

MARCH 31, 1917

invaluable medium for research and reference for generations to come, and especially for future historians.

One reads with unflagging interest the vivid presentation of "that memorable meeting of the Shepherds of Christendom," of whom Cardinal Gibbons was the youngest member.

The great Pope Pius IX. presided in person at the opening and at all the solemn sessions. Cardinal Gibbons says that, although his own personal silence among his elders, so keen was his appreciation of his good fortune at being present among these venerable men that he did not miss a single session, and was a most attentive listener at all the debates.

EVERY CONTINENT REPRESENTED

He tells us how "every continent, every island of importance, every nation on the face of the globe was represented by its hierarchy, and the Bishops, kneeling together around the altar in the Council Chamber, could exclaim with truth, in the language of the Apocalypse: 'Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, to God in Thy Blood out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation.'"

Most beautiful is his description of the venerable Patriarchs and Bishops of the East. Let the Cardinal himself speak:

"These Orientals came from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, the cradle of the human family; from the banks of the Jordan, the cradle of Christianity; from the banks of the Nile, the home of the oldest historic civilization. They came from Chaldea, from the land of the Medes, the Persians and the Assyrians, from Mossul, built near the ruins of ancient Nineveh, and from Bagdad, founded not far from the ruins of Babylon. They assembled from Damascus and Mount Libanus, and from the Holy Land, sanctified by the footprints of our Blessed Redeemer. What a spectacle they presented! Unchangeable as the hills and valleys of their native soil, they wore the same turbans and the same pale and thoughtful countenance that their fathers wore in the time of John the Baptist, they exhibited the same simplicity of manners that Abraham had nearly four thousand years ago, when he fed his flocks in the Valley of Mambré and gave hospitality to angels."

And so on through all the pages of this absorbing and intense narrative, from the convening of the Council by Pius IX. on Dec. 8, 1869, through the great debates on the infallibility of the Pope to the definition of the Dogma. "There were times," says Cardinal Gibbons, "when the excitement rose to fever heat, and when one was reminded of some of the earlier Councils, as, for instance, the Council of Chalcedon. But all the excitement was but the outward and visible manifestation of the burning zeal within and when once the decision was taken and the bull containing it promulgated, not one Bishop of that assembly forsook the See of Peter and the Catholic Church."

KNIGHTS OF LABOR

Another chapter of note in this first volume is that of the Knights of Labor, giving vivid pictures of society in the United States in the seventies and eighties, when the "money of the country was not only concentrated into the hands of a very few people, but by means of this money this small oligarchy was put in the position of getting complete control of our free institutions."

Cardinal Gibbons and other Archbishops of the United States sought to do all in their power to prevent the condemnation of the Knights of Labor in our country.

His Eminence who went to Europe in 1877 to receive the Cardinal's Hat, presented the plea of organized labor to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, the memorial having been prepared by himself, with the aid of the venerable Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Archbishop John J. Kenne, who were then in Rome. "It was a great consolation," writes the Cardinal in reviewing the course of the Knights of Labor, when, a few years afterward, the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., announced the principles which underlie the Church's moral teaching with regard to economics in his famous encyclical, "Rerum Novarum."

Then there are those magnificent pages, which every American citizen should read on "The Church and the Republic." "The Claims of the Catholic Church in the Making of the Republic," all showing her unswerving assertion of popular rights, her cordial devotion to the free institutions of America, constantly manifested in word and in work by her Bishops, her clergy and her people."

Splendid and interesting pictures are shown of the story of "Irish Immigration to the United States," that force which proved such a missionary power in this, our country; the chapters of "Lynch Law" the condemnation of the outrage and the sovereign remedy suggested, and that splendid dissertation on "Patriotism and Politics," stamp the great Cardinal for the true American citizen and patriot that he is.—New World.

"Beloved brother, bear with others, and they will bear with you; excuse, and you will be excused; pity the weakness of the sinner and you will be pitied; comfort the afflicted, and you will be comforted; raise up him that falls, and you shall be yourself raised up by the help of God."—A Kempis.

HOW CHOPIN WAS WON BACK

Thanks to the courtesy of Madame Wankowicz, a gifted Polish lady, the world of music learns these days how Chopin died through permission given by her to publish a letter written by the priest who fought for the great master's soul and won the prize. This letter written by Father Alexander Jolowicki, C.R., is dated "Paris, October 21, 1849," and it has been since the date of its reception in the family of this lady. The account of the Resurrectionist father follows:

"Madame: I am still under the impression caused by the death of Chopin, and I cannot write of anything else. He died October 17 at 2 a. m.

"His organism burned always more weakly under the flame of his genius. All marvelled that the soul could still occupy a body so wasted, that his mind lost none of its vigor and that the living greatness of his heart had not grown less. The face of Chopin was cold, white, transparent almost like alabaster; his eyes always veiled sometimes burned with the fire within. Always sweet, gentle and brilliantly gay, sensible to change, he frequently appeared to belong no longer to this earth. But, nevertheless, he gave no thought to the future life. He had few good friends, and many bad, incredulous ones. Especially in the latter years of his life he had the latter in majority as his worshippers. The triumph of his artistic life, his wonderful art impeded him from hearing in his heart of ghosts, the weeping voice of the Holy Ghost. The faith which his mother had planted in his mind was for him nothing more than a sweet memory of his infancy, and the unbelief of his companions, male and female, of his latter years, sank deeper and deeper into his soul. And the delusion with its terrible talons tortured his spirit.

"Thanks to his good education, he never derided holy things. But that was not enough. In this deplorable state of soul the fatal chest trouble found him. The sad news was communicated to me on my return from Rome. I immediately hurried to this friend of mine whom I had known from his infancy, and whose soul was very dear to me. We met affectionately and our tears mingled. But Chopin did not weep for his lot, but for the death and martyrdom of his brother Edward, to whom he was very much attached. I probed by this moment to remind him of his mother and of his faith.

"You will understand," he said, 'I should not like to die without the sacraments, because it might seem to sully the memory of my mother. But how am I to go to confession, since I no longer believe as you do? You understand perhaps, the comfort of an intimate confession to a friend, to you, for instance. But a sacramental confession—I don't understand it any longer. If you wish, I will confess to you in a friendly manner, otherwise not at all.'

"Those words of his struck hard at my heart. Tears were in my eyes. I pitied the state of this soul, and I did my best to tranquilize it. I spoke to him of the Blessed Virgin, of Jesus and His mercy. Nothing availed. Then I promised to bring to him any confessor he might wish for. But no good. Finally he said: 'If ever I make my confession, it will be to you only.'

"Months and months passed, but without any result. I prayed and hoped his soul might be saved. All the Resurrectionist Fathers prayed for the same intention, especially during their retreat. On the evening of October 12, his doctor summoned me, saying he could not vouch the great master should pass the night. Trembling I approached the door of Chopin's room, but I found it closed for the first time against me. But after a few minutes Chopin allowed me to enter only to shake my hand and say:

"I have deep affection for you, but don't speak to me of anything. Go and sleep."

"Imagine what a terrible night I passed! The next day was the feast of St. Edward, patron of my dear brother. And during Holy Mass I prayed 'God of Mercy, if the soul of brother is dear to you, give me that of Frederick!'

"After Mass I went to Chopin's room and I found him taking breakfast. I said to him: 'Dearest friend, this is Edward's name day. Give me a gift for him.'

"Speak on, then, because I shall refuse you nothing."

"Give me your soul," I said.

"At this Chopin responded, 'I understand you. Here, take it,' and he rose to a sitting position on the bed. An indescribable joy filled me. What should I do to take this choice soul? Falling on my knees, I put a Crucifix in Chopin's hands.

"Chopin seized the Crucifix, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Do you believe? I asked him.

"Yes, I believe. 'Do you believe as your mother taught you?' 'Yes,' was the response.

"Then he made his confession in tears and with deep contrition.

"From that hour Chopin was completely changed. That same day he entered into his agony, which lasted four days and nights. He bore all his pains with angelic patience, always invoking the name of God and thanking Him.

"Transported by divine love, he desired to die for the sake of seeing God sooner. To all friends who came to bid him farewell he spoke of his felicity. Once Chopin opened his eyes and, seeing his room filled with people, he said: 'What are all these people doing? Why are they not praying?' All these fell on their knees to say the Litany of the Saints; even the Protestants answered the responses. During nearly the whole day and whole night Chopin held my hand in his supreme moment. Finally he who was so refined in his manner of speaking, wishing to express strongly his gratitude and the misfortune of those who die without the sacraments, said:

"Only for you I should have died like a pig."

"At last he pronounced again the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, put the Crucifix to his lips, and his final words were: 'I am already at the fountain of happiness. Then he expired.'—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE ANNUNCIATION

How pure, and frail, and white,
The snowdrops shine!
Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,
These fragile flowers
Are gifts to our fair Queen
From Spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day
She knelt at prayer;
When, lo! before her shone
An Angel fair.

"Hail Mary!" thus he cried,
With reverent fear;
She, with sweet wondering eyes,
Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!
Be silent, Earth!
And hear an Angel tell
Of Jesus' birth.

While she, whom Gabriel hails
As full of grace,
Listens with humble faith
In her sweet face.

Be still, Praise, War, and Pomp,
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,
For now an Angel speaks,
And Mary hears.

"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound
Till time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile
The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" many a heart
Broken with grief
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

And many a half lost soul,
When turned to bay,
With those triumphant words
Has won the day.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!"
Let us repeat,
And place our snowdrop wreath
Here at her feet.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

BELIEVES IN VIRGIN BIRTH

The Rev. F. N. McMillan, Presbyterian minister of Cincinnati, well expressed the doctrine of the virgin birth of our Lord, when he declared recently that:

"To the careful and sympathetic student of revelation the virgin birth of Jesus is a beautiful and logical fact. The seer of Israel looked down the centuries and saw the incarnation of the Son of God. He said: 'Behold a virgin shall call his name Emmanuel.'

"A supernatural being has a supernatural advent into the world. Matthew and Luke in no vague or obscure way, but as integral and essential parts of their records, give the narratives of the virgin birth.

"Matthew says: 'When his mother Mary, had been betrothed to Joseph before they came together, she was found with Child of the Holy Spirit.'

"Luke says: 'The angel said to a virgin, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son and shall call His name Jesus, and the holy thing which is begotten shall be called the Son of God.'

"Evidently the virgin birth of Jesus is not a theory to be argued, it is a fact to be believed and proclaimed when the Bible says that God created the world out of nothing by the word of His power; that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead; that upon His sacrificial cross He redeemed the world; that He rose from the dead the third day; that He was born of the Virgin Mary, the Bible means exactly what it says. To a capable and logical mind it is apparent that in order to be consistent the one who refuses to believe in the virgin birth because of the unusual and supernatural should disbelieve in the miraculous in the Bible.

"What may be termed the divine philosophy of the virgin birth is revealed in two considerations—the first that so great was the guilt of sinning humanity that God Himself must suffer and atone for the sins of the world; becoming incarnate it must be made clear that while He was man He was also God—hence the supernatural conception and the virgin birth; the second, that only a perfectly sinless Saviour could redeem the world; becoming incarnate it must be imputed sin in the perfect nature of the redeemer, hence the virgin birth.

"The ministers and the members of the Presbyterian church, with almost no exception, believe in and teach the virgin birth of Jesus. If a pitiful small minority does not,

that is their misfortune; it is not the fault of the Lord, the Bible, or the Presbyterian church.

"The General Assembly at Atlantic City called attention to its deliverance in 1910, that 'it is an essential doctrine of the Word of God, and of our standards that Our Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.'"

"To this statement of belief the commissioners of New York Presbytery, including its Moderator, pledged their loyalty and that of their presbytery, and pledged further that their presbytery would not in the future ordain to the Presbyterian ministry young men who have not mental caliber and spiritual grace enough to understand that the Bible means what it says about the virgin birth of Jesus in all other matters.

"The great creeds of Christendom, the Apostles' and Westminster Confessions and the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England all declare their belief in the virgin birth. The highest and the finest productions of literature reveal the faith of 'Multitudes. Canon Farrar in his 'Life of Jesus' says: 'As one stands moved by emotion in the Chapel of the Nativity and looks upon the silver star set in marble, surrounded by sixteen ever burning lamps and encircled by the inscription: 'Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est,' he has a picture painted in the colors of heaven of the sinless birth of the Redeemer of Men.

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born beyond the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me."

"Art has paid its tribute to the virgin birth. Who can look upon Raphael's Madonnas and not believe that a divine fact was the inspiration of their creation?

"Music has rendered its symphonies in honor of the virgin birth. Who can listen to the strains of the 'Adeste Fideles,' 'God of God, light of light, very God, begotten, O come let us adore Him Jesus Christ, the Lord,' and not believe that a divine fact was the inspiration of such harmonies?

"Such a Christ we worship, such a Lord we follow, to such a Saviour we ascribe the glory and the praise of our redemption."—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE CHURCH AND ART

REMARKABLE TRIBUTE GIVEN TO CATHOLIC ART BY MR. CRAM

The well-known master of architecture, Ralph Adams Cram, of Boston, a non-Catholic in faith, recently gave in Pittsburgh a lecture, listened to by an audience of nearly one thousand invited guests and leaders of the artistic, educational and social work of the city. A summary of the lecture appears in the Pittsburgh Courier.

Mr. Cram develops the thesis that the world owes much to Christian civilization and by Christian civilization. Mr. Cram lost no time in stating to his startled audience that he meant the Catholic faith, submission to the successor of St. Peter, and a society organized on the basis of Catholic ideals. Architecture, he maintained, is the index of a people's civilization at any stage of its career, and Gothic architecture is the most perfect form of construction devised by the mind of man, and it is the matured flower of Christian civilization. He attributed the rise of Gothic architecture to five things, Norman blood, Monasticism, Catholic faith, Sacramental Theology, and a Christian commonwealth. He talked continually of the grace of God, the sacraments, the Papacy, and the saints, whom he mentioned in an almost endless litany. He denounced heresy as being the death-blow of genuine Christian architecture, and he drew a deadly parallel between the constructive achievements of the monks and the destructive activity of the heretics who fostered the religious revolution in the sixteenth century. He called the Middle Ages the most wholesome, balanced, and the most spiritually stimulating in the entire history of the world, and he asserted in tones measured, deliberate and resonant, that sounded like the tolling bell of a passing soul, that the greatest economic disaster in the history of England was the suppression of the monasteries.

The writer in The Observer continued:

And yet this is the second time within a few months that the self-styled 'culture' of Pittsburgh has been made to wince under such language, and from unimpeachable authority. Shortly before Christmas, Mr. George de Forest Brush, one of the leading painters of modern times, in a lecture on painting, told his audience that not until a return to the use of faith had been accomplished would there be any modern painting worthy of comparison with the masterpieces produced under Catholic auspices, centuries before the religious revolution in the sixteenth century had shattered the unity of faith.

It is doubtful if these two lectures will have much effect on the audiences that listened reluctantly to them. But at least they will buttress the faith of the many Catholics who attended them.

Our Catholic people should more of every night, or the cabaret, or to randevous. Listening to such lectures will enable Catholics to look squarely in the eye any heretic

in the world, and any atheist in the land, and challenge them to produce a single masterpiece, born in heresy or in fidelity, in any of the fine arts that will bear a comparison with the classic monuments of Catholic faith, that are still the wonder and the admiration of the modern world.

AIM OF EDUCATION

"Because education is a dynamical, not a mechanical process," said Matthew Arnold, in 1842, "the more powerful and vigorous the mind of the teacher, the more clearly and readily he can grasp things, the better fitted he is to cultivate the mind of another." And to this we find ourselves coming more and more; we care less and less for information, more and more for the true exercise of the mind; for answering questions concisely and comprehensively, for showing a command of language, a delicacy of taste, an appreciation of religion, a comprehensiveness of thought, and a power of combination. As a recent issue of America says:

"Does the study of Christian Doctrine merely mean to the child a dreary hour spent in learning and reciting uninteresting questions and answers out of a well-worn catechism? Is it a time more or less frankly dreaded? If so, only a hasty judgment would lay the whole blame on the child. Children frankly dislike routine and faulty presentations made even more unattractive by the teacher's lack of interest and understanding. The manner of 'camp meeting,' but so managed as to attract and not repel the child, or even leave him indifferent. This, surely, was the method Our Lord favored. By means of stories and object lessons, He drew home the facts He wished to impress on His hearers.

"There is an old and well founded belief that restlessness and inattention on the part of the pupil is, to a great extent, the fault of the teacher. Perhaps there is an insufficient command of the matter in hand, or a lack of love of the work, or of a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties of the child. Enthusiasm is infectious, and a child studying under an enthusiastic teacher can scarcely fail to make rapid progress. If, on the contrary, the teacher is disaffected, preoccupied, or ill prepared for her work, is it remarkable that the results are mirrored in her frankly bored pupils?

"Two things are of primary importance: the preparation of the teacher, and the manner in which the subject is presented to the pupil. Of the first, Austin O'Malley, in his 'Keystones of Thought' says: 'The cause of failure in many teachers is that they mistake what is a mission from God, for a trade.' This work that touches souls is sacred. It is ordinarily from the parents or from the teacher, that the child first learns of God, and the whole after life bears witness to the purity and vigor of early impressions. It is the teacher's task to light in the soul a vigil lamp of faith and love, that will shine over the troubled waters of temptation and guide the child out of darkness."

We hesitate not to assert, as a Catholic Magazine dedicated to the conversion of all the people, that religion is the first rational object of education. Whatever may be the fate of Catholic children in this transitory world, about which we believe we are as solicitous as any, we would, if possible, secure a happy meeting with them in a future and everlasting life. We can well enough bear their reproaches for not enabling them to attain to worldly honors and distinctions; but to have been in any measure accessory, by our neglect, to their final perdition, would be to the true Catholic the occasion of such reproach and blame, as would be absolutely insupportable. The Missionary.

LAMARTINE ON THE PRIEST

There is in every parish a man who has no family, but who belongs to every family; who is called upon to act as witness, as council or as agent in all the most solemn acts of civil life, without whom none can enter the world or go out of it; who takes the child from the bosom of its mother and leaves it only at the tomb; who blesses the crib, the bed of death and the bier—a man whom little children love, fear and venerate; whom even strangers call "father;" at whose feet men kneel to confess their most secret sins, and to whom they shed tears of repentance—a man who is by profession the consoler of the afflicted in body and soul; the bond between the rich and the poor, who knock at his door by turns; the rich to leave their secret aims, the poor to receive the same without being made to blush for their poverty; who, himself of no social rank, belongs to all classes—to the lower classes on account of his poverty, and often by humble birth; to the highest classes by learning, culture and the exalted sentiments which his religion inspires and commands—a man in fine who has the right to say everything; at whose word men bow their minds and hearts in submission, for he speaks with the divine authority.

This man is the priest. Great is the good or evil influence he exercises upon men, accordingly as he



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fulfills well or ill the duties of his high calling.

A good priest is a living commentary on the divine book. He has always before his eyes, always in his hands, always in his heart.

As the administrator of the sacraments he has to do with men; he must therefore know men. He has to deal with every human passion, and for this is needed a delicate and gentle hand. For the errors and sorrows, the wants and miseries of humanity, he must have a heart overflowing with charity, gentleness and compassion. His door must be open to all who knock, his lamp always burning, his staff ever in his hand. Alike to him are all seasons; he must know neither distance nor contagion, burning sun nor blinding snow, but be ready at all times to carry absolute love to the sinner and the sacraments to the dying. Before him, as before God, are neither rich nor poor, great nor small, but only men—brothers in suffering and in hope.—Lamartine.

FREE SPEECH AND THE AGITATOR

As a result of "free speech," some twelve ignorant and usually inefficient women of the East Side, are now in jail. Worked to a pitch of fury by professional "agitators" who, while pleading the cause of the poor, ride in limousines and dine at the best hotels, these women swarmed through the streets and ended their "demonstration against the capitalists," by hurling stones through the windows of small grocery stores. The net result seems to be that these misguided women are in jail, while the really responsible agents are earning a comfortable salary by urging similar outbreaks in other cities.

For many years New York, and the same is true of many American cities, has borne patiently with the professional "agitator." Men and women have been permitted by city officials, fearful of encroaching on the right of "free speech," to utter, even in times of extreme industrial unrest, harangues which could have no other result than public disorder. It would seem time to act on the simple truth, which no man in his senses will deny, that free speech cannot be pleaded as a defense for the professional "agitator." Free speech does not mean, and has never meant in any civilized country, that men are at liberty to say what they please, to whom they please, and when and where they please. The exercise of even the most undoubted right is conditioned by duty. Every right carries with it responsibility, and responsibility is precisely what the "agitator" lacks.

The proper protection of the community, as well as of the poor on whom the burden of the day press so heavily, demands the immediate suppression of these sowers of discord. No one conversant with modern social and economic conditions will be found wanting in sincere sympathy with the vast number of men and women who are forced to eke out an uncertain existence on a meager wage. But he will clearly recognize that these scenes of violence, staged by unprincipled leaders, can end only in deeper wretchedness for those who most sorely need the protection of the law against industrial slavery.—America.

Is not making others happy the best happiness? To illuminate for an instant the depths of a deep soul, to cheer those who bear by sympathy the burdens of so many sorrow-laden hearts and suffering lives, is to me a blessing and a precious knowledge. There is a sort of religious joy in helping to renew the strength and courage of noble minds.—Henri F. Amiel.

It is easy to find reasons why other folks should be patient.—George Eliot.

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St. Rose of Lima. By Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D.