MARCH 24, 1906.

ly at the clay. He worked as he drank with vicious energy — and Edell was astonished to see the face that began to grow under his fingers. He sat fas covered it with wet cloths. There was no lack of conceit in the man

When you think of offering lessons again, he should be and learn modesty. It is yours. Set it up and study it." And so Penfold departed — for good, again

he said. Edell's neighbors congratulated him npon the desertion, but the sculptor felt saddened to think that his efforts

helt saudened to think that his efforts had been of so little avail. "I believe there is good in him," he said to the sculptor next door. "Here is a bit of work he did before he left," and Edell removed the cloths from the

"By Jove!" cried the other in amaze ment. "This is the most striking thirg that has been done in Rome this year—or anywhere else for that matter. Do you mean to tell me that that fellow 'Yes, he did ; and in an incredibly

"Yes, he did ; and in an informing short space of time. Something I said about giving him lessons in modeling irritated him, and this was the result." "If I were you," said the other, "I would have the head done in marble.

would have Galotti is the man to do it. He will the model faithfully, and will get that expression on the stone if any man can.

The traditional bad penny always re-turns. In six weeks' time Penfold came back, and as Edell looked at his flushed face and wild eyes he set his lips grim-

ly. "No, old man," cried Penfold, placing his hands on the shoulders of the one who had been his friend, "you are ne who had been his friend, "you are mistaken this time. It is not brandy. I am ill, frightfully ill. I am going to die. I feel it in my bones. I want a place to lie down. place to lie down.

This time Edell sent for a doctor, and this time a doctor was needed. Penfold had what is termed the Roman fever. No man can lie about on the streets of Rome at night and escape it. The sculptor nursed the sick man as

The scurper narsed one sick man as tenderly and as assiduously as a woman. Penfold did not die as he had expected, but arose, a gaunt shadow of himself. The doctor said, "You must get him out of Rome. Is he an Englishman or an American 2"

an American?" "Eoglish, I think."

" Then get him back to England. A

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sea voyage would be best." will take him to Nap'es," said Edell, "and put him on one of the Eng-

lish liners." Edell had come to the end of his own esources, but his credit was good. Everybody in Rome knew his honesty, and he borrowed ruthlessly, promising

to pay. He took Penfold with him down to Naples, bought his ticket to London, saw him on board, and gave him what

Penfold watched him depart in a Fentola watched nim depart in a small boat, and then, immediately fol-lowing him, sold his ticket in Naples for what it would bring. Nature may be tried with once too often. It is a legend that if a man with a Roman fever goes to Naples, or if a man with Neapolitan fever goes to Rome, he a Neapolitan fever goes to Kome, he dies. One city will not tolerate the poison of the other. Perfold felt the touch of death, and, hailing a cab, drove to the hotel Edell, which he had stopped at. When he arrived he sank into the porter's arms, and had just strength enough left to name the man strength enough left to name the man who, through good and evil report, had been his friend.

Edell at that moment was standing on the balcony before his window, watch-ing the retreating steamer, and thank-ing Providence that the young fellow on board. When he was called

priest," said a gentlemen recently. enever my hand feels the clasp of the priestly fingers I experience strange thrill of mingled awe and pleasure. It seems to me that as Vi tue emanaed from the Divine Person of the Master as He walked among men, purifying, healing, strengthening, so must His worthy servant diffuse some thing of this subtle influence as he threads his daily way among the multitude. However it is with others, there is more to me in the handshake of a priest than in that of other men, at I always feel better afterward."

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON ON IM MORAL PLAYS AND SALACIOUS BOOKS.

St. Louis Church Progress

One of Archbishop Glennon's most eloquent and timely sermons was that re cently delivered, in which he severely arraigned the popular attendance at im moral plays and the reading of salacious books. The baneful influences of, both

It has always been a difficult and delicate task, His Grace said, to bring the various methods of amusement and recreation within the bounds of decency and the moral law. Indeed, amusements always appear to be more popular in proportion to their deviation from the trict code of morals-while those who think they have a mission to criticise or oppose them apparently only advocate them and gain neither gratitude nor results.

And this is specially true in the field of literature and the drama. The author or the actor generally introduces his book or play, by doing something to attract attention - a libel suit or divorce court finds the greatest favor - then omes the production fitted to maintain the lost character of the author, and the dear public flock to applaud for genius what is simply a salacious story. And yet I don't think that the actor or author is primarily to blame for what or autor is primarily to biame for what is admittedly the low condition of popular literature and the present day drama. If the people did not purchase bad books or patronize cheap and vulgar plays they world not have such pre-sented. We get what we want. It is

the old law of supply and demand. I was speaking once to an actor of national reputation, a very respectable man (and there are such on the stage,) and our conversation drifted to his art, its uplifting quality, when the people behind the tootlights try to show not oaly a consecration to their art, but a conscience in their production. He said to me that all modern art, in so far as he knew it, resolved itself into dollars and cents. Art for art's sake was dead, and commercialism, represented by the gate receipts, was supreme dictator and

lirector. Now, if this were even partially true, it is much to be regretted, and gives us room for pause, in the face of the fast growing book-reading and theatre going If it be a thi g of bargaining habit. we ought to bargain for the best Otherwise we will lose our last distin guishing American trait of being good traders.

What books, then you may ask me, should you buy, and what plays ought you to see? I would say, first of all, by way of limitation, that most of our make many bacon says that people read too much. Bacon says that 'reading makes a full man.'' I believe hat the popular reading of the books that the of the day fills the reader with non sense, and to be full of nonsense is neither a restful nor hopeful condition. And the same may be said of theater-going. To go night after night to the theater is one of the surest marks of decoderse, and

decadence ; such decadence as afflicted old Rome when her citizens sold their birthright, their liberties and their glories for the " bread and games " which their tyrants gave them.

was on board. When he was called down to the death bed of the delirious man, his faith was the only thing that kept him from breaking down. He end. Perhaps the quiet fervor of Edell awcke the spirit of religion in a beart that had ence here Catholic. Hadied your own decisions. The book (I speak of works of fiction) or the play has its dramatis personae; IN THE BISHOP'S CHAPEL. The following graceful tribute ap characters who tell their own stories, work cut the plot, deliver themselves of certain opinions, by the way, and, pe red as a contribution in the last issue of Mark S. Hubbell's Truth. Though the beautiful picture bears the word "contributed" at its head, we think we can see tracings of Mr. Hubbell's own artistic pen throughout anposedly, represent people taken from real life. For the time being they are the companion advisers, entertainers and friends of the reader or the audithe delicat lines : There is a sanctury to which I often resort on a Sunday, drawn thither by its quiet peace and restful, harmonious eice. Supposing these characters were, by Supposing these characters were, by some strange metamorphosis, to become real citizens? Would they still enjoy your friendship? Would they be your advisers, your companions? Some of you have fine residences and give recep coloring. It is the Bishop's Chapel, to which flock the devous adherents of the which flock the devous adherents of the Roman fsith, Sunday after Sunday, week after week, year after year. The perfect peace of the little chapel, set modestly back from the st eet, as if shrinking behind the more pretentious episcopal residence, t e warm and glowing tints of the windows, the low but earnest voice of the windows, the low but earnest voice of tions. Would you invite these dear friends of your book and stage acquaint ances? And if you did, what a group you would have there, quite a collection of adulterers, murderers and tion of adulterers, murderers and general scoundrels, whose lives are lies and with whom all morality is a worn the priest admonishing his hearers to the priest aumonianing his nearess to walk in the paths of peace and righteousness, the subdued rustice of silken gowns-for here the quality of the artistocratic section, the Faulbourg S int Germain of Buffalo, repair for out tradition. You ay you are eninently respectable people. Yes, but waen you read a book you surround you with the people who figure in it; you speak with them; you give them your sympathy; they are for one time being your closest acquaint worship-tue faint but pungent odor of incense from the swinging censers ances. And why, then, would you want to disowa them before yoar other o: incease from the swinging centers together and singly, full one into a drowsy reverie, in which the pano-ramo of the past and the vision of the future flit before the clouded eyes like the wraths of buried hopes and the to discowa them before your other friends? Is it not bypoerisy to thick with one crowd and talk with an en tirely different one? tirely different one? But you say you go to see plays and you read books that are a little off color just for amusement. Virtue, you say, i o do a little viciousness in the back b ckoning mirages of an ever surviv-ing ambition. One beautiful Sunday I especially remember. The bright sun poured in raciantly through the brillians winreads a fittle victousness in the back ground to bring it out in its two value. It is necessary to know good and evil. And in all these plays and books you invariably find a moral which is all the dows, transforming the sorrowful pro cession of the stations of the cross upon the walls to the dazzling yet pathetic invariably and a moral which is all the more impressive because of the anguish and the vice through which it emerges. I would ask you to consider a parallel case, in answer, which may serve to illustrate what I mean: glory. The ornaments on the priest the shimmering vestments of the priest gleamed through the opalescent vapor of ascending incense with a shadowy fire, touched and softened into preter-You have in this city-thanks to the generosity of her charitable people-a oncer hospital, a hospital where skin natural beauty of the sunshine, trans-muted through the painted window. The flamboyant voice of the soprabo ian. Here we have the reason of the Jtalian diseases are treated; you have the St. Catholic's profound reverence for the Rose Hospital for Consumptives, and person of Christ's minister. Nothing is to good for the prisst, because he is an "alter Christer" is a contact of the second sequences protound reverence for the moment is protound reverence for the bits of the city has a pest house, whither are song to good for the priset, because he an "alter Christus." "I like .o shake the hand of a You who are looking for amusement, and the minister. Nothing is a pest house, whither are song had sone on uninterruptedly, suddenly in death.—Bishop Grant.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

come with me to one of these institu-tions, to the bedside of the cancer patient. The doctor will be there, and patient. a kindly nurse somewhere in the back They are there as a matter of gr und. They are there as a matter of duty and charity. But you are there for amusement. Lift off the linen bands and the rolls

of lint; watch the face of pain of the patient there; see the great, seething wound, a very crater of corruption, emitting foul odors and putrid decay; see the dark and red edges of the crater, the hardened rim, the great ibrous radiation all around, the roots of the cancer. It is interesting, isn't it? Quite entertaining! Would make you laugh! So amusing that you want to stay to watch the victim die. Two ong hours are short in costemplation

or such an amusing picture ! Now, I ask you what is the difference between this scene and the one pre-sented by the vile play on the modern stage ? Only this; that one is physi-cal; the other is moral. One comes, perame, through no fault of its misting of such an amusing picture ! ernaps, through no fault of its victim ; he other is created for the amusement of such of the public as er joy it. woid the cancer hospital and the pest house, while, night by night, you rush madly to enjoy the sad procession of

moral lepers expose, amid the plaudits of the multitude, the cancerous growths, the deadly vices, that destroy the souls of men. Rone and demimondaine are depicted

with startling realism, and men's de-pravity and women's shamelessness are held forth as the expressions of genius and fit means for entertaining a Chris tian people.

You say, even still there is genius back of it all. Yes, perhaps. But it is only the genius that guilds the tomb; the phosphorous that accom-panies the last stages of putrefaction. No; we want honor, virtue, truth in our hearts and homes. We want these also in our books and theaters. And for the Lenten season we might limit our reading to the "Imitation of Christ," and our love for the tragic to the coatemplation of that sublimest tragedy in the world's history, the tragedy in tragedy of the cross.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Catholics know that religious teaching will be for the greater number the only means of insuring right living to correspond with right belief. Formed habits of life, politeness, good form, policy, fear of exposure, care of health and other motives may keep some in the way of good morals; but for most people, and in the long run, religion must furnish the strong mo tives. You might as well expect the tiny ridge of sand, which has been dug iny rage of sand, which has been adg up by the child's shovel on the sea-shore, to keep back the powerful waves, as to hope to hold man's passions in check by any such fragile barriers as mentioned above. Vainly, too, will you hope to induce man to trample you hope to induce man down the flerceness of pride cr break through the narrow barriers of selfish-ness it you extinguish the fires of hell and close the gates of heaven and erase from the world's memory the life and death, the love and sacrifice of Christ, the Son of God.

No counting of bricks, no reckoning of expenses, no numbering of schools or pupils can estimate the good done to our country by religious teaching. Every Catholic saved to his faith and to our country by religious its practices and requirements is one saved to law and order-one who will respect authority, one who will rever-ence the home. The Separate school is ence the home. The Separate school is thus one of the greatest powers for good at present among us. It is the school of the people and of all nationalities. It is a tactory of the truest and highest type of citizenship. If the million children in our Separate schools are true to the principles taught them, if they profit by the religious teaching mparted, if they grow up true Catho inparted, it may grow up true Catho-lie men and women, then we may rest assured that a great leaven for good has been intreduced into the mass of our population.

hushed its note to listen. Like healing ambrosial dew, following the impelling soprano, came the pure, calm notes of the alto, penetrating the senses with the passionate, haunting the scheders of the violin, full of a pain and sadness unntterable. My heart contracted with a suffering sense of sorrow and with a suffering sense of sorrow and there came a choking in the throat and a salty something in the eyes as I dimly saw the faded woman in rusty black in the pew before me bend sud-denly down and press her lips to the check of the wondering boy by her idea of the wondering is by a sufficient to the source in the sufside, and then, with tear dimmed eyes, and reverent, bowed head, count again

the beads upon her rosary. She, too, had felt the sad, sweet in fluence-the influence which recon structs again the panorama of the past ision of the futureand projects the the influence which pervades and subjugates all who worship, seldom cr often, in the Bishop's Chapel.

PRIEST AND PENITENT.

DOES THE CONFESSOR EVER USE THE KNOWLEDGE OBTAINED IN THE TRI-BUNAL OF PENANCE ?

(1) " Do priests treat persons differently outside confession on account of the sins they acknowledged in the tri-

bunal of penance? (2) "Do they ever think of the sins they hear in contession? Anxious." 1. It is strictly enjoined that con ssors shall not by any sign, or mode of action, or treatment, by word, look, or behavior, manifest in the least that they are aware of what has transpired in the confessionsl. To do so would be a sort of revelation of the secrets con-fided them as "ministers of God and dispensers of His mysteries." It is only an ignorant or badly informed person, or one with a suspicious fancy, that would interpret the relations of confessor and penitent in any fashion that would seem to affirm that a confessor used the knowledge obtained in the tribunal of penance. The priest would die rather than reveal a sacra mental secret. He cannot speak of the sins confessed to him, even to the pen-

itent outside the confessional. 2 The answer to the second question

is embodied in the answer given the one. But to satisfy curiosity about the physiological condition of the confessor, it would require the con-fession of a most luridly heinous and most inhuman sort of a sin to cause him to give it a second thought. The priest's memory is taken up with too many important burdens to permit him to charge it with the recollection of the frailties and immoralities of poor sinners.

If any recollection should obtrude it would be accompanied with admiration of the sincerity and humility of the poor penitent who had opened to his gaze the wounds of his soul ; and, if any treatment of the penitent after confession be in question, the treatneat would rather be accentuated by kindly rather than by repellent manfestation or sign.

Never worry over such empty problems as are put herewith. When you confess, rest assured that as you con-fessed by God's ordinance, and to God, and to your spiritual father, God and your kindly confessor will keep silence and shroud the secrets you whispered in sorrow under a veil impenetrable to mortal vision.

The Easy-Going Parents.

Commenting on the crowds of young men and boys — and of girls, to — who attend the cheap theatres which infest all cities, the Montreal True Witness says: "Are the parents entirely miltless 2 We fance not Far in guiltless? We fancy not. For in nine homes out of ten we will notice a guiltless ? conspicuous absence in the evening of the children. Where are they? One is here, the other is there, another, Well, I don't know where Harry is. Well, I don't know where Harry is. He never says where he is going when he goes out. He always turns up at bedtime anyway !' What disinterest-ness ! The night will come when the boy will not return, maybe. Then, mint complete the boy will come the boy will not return. midst searching of heart and shedding of tears, will the parents realize that they were to blame for the sorrow brought upon them by the wayward-ness of their child."



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plain why a Deering machine harvests in right way. These local agents are found ev-where, and will be pleased to give informa-Educational King Edward was at one time speered at by a German paper because he had never been present at a battle. But he possesses moral courage of the highest THE.

The Deering is built to harve

Preparing a good seed bed, sowing in, and propitious weather are not all st have a machine that will harvest a so that you will realize every dol-

awcke the spirit of religion in a heart that had once been Catholic. He died with the Name of Christ upon his lips.

After burying his friend in Naples, Edell returne : to Rome, apparently ten years older. He had done his best, and had seemingly failed absolutely, as he had failed in everything he attempted during his life. But when the striking head was done in marble, its fame ran like wildfire through Rome. An Amer-ican millionaire bought the first copy, and paid a large sum for it, much more than idell had ever spent upon the un fortunate man who modeled the head.

For years Edell tried to find the relatives of the dead man to whom he could pay the money, but no one knew what Penfold's real name was, and Edell was never able to discover anyone belonging to him.

to him. So much for the one who failed, and the one who was a failure. "The greatest of these is charity."-Benzi-ger's Magazine.

THE PRIEST'S FINGERS.

A group of travelers, returning from their ascension to Vesavius, stopped at an ian by the road. Be fore taking their meal they wished to wash their hands. The hosters hastened to comply with their request But as to comply with their request But as she noticed that one amongst them was a priest, she did not want him to use the towel that had been used by all the others. "Please, Father," she said, "give it back to me, it is not meet that the futures which held the buff of "give it back to me, it is not meet that the fingers which hold the body of Jesus Christ be wiped with this coarse licen." Upon this, quickly she went to the cupboard, whence she brought a piece of fine embroidered mustin which she tendered to her priestly much file for each other priestly guest. The foregoing incident relat ed in Emmanuel, recalls the action of guest. one of the saints, St. Thereas, if we remember rightly, who when a priest desired to wash his hands, brought desired to wash his hands, block of him a basin of periumed water, giv ing the self same reason for her act as did the good woman of the Italian imn. Here we have the reason of the

THOUGHTS ON ST. JOSEPH.

Sacred Heart Review.

March is St. Joseph's month. St. March is St. Joseph's month. St. Joseph's month, and all that concerns St. Joseph, must be very dear to the Heart of Jesus; for, to the Heart of Jesus, St. Joseph was dear from the first moment on earth, and grew dearer each day through his life-and what is he now in heaven?

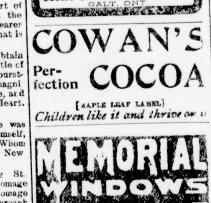
May St. Joseph, on his part, obtain for our cold and sinful hearts a little of that love for Jesus that filled to burstthat love for Josus that infea to barso ing his own most generous and magni is an theart, till at last it broke, and died of love --love for the Sacred Heart. Father Russell, S. J.

St. Joseph was as humble as he was sinless. He never thought of himself, but always of the Infant Saviour, Whom he carried in his arms .--- Cardinal New man.

Spend your life in honoring St. Spend your life in honoring St. Joseph, and yet your love and homage will never equal the love and homage paid to him by Mary; it will approach never so distantly to the obedience, the love, the homage, paid to him for thirty years on earth by the Son of God.-Cardinal Vanghan.

In proportion as your heart grows towards St. Joseph in the reverence and unbounded confidence of a son, will you trace in your soul a more faithful copy of the Incarnate Word.-Cardinal Vaughan.

St. John Berchmans had peculiar devotion to St. Joseph, not only because votion to St. Joseph, not only because he was head of the Holy Family, and, as such, foster-father and guardian of the Invarnats Word, but because he considered him the perfect model of a hidden life of love and prayer and



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on the Sacred Heart

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