Your friends do not act like raw recruits," he said to Sebastian.
"We have drilled faithfully,"

"We

the simple rejoinder. "W "By Jove," ejaculated the officer, slapping a great gloved hand against the side of his saddle, "but you have

been as patriotic as any of us!"

The monk gazed at the soldier steadily from out of the depths of his blue eyes. His fine nostrils quivered and his voice vibrated with feeling.

'Patriotism !" he cried. "Why you know not the meaning of the word. masters scratch the name of God from public buildings, you forbid the mention of it in the schoolfrom public buildings, rooms, you destroy churches, you drive priests and nuns from the land; but does that make God cease to exist? Not at all. When you pre vent the sun from shining, when you shut out the rays of the moon, when you halt time and stop the tides, when you control fire and waterthen and not until then can you claim victory over the Creator of heaven and earth. So it is with real patriotism-with my patriotism. drank it in with my mother's milk tingles in every drop of my blood. It is an unquenchable flame that misrepresentation, persecution and banishment but serve to brighten—"

out the final words and announced that the enemy had penetrated the outer defenses and was now within voice. the gates of the city.
"Forward, march!"

Colonel Hillaire was the grim, determined warrior riding at the head of his troops to repel the invaders. It was magnificent, even if it was not war. His subordinates aded with him not to expose himself needlessly, but he was the sort of man who would have his own With him, indeed, the post of honor was the post of danger. He realized that the contending forces were evenly matched. He was cautious; he was strategic; he was everything that a brave soldier should be, except in the foolhardiness of his own position. Closer and closer came the rival regiments, and finally the loud voice of the colonel boomed forth the fatal word: "Fire!"

Instantly was the command obeyed, and almost at the same moment exactness, pulled out his watch to came the return fire from the intime the visitor. Outside routine vaders. What had been but a went on as usual. The invaders moment before the pure air of heaven, became foul with smoke, as though preparing for a stay. dust, and curses. Shrieks, yells, They were at close quarters, it is confused commands were mingled in true, but Colonel Schmidt assured one hellish uproar. Men pushed, them that with such a valuable hostjostled, and shoved; the groans of the wounded and the moans of the dying united in a chorus of hate late. and frenzy. In the midst of it all "I could be seen the tall, thin form of in spite of his bravado," he con-Brother Sebastian, his lips set, his cluded. eyes glistening, urging his comnions forward.

Presently the shooting ceased and gave way to the clash of bayonets. It was a hand to hand conflict now with men driven to desperation not want the trouble of resorting to The contending forces swayed to and fro, now gaining an inch and then yielding, only to press onward with renewed energy. Each side fought furiously, looking forward to that cassocked figure emerge from the crucial second which would spell victory or defeat. The smoke-laden air blinded the men, the odor of death sickened the bravest among them. Would it never end? Must Vigilles be surrendered? Just when all seemed lost there was an instant sadly of wavering on the side of the enemy Schm and the invaders retreated in disorder. For some unexplained reason the French failed to press their advantage. They stood still, the enemy hurried to a place of safety, and what

counting their losses. They were stairway, and when he reached the severe, but not overwhelming. It was not yet too late to retrieve the day, but, alas! there was no one to counting their losses. lead the charge. The subordinate terous voice; not sulking, I hope. officers were dead and wounded, and, most unfortunate of all, Colonel Hillaire was among the missing While they debated the situation a messenger from the contending forces approached. He brought the information that Colonel Hillaire the corner of the room made no was a prisoner in the upper room of reply the tower at the entrance to the city. Moreover, they were told, he was to be held as a hostage. If the French fired a shot or made a single hostile move their commander would be What a situation for brave With victory almost within their grasp they were made as helpless and impotent as so many babes.

As they stood there like men Sebastian, tall and thin, strode forth. He wore his brown, soiled cassock again, with its queer-looking cowl thrown over his shaven head and in instant fight or flight. He was his calm, inscrutable countenance. He asked permission to visit the the former. imprisoned colonel. At first the messenger laughed in his face, and then, with an amused shrug of the second bitter battle in the one day. shoulders, bade him come with him. It has become part of the history of The two marched away, followed by the great European war, and while the amazed glances of the French it is infinitesimal as compared with soldiers. What did it all mean? the major events of that awful Did the mysterious, monkish person intend to betray them into the hands of the invaders? Did he go to enjoy truly tried the souls of men. Both the discomfiture of his one-time sides fought bravely, each believing enemy? Did he intend to taunt his that he was in the right and spurred ation? It was too much for their Victory crowned the French arms, puzzled intellects. Oh, if they had The invaders were beaten, routed, that gallant leader, but for a moment!
They could make nothing of this amazing situation, so they resigned wounded and half a hundred pristhemselves to their fate, with many oners, including the chief officers of a sigh for what might have been.

In the meantime Brother Sebastian enemy's lines. The cowled and cassocked monk attracted curiosity hoarse from the effort, that Brother and some derision.

"Hello, ghostly father," bantered the burly officer in command. "Did you come to administer the last rites to your fellow-countryman?" not fatally wounded. The story of what he had done for his native city and for his beloved France soon became known to all, and he realized knew

hostile demonstration."
Sebastian nodded his head again. 'What do you want ?' suddenly and suspiciously cried the officer. "I want to see Celonel Hillaire."

"Do your people want to declare a "No," was the decided response. "They propose to defend themselves

to the last. "And the war is on-even at this noment.'

Yes," was the crisp retort, "even The burly one frowned and put a

rough and menacing hand on the monk's shoulder.
"Do you know what that means?

a spy?" Sebastian shrugged his shoulders and spread out his arms in a compre-

hensive wave.
"You have the power, yes, if you also have the disposition - but are The booming of cannon drowned you really afraid of me?" The shot went home. The com-

mander laughed in a loud, shrill "Certainly not. Go and see your colonel and give him some good advice—advise him to surrender this

Sebastian passed on to the tower, "I shall advise him—to stick it out

to the bitter end." A volley of laughter greeted this sally. It seemed to touch the sense of humor of the burly one. The monk passed within the enclosure with his shoulders slightly stooping and with his cowl partly drawn over his face. A sentinel at the gate saluted and called back to his

superior : How long shall I give him, Colonel Schmidt ?" "Oh, five minutes will do-rout

him out after that."

The sentinel, who was the soul of age in the tower it would be but a few hours when the city would capitu-

"I'm sure the monk will urge that,

The sentinel at the gate watching the hands of his watch. Three minutes passed, and then four, Would the visitor outstay his time harsh measures. Thirty seconds more passed, and when the sentinel was preparing to replace his watch

tower. "Well," called the guard, "were you able to pound any sense into his

The figure bent over, as if in sorrow, shook its head slowly and sadly and passed on. Colonel Schmidt approached the sentinel. "We'll go in," he said. "Maybe

he's in the proper disposition to talk business."

A subordinate came up at that should have been a day of victory minutes elapsed before the chief of the invading regiment entered the Half an hour later they were tower. He laboriously climbed the

No response. "Come now," he called in a spirited voice . "remember that you're a soldier, and must accept the fortunes of

war. Still the figure on the low stool in

Irritated at this apparent stubbornness, the colonel rushed over, grabbed the man by the shoulder, swung him around-and gazed into the placid face of Brother Sebastian.

As soon as the situation dawned on him he hurled the monk to the floor and then rushed forth screaming like a maniac. In a trice all was noise and confusion. Drums were beat and company after company lined up for action. The invading commander had been outwitted and he knew that his only salvation lay not without courage, and he chose

persecutor in the hour of his humili- on by a sense of loyalty to country.

the enemy. It was while the victors crowded the guide had reached the about Colonel Hillaire, shouting his Sebastian was found, seriously but

to your fellow-countryman?"

"If he needs them," was the grave what it is to be a hero in the eyes of one's fellow-countrymen. He took the call with surprising calmness, a single shot is fired from your side smiled indulgently on his townsmen, or if there is the faintest sign of a but apparently could not be made to understand that he had done any

thing out of the ordinary. His wounds baffled the doctors. They were different from anything that had been seen by the practitioners—that is, different in the stubtreatment which had been successful in so many scores of eemingly similar cases. There had een one shot dangerously near the heart which troubled the doctors most of all, but which was regarded serene indifference by the nt himself. He manifested with patient invalids, although there must have "Do you know what that means? been many occasions when he suffered exquisite agony. He prisoner now—and have you shot as thumbed his well-worn beads over and over again, and was a perfect example of docility and tranquility.

It was a sunny morning in June when he came hobbling out of the hospital, leaning on a stout cane and habited in the now familiar faded cowl and cassock. His appearance was the signal for cheers and for such a demonstration of affection as has rarely been shown in that part of France. And, curiously enough many of the soldiers who were loudest in their shouts of joy were among those who, with fixed bayonets, had driven Sebastian and his companions from their monastery only a few short months before.

He greeted them with his rare smile, in which there was sign of neither triumph nor humility. over a fallen foe, and as for humility, how can it come to a man to whom there are no such words as conceit was an American." or self-sufficiency? But he did feel a fine, warm glow that morning, such the right and to the left as he been honored by both countries.' hobbled about, and suddenly he noticed that a crowd was gathering parison with greater ones of daily about General Hillaire-he had been promoted from colonel to general for

our brave general is about to address own nation's call; he was a his troops !"

General Hillaire was waiting for some one, and that some one was Brother Sebastian. As the invalid came forward the general motioned him to a position opposite to where he was standing. Puzzled, the monk obeyed, and awaited developments. They were not long coming. The officer fished a box from his pocket, and opening it produced a beautiful decoration. He held it suspended so

that all might see it.
"I have here," he began in measured, stately tones, "that which

Sebastian." splash of red appeared on the faded place a casualty. brown cassock, above the heart and

cited company, none were more selfthe central figure.

tached, red faced general. He bent cuss this phase of his life. over and there was pathos in his though the cause is not discu

"Sebastian." he called brokenly, 'you'll be all right in a few min- reviewer. It affords another

so slightly, and he spoke in the merest

pened. General Hillaire, his face pale and his eyes brimming with tears literally forced himself to his s. The mere physical act knees. The tion to his brow. It was a struggle between body and soul, and the flesh was vanquished. He put his stubby hands to his sunburned face, and with a choking sob ejaculated the prayer for the dying he had learned at his mother's knee, but which had not passed his lips in twenty years.

Sebastian, with a sudden accession bornness with which they refused to elbow. His homely countenance was transfigured with a light which filled it with spiritual beauty. In the kneeling soldier he saw typified the France that he had loved with all of his heart and soul-the France that had once denied and defied God, now on its knees before that God. Feebly and yet surely he raised the fingers of his right hand and made the sign of the cross. In that moment the eyes of the soldier and the monk met.
"God bless you, General!" mur-

mured Sebastian, and smiled and

GEORGE BARTON.

A U. S. SOLDIER-BOY

"If I should happen to get wiped out, . . . try and have a Roman Catholic Padre plant me . . and please put after my name on the wooden cross the bare fact that I was an American." Thus, on August 20, 1916, the youthful hero of this new war-book. "Harry Butters, R. F. A." (Lane, \$1.50), wrote to the Anglican chaplain of his brigade and less than two weeks later the chaplain, C. H. Milner, wrote to the young hero's His sister, Mrs. R. A. Bray, of Piedmont, f-dis- Cal.: "Harry was buried this afterwhole life of repression and self-discipline prevented him from exulting noon by a Roman Catholic Padre" and "at his request I shall see to it that on his cross it is stated that he "He was buried," "beneath the Union Jack. as comes to one who knows that he is among comrades. He smiled to not procurable or he should have

occurrence — took place before America was in the war. Harry prayery in battle-who stood on an Butters could not wait for the call of patch of ground in a cere-attitude. his nation; he responded, with all the enthusiasm of his soul, to the call of monial attitude.

"Ah," remarked Sebastian, with a faint suggestion of ironical fun in life. There is another fact that exthe depths of his calm blue eyes, plains his readiness to anticipate his mont boy and it was as such that he But it soon became evident that sought and obtained a commission in the English army. 'I arrived at Beaumont," he writes in one of his letters, "at four in the afternoon and sent up my card to Father Carey (my old Master) and Captain Father Mayo (commanding the Officers' Training Corps). They both rushed down, de lighted to see me — particularly Father Carey—and took me in to tea. 'Now,' says I, 'here I am. Came 7,000 miles of my own accord and it's up to you to find some way to get me the rest of the way to the front.

Beaumont College is a Jesuit in every Frenchman prizes more than stitution, which had very little life itself. It is the insignia of the if any influence with the English Legion of Honor, itself. It is the Government authorities before the insignia of the Legion of Honor, war, but during the great struggl which is associated only with chivalry she has won the respect of all partie war, but during the great struggle and courage. It has been sent to the bravest man in our midst—to the boys to the cause. On January 1, one whose self sacrifice has saved 1917, their record was as follows: our city from the enemy, to one we Serving 509, killed 58, wounded, love and delight to honor—to Brother prisoners and missing 81, honors 185. What their record is now is not He stepped forward and pinned the known to the present writer, but decoration on the old brown cassock, from the figures given it is easy to and as he did so a flush appeared understand why Harry Butters apupon the ivory countenance of the plied to his alma mater when he monk and spread until it touched the roots of his hair. For once his self-possession appeared to desert him. His lips moved as though he were about to speak, but he uttered no about to speak but he uttered no about to sp words. The color left his cheeks and his face became deathly pale. He staggered for a moment, a sudden he went up to the first line "to re-

But as far as the practice of his beside the coveted decoration, and then Brother Sebastian dropped at full length on the ground, like a had, in fact, lost the faith in which allen tree.

It all happened so quickly that no Catholic mother, in which he reone had time to rush to his assist-ance. A surgeon was summoned. Clara College, in preparation for his everywhere. Some people see them, others do not—it is all a matter of He made a hasty examination and First Communion, and in which he shook his head sadly. Those near was further instructed by the Engheard him mutter something about a lish Jesuits at Beaumont. One bursted blood vessel, and "just what he had feared." But of all that ex- war, while associating with his old and not even see it, or he may trample it under foot and call it an Beaumont masters, he would return possessed than the stricken man. He smiled feebly, but was speechless. One of his companions pillowed Sebastian's head on his knee. There was a stillness that had in it an elewas a stillness that had in it an elewas the day I first leftit, when I felt was the day I first leftit, when I felt ment of awe. The scene was like a sableaux, with the prostrate monk as the central figure. that I was no longer of its faith in articles of doctrine." The cause of Harry's fall from the Faith is not The silence was broken and the made clear in the narrative, nor was setting changed by the black-mus it the intention of the editor to discuss this phase of his life. But the fact is sufficiently evident and it is the fact that interests the present

EUROPEAN STRUGGLE tes."

The Brother moved his head ever stance of a soul won back to God by the dangers and horrors of War. Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.-Lady Kingston, president of the Shamrock fund, and vice president of the Sol-diers' and Sailors' Help Society, Dublin Branch, was in Washington At home his sister prayed and prayed, while at the front her sol-"I'll never be all right again—I'm dier brother fought and fought not going—to another world."

"But France needs her—her brave sons," persisted the other, with a catch in his voice that had never before before before the persistence will agree with those who say that it recently, and in an interview said One hundred and fifty thousand Irish soldiers have gone from their homes in Ireland to fight the Gerwas but an unconscious resistance nans. Of this number not less than The word aroused the sinking man. The very soul of honesty in his-deal-The word aroused the sinking man.

"Ah, France!" he murmured, and there was ecstasy in the eyes that were already closing with the film of death, and there was indescribable music in the whispered words: "I die, but you live!"

Then an unexpected thing hap
The very soul of honesty in his-deal ings with his fellow-men, Harry cannot be pictured as dishonest, even in a small way, in his dealings with the European struggle. Where ever the War has raged, France, from the practice of Catholicism and in spite of some very harrowing experiences of German shell fire, his oldiers have played a heroic part in the European struggle. Where ever the War has raged, France, Flanders, Gallipoli or Mesopotania, honorable mention has been made of Irish regiments. Ireland's sons of irish regiments. Ireland's the state of the weight soldiers have played a heroic part in the European struggle. Where ever the War has raged, France, from the practice of our cross. The cross that our Saviour carried for us was incomparably heavier, says Father Chaminade. 2,000 have returned disabled. Irish



went to the War strong, whole heart religious sense remained unasser-Men stand up to the strain ed; the light of battle in their eyes, the warfare in various ways," courage and determination in their of trench warfare in various ways," he tells his sister, "the strength of religion, lack of imagination, or return. To others shells, poisonnatural phlegmatic temperament, a gas, and other instruments of war sense of humor and the ability to have done their deadly work, and bluff one's self out of it. The last the men are returning, as they are two are what have kept me going."
He was kept going for one year of to other countries of the British empire, in all manner of disable-ment. These men can never go back to their former occupations; active work on the line, but " his sense of humor and his ability to bluff himself" were put to some they must be taught new trades and very serious tests and on August 22 given a fresh start in life. we find him acknowledging that "to continue on in my battery" is "utterly beyond the strength that is in me." And then he adds with a

back to the Church for courage the midst of the dangers of war.

went over and spent an afternoon with my dear friend Father Doyle

and we went over it all. Before

left I even made my confession to him for I earnestly craved help of

that will please. I took my rosary

to bed with me, night after night

and drew comfort and consolation

from its simple beads. It seemed to

-and with that other Blessed Mother

-that she and you have loved so

The letter was written on August

22. In it he tells of "another tragedy of the War." "Father Doyle

is dead. Always in the front trenches

when the shelling was heaviest, he

was terribly wounded three days

ago tending some of the dying. . . God will certainly rest his soul, but

his regiment will miss him sorely.

It is not to be wondered at that such

a self-sacrificing Catholic Padre could

win Harry back to his old Mother

ing of this letter, Harry himself fell,

and we may say of him what he said

one phase of this " brief record of a

California boy who gave his life for

England." It is a phase that by

any may be overlooked becaus

there is so much war-interest

an admirably written sketch of Harry's "Life." It is from the pen of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, widow of the

famous Irish singer of that name.

Though brief, it reveals the charac

ter of young Butters in all its var-

iety and nobility. The "Letters," written for the most part under

pressure and sometimes to the sick-

man shells and the roar of English

annon, are not devoid of a literary

merit of their own. Always full of vigor and enthusiasm, enlivened with sallies of wit, they sometimes,

especially towards the end, rise to

the importance of the situation and the young officer ventures even into

the realm of the philosophical. Nor

work." he insists, " and I am in it to

APPRÉCIATING THE BEAUTIFUL

Nothing is more elevating to man-

kind than to learn to love and appreciate the beauty which can be seen

daily. There are beautiful things

education. A beautiful flower may grow by the wayside; how common

it is to see one person pass it by

ugly weed. Another may observe the same flower, marvel at its beauty

and recognize the handiwork of God.

One of these persons has no love for the beautiful in his soul and the

other has; that is the difference. Life is sweeter and better for culti-

vating a love for the beautiful every

IRISH SOLDIERS

HAVE PLAYED HEROIC PART IN THE

Amer.Sa.

ening symphony of exploding

throughout. Besides the "Letters

from which we have quoted there

Church.

Twelve days after the writ-

And." he adds. "this is the

where the little item comes in

me with you—and with mother

"One of the things that has impressed me in America," continued Lady Kingston, "is the wrong idea that many Irishmen here have of the Ireland of today. It is not the touch of appreciation for his sister's religion: "I know that if I were as you are, I might be able to draw this Ireland they left in 1871 or in 1885, but a new Ireland, as different as courage from outside of me—in fact, from the Church." two enochs." It is a strange conversion : he goes

SAYING THE ROSARY

ILLUSTRIOUS CATHOLICS WHO USED THEIR BEADS

Say your Rosary! How many respond with a regretful air: "I have no time." It does not take whole hours to say some Ave Marias. Give to the recitation of your Rosary some of your lost moments-nothing but that—and you shall have said your Rosary! Why not slip your beads into your hand and, while walking in the street, begin to say

It is said that Father Hannon composed his volumes of meditations while walking along the streets. When Theodore Wibaux was one of the Pontifical Zouaves he used to say his Rosary while on guard. On leaving a college in which he had just spoken on the meanness of human espect, Marceau was making straight for his lodgings. A professor, his companion, proposed to say the Rosary, intending to begin it as soon as they should have left the city limits. But the Commandant at once took off his hat and began the Rosary with as much recollection as if he had been in his own chamber. of Father Doyle: "God will cer-tainly rest his soul."

We have called attention to but

Michael Angelo gloried in saying his Beads. Two of his Rosaries are still shown in his house in Florence and they look as if they had been well used. In his famous picture of Lost lewel of The Mortimers, The; by Anna T. Sadlier.

Magic of The Sea. The; or, Commodore John Barry or, One of the hem up to heaven aid his beads, hen composition I walk up and y Rosary in my Hail Maries, and again." Garcia Rosary with his ther who daily to the Queen of Stuart. When I she were at her s.—Sacred Heart the Sadlier. A Novel, by Katherine Tynan.

Lost lewel of The Mortimers, The; by Anna T. Sadlier.

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Mantilla. The; by Richard Ameria. The Mantilla, is a romantic tale of insurerectionary Cuba, with Bob Weld n, engineering student and force otherwise Corita, for heroine.

Marcella Carca. By Rosa Mulholland The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp of oftential most and force of diction.

Marting to Tale of the Sadlier.

Marting to Tale of the Mortimers, The; by Anna T. Sadlier.

Marting to Tale of the Sad the Last Judgment, two souls are represented helping each other means of a Rosary. One blessed is drawing them up to heaven by it. Mozart said his beads. Hadyn writes: "When composition comes hard to me I walk up and down my room, my Rosary in my hand: I say some 'Hail Maries, and then my ideas come again." Garcia Moreno recited his Rosary with his aide de camp. Another who daily paid this tribute to the Queen of Heaven was Mary Stuart. When going to her scaffold she wore at her girdle two Rosaries.—Sacred Heart

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

which threaten: he seems even to have had a premonition of death, structed a very striking warning of a dangerous precipice, says Amer ica. But after two years he removed it. During that time, he argued, no man and not even a beast had fallen over the declivity. This undoubted fact, he concluded was proof positive that the warning sign was wholly

nnecessary.
The warning sign near some precipices should be kept intact forever. There are some grievous errors which all of us may make in the moment of relaxation which we allow ourselves in a day of fancied security. And there are great gulfs in the spiritual life that take into their unsounded depths the unwary traveler who, because he has often made the journey, deems himself absolved from the precaution of watching his step and then stopping to look both ways for a safe path before proceeding.

We are creatures of habit, but, unfortunately, good habits, unlike their bad counterparts, do not, with equal facility, hollow out so deep a groove. That is only another way of saying that there still remain in us the vestiges of original sin and hardening tendencies intensified by sins which we, and not our old father Adam, are directly responsible.

Keep to the warning sign, see that no harsh wind destroys it and from time to time give it a good coat of moral paint, the luminous kind that shines like a radium treated watch even in the darkest storm of passion and its shining will guide your fol-lowing steps through the blackest night of discouragement.

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