so far we all under- olic Church. A priest who has had most conspicuous success as a missionary to non-Catholics tells me it hard to bear them. He had just that these men want to be sprit vally joined the regiment and was not yet right before they go to the front—or, callous to suffering. At last, with in a significant number of cases becovet the sure word of the Church.

"The sure word of the Church"— there is the key to the success of Catholicism and failure of Protest antism. The Catholic religion alone

tine

Standard Library

60c. Each Postpaid aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadlier. As interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are met with in every walk of American society, in every trade and calling, in every nook and corner. They are real, Alvira, or The Heroine of Vesuvius, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth

Nicholas', Daughter, The. By F. von Brackei will feel better for having read.

Captain Ted. by Mary T. Wagaman. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave beloved St. Elmers and plunge into the hattle of life. His youth is against him, but in honesty and perseverance win him a place at thr top.

to leave beloved St. Elmers and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is against him, but his honesty and perseverance win him a place at the top.

Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenia Delamare. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the shalls and hard ships of misfortune. The trips of walls and hard ships of misfortune. The trips of halls and hard ships of misfortune. The trips of halls and hard ships of misfortune. The trips of halls and hard ships of misfortune. The trips of hall hard ships of misfortune in the convent tenus, there to have her harven scarum propensities sobered, if possible. Clare is not in the convent twenty-four hours before things not in the convent twenty-four hours before things of the convent twenty-four hours before things.

Frieddy Carrand His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amount the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the lovers of the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the lovers of the boys who are lovers of the adventures of an off the lovers of the boys who are lovers of the boys who are lovers of the boys who are lovers of the boys of the

yilai. 10 the boy who Izves the romance which of the Colden Chest' will fire his ambition to many deeds.

In Gods Good Time. By H. M. Ross. This is a sixty that grasps the heart, stirring in it the live is the colden Chest' will fire his ambition to many deeds.

In Gods Good Time. By H. M. Ross. This is a sixty that grasps the heart, stirring in it the live is the colden Chest' will fire his ambition to many deeds.

In Gods Good Time. By H. M. Ross. This is a sixty that grasps the heart, stirring in it the live is the colden Chest' is highly and good the colden Chest' is highly deed to the colden Chest' and the colden Chest' and the same time the state that the colden Chest' and the same time thoroughly upright and honest.

Juniors Of St. Bede's, The. by Rev. Thos. H. Bryson. An excellent story in which the rough, poorly bree bad, minded boy puts himself against the boy of sterling character to his own discomfiture. This is really a new style of Catholic tale.

Romales Piccin. A by Eleano C. Donnelly. Here we have the colden Chest' and the chest' and

to life, fove and happiness. hipmates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Pip a boy of twelve, is lying at death's door, without hope of relief, in close, unwholesome city quarters. A shack on the coast is rented, 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 creading.

reading.

Talisman, The, by Mary T. Waggaman. The young hero of this story is mixed up with the saving of the famous Connecticut charter; presegves the town of Hartford from an Indian massacrs and is taken prisoner.

Told in The Iwilibit, by Mother M. Salome. Mother Salome has gone to the Lives of the Sainta and the volumes of early Church history and has gathered a great variety of episodes and adventures. Temptingly they are laid out before us.

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

Ask for Quantity Discount LONDON, CANADA

60c. Each Postpaid A Fair Emigrant, by Rosa Mulholland.
A Daughter of the Sierra, by Christian Reid.
Bessy Conway, by Mrs. Jas. Sadlier.
Bono and Free. By Jean Conton. A new story by
an author who knows how to write a splendidly
strong book.

Strong BOOK.

Connor D'Arcy's Struggles. By W. M. Bertholds.
A novel that depicts to us in vivid colors the
battles of life which a noble family had to
encounter, being reduced to penury through
improvident speculations on the part of the father,
Double Knoff A; and Other Stories, by Mary T.
Waggaman and others. The stories are excellent
and contain much pathos and humon.

and contain much pathos and humor.

Fabiola. By Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christian times it much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old editions.

Fabiola's Sisters. Adapted by A. C. Clarke. This is a companion volume and a sequel to "Fabiola."

Fiendly Little House, The; and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart and Others. A library of short stories of thrilling interest by a group of Catbolic authors that take rank with the best writers of contemporary fiction.

and force of dection.

Miss Erin. By M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of
Irish life redolent of genuine Celtic wit, love and
pathos, and charming in the true Catholic spirit
that permeates every page.

Monk's Pardon, The. By Raoul de Navery. As
historical romance of the time of King Philip IV.
of Spain.

My Lady Beatrice. By Frances Cooke. The story of a society girl's development through the love of a strong man. It is vivid in characterization, and

Other Miss Lisle, The. By M. C. Martin. A power-ful story of South African life. It is singularly strong and full of action, and contains a great deal of masterly characterization

deal of masterly characterization

Outlaw Of Camargue, The. By A. de Lamothe,
This is a capital novel with plenty of "go" in it

Rose of The World. By M C. Martin. A very
sweet and tender story, and will appeal to the
reader through these qualities.

Round Fable of French Catholic Novelists,
charming selection of brief tales by the forement
French Catholic writers,
Secret Of The Green Vase, The. By France Cooke.

The story is one of high ideals and strong characters. The secret is a very close one, and the
reader will not solve it until near the end of the
book.

reader will not solve it until near the end of the book. hadow Of Eversleigh. By Jane Lansdowne. It is a weird tale, blending not a little of the super-natural with various stirring and exciting facidents.

85c. Each, Postpaid mbition's Contest. By Father Faber. The story of a young man who starts out in life to be a statesman, loses all his religion, but finally, through the prayers of others, receives the grace of God and is called to the priesthood. By Glenn of the Broken Shutters. By Anthony Yorke. Illustrated. A story of boy life in the downtown section of New York, narrating the adventures of Billy Glenn and his companions of The Broken Shutters, a boys' club of their neighborhood. The book is full of adventures, including a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building.

book. Pilot Bind Agnes, It is a rathing good boys' book. Pilot Bind Agnes, by Cecilia Mary Caddell. Few tales in our language can compare with this sweet and delightful dream.

Boys Own Econ. A complete encyclopedia of spicios, containing instructions on the camera, spicios, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, skating, running, bicycling, etc., and how to play over fit; other games.

Burden of Honor, The. By Christine Faber, A story of mystery and entanglements so interworse as to create new difficulties in rapid succession, As in all Christine Faber's books, the action is dramatic sudden and severe.

Carrol O'Donoghue. By Christine Faber.

Carrol O'Donoghue, By Christine Faber, A story

Chivalrous Deed, A. By Christine Faber, "Kind-ness Begets Kindness and Love Begets Love," is the keynote of this tale, interwoven with delight-ful delineations of child life and child character. Con O'Regen. By Mrs. James Sadlier. Narrating the experiences of Con O'Regan and his sister Winnie in an interesting and wholesome manner, Dion And The Sibyls. By Miles Keon. A classic novel, far richer in sentiment and sounder in

initial story of he boys are as and game sischief, so y Marion J.

sa and game sischief, so y Marion J.

sa a convent and show how uncertain are the smiles of fortune free time to treat in the treative that is even a short terest in the care of the society of the Holy Child. Forgive and Forget by Brust Linguis. A word of the convention are the smiles of fortune even a short terest in the care of the Holy Child. Forgive and Forget by Brust Linguis. A word of the convention of the care of the Holy Child. To contain the care of a relative, cuardians Mystery, The. By Christine Paber, This is a capital story well told, it contains fast enough sensation to make the reading a pleasure. enough sensation to make the reading a pleasure Hermit of the Rock, The. By Mrs. James Sadlier, A tale of Cashel, candro Or, the Sign of the Cross. A Catholic story reprinted from The Messenger of The Sacress Heest.

Heert.

Heert.

Heert.

Hest.

A First Communion. By Mary T. Waggaman. A story of great interest, strong faith and carmest simplicity.

Louis Kirkbridge, by Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S. J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narratives infused with a strong religious moral tone.

Margaret Roper. A very interesting historical novel by Agnes M, Stewart,

by Agnes M, Stewart,
Moondyne foe, By John Boyle O'Reilly. A thrilling story of heroism, and adventure in which most
of the action takes need in the Penal Prisons in
Australia to which Moondyne Joe has been condemned for political activity, and from which when
forces his escape through a series of dare-down More Five O'Clock Stories, by a Religious of the Holy Child.

Holy Child,
Mother's Sacrifice, A. By Christine Faber. A Catholic story of the trials of a widow whose only son is
innocently accused of murdering an enemy of her
family. When all seems lost, the real murderer
filled with remorse, confesses his crime.

New Lights. A very interesting tale by Mrs. James
Sadlier,

Old and New, Or, Taste Versus Fashion, written in a fascinating manner. By Mr. Sadlier.

Reaping the Whirlwind. By Christine Faber. Full of incidents, strange, stertling, sensational and tragic, which move quickly.

Red Ascent, the. By Esther W. Neill. It is a fine stirring story.

Red-chief, use. By Jearard A. Reynold. A dramatic story of the Boxer Uprising in China, narrating the exciting experiences by a group of Europeans who band together for self-protection. That is a captivating charm in the way this tale is told, and it is done with a force that gives the dramatic parts so pronounced a realism that the reader feels himself a part of the life of this far-off country, diding with the unprotected Christian, a reader feels himself a part of the life of this far-off country, diding with the unprotected Christian, a reparticipant in defense of their life and their property.

novel full of interest and example. rayed from the Fold. By Minnie Mary Lee. A splendid Catholic story with a very strong moral.

Ask for Quantity Discount The Catholic Record The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA