WHO KILLS THE BIRDS!

Who kills the birds? "I," said the Woman, "although 'tis inhuman. I must have dead birds." Who sees them use? "I," raid the dan whenever I

For my sport they must die " Who tolls the tell? "I," said the ic it love to destroy,

I toll the belt Who digs their graves? #1," said the tiert, "for a feather: neat curl I'd dig all their graves "

So the men and the boys by the woodland and streams, 'And the women and girls, with their hats like (had) dreams, Are robbing the earth of its bird life

and sone With never a thought of their rights, and our wrong But, isn't it strange, if their hearts

have no pity For the poor little birds in the country and city. They never remember that some sum-

mer day Not a bird can be found that a human can slav Why, what will become of the boys and the men.

Who can't shoot at birds, for there'll be no birds then? And as for the women and girls of

that day, With their feathless bonnets, and bats in array. 'Tis dreadful to think what their sor-

row will be. And yet it is something I'd much like to see. For it's certainly true, and the truth

must be said, If we kill all the birds, all the birds will be dead.

-Mary Drummond, in Oakfold Eagle

THE ART OF CONVERSATION. Talking is not ceasing by any means; but it does seem that the art of conversation is rapidly becoming n lost art. It is true that, especially among the younger people, there is atill a great deal of parlor talking, the kind of talk that is about everything in general and nothing in particular, and that for the most part is made up of criticisms of other peo-Die, or of questions that are never to be answered. There is no danger of this kind of talking ever being stopped, so long as young people are young and have tongues in their heads. And it may be better to have them talking than to have them sit-ling around stilled and silent and hands extended. From the way things are drifting, the thic will come soon enough when they will be silent, and will have very little to say because they will have very much to do. And rapid disappearance of the art of when the art of conversation was in a flourishing condition, there was real pleasure received from it. Newspapers then were not so numerous nor so easily accessible as they are now, bboks then were not so cheap nor so

easily carried around as they are to-

day, and the result was that men and

women were three n back upon them-

relives for subjects of interest. The

imagination was developed, the lan-

ruage was picture que because it was

decidedly fedividual, and the conver-

sation was free and easy, because all

were willing to h ten. Somehow the

individuality of copie was more

striking then than it is now, and per-

haps it was the individuality of the

old woman leading down on her

stick, and telling of the sufferings of

the great femme year, or of the old

soldier fighting his battles over again

in the kitchen, that made the talk and

conversation co intensely interesting

It would be well, if possible, to revivo

the art of conversation, for it would

refleve many of the cares of the day

to hear again the pleasant, cheerful,

entertaining talk of long ago - The New World. BOY - WILO MADE GREAT MEN. A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly burt, but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fail, prophested that the boy would make a man for an emer-

geacy. He did for he became the fanjous General Baver. A hoy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father s cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonder-

ful. He was the great artist, Titlan An old painter watched a little fer low who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, casel and stool, and said: "That may will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it He here goest" And he flung the book out into the river He was Fichte, the great Garman philosoor.—The Morning Mor.

A LAUGHING CHORUS Oh, such a commotion under the

ground When March called, "Ho, there! hot" Such spreading of rootlets far and wide. Such whispering to and froi

And "Are you ready!" the Snowdrop

arked. fir time to start you know ' "Almost, my dear," the Solla replied,

'I il follow as soon as you go Then, "Hat hat hat" a chorus came Of laughter soft and low From the millions of flowers under the ground— Yes, millions-beginning to grow

'I'll promise my blossoms " the Crocus said,

"When I hear the bluebirds sing " 'And straight thereafter,' Narcissus "My silver and gold I'll bring."

'And ere they are dulled," another spoke. "The Hyacinth bells shall ring"

And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here." And sweet grew the air of spring

Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came Of laughter soft and low From the millions of flowers under the ground-Yes, millions-beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! Through the coldest days

Imprisoned in walls of brown, They never lost heart though the blast shricked loud. And the sleet and the hail came down,

But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress. Or fashioned her beautiful crown.

And now they are coming to brighten the world, Still shadowed by winter's frown. And well may they cheerily laugh, 'Hai hai"

In a chorus soft and low, The millions of flowers kid under the ground-

Yes, nillions-beginning to grow -Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People,

THE RETURNED WANDERERS

And here he stood at last-there she. A caim, cool, alim little creatute. with her face turned only far enough toward him that he could see the half smile parting her lips Ho had forgotten her power in his own mad rush of longing Standing thus he knew that she had but to say the world, and deliver her message and the knowledge it had brought him of her heart unguarded, he would go forth again - a wanderer and an outcast. So he waited for her first word, and deliver her message and

for he was suddenly afraid Then she laughed - a low, clear, delicious peal, and swung round to hands extended.

"How do you do?" she said. "Won't you come any-any nearer?" The last words ended a little chokingly, for her breath came so fast and quick and there was such a this seems to be the reason of the throbbing in her side. With a glad step he came and took the a two litconversing. People have too much to the hands of hers and met them do and no inclination to talk about around his neck, as he had done so their work. But, still, in the days often in his dreams, and held her very close to him, her tace buried on his shoulder, her figure quivering with the sobs that would not be silenced. "Thy people shall be my people;

thy God, my God!" he whispered -

Benziger's Magazine. USEFUL AT ALL TIMES.-In winter or in summer Parmalee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs, which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them There is nothing nauscating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Earth seemed more sweet to live upon, more full of love, because of

Care not who is richer or more learned than thou, if none be more generous and loving.

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I look at what I have not, and think myself un.appy, others look at what I have and think me happy -Abbe Roux.

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Mother of Mercy

"It is beautiful," said the traveler to himself, 'grandly beautiful, but I wish I could feel sure I was on the right track I followed all directions till I came to the old shaft, but they never told me of the two tracks leading from that I can't think I am wrong, for I begged Our Lady's guidance before I chose Anyway, here a night coming on, and I am tired, so is the old horse and no sign yet of the township But what a scene

It was, indeed, a scene of unparal-icled grandeur. The narrow track wound along the side of a mountain that rose on the one hand up like a cliff, on the other side it needed a strong head to look down without feeling dizzy, to look down, and down, and yet not see the bottom On the other side of this gorge towcred a lofty mountain, whose suminit was still golden in the sunlight though the shadows, deep in the gullies, were creeping up the slopes, and mist like a fairy veil was enveloping all The traveler had dismounted, and was leading his horse, being fearful of an accident, but had he known it, he would have been safer on the old bush-horse than stumbling as he was along the rough and narrow track Strange lears best him, too, the terrible solitude of the bush, his uncerfainty as to his whereabouts, and the horror of that lonely track, all these combined to fill him with a strange fear Surely, when he turned that next bend he would see the lights of

the township, hidden now by the mountain, so he reasoned, to encourage himself, but he was not very hopeful. The bend was reached, and still as far as the eye could see nothing but range on range of dark hills, with darker valleys between them Even from the highest peaks the sunlight was fading, and to the overwrought imagination of the tired wayfarer the dark hills seemed closing around him like a wall. "Mother of God," he whispered, "aid me now;

What was to be done? It was evident he had taken the wrong track; it was too late to think of going back, for the path that had been a terror in broad daylight would be certain death in the darkness and mist. Well, he must find as suitable a spot as he could and camp for the night, in the morning he could KO back If there were but a house of any sort about where he could get shelter, but was it likely that any one would live in that wild place! Stayl What was it his friend John Morgan had said to him jestingly when he was leaving Burragh."By the way, Father, they say there's a mad hermit living in the ranges, wouldn't it be worth your while to go into the range instead of skirting it, and find the lost sheep?' Co into the rangehad he done that, then? followed the wrong track and lost himself in that wild inhospitable place, what a terrible thought! He shouted again and gain, perhaps there was someone iving there, but only the echies answered, and as they died away the silence seemed to settle more deeply over all

"No use," said he, "I'll just have to keep on a bit until I find a more level bit of ground and camp for the night" So on he plodded in the gathering dusk, leading the tired horse, the track growing rougher and rougher at every step, though it seemed on more level ground, and no yawning abyss lay on his right hand There ras a sound now of rushing water. so he halted, it would be felly to go on in the dark, but, if he remembered rightly, the moon would soon rise, and he would then find a place to camp. Whilst waiting he drew out bis worn rosary, and on that wild mountain slope, while the water rushed on in the darkness, and the far-off mourpful cries of night-birds accentuated the loneliness, the Mysteries of the Blessed Life glided before him, joyful, serrowful and glorious As the last words of the Litany of our dear Mother fell from his lips, over the dark summits stole a silvery light, faint at first, but gathering strength and beauty till every slope was flooded, and over the range before him roso the moon, a silver a little clearing to the left by the creek, whose waters showed sliver-

to go and see, even if abandoned it aside. And so every time the sick would do to sleep in better than the man awoke the same patient figure open air, for the montain wind was

As he drew near he remembered had said Would it not be better to stay where he was than to risk an encounter with such a one? White hesitating at the door he heard a hollow cough, followed by a moan, days, will break up the cold all his fear fled, here was a man suf-When you awake in the fering, dying, perhaps Tethering lds horse to a tree he advanced boldly. night choked up and cough and pushing the bark door open a liting hard, take a dose of the the way, said: "Is any one within? I

> "Come in, come int" The voice though eager was tery weak, and as the priest advanced into the dark room "I am III," came in weary accents from a corner "I cannot help you mate, though you're the first who's crossed my threshold this many a day. The fever's on me-help yourself - if you've got a match there's a lamp on the shelf

The lamp was found and lit, and as it burned up, rather smokily, the priest turned in the direction whence the voice had come On the rough bed the man was sitting up, the hair and beard long, white and unkempt, gave him a certain wildness to his looks, and this was heightened by the feverbright oves list this was no madman bending forward to gaze at his unexpected guest

"Mother of God!" he eried, "Mother of Mercy! It is a priest!" and he fell back on his wretched bed, only to spring up again, and with his hands worn and wasted, motioned back the approaching guest don't come near me, not yet, not yet Kindle a fire, I am so cold; don't speak to me for a while at least "

Though his heart ached for the sufferer he judged it best to humor him. so he lit the fire, and after making a frugal meal sat down and waited till the sick man should make some sign. But he lay with his face to the wall, and the silence was broken only by the cruel cough that shook the wasted frame At last the priest rose and going to the bedside bent over him. and took the wasted hand in his "Dear friend," he said, "you are very ill and must have lain like this for many days What can I do for you? No, you must not repulse me" - for the sick man made a motion as if to push him away - "Listen, then, till I tell you how I came here "

And he recounted how he had taken the wrong track how night had come on, and he could not go back again over that terrible path by the gorge-here the other broke in with a great cry "The track by the gorge? the track by the gorge' You came by that? Blessed Mother of Mercy, you have brought me a priest and brought him by that track!"

"That is the second time you have called on the Blessed Mother of God. I commended myself to her guidance when I chose the track; I thought it was the wrong one, but it was the right, since it brought me here to you. You seemed to expect me, what can I do for you? Why are you so silent? But perhaps you are weak and faint from want of food, let me-"

"No, no," broke in the man; "I am used to these attacks, and have all I want at hand, and I'll not wantmuch more, my time's come sure enough. Yes, Father, I've great need of you - aheavy load to lift off my soul before it goes to meet its Judge. When I am gone you will find the story all written out in the box there, and in the old "Manual there, too, you'll find my mother's name; don't let any one see that O mother, mother! why didn't I die when I lay in your arms an innocent child?" Hero the cough again shook the wasted body, and he lay exhausted for a while and then went on "I always meant to tell it all, but coward like. I put it off; it could do no good to him, and it meant so much to me; and I've suffered for it, too. Thirty years, Father, thirty years here, within sight of that gorge, and knowing what was there at the bottom! I always meant to say, to tell all, but I left it too late, my strength failed me, so I begged Our Blessed Lady to help me since I felt death so near, I never thought my prayer could be heard no one comes this way, but you came, she brought you And now pray for me, pray with me, Fatherthe prayer I have said every day, yes, every day, in spite of all my sinful life—'Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy,' "

fligher in the clear sky arose the moon, flooding all with her gentle Peace on the mountain-tops crowned with silver government in the valleys whence the light mists rose! But what was the peace of inanimate nature to that of the soul that had laid down its burdens at the foor of the Cross, and had been washed in the Precious Blood?

Now, Father, let me sleep awhile but do not go away, I feel safer with you near me," and marmuring still his prayer he feel asleep, a short, uneasy slumber. The words that fell from his lips from time to time, showed how the mind strayed still through the weary, sintil past

"Too near, too near! How could I know I only meant to push him from me; he was my evil genius; he made me what I was, thick and forger; why shield. So sweet was the light after did he rouse me to anger on that darkness that he uttered a fervent awful track? Why make me murderer thanksgiving, and begging Our also?" And, with a shrick, be rose, Lady's protection and help he set but meeting the compassionate gaze about finding a suitable spot in of the priest, fell feebly back, and which to pass the night, when he saw I putting out his wasted hand took the other's and held it so until the sad. What a long, weary night! and the bright in the mountight, and merely watcher was spend with journey and wo that, was a rough whanty there! It watcherings, but here was a sired to not spend to make the second translation, too be determined to make the second translation.

was there, the same warm, human hand clasped his, cold and damp, the same voice whispered words of comthe story of the man-madman they fort and peace. The weary mind still wandered, but that dark scene troubled him no more. Now he was an innocent child learning at his mother's knee the love of Mary Immaculate, and anon he was speaking to old friends, old companions of his cullege days, and when he faltered the priest knew that some memory arose of the one who, even then, had led him astray, but after awhile all these

passed, and the only words on his

lips were those of his Maily prayer

As the moonlight faded and a reseate

flush crowned the eastern mountains,

he grew weaker, and cried that he

was cold, then fearing the approach

of death he gew full of terror "Mother of Mercy!" he cried, "pray for me. Have I not done penance? Thirty years in this solitude, close to that gorge, where I buried bins I never meant to harm him, I loved him once Under the white gum I huried him, there's a cross over the grave I've never gone away, I've suffered here alone. Pray with me, Father," and so the fear passed from

On the far hills the pink gave way to gold, the mists sank down into gorge and gully, the clear call of birds and the myriad sounds of awakening life were in the air, but in that poor hut dawned a fairer light than earth can ever know - the light of heavenly love, of trust in the All-Merciful Still, as life ebbed away, the lips, growing cold, framed ever the adorable Name, still whispered,

"Mother of Mercy," and so he died Voices on the clear air, drawing nearer and nearer John Morgan, chiding himself that he had let the priest go alone, had ridden after him, and finding to his dismay, that he had not reached the township, organized a search party By common consent they followed the old track into the ranges, and so came on to the hut, and found them there, the living and the lead

"So, Father," said Morgan, "you did go into the ranges after the lost sheep—thanks be to God!"

." said the priest, "thanks he to God! I came, led by the Blessed Mother of Mercy '-Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

I. C. B. U. The regular meeting of Branch No.

1, I C. B U., held in their hall corner King and Jarvis streets, on Tuesday, the 15th inst, was a record-breaker in point of attendance When the President called the meeting to order nearly every seat in the hall was occupied, and later when visiting brothers from Branches 2 and 12 arrived, chairs from the gymnasium had to be pressed into service to accommodate the large number prosent. Three new members were initiated. and several applications were received. The quarterly reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were submitted and showed a substantial balof over fifty in the membership during the past quarter. The regular order of business was followed by a good programme of music, song and speech. The first number was I. C. B. U. quartette. Brothers Murphy, Mc-Namara, Hallinan and Burns, who sang "Oft in the Stilly Night," "The Minstrel Doy" and "Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded." Bro. C. Rogers danced an Inish Jig, and as usual received well-merited applause. Bros. C. Smith, B. McWilliams, J. Parker, J. Devory and S. O'Donnell also took part in the programme. Between the first and second parts of the programme Bro. E. J Hearn presented the prizes won in the recent handball tournament. The winners were Bros. J. E. Ferris and J. Swaiwell, first prize, two gold society pins, and Bros. L. Horan and A. J. Walsh, second prize, two pairs of gold cuff links Bro Hearn congratulated the winners and spoke words of encouragement to the members and advised them to cultivate slike the mind and the budy, one going hand in hand with the other, to develop the perfect man. Bros. L. Horan, president of the Baseball Club, and A. V. Mo-Grady, manager of the team, spoke on basebail matters, and judging from the enthusiasm of the members, there is every reason to believe that at the close of the season, they will land well up at the top in the Intermediate Amateur League. The team have just procured their new uni-

forms, pants and shirt slate color, and aweater, cap and stockings navy blue, and for neatness and smartness Manager McGrady has brought together a team that we are safe in saying cannot be excelled by any amateur team in the city. The first game in the Intermediate League will be played between the Excelsior's and the I C B U's on the first Saturday in May. The second part of the programme consisted of a debate on prohibition. Bros. J. Hayes and T. Lonergan took the affirmative and Bros. G T Wright and C. O'Donnell the negative Bro J. J. O'Regan occupied the chair during this part of the programme, and in summing up the arguments, complimented the speakers, particularly those on the affirmative, because of the absence of their leader, Bro. J. E. Bealin, they were somewhat at a disadvantage. The question being put to the meeting the negative was declared

carried by a small majority. Bro. Bealla being unavoidably absent sent

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