JANUARY 20, 1917

had enough o' religion and poverty when I was a girl. I won't go back it. for her, to think what she'd suffer to it. I got a right to my happiness. of ther way. And, O Mis' McNeil, surely I got a I got her right to give him his!"

ad, O Mis increase, survey 1 got a ght to give him his!" of the back pews; and me between Now, laws are cruel things—they we to be sometimes or they well get out. But by that time, if have to be sometimes or they wouldn't be laws. But you can't say. she'd been my Frankie, I'd've expected that to a young thing with her mouth her to stamp her feet and yell, from all twisted up with pain. And, thinks the set of her mouth; and one all twisted up with pain. And, thinks I to myself, what if it was my Helen? So I got up to put my mending away, and patted her shoulder soft the next my eyes would be full o' tears. She caught my hand and held mixed up for me. The Agony in the it tight Garden was the subject o' course, but

I wish you'd let me finish those stockings for you," says she, kind of laughing and crying together. "I promised Father Kelly I'd stay till the end, and I'm going to; but I'm near crazy thinking. It'd be a relief to

Ye something to do." You poor child!" says I. "Of course you're going to stay. And it's priest did. He had all along glad enough I'll be not to have 'em on hands. But the last thing before we went

to sleep, she calls to me real soft: "Mis' McNeil, don't pray for me.

I'm past that.' So I could see she thought her

tind was made up. Well, I didn't know what to do Looked to me like it was a 'Hands off !'' And yet case of couldn't bear to see that poor child loving us and watching over us throw her religion away like that, her happiness with it. No more kind of restless, and my mind goes did I know what to say to her. So I took the whole thing where I take Dear Lord ! the poor child ! Seems most things to be settled—to Our as if folks do have all the hard things Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to our Blessed Mother.

That was Tuesday night, and the hard, trying not to listen to the present was to end Friday morning. Wednesday she was in and All day out of the chapel more or less, but mostly less, I'm sorry to say. The sermons seemed to be the

hardest for her ; she'd sit a minute quiet, then she'd get restless and finger her prayer book, and then she'd get up and slip out. I didn't see how she could ; for I love a good sermon myself, and the meditations was just beautiful. Once or twice, when we came out, I'd find her walking up and down the corridor, but of the time she spent at the window in our room,—and busy enough, too; for there was a whole pile of stockings on the foot of my bed at night, mended as neat as you please, and folded up.

"Why don't you talk to the retreat master ?" says I, when we was un-"Maybe he'd know a way dressing. Sometimes marriages ain't as out. Sometimes marriages." solid as they look, nowadays."

"It's no use," says she. "I did go to a priest in the city. Their mar-riage was valid all right. He said I riage was valid all right. He said I should stop seeing the Man. A priest closed the Tapernacle, an auto slowed

I stopped with my brush in my hand and give her a look She jumped t "Don't you be so foolish as to think that," I says. "There's a good

many kinds o' love, my dear; and when a man's heart is full up with She near ran down but she never let go of me. He was the love o' God and men, and his waiting for her with the Mother Superior. Land! I don't wonder at hair is as grey as this priest's is, you needn't worry none about his not her loving that man—the sort o' face you pray God your own boy'd have understanding things."

Thursday night we was to keep. Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. We'd nearly all been to confession during the day, and were get ing ready for Holy Communion the next morning.

The retreat was just about over. I was rather tired, I can tell you; for its no easy job to sit and look yourself in the face that way. But I ain't been happier since the day I ain't been happier since the day I made my first Communion. Seems just as if I'd taken holt o' life all over again, and got it by the right end this time; so the little things didn't look so plaguy big. Not I'lls is bour dys. Many a time you've said to me, no man could build a real business success without truth; and marriage is the same. Don't you see, dear? I'd have to lie to God and myself to I'd have to lie to God and myself to

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

vicious into Frankie's stocking. "I that I knew had the Man's picture in years that make up the three score and ten, only to have the shadows of loneliness and desolation make night of life before the night of thing.

death .--- N. Y. Freeman's Journal. CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ON GENIUNE CHARITY

Well, my own heart just ached

I got her down to the chapel in one

I tell you that meditation was all

mostly it was about God's love for us

and the way we ought to love Him.

I never was no hand to tell what the

sermon was about, but two or three

things out of that one kind o' struck

the Blessed Sacrament, he made yo

day after day and year after year

'Bout then Irene moved in her seat

realize something about what

meant.

easy ones.

let her

his eves.

in my mind ever since. He

To grasp the real import of human life one must have sentiment as well as intelligence. He must, in a word, have soul as well as mind. Intelli-gence, mind, is always seeking to reduce everything to a formula, the dead level of mere abstraction, with the result that the whole world is converted into a schoolroom, and a very uncomfortable one at that. To the men of mere mind, all the

wonderful experiences of life are mere data from which abstract God's love seem prenty real, that for leductions are drawn with the inflex. that matter : but that night, talking ible logic of the grim pedagogue, and about the Passion, and all these years rigid deductions are again Our Lord's been staving with us in grimly applied to all emergencies, whether or not they fit. The results, as might be expected, are And he said those of us that seldom satisfactory and very often was mothers could understand when utterly stupid. he said that the biggest part of that This is invariably the attitude of love was the keeping on-persever-ance, you know,-jest keeping on,

the schoolmaster unless corrected by very large dose of wholeson human sentiment. The more the schoolmaster attitude prevails any community the more inevitably will prevail this utterly tyrannical

off on a tangent thinking about her. and utterly stupid method of dealing with human life and all its various forms and incidents. to do in the world. She sat there Behold the process. Nothing is with her lips shut tight and her eyes more ineffectual. You sit at your desk, tabulate records, add up the priest. But 'twan't easy. I guess it never is, turning your back on God.

column, strike the average, and then send out a policeman to apply it to woman and child he every man,

"And the truest truth in the world," the priest was saying when meets. my mind came back to him, "is that LUDICROUS RESULTS God loves you-each of you,-and that He wants your love. You build your life on any other notion and That ought to produce results, and so it does—perfectly ludicrous ones, to all except the pedagogue who has you'll build it on a lie. He wants your real love, not the praying, long lost all sense of humor long ago. prayers kind, but the love that jest Now there is one institution in keeps on from day to day, doing the world which has always resisted the hard things for Him as well as the attitude of the schoolmaster in deal-

ing with human life. It is the And Irene Blair was listening to Church. As a consequence, that, and looking up at the Blessed Sacrament; but she was thinking schoolmaster, as a rule full of his own importance, has cherished a about another sort o' love, and strain. secret spite for her influence upon ing her ears to hear that automobile. real human life. The Church is a mother. She con-'Dear Sacred Heart," I says,

"don't you let her do it ! You know sequently knows and sympathizes how miser'ole the'll be ! Don't You with her family and keeps her eye on the pedagogue with his myopic When Benediction come she knelt vision, rigid face, and his hand on his ruler. When, as often happens, with the rest of us, and her face went down on her two hands, that he attempts to make round plugs fit was clinched so hard the knuckles square holes, she reminds him that house and that humanity is a family, not a formula. down outside, and I heard the down-

'Put on your glasses and look out Shall and says she : grabbed my hand, and says she : "Do you see the landscape? How "Come with me! Quick! It's the lovely it stretches out before us with its rolling hills and pretty valleys The very essence of its beauty is variety, and variety means inequal-You, with your stupid averages and tabulated figures, would you ruin the glory of nature by pulling it all down to a dull monotony children, God's precious

when he's grown up, and the love in My would you deal with them as if they "Horace," says she, "O my dear ! were wooden images. Can't you I can't go,-I can't go ever ! It kills that the poverty of some of them is me to hurt you, but I can't !" And infinitely more beautiful, yes, she tugs the sapphire ring off her splendid, than the guilty wealth of third finger and holds it out to him. others.

"No," says she. You should've "Can you not understand that seen her eyes—so loving and quiet and brave. "No! This is good bye. there are some weaknesses which are far less harmful than many boasted

people are growing into a silly sense security that reports are every. Now, I do not want to be mis-It will never succeed again. vogue of that particular verbial two understood. I do not believe that step is passed.

reports are everything. I do not believe that reports are nothing. think they are between everything and nothing—something. They are

and nothing—something. They are a beginning; of themselves they settle nothing. They may be a source of information if read aright. They may be completely erroneous if not read aright. The whole differ-ence lies in just that which exists between the attitude toward human-ity of the exacting, perfectly mathematical schoolmaster, and that of the intelligent, * kind hearted Christian up to date. mother. It is the difference which prove the superiority of scientific exists between the exceedingly clever nethods. and perfectly methodical social worker and the Sisters of Charity.

SENTIMENT AND INTELLIGENCE I am not condemning social service whatever there is to be known about everything of real value in sociology. much less the social servant. I am say we do know them, and when only pointing out that it is not the they are real value, we mean to apply whole story-not everything. The them. But it is the merest nons perfect thing, pretty nearly every-thing, would be the combination of to ask us to approve and experiment both-social worker and Vincentian | faddist puts into print. -whether male or female. That is the experienced and intelligent, and good Christian.

professionals? "When I hear some of the silly What is needed among us is less talk which comes occasionally from prattling about fads and more real these superficial, scientific sociolowork along approved lines. Do you gists about conditions in the slums, I remember the occasional youngster have to smile because I am thinking of what the honest poor have told me among us who talked through his nose with a twang to pretend he was of their views of the other side of the Yankee? picture. It seems so obvious have been to him afterwards to learn to thousands of people, forced by cirthat educated Yankees do not talk cumstances to live in crowded disthrough their noses! He had, theretricts, that clean hearts are far more fore, to unlearn the twang.

Well, the same thing is happening among that sort of sycophant in important than clean streets. There is a little hill town in Italy where the social morality of the men everything. The weak-kneed Cath and women is well known to be well olic who is now so eager to run after nigh perfect. I shall never forget how one of its inhabitants described to me his fury at seeing the turned up nose and air of superiority of an American woman, twice divorced, who didn't like the lack of hygienic conditions in the back yards. Her olic methods. reputation smelled to heaven on two continents; but she was most con-cerned about the proper disposal of garbage in out of the way villages. Any one can learn the contents of a book on social science, but not every one who knows the book can do real

Tc come back to my first sentence "To grasp the real import of human life one must have sentiment as well as intelligence"—sentiment that is regulated, guided and directed by Divine light, sentiment that is inflamed by Divine love, and that sentiment is Christian charity. The attempt now for some time persist ently being made to crowd the word Charity out of the dictionary is a very clever manoeuvre. But it will not succeed. The attempt is not at all mere accident, it is systematic. It arises from that antipathy telt for the supernatural by those who would persuade man that mere human means are everything in life.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS NAME OF PATRICK The method is not novel. It con

sists in the old proverbial one of giv-ing a dog a bad name and then hangit or shooting it. It is a sort of ing juggling of words which might be called a verbal two-step: First step, give the word an opprobrious sense ; nd step remove the debris.

Here is an instance at hand. Patrick, meaning patrician, a noble the world with new recipes for Utopia. That is their business, and Ireland's patron saint. If you hate they will find as many new dupes as saints, you will have one motive for the latest and best advertised of removing all honor from the name of If you hate Ireland, you will have another powerful motive. Barnum. What is really needed is a So you begin by getting people to laugh at Paddy; and, as parents don't ine, fervid and thorough medievalism. like to have their childen's names laughed at, the spineless ones, the and Calvarys in the streets of Protime-serving ones, will not call their sons Patrick any more, but, well-we testant and Puritanic London because the Englishmen returning from the shall say Waldorf or Oswald-names horrors of the trenches have seen which mean as much to a Celt as through all the hideous barrennes Chin-Chin does to a Bostonian. Nevertheless, the trick works and of modern British materialism, and they at least can never again offer little by little the noble and beautiincense to the money gods. That is ful and illustrious name of Patrick a good symptom. It is perhaps the disappears, until a generation arrives that sees through the contemptible best thing that this awful catastrophe will have achieved. trick and brings back the proud name A CIVILIZATION WITHOUT GOD into its old high honor again. Now you begin to see what is going to happen to the word charity if we If only all the parlor philosophers and the parlor sociologists and the allow this trick to be worked under glasshouse optimists could be ordered our eyes. Charity means love. In to go to the front and stay there long the Christian sense, love has for its highest object God. In that sense enough to become genuine and sin cere, and lose their false halos in the nothing can exclude God from love. blaze of artillery, the world would be Charity, therefore, means love of rid, at least for the rest generation, of some up-to-date falla-God prompting love of our fellow-man. This was the word which cies and cure-all sociologies The one thing that England and thrilled Christianity in the ages of faith, which rescued the slave, which Germany will not realize before this

and the well paid posts they fill, the social service and Christian charity. of others as well as of themselves-You may keep if you will, your ter-minology, but you will never again the will to aid others but lack the destroy ours. That is gone forever. We have right among us wonderful The

examples of both, the well-to-do who never forget their duty to others, and But I wish we could be sure that the poor who give themselves because they have not money. God will bless them both, does bless them both we had entirely escaped the contagion all about us of putting mere human service in its place. I have not once, but several times, noted abundantly.

SELFISHNESS OF THE RICH

with pain that some of those im mersed in the atmosphere have Alas! must I say it? We have suffered, if not asphyxiation, at least those also who have grown more and some symptoms. The time honored and well tried methods of Catholic more wealthy every year until they are now rich, and yet continue to dole out the same half-penny alms of work among the poor are not quite We get a few pages earlier days. quoted to us from the text books to

We are all glad when our people at last come into a share of the good things of the world, if only it does not serve merely to congeal their blood and freeze their better natures. We want to know and we do know No one in the whole history of the world ever lost anything by Christian charity. It is only those who never give or who refuse to act out a good impulse that lose inevitably.

I do not hesitate to say, much as I with every fad that the newest want our good people to succeed in prosperity, that there are some now rich to whom the loss of their money What has the Vincentian to learn even today from any of your modern would be the very best thing that could happen to them. At least the crust of silly pride which prosperity has raised around their former selves would be broken, and they would be again genuine, sincere and truly refined-qualities which money seems to have entirely destroyed in them. Be not deceived. We must keep our What a surprise it must hearts warm, our blood red, our love aglow, or pay the penalty.

That penalty only begins here in arrogance and coldness. It ends in blindness. Many a woman is utterly destitute with plenty about her. She has filled her life with vain things and she sits amid the ashes of illu-

every fad in social service will find after a while, if he is fortunate So let our men and women already enough to finally reach the higher strata, that the best moderns in interested in our charities redouble their zeal and enlarge their field. Let social work are unlearning a lot of them awaken in their friends and fads and are studiously copying Cathacquaintances a similar love for activ ity and unselfishness. We want, above all things, good will. We want What is needed today among all classes of Catholics here in America with that, the willingness to work

is more confidence in themselves and under direction, to work according less weakly imitation and spineless subservience to what is called the to approved methods, to work as energetic warm hearted Christians. spirit of the age, this up to dateness, The world has its philosophies, this yesterday civilization with its cocksure methods and its empty boastfulness. By this time the world end is God.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal. get there. ought to realize that what is most needed today is not a new batch of

fads but a glance backward at the ages of faith.

RUNNING AFTER FADS

A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE

I wonder how the authors of all the new philosophies and the new religions predicting universal happi-ness, immediate and unfailing in this wonderful twentieth century, now feel as they look out over a world of devastation and ruin. According to them, the whole world was to be transformed suddenly by the brilliant light of modern learning into a bloom ing Paradise. Well, it has been transformed—into a desert waste.

The two great nations which for half a century had claimed the monopoly of intelligence and cleverness and learning are now, God help them, both in the last throes of the bitterest life and death struggle the world has ever known. Do you think that the intellectuals will at least feel humbled and diffident ? Why not at 'all.' They are all busy again flooding

quack patent medicines. world will always want NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

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One should not always say all one thinks, but one should always think all one says .- Madame de Lambert. The more a man is made to do, the more he is able to do, and the more he desires to do.

which generally arrive at nowhere. Not the more brilliant men, but We have the gospel of charity. Its the stickers, like the postage stamp. Not the more brilliant men, but



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THREE

Dickie'd gone to sleep Beads tight in his fist, and I went Horace ! back to get 'em before the Hour faith, but I can't give up theirs. I hills ?" began ; so that's how I come to know | can²t steal it away from them before Irene's bag was packed and her hat and coat and umbrel' laid out on the She chokes up all of a sudden and bed. She was turning away from the mirror as I opened the door, and bye, dear !" says she. I caught just a flash o' the color in her cheeks and the sparkle in her Then, like pulling down a curtain, her face changed. I knew she didn't want to talk to me, and I didn't need nobody to tell me she had heard from the Man, and he was coming to take her away that night stead o' Friday morning, as they had planned. And all the love and kindness and patience Our Lord had been giving her just wasted,--thrown back in His face, so to speak. Sometimes I wonder how Our Lord can stand to ave us underfoot, the way we treat Him.

Says I to myself : "You'll go down into the Church." there and be decent to Him this once, Miss Irene Blair—you in His own house, and all,—If I got anything to say about it !" And I walks over and me is the cause of it all. takes holt of her arm.

"Wait till I get my Beads, and we'll go together," I told her, as innocent

as pie, never letting on I'd noticed. "Dickie's got 'em. My youngsters How few in the hurly-burly of the world's affairs pause to reflect upon mostly have gone to sleep that way, the sadness, the sorrows, the loneli ness and heart-hunger of those who cause it seemed as if that was the only hour in the day I could get ten have been swept aside by the curminutes quiet to say 'em. Likely as rent of the years into the neglected not, I wouldn't get more'n two decades even then, what with their Cicero has discoursed so elegantly little fat hands hanging onto 'em; but I guess the Blessed Mother human life, there is more of melanunderstands.

I was just talking against time, so sophic joy in the period of physical she couldn't edge in a "No," and L decreptitude. Divorced from the never let loose of her arm. Her face softened again wonderful when she looked down at Dickie, where he lay about them, the aged sit apart with with my Rosary hugged against his helpless hands and dream upon the cheek. declare I don't know which was the prettiest then-him all flushed and their youth.

come to you. And the children, O to be no valleys in human life, as with my

a letter from her there only

BE TENDER TO THE OLD

She near ran down those stairs,

I might give up my own there must be if there are to be any If the schoolmaster can have his they come into the world. I-I-" way the beauty of human life will

consist in putting us all on perfectly gives him both of her hands. "Goodsymmetrical benches before him and getting us all to recite in perfect Well that was the end of it, or almost. She went home with me unanimity the multiplication tablefirst forward and then backward and for complete relaxation from this somewhat fatiguing task we Friday morning after she had a long talk with the priest and the next week she went to New York. I got should at perfectly exact intervals, last be allowed to rise in our places, our week, signed "Pitchy-Patchy," and as hands by our sides and our heels gay and bright as you please. She's well together, and say with perfect what they call nursery matron in a day nursery in the Eye-talian Quarter, And says she: "Be glad would be if the perfect pedago What a world this would be if the perfect pedagogue had

for me, Mis' McNeil. I have heaps of his perfect chance ! mending to do now, and Our Lord is Now, we are in real danger of this helping me to just keepon, no matter sort of thing in American life unless how 1 feel. Our retreat master wrote we are well on guard. When the me that he'd jest received the Man mother gives up her rightful place to the schoolmaster, alas for the child. There is a penalty lurking behind exaggerated material prosperity. It But the thing I can't get through my head is her thinking Dickie and is the extinction of human senti-

REPORTS NOT EVERYTHING

When men are too busy counting money to play with their children they must pay for it. When they have finished the counting they will have lost their children. When a community is so occupied as to turn

over its human problems to the professional social worker, trained along purely mathematical lines, it will find at the end of a certain period of time that all the problems of crime and poverty and unrest have been choly reminiscence than of philosolved completely—on paper—the reports are all perfectly accurate, and

if it then gets a moment to put on its spectacles and look out of the window instead of at the report, it will find that the same problems are still there and nothing much really Dickie's a pretty baby, but I years agone with all the vanished has been accomplished, except the loops, loves, aims, and glories of printing.

I am perfectly aware that it will be sweet with his nap, or her with that warm rosy light shining right straight from her heart. And her old couple h ve toiled and hand went up to the locket she wore, shand serificed during all the

aided the unfortunate. is all over is, that the application of the latest up-to-date philosophy ha GOD HIMSELF IS CHARITY

GOD HIMSELF IS CHARITY It is a word sanctified by twenty Middle Ages. What sort of progress centuries of holiest and noblest usage. No other word can take its place is this new up to date sort? Where is the advance of these modern no other words means the same. But it must go. The decree is launched. By whom? By those who would, if nations which are content to rush blindly two steps onward and then take four backward? This is pre they could, put blind force in the cisely what they are bound to do in of God and the university a civilization without God. This is place president or the professor of psych precisely what modern sociologists will do when they attempt to substiology in the place of Christ. Well, the word charity will not go. We the word charity will not go. We know the trick now. Charity will stay. It is not, and you shall not make it by your two-step process, a make it by your two-step process, a consisted noun. Charity is as dear to us as God,

for God Himself is charity. Social charity in the diocese. service is not charity, never can be charity. Social service is at best an avocation. Oftener, in fact quite generally, it is an easy job. It has

straight from her heart. And her hand went up to the locket she wore, slaved and sacrificed during all the slaved and sacrificed during all the slaved and sacrificed during all the the sun and the advertising they get the sun and the advertising they get the sun and the

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