

she became as voluble as a child meeting with a playmate. Except Charles and the good Father who brought her Our Blessed Lord every Friday morning, there was no one like the little nurse who would climb the long stairs to look after a bothersome old woman. But of course when one of these was a dear Catholic she loved her all the better; for she could understand—oh, so many things; why, for instance, one could not be lonesome when one had le bon Dieu; and why Charles should not murmur because he had a sick wife instead of a well one.

Before I left I knew the short and simple annals of her life. Forty years previously they had been married in their beloved France, and had come to America. Charles was a shoemaker, and he had secured work immediately, and they had done well. Every year their savings grew; for le bon Dieu had seen fit not to send them any children, and of course they did not have all the expenses of their neighbors who had little mouths to feed. They did not know if, when the savings were large enough, Charles should open a shop of his own, or they would go back to France. It was lonesome in the new land without sons and daughters; and when they were old it were better to be among relatives and friends. But Charles said that when it was time le bon Dieu would decide the matter for them, so they worked and lived happily from day to day, until almost before they knew it they had been twenty years in America.

One night Charles counted up their savings and afterward he sat looking into the fire for a long time; while she knit by his side, also looking at the coals; and they both knew they were seeing a little white cottage set in a green field, near the village where they were born. Then Charles said: "It is great work to keep the house white and clean in this big, smoky city." And she answered: "A shoemaker's bench is a hard seat when a man is no longer young, but there is always a living for him in the land." Then they both knew they wanted to go home; Charles said: "In two more years, my dear, we shall have enough to buy that green field and white cottage and something left. And they both felt young again. But it was not to be. She fell ill; when the sickness passed, it left her helpless. Le bon Dieu had decided, as Charles had said.

"When I asked her how she stood the cruel disappointment, there was something like reproof in her beautiful face as she said: 'Surely Mademoiselle knows God's will could not be cruel or bring disappointment.' Then she went on: Charles, manlike, would not have it so. He took all their savings and went to a great physician, and said all would be his if he would only cure his wife. The physician came to see her; but he only shook his head, and told Charles to take care of his money; for he would need it before she left the chair for the coffin. Ah, poor Charles! His faith was not strong enough to stand that, and he was in danger of turning away from le bon Dieu; and then indeed Madame was in distress. And she prayed all the day, and got the good Father to pray, that such blindness should not fall upon the soul of Charles. Ah, he is indeed the good God!

"One Sunday morning Charles got up early, put on his best clothes, and went away in an hour he was back, and his face was no longer solemn; and he knelt by the bed and told her that he had repented of his great sin, and had been to Mass and Communion. And in that moment she felt as happy as if a little child had been given to her; for she knew she had rescued the soul of her husband.

"I had been visiting her nearly a week before I met Charles. Their perfect union gave them a resemblance that was marked, and the same great joy radiated from his chiseled face. His gratitude to me was deep, and the inherent chivalry of his race was evinced in speech and manner. But when his excitement subsided, I read signs on his face that sent a host of fear to my mind. The strain on him was too great. If he were to break under it! And in imagination I saw the pair, who showed forth the oneness which the sacrament of marriage has the power to produce, separated by the hands of a miscarried charity; and a sorrow, which neither misfortune nor poverty could fasten on them, accompanying their last days.

"I asked him why, or at least on a lower floor; and he bade me look out of the window. Over the roofs and chimney stacks, I saw, far away, the crest of a hill, showing like an emerald in a rusty setting. Madame had told me that that green field in sunny France? As she sat there all day, that distant hill was a pleasant object to look on. Perhaps she beguiled many an hour by fancying it was indeed that green field, and he and she were living there in the remembered white cottage. Then a color like the heart of a seashell came into Madame's face, and she made a feeble attempt to shake a finger at the boy telling tales out of school. He did not mind the walk and the stairs, so Madame could have her green fields. Besides, he did not walk the long way without a stop, since he passed the church; and he took ten minutes' rest morning and evening, while he visited le bon Dieu. Very little time, was it not, to give out of the long day to the good God? But He understood. He knew how Madame must sit all

day by herself, and did not mind that poor old Charles could not stop longer to pay his respects. Ah, was it not comforting to know that the dear Lord understood, having lived on earth just like the poor shoemaker?"

"I think they found a human comfort in my understanding and sympathy; for before I left, he told me the carking state of his poor heart, which I knew was fluttering in his breast like a bird in death struggle. It was that there was no one to receive M. le Cure properly when he came on Friday morning with the Blessed Body of Christ for Madame. Every one in the tenement was Protestant; and, though all were such good neighbors, he could not ask them to lend assistance here; and so there was no one to light the candles and open the door for the divine Guest. I shall not soon forget the joy of both when I promised that the next Friday morning I would be in attendance. I found the table covered with a snowy cloth, and a bouquet of flowers between the two wax candles. I learned afterward that Charles took the long walk to work and back, to save the carfare for this weekly offering of flowers for the Eucharistic Lord. Madame had on a fresh dress, with her white kerchief and cap, and looked ethereal, with the morning light falling upon her hair.

"We have some saints still on earth, nurse," said the priest, as the rite over, I accompanied him to the landing. "One of them sits all day in that chair. I have been coming here now for many years, and I have watched her grow in saintliness. But, you see, the leaves are about ready to fall."

"His voice shaded off into sadness. I knew he would be lonely on that Friday morning which would not send him to the sunny room in the big tenement house, I grew depressed, too, because of Charles; then I remembered his face after he would climb the stairs, and knew the separation would not be for long. A few weeks later I was transferred to another part of the city. My successor was a Southern girl, and I gave her my French patients without any fears. As she was a devout Episcopalian, I felt I could ask her to visit Madame early on Friday mornings, and render such assistance as was fitting; which she very willingly promised to do. A month later she told me that Madame was dead and Charles had moved away.

"One evening about three months ago, as I was hurrying home I heard my name called. Looking around, I saw Charles coming after me. "O Mademoiselle, how glad I am!" he cried, removing his hat and bowing low. I was held by the look on his face. It was not that he was thinner or whiter, but there was a transparency upon it, as if the flesh were wearing away under the glowing life of the spirit.

"I heard of your great sorrow," I was beginning, when an expression on his face stopped my words. "Mademoiselle means our separation," he corrected. Madame loved le bon Dieu far beyond me, and I could not know sorrow since she is with the One she loved best. Do you remember the green hill, Mademoiselle? She left me on a Sunday. God was good to let it be on a day when I was home. She had been looking at it for a long time, in silence. Then she made as if to take my hand (she was weak—oh, so very weak at the last, Mademoiselle!), and asked me if I thought there might be a green field in heaven, with a white cottage, which le bon Dieu was keeping for us. If it were so, she said, she would spend her time making it ready against my coming; and she asked me what I should do until then. I told her I would work the same as usual during the day, and the early morning and evening I would spend in church. She said that was right; that then she should not be far apart, since we should both be with le bon Dieu. Then she spoke of you, Mademoiselle, and said to give you the little silver cross attached to her Rosary, and tell you she always prayed for you. I have carried it ever since; for I knew sometime I should meet you."

"He took the cross, wrapped in tissue paper, from his pocket; and as he gave it to me he said it had been a present to Madame from the old cure who had baptized them both. I felt as if I were receiving the relic of a saint.

"She did not talk again for a while," he continued; "then she asked that we recite the Rosary together once more. When it was finished I saw she was getting weaker. Then the little nurse came in; and when she saw Madame, she said I had better get the priest. One of the neighbors went for him, and he came right away. Madame knew her hour had arrived. She was very calm; and I knew she would be happy if it were not for the thought of me. I whispered to her to mind no more about me, only not to forget me in her new home. She whispered back that could not be, for God had made us one. Then she looked at the priest and at the little nurse; then she turned her face from us toward the green field. The next thing I knew the nurse was closing her eyes, and the priest was kneeling down to say the prayers for the departed.

"I buried her in a pretty spot, and I had money enough to put up a little stone for us; and I planted there the flowers we loved in our beautiful France. I left the rooms and came up here, to be close to my work. I have time now to go to Mass every morning and receive our

dear Lord; then, in the evening, after supper, I come back to church. Ah, Mademoiselle, if people only knew how sweet it is to commune with God, men and women and even little children would spend more of their free time in His Presence. Did Mademoiselle know the little Protestant nurse had become a Catholic? She said it was Madame's faith and perfect trust which brought her into the great Light. The good priest told me the other day that she has entered the convent."

"I asked him about his health, and he said he was as well as usual, but that his heart bothered him sometimes. Do you remember reading in yesterday's paper about an unknown man being found dead in the Cathedral after the 6 o'clock Mass? It was Charles."

Out of the silence that followed, Margaret said: "I have ordered a carriage for us to attend the funeral of this French nobleman tomorrow."—Anna C. Minogue in the Ave Maria.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE POPE

Roman Correspondent of Rosary Magazine

As the central figure of the Christian world the personality of our Holy Father Benedict XV. could not but hope to escape the closest scrutiny. The world even now has hardly recovered from the surprise occasioned by his selection for the august chair of St. Peter. When the holy Pius X. laid down his life as a peace offering to Europe, there were trained diplomats, skilled in the art of reading the political future, who picked out probable candidates for the pontifical office. Cardinals whose years of service were long and whose achievements were notable were heralded as likely successors to Pius X. No one thought of the frail, retiring, Archbishop of Bologna, whose admittance to the Sacred College dated back only six months. No one dreamed that a Pope would be chosen from amongst the most recently created Cardinals. But it ever the Italian angle. "Who enters the Conclave as Pope comes out as cardinal," was borne out in a most striking manner; it was surely in the last Papal election which placed Benedict XV. upon the Fisherman's Throne.

Very few people at large knew much if anything at all, beyond his name, Cardinal della Chiesa. Even among ecclesiastics few had any intimate knowledge of him. It was generally known that his career at Rome, after his ordination to the priesthood, had not been by any means distinguished by tenure of high office. The positions which he held in the Roman Curia were very inferior positions. The diplomatic posts which he filled abroad were not of the first importance. But every one who had any knowledge of Monsignor della Chiesa knew that he was first and always and everywhere a man of hard work. His days as a young priest in the employ of the Curia were filled with the most exhausting labors. For years he was almost literally chained to his desk. It was probably his devotion to his work, and also his far-reaching vision that drew upon him the attention of the late Cardinal Rampolla, whose pupil he became and whose confidences he shared. From his expert, well-tried diplomatist, he could not but gather hints and suggestions of a practical kind which, being put to use, developed to the highest point of efficiency the native acumen of his mind.

After having waited an unusually long time for the recognition of his labors and his services to the Church Monsignor della Chiesa was some years ago appointed to the Archbishopric of Bologna. He entered the City of the Hundred Towers without much noise or demonstration. He simply took hold of the rudder which obedience had placed in his hand. It soon became evident however, that he actually had taken possession of his see, for almost in the twinkling of an eye he had mastered the thousand and one problems that inevitably arise in an important diocese. Early and late, as Archbishop of Bologna, he was at his desk studying for himself every phase and angle of the questions that came up for consideration. Though kind and hospitable to a degree, he never mingled much with his clergy, being in this, as in every other respect pre-eminently business-like. His doors were always open to the priests. They had to state their business clearly and distinctly and in as few words as possible. Then the Archbishop would retire to his study, with a kind invitation to his visitor to remain for dinner, if he could amuse himself in the interval.

It was only with the poor that he seemed to forget his business cares. When face to face with misery and poverty he always forgot everything else. Most of all, he forgot his own interests, for it is a matter of history that he was always on the verge of bankruptcy because of his large charities to the poor. Coming, as he did, from a rich and noble family, his private resources were by no means small or insignificant. But his regular income soon faded under his hand, and the Marchioness, his god-mother, was often approached with soul-harrowing tales of the poverty that was calling so loudly for relief. Her large bequest to the poor on hearing of her son's elevation to the pontificate was not an isolated act, but rather a mother's way of best pleasing her child.

The Spartan simplicity of life which had always characterized him was continued when, as the Vicar of

Christ, he took possession of the largest, most splendid palace in the whole world. Benedict XV. literally lives in three small rooms—a simple study, with about six plain chairs and a large wooden desk, a bedroom, with a simple couch, and an unostentatious living room. And his life was as simple as his surroundings. He is always up at 5 o'clock in order to make his preparation for Mass. One of his private chamberlains generally says a Mass which he attends. Then the Holy Father himself ascends the altar and in a dignified, though brisk, manner offers up the Holy Sacrifice. After his thanksgiving, he generally takes one cup of black coffee and a small piece of bread. Almost immediately he enters his study, where he is surrounded by four secretaries whom he keeps busily engaged until noon. There is no hurry or cyclonic haste anywhere. The Pope assigns tasks to each of his secretaries and follows closely their every move. He is reputed to share with St. Thomas Aquinas the very unusual faculty of being able to dictate to four secretaries simultaneously. His thin, rather shrill voice never loses its even pitch. Each word is clearly enunciated, almost snapped out. The most remarkable thing about the Holy Father is the ease and moderation with which he does the most weary things. He sees and hears and notes down mentally everything going on around him. Secretaries appear during his hours of labor with important documents, to each of which is pinned a slip of paper giving with almost telegraphic brevity its contents. With a single glance the Pope takes in every word and deposits the document in its proper place. To a man like this order is a prime requisite. One of the first things he did as Pontiff, he said, was to have an immense desk installed in his study to afford him room for the separate piles of documents and clippings which he always wishes to have before him. The Italians also say that he never mislays a paper.

It is not to be wondered at that business matters are never delayed at the Vatican under Benedict XV. Everything is taken care of systematically and methodically. Letters are never allowed to go unanswered. The Pope has always had the reputation of being a prompt correspondent and a great letter-writer, and he has not given up this habit with his accession to the great responsibility of the supreme rulership of the Church. He writes a very legible flowing, steady hand. An expert would call it a classic script. The characters are all well-formed and boldly written. From his writing, it is apparent that he knows his own mind, and is ready to make it known to his correspondent. He writes with unusual clarity.

After a morning of such arduous labor, the Pontiff, passing through two files of kneeling Christians who have been gathered together from the whole world, winds his way to his midday luncheon. It is of the plainest kind, simple and substantial. After luncheon he again passes through files of pilgrims, anxious to get a glimpse of the great Father of Christendom. It is perhaps upon occasions like this we get the best impression of the Holy Father. Those who have had a private audience with him are all one in saying that in his public audiences he appears at his best. He has ears for every one, and a kind word, especially for the children and the poorer pilgrims. He always says the right word, too, brief, no doubt, but a word that will cling to the memory forever. When he has made the rounds, blessing right and left as he goes the Pontiff retires for an hour's rest, or siesta, as do all Italians and all foreigners in Italy who wish to enjoy good health. After this he descends by an elevator to the Cortile Belvedere where his carriage is awaiting him. Behind two spirited black horses he drives through the fourteen acres of ground which constitute the Vatican Gardens.

It is safe to say that the Pope knows every inch of this garden. From his boyhood he has loved nature. Since those days when by the physician's orders he was sent into the country to grow strong, he has had a particular love for trees and shrubs and flowers. He knows them all by name as any botanist might. It is generally known that, as Archbishop of Bologna, he slipped away several times each year to the country home of a friend of boyhood days to enjoy unrestricted communion with nature. Therefore it was without surprise that the world learned that the famous Vatican Gardens, which Pius X. had greatly neglected, were amongst the first secular things to claim his attention. Those who have walked through the Vatican Gardens in Pius X.'s time, and again in Benedict XV.'s time, will notice a very marked improvement. Of course Italian gardens are never the trim, trimmed flower-beds which we find in colder climates. In Italy any flower that reaches out for the sun's kiss, above its fellow, is allowed to stand. Here, then, during the short space of forty-five minutes the Pope takes his recreation with some trusted friend, walking amongst the flowers and shrubs, perhaps having a little chat with the gardener before being driven back to the palace.

The remainder of the day is taken up either with private audiences or business of State until dinner is served at seven. This last repast of the day is no more tempting, from an epicure's point of view, than the other two. The Pope spends

less than one dollar per day for his meals.

It is probably in the evening, when he is alone, that the Holy Father pursues his private reading, which has always been the great passion of his life. That he is an omnivorous, but attentive reader is plain from his conversation. He is perfectly at home on such diverse subjects as theology and athletics, diplomacy and literature, sociology and poetry. He has always been famous as a con- versationist. As a young priest, it was his wont to gather in his rooms at night a chosen band of his learned friends, with whom questions of the day and questions of all time were discussed freely. By 11 o'clock when he retires, the Pope has earned every right to a good night's sleep.

The trepidation with which Benedict XV. took up his august charge was due, no doubt, in great measure to the awful conflict that was rending Europe. The War was well under way, and gave promise of long continuance when on August 4, 1914, he was called to be the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. He has not been recalcitrant to his mission and charge. From the beginning he has tried by every legitimate means, consistent with his neutrality, to bring about a lasting peace; and, failing in this, through the obstinacy of the belligerents, to lessen the horrors of war. If men will not listen to his pleadings for peace, they cannot well close their ears against his humanitarian counsels. To the coming ages, after the smoke of war and the darkness have lifted, the figure of Benedict XV. will stand forth not only as that of one of the greatest of Christ's Vicars, but as the embodiment, or incarnation, of the best humanitarian principles. Through his efforts thousands of hopelessly maimed and disabled prisoners of all the nations at war have been exchanged, thus bringing some slight ray of sunshine into many desolate homes, whilst at the same time easing the hard lot of the wounded soldier. Under his very eyes he has established a hospital for the care of the many wounded sent in from the battlefields. From the Vatican emergency supplies go forth in greater volume to the wounded than from any Red Cross Society headquarters. Nor has he forgotten the dead, since he has granted to all priests throughout the world the precious privilege of offering up three Masses on All Souls' Day in perpetuity, provided one be offered for the blessed repose of those slain in this War.

But perhaps nothing brings out better the fatherly spirit of the Pontiff and the confiding trustfulness of his children than the great work recently undertaken by His Holiness—that of tracing missing soldiers, whose names have not appeared in any casualty list or on the registers of the concentration camps. Helpless and hopeless, thousands of women turned to the Holy Father imploring his mediation and help in tracing their loved ones. On the direct initiative of the Holy Father, Monsignor De Schulte, of Paderborn, and the now deceased Bishop of Fribourg, Monsignor Bovet, under-

took to search the prison camps of Germany for more than forty thousand prisoners of whom all traces have been lost. With the aid of photographs, and descriptions, more than five thousand have been identified and put into communication with their families. If Pope Benedict XV. had not accomplished anything else whatsoever, this Christ-like solicitude for countless souls tortured by uncertainty would entitle him forever to the gratitude of mankind. But he has accomplished many other things, and as he is still young in years for a Pope—being only sixty-one years old—his reign promises to be one of the most fruitful and glorious in the history of Christ's Church.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Cervantes.

All disquiet of heart and distraction of the senses arise from inordinate love and vain fear.

The Most High, with His Holy Mother, has to form for Himself great saints, who shall surpass most of the other saints in sanctity as much as the cedars of Libanus outgrow the little shrubs.—Blessed da Montfort.

St. Mary's College
Halifax, N. S.
CONDUCTED BY THE
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
OF IRELAND
DAY PUPILS and BOARDERS
THE FOLLOWING COURSES
ARE GIVEN
**PREPARATORY
COMMERCIAL
COLLEGIATE, ARTS
AND PARTIAL COURSE IN
ENGINEERING**
**The College Will Re-Open
on Sept. 12th**
WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS

**ASSUMPTION
COLLEGE**
SANDWICH, ONTARIO
**A Boarding School for
Young Men and Boys**
Offering College or Arts Course
High School Course
Business Course
and Preparatory Course
for Younger Boys
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
REV. T. V. MOYLAN, C. S. B.
PRINCIPAL

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE
KITCHENER, ONT., CANADA
(FOUNDED 1864)
Residential College for Boys and Young Men
Commercial, High School and Arts Courses
In charge of Professors holding European University Degrees
New Buildings, with latest hygienic equipments. Large Gymnasium—
Swimming Pool, Shower Baths, Auditorium.
Comfortable Private Sleeping Rooms—Substantial Board.
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

URSULINE COLLEGE
"The Pines", Chatham, Ontario
An ideal residential school for young girls, combining the highest educational advantages with the most delightful home life, amid beautiful and healthful surroundings.
**College, Preparatory, Commercial
Domestic Science and Art Courses**
SCHOOL OF MUSIC affiliated with TORONTO CONSERVATORY
APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS TO THE REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR

Loyola College
Montreal, Canada
An English College Under the Direction of the Jesuit Fathers
Classical course leading to the degree of B. A. Beautiful new fireproof buildings, splendid equipment, spacious playing fields. Fees from \$50.00 a year for Day Scholars, and \$350.00 a year for Boarders. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

College and Academy of St. Joseph
ST. ALBAN ST., TORONTO
St. Joseph's College is affiliated to the University of Toronto through the Federated College of St. Michael
College Course of four years, leading to Degrees. Also Academic, Collegiate, Commercial, and Preparatory Courses.
For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

THREE
STANLEY LIBRARY
50c. Each, Postpaid
50 Copies, \$20.00 (2)
100 " 38.00

Adventures of Four Young Americans. By Henriette E. DeLange. This book describes the stirring times during their trip abroad, and the experience of Johnny who was lost in the Catacombs.

Dear Friends. By Ella Nirdlinger. A delightful story giving some of the author's home experiences and the play of her happy childhood. In the merry company of four brothers, a sister, and the beloved parents.

Brownie And I. By Richard Auerle. Brownie is a college dog who chums with the new boys as soon as they arrive and is with them in all their sports. He even succeeds in winning the delectable baseball game of the year. Boys, girls, and grownups will follow with deep interest this genuine record of two years of a college boy's life.

Catholic Pioneers of America. By John O'Kane Murray. New edition. From the birth of Christopher Columbus 1493, to the death of Father Bacon, 1915.

Clarence Belmont. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and will amuse all those boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Dear Friends. By Ella Nirdlinger. A home story, and in that respect a record of the local customs and bright days pictured, just as they come to every home, and tell of the joys of the moral sunshine glinting through history.

Five Diamonds. By Mrs. Guthrie. An interesting novel full of excitement and many a twist. The scene is laid in England, afterward drifting to Russia and Siberia.

Florida. By Antonio Giulio Barilli. A Quaint Italian Tale, describing the hardships of an artist who finally won the hand of a beautiful young Italian maiden in marriage.

Five Birds in a Nest. By Henriette Eugenie DeLange. The scene of this story is in the village of France, of which the author knows every inch of ground. It is a story of five children, and incidentally introduces many of our modern life.

Franchise. By Madame Augustus Craven. This charming novel has been regarded as a model love story, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate refinement.

Gertrude Manning. By Frances Noble. This charming novel has been regarded as a model love story, showing the romance of a woman of pure wholesome convent-bred girl, sacrificing her love for the conversion of her infidel lover.

Legend of Lancairie. By Maurice Ferguson. Egan. There are eight stories and every one of them has a very interesting plot worked out with dramatic skill.

Loit Lode. By Christian Reid and Stella's Discipline. By F. X. "The Low Lode" is a story of Mexico, strong, interesting, and full of everything from the same pen, charmingly written. The second volume of a complete, wholesome light literature, and we deem it judiciously coupled with the former volume.

Nelly Kelly. By Henriette E. DeLange. This is a little mother to her brothers and sisters and succeeds wonderful in relieving the difficulties that arise.

Philo. A Tale of the Coal Regions. By Rev. Patrick Justin McMahon. An interesting and well-told story of the days of the Mollie Maguire, well written and an admirable example of story telling, the story is unraveled so as to intensify the interest as the reader passes from chapter to chapter.

Round Table of American Catholic Novelists. A delightful compilation of short stories by representative American Catholic novelists.

Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. A pleasing collection of stories by eminent Catholic authors of England and Ireland.

Round Table of French Catholic Novelists. A charming selection of stories by eminent French Catholic writers.

Rene's Marriage. By the French of Marthe LaChese. By Miss Pauline Stump. An interesting story to read with both pleasure and profit, in which the innermost feelings of the heart and conversation are clearly shown. 266 pages.

Ronald's Mission. By Henriette E. DeLange. Ronald is a boy of good character, who is kind, brave and his girls are sure to be interested. A beautiful story of a boy who, with his mother on a death-bed, saved his little fellow from a cruel fate. He bravely left home, until he had fulfilled his mission.

75c. Each, Postpaid
50 Copies, \$28.00
100 " 55.00

Acquire. The story of a Catholic College Boy.

Ambition's Contest. By Father Faber. The story of a young man who starts out in life to be a statesman, loses it, but through the prayers of others, receives the grace of God and is called to the priesthood.

Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutter. By Anthony Yorke. Illustrated. A story of boy life in the downtown section of New York. Narrating the adventures of Billy Glenn and his friends, the Broken Shutter, a boy club of their neighborhood. The book is full of adventure and a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy and an exciting trip on a sailing vessel to the West Indies. It is a rattling good boy's book.—*Pilot*.

Boys' Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games, fencing, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, skating, bicycling, etc., and how to play over fifty other games.

Burden of Honor. By Christine Faber. A Burden of Honor is a story of a young girl who follows a path of mystery and entanglements so involved as to create new difficulties in rapid succession. As in all Christine Faber's books, the action is dramatic sudden and severe.

Carol O'Donoghue. By Christine Faber. A story of a girl's services to her country.

Chivalrous Deed. By Christine Faber. "Kingness Reigns Kindness." A charming story of the knight of this tale, interwoven with beautiful delineations of child life and child character.

Con O'Keegan. By Christine Faber. Narrating the experiences of Con O'Keegan and his sister Winifred, an interesting and wholesome manner.

Elmor Preston. By Mrs. James Sadler. Following a young girl through her sorrows and joys.

Fatal Resemblance. By Christine Faber. This is an entertaining romance of two young girls, and shows how uncertain are the winds of fate.

Gordon Lodge. By Agnes M. White. A fascinating Catholic novel relating the adventures of an orphan left in the care of a relative.

Guardian's Mystery. By Christine Faber. This is a capital story with an interesting plot, and enough sensation to make the reader feel like a Hermit of the Rock. The Rev. Mrs. James Sadler.

A Tale of Cashel.

Lennox O'. Or, the Sign of the Cross. A Catholic story reprinted from The Messenger of The Sacred Heart.

Libeth. The Story of a First Communion. By Mary T. Waggons. This is a great interest, strong faith and earnest simplicity.

Margaret Roper. A very interesting historical novel.

Moonshine Joe. By John Boyle O'Reilly. A thrilling story of a young man who is sent to Australia for political action, and very well narrates his escape through a series of daring adventures.

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

New Lights. A very interesting tale by Mrs. James Sadler.

O'Mahony, The Chief of the Conmra. A tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. By D. P. Conry. L. D.

Old and New. Taste Versus Fashion. A novel written in a fascinating manner, by Mrs. James Sadler.

Riding Fire. By Gerard A. Reynolds. A dramatic story of the Boxer Uprising in China, narrating the adventures of a young man who has been left behind for a long time, and is a captivating charm in the way this tale is told, and it is done with a force that gives the dramatic parts a part of the life of this far-off country, siding with the unprotected Chinese, and a real participant in defense of their life and their property.

Rising Fire. By Alice Dancy. In this novel Miss Dancy, a favorably known name, through her stories of Irish life, has ventured on a new field, and in it she has given us a most interesting and edifying best book, set before us. The author is an old friend, the daughter of a family, and a native of the old country.

St. Nicholas. By Mrs. James Sadler. A new story of the persecution of Catholics during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Trinity of Frenchmen. The Rev. Canon Guest. A new star has entered the galaxy of story writers in the person of Gilbert Guest. In his search and inquiries for Gilbert Guest, let them know that this gifted writer knows as much about girls as Father Finn knows about boys.

Within and Without the Fold. By Miss Mary Lee.

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA