The Bird with a Broken Wing. BY H. BUTTERWORTH.

I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its own sweet strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

I found a youth, life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with Christ-like pity
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the soul with a broken pinion
Never soars so high again.

But the bird with a broken pinior But the bird with a wit

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

The arrival at a place we have not seen memory, has generally something melan-choly in it—sometimes only a pleasing sadness, sometimes a heavy gloom. When it is a quiet country landscape we gaze on, or a fine extensive view of sea or land, or a mountainous region half-way between us and the sky—such reminiscences are far less depressing than when they are connected with the busy haunts of men, the great thoroughfares of life. In a great city when you enter a hotel and have nothing to do but to sit down and think, when every sight and sound is at once familiar and strange, when for many a long hour you are alone in the midst of an ever-rolling tide of human beings, the feeling of solitude is painfully oppres-sive; there is not a book on your table; no one knocks at your door; the postman brings you no letters; carriages roll in the street, but they do not stop; you mechanic-ally listen to the increasing and decreasing noise as they pass or they approach, go by, and recede; you go to the window go by, and recede; you go to the window and watch the passengers, all intent upon something, and feel as if you, alone in the world, had nothing to do, and were stranded for the time being on the shore of the great stream of human life.

M. and Madame d'Auban experienced

this very powerfully on the way when they took up their residence in a small lodging which a friend had engaged for them in one of the old-fashioned streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. To be once more in Paris, and to be there together, seemed so extraordinary. The commonplace aspect of everything about them was D'Auban was very tired with the long journey, and so was Mina. He sat down near a window and fell into a fit of musing. Mina placed herself on a stool at his feet and watched with a frowning countenance the carriages and foot-passengers; then she took out her pocket-book and wrote in it the following pocket-book and wrote in it the following remarks: "August 5th, 1730. We are just arrived in Paris. It is a very ugly, melancholy place—not at all like the Illinois or Louisiana; it is like a great forest of houses. Men have made this forest, and Almighty God the great forests of the new world; I like best Almighty God's work. Page and prompts do not God's work. Papa and mamma do not Scots, who said, 'Adieu. plaisant pays de France.' I say, with a deep sigh, 'Bon-jour, triste pays de France.' She had jour, triste pays de France.' She had never seen the new beautiful France where I was born-where I used to lie down on the grass under the pine-groves, watching the sunshine through the green on the grass under the pine-groves, watching the sunshine through the green branches—where every one was kind to me. I want to go back."... The pencil dropped from the young girl's hand, and her head rested against her father's knee. She had fallen asleep. He picked up the pocket book and read what she had written. A rather and smile written. A rather sad smile sed his lips; then taking his daughter in his arms, he carried her into the back room and laid her on the bed without

awaking her.
Madame d'Auban, meanwhile, was ng dress and unpacking her things. Once, in passing fore a looking-glass, she stopped and gazed attentively at her own face. It was still a very beautiful one, and the expression of her matchless eyes was as lovely but of that she could not judge. as everher that she looked much older, and that no one that had known her in former days would be the least likely to recognize her 'How foolish I am," she thought, "to be always so afraid of seeing people! I will try to feel and do like others; to shake off my nervousness, and make acquaintance with my husband's friends. If they ask my maiden name was, what shall I say?" She smiled to herself, and said, half aloud, "Mdlle. Desillinois."

When she went into the sitting-room, her husband raised his hand languidly and said-"I wonder, after all, why we

She looked at him anxiously, and sitting down by his side, answered, "Because I would come; because I care more for your health than I do for anything else on claimed with passionate tenderness; "my beloved one! friend to more than human friendship true! what without you, would life be to me?"

"No, no," d'Auban replied with a troubled look, and speaking in an agitated manner. "I ought not to have married you. I should have insisted on restoring you to your kindred.'

"How can you speak in that way? it was impossible," said his wife, half im.

patiently.
"Oh, I don't know. Selfish passion of en deceives us, and happiness hardens the heart. During all our years of bliss it never occurred to me that I had dealt unjustly by you, but since I have been ill, and have seen you wearing yourself out in nursing me, and since the horrible run two years ago, a terrible self-reproach pursues me; it is that as much as the climate, that has made me

"And you let this go on without tell-

foolish thought! O Henri, I can hardly

forgive you. . . ."
"What was the use of speaking? Have "What was the use of speaking! Have I not bound you to me by irrevocable ties? Have I not irreparably injured you? No, when everything about us was bright and beautiful, and I could spend every hour in working and in planning for your happiness; when every one who came near you loved you and was kind—as that dear child wrote in her journal a moment ago—it did not appear to me in that light. I did not regret for you the loss of a position which, but for me, you might yet regain. But here, in this mean lodging, where no one notices your registration. where no one notices your arrival or gives you a welcome; you, who would once have been lodged in a palace and had princes and nobles at your feet; here, where I for-see what you may have to suffer with and Oh, my dear heart, it is more than I can endure. . . ."

His wife laid her hand on his, and there

was a tone of indignant tenderness in her voice as she replied, "Henri, banish, crush such thoughts as you would an unworthy temptation! They pain, they wrong me What next to faith in Him is God's bes gift to a women? Is it not the love of a noble heart? To you I owe every joy I have known on earth, and under Him have known on earth, and under Him every hope of heaven. You have taught, consoled, instructed, and guided me. You for many years, the sight of obejets familiar to us in our yeath—of things we recollect, and of others which have changed the apect of the picture imprinted in our the property of the picture imprinted in our t How can you talk to me of my kindred, of palaces and princes? Henri, are you not the light of my eyes, the beloved of my heart, dearer and better to me than ten sons? O God, forgive me!" she passionately exclaimed, falling on her knees; "forgive me if I loved one of Thy creatures too mach, if in my hours here. tures too much-if in my happiness I have not thought enough of my poor boy. If even now poverty, suffering with my husband is joy compared to the brightest fate on earth without him. O Henri!" she said, turning to him again, you must have little known of my love to peak as you did just now. Never again say you have wronged me; I cannot bear

her hand. "Forgive me, my love, for-give me," he cried. "I did not mean thus to agitate you; but the wild." did pass through my mind before you spoke that even now I ought to run the risk of being parted from you—that I ought to make your name and position known, and to relinguish the offer; yes, thought it might be my duty, a blessing

"What words are these, Henri? what evil spirit has whispered this accursed thought in my husband's ear? It did do not deserve. thought in my husband's ear? It did not reach your heart—by my own I know it did not. O hated France! detested Europe! poisonous air of an old corrupted world! Sooner had we both died by the hands of the Natches, sooner perished on the shores where we first met and first loved, than that you should deem it possible we should part. Listen to me Henri. If in the first days of our happiness, ween there was not a gray hair on your head, then your arm was so strong that you could earry me like an infant over the streams of St. Agathe, I should have rewhat perfect French You speak: Quite streams of St. Agathe, I should have refused to separate from you even for the sake of my son, or for any other affection or interest in the world, do you think I would do so now, when your strength has been spent for me, and that during twelve Madame d'Auban smiled; but Mina, would do so now, when your strength has been spent for me, and that during twelve blessed years I have learnt every day to love you more? Do you not remember that that God, the God whom you have taught me to know and serve, has said that those whom He has joined together men may never sunder? But we have she not be perfect in every way, though look happy; and I do not like France. been talking like two foolish creatures-

take it to heart and answer you seriously.' "Well," said d'Auban, with a half-sad, half-pleased smile, "I believe it was a fit of insanity; and yet-

"A good night's rest will restore your senses, dearest heart; and to-morrow you must go and see your friends the d'Orge-villes, and prepare to introduce to them your wife; and we must find out who is the best physician we can consult, and begin to see a little of this wonderful city. Mina, and I too indeed, will stare at everything like savages. I must also learn a little about French housekeeping. Our hostess will put me in the way of it. She has promised to show us the St. Sulpice to-morrow morning. You must lie in bed and rest. But when once Mina has been into a church she will, at home in Paris, and not consider it such an uncouth place as she does

D'Auban smiled more gaily, and during the rest of the evening, watched her light and graceful movements as she passed from one room to the other, unpacking their clothes and books, and gradually giving a more cheerful look to the dingy little apartment. He thought she looked so like a princess, that it seemed to him difficult the world should not recognize the imprint of royalty on her fair brow and graceful form.

The next day he went to the Hotel

d'Orgeville, and was shown into the same salon where, so many years ago, he had spent hour after hour. Scarcely an article of furniture had been moved from the place in which he remembered it. The red velvet sofas and high-backed chairs, and house used to sit when she received company of an evening; the antique cabinets with folded doors, and the etageres lo ded with china; the portraits on the walls-everything was looking just s it did on the night that he conversed about emigration with M de Mesme and M. Meret, and for the first time though seriously of

going to America.

When Madame d'Orgeville came into the room, he preceived that her face, if not her furniture, bore witness to the lapse of years. Her hair had turned white, and supplied the place of her former. Nothing could be more cordial

than her greeting.

"Ah! my dear colonel," she exclaimed, seizing both his hands, "How charmed I am to see you! What centuries it is since we have met! and how many things have happened! But you are not looking

"I am very far from well," he answered. "We colonists go in search of fortune, madame, and often lose health,

the greater blessing of the two."
"And have you made your fortune?" "Not anything to boast of—a liveli-hood, my dear friend, nothing more. ing me that you had such a wrong, such a . The Narches insurrection depreciated the 'on her knees.

value of property in New France at the time I was obliged to sell. As soon as I get well, I intend to try and get employ-ment in the colonies—if possible in the

"You do not mean, then, to return to Louisiana ?"

"No, madame, not if I can help it." "I am not surprised at that, after all you went through, and the terrible scenes you witnessed, your wife and child so nearly perishing, and you arriving just in time to rescue them and the other captives. I assure you it was much spoken of at the time, and you are considered quite a hero. So many people will be wanting to see you, I expect you will be quite the fashion. M. Maret showed us the interesting acdeath. By the way, you will meet him if you come here this evening. He may be of use to you about the appointment you want. He is in high favour at pre-

sent with monsieur le prince."

D'Auban could scarcely refrain from smiling—it was so exactly the same thing over again, as in past years. Before he had time to answer, Madame d'Orgeville

"And now tell me about your marriage Madame d'Auban is French, I suppose ?"
"Her mother was a German. Her father's name was M. de Chambelle. I father's name was M. de Chambelle. It suppose you never heard of the family but I assure you that she is une demoiselle de tres-bonne-maison."

"And a good parti, I hope."

"She brought me, as her dower, a co cession of some importance, which, had my health allowed me to remain in America, might have proved valuable; but we sold everything before leaving America "

'And you have a daughter?" 'Yes, a little creole of twelve years old, who looks as if fifteen. I hope you will

et me introduce her to you."
"Most willingly. And now that I think of it, my carriage is at the door. Allow me to reconduct you to your home, and then I may have, perhaps, at once the pleasure of making Madame d'Auban's

equaintance."
D'Auban assented, for he thought that the sooner his wife got over the nervous-ness she felt at the sight of strangers the better it would be, and his intimate friends she must needs see during her stay in Paris. Madame d'Orgeville wished to show her old friend every kindness, but she was also very curious to see his wife. Some of her acquaintances, who had been at New Orleans, had spoken in terms of admiration of her grace and beauty; but she did not trust in their taste, a d was anxious to judge for herself before invit-

ing her to her house. She was taken by surprise, not so much by Madame d'Auban's beauty, as by singular distinction of her manner, and the pure and refined French which she she spoke. With the freedom of Parisian manners, and the privilege which people who are at the head of a coterie sometimes assume of saying whatever comes into their head, she exclaimed, in the midst of her conversation with her, "Good heavens how handsome you are, madame, and what perfect French you speak! Quite

who was being led into the room at that moment by her father, heard Madame d'Orgeville's words, and deeply resented and when, after kissing her on both cheeks, Madame d'Orgeville called her a charming oreole, the indignant look which she put on made her look so pretty, that that lady, during the rest of her visit, could hardly take her eyes off her. "She is quite as pretty is M dame de Prie," she thought, "and with an expression of purity and in-nocence such as I have never yet seen. That face will make her fortune, if it does not prove her ruin. I am rather glad my aughters are not so strikinly beautiful. believe the safest thing for a women is to be tolerably good-looking, and have a good dowery." Whilst these reflections good dowery." Whilst these reflections were passing through her mind she was, with that won lerful power some people possess of being engrossed with two subjects at these passes. good dowery. jects at once, most earnestly recommend-ing to Madame d'Auban a physician of

for the next day, and proposed that Mina should spend the afternoon with her hould spend daughters and some of their friends. That afternoon proved a beautiful one The weather was warm without being hot, the sun shining brightly, and the sky cloudless. The garden of the Hotel cloudless. The garden of the Hotel choice roses and China asters. The trees were beginning to put on their brown and red colouring, and the grass plot in the centre was studded with buttercups and

the name of Lenoir, who, she assured her,

was one of the first medical men ir. Paris.

She ended by inviting them all to

Mina who for months had not seen a garden, and scarcely a flower, was in ecs-The wearisome sea voyage had een succeeded by the journey in a close oiligence, and two days in the entresol of the Rue des Saints Peres. If she had been alone, her delight would have been unbounded. As it was, she could not resist taking a run across the grass, and timidly asking Julie d'Orgeville if she might gather some buttercups—a permission which was graciously granted with a rather supercilious smile, for Mdlle d'Auban was half a head taller than Mdlle Julie, and for a girl of that height she deemed it rather a childish amusement. The young ladies sat down on a semi circular stone bench at the end of an alley of plane-trees, and began to converse in

girl of ten years of age asked what they were going to play at.

Mademoiselle d'Orgeville said, "We most of us prefer conversation; but you may, if you like, propose to the younger t of the society to play at ladie What will she do?" said the le

an undertone, which gradually rose to a higher key, as the subjects under discus-

sion became more interesting. A little

the younger ones, pointing to Mina.
"What do you do when you play ladies?" inquired the latter, raising large blue eyes from the flowers she

"Oh, one is Madame la Duchesse, and another Madame la Princesse, and another Madame la Marquise, and so on." "Then one, you krow, has les grandes entrees at Court," cried a little girl. "And the duchesse have tabourets,"

said another.
"And then we stand at the door of the arbour, and pretend it is the queen's dressing room; and we go in according to our ranks and stand by her majesty; and Madame la Duchesse hands her her shift, if there is no one of higher rank in the room; but if one of the princesses comes

in, she, of course, gives it up to her. . . ."
"Which is to be the queen?" asked Mina, looking round the circle.
"We always draw lots for that. By the way, do you know, mesdemoiselles, that way, do you know, mesdemoiseles, that
my mother says that yesterday, at the
funeral of the Princesse de Conti,
Madame la Duchesse de Boufflers pushed
by, and would not let Mademoiselle de
Clarmont sprinkle the corpse before she
had done so herself. But she had all the
trouble in the world to prevent it."

"But my papa says that it is quite ridiculous to suppose that duchesses have the
right."

"Then your papa is mistaken, made-moiselle. And if I play at going to Court to-day, I shall be madame de Boufflers, and nothing shall induce me to yield up

that point."
"Well, all I know is that I went to see Mdlle. de St. Simon yesterday, and that she says the pretensions of the Duchesse de Boufflers are quite shocking, and that she should never have taken precedency

of Mademoiselle de Clarmont, who was re-presenting the Queen."

"Who cares what that ugly girl says?
She is like a note of interrogation—a little crooked thing, always asking questions and laying down the law like the cross old duke her father." duke her father."

"Would you like to be the queen, Mademoiselle d'Auban? You may if you like," said the leader of the youthful

should not know how to behave." thought of her grasso throne, and her sable courtiers who used to call her their chief, in the green prairies far away; but that was not like playing at being the queen of France, and she said she should like better to stay where she was, and to tie up her buttercups. An animated conversation was carried

the elder girls, which chiefly related on by the elder girls, which chiefy related to their various prospects, and the inten-tion of their parents with regard to their establishment in life. Some were already engaged to be married, though they had seen their future husband. Some were to be married as soon as a suitable alliance could be found for them. Some hoped, and some feared, they might have to go into religion. They talked of the good luck of one of their friends, who had become the wife of a gentleman whose position at Court would enable her to take precedency of her sister, who had wedded, the year before, a wealthy jurisconsulte, a cousin of the Messieurs Paris. One young lady they mentiened, Alice le Pelletier, was actually about to be mar-ried to the son of the duc et pair. "But then, you know, she is immensely rich," said Julie d'Orgeville, "and her mother has a Beauford. Do your parents intend to marry you in France, Mademoiselle d'Auban? she asked of Nina, who answered with simplicity—
"I don't think the, mean to marry me

"Are you, then, going into religion ?"
"I have never thought of it," Mina

said. she not be perfect in every way, though she did not live in this odious Paris?, Mina's face was one of those which a "I suppose you have thought of very little yet, my dear, but playthings and rective to "said". weetmeats," said Julie, good-humour-

edly, but in rather a contemptuous man-Mina blushed, but made no reply. How little the elder girl knew of the depth of thought and feeling in the soul of that child, who had gone through more emotions, and waged more inward battles and exercised more virtues already, than she had ever dreamt of in her limited sphere of thought and action! Julie d'Orgeville was not without amiable qualities, and her principles were good; so were those of many of the girls gathered together on that occasion. Some of them eventually became excellent wives and mothers, and exemplary fervent nuns. But they were impregnated for the time with the levity and the prejudices of the worldy society to which they belonged, and reflected in a childish form the aspect

Mina felt miserably at a loss in their company. They were neither like women nor like children. She could not reach high enough, or descend low enough, to be on a level with them; hers had been such a totally different training. Crime and virtue, innocence and guilt, are perhaps less strange to each other, as far as sympathy goes, than womaness unworldliness. Erring souls sometimes unworldliness. Where there is guilt unworldliness. Erring souls sometim appreciate goodness. Where there is gu there is often remorse, and remorse feeling. But the worshippers of rank fashion, and wealth look with a comfort able sense of superiority on those who do not adore the same idols as themselves anomaly, but the thing exists, and the principles of worldliness are never so broadly displayed as in such cases; for childhood is conistent; thoughts, words, and actions are all in accordance. Plausiand actions are all in accordance. bility is the growth of a more advanced period of life; a slowly-acquired quality which it requires time to mature.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

No man can do a good job of work. oreach a good sermon, try a law suit well doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady, nerves and should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

HAVE COURAGE.-You may suffer from scrofula or some foul humor, your liver may be congested, your lungs diseased, your kidness deranged, your joints distorted with rheumatism, you may be almost a walking skeleton, yet despair not, Burdock Blood Bitters has cured others it may cure you.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE CHURCH-LAWS

inst. by His Holiness Leo XIII. to the cardinals of the Church fittingly closes the record of the transactions whose successive stages are to be traced in the recently-pub-lished correspondence between the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Cardinal Secretary of State. In solemn and impressive language the head of the Church protests against the outrage which the Liberal Government of a Catholic peo-ple has dared to perpetrate against the rights of the Holy See. His words will sink deep into every Catholic heart, and the insult which their rulers have offered to the Holy Father will only bind the faithful people of Belgium in closer ties of devotion and obedience to the Supreme Pontiff. It is needless to say that the language of Leo XIII., justly severe as it is in denunciation of the wrong that has been done the Church of God, is not that of personal irritation or offended dignity. In the words which he has addressed to the cardinals he is "not so much moved by personal grief as solicitous for the honor of the Apostolic See," and, in the vindica-tion of that honor and in the guarding of the rights of the Church against the attacks of her enemies, he discharges an ex-alted duty, the happy accomplishment of

means chosen by Providence for THE PRESERVATION OF CHRISTENDOM. Leo XIII. has given one more proof to the world that neither by force nor by stratagem can any concession inconsistent with the rights and duties of the Catholic Church be wrung from the hands of their divinely-appointed guardian. The wiles and shifts of the Belgian Minister, and his disgraceful attempt to torture the kindly forbearance and gentle courtesy of the Holy Father into proofs of duplicity or of vacillation, are shown in their true light throughout the published correspondence,

upon the religion

of the mass of the belgian people.

emotion mingled with this consciousness renders prayer for the dead a necessity, even The allocution of the 20th of August, to those while denouncing in fitting terms the init as valueless. controversy upon the important point with which it deals. Once again the Church, by the voice of its supreme pastor, has conclearly comes learning being altogether separated from religion, it is prescribed that all teaching easy to perceive how dangerous this is to tion." This danger, not uncertain and re-mote, but an immediate and defined dan-ger, being obvious to the Belgian bishops, it was their bounden duty, in accordance with the sacred laws of the Church, to give every possible opposition to the es-tablishment in their country of so pernicious a system; and that opposition received at the hands of the head of the Church THE FULLEST APPROVAL AND SUPPORT.
The Pope, whose first duty it is to pre-

he rope, whose first duty it is to pre-serve everywhere the faith nudefiled, was, in the words of the allocution, "by the very necessity of our office, unable to al-low that the law should pass uncondemn-d" "Wherefore" he are "fin our letlow that the law should pass uncondenni-ed." "Wherefore," he says, "in our let-ters to our most beloved son Leopold II., King of the Belgians, we openly declared that the law passed on the 1st of July was that the law passed on the 1st of July was very repugnant to Catholic teaching; that it was pernicious to the salvation of youth, and would be in no slight degree pernicious to the state itself. In the way, thereious to the state itself. In the way, therefore, in which we have more than once disapproved and condemned such a law, in that same way do we now, in the sight of you all, for the same causes, disapprove and condemn it again. And this thing we do according to the tradition and rules of the Apostolic See, which has always visited with the weight of its judgment and authority schools devoid of all religion, which they call middle or neutral, and which, by their own nature, issue at last in this, that they ignore God altogether; nor has the Holy See ever suffered schools of this kind to be frequented by Catholic youth, except in certain cases, when the necessity of the time compelled it, and necessity of the time compelled it, and under the preliminary condition of all danger of contagious perversion being re-

We have here laid down in the clearest manner the absolute prohibition of the Church against the attendance of Catholic children in schools where there is danger of loss of faith. We have also the establishment of the principle that, in certain

THE PAPAL ALLOCUTION.

CASES OF necessity induced by the circumstances of time and place, it is allowable for Catholic children to attend non-Catholic schools in which it is possible to preserve them from the proximate danger of perversion. Thus Catholics may avail themselves of the advantages offered in the primary national schools in Ireland, and, due precautions being taken, children and under the sanction of the bishops being the sanction of may under the sanction of the bishops be sent, in cases of necessity, to non-Catholic schools in England. But in all such cases one indispensable condition is necessary, and it is that no child shall be exposed to anything which may reasonably be held to constitute a proximate danger of its perversion. -London Tablet, Aug. 28.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

CATHOLIC IMPULSE IN PROTESTANT HEARTS. It was but recently in an issue of the

Br

Advocate that we quoted the warm eulogy of Lord Byron on prayers for the dead as being an innate feeling of humanity. It is so touching in itself that it strikes the kindliest sentiments of our nature, and fills the soul with the sentiment of union with those from whom death has ruthlessly parted us. It is an inspiration that springs from faith and yearning, from our con-ception of the value of religion and the demands of justice; and the more we attempt to investigate its subtle connection with the idea of Christian immortality, the more it seems necessary to fill the void occasioned by a human certainty of loss of which by successive popes throughout the whole history of the Church has been the means chosen by Providence for

the beloved and its aching of sorrow.—

Not many months ago the Protestant Queen of England, the head of the Protestant Church in England, Ireland and Scotland, the head of the Protestant Church in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Hindostan, in Asia and the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa, knelt down beside her daughter's tomb in Germany, and who can doubt prayed for her. This is so natural that we are certain it occurs day after day in Protestant homes where death has come.
It is at once the refuge of intelligent and gifted minds, and of the less cultured and humble souls from the loneliness of the sorrow caused by death. To prove our and will draw down upon their author the condemnation which such a form of diplomacy justly entails upon the man who stoops to employ it. And the allocution of the Holy Father proves beyond doubt that Leo XIII, has not been deceived as to woman of no special intellectuality, beyond that Leo XIII. has not been deceived as to the real bearing of the situation. "But now," he says, "considering more deeply the nature of the matter in this, as in other affairs of the same sort which are transpir- ographer. In his diary we find his attesting in almost every durection, we recognize certain notes which signify that a war long certain notes which signify that a war long ago nefariously undertaken against the Catholic Church has broken out again violently." The design to withdraw the Belgian Legation from the Vatican, entertained as his Holiness well knew, from the first moment when the reins of power fell into the hands of the Liberal party, was one product of carrying out this way for which as its Holiness well knew, from the first moment when the reins of power fell into the hands of the Liberal party, was one mode of carrying out this war for which only a colorable pretext was wanting; and the law brought forward respecting primary education, in itself a violent attack upon religion, was cunningly made use of mark here, as if it were written out in dethe law brought forward respecting primary education, in itself a violent attack upon religion, was cunningly made use of to furnish that pretext. It is needless, however, to point out again how the flimsy veil which the Belgian Government endeavored to throw over the real motive of the triple o weakness, does not and cannot fulfil the strict duties of reverence toward him to of the Belgian Legation from the Vatican | the extent in which his beneficence ought stands revealed as a long-meditated insult to the Holy See and a deliberate attack upon the religion to beget reverence and devotion. Here we have it made plain to us that human emotion mingled with this consciousness

s done to the Apostolic See, once again the judgment of more touching than this which the Church on the subject of education in comes to attest the value of the beau terms so precise and so authoritative as to solve all doubts and to cut short all dead and gone. The hard Protestant dead and gone. The hard Protestant-ism of the old man's training intervened between him and God in the passionate pastor, has con-nd "smitten with ed him to make. But old Sam Johnson demned unequivocally and "smitten with the weight of its judgment" all education was alone with his God when he knelt dangerous to faith and morals. The education contemplated by the Belgian law clearly comes under that description. elearly comes under that description.

"For," says His Holiness, "it is provided by that law that in the education of children the pastors of souls should take no part, the Church exercise no vigilance, and, learning being altogether separated from that Protestantism would trampel his piety. with and held it away from the of religion be removed from the instruction of religion be removed from the instruction of children so far as the order and discipline of public schools is concerned. It is remember that this Protestantism, which almost choked Johnson's prayer of love, is the Protestantism which has unjustly accused Catholicity of cruel despotism over the human heart. Let us look at the picture of despotism here; let us feel the sob with which the prayer was accom-

who are taught to regard

It is a protest of agony, it is the cry of revolt from a soul filled with a pure and sacred love, which would have its way in spite of narrow sectarian injustice and bit-With his tears Samuel Johnston unconscious gave his adhesion to the lovin and tender doctrine of Catholic faith. With his hand he left it on record long after the agony of his heart and the emotions of his soul by death's rough stroke have been still

DRUNKEN STUFF.

How many childern and women are slow-ly and surely dying, or rather being killed by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of. one that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., which is so pure, simple and harmless that the most frail women, weakest invalid or smallest child can trust in them. Will you be saved by them. See other column.

THE GREAT TRIUMPH of the 19th cencury is the great medical climax Burdock Blood Bitters, cures all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, nervous and general debility, and is the purest and best tenic in the world.

IT NEVER FAILS.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaint.