

good German: she said her son was a prisoner here in Germany and had been badly treated. But she spoke most kindly—though I think she was a foolish person. Perhaps, she said, if she had pity on me, it would cause those where her son was to be kinder to him. I told her I had thrown my letter out of that window. 'If it had been yourself,' she said, 'some kind person might have helped you.' 'It was at four o'clock in the afternoon,' I told her, and she said 'To-morrow afternoon?' as if she was a fool, for I had told her it was two weeks ago. After she had gone I thought it over, and wondered how any rich, educated lady could be so silly.

"God bless her for ever, and send her son safe back to her," said Maria.

"Yes, Mutterchen! I wakened up in the night and thought 'Who was the fool she or I.' Next afternoon before four o'clock I went into the wash-place, where a dandy English soldier was cleaning his teeth—I almost laughed. But when he had finished and there was no one else there I went where my letter had gone. It was not easy, for the window was very little and opened outward—slantways to let the air in from the top. However I did get out, and found myself in the park—that hospital was a rich gentleman's house. There were little trees standing about, and it was so nearly dark they looked almost like people. I stood behind one and saw a motor-car coming.

"It stopped near my tree and a lady called out of the window: 'John, I think I have dropped my muff—while I was showing my pass to the sentry at the gate. Would you go and see?' It was my lady, my fool as I had thought her.

"John went back as she told him—and did not return for five minutes. She had dropped the muff—on purpose, though not where she had been speaking to the sentry. She had dropped it out of the window.

"Meanwhile she had opened the door for me and told me to cower down on the floor at her feet, and a big fur-rug of hers she had stretched over me from her knees to the seat opposite. She thanked the man for finding the muff, and her hand shook as she received it from him. I thought she was talking silly again when she said 'John, do I look pale? I feel pale. I feel as if I should like to be sick. Do you think I am going to faint?' John couldn't see whether she was pale or not. It was too dark in the car. But he said 'Yes, my lady. Sadly pale. P'raps your ladyship had better go home.' She generally stayed a long time in the hospital, and I expect he preferred to go home. 'Very well, it may be best,' she said, as if unwillingly. So we turned round and went to her home, a sort of castle on the edge of a town. She kept me there, hidden, for some days. Then a pass came for her, from a great Minister, to go to Holland, where she pretended her own poor son had been sent from here. I travelled with her as her footman, dressed in her livery. She pretended I had been shell-shocked and could hardly speak. We got to Holland—after which it was not so hard, but still hard enough. She had to tell many lies, and used to cry afterwards. But she told them—saying that her son was at Düs-

seldorff and if she could get there would she be allowed to see him. At Düsseldorf I asked her to let me go and see the Commandant, and she gave me her card—a Countess she was, though there was no coronet on the card. I told the Commandant all she had done, and he came to see her and promised he would do all he could for her son, and he began by going himself to see the Commandant of the prison-camp where her son was: and he brought the son back with him—that Commandant likes Countesses I am sure, even English ones. So she didn't go back to England alone, but her son only had to wear the footman's clothes for a day—till they got to The Hague. So after all her lie about seeing her son at Düsseldorf came true, and her first lie to the Minister about his being in Holland."

"God wasn't much angry with her lies," said Maria, "that sees itself."

"So," Fritzen concluded, "here I am, with three Christmas trees and plenty of tapers but no presents. Frau Schaun thought me crazy to buy so many trees and so many candles, but no presents. I said one was enough and it was ready. Here it is." And the big lad thumped himself for explanation. Though he had bought so many tapers his mother took the three candles from the window and fastened one to each tree.

"Listen," she said, "to the bells chiming." "For unto us a Son is given," chimed the bells.

Another Scripture text came reproachfully into old Fritz's mind.

"For my son was dead and is alive."

'Twas he, not his son, who had wandered far, and eaten the swine's husks of doubt and misbelief.

"Why," asked Fritzen, "don't you use all the tapers I bought?" There were dozens and she had only fixed six of them to each tree. "It is enough," she whispered softly. "One for each of your brothers and sisters, who are keeping their Christabend with the Christ Child Himself."

BOOK NOTICES

The Path of Prayer, by Vincent McNabb, O.P. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. 1/- net.

Father McNabb explains that this little book is made up of extracts from the diary of his friend, Sir Laurence Shipley. It is the story, told in delightful language, of how a man stricken with a terrible disease kept growing nearer to God as death approached. It is a beautiful little book.

The Counsel Assigned, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Price 2/6 net.

This artistically published volume contains an enchanting story about Abraham Lincoln. Its restraint and its delicacy of diction make it a little classic.

Irish Tales of Love and Beauty, by Josephine Ransom. Stockwell, London. 3/-.

The author understands the importance of the ancient legends of a people, and she has felt the charm and the poetry of the folklore of the Gael. These stories of Maeve and Etain and Macha and Brigid are beautiful, and we ought to be thankful for them in these days of worthless novels.

Sing Ye Wisely, by Gregorius. From Pellegrini, Sydney. Post free 2/6.

The object of this book is to show our Catholic people how they may "sing wisely" in accordance with the spirit of the Church and the instructions of the Holy See. In simple language that appeals to all the reader is taught how to reverence and love the grand traditional music of the Church and to appreciate its superiority over modern music. The book is at once a practical manual and a vindication of Gregorian Chant. It has been warmly received by the authorities, and it ought to be widely read by Catholics.

Saint Madeleine Sophie, by Maud Monahan. Longmans. Price (paper) 2/6, (cloth) 3/6.

This opportune life of the foundress of the great teaching Order of the Sacred Heart Sisters is an inspiring and edifying book. It shows us how God chose the humble daughter of a French vine-dresser to be His instrument in building up a barrier against the dangerous tendencies of secular education, which is the radical cause of the chaos and unbelief of the present age. There is a preface by Cardinal Bourne.

Christ in His Brethren. By Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated by Irene Hernaman. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price 6/-.

A volume like this comes appropriately at a time when, in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, we ought all be striving for the restoration of the peace of Christ among men. The learned Jesuit deals with the great laws of unity, charity, and solidarity which govern our common life in Christ. And, having laid the foundations, he proceeds to point out the means by which the reign of Christ may be brought about. These illuminating chapters on The Exterior Apostolate, the Apostolate of Prayer, and the Apostolate of Suffering, are full of inspiring thoughts for all zealous Catholics.

St. Augustine's City of God, by Joseph Riekaby, S.J. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price 3/6.

Father Riekaby's name on any book is sufficient introduction and ample guarantee of its worth. In the present volume the scholarly writer gives us a study of the great classic, which may be described as the first attempt to produce a work on the philosophy of history. This book throws a flood of light on St. Augustine's masterpiece, and will prove a boon to students of Patrology.

A Key to the Doctrine of the Eucharist, by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price 6/-.

Dom Vonier's works are well known to Catholic readers and to them the appearance from his pen of a study on the doctrine of the Eucharist will be welcome. This volume, the fruit of much thought, aims at bringing home to readers all the rich doctrines that are contained in the simple but accurate words which teach us in our childhood that Christ's Body and Christ's Blood, nothing more, nothing less, nothing lower, nothing higher, are offered up on the Catholic Altar.

Few take care to live well, but many to live long, though it is in every man's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter.

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