

## An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

As one who comes at evening o'er an album  
And musing on the faces of friends that he  
Has known,  
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadow  
I find the smiling features of an old sweet-  
heart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a  
flicker of surprise  
As I turn it low to rest me of the dandle in  
my eyes,  
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh  
That seems to rise  
As I gaze with my tobacco and to vanish in  
the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection for the loving  
thoughts that start  
Into being as like perfumes from the bio-  
some of the heart;  
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury  
divine  
When my transient fancy wanders with that  
old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a  
whispering of wings,  
The voices of my children and the mother  
as she sings,  
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me  
any thing  
When the bell has cast her anchor in the har-  
bor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds  
a charm  
To spend the good a trifle with a little dust  
of harm—  
For it makes an extra flavor in memory's  
melting wine  
That makes me drink the deeper to that old  
sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy  
grace  
Float out from my tobacco as the gent from  
the vase;  
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of  
azure eyes  
As glowing as the summer and as tender as  
the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little  
checkered dress  
She wore when first I kissed her and she  
answered the question that I asked  
With the written declaration that, "as  
surely as the vine  
Grows round the stump, she loved me"—that  
old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender  
little hand  
As we used to take together of the future we  
had planned—  
When I should be a poet and with nothing  
but to write the tender verses that she set  
the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little  
cot,  
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden  
spot,  
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the  
weather ever fine  
And the birds were ever singing for that old  
sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a  
day,  
And she my faithful sweetheart till the  
golden hair was dim,  
And we should be so happy that when  
either's lips were dumb  
They should speak to heaven till the  
other's kiss had come.

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon  
the stair;  
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife  
is standing there,  
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my vi-  
sions I recall  
To meet the living presence of that old  
sweetheart of mine.

## INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The celebrated Dr. Arnold wrote in  
the early part of this century: "Believe  
in the Pope! I would as soon believe in  
Jupiter." And yet, among the converts  
of the Oxford Movement is this man's  
brilliant son, Thomas Arnold, L. L. D.,  
brother of the poet, Matthew Arnold.

Cardinal Newman is physically so feeble  
that he cannot walk a yard without a  
pallid effort and the support of an at-  
tendant. Until quite recently the Car-  
dinal rose early and attended most of  
the services of the convent. But this is now  
beyond his strength.

A gentleman travelling in South Penn-  
sylvania, reports a good story which he  
heard about a worthy mechanic who  
aspired to legislative honors. In his  
printed appeal to the voters, he said, with  
more significance than he intended, "I  
if they declined to elect him, he should  
remain at home a cooper and an honest  
man."

Seek to make life henceforth a con-  
secrated thing; that so when the sunset  
is nearing, with its murky vapors and low-  
ering skies, the very clouds of sorrow may  
be fringed with golden light. Thus will  
the song in the house of your pilgrimage  
be always the truest harmony. It will be  
composed of no jarring, discordant notes,  
but with all its varied tones will form one  
sustained, life-long melody dropped for a  
moment in death, only to be resumed  
with the angels, and blended with the  
everlasting cadences of your Father's  
house.—J. R. Macduff.

The English Bishops have decided to  
call upon the Catholics of that country to  
unite in an endeavor to overcome the in-  
creasing evil of intemperance. They say  
it has now become a national vice, de-  
manding swift and sure treatment before  
its awful work gains additional strength.  
On every first Sunday of the month in the  
future the subject will be called to the at-  
tention of the faithful from every pulpit  
and the organization of societies will be  
rapidly perfected. The London Tablet  
says the evil has never caused so much  
alarm as it has recently.

THE FINEST RUBY.  
The biggest ruby in the world is found  
in the Czar of Russia's crown, which has  
the distinction of being the finest ever  
worn by any sovereign. In shape it re-  
sembles a Bishop's mitre.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.  
The famous St. Bernard dogs are very  
carefully trained, says the New York  
Ledger. A traveler who visited some of  
the monasteries of the monks of St. Ber-  
nard a few years ago found the monks  
teaching their dogs from the earliest stages  
of puppyhood. Not only is physical and  
mental training included in the teaching,  
but spiritual culture is by no means  
neglected. At meal time the dogs sit in a  
row, each with a tin dish before him con-  
taining his repast. Grace is said by one of  
the monks; the dogs sit motionless with  
bowed heads. Not one stir until the  
"Amen" is spoken. If a frisky  
puppy starts at his meal before grace  
is over an older dog growls and gently  
tugs his ear.

EDWIN ARNOLD'S CHRISTIAN EPIC,  
"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."  
Letters from Tokio give some very in-  
teresting facts about Sir Edwin Arnold's  
new poem upon which he has been work-  
ing for six months. He lives in the  
Japanese quarter, and has adopted the

## native custom in many respects.

When he comes in from a walk he leaves his  
shoes at the door and enters the apart-  
ments in his stocking. He has also be-  
come expert in writing Japanese in the  
native style, and by the aid of two pretty  
Japanese girls he has mastered the lan-  
guage, which he speaks fluently and  
writes with ease. It was only by the  
polite fiction of serving as an English  
tutor to these two young women that he  
was permitted to live in the native quar-  
ter.

Sir Edwin has written comparatively  
little for his newspaper while in Japan.  
All his leisure has been spent on his new  
epic of Christianity, which he has been  
turning over in his mind for the last  
twelve years. He conceived it before he  
wrote "The Light of Asia," and since  
he has been traveling through the Holy  
Land, visiting all the places memorable  
in sacred story. He has seen all the  
places which he describes in his poem.  
This poem consists of sixty thousand lines.  
It is written in blank verse and is re-  
lieved by excellent little lyrics.

His study of Mary Magdalen is said to  
be a fine piece of work. The poem will  
be published first in the United States.  
But what publisher will take it is not yet  
settled. He has received an offer of  
\$100,000 from a syndicate for it.

## CRADLED AMONG ICEBERGS.

A YOUNG WHALEMAN'S REMARKABLE STORY  
OF A SPECTRAL PRIZE SHIP.

Although the sea has not the diversity  
of the land, being destitute of mountains  
and valleys, forests and deserts, it is none  
the less the scene of romance and mystery.  
A most remarkable story of a spectral  
frozen ship, cradled among the icebergs of  
the Arctic regions, and floating, deserted  
and alone, throughout those frozen seas,  
has been brought to New London by a  
young whaler, who has recently re-  
turned from a three years' cruise in  
Behring Sea.

One day in the early part of May, 1886,  
a man named Leavitt, who has charge of  
the Pacific Steam Whaling company's  
station at Cape Smith, nine miles to the  
southwest of Port Barrow, was astonished  
to see a ship standing toward the shore,  
about a mile in the offing, hemmed in by  
towering icebergs.

Leavitt had spent the winter in the ice  
and the appearance of a ship there, at such  
unusual time of the year, nearly scared  
him out of his wits. Visions of that  
fabled ship, the Flying Dutchman, darted  
across his brain, and he finally recovered  
himself, and walked down to the beach.  
As he did so, the fabric drew nearer to  
the land.

He says it made a charming picture to  
his famished eyes, appearing as if formed  
of frosted glass.

The mass continued to approach him,  
and he finally made out the complete  
outline of the full-rigged ship Young  
Phoenix, a vessel with which he was  
familiar.

She was a whaler of 335 tons, from  
New Bedford, and was lost in the ice pack  
in the Arctic over a year ago. She was  
crushed and set to leaking by the ice, so  
that it became necessary to abandon her  
lastly, and she was finally covered with  
ice. This occurred a long distance to the north  
of Point Barrow.

When Leavitt sighted her she lay  
cradled immovably, her deck just  
above the level of the icy valley where  
she reposed. Her three masted towers  
aloft with still perfect rake, and shrouds,  
backstays, braces and stays covered with  
ice, looked like fantastic shapes, brought  
out in the sunlight in bold and beautiful  
relief against the blue mountains of ice  
behind.

The silent ship lay stern to the sea,  
about fifty yards from the ice, and slightly  
heeled to port. The prismatic effects of  
the spectral scene were heightened by  
the heavy banks of snow, which cumbed  
the decks, the masts and the sails of the  
vessel. Two of the sails were shaking  
their stiffened tatters idly in the breeze,  
while the rest had the snug man o' war  
furl of a year before, and were frozen  
tightly to the yards. The vessel looked  
literally a ship of ice, for all the world  
like the toy ship encased in crystals by  
the glass blower's art.

Picking up his courage, Leavitt finally  
went out to the ice pack and boarded the  
ship. He found everything intact upon  
the decks just as it had been left. Not  
even the polar bear or the Arctic fox had  
paid her visit, and the ropes were coiled  
out on the belaying pins as the crew had  
placed them. There were no traces of  
the boats, which had evidently been torn  
from the ships' davits by the ice; but the  
great quilt of snow which enshrouded the  
Young Phoenix from stern to stern re-  
vealed the figure of the hatches and  
paraphernalia, which showed that she  
had no time since desertion been rolling  
in sea heavy enough to disturb any  
of her fittings. It is a curious fact,  
that she was picked up free from the water  
by the same ice pack which crushed her.

Leavitt went down to the ship's cabin  
and found several articles, which he  
dragged over the fields of ice to his boat  
and conveyed to the shore.

He would have continued stripping the  
vessel, but the ice pack containing her  
drifted off shore on the following day.  
It remained in sight several days after-  
wards, and then vanished to the north-  
ward.

Various theories are advanced as to the  
probable cause of the Young Phoenix's  
now taking, but it is how long it will be  
before it is seen again. It is very likely  
old Arctic whaler say, that the island  
of ice now surrounding her will be built  
up by the addition of floating masses, and  
in time may become a fixture some-  
where around the north pole, dry docked  
in the ice, for it is said that in those  
remote regions ice may possess an age of  
hundreds of years, and may be contin-  
ually accumulating in one quarter while  
breaking off and disappearing in another.

The incident is said by old whalers to  
be without parallel in the annals of  
whale fishing, and they also add that as  
the Young Phoenix seems, from the ac-  
counts, to be literally dry docked in ice-  
bergs, there is but little doubt that she  
will go remaining around the Arctic ice  
intense cold for years, perhaps for cen-  
turies, for the very elements there will con-  
stitute her protection.—Golden Days.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

## LEO TAXIL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THIS ASTONISH-  
ING FRENCH WRITER.

HIS EARLY LIFE AND PIETY—HE LOVES  
HIS FAITH—FLIGHT TO BELGIUM—HIS  
ARRIVAL—JOINS VOLTAIRE—ATTACK ON  
PIUS IX.—THE EXTREME OF HIS PIETY—  
HIS CONVERSION AND WORK FOR THE  
CHURCH.

The current number of the Month con-  
tains an interesting review of "The Auto-  
biography of Leo Taxil," the life story of  
a young man, carefully brought up, who  
at an early age passed from a state of  
piety to the extreme limit of fanaticism  
hated of religion. Not for gain or pos-  
ition or the esteem of the compatriots does  
he assail religion and its ministers, but  
apparently from a blind impulse to do evil  
for evil's sake. Finally, to crown our  
wonder, he is converted after many years,  
and sets about undoing the injury that he  
has done with the same energy that he  
employed in accomplishing it.

Leo Taxil, says the Month, is the name  
under which this gentleman made him-  
self known to the world; his real name,  
however, is Gabriel Jogand Page. He  
was born in March, 1854, at Marseilles,  
and from 14 to 20 years of age went  
to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at  
the Rue Bartholomee. Here he learned  
to read, picked up the beginnings of  
French and Latin, and acquired a good  
foundation for religious instruction and  
practice. He went from Marseilles to the  
College of Notre Dame de Monge, not  
far from Lyons. This college was con-  
ducted by the Society of Jesus.

After three years he was sent to the  
College of St. Louis at Marseilles. Here,  
at the age of fourteen, he found himself  
in the class of the Abbe Orsbonnel.  
Being more advanced than the other  
pupils of his class, he distanced them with  
out much trouble, and had time on hand  
to prepare himself, so that his reputation  
with his masters was much higher than  
with the prefects of discipline. But his  
piety was undisturbed until he formed a  
friendship with a student named R—.

The father of this boy was a Freemason.  
Like others he sent his son to the Catholic  
college for that.

THE PART OF THE EDUCATION  
which the world would require his son to  
possess, while at the same time he foresaw  
that his own example and teaching would  
effectually counteract the teaching of  
the school in Christian faith and  
morals. R— awakened Leo's curiosity  
as to the Freemasons. He read Moniteur  
de Segur's work on them and was very  
much shocked, but R— assured him  
that they were not really so bad as they  
are painted.

And again Moniteur de  
Segur's work attracted him to Freema-  
sonry by its account of the strange  
rites and its seductive mystery. By  
degrees he lost his faith. When the  
Paschal time came round he confessed to  
the priest that he believed no longer. "I  
cannot, then, give you absolution," said  
the poor priest, in consternation. "Mon-  
sieur l'Abbe," said the boy, "whether you  
give me absolution or not, I shall receive  
Communion to-morrow." He communi-  
cated unworthily the next morning.

When he withdrew from the altar to re-  
turn to his place he noticed a crowd col-  
lected round one spot. The confessor had  
fainted.

The Lantier, conducted by H. Roche-  
fort, appeared at this time. He created an  
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## up the Frondeur, went to Paris, and joined

the staff of the anti-Clerical.

Turning over a few pages we have a  
quotation from Voltaire. "To life is only  
a vice when it does evil, it is a great  
virtue when it does good," etc., and  
from another source: "Lying is the re-  
sult of a fact contrary to truth, but to  
speak lies is to recount, and not to lie."

Having adopted this sentiment, he  
employed himself with a clear conscience  
in blackening the public and private his-  
tory of all the Church's ministers, priests,  
Bishops, Cardinals and Popes.

Taxil became the secretary of the an-  
ti-clerical league. The object of the league  
was to destroy Christianity; that is to  
say, the Catholic religion; the means  
employed were chiefly the anti-clerical  
press. And again, the anti-clerical press  
principally devoted itself to spreading  
these legends to which we have just  
alluded. Voltaire himself was the author  
of one of the greatest successes in this  
warfare; he invented the Cure Jean  
Medier. Strictly speaking, he was not  
the inventor; the first idea came from  
his friend Thieriot. But he brought the  
first suggestion to a finished state of  
reality. Thieriot considered that it  
would be a great blow to religion if an  
impious work should be published written  
by a priest, a cure, say, living in some  
out of the way village, who during his  
life had not given any evidence of want  
of fervor in his duties.

VOLTAIRE LIKEN THE IDEA  
much, he would have preferred that a  
well-known man, say a Bishop, should  
be taken; but Thieriot persuaded him  
that if such were the case the imposture  
would very soon be discovered through  
the evidence of numbers of friends in  
public position, whose words could not  
be rejected. A work was then published  
purporting to be the will of Jean Medier,  
curé of Estrepy, a village in Cham-  
pagne, in which he asked pardon of his  
flock for having during all his life led  
them into error by teaching them Chris-  
tianity. This will is known to have been  
written from beginning to end by Voltaire  
himself, whose style is, moreover, easy  
to recognize.

Profiting by this illustrious example,  
Taxil attempted various works of the  
same kind. Among them was a scandalous  
work about Pope Pius IX. In con-  
nection with this several placards were  
posted up in the streets. Now as the  
Government was at the time at peace  
with Pope Pius IX, it was considered proper  
that these placards should be torn down  
as being offensive to a friendly govern-  
ment. Taxil, to his astonishment, found  
himself assailed, not by the Catholics, but  
by hostile political journals, but by his  
own party, and this in most fierce and  
hostile terms. This made him think, and  
perhaps made him somewhat disheartened  
at the game to which he had devoted his  
life in such an earnest but he was not  
yet converted. Yet there were other  
causes for consideration. He could not  
but see, as secretary of the league, that  
large numbers of freethinkers went to  
church in the most important circum-  
stances of their lives; in fact, their anti-  
clericalism was only external. I was  
taken into confidence by my colleagues.  
They confided to me that for one reason  
or another they were obliged to marry  
according to

THE RITES OF RELIGION,  
or to baptize their children, or to make  
them make their first Communion. I  
could not betray these brave fellows who  
confided their secret to me, but these  
multiplying avowals gave me much  
to reflect upon. It was often the leaders  
who thus secretly frequented the church,  
even in the very boom of the central  
commission of the league. There was  
a "marriage of religion," a marriage which  
only I was to know of, and to which I  
was strongly opposed.

And then, in order to harden himself,  
he pushed his impiety to extremes.  
That which finally brought him back to  
the faith was the life of Joan of Arc, which  
he had begun, and was intended, like his  
other works, for a blow against the Church.  
She was to be made to appear a victim of  
the clergy first, then of the English. Her  
visions, her miracles, were to be accounted  
for on natural grounds, but she was to be  
a great national heroine, a self-  
devoted martyr and a victim to supersti-  
tion. He ardently undertook the study  
of her life, and worked at the translation  
of the process of the Holy See, which in  
1456 revised the evidence upon which  
she was condemned and pronounced her  
innocent. While working at this, the  
splendid virtues that she displayed, and  
the desire which she the Holy See had  
shown that these should be acknowledged  
and honored by the Church, sank into his  
mind. Of course these efforts were to be  
depreciated and to be attributed to  
diplomacy, and Taxil left out all such  
passages as would bear against his theory  
that Joan of Arc was a "clerical martyr,"  
and these were very many; but now the  
thought occurred to him that he was over-  
doing it, "you are acting unjustly."

On the evening of the 23rd of April he  
had written an article for

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PRESS,  
in which he pledged himself never to give  
up the strife against religion. Having  
sent it to the printer, he set to work to  
finish his translation. More strongly than  
usual these thoughts came round him; he  
was pressed by the two horns of this  
dilemma. As Joan an impostor! Was  
she a wretched fool laboring under a  
hallucination?

An impostor! A liar! she who was  
loyalty incarnate! bravely personified!  
she who would have died of shame if she  
had yielded for a moment to dismunda-  
tion!

And again if she did not lie.  
Her genius directed the successful war  
against the English, her astonishing plans  
of battle, her wonderful defence, so full of  
intelligence, when on her trial at Rouen,  
were these consistent with a mere self-  
deceiving enthusiasm, ignorant, though  
sincere and loyal! From these thoughts,  
through what intermediate steps he did  
not afterward remember, his mind re-  
turned to his earlier life.

In a few seconds my past life came  
before my mind; my first good Commu-  
nion, my first sacrilegious Communion;  
Monge, St. Louis and Mettray; my  
father, my mother, my holy aunt; the  
happy days of my childhood and the  
bitterness of my anti-clerical life; the  
sincere friendships of those from whom I  
had been separated, and the implacable

## hatred of the sectaries to whom I had

allied myself; the goodness of the first,  
and the villainy of the others; my lies,  
my injustice, my follies. I burst into  
sobs. "Pardon, my God!" I murmured  
amid my tears; "pardon my blasphemies,  
pardon me the sins that I have com-  
mitted." He threw himself on his knees,  
and, for the first time in a space of seven-  
teen years, he began to pray.

For the rest of his story, we have little  
space. He wrote at once to an old friend  
of his

ANNOUNCING HIS CONVERSION.  
He went to the priest to make his con-  
fession, the first for so many years. The  
priest prudently ordered him to come  
again, and as many of his offences  
against God were "reserved cases," he  
had to delay some time, to his great  
pain, before he received absolution. He  
wrote a long declaration to the editor of  
the Univers for publication, denying a  
number of stories that had been circu-  
lated by the infidel press relative to his  
conversion. The Anti-Clerical League  
called a solemn assembly in order to  
dismiss him from their ranks with all  
possible disgrace. They sent him an  
invitation to attend, and this he did,  
in spite of the remonstrances of his  
friends. M. Taxil showed as much  
energy in undoing the injury that he was  
the author of as he had formerly shown  
in working it. The meeting of the league  
was a disgraceful affair. The president  
delivered an address, which consisted  
principally of low abuse. His appearance  
at the meeting, to which he had been in-  
vited, gave an evident shock to him and  
the other leaders. When he rose to speak  
a storm of cries arose of "he shall speak"  
and "he shall not speak." In the end  
he was accused of having always been a  
Christian in secret, and was expelled by  
a vote "as a traitor and a renegade."

Such a story as this gives us an insight  
into the diabolical propaganda that is  
going on in France, and accounts for a  
state of things which would otherwise be  
unaccountable. For one who is con-  
verted and returns to God, how many  
persevere in the devil's service to the end,  
though it may be that there are some  
whom God has mercy even to the last.

So signal an instance of conversion as  
that of Leo Taxil ought at least to encour-  
age us to hope that there may be many  
such.

The evils resulting from habitual  
continence are many and serious; but  
the use of harsh, drastic purgatives is  
quite as dangerous. In Ayer's Pills, how-  
ever, the patient has a mild but effective  
agent, superior to all others, especially  
for family use.

Sixteen Ugly Sores.  
INFLAMMATORY rheumatism through  
wrong treatment left me with stiff joints  
and ugly running sores on my limbs, but  
for seven years I could not walk. When  
I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters  
I had sixteen sores, but they are all healed  
save one and I can now walk with crutches.

MARY CALDWELL.  
Upper Gaspereaux, N. S.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin,  
writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my  
shoulder for eight years—almost helpless  
at times—have tried many remedies, but  
with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas'  
Electric Oil. After a few applications the  
pain left me entirely, and I have had no  
pain since."

Mr. Jesse Johnson,  
of Rockwood, Ont., writes: "Last fall I  
had boils very bad and a friend advised  
Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and  
used it. It was wonderful, the boils  
entirely cured me. A more rapid and  
effective cure does not exist."

Mothers and Nurses.  
All who have the care of children should  
know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild  
Strawberry may be confidently depended  
on for all summer complaints, diarrhoea,  
dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum,  
cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or  
adults.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

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