there is something you can do.

life and new hope—"
"Then be a model prisoner," the

priest said tersely. "That will do more for you than anything else. You can help me, too. I'll make use of you, I promise you that," laugh-

ingly.

Father Durkin's first move was to

mended and was advanced more rapidly than most. He was a fine worker-rapid, too, and well behaved. prise. It was incomprehensible, but the evidence was quite clear. You can't they say. The detective suspected

get away from that."
"And yet," the priest said, "you will be surprised to hear me say that I firmly believe in the young fellow's innocence." Then, as a half smile began to form on his auditor's face, he went on: "You think me overcredulous, or partial, perhaps. But I am neither. I only talked to Walter Treahey once; and yet during that talk I became so firmly convinced of while to come here and take up the matter with you and ask you," impressively, "to make an effort to clear him.

"But, my dear Father Durkin." the president exclaimed, half impatiently, you are asking the impossible. The boy had a fair trial. Experts went boy had a fair trial. Experts went over his books, and the same hand that entered the figures daily was the one that altered them."

The president was forced to laugh. "And Walter was not thrown with

Father Durkin threw out his hands. "Experts! Humbug!" he said. No one makes more mistakes than experts. Now, listen! I didn't come The president heard with deep inhere to provoke you by impugning the testimony of your witnesses. conviction that this boy is innocent. Here's the situation as I see it: If he is innocent, the guilty one is still in your employ, ready for further depredations, though I grant you he may lie low for a while. But isn't it to your advantage and to that of your patrons to be absolutely sure of those in your employ? I say nothing now of the terrible mistake of convicting an innocent man."

The president could not help being impressed by the priest's earnestness, but the idea of suspecting any one else was plainly startling. He shook his head after thinking it over for a glad to have a clear name again.

"It's very upsetting. You almost hands shake my conviction—but, you see, eyes. the evidence—the evidence, Father-"Forget the evidence for a bit. At

least, go at the matter from another angle. Set a quiet watch on all in the bank—just for a couple of months, let us say. If Treahey is innocent, it is well worth the trial. If not, you may find out something that you ought to know anyhow. But, remember this: I think you'll find the real thief!"

As the priest rose to go the president said with a smile: "You are a most convincing person. I shall Helen Moriarity, in the Rosary bring the matter before the directors and I hope, like you, to find young

Treahey innocent; but—"
Father Durkin held out his hand. "Thank you - thank you. Let us hope for the best. At any rate you are doing a splendid thing in giving

the boy another chance."

The prison days, packed full of work, passed quickly enough to the new convict, still depressed and sad, but becoming daily less despairing under the friendly counsels of the chaplain. It was Father Durkin's custom to go to the prison every day and give religious instructions to those of the prisoners who might have an occasional idle hour. Very absorbed in the work, and it was not long until the light returned to his eyes and the youthful elasticity to He became an apostle, too. among the men, and drew many a lagging one into the classes. His the work that the overworked chap-lain was occasionally given to won-

to himself, a bundle of papers under

happy today," was the priest's greet-

Walter took off his hat with a bright smile. "I am happy, Father,' he said, "Long John has just promised to come to Mass next Sunday!"

'Good work!" and the priest looked 'No wonder vou're highly elated. Long John was a life pris oner, a "hard case," who had up till now maintained an attitude of cold antagonism to any sort of religious ministrations. Winning this promise vas another evidence of Walter's in-

"Any news, Father?" the boy asked wistfully. It was a question he seldom asked, and his face cloud-

fluence.

and why. And it's strange, too binding force upon American courts, son alone was spare it isn't altogether the 'where' that which accept it, not as law but as Paul was his name."

I can't do a thing to clear you. But matters so much any more, as the And he walked away dejectedly, you promise to do it?"

And he walked away dejectedly.

"I will, Father," the boy said earnestly. "You have given me new kin was called to the First National Bank. He found the president alone and looking deeply harassed.

"Well, Father," he said at once, "you were right. Young Treahey is he said at once, Father Durkin's face beamed.

"Thank God!" he said quietly. "me about it—that is, if you can? see the president of the bank. He was received courteously and heard with attention.

"We have always liked the boy," the president said. "He came well a felon's cell he will go, but to a felon's cell he will go, but to a sanitarium

'What!" the priest uttered in sur-

him from the first, and he managed to catch him in the act of secreting some money. There he found all that had been stolen, that we suspected poor Treahey of taking—oh, that poor lad!" the president groaned unhappily. He rose and walked up and down nervously. "I give you and down nervously. my word. Father, this thing has near set me crazy, too-the thought of that boy's unjust sentence, no less than Wilson's guilt and condition-

"I can't quite understand-" "To throw an innocent young chap like that into the midst of a lot of

hardened criminals—"
"Oh, as to that," Father Durkin interrupted, "you need not worry. They're not such a terribly bad lot.

them so much, except to teach them.

terest an account of Walter's work in the penitentiary. "Father," he ed in a moved tone, make it up to him, you may be sure. And we want him back, of course. But I'll do something for him—I'll do something for him myself-

"The Lord has already done great things for Walter, Mr. Hunter," the priest said, thoughtfully.
It was Father Durkin's privilege to

break the happy news to Walter. He thought the lad was going to faint, he became so pale. Then a very still look of joy came into his eyes.
"I am glad," was all he could say

at first. Thank you, Father." The two clasped hands, looking deep into each other's

'There's only one drawback." Wal "I hate to leave you - and the men — poor fellows. Father"—the young man's face flushed and a new light came into his eyes-"Father, I think, if the Lord will have me, that I have found my life.

work-God bless you, my boy." And there were tears in the priest's eyes "I thought I could see where Our Lord was leading you. -Helen Moriarity, in the Rosary

## A FEDERAL DECISION AND THE MASS

Many were the friends of prohibition who had no doubt whatever that the prohibition law of Oklahoma could not possibly cause any incon-venience in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. No court, they said, would uphold contrary opinion, and statements of this optimistic tenor were obtained from "prominent lawyers." The sincerity of these advocates of prosoon he requisitioned Walter an an assistant. The young fellow became hibition need not be questioned, but it is greatly to be regretted that their attitude was shared by many friend who is in need, Tom?"
Catholics, most of whom probably "O, if you knew who I a labored under the delusion that "the assurances is now apparent from a them, was wonderful. He proved himself such an invaluable aid in the work that the overworked above The law of Oklahoma prohibits the importa-tion of alcoholic liquors into the State. Judge Clark has now affirmed

he saw Walter in the distance coming across the yard, whistling softly in due form. While it is rash to shricked in his fear. forecast the possible action of that "Why standard forecast the possible action of that "Why standard forecast the possible action of that "Why standard forecast the possible action of that the grounds on the priest. which the Supreme Court can reverse Judge Clark's ruling are certainly not obvious. If a State indirectly forbids the use of wine in the Holy Sacrifice by prohibiting the O Father, if you could listen—I must manufacture, importation or possession of wine, for any purpose whatsoever, no clause of the Federal straint. It is high time that Catho. of his crime:

fact. When will Catholics learn the lesson of "resisting the beginnings?" with a suppressed cry of agony and pain. But the beggar, all absorbed once in these pages, safety can be in his recital continued feverishly: sson of "resisting the beginnings?" respective legislatures, and into proposed State constitutional amendments, of a clause which either specifically authorizes the use of specifically authorizes the use of the wine for sacramental purposes, or limits the probibition to alcoholic liquors "for beverage purposes."

Otherwise, we shall face long and frantic, fearful cry, the miserable tedious processes of litigation, and must meet consequences of the gravest character, in case an absolute "bone-dry" legislation is upheld by the courts.—America.

## THE HEART OF A PRIEST

How noble, how generous, how allnbracing is the heart of the priest! Full of tenderness sublime, it daily sacrifices itself on the altar of God's love for the good of others, for both friend and foe. Such a heart was Father Paul's.

It was many, many years ago. Before the doors of a magnificent church in Paris, a poor beggar used daily to take up his stand. He had become a familiar sight there. Day after day he pleaded for the alms of the passers by; nor was he often disappointed. No one could resist the earnest entreaties of the ragged, unkempt old man with the pite features and quavering voice. The pious people who visited the church Tom." By no him "Old other name was he known. past history seemed to be wrapt in secrecy. Sometimes, when the wind blew aside the greasy rags which covered him, a golden cross could be seen glittering on his breast. Some token — perhaps a dear mother's parting gift—so thought the kind givers, as they generously responded

the beggar's appeal. Old Tom," in his station near the church's doors, soon found a fast friend. This was Father Paul, a young priest who was accustomed to Mass at that church. Having abundant compassion for all whose lot it is to feel the weight of poverty and suffering, the good young priest never passed the beggar without giving him a gift of money, accompanied by a kind word and a bright smile. And the old man always thanked him with a countenance lit up by gratitude and joy. He learned to e Father Paul even as the young

priest loved him.
One day, on coming out of the church, Father Paul was about to make his accustomed offering, when, to his surprise, he found "Old Tom' nowhere in sight. Several days passed, and yet he did not appear.
What could be the matter? He inquired. "Old Tom," he was told,
was sick and at "home." Forthwith the priest asked the way to his dwelling place. In a poor quarter of the city, in a dilapidated tenementhouse, in a garret at its very top, he found "Old Tom's" room. "So this is the poor soul's home," murmured the priest, as he rapped at

the creaky door.
"Come in!" cried a feeble, yet "Come in!" cried a feedle, yet anxious voice. Father Paul entraordinarily hard to speak, as a treed. There, upon a rude mattress traordinarily hard to speak, as a knowledge of the facts enables us to, at one end of the room, lay 'Old Tom." A glance sufficed to show Tom." A glance sufficed to show the priest that the poor beggar would the priest that the poor beggar would

if you knew who I am, you would never, never come to me," groaned Tom. "I'm a vile sinner Federal Constitution protects every ground Tom. "I'm a vile sinner, citizen in the free exercise of his I've committed an awful crime. God religion." How vain were these has forsaken me—and He's right assurances is now apparent from a What can I hope for but punishment, punishment, punishment!'

ment, punishment; punishment!

He was evidently in an agony of
fear and despair.

"Hush, Tom," said the priest consolingly. "What are you saying!
God is good; He is long suffering

Appeal will be taken to the will never forgive me—never—never upreme Court of the United States —never!" The dying man almost

Why should He not ?" continued 'Surely you are sorry : are you not sorry, Tom?'

moaned the beggar. Sorry ?" "I've been sorry these thirty long ears, ever since that awful crime. tell someone. My sin is always before me."

Then in a broken voice he poured Constitution can be invoked in restraint. It is high time that Catho of his crime: "Twas during the lics should realize this fact. Oklahoma has made her law. Until I was the honored and respected such time as an enlightened public butler of a rich and noble family. such time as an enlightened public opinion obtains the repeal of those sections which can possibly affect sections which can possibly affect the Holy Sacrifice, Oklahoma not only may, but must, abide by the legislation which she has created. Furthermore, abstracting wholly from any Federal question, in a conflict hetween the law of the Church them should here their property. It has bould here their property. It has been the law of the Church them should here their property. he seldom asked, and his face clouded as the priest shook his head.

"Not yet. But keep up your courage. You're doing good work and—"
The young fellow sighed. "I'm glad you think so," he responded slowly. "I do love the work among the men; and I'm happy doing it—except when I remember where I am—and why. And it's strange, too—it isn't altogather the 'where' that

Here the listening priest started guaranteed only by securing the insertion into State prohibition measures, before their approval by the respective legislatures, and into proposed State constitutional amendations of a classic state of scale and the state of t breast was worn by my beloved mis frantic, fearful cry, the miserable man fell back upon his pillow, ex-Father Paul arose, pale and tren

bling, and drew aside the curtain indicated. Two pictures were there—!

He returned to the bedside and,
seating himself, calmly and softly said: "God is good, Tom. Confess now and all will be forgiven." Grace conquered, and the old beggar, who had suffered so long and so terribly for the crime of his younger days, made a fervent confession. "Absolvo Te." "I absolve thee"—in God's own name the words fell from the lips of the holy priest. The beggar was reconciled with his God.

Now," said the priest, turning to sinking man, "as God has forthe sinking man, "as God has for given you, so I also forgive youwith all my heart. Your master, Tom, was my father, your mistress, my mother, their daughters my beloved sisters. I am Paul—the son who was spared.'

The dying man started up with a wild cry—bewildered, confused. Then he fell back with a low moan —fell into the arms of the priest who had forgiven him. "Old Tom," who had forgiven him. doubly forgiven, was dead .- The

## THE CATHOLIC RELIGION

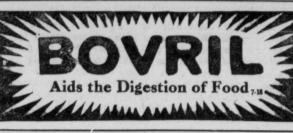
ON THE WAR'S FIRING LINE

In view of the fact that the Cham erlain Bill for an increase in Army Chaplains will soon be before Con-gress, an article by the Rev. C. C Martindale, S. J., is of timely interest in this country. Under the title, "The Catholic Religion and the British Soldier." Fr. Martindale writes

It has often been asked that some assessment should be made of the role and influence of the Catholic religion among our troops. This paper in no sense proposes to satisfy that request, but only to contribute a few considerations which may be suggestive when men of adequate ex-perience combine to put forward the complete statement and the verdict. Yet to speak of this subject truth-

fully is no easy task. Spiritual influences lend themselves reluctantly to statistics, and are not affairs of weights and measures. Again, those who are acquainted with individuals can rarely, owing to their work, take a comprehensive view and speak of what goes on in the army at large; while those who deal with masses of men, and have opportunities for a general outlook, fail, in the nature of things, to win intimate knowledge So of individuals; but religion in its most spiritual sense is a secret and individual thing. It is not easy to judge of the true bearing and value of, say, the General Communions of whole Companies. Finally, it is exthe priest that the poor beggar would soon beg no more. He was rapidly nearing his end. Catholics and non-Catholic alike to

forms itself round each man's soul. and reveals what is latent in him of unsuspected good or bad. At the same time it leaves the sensitive emotional part of the soul unsheathed and susceptible of all manner of new and elementary influences. And the tendency to religion is at least as elementary as the tendency to kill or steal. If, therefore, a congenial religious fact meets a man in this receptive and responsive condition. it will affect him in that very inmost of his soul, where associations of ideas and originating emotions are found, and where religious influences at ordinary times so rarely penetrate. And in those depths it may, for many



to conversion-point by the amazing was the living and more highly immunity from shot or shell which wounded whom they could assist and so many of the Crucifixes have en joyed. It is not our business to interpret the fact; but that fact is there, labor during two and a half years of and has thrilled hundreds of our war, who elicited this explanation on men, so much so that it is barely inquiring why, all that time, he had possible that the Crucifix should be never encountered any but the Cath any more misunderstood among us, olic padre in his work, and the Crucifixes of France and Need we say that eve Belgium are reproducing themselves and least experienced priests stand, in England in village after village, to the soldiers, quite frankly for the where war shrines are set up recom and have fallen.

Masses and prayers for the dead again have become familiar to our men, and the doctrine of purgatory has suddenly revealed itself as an obvious truth, in view of the splendid deaths of men who yet were assuredly not saints. It was felt that neither instant heaven, nor, certainly hell were for these; and, again, that utter cessation of communion with beloved comrades was intolerable. This latter intention has driven many, alas! though especially non combatants, to spiritualturned to the Catholic Church for the sheer glory of her creed and practice, which teach the existence of a purgatory, and that much may still be done, by the survivor, to assist and even "communicate" with the dead.

Almost laughable, indeed, has een the readiness of non-Catholic soldiers to profit by the pious parafind it everywhere quite impossible to keep pace with requests for rosaries, medals and badges of the Sacred Heart. There may be little enough of enlightened piety in all yet minds are being familiarized thus, too, with the name and notion of Mary, the real humanity of our Lord, and the existence of something better—even by way of mascot—than regimental monkey, goat or bulldog.

In many cases, too, which have come directly under my notice, it is has come to be felt a mascot. Non-Catholic officers have insisted on keeping certain subalterns, or certain N. C. O.'s, beside them, otherwise quite pointlessly, one might say, and merely because they were Catholics; or, again, that they might be with them, or perhaps pray over them, should they be mortally wounded, or, again, because they were determined that none but the Catholic padre should attend their death and burial. Reverse the proposition, and see how unthinkabl is that a Catholic, or indeed a man of any other religion, or of none, should wish to have, say a Methodist a Methodist! I have mentioned the Army Chan-

any direct account of their numbers lic dogma and practice, they wel-or occupation, nor even of their gal-come Confession, they revise their lantry. any, of those who undertake the Chaplain's office are lacking in galsoon beg no more. He was rapidly nearing his end.

A look of joy lit up the old man's face when he saw the unexpected visitor. "What, Father," he exclaimed, "you, you come to see me—me?"

"Surely, and why not?" returned
"Surely, and why not?" returned to the comparison of the compa days, is naturally far more often in the Holy Spirit seems to engineer Father Paul with a cheery smile. our Faith unique, it follows, again the forefront of things. In 99 cases the opportunity. "Think you I would desert an old from the nature of the case, that out of 100, when a Chaplain is to be Perhaps by the comparisons must here and there be made. We make them the less difficult of the case, that comparisons must here and there be made. We make them the less difficult of the case, that comparisons must here and there be found in the front line he is the best of all, priests here are finding catholic padre. But I refrain from revealed to them the good-will and dently because we write, in the main for Catholics; but we earnestly beg inexhaustible fund of illustration. What I do without hesitation empha- every facility given to the ministra believe us when we say that no party spirit, no resentment, and no conspirit, no resentment, and no controversial intention, animate us when we write.

Size is a state of the spirit of the men is so calculated as the man who stands pre-eminently at once as the most human and yet as once as the most human and yet It is often asked whether the War the most unflinchingly supernatural. city, where the general hospital is makes a man worse or better. In this shape the question is, we believe misguiding, and should not be asked misguiding. the work that the validity of that law in as far as it forbids, railroads and other common carriers to bring wine into the boy himself was the most in the boy himself was the most in the boy himself was the most in the work that the work the work that the work the work the work that the work t sort of satisfaction, believe me-that great building the Catholic men preside at canteens, dole out tobacco, write letters home, organize concerts and cinemas, and show themselves "good sorts;" but, alas! on the whole, their bedside prayers are not wanted; their tracts go unread; their allusions to religion are give retreats, either to the wounded, received at best respectfully; their bymns are resented; their church training to become officers. Nonparades attended reluctantly and of Catholic officers who have assisted at necessity. I do not mean that there is not much religious feeling among nothing short of miraculous to see non-Catholic soldiers, but it is of the vaguest sort, and expresses itself week, sacrificing their week end for with scarcely any spontaneity in any a space of silence, meditation, prayer, of the normal ecclesiastical ways, and confession, and enjoying it, and other than Catholic. It is not that a crying tears of happiness and grati none-too-large percents e of these tude, and departing convinced that good and gallant Chaplains do not they have had an unequalled holiasked for; nor that some do not even if some of these boys have, owing to environment, loneliness, Sacraments, as they believe themselves able to do; but the Sacraments have ceased to be a national perhaps, since the War than before requisite; the men feel no urgent it, yet they are coming out of it bet need of Communion, and have no least intention of going to Confession. But, after all, the truer expression of the non-Catholic attitude is provided ways many of them still more secret

Need we say that even our simplest

supernatural? And they suc mending to the parish the souls of those who had left it for the front, ing this without incurring the least or gloom, which often, and most unjustly as a rule, attaches to our Protestant fellow-workers. It is often hard to see the raison d'etre of the non-Catholic padre : no one fails to recognize that the Catholic men want a certain thing, and that their priest is there to give them exactly that Extraordinary results about by the mere sight of Communions given to men about to go over the top; I have known conversions directly due to a comparison between the clergyman who, before an attack, went among his men giving out tobacco, and the priest who, to the kneeling rows of Catholics, imparted Absolution; between the Presbyterian who cheered his men to courage by the jest that "even if they didn't all come back well—Glasgow was over-crowded," and the Catholic priest who could make his men exult even in the prospect of dying, now that they carried Christ with them. I

could heap up anecdotes which carry us into a world of super nature and spiritual heroism, and the revelation of the Highest existing and at work in the least promising-so an outward-seeing eye would judge of souls. But we are eager not to appear, as we said, partisan, or glad of any failure among others to do what Catholics do so naturally it remains that an immensely wide and deep impression has gone forth that the Catholic religion is the only religion which, as such, is

a "going concern," a "working propostion," which stands on its feet come directly under my notice, it is the whole person of a Catholic which has come to be full constant. Without bolstering, which can cope with sinners and the dying, which is objective and disciplined, and yet relentlessly spiritual and deals dir ect with God. Those who have not been privi-leged to go abroad with the troops catch the vast and manifold echo of

these voices here at home. It is no rare experience for those who visit hospitals to find officers and men alike assigning their religion as "R. C."—for in our military hospitals every case has to put him as belonging to some religious body or other-for no other reason than the front ; they want to become so. Man after man will say: "Here at his death, simply because he was last is the opportunity I was looking for, and which never yet has come lain. I do not here mean to give Catholic?" And they take to Catho It may well be that few, if moral code, with exhibitation, like men stepping out for the first time on to firm ground and into a free air. The field is immense and ready; the tragedy is that profits may be too few, or too unprepared, because not Yet in ways recognizably miraculous

> Sunday, Mass in all. So march themselves down, unbreak-fasted, at considerable inconvenience to themselves, in order to get their Mass in another branch of the hospital where it is being said. This is Into even closer touch with souls

a typical instance of the spirit not rarely to be found among these lads. wish to do more; but more is not day. Such a priest well sees that

perhaps, by that Chaplain who confessed that he never went to the dying or severer casualties, because throughout our armies and our land. answer for, has been impressed even he had nothing to do for them; it The opportunity is infinite; with it

the infinite Gcd alone can cope, and therein lies our confidence. dence Visitor.

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