Who Killed the Bird?

Who billed the Chippie?

See where it lies.

The light gone out
Of its bright, quick eyes:
This tiny creature, so soft and brown,
Here on the dead leaves fallen down.

But an hour ago
It felt the sun,
Yet now is its happy
Living done;
Born in a nest, and made to be,
Not scarer, nor singer, yet bitthe and free

Ne human eye,
Perchance may miss
From numberless flocks
A mite like this;
Yet with it something has gone which had
In its way made bough and sunshine glad.

Who killed the Chipple!
I think I know;
This way from school
The children go.
And I saw a boy a pebble sling,
And now I and this poor, dead thing.

He liked perhaps
To prove his skill,
Nor thought how dreadful
It is to kill;
though he aimed at it, siter all,
and at heart when he saw it fail.

I am almost sure
If he heard me say,
"Who was it killed
A bird to day?"
He would wish the cruel deed undone,
And blush to own himself the one.

HONOR RENDERED TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

DR. JANSSEN REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

Dr. Janesen, the celebrated German historian, has published a spirited reply to certain critics who took him to task for what they considered his extravagant expressions concerning devotion to Our Blessed Lady. The reply is so pointed and so exhaustive that we give a trans-lation of the greater portion of it. He

writes:

No one need be surprised at the great respect shown by the Church to the Blessed Virgin. Any Catholic acquainted with the teschings of his religion knows by experience that we honor Mary only because of all the graces bestowed on Her by the Lord, and he will take no scandal from those words of an enthusiastic preacher which so shock my critics:

"If I had a hundred tongues and a scandal from those words of an enthusiastic preacher which so shock my critics: "If I had a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths, and a voice of brass, I could not yet say ought that is worthy of Thee, O Mary! I console myself with the words of Jerome, who says: 'Though none of us is qualified, yet even the meanest sinner need never desist from the praises of Mary.' It is true that I know not what to set before you, but I will pluck for you the roses and sweetsmelling flowers of the holy Doctors."

"The holy Doctors" here referred to were all the zealous panegyrists of the Holy Virgin. Did not St. Cyril, a thousand years before, preach in a similar

and years before, preach in a similar style? In the liturgy used in the first centuries of the Church, and attributed to St. James, we find these words: "When with all the saints and just we commemorate our most holy, unspotted, and most glorious Lady, Mary, the everintact Virgin and mother of God, we are thereby recommending ourselves and our whole life to Christ, our God." "Let us celebrate the memory of our most holy, unspotted, most glorious and Blessed Lady, Mary, the Mother of God Blessed Lady, Mary, the Mother of God and the intact Virgin, in order that through Her intercession we may obtain all mercy. Hail Mary, Thou art full of grace; the Lord is with Thee; blessed art Thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb; for Thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls." "It is just that we style Thee blessed—the ever blessed Mother of God, exalted above all blame; Mother of our God, more msgnificent than the Cherubim, more glorious than the Seraphim, who, more glorious than the Seraphim, who, without detriment to Thy virginity, hast borne God, the Word. In Thee, who art full of grace, all creatures rejoice; the choice of engals and the race of men

temple."
In almost the same words St. Chrysostom in his liturgy addresses the Blessed Virgin; he even introduced the Angeli-cal Salutation into the Holy Mass. St. on into the Holy Mass. cal Salutation into the Holy Mass. St. Athanasius also, the great champion of the Catholic faith in the God-man in opposition to the Arians, prayed and taught the people to pray thus: "We proclaim Thee, O Mary! over and over again and at all times, blessed. To Thee we cry out: Remember us, O Most Holy Virgin! who after being delivered didst still remain a virgin. Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with Thee. All the hier-archies of angels and the inhabitants of the earth proclaim that Thou art blessed amongst women, and that blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb. Pray for us, O Mistress and Lady, Queen and Mother of God!"

No higher praise can be bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin than was spoken by the Angel at the Annunciation in the by the Angel at the Annunciation in the name and by the authority of God, This form of homage to Mary in the Angelical Salutation, which will be daily uttered with respect and love even to the end of time, is in the eyes of God and of the world a Christian confession

When the Church invites us to say the Angelus three times a day, what does she desire thereby but that we should call to mind the great and fundamental mystery mind the great and fundamental mystery of the Incarnation of Christ with immediate reference to His Mother, who out of all earthly beings was the only witness of this mystery? All the honor shown to Mary flows back to God. As Mary on earth was the guardian of Her divine Son, as She bore Him in Her womb, clasped Him in Her arms, nourished Him at Her breast, so the praises and honors shown Her by Catholics serve only to confirm and to proclaim aloud only to confirm and to proclaim aloue the right belief in Him as the God-Man Every church and chapel dedicated to Her, every confraternity instituted in Her honor, every picture representing Her, has for object to raise our minds to the One who, although happy from the One who, although happy from eternity with the Father, yet for the sake of sinners "had no horror of the Virgin's womb."

Human nature, which the Savione

Virgin's womb."

Human nature, which the Saviour actually and truly took from Mary, was united to the Divinity in one Person, the source of salvation and grace. And since it pleased God to bestow upon the world through Mary the Grace of all graces, the Author of grace, we honor and

glority Mary, and we cling to the belief that even yet God sends us gifts and graces through Her who was full of grace, when with humble trust we pray for them. Every prayer addressed to Mary is a prayer for Her influence as intercessor with God, the only Lord and dispenser of all good gifts.

My critics will not find one solitary prayer of the Church that appeals to Mary as the bestouer of grace. That prayer from the Hortulus Anima which they cite, and which is so repugnant to them, is tound also in my prayer-book, and I am not conscious that I turn to any other source but the Saviour Himself when I thus invoke Mary: That through Thy most holy intercession and Thy merits, all my works may be directed and disposed according to Thy will and that of Thy Son.

When the Catholic prayer thus he

Thy merits, all my works may be directed and disposed according to Thy will and that of Thy Son.

When the Catholic prays thus he places no confidence thereby in Mary in opposition to the living God: no confidence in "merits" that She did not acquire solely through the grace of God—other "merits" there are none, either for the Holy Virgin or for any other creature. Thus there is found therein no lack of confidence in God, but simply a distrust of the worthiness of one's own prayers. The Catholic knows from Holy Scripture that God prefers to hear the prayers of the just, and that He Himself has said: "I will do the will of them that do My will." Therefore, with the sense of his own unworthiness, the suppliant turns to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints, who are worther of Being heard than he is, and in their company he appears before the throne of God in the firm conviction that then his prayers will be more readily heard.

I would like to address to every Protestant this question: If it be true that the worship of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints in the Catholic Church is "an injury to the honor of Christ," and we, as is claimed. "detract from the media. the saints in the Catholic Church is "an injury to the honor of Christ," and we, as is claimed, "detract from the mediatorship of Christ by this worship," whereas amongst Protestants "Christ alone is looked up to," how does it come to pass that in the Catholic Church, and in her alone, the belief in Jesus Christ the Lord, and His divine works of redemption, has remained unmoved and immovable in all times, whilst within the Protestant pale this belief has been lost or abandoned by so many, even professed theologians and preachers?

WHAT IS THE RELIGIOUS STATE.

Trenton Catholic Journal. We have always felt that the existence We have always felt that the existence and perpetuity of the religious state would, even in the absence of all the rest of the overwhelming evidence, which demonstrates the divine character and origin of the church, of itself convince any reasonable person that the Catholic Church inherited the promises of Christ, and that it to the exclusion of any other such institution was the only one founded by Him.

Let us consider this subject for a few moments. What is the religious state as it exists in the church? In the mind of those who know little or nothing of it, or

those who know little or nothing of it, or worse still, who have been impressed in their young days with false notions of it, and instead of endeavoring to know the truth, have simply allowed their prejudicing to the control of the dices to become more and more firmed, the religious state makes peculiar impression. Such individuals who do not understand the exalted nature of the religious life cannot undernature of the religious life cannot understand how people can give up the attractions of life, and bury themselves away from the world forever. They see nothing of the interior nature of the religious state—they know nothing of the peace, and joy, and real happiness which self-denial, and sacrifice for the promotion of God's honor, and for His sake, always bring with them. Their ideas and thoughts go no further than this life, and the mere pleasure which the enjoyment the mere pleasure which the enjoyment of human and material things bring. To the choirs of angels and the race of men wenerate Thee, who art a sanctified temple."

In almost the same words St. Chrysostom in his liturgy addresses the Blessed Virgin; he even introduced the Angeliexercise of the natural faculties suppose

constitute the highest form of human happiness which they either aspire to, or suppose is possible.

But what is the religious state in deed and in reality? It is a state of life en tirely distinct from and above the ordin ary human life. It is a state which, in order to live in it in a worthy and meritorious manner, requires a special calling, and a constant watchfulness of self in and a constant watchfullness of self in order to fulfill faithfully the duties which belong to it. It is a state which is not for all but for a few, not for those who simply desire to fulfill the ordinary obligations of the Christian life, but for those who aspire to go beyond that and desire to sacrifice themselves and the very promptings and tendencies of the human heart, even those and especially those which are not bad, but pefectly legitimate in themselves on the altar of sacrifice and devote every energy, every facfice and devote every energy, every fac-ulty, every thought of theirs to the honor of God and the unselfish good of

their neighbor.

This is what the Church calls following the counsels. This is the highest and most perfect bloom of the Christian life and of the Christian virtues which it is

our divine Lord made a very explicit Our divine Lord made a very explicit distinction between the ordinary Christian life and the life of the religious state to the young man who asked him how he was to save his soul. The Redeemer answered him giving him the ordinary way by which men are to be saved, and when the young man answered, saying he had fulfilled the duties of the ordinary life, the Lord distinctly said "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shall have treasure in heaven, and come follow me." Here we have contained the full character and description of the religious life. Here we have contained the full character and description of the religious life. It is the perfect following of Jesus Christ, imitating Him as closely and as fully as the shortcomings of nature and fidelity to grace will allow. Now what was the life of Jesus Christ? It was a life of the to grace will allow. Now what was the life of Jesus Christ? It was a life of perfect sacrifice. It was a life of the most unquestioning obedience. Of himself he said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." And again, "In the head of the book it is written of Me that I should do Thy Will." Obedience, humility, self-denial,

mildness, meekness, charity, and all the other virtues in their highest perfection, were the characteristics of Jesus Christ. It is not necessary to say that His virginal purity transcended even our imagination. We know that He possessed none of the goods of earth. He was born in a stable. He was buried in a grave not His own, and He was never known to possess money. Even the tribute which He paid for St. Peter and Himself, He had extracted miraculously from the mouth of a tracted miraculously from the mouth of a

fish.

Here then was the life and character of

Here then was the life and character of the Redeemer, and the religious state is that in which that character is sought to be reproduced in initiation of Him.

It is a voluntary state, while the ordinary Christian life is one which is bounded by obligation. We may or may not become religious, but once having chosen that state our obligations become more veat, more exalted, more awful, and more meritorius in their fulfillment.

Oh! but what a sgcrifice! What a martyrdom! What a life of heroism! As it is the most nearly a reproduction of the life of the Redeemer, so it is meritorious of a distinct and more exalted reward than any other.

ward than any other.

"THE DECAY OF DISCIPLINE."

Catholic Review. Professor Thomas Davidson has lately been writing about the decay of discip-line in America, and some of the daily papers have continued the discussion of the subject. It is believed and openly asserted in certain circles in Boston that Professor Davidson is the most dogmatic Professor Davidson is the most dogmatic of all professors in the known world; so it is perhaps fortunate for us that we are able to agree with him as to his chief proposition, which is that the decay of discipline in this country has of late been very marked. Everybody who chooses may observe it in domestic life, and in the community at large. Parental discipline is largely obsolete. The churches of various denominations do not discipline their members as they once not discipline their members as they once did. The laisser aller principle is gaining ground everywhere, in practice if not in theory. And unless people at large are misinformed, the same is true of other

countries.

Whatever Professor Davidson may think about this present tendency, we ourselves have a very clear idea as to its cause. This is an age of rebellion against authority. Theories of independence and the rights of man, precious as they are, are being exaggerated and carried to illogical and unwarranted lengths. Children decline to be controlled by their parents: Anglican clergymen anao ountries. their parents; Anglican clergymen snap their fingers at their bishops; mobs in the city defy the police and the courts, and anarchist orators openly proclaim that man's natural state is freedom from

all authority.

Thinking men are seeing more and more clearly every day that the Catholic Church in upholding the principle of lawful authority, and declaring it the duty of men to obey their constituted governors, supplies the great and the only largely effectual bulwark against the waves of sedition, revolt and anarchy that are now beating furiously against governments everywhere and threaten-icg the overthrow of the entire social

fabric.

To make dutiful children and lawabiding citizens submissive to legitimate authority, however independent in lawful ways, the habit of obedience must be formed in early life and founded upon conscientious belief. The Church presents the only great organization which claims obedience that is at the same time intelligent and not the hilling chedience. intelligent and not the blind obedience of an army, maintained by force and resting upon it. In the Church there is resting upon it. In the Church there is no "decay of discipline" such as Professor Davidson bewails. If society is to be saved from the chaotic state into which a complete decay of discipline would plunge it, it will be by force of the printing a complete decay of discipline would plunge it, it will be by force of the printing to a legitimate authoriple of obedience to legitimate aut ity, resting upon the conscience of the governed, as maintained and practiced in the Catholic Church.

A Single Word.

The following anecdote illustrates Moore's painstaking efforts to put the right word in the right place: He was on a visit to a literary friend

in France and while there wrote a short poem. One day the two took a stroll in poem. One day the two took a stroll in an adjacent wood, and the host perceived that his companion was given up to his own thoughts. By and by he began to gnaw the finger-tips of his glove, and when this had gone on for a long time his friend ventured to ask him what was when this had gone on for a long time his friend ventured to ask him what was the trouble. "I'll tell you," said Moore, "I have left at home, on my table, a poem, in which is a word I do not like." He repeated the line, and asked his friend if he could help him. The twain cudgelled their brains until they reached the house, without avail. The rest of the day, ever and anon, Moore would sink into silent fits in pursuit of the absent word. The poet went to bed in a deep study. The following morning was bright and beautiful, and Moore came bounding down from his chamber with a scrap of paper in his hand and a glorious light in his countenance. The word had come! He had awakened in the night,—the genius of inspiration had visited his pillow; he got up and tore a scrap from his note-book, and, by the light of the moon, had made the thought secure. "There," he said, when he had incorporated it into the text, "there it is,—only a single word." ated it into the text, "there it is,—only a single word, and yet it has cost me twelve hours of unflagging labor to find it and put it where it is."

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract o Wild Strawberry, and found it a sure cure for summer complaint. I was very sick, and it cured me entirely." Alex-ander W. Grant, Moose Creek, Ont.

A Pleasing Duty. "I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

THE SHEPHERD ARTIST.

BOW AN HUMBLE LAD LIVING NEAR FLOR-

ENCE ACQUIRED A HISTORIC FAME. About the year 1288, the small village of Vespignano, in Italy, distant fourteen miles from Florence, was very busy with the sayings and doings of a little shepherd boy, of eight or nine years of age, whose precocious intellect and wit, united to a most loving disposition and a wonderful facility for sketching objects with only a bit of coal or stick, made him the favorite and the marvel of the country round, in spite of his extreme ugliness. But the ugliness of the child was only that of the uginess of the child was only that or feature; the beauty of his mind and heart, and the vivacity of his intelligence, rendered his countenance attractive to the most careless passerby. One day the little shepherd was seated

One day the little shepherd was seated near the road side, on the way from Vespignano to Florence, drawing upon a polished stone which he had laid upon the grass beside him, his only pencil another pointed stone which he held in his tiny fingers, a richly dressed stranger, who had descended from a litter that was following him, passed slowly by, studying, as it were, the landscape that lay before him and which formed a lovely background to the group of sheep and the ugly but picturesque shepherd. The stranger looked over the boy's shoulder, and saw that he had just shoulder, and saw that he had just sketched, with wonderful truth and correctness, a sheep and it. sketched, with wonderful truth and correctness, a sheep and its twin lambs.
Surprised and pleased, he examined the
face of the young artist. Certainly it
was not its beauty that attracted him.
The child looked up, but with such a
marvelous light in his dark eyes, that
the stranger exclaimed: "My child,
you must come with me; I will be your
master and your father; it is soon good

you must come with me; I will be your master and your father; it is your good angel that has led me here."

"My master!" replied the boy, as he sprang up from the turf, and looked again at the stranger; "(), with pleasure; but my father lives in yonder village. I would not exchange him for the Pope himself, and I cannot go with you, unless he gives me leave, and you promise that I shall often return to see him."

Touched by the filial love of the child.

Touched by the filial love of the child, the stranger's desire to befriend him only increased. "Take me," he said, "to your father; surely he will not refuse my proposal. I wish to make you a good artist, my child; you have a wonderful talent, you do not know its value. Who taught you to akatch thus?"

taught you to sketch thus ?"
"No one, my lord, except the stones
or the sticks; I see that the sharp stones can mark lines, and the shadows of the sheep or of the trees lie on the smooth ones so I draw them out, and I cut the sticks to find the heads and the figures in them, for there are heads there," said he child.

emilingly replied the unknown, as he laid his hand on the boy's forehead. "You must come with me, and I will draw them out. Let us go and ask your father's

leave."
The little fellow bounded before the stranger, and calling his sheep together, he whistled for his dog, and bidding him drive them on in advance, he returned to walk by the side of his new friend, and answered a thousand questions with so much quickness, drollery, and acuteness, that his companion became more and

more interested in his protege.

It was a miserable little village that of Vespignano, and the shepherd boy pointed to the door of one of its poorest cottages. "That is my father's house," said the child.

"And so his name is Bondone?" replied the other, "and yours, you say, is Angioletto?"

"Giotto," answered the child, who had already informed the unknown that his father was a day laborer, that his mother was dead, and that he was named Angionounce.

"It will yet be a celebrated one, I think," replied the stranger; "but you think," replied the stranger; "but you have not asked my name; shall I tell it to

"If you please, my lord."
"It is Cimabue," said the other, and they entered the hut of Bondone. "My good man," Cimabue began, addressing the boy's father "you must give your son to me, that I may make something of him."

"Give him! Excellenza, I cannot do

that. I may lend him perhaps, if it is for his good; but even then, you would have to restore him to me at least once a year.

said the peasant.

"Be it so, then," replied the great
painter. "I can understand that it is not easy to part with such an intelligenchild, and one so attached to you that he would not come with me unless he had your "I believe it." answered Bondone, "I am

poor, but I love my children, and it is not my fault that their lives in youth are so bard; they would be very ungrateful if they did not love me in return."

Tears were in the poor man's eyes, and those of the boy glistened.

"Florence is not far from hence," said Cimabue, "and I promise you, my good friend, that your boy shall often come and

"But what do you wish to make him, Excellenza?" asked the rustic.
"That which God has already made him
—an artist," replied Cimalue.

"May heaven bless you, my good lord!"
exclaimed Bondone. "And thou, my
child, when thou art rich, do not forget
thy poor father, nor thy native village.
"Never! never!" cried the child,
melting into tears, his young heart sadjudivided between the desire to become a
great painter and the regret at leaving great painter and the regret at leaving those he so fondly loved.

By this time the great man's litter had arrived, and the villagers had all heard, it is supposed from the "little bird that carries the matter" for they assembled, unbidden, to say farewell to the beloved Giotto. One brought a fruit, and another a flower; some offered him prints or relics of their patron saints; all gave him their of their patron saints; all gave him their good wishes and tears at parting, and loud vivas to the Signor Cimabue. Giotto kissed his little brothers and sisters, and almost sobbed aloud as he embraced his father, and followed in the suite of the most celebrated painter of that day. Giotto entered the studio of Cimabue

as a pupil, and was not long in acquiring the mechanical knowledge of handling the pencil and paint brush, and mixing the colors. But from the boy's first glance at the hard, dry paintings of the degenerate Grecian school, which were then the sole models of art in Italy, he

With nature he had lived all his young life, and he resolved that nature should now come and live with him in the great

master's studio.

With her assistance, he soon surpassed his masters, and began to reproduce natural objects with a fidelity that

deceived the eye.

"So they say," Giotto," cried Cimabue one day, as he was touching and retouching a head which truth whispered him was not so lifelike as those of Giotto; "so they say that your pencil deceives the eye itself, my clever pupil; it never yet could deceive mine, though I allow you are deceive mine, though I allow you are really becoming a painter, a great painter, Giotto." Soon after he said this, Cimabue left the studio. Giotto smiled when he saw the door curtain fall, and stepping gently to Cimabue's easel, he drew two or three light strokes across the cheek of the portrait his master was engaged upon, and then went back to his own place.

Cimabue returned soon after, and made some ineffectual efforts with his brush to drive away a fly that had settled upon his

some ineffectual efforts with his brush to drive away a fly that had settled upon his painting. The insect remained immov-able, and the master was obliged to acknowledge that the pupil's art had de-ceived even him. The fly had been pro-duced by the light touches of Giotto's pencil during the brief absence of Cima-

One of the first endeavors of Giotto was to restore the art of portrait painting, which for more than two hundred years had been suffered to decay. At the age of twenty he was already famous through out Italy, not only as a painter, but as a sculptor and as an architect. His tame reached Rome, and Pope Benedict IX was desirous of ascertaining if Giotto merited his high reputation. For this purpose, he sent one of the gentlemen of his household to obtain some specimens of the great hold to obtain some specimens of the great

hold to obtain some specimens of the great artist's genius.

The Pope's envoy presented himself to Giotto, explained the nature of his mission, and begged for His Holiness some proof of the painter's talents.

Giotto immediately took a piece of vellum, and leaning his elbow upon his side to steady his hand, he, at one stroke of his pencil, drew a circle of surpassing delicacy and perfection. As Giotto of his pencil, drew a circle of surpassing delicacy and perfection. As Giotto smilingly placed this in the hands of the stupefied envoy, the latter, who imagined it was but a jest, exclaimed, "What, shall I have no other proof than this circle?" "It is more than sufficient," replied Giotto: and no preserve of His replied Giotto; and no prayers of His Holiness' envoy could procure any other drawing. He retired greatly dissatisfied drawing. He retired greatly dissatished, and complained to every one that he had been made the laughing stock of the artist. From this story we have the Italian proverb, "Rounder than the O of Giotto," a play upon the Italian word Tondo (round) which means both a circle and a short thick man.

Benedict IX. and his court were not of the same opinion as the envoy, when

of the same opinion as the envoy, when they saw the circle that Giotto had drawn, and heard the description of the manner in which it was done. Giotto was sent for, and employed to adorn the Giotto Basilica of St. Peter, with subjects both from the Old Testament and the New. The Angel, in fresco, which is seven cubits in height, and stands over the portico of this Basilics, is a chef d'œuvre of Giotto's.

This artist soon returned to Florence near his ever-loved family, with whom he divided his wealth. But the suc-cessor of Benedict IX, Pope Clement V. took him in the Papal suite to the then father was a day laborer, that his mother was dead, and that he was named Angloletto Bondone. "Giotto," continued he, "when people love me; but they always love me," added he, laughing; and my father says Glotto is an easy name to pronounce."

1000 him in the Papal suite to the then pontifical residence, at Avignon, in France. Here, as in other towns of France. Giotto executed several paintings in fresco. Having acquired much fame and wealth, he again returned to Florence, and to the village of Vespignano: but he was not suffared to remain nano: but he was not suffered to remain there. Padua, Verona, Ferrara, all disputed who should retain him; in these cities he has left many remarkable paint-

Giotto's death, which occurred in 1336, Giotto's death, which occurred in 1336, was that of a painter who had drawn his best inspirations from the word of God; and his last looks were fixed upon a picture of Christ, which he had painted himself. His hearse was followed by every class of people in France. Those who had known him wept for him long and singerally. His secretary the second section of the control of the co who had known him wept for him long and sincerely. His sepulchre was such as italy gives to her best artists; noble, majestic, the rival of that of kings, and deservedly so, in a country where the arts so long reigned supreme. It was raised to his memory by Loronzo the Magnificent, Engraven above Giotto's marble bust is this inscription—

'I am he who gave new life to expiring art."

An Atheist Succumbs to the Pope.

A curious scene was witnessed the other day at the Vatican. M. Leo. Taxil, whose real name is Jongand, formerly wrote some of the most "anti-clerical" works ever printed. According to his own account, while composing a diatribe against Joan of Arc he had to refer to the against Joan of Arc in last to receive the history of her trial and condemnation, and was so struck with the angelic char-acter of the heroine that he felt himself suddenly converted to the faith he was

abusing.

He proceeded instantly to Rome to implore the Pope's forgiveness and blessing. His Holiness at once granted him a private audience, which lasted half an hour, during which he wept at the feet of the Holy Father. At length the Pope consented to give him his blessing on the condition that in his future works he condition that in his future works he would labor to undo all the harm he had done to the Catholic Church. Mr. Leo done to the Catholic Church. hr. Leo Taxil promised he would do his best, and departed. Before leaving, however, he had to make the piquant confession that he had not yet been able to convert his wife, who remained a hardened atheist.

Quite Correct.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and found it the best remedy I ever used for dysentery and all summer complaints among children, and I think no household should be without it," Mrs. A. Baker, Ingoldsby,

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S ADDRESS

AT THE RECENT CONVENTION OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES IN PHILADELPHIA. "It gives me, ladies and gentlemen, the sincerest gratification to see so many of you present here to night to greet the sincerest gratification to see so many of you present here to night to greet the delegates from the several societies of temperance, and to show, by your pres-ence, your appreciation of this great movement of social reform. I feel proud that Philadelphia leads the van in Christian warfare against intemperance, and that she does all that she can to en-courage the other sociative of the wine courage the other societies of the union, and that she receives them with cordiality such as that which I have witnessed here such as that which I have witnessed here to night. I felt proud of you, last evening, in that magnificent procession. I saw it was but the seventeeth annual convention, and I thought, if his power now is such as to call forth this popular enthuslasm, what will this boy of 17 be when a strong man of 40. This great society will advance in its career of usefulness. The heart of a bishop would be cold indeed if it were not consoled and warmed by the spectacle this morning, of the crowded spectacle this morning, of the crowded cathedral and of vast numbers who came to place their temperance under the pro-tection of their religion and to super-naturalize the natural virtue. By thus naturalize the natural virtue. By thus uniting the religious element with the natural virtue, turee advantages are obtained. In the first place ladies and gentlemen, the movement will be protected from false principles. False principles will sometimes, for a while, advance a movement, but their poison must tell in the end. There were false temperance societies in the past. The Manicheans were temperance men, as are now the Mohammedane, but on false principles. I remember that when I was coadjutor of the diocese of St. Louis (being then bishop of Tacomia, a see in Palestine), a priest wrote to me a circular lefter, requesting me to advance the cause of temperance in my diocese in honor of the sacred thirst of our Lord. I replied that I had nothing to do in that direction, because every man, woman and child in my diocese was a total abstainer. The fact was

THEY WERE ALL MOHAMMEDANS. THEY WERE ALL MOHAMMEDANS.

The poison of a false principle will show itself sooner or later, but by placing this movement under the protection of religion, false moral principles will be excluded from it. Therefore it will be sanctified, and therefore it will be perpetual. Expedients may advance a cause for a while, but let not the fact he forfor a while, but let not the fact be for-gotten that that plank in a temperance platform which is not theologically sound, will not long be able in a time of strong temptation to withstand pressure. It will simply have the dry rot and will fail in the time of trial. Then we have this advantage, that supernatural motives are given in addition to the natural motives, as the excellent preacher in the cathedral so clearly showed this morning. There is not merely the desolate home, not merely the broken-hearted mother. for a while, but let not the fact be forcathedral so clearly showed this morning. There is not merely the desolate home, not merely the broken-hearted mother, not merely the scandalized children, not merely the weakened constitution that shall leave to offspring the hereditary taint of its weakness in the tendency to over-indulgence in strong drink; there is not only all the desolation which intemperance produces, but there is the dethroning of reason; there is the sin against the living and eternal God; there is the marring of the divine likeness that is the marring of the divine likeness that God has impressed upon the human soul; there is the hell that awaits the intemperate man; there is the heaven which the drunkard cannot inherit; there are the supernatural motives of action in the fear of God, in the love of God, in Christian district. tian dignity. All these motives added to the natural motives, will perpetuate the temperance movement. Religional spread its sacred mantle over hour of trial. Our divine Lord will continue to bless it with His benedictions. In proportion to the strength of the temptation must be

THE STRENGTH OF THE MOTIVE to overcome the temptation. We need all to overcome the temptation. We need all these motives, natural and supernatural, in this evil age, when sometimes confronted with inherited tendencies to indulge in strong drink. All these are needed to sanctify and to perpetuate the temperance movement. Then the means of attaining strength are to be found in sions and communions at reguthe confess the man who is struggling against the mid-day demon, against a vice that has grown strong with his sins, reporting to the priest in the confessional, the priest watching over that man as the physician watches over a patient in fever—for intemperance is a fever; the priest watch-ing over the soul in its terrible struggle with a predominant passion; then in the Holy Communion, the body and blood of Our Lord cooling the heat of passion in the veins. All these sanctifying influences religion secures to the temperance cause, Because it protects the principles of sound morality, because it affords supernatural means to protect the man who is struggling against passion, therefore is re-ligion the sustainer of this glorious movement, and therefore do I, as a Christian ment, and therefore do I, as a Christian bishop, feel that I am in my place to night when at the head of this people greeting the delegates here who have come from every part of this great country, and welcoming them in a truly Catholic spirit that heeds not differences either in nationalities or in colors. In this truly Catholic spirit that heeds may be consistent of the Catholic spirit with the name of the Catholic spirit. spirit, in the name of the Catholic clergy of this hospitable city, and as the chief pastor of this great diocese, I welcome the delegates who come here to counsel upon the means of continuing to propagate the great principles and the sanctifying influences of the Catholic Temperance Union of America."

Yesterday.

Yesterday's tears and hopes are ended Yesterday's sourcw's done; Yesterday's roses have faded away With the light of yesterday's sun.

Part of forever-this yesterday now With the years is folded at last, For yesterday's songs are over and sung And yesterday's life is past. -Dixie.

A Fact Worth Remembering.

Mr. Jas. Binnie, of Toronto, states that his little baby when three months old, was so bad with summer complaint that under doctor's treatment her life was despaired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry cured her, she is now fat and hearty.