

and cursed Snapper and "the Forde." Shaun a Dherk was very generally a favorite, because he had a free open hand, and promised difficult things to many, which he either did, or accident found them accomplished, when he had once promised them. But even Shaun a Dherk's popularity was no proof against the praise of Snapper and against the sworn declaration that he was "loyal."

Let not the writer be supposed to pass over another view of "loyalty"—the affection which a man has for the power which represents his "country." This is a burning love that is inspired by a country's history to glory, by her eminence, her influence, the distance which she guarantees to the liberty which she bestows, the solicitude with which she watches over her children, and the yearning devotion with which she ministers to them. All her beauties are represented by a "sovereignty," and all her claims are centred in it. To men at the English side of the Channel, this loyalty of the "affections" is familiar; but it would be a grievous error to suppose such a loyalty to exist in Ireland. It never has been, even for one moment of her historic connection with England, and there is no likelihood that it ever will be.

But there is a "loyalty" far above the "loyalty" of a mutable feeling—the loyalty of unchanging Catholic principle. "Protestantism," as Brownson says (after a hundred others), "is the religion of rebellion; it springs from rebellion, and was nursed in the school of resistance and change. The only security it can ever give to a state is to stand by it as long as its private judgment thinks proper. But the Church of Christ, as long as 'Caesar reigns, bows to him in the things which are of Caesar.'"

TO BE CONTINUED

BETWEEN TIM AND THE PADRE

The sun shone down pitilessly on the dusty plain, on the rough scrubby herbage and the cactus plants that stretched green fingers into the white desert in a vain attempt to wrest it from the universal drought. From the distance came the roar of cannon, and now and then the thunder of a thousand voices shouting: "That was without."

But within the mission there was peace that hovered above the ruins that war had left; the peace of death to some, of suffering for others, in the quiet shadow of the mission patio, where the cots of wounded men were laid in series under the low cloister. In the center of the enclosure a little fountain splashed and glittered in the sunlight amid orange trees and oleanders, making a pleasant sound that inclined to lemur.

The quiet priest of the mission, Padre Joachim, though he was of Irish parentage, passed from cot to cot soothing and comforting as he best he could. He was not ignorant of medicine, but without supplies he could do little for the men under his protection save shelter them from the heat and dust of the desert. They followed him with eager eyes, those American men of Irish and German and Italian parentage; even those with a long time of New England Puritan ancestry grew calmer for the presence of the grave old priest in his brown habit, whose eyes smiled at them as he passed along ever seeking those whose need was the greatest.

Lieutenant Tuttle closed his eyes wearily. His head ached, and the pain in his shoulder was like burning sword thrusts, but at length, utterly exhausted, he, too, fell asleep. Now and then a sharper pang than usual aroused him, and he swore; not loudly but the Irish boy in the cot next to him shuddered at the man's wild words. He was too weak to speak much, however, and besides, the lieutenant was his officer, and so military discipline sealed his lips.

The cannon shots grew less frequent and more distant as the day wore toward evening, and the shouting had ceased. The lieutenant noted it all, and understood that the battle was over, and he longed for news. How had the day gone and how many of his brave comrades had fallen? He could stand it no longer, and made a frantic effort to rise, but he was too weak, and in the pain of his wound admonished him to desist. He lay back weakly—and swore again.

A sigh came from the cot at his side, and he turned his eyes languidly in the direction of the sound. To his surprise, he encountered the familiar features of his own servant, Tim O'More, the life of the regiment and the most impressive joker of them all.

"Tim," he exclaimed, feebly. "Lieutenant," replied the boy. "You are wounded, too, I see." "Killed entirely this time, sir." The words came weakly but firmly. "Not so bad as that, Tim. You'll be better soon—curse this pain in my shoulder, he muttered. "I'd be at the front yet if it wasn't for that." The Irish boy's eyes glistened, "Dead then sir, 'tis time you took a

rest; and there's hot work going on out there. We're better off at it." Lieutenant Tuttle drew in his lips in a low whistle of astonishment. This from Tim, the biggest dare-devil of them all, the boy who was always spoiling for a fight and seemed as though he could never have had enough of it! He began to think that the boy really was "killed entirely," as he had said.

And then the Padre came again. This time he bent over Tim's cot tenderly and spoke to him gently. The lieutenant watched him, and saw him raise his hand for a moment over the suffering form. He saw, too, the restful look that crept into the lad's grey eyes and the calmness of them, even when the pain forced him to bite his lips lest he should cry out and disturb his comrades. He saw too, how the Padre's face softened when the boy spoke to him in some queer language that he had never heard before. And then the priest came on with a gentle smile and a courteous inclination of his head to the officer.

Lieutenant Tuttle was annoyed. After all, Tim O'More but his servant, and he felt that it was his right as an officer to receive the first attentions of his host; but another glance at Tim's suffering face disarmed his resentment and even caused him a little quiver of shame, for he began to see quite plainly that the boy's hours were numbered. The Padre paused unthinkingly from cot to cot, bending now and then to whisper words of consolation to one of the quiet occupants, and the lieutenant noticed that he always raised his hand in the same mysterious way as though he commanded some invisible enemy to be gone. The darkness fell, blotting out the fountain and the orange-trees, but the perfume of the white blossoms was heavy on the night air. For long the lieutenant lay awake, and over and over again when occasion demanded it he swore under his breath, and every time he swore Tim sighed softly. That sigh irritated him after a while and he began to connect it with his own profanity. He could scarcely realize that one of his men, and his own servant at that would dare so to express disapproval of his words. He swore again more loudly this time, to test the truth of his surmise.

"Easy now, lieutenant," whispered Tim, softly; "try to sleep. You're getting yourself all wore out acting that way."

"What way, man?" "Swearing lieutenant! An' now I've said it. But I'll be dead in the morning, and you can't be angry with a dying man, now, can you?" coaxed Tim.

The lieutenant was nonplussed. He knew that Tim spoke truly, and that in all probability the morning would find him dead. Angry?—well not exactly—he wasn't angry, but it wasn't the thing for a man to speak to his officer like this. But of what use to argue with the poor boy? Tim had closed his eyes; he could see that much, for the moon had risen now and flooded their side of the patio with her soft light. Lieutenant Tuttle lay and looked at the handsome face beside him, and his heart was filled with pity for the youth thus early cut off. Tim opened his eyes again and smiled:

"You aren't angry with me?" he whispered. "No, no my lad. Don't think of it. You did me a good turn; saved me from wasting my breath, may be."

"That's it," returned the boy, eagerly, "that's it. Wasting your breath. When you want to swear say a prayer instead; it helps a lot better." "A prayer," the lieutenant smiled, a little sadly. "Blest if I know a prayer, Tim! My memory's not good for such things."

"God help you sir! was the unexpected response. "God help me!" echoed the officer. "But that's a queer prayer, Tim."

"Maybe not so queer as you think, sir. 'Twas but a thought that came to me." Their voices had attracted the Padre's attention, and he stole silently to Tim's side. So quietly did he come that they did not hear his foot steps. He paused for a moment with a half smile to listen to Tim's last words; then because the others about must not be disturbed, he came forward and motioned for silence, but when he saw the look in Tim's eyes and the peace of his face, he fell upon his knees beside the cot, questioning him.

"And the pain is all gone, Padre," concluded Tim. "I think I could sleep now."

"You are quite willing to die?" inquired the priest, anxiously. "Yes, Father, I know what it means when the pain goes—a few hours, that's all." The priest sighed gently, but he raised his hand once more before he turned from Tim's side. He felt a light touch on his sleeve as he passed close to the lieutenant's cot, and turned to him at once.

"What is it? Can I do anything for you, sir? Anything at all?" "I don't know, Padre, but it seems to me that you might do the same for me as you did for Tim there. I've watched you all day, and when you have reached a certain sign the men have seemed the better for it—easier and quieter. I can't explain it."

Padre Joachim smiled. "I did nothing sir; only blessed them in God's name, unless it may be that I heard some poor fellow's tale of sin and folly, and he was the happier to know himself again the friend of God." "Yes, yes, Padre. That is all right for Catholics. Of course, I don't be-

CONVENIENT—Burns coal, coke, or wood. Large feed doors make firing easy.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace Water pan is filled without removing. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet.

lieve all that, but I think I should like that blessing you spoke of. It couldn't do me any harm," he added, whimsically.

"No; it couldn't do you any harm, and it might do you good, for the blessings of God works wonders for those who receive it right," returned the priest. "But you must go to sleep now. I will give you the blessing you ask for. May God make it fruitful to eternal life," he added solemnly, and Lieutenant Tuttle lay back very still and full of thought until he, too, fell asleep.

The morning sunshine woke him, and his first impression was of the bubbling of water and the soft cooing of pigeons. He opened his eyes slowly and looked about him. The sun was falling in long slanting rays athwart the waters of the fountain, making a brilliant rainbow that spanned the broad basin. A dozen or so of pigeons, were perched upon the rim, bowing and cooing to each other, and between whistles they dipped their bills into the cool water to drink. The lieutenant watched them idly for a few moments; it was as though he dreamed. Then a sharp pain passed through his wounded shoulder and the quick word that rose to his lips turned strangely into the words of Tim's prayer—"God help me!" It was so rapid that he was scarcely conscious of having thought at all, but the words brought Tim to his remembrance and he looked toward his cot.

For a moment he thought that he was dreaming still, but his shoulder was stiff and painful, and he knew that he must be awake—only—Tim's cot was empty—and as he still looked, another was brought in to fill it—an old soldier with a deeply scarred face, a Mexican.

He was silent. Not even a groan escaped him as his comrades laid him down with rough tenderness, yet the pain must have been almost intolerable for he was fresh from the hands of the surgeons. The Padre came to him very soon and knelt by his side, while the old man made his confession brokenly. Again the lieutenant watched and again he saw the mysterious power of the priest; yet when Padre Joachim turned from his task and would have spoken to the officer, the latter feigned to sleep. The priest looked steadfastly at him for a moment and his eyelids flickered, but his lips were grave as he raised his hand in blessing ere he passed to another who needed him more urgently.

Another ten days passed. With the finishing of the battle had come the end of the war, and wounded combatants from both sides mingled at the mission, and fought their battles over and over again in friendly fashion. Many left that calm refuge for home, come to rejoin their returning regiments, others for the "Long Journey."

The old Mexican recovered slowly. He was a man they couldn't kill, but this time he would fight no more, for he was hopelessly crippled. The lieutenant was able to be up. The bullet had been extracted from his shoulder, and the shattered bone carefully set. It was a painful wound and long in healing, but the lung had escaped, and in time he would be quite well again. Now and again he tried to converse with the old Mexican, but the man's Spanish was so mixed with Indian and other words that it was very uphill work. Moreover, the lieutenant was still weak; neither was he a patient man, and his favorite ejaculation, "God help me!" made the Padre smile, it was so like swearing.

Now and then the priest would stop and speak to him courteously, but he avoided mentioning religion and Tim O'More, and the lieutenant's reserve was adamant. Yet for all that he had learned many things, and perhaps chief of them all, not to mock at that which he could not understand. When at last he, too, went home to Boston he bade farewell to the Padre with unaffected regret.

The priest sighed a little when he was gone. He had partly guessed the young man's state of mind—perhaps, too, he had permitted himself to hope, but—Padre Joachim's eyes grew strangely bright as he raised them for a moment to look into the sunset—"there is always prayer," he murmured.

For a time the lieutenant almost forgot those painful days at the mission in the pleasant bustle of his return and the loving greetings of kinsfolk and acquaintances, who vied with each other in doing honor to the returned hero. In fact, for a few weeks a friend might have feared for him lest the universal homage should do him harm. But his own good sense—and the prayers of Padre Joachim—upheld him through the ordeal. After a while he grew tired and slipped away into the country, where

he might have room to think. He told them that he needed quiet, and he spoke truly; he needed it more than he thought.

The village that he selected was not very remote from the city—just far enough away to be out of sight and sound of the houses and the people—and it stood amidst gently rolling country and green fields and pleasant woods, where the violets sprang blue amongst the tender green of young ferns, for it was May. Here he could sit and dream, and here, too, now and then, of the long hot days at the Mexican mission, and the Padre, and the boy Tim who had taught him the one prayer that he knew and used. He strolled into a little graveyard one day and wandered amongst the flowers and the tombstones until he came to a gray granite cross that stood alone.

He approached it carelessly to read the inscription, and found that it had been just erected to the memory of the Catholic men who had fallen in the war, and amongst them was the name of Tim O'More, late of the Regiment. And the long list was followed by the usual prayer for the departed: "Requiescant in pace."

Lieutenant Tuttle bared his head. "God help him, if indeed he needs it!" he prayed, not knowing that he had said the words aloud.

A woman who had knelt behind him touched his sleeve deprecatingly. "Twas you was Tim's officer?" she asked timidly.

"I—er—yes," he hesitated: "and you?"

"I am his mother, sir. Tell me how he died, if you can. Did he have the priest?"

"He died beside me, ma'am, while I slept. He was a good lad, and he was cared for by Padre Joachim. He—he taught me to pray. Ma'am, I was a heathen before then, and 'twas Tim taught me to say 'God help me,' instead of swearing at the pain."

"Then—you are not a Catholic," she sighed.

"No, ma'am. But I may be one—and that soon—I don't know, but that boy's end and Padre Joachim's blessing have inclined me to believe."

She forgot her own sorrow for a while in the joy of her Catholic soul, while she poured out a flood of strange language that he dimly recognized as that in which Tim had held converse with the priest. Yet though he understood not the words of her canticle, he discerned therein the faith and love and wonder and gratitude of an Irish mother's heart. She grew silent at last, and led him to the tiny white and green cottage that nestled among the pink-tipped apple blossoms close to the little wooden church.

There she bade him be seated, and gave him buttermilk, and suffered him to tell her his story—and Tim's—in his own way. Soldier like, he told her of fierce fighting, and of deeds of valor, and of her boy's unselfish gaiety but he drew a veil of silence over their sufferings and hardships for he remembered the tenderness of her mother heart. After a while she left him, feigning to remember some duty, and bidding him not stir till she returned.

"Sure, 'tis the priest must do the rest; but he's Tim's convert, Glory be to God!" she murmured joyfully, as she slipped away and stole by a back lane to the rectory on the other side of the church.

Five years had passed, Padre Joachim walked slowly across the white sand to the brand new station that was one of the results of the war. He was old, and the anxieties of that time had aged him still more, so that he had petitioned his superiors to send him an assistant, for many of his people lived a day's ride from the mission.

"Maybe I shouldn't have asked," he thought, fingering his rosary nervously. But then he remembered his feebleness, and his dear people who lived so far away—so very far away. "All is good that God provides," he told himself, and just then he had no time for any more thoughts of the kind, for the train came snorting and panting into the little station in the midst of a cloud of dust. There was only one passenger. He would have known the tall, soldierly figure among a thousand, and he seemed to reach the Padre's side in two steps.

"You didn't know that they were sending me, Padre?" he cried, and his blue eyes danced with the joy of it. "No. Father Guardian said a young man from the seminary."

Father Timothy laughed. "And when I had told him all about my days here at the mission, he said that I had a right to come and prove my gratitude, for it was your blessing began it, Padre."

"And Tim's prayer!" dashed back, the old man.

"You heard that?" asked Father Timothy, in surprise. "Aye, that and more, God help me," returned Padre Joachim. "Well, thank God, you're here safely. Come to the mission now, and cool off. To-morrow we'll go to work."—Mary Agatha Gray, in St. Anthony's Almanac.

THE CHURCH'S POSITION

"The Catholic Church in America stands like a stone wall," says the Los Angeles Times, "against anarchy and Socialism and the divorce evil, and it always upholds law and order. For these reasons alone, no right-minded American can find cause for alarm in the growth of the Catholic Church in this country, no matter what church he may belong to himself."

Commenting on the above the Outlook says: "But America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution

NATIONAL FINANCE COMPANY, Limited. Paid-up Capital and Reserve \$2,000,000. Invested Funds \$5,500,000.

Our Mortgage Trust Certificates are a most convenient form of investment. They are issued in multiples of \$100.00 and you cash in your interest coupons at regular intervals. They earn six per cent interest payable half yearly and are fully secured by carefully selected first mortgages.

We have to offer for a limited time Debentures in 3 and 5-year terms yielding 7 per cent interest, payable quarterly. Write for particulars.

10 Adelaide St. East, Toronto

Ontario Directors: John Firstbrook, Esq., Toronto; R. J. McLaughlin, Esq., K.C., Toronto; Dennis Murphy, Esq., Ottawa.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE. R. HURSTON & SONS. Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. 479 to 483 Richmond St. 356 Wellington St. Phone 433 Phone 441

FINANCIAL. THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO. Capital paid up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000. Deposits received, Debentures issued, \$2,400,000. Loans made, John McClary, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St. Cor. Market Lane, London.

Loretto Ladies' Business College. 385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto. MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONTARIO. Founded 1884. Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

Loretto Abbey Toronto. College and Academy for Resident and Non-Resident Students.

COLLEGE FOUR YEARS—Classical, Moderns English and History, and general courses leading to Degree.

ACADEMIC COURSE—Lower, Middle and Upper School—prepares students for Pass and Honor Education; special course of one year after Junior Matriculation, designed as finishing year for Academic graduates.

PREPARATORY COURSE—Eight grades—usual elementary subjects, French, sewing, drawing and choral training.

MUSIC—Violin, piano, harp, guitar, mandolin, vocal. Students who desire it, prepared for University and Conservatory examinations. Frequent recitals by distinguished artists.

ART—Studies for Applied and Fine Arts. COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT—Full course for resident students only. For information, address The Superior.

HOME STUDY. The Arts Course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY. KINGSTON, ONTARIO. ARTS APPLIED SCIENCE. EDUCATION MEDICINE ENGINEERING. SUMMER SCHOOL. JULY and AUGUST.

G. Y. CHOWN, Registrar, Kingston, Ont.

HOTEL POWHATAN WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL OF AMERICAN IDEALS.

Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Streets.

To seekers of a hotel where luxurious quarters may be secured, where charm and congenial atmosphere prevail, and where excellence of service is paramount, the Hotel Powhatan offers just such inducements.

Rooms with detached bath may be obtained at \$1.50, \$2.00 and up. Rooms with private bath, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up. Rates subject to change without notice. Conventions, Tourist Parties, and Schools.

Write for booklet with map. CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Manager.

which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This is the Roman Catholic Church is

peculiarly fitted to teach. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the mob; wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and this is the first step toward that habit of self control in the individual which is an indispensable condition for self-government in the community."

Eucharistic Congress

Lourdes, July, 1914. SPECIAL TOUR BY THE ALLAN LINE. Price \$370.00.

Leaving Montreal 12th July. Returning from Plymouth 21st Aug. Visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, England.

Weekly Services to Liverpool, Glasgow, London, Havre. Low Rates. Excellent Accommodation. Apply Local Agents, or The Allan Line, 95 King St. West, Toronto.

THE ST. CHARLES

Most Select Location Fronting the Beach. ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courteous service. Bathrooms, with hot and cold, fresh sea water attachment, etc. Magnificent sun parlors and porches overlooking the board walk and ocean. Orchestras of soloists. Always open. Golf privileges. Illustrate booklet.

NEWLIN HAINES CO.

Record Standard 50c. LIBRARY

Good Reading for Everybody. Free by Mail. 50c. Per Volume.

Liberal Discount to the Reverend Clergy and Religious Institutions.

NOVELS

By ROSA MULHOLLAND. Marcella Grace. Agatha's Hard Saying. Late Miss Hollingford.

By JEROME HARTE. The Light of His Countenance. By FRANCIS COOKE. Her Journey's End. The Secret of the Green Vase. My Lady Beatrice. The Unbidden Guest.

By JEAN CONNOR. Bond and Free. So as by Fire. By F. VON BRACKEL. The Circus Rider's Daughter. By W. M. BERTHOLDS. Connor D'Arcy's Struggles. By CARDINAL WISEMAN. Fabiolo.

By A. C. CLARKE. Fabiola's Sisters. By ERNST LINGEN. Forgive and Forget. By COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN. The Heiress of Cronenstein. By RAOUL DE NAVERY. Chaussee d'Antin. Captain Roscoff.

By H. M. ROSS. In God's Good Time. The Test of Courage. By M. C. MARTIN. The Other Miss Lisle. Rose of the World. By A. DE LAMOTHE. The Outlaw of Camargue.

By JANE LANSLOWNE. The Shadow of Eversleigh. By MARY AGATHA GRAY. The Tempest of the Heart. The Turn of the Tide. By CARDINAL NEWMAN. Callista.

By MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY. Tangled Paths. May Brooke. The Sister of Charity. Tears on the Diadem. By ISABEL CECILIA WILLIAMS. The Alchemist's Secret. In the Crucible. "Dear Jane."

By REV. A. J. THEBAUD, S.J. Louisa Kirkbridge. By HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. The Merchant of Antwerp. Conscience's Tales. By SARAH M. BROWNSON. Marian Elwood. By ANONYMOUS. Faith, Hope and Charity. By CHARLES D'HERICAULT. The Commander. By FANNY WARNER. Beech Bluff.

By REV. W. H. ANDERSON. Catholic Crusoe. By MARY C. CROWLEY. Happy-go-lucky. Merry Hearts and True. By RT. REV. MGR. J. O'CONNELL, D.D. The African Fabiola. By CLARA M. THOMPSON. Howthorpean. By GENEVIEVE WALSH. Kathleen's Motto. By MARIE GERTRUDE WILLIAMS. Alina Kitty Casey. By ELIZABETH M. STEWART. Lady Amabel and the Shepherd Boy. Ferncliffe. By MARY I. HOFFMAN. The Orphan Sisters.

By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. Rose Le Blanc. The Strawcutter's Daughter. By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH. The Solitary Island. By REV. T. J. POTTER. The Two Victories. By REV. JOHN JOSEPH FRANCO, S.J. Tigranes. By CECILIA MARY CADDELL. The Miner's Daughter. By CATHRYN WALLACE. One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing and other Christmas tales. By RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN, D.D. Ailey Moore.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS. The New Testament. 12 mo Edition. Life of Father Mathew. By Rev. Alban Butler. Lives of the Saints. By Rev. M. V. Cochem. Life of Christ. Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B. Life of the Blessed Virgin. Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. By Rev. A. Tesniere. Adoration of Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. J. Stapleton. An Explanation of Catholic Morals. By Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D. Explanation of Commandments. Explanation of the Creed. Explanation of Holy Sacraments. By Rev. Joseph Schneider. Helps to a Spiritual Life. By Rev. L. C. Bushinger. History of the Catholic Church. By W. Cobbett. History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland. By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. How to Comfort the Sick. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia. More Short Spiritual Readings. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. The True Spouse of Christ. By Rev. H. Saintrain. The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. St. Anthony. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. St. Francis Assisi, Social Reformer. By St. Francis de Sales. The Secret of Sanctity. By Abbe Lasausse. Short Meditations for every day. By R. A. Vain. Duties of Young Men. By St. John the Baptist de La Salle. Duty of a Christian Towards God. By Aubrey de Vere. Heroines of Charity. By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J. Jesus all Good. Jesus all Great. Jesus all Holy. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.E.P.S. Little Followers of Jesus. By Nicholas O'Kearney. Prophecies of St. Columbkille. By Abbe Baudrand. Religious Soul Elevated. By Father Henry Opiz, S.J. Under the Banner of Mary. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. The True Religion and its Dogmas. By Ella M. McMahon. Virtues and defects of a young girl. By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler. Beauties of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia. More Short Spiritual Readings. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. The True Spouse of Christ. By Rev. H. Saintrain. The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. St. Anthony. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. St. Francis Assisi, Social Reformer. By St. Francis de Sales. The Secret of Sanctity. By Abbe Lasausse. Short Meditations for every day. By R. A. Vain. Duties of Young Men. By St. John the Baptist de La Salle. Duty of a Christian Towards God. By Aubrey de Vere. Heroines of Charity. By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J. Jesus all Good. Jesus all Great. Jesus all Holy. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.E.P.S. Little Followers of Jesus. By Nicholas O'Kearney. Prophecies of St. Columbkille. By Abbe Baudrand. Religious Soul Elevated. By Father Henry Opiz, S.J. Under the Banner of Mary. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. The True Religion and its Dogmas. By Ella M. McMahon. Virtues and defects of a young girl. By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler. Beauties of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. How to Comfort the Sick. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia. More Short Spiritual Readings. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. The True Spouse of Christ. By Rev. H. Saintrain. The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. St. Anthony. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. St. Francis Assisi, Social Reformer. By St. Francis de Sales. The Secret of Sanctity. By Abbe Lasausse. Short Meditations for every day. By R. A. Vain. Duties of Young Men. By St. John the Baptist de La Salle. Duty of a Christian Towards God. By Aubrey de Vere. Heroines of Charity. By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J. Jesus all Good. Jesus all Great. Jesus all Holy. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.E.P.S. Little Followers of Jesus. By Nicholas O'Kearney. Prophecies of St. Columbkille. By Abbe Baudrand. Religious Soul Elevated. By Father Henry Opiz, S.J. Under the Banner of Mary. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. The True Religion and its Dogmas. By Ella M. McMahon. Virtues and defects of a young girl. By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler. Beauties of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. How to Comfort the Sick. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia. More Short Spiritual Readings. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. The True Spouse of Christ. By Rev. H. Saintrain. The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. St. Anthony. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. St. Francis Assisi, Social Reformer. By St. Francis de Sales. The Secret of Sanctity. By Abbe Lasausse. Short Meditations for every day. By R. A. Vain. Duties of Young Men. By St. John the Baptist de La Salle. Duty of a Christian Towards God. By Aubrey de Vere. Heroines of Charity. By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J. Jesus all Good. Jesus all Great. Jesus all Holy. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.E.P.S. Little Followers of Jesus. By Nicholas O'Kearney. Prophecies of St. Columbkille. By Abbe Baudrand. Religious Soul Elevated. By Father Henry Opiz, S.J. Under the Banner of Mary. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. The True Religion and its Dogmas. By Ella M. McMahon. Virtues and defects of a young girl. By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler. Beauties of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. How to Comfort the Sick. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia. More Short Spiritual Readings. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. The True Spouse of Christ. By Rev. H. Saintrain. The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. St. Anthony. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. St. Francis Assisi, Social Reformer. By St. Francis de Sales. The Secret of Sanctity. By Abbe Lasausse. Short Meditations for every day. By R. A. Vain. Duties of Young Men. By St. John the Baptist de La Salle. Duty of a Christian Towards God. By Aubrey de Vere. Heroines of Charity. By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J. Jesus all Good. Jesus all Great. Jesus all Holy. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.E.P.S. Little Followers of Jesus. By Nicholas O'Kearney. Prophecies of St. Columbkille. By Abbe Baudrand. Religious Soul Elevated. By Father Henry Opiz, S.J. Under the Banner of Mary. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. The True Religion and its Dogmas. By Ella M. McMahon. Virtues and defects of a young girl. By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler. Beauties of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. How to Comfort the Sick. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia. More Short Spiritual Readings. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. The True Spouse of Christ. By Rev. H. Saintrain. The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. St. Anthony. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. St. Francis Assisi, Social Reformer. By St. Francis de Sales. The Secret of Sanctity. By Abbe Lasausse. Short Meditations for every day. By R. A. Vain. Duties of Young Men. By St. John the Baptist de La Salle. Duty of a Christian Towards God. By Aubrey de Vere. Heroines of Charity. By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J. Jesus all Good. Jesus all Great. Jesus all Holy. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.E.P.S. Little Followers of Jesus. By Nicholas O'Kearney. Prophecies of St. Columbkille. By Abbe Baudrand. Religious Soul Elevated. By Father Henry Opiz, S.J. Under the Banner of Mary. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. The True Religion and its Dogmas. By Ella M. McMahon. Virtues and defects of a young girl. By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler. Beauties of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. How to Comfort the Sick. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Madame Cecilia