MARCH 24, 1917

"Not in ghosts as they are commonly imagined; those shadowy white things that point, and scare, and hover " came floating back in the thin, sweet tones; "but in the spirits of the departed-it may be long dead, or newly called from earth who are permitted to borrow for a little while the semblance in which they lived and loved, and return for last look at a beloved home, or come for one dear glimpse of what might, but for the Infinite Eternal Will, have been a home. You be-lieve in them, do you not?"

Looking upwards from the hall, the butler saw the slight figure of Sir Vivian's bride traverse the first landing and pass out of view, followed by the portly figure of the housekeeper; and in that moment came the grind of wheels upon the avenue, a loud knock at the hall door, and a sharp peal at the bell. Two liveried servants appearing in haste admitted the master of the house, and at the first glimpse of Sir Vivian's ghastly face; and torn and disordered garments, Cradell cried out in alarm.

"Sir Vivian — Sir! It's worse than what my lady said You've been hurt! Shall I send for the doctor ?

He is with us !" came the hoarse reply, and Cradell, peering out into the sad, gathering darkness, saw a strange carriage drawn up before the door lamps threw a yellow reflection on the clouds of stream rising from the flanks of a pair of jaded horses. They were busy about the something was being lifted out. What? asked the old servants shaking lips, dumbly, as he turned to his master.

"Gad, sir, don't look like that!" he "Think if her ladyship were begged. to see you! She-"If her ladyship were to see me!"

repeated Sir Vivian. He laughed. "Cradell—are you mad, or am I?"

"Neither of us, sir, I hope," said Cradell. Then a light broke upon him and he cried : 'Good gracious, Sir Vivian, is it possible that you don't know . . . my lady is here?" "I know it." An awful agony was expressed in Sir Vivian's face. "I know it too well!" Great drops stood upon his forehead, he turned aside, clinching his hands and fighting for

self command. "She came, half an hour ago," began the butler; "me and Mrs. Ansdey were quite took aback. Mrs. Ansdey is upstairs with her

"Man, man!" cried Sir Vivian, "do you know what you are saying?" He turned his streaming face upon the frightened butler and gripped him by the arm.

Lady Huh-my wife, is dead There was an accident—she was killed instantaneously, with little pain, thank God! They aid so at the hospital. . . She is outside —there!" He pointed a shaking hand towards the partly open hall-door, through which a pale line of moonlight came stealing as the careful, measured tread of men carrying a precious burden sounded on the "Yet you say to me-she stone. arrived half an hour ago. You are raving or I am delirious!"

"It's heaven's truth, Sir Vivian. And there is proof . . . and here is Mrs. Ansdey to confirm it !"

Both men looked up as the portly figure in its rustling black silken robes hurried down the great stair-Case.

said. 'Sir Vivian! Oh, welcome home, Sir Vivian, a thousand times !" The housekeeper's face was very pale, her hands worked nervously, crumpling her fine lace apron. "But something dreadful has happened! it's written she cried "and God

These are the only channels of her life, which is grace. Many a recreant enjoys the name of Catholic, and his It takes a misdeeds are immediately placed to the account of the Church. "This is the account of the Church. your Catholic!" is remarked by infidel and Protestant. But the fact is that man is not a Catholic, nor does he in any sense represent Catholicity. He is no more Catholic than the sneerer himself. It is unfair and unjust to the Church to class such a man Catholic, and then attribute his failings to the faith which he never practices .- Our Sunday Visitor.

THE PROTESTANT AND THE POPE

"If the Pope be the Vicar of Christ on earth then all men, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Pagan, have the right to go to him in distress. By the same token he may not refuse a single one who so approaches him.' These words were a Protestant's passport to the Pope. George Barr Baker, his heart breaking with sympathy for the starving children in the war country, decided to appeal some one "to whose voice whole civilized world will listen with respect" for help. Without creden-tials he presented himself at the Vatican, obtained his audience, and the help he desired. Mr. Baker's story as it appeared in the March American is partially printed below : We met in San Francisco, a dozen of us, early in last September, to discuss the tragedy of Belgium. More than a million children starving to to me the most magnificent palace in death - adolescent boys and girls all the world. Rich room after rich falling before tuberculosis, rickets, room, vast chambers adorned with and other fearful diseases of mind the art treasures of the centuries, and body because the Commission for Relief could not give

us aghast.

schools.

unfolded into one another until finally we came to a little door. It enough food-was the fact we faced. opened into the private library of Its horrors simply dazed us : it left Pope Benedict XV. The door swung back into a high "I believe if we can interest Amerroom, rather narrow for its length, ican school children," I said, "we and sparely furnished. At the far may ring down the curtain on this end, on a great chair slightly raised tragedy. There are more than twenty million children in our from the floor, sat the most remarkable man I have ever seen. If they could be made to Clad all in white he was, even to realize that a million boys and girls the white skull cap on his majestic in Belgium and northern France are head. From a face as white and clear as parchment looked out eyes slowly starving, they would save their pennies, and get other pennies

sunken and sad, yet gleaming with a spiritual voltage that startled me. to go with them, that this ghastly thing might end. made a bow and started forward "Let each school, juvenile league, but immediately the Figure left the

or other band of young folk take the throne and came toward me, meet-ing me before I had taken six steps. responsibility of providing an extra meal a day to one village, or commune, and the burden would be slight. We have got to get another \$1,000,000 a month. If only a third of the children of America would After the regular formalities, he took hold of my arm graciously and led me back to the throne, drawing up a chair for me beside it. give a cent every other day, it would

be enough.' "How will you reach the children?" asked a man beside me. "That is the question," I said. "In which said slowly and gravely :

an emergency such as this we must Benedict XV. always referred to himappeal to someone in a high position who has many avenues of publicity self as Us or We. I spoke in English; he in French; we had no difficulty in -one to whose voice the whole civilized world will listen with understanding each other. "During two miserable years," the Voice went on, "We have prayed for respect. It must be one who has not spoken before and in vain, or"—and guidance and We have sought dilisuddenly an inspiration struck me. "I know the one man who fits the

need !" I exclaimed. 'Who is it ?"

"It is the Pope. I shall see him." for action—impossible requests for the most part, because all these They smiled incredulously; they shook their heads. "Too many others have tried and failed," they people are Our people. . . . Our children are murdering one another "The Pope is in a unique position; he has political and religious

"there was a sorrowful vibration the Pope's voice. "We are comconsequences to consider. Undoubtin the Pope's voice. edly he is already throwing his pelled to witness horrible fratricide devastating war, death unparalleled. entire influence to plans of his own Church. You a non Catholic might not even be able to get an audience have failed to see why We could not

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ROME

sign, and the door closed. He led me to a desk at the opposite end of the room and bade me be seated

again. "Tell me some more about your America," he said. We talked for several minutes Now he seemed more the simple, kindly priest than the potentate, yet I could not get away from the tremendous intellectual grasp with which he seized all subjects, or the reserve force that resided so evidentwithin him. His face is not so full as it appears in the photograph which he autographed for me at that desk —the photograph which accompanies this narrative. Nor does the like-ness do justice to his hands, thin and strong and beautiful. After a little he rose to accompany

us to the door. It opened and we passed through. I took out my watch. It told me that we had been in the Pope's presence for an hour, less two minutes-a longer audience than had ever before been granted

to a Protestant. As we passed back, the art-laden walls of the Vatican were blank to me. I could see only the sad, peace ful, powerful face of Benedict XV. Try as I might, I was not able to remember a single detail of the Papal library—its walls, its ceilings, its furnishings. I had not the remotest idea of the sort of chair which I had sat in. So dominant had been the personality of the man! I knew that a load had been lifted from me. The grisly night that had shrouded the children of Belgium

seemed broken and rolling away. I said so, exultantly, to Signor Cortesi. He smiled and rubbed his hands happily. From some far-off tower a bell struck the hour. Then the guard saluted, and the gates of the Vatican closed behind us.

At the time of my writing it is too early to gauge the full effect of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gibbons—a letter in which Benedict AV. ex-pressed his belief that "the happy children of America without distinc-tion of faith or of class, will vie, in their innocent pride, with each other to be able to extend to their little brothers and sisters of the Belgian nation, even though across the immense ocean, the helping hand and the offerings of that charity which knows no distance."-Chicago New World.

THE FUN OF FAITH

Faith laughs. Distrust scowls. In the case of Robert Hugh Benson, faith made every common hour "fun." In the case of Frank Bullen, who wrote a charming autobiography 'We can never thank you enough,' "With Christ at Sea," faith called I began, only to stop at the sound of a voice, silver clear and resonant, caused a tragic moment to be a gloriously happy one. The "Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson," In the conversation that followed written by C. C. Martindale, S. J., has this paragraph :

There was in Monsignor Benson an instinct which made him regard even religion somehow as a game or a sport. . . Outrageous as this may sound, I am sure of it. But he

who has found sweetness and truth gently a way in which We could in the formulae he uses about God, show Our love for Our people and . . . and suddenly catches sight of the splendors on which they stand help them practically. On all sides We have been besieged with requests

may hurst into a joyous laugh a laugh, for he sees how enormously inadequate they are . . . a joy-ous laugh for they are already so ous laugh for they are already so good, and promise what is so much better. In moments of this abrupt realization that 'God's in His Heaven' Tribune relates the incident :

Hugh would literally break into a laugh and hug himself, and issues of the mission is the story of cry out to his friends : 'Oh, my the most popular man in Toledo, the dear ; isn't it all tremendous ? Isn't traffic officer, Malcolm O'Sullivan," sport? Isn't it all huge fun?" said Father Gehl. "He would resent couple of days after going the telling of it, but I believe it is it all sport? Isn't it all huge fun ?' " In the next few days I decided definitely to ask for no credentials XV. bent his head with a smile that on shipboard, Frank Bullen writes how an accident that might have ally fascinating-" until now you, a caused him death, meant nothing but "The gentleman in question stands



B

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AD AD ALZ

man and his wife scarcely said a word, but kept their eyes fastened on the praying visitor. When the barber was going, the woman was so Chemica ly affected that she could scarcely speak. A few weeks ago, a man and woman who said they were from a Pacific coast city called on the barber. It turned out that they were friends of the man for whom Self - Extinguishing he had prayed. They said that the man had not forgotten what the barber had done, and had told them that they must be sure to look him up when they came to Denver. The man is now in his full health again, and both he and his wife have been received into the Catholic Church. While the prayers said by the barber may not have been altogether responsible for the conver-

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

sion, there is no doubt but that they

The police officer comes in for so many hard knocks that it is a pleasure to pass on the experience of a

"One of the most pleasing side

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THREE

Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadlier An intere-ting st ry wi h a strong moral pu po e. The chara ters are mer with in every walk of Ameri-c n s ciety, in every trade and calling, in every moo and con ... They a real. Alvira or The Herom. of Vesuvue, by ev A.J-''Reilly, A thriling st ry of the seventeenth century

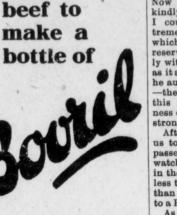
Alvira or The Herom of Vesuvue, by ev A.J. 'Reilly, A thriling stry of the seventeenth century
African Fabiola, The ; translated by R. sht Rev. Mgr. Joseph O Connell D. D. The story of the Life of S. Per stua who suffered martyriom tog the with her slave Felicitas, at Cathage in the year 30. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.
Alch-mist's Secret. In ; by sabel Cecilia Will ams. This officient of some of the most moving in the annals of the Church.
Alch-mist's Secret. In ; by sabel Cecilia Will ams. This officient of some of short stories is not of the sort written s m is for amusement; they have their simple due t eaching, and they lead us to think of and to pi y sorrows and trials of others rather han our own.
Alias Kitty assey, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Gasey is in a high of the some time of the south with misfortune. Who in an endeswort to see ouch her ell, and at the sime time end y the advantages of the country in summer time, accepting threatened with misfortune. Who in an endeswort to see ouch her ell, and a the sime time end y the advantages of the country in summer it at ell of the South bef re the Civil War. Two other stories are on sined in this solume: 'Agnes.' and "For Many Davs.''
Blake and F'amaguns, by Ms. Jarces Sa lier. This book is the m stepiere of the ultartious author whose writing the Night, by Anna ' Minogue. Martinez whose early life is surrounded with so much interest.
Cardome, by Anna C. Winogue. A Bromance of Kentucky. And in 'Sort Miss Minogue is a resident of Kentucky. A has been withen of the toublesome times from 1860 to 1865, but self can base a material for a story. Miss Minogue is a resident of Kentucky. And in 'Ardome prosents a clear inture of the confusion and uncertainty which existed in that the tory is admined with some theres the cert with miss thor half eccade as a material for a story. Miss Minogue is a resident of Kentucky. And in 'Ardome prosents a clear inture of the confusion an

that state. The story is admirably presented and bristles with romanics and adventur. Callista, by Cardinal Newman A tale of the Third Century, attempting to imazime and express the cellings and relations tetween Chris-tians and heathers or that time. Captain os ff, by Pau de Navery. A thrilling story of fearlessness and adventure. Catholic Crusse, b. Rev W. H. Auderdon, M. A. The adventures of wen Evans Esq. Surg ons Mate, set ashore with companions on a de-olate Island in the Carriso Vene Evans Esq. Surg ons Mate, set ashore with companions on a de-olate Island in the Carrison of Christianity, not only with Pagansm and purely human childs phy, but with Judaism also, towards the close of the regin of Ne o hesens are laid in Rome and situations, includin z the burning of Rome, the author has created imaginary characters such as Commander The; by Charles D'He icault An Commanden the Yenche Revolution Commend now of the Yenche Revolution Compandent of a tale y Hendrick Conscience.

woven.
Commander. The ; by Charles D'He icault An historical nove of the ⁹rench Revolution.
Conscience's Tale's by Hendrick Conscience. Throughly interesti g and well written tiles of Flemish life, including. The Recutt, " 'Mine Host G-nsendorck." Blind Ross," and "The Poor Nobleman."
"Deer Jane,' by Isabel Ce ilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self secrifi. In glder site whose ambition to keep t e little household tog: th r is tol with a grace add interest that are irresitible.
Faith, Hope and Chant, by Anonym's An exceedingly i tresting tale of love war and advenue during the exciting times of the French Revolution.
Fernciffe. Ferncliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonsh re. England the home of Agres Fakland, who with her family and ad use tister, Francis Macdonald, furnish th' inferesting events and the secret influence of which Agnes Fakland. Who with Series for boys, including "A Little Heroine," 'N re's Baseball Cub.," 'Terry and His Frends," 'The Boys at Balton," and "A Christmas Stocking."
Martherondean by Clars M Thompson. A story of America 'Heroine' Rev ry inte esting.
In The Crucible by Isabel Ceilia Williams. These stories of high end on fact.
Meines of Kilorgan, by Mrs. J. Sad'ier. History and fictio combined; very inte esting.
In The Crucible by Isabel Ceilia Williams. These stories of high end avor, of the patient beering of pain the sacrifice is set of yor of Herma Wao gave up alifor us and died on Calvary's cross (Sacred Hearr Review,
Kathleen's Mito, by Cenevieve Walsh. An inter-ernor ding four does of the way.

Review, Kathleen's Mitto, by Genevieve Walsh. An inter-esting and inspiring story if a yoing ladi whi, by her simpli ity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

her simpli ity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties. Lady Amabel And The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M Stewart. A Catholic tail of England, n hich the love of an humble shepherd bo for the daughter of a noble English family is risiculed. In the course of time various opportulities present them elves which hing him before her parents in a more favorable light, and results in her marrage. Late M's. Hollingford by Kosa Muholland. who has written a number of books for young ladies which hive met with popular favor Louis Kirkbrid.e. by Yeev. A. J Thebaud, S. J. A drametic taile of New York City effect he Civil War, full of exciting narratives infield with a strong religious moral tone. Marian Elwood, by samah M Brownson. The story of a haughty society urit, selfish and arrogart, who awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the 10 to the acter and religi-ous example of a young man whom she afterwards marres.



On sale at all Druggists and Stores,

ments and put my letter to the Pope in proper official form. At the beginning of the fifth week of continued labor in Rome I received a communication to present myself with Signor Cortesi in the presence Holiness at 10.45 a. m. on of His October 31.

We walked through what seemed

My son, never thank Us.

joint of

forgive a sintul woman, but I am beginning to believe that I have spoken with a spirit!"

'Cradell tells me that --- " Sir Vivian made an upward gesture.

"It's true!" cried Mrs. Ansdey. "Her ladyship-if 'twas her ladyship -explained that you were delayed. Some one was killed in the railway accident-

"Some one was killed!"

"And you were coming on after you seen to the wounded. she would not eat, or drink, or rest; she wished-all she wished was to the house, and I obeyed, and we went through room after room until -there was a ring at the hall door bell, and a knocking, and I turned to speak to my lady as we stood together in the painted chamberand she was gone! Oh! Sir Vivian, what does it all mean ?" cried Mrs. Ansdey.

"It means-that !"

As the hall-door opened to admit the bearers with their precious burden, and as the men laid that cold, lovely, smiling image of Death reverently on the settle, the blood-hound wakened from his slumber, and rising, uttered a long, plaintive howl.

"Welcome home, my wife !" said Sir Vivian. "Leave us here together!"

"It was the same face!" Mrs. Ansdey whispered, as her old comrade led her away.-The Good Work.



The church suffers not a little in the estimation of many good people for the lack of discrimination between those who are and those who are not Catholics. Who are Catholics? is by no means a superfluous question. There are many so-called Catholics accounts of the Commission's expenwho have no real claim to the name. No one is entitled to the name of the Commission was handling No one is entitled to the name of the Commission was handling millions of dollars at an operating olic. The Church is a living organism, expense of less than 1%. and she bestows Catholic life upon man trained in business organization those only who are in communion can understand what that means. with her, and her means of convey-ing this life is the sacraments. The Vatican checked up my state-

with him.' "I shall see the Pope !" I repeated. They have all come to Us as polifrom the Commission's friends among the Catholic clergy, the Gov. ally fascinating—" until now you, a ernment or the Papal nobility. I knew this was not the way ; it had failed too often. A lone hand seemed and approach Us spiritually. For

this We thank you. We thank you the only one to play. On October 9 I landed in Rome. A friend had cabled ahead to Signor He he He hesitated a moment, his eyes lifted toward the high ceiling. Salvatore Cortesi, an Italian gentle-man who had married an American "And further We thank you," he went on at last, "that you have prewoman, asking him to get in touch sented to Us a practical plan of service, a plan in which there is no with me. The next day Signor Cortesi called. Fate was kind. In his youth, when Benedict XV. was

politics-only love. only a priest, Signor Cortesi had known him well. I described my "We appreciate this so strongly that, although the present demands on Us are very great—Our people have been stricken terribly by War mission; he became enthusiastic, and told me the best method to -We shall still prove Our sympathy in a practical way by opening the

approach the Vatican. The next day I asked for an audi-ence with Benedict XV. list of your new form of contribution "What are your credentials ?" was

the challenge. "My credentials," I replied, "are more than a million children who face starvation and death " After a short delay the Vatican

spoke again. 'By what right do you, a non-Cath olic, presume to approach His Holiness

"If the Pope be the Vicar of Christ on earth," I replied, "then all men, who will join in this so noble and necessary undertaking." Now that the immediate purpose of Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Pagan, have the right to go to him in dismy mission had been met, Benedict XV., began questioning me about America. I told him of my country, tress. By the same token he may not refuse a single one who so approaches him." of its freedom of thought, of its

After a few days the message came religious tolerance, of the spiritual. ity, too often concealed, that lies in that my reply had pleased the Vati-can. I was asked to formulate my the hearts of its people. "They must be a dear people," he request and furnish documents to "We are very much cirbroke in. cumscribed here. Our tasks are numberless. We have neither the

non Catholic, have come to Us a keen joy to him : It was blowing stiffly," he writes, lone crusader from that far America "and we were carrying a press of canvas to get north out of the bad weather. Shortly after four bells we

hauled down the flying jib and I sprang out astride the boom to furl I was sitting astride the boom when suddenly it gave way with me. The sail slipped through my fingers, and I fell backwards, hanging head downwards over the seething tumult

of shining foam under the ship's bows, suspended by one foot. But I felt only exultation in my certainty of eternal life. Although death was divided from me by a hair's breadth and I was acutely conscious of the fact, it gave me no sensation but joy. I suppose I could have hung there with a gift of ten thousand lire (\$1,930.) This We are sending to His no longer than five seconds, but in the time I lived a whole age of Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in Baltidelight. But my body asserted itself, more, and We are writing him a letter commanding him to place the and with a desperate gymnastic effort I regained the boom. How I furled the sail I don't know, but I sang at matter before the bishops and priests and congregations in America. Further, We are going to promise Our Apostolic Benediction to all the utmost pitch of my voice praises to God that went pealing out over people, of whatever race or creed,

the dark waste of waters." If we would have the world a happier place, let's pray for an increase of its frith.—New World.

A BARBER'S PRAYERS

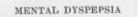
Here is the story of a most unusual conversion to the Catholic faith. Several years ago a Denver barber, a very good Catholic, was ever, uses it cautiously. He asks: called to a stranger's house to shave a man who was near death. When the barber was leaving, the woman time nor the strength to learn as of the house, wife of the sick man, we, therefore, to devour sawdust or time nor the strength to learn as much as We would like to know of the nouse, whe of the sitatingly about your Americans, but We always hear concerning them the most charming things." At loct L rose to go Benedict XV.

expense of less than 1%. Only a most charming things." and went back with the wollian to upon the quality as well as the staff we eat; health can understand what that means. All this had taken about ten days. The Vatican checked up my state-

my duty to do so, as it contains a message for many a weak knead Catholic in public life.

guiding the traffic on one of the busiest corners of Toledo, and many are promptly relieved by applying Absorbine, Jr., the antiseptic liniment. It is soothing, healing and invigorating -puts vim and energy into jaded muscles. One of the many enthusiastic proofs does he give during the day of his many qualities of gentlemanliness. He took an active interest in the mission and was of great help to muscles. One of the many entuitablactic users writes: "I received the trial bottle of Absorbine, Jr., all right and at that time was unable to walk without a cane, just around the house. I used it freely and inside of two days could me. One evening after service he inquired for a young deaf mute, who, I had to admit, was not mak-ing the mission. 'He will be here to morrow night,' he said, and this is the way. I'm told he reely and inside of two days could walk without limping, something I had not done in two months. I went to the drug store and procured a \$1.00 bottle the way I'm told he went about it. The next morning he took a car to and to-day can walk as good as ever. I'll never be without it. I am recom-mending it to everyone I can, for I am the limits of the city and walked a mile and a half to the home of this young man, whom he told that his a living witness." Absorbine, Jr., should always be kept presence was desired at the mission Absorbine, 57., should always be rept at hand for emergencies. At druggists, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or sent postpaid. Liberal trial bottle for 10c. in stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 299 Lymans Building, Montreal, Can. that night, and he was back in time to go on duty at the accustomed hour. And the deaf mute was present too, for I believe he felt it

wouldn't pay to cross the wishes of this police officer. All honor to Malcolm O'Sullivan, for he is a type of a truly Catholic gentleman, and his life is an accusation against those, who when they get into public life, are ashamed of being Catholic.



Once upon a time Lord Bacon said: 'Reading maketh a full man.' saying caught the ear of the public, and it has become a most popular quotation as an argument in favor of

PARKER'S DYE WORKS 791 YONGE STREET TORONTO

ous example of a young man whom she at

marries. May Brooke, by Mrs. Anna H Dorsey. The story of two housins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows the mithrough their many trabs and exper-iences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters

characters derchant Of Antwerp, The; by Herdrick Conscience. A nove of impelling interestfrom beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a dia-mond merchan', and aphael Banks who, through the uncertainties of fo tune, earns the pa ental approval of their marriage. which had been withheld on account of difference in social position.

position Merry Hearts And True, by Mary C Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including " Little Beginnings," " Bind Apple voman," " Polly's Five Dollars," " Marie's Trumpet," and

" Polly's Five Dollars," "Marie's Trumpet," and "A Family's Frolic." Old House By The Boyne, by Mrs. J. Sadlier, Pict ring screas and incidents true to life in an Irsh Borough Orphan Sisters, The; by Mary I. Hoffman, This is an exceedingly in eresting story, in which some of the doctrunes of the Catholic Church are clearly defined. Pearl O' Antioch by Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerfolly written story of the early ages of the Church

though written many years ago holds its place among he begi stories we have to-day. Sister ' 1 Charity, The; by Mrs. Anna H. Torsy. The story of a Sister of harity who, as a nurse attenda a non-' atholic family, at d after a shipwreck and rescue from alm 'st a hopless situation brings the family into he; hurch of God. It is especially intr-esting in its descriptions. Sol tary island, The; by Rev. John Talbot Smith. As mysterious and fascinating in its plot as either of th senational productions of Archibid Claver-ing Gunther, ad it con a ns portraits which would not shame the bru-h of a Thackeray or Dickens Strawcutter's Daughter. The; by 1 ady Georgianna Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young propile. Tangied Paths, by Mrs, Anna H. Dorsey, "As a novel Tangiel Paths is admirable; as a atholic nove it is most admirable and if the author will compa e this ve y satisfactory production wt her ear ier work. The Stud-nt of Blenherm Forst, for instance, she can almost reached its climax."—Are Maria.

Maria, Che W ters Of Contradiction by Anna C Mi ogue, A delightful romance of the Sout' and Southern people, and so strong in its interest that the reader's attention increases to the very last chapte.

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