The Shattered Nest.

What ernel hand in wanton mood
Would shatter thus that little nest?
In rain and hais and tempests rude
The bird found shelter there and rest;
At morn it left its thy home
Beneath a sunbes m's obserful smile,
Norsought beyond it far to roam,
But diesuned its dream of joy the while.

At eve it sought its leafy nook,
It hastened to its fleeglings dear;
With anguish cry and woful look,
It sees a ruin, blank and drear.
Vainly its missing ones it sought.
And tried to catch some twittering tone;
Ah it hen that feathered breast was fraught
With bitter sorrow all its own,

Methought how reckless was the sport
That would a creature's hopes destroy,
That, for its pleasure, would resort
To what might mar another's joy!
The innet's bright but fleeting span
Upon this fragrant earth of ours
(Unlike the nobler aim of man)
Was meant for sunsaine, joy and flowers

At morn it sang its song of glee.
With trustine, gushir g, pure delight;
And. lonely, perced upon a tree,
It sang a mournful dirge ere night.
Its trembing plutons felt the chill
And dews of night upon each plume;
A sterner face awaits it still.—
Some truant's hand shall fix its doom.

Poor bird: how like thy sudden woes
To those we see in human life—
At morn in sfluence and repose;
At eve, instruggle, toil, sau atrife.
Encircled by home's joys to-day,
On hore's bright pinions borns aloft
To morrow comes, and we survey
A shattered wreck alone—too oft.

And holes a talisman to view, And holes a talismen to view,
How oft its promises beguie
Frem seeking real goods and true!
Yet as a cloud obscurers the ray
Which brightly on our pathway shone,
ome sudden change comes over our day,The shining bait that lured is gone.

Well hath it been if we discern
Its mecking glare ere yet too late,
And from remorselers fortune learn
That higher, better things await;
Nor pause the ruin to survey,
But on a surer site rebuild;
Howe'er our projects shall decay,
By patient hope we may regild.

A MEMORABLE DISASTER.

A RECORD OF MARVELS AND GOLDEN DEEDS.

Ave Maria The burning of the Opera Comique, one of the principal theatres of Paris, on the night of the 25th of May, plunged the whole city into mourning, and the horrors of that disaster are still spoken of with bated breath by those who witnessed them. The scenery, it appears, took fire from the gas jets, and some sparks fell upon the stege. The director came for ward and implored the audience to retire quietly, declaring that there was no dan-ger; but, as burning material continued to fall on the stage, and the iron curtain was not let down—it was out of order— the theatre became filled with smoke, and a great panic ensued. Unfortunately, all the doors from the building into the passages opened inwards. People fought their way out as best they could, some leaping from the windows, and falling in shapeless masses on the pavement. Others by dint of hard blows right and left by diff of hard blows right and left escaped, and in this struggle the weaker were knocked down and trampled under foot. The number of corpses found was eighty-three, nearly all of whom were identified. About one hundred persons were hurt and injured more or less

service: "A cruel and auden death is a lesson on which we can not too often meditate; it confirms the words of the Master, 'Watch and pray, for you know meditate; it contrus the worse of the Master, 'Watch and pray, for you know not the day nor the hour.' In that awful moment when the soul is suddenly brought face to face with eternity, and cries out to God, He answers by numberless graces. We may, then, hope and believe that the memory of their Baptism and First Com-munion brought back to God many of the souls summoned so unexpectedly to the judgment seat."

A few almost miraculous escapes and some deeds of the noblest heroism have been reported; they are quite authentic and deserve to be recorded in the pages grace and conversion wrought amidst those terrible flames and that suffocating smoke will be reverled only at the Day of Judgment. of Our Lady's Journal. The myster

Judgment.

At the first sign of fire, a poor woman, box-keeper at the Opers Comique, was seized with fright; her impulse was to rush out of the theatre, but seeing a crowd hurrying to a corridor without egress, she turned back and called on them to follow her. In their excitement they knocked down the lamps lighting the stairs, and the confusion so increased in the dark that several persons were trampled upon,

among them the box-keeper. As ale fell she sent up an aspiration, "O Notre Dame des Victoires, receive my last breath!" She then lost consciousness, and when she receivered her senses she found herself lying in a bed at the Hospital de la Charite. Her slight injuries will soon disappear. She is convinced that her pre-revation was due to the intervention of Notre-Dame des Victoires, under which title she has great devotion to the Bleased Virgin. She begged a friend who visited her on the day following the disaster to

but it was evident from this one that he believed it to be a supernatural answer to

sigthy-three, nearly all of whom were identified. About one hundred persons were hurt and injured more or less severly. The exact number of those who perished in this fire will never be known, as after the first two days all bodies in the theatre were completely carbonized.

The bravery and heroism of the fire men were beyond ell praise, but they were so poorly armed that they fought at a terrible disadvantage. On that fatal night, as there was no water at land—two resorvoirs which should have been filled were empty—all they could do was to rush into the building and try to save as many lives as possible. The fire was burning for nearly an hour before any water was thrown on it, and it was not till eleven celeck, when the theatre was a huge furnace, that fourteen engines began to play upon it. The first fire escapes did not arrive till one hour and them, they required such complicated man couvring that much valuable time was load in getting them into order.

The cure of the Madeleine, on hearing of the disaster, rose immediately, and turning to the priests who were sitting with him, said: "Gentlemen, it must go at once to these poor suffering souls." All followed without a word. They were able to give absolution to many, and hear the dying confessions of a few. One poor danceuse had been crying out in great habe le Rebourn had the unspeakable consolution of being in time to administer to there the problement of the most part by the best class of the populace; therefore it is to be presumed that the greater number of the unspeakable consolution of hering in time to administer to turn for turned to the most part by the best class of the populace; therefore it is to be presumed that the greater number of the unspeakable consolution of which we are calcilled. In the pockets of many of the women Our Lady's Beads were found, and we can hope that of the most part by the best class of the populace; therefore it is to be presumed that the greater number of the unspeakable consolution on which we can not too often modita be a community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. Large families pass the hours between dinner and bedtime, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? They cannot be blamed, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance. But it is not always so, In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (especially those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found epityening the domastic circle.

CLEBICAL EDUCATION.

VHY NOT DEVOTE, AND FORM, AND BY YOUR PRAYERS AND LIFE INSPIRE HIM TO BE A PRIEST OF JESUS CHRIST?

A little while ago you made your offer-ings for the salvarion of the most helpless of our flock, this is, for children, orphans and destitute. To day we sak your help for those on whom the salvation of the flock must, under God, depend; that is, for the education of priests who shall bear title she has great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She begged a friend who visited her on the day following the disaster to have a Mass of thanksgiving offered, also to have her name inscribed as a member of the Archfraternity.

Early on the morning of the 26th of May two ladies, mother and daughter, were at the same favorite shrine to thank God for having spared their lives. They had come to Peris on business for a few days, and wished to see "Mignon." To their great disappointment, they could obtain seats only in a top gallery; afterwards they were shown to a box, but it was already too crowded to admit even one more. There was nothing left for them but to leave the theatre. Coming out, the young girl said: "Mother, let us go to the May devotions at the Madeline." The mother gladly assented, and both were delighted with the services. The sermon was elequent, and the music exquisite. "Mother," exclaimed the young girl on leaving the church, "how glad I am that we came here! I could not have enjoyed the theatre half so much."

Oa the way to their hotel they had to pass before the Opera Comique. To their horror they saw it blazing in a cloud of smoke, and they hastened to our Lady's shrine to pour out their hearts before the privileged altar.

Another marvel was related in a wineshop by a person of very weak religious sentiment, but, being still under the impression of what he had assent the night of the court of the understoned to a providing for its every want. It may not be unjue to anyone; but it cares for the conting of what he had assent the night of the court of the sent of the past to first and chief need of souls is pastoral day. The them they cannot do personally you have not their had they do by a the still the court of the first of the flow work. Our new missions are multiplying fast; new works of charity, and of education require chaplains for their exclusive care. While these needs are growing, our Another marvel was related in a wineshop by a person of very weak religious
sentiment, but being still under the impression of what he had seen the night
before, he spoke with much warmth.
"From my window," he said "I commanded a full view of the burning
theatre. One group of men and women
had taken refuge on a cornice of the
monument. They were the image of
despair, paralyzed with indescribable
terror. Just in front of them a woman
k knelt, her hands lifted up in the attitude
of supplication; she remained thus for
some minutes—minutes that seemed
hours—when suddenly a fireman appeared; he lifted her in his arms, but
hardly had he reached the ladder than the
wall supporting the others fell with a
terrible crash, burying them in tongues
of flames." The narrator did not add
what conclusions he drew from the fact,
but it was evident from this one that he
beliaved it to he a suprapratural naway to Precious Blood, the oversight of His peo-ple, to depend upon the perpetuity of an order and succession of men who shall be responsible to Himself for the care of souls. The truth and grace of Jesus Christ are necessary to salvation; as necessary in every age as in the begin-ning; for only He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" and no man cometh unto the Father but by Him. For this end it is necessary that they who guide others believed it to be a supernatural answer to fervent prayer.

The fourth episode cannot be read without emotion; it illustrates in a striking manner the beauty of heroism inspired by religion. Several young mem of the Faubourg St. Germain bore testimony to it; one of them, M. de M—related it to a circle of friends. The fire was raging with intense fury, casting a dezzing glare on all the surroundings. Several members of the firebrigade gathered about their lieutenant awaiting his orders; their attention was directed to a group of five people standing on a wall sufficient? It is your most vital interest our Divine Master. Nor does this suffice unless we impress upon others the character which has been first impressed upon ourselves. But for these things who is sufficient? It is your most vital interest that they who are to be your teachers, guides, and examples, should be most like to their Divine Master. It is the flock that suffers when the shepherds are unfit. They may be unfit by un worthiness or by want of the mind of Jesus Christ. Of the unworthiness which arises from positive want of the mind of Jesus Christ. Of the unworthiness which arises from positive fault or sin we will not speak, but of the unfitness which arises from want of charity, zeal, self-denial, patience, generosity, sympathy, self-denial, patience, generosity, sympathy, self-denial, patience, generosity, sympathy, self-denial, patience, good men, that is, otherwise good, may be lacking in the pastoral qualities. It is the flock then that suffers; the young and the old, the sick and the poor, the helpless and the little ones of Jesus Christ. To you, therefore, we appeal, and for your own sake. There can be no greater happiness than the we appeal, and for your own sake. There can be no greater happiness than the union of pastor and his flock in the bonds of mutual charity, confidence and service; no unrest, no distress, greater than when the salt has lost its savour, or has never had it. It is, therefore, not enough that the future pastors of the diocese be instructed in literary and intellectual culture. It is, indeed, more than ever necessary in these days that their intellectual culture should at least teem nace with the education of the keep pace with the education of the world around. They further need world around. They further need a careful and complete knowledge of the sacred science of the faith in all its branches, and of all the studies which ministers to its completeness and its branches, and of all the studies which ministers to its completeness and its defence. But a student may be profusely furnished with all these things and yet be unfit for a pastoral care. For this, not the formation of the intellect alone is needed; but the training of the lite in character, conscience, heart and of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. Large families pass the hours between dinner and beddime, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because "it would disturb pape." Is this cheerful or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is abond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? They cannot be blamed, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance. But it is not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (specially, those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. There were fewer books, fewer means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winternights outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakspere and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Externminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

do them no greater charity than to help them in whole or in part to fulfill this desire. All works of charity are good, but the surest and best of all are two; the education of children and of priests. Indeed the latter contains the former; for there is no spiritual work which a true pastor wil not accomplish; the seeds of ail good works are in his heart. This, apart from His own life and death of expiation, was the one work of our Divine Master. He who inspired evangelists, left no trace of His own hand. The Commandments of the Old Law were written on tables; but the two precepts of the New Law were written only on the heart. He formed twelve men, and they created the Christian world, in all its fertility and multiplication of supernatural and of priests. Indeed the latter contain tility and multiplication of supernatural fruits. He has bequeathed to you and to us the continuance of this work. Every year we find it pressing more argently upon us. We are continually losing priests by death. Often, as lately, even our youngest priests have been taken; others break down in strength from over-

care. While these needs are growing, our means of meeting them hardly grow or are often stationary.

EVIL LESSONS TAUGHT IN THE ADVEN-TURES OF THE HEROES AND HEROINES. La Verite, an able Canadian journal, makes upon this important subject some

THE SCOURGE OF ROMANCES.

warning remarks which are here condensed or adapted: The terrible scourge of bad novels keeps The terrible scourge of bad novels keeps advancing day by day. It is a pestilence of which the ravages are extending rapidly and silently. It makes numerous victims, but because its subtle potson does not hurt the body, very few are troubled by it; if it were the choiers, the smallpox, or typus, what lamentations, what groads should we not hear! what precautions should we not take! what efforts should we not make to remove the scourge! We we not make to remove the scourge! We should have recourse to every remedy, to every preservative that human science puts at our disposal.

fasts, pilgrimages, public processions to beseach God to spare our bodies; when the health of the body is in question, when we want to prolong a few years this poor earthly life, no sacrifice seems too great. Alas! how strangely ind ff-rent we are to the interests of the soul, the only true interests here below. Defective sewers, crumbling houses, filthy streets, whatever may engender fevers, excite our slarms; we have no rest while the laws of health

are violated.

The public press sounds the note of The public press sounds the note of alarm, public opinion is aroused, every one makes the health of the city his own affair. But with a culpable indifference we permit the germs of a moral pestilence to develop, and think nothing of it. Newspapers, magazines, books teem with stories which cultivate the most perverse tendencies of human nature, and fan the flame of concupiscence and the passions. And impurity is not the only vice that flaunts its bold face in this literature of destruction. Pride, vengeance, luxury

destruction. Pride, vengeance, luxury have their panegyrists.

The heroes and the heroines of the novels of our days, are kneaded of pride and offered for models to be imitated. It and offered for models to be imitated. It is almost unheard of for a fashionable writer to say a word in praise of humility, a virtue so precious in the eyes of God. Revenge is elevated to the height of a social virtue. Not a word about the spirit of forgiveness, without which "our Father" is recited only to draw down curses upon our heads. Christian self-denial is replaced by a sort of self-renun ciation that is based upon purely human motives.

motives.

And when love is the theme of the romandst, it is a blind brutal passion, a sentiment purely animal. The heroes adore the heroines, the heroines adore the adore the heroines, the heroines adore the heross. Everywhere recur the words, adore, adoration. And when anything occurs to spoil this crazy worship, it is suicide, murder. In one word their writings breathe the most horrible naturalism, that great error of our age. We may pause, and ask if a people can continue to feed long with impunity on such food? In a novel at hand, one of the leading characters is a man who never goes to Mass, never goes to confession, but he is so good, charitable, compassionate! he is absolutely careless of every religious duty

the most solemn obligations. He is killed on the field of battle by a shell and has not time even to bless himself. Well, the writer sends him to Paradise after five minutes in Purgatory, for form, (sic.). And yet this is described as a good, an improvementable. irreproachable novel.

Judge then of the rest!

THE IRISHMAN WAS AHEAD.

London Truth.

London Truth.

At a certain debating society an English doctor recently argued that the Irish were naturally a depraved and dishonest race, and in support of his position he adduced his own experience. He remarked that he had at Manchester 800 Irish patients on his books, and out of this number only 30 paid him his fees.

An Irishman rose when the doctor sat down, and said: "Sir, there is never an effect without a cause; there is never an phenomenon which does not admit of an

effect without a cause; there is never a phenomenon which does not admit of an explanation. Now, sir, can we explain the extraordinary phenomenon to which the doctor has called our attention? He finds an explanation in the natural depravity of the Irish nature. I, sir, have another explanation to offer, and it is this: That the 30 patients that paid him were the only ones that recovered."

Canadian Climate.

The Canadian climate is particularly productive of Coid in the Head and Catarrh in fact Catarrh to day is more prevalent than any other disease. The discovery of Masai Baim places within the reach of all a certain means of cure.

Certain means of cure.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

KEEPING HIS ACCOUNTS.

NECESSITY THAT EACH CHRISTIAN SHOULD MAKE UP A DAILY INVENTORY

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. One day, says a workman, my employer told me the story of his conversion. "My father was pious and my mother a saint. Till I was twenty two years old I followed in their steps. At that age, I stopped frequenting the Sacraments, or, as they say, practicing. I had not lost the faith, far ifrom it! I still prayed; I went regularly to Mass on Sundays. Only the confessional made me afraid.

It was not without remorse that I gave up making my Easter duy. Little by little, I accustomed myself to so grievous a transgression. I got to persuade myself that confession and Communion can not go along with the habits of a man of the world. Of course I promised myself well! to call in a priest at my first serious illness. The thought of dying without the Sacraments frightened me. The out the Sacraments frightened me. The impiety of burial without the rites of religion caused me as much horror as disgust. You see such conduct is very inconsistent. I had, however, in the highest degree the spirit of order in my temporal affairs. It is this spirit of order which saved me.

"One day in Lent I went to church and heard a sermon, simple, familiar, but original, and seeming to be given purposely for me. The preacher, who

purposely for me. The preacher, who was a good Franciscan Father, spoke to those Christians who, though they still have the faith, live far away from the Sacraments. He compared such conduct to that of an honest merchant who ould neglect during several years to

"Take your inventory, unhappy man!' he cried, 'take your inventory! Otherwise look out for ruin, bankruptcy,

dishonor.'

"It is impossible to tell you the impression produced on me by these words, which yet were simple. You know that St. Augustine was converted by a voice which cried out to him—'Take up and read.' I owe my conversion to a voice crying to me, 'Make up your inventory, wretched man! Make up your inventory.' I struggled against it for a long time. Perhaps I should have succeeded in forgetting the recommendation of the Franciscan Father, if the spirit of order, which was inborn in me, had not embroidered on his idea all manner of other reflections and considerations.

"At last, one Sunday after Vespers, I

"At last, one Sunday after Vespers, went to the preacher and said to him: 'I come, Father, to have you help me make

come, Father, to have you help me make my inventory.'

"'Very well,' he answered smiling, 'very well. Kneel down and begin.'

"I began. Ah, how those people know the human heart! Never without my Franciscan's aid should I have succeeded in disentangling the confusion of my conscience, which nevertheless was the conscience, which nevertheless was the con-

in disentangling the confusion of my conscience, which nevertheless was the conscience of an honorable man. I pity those who, for so difficult and delicate an operation, wait for old age, sickness, and even the approach of death.

"What more shall I say? The Franciscan Father had no trouble in making me understand that a single inventory a year was not enough. He brought me to make one every three months. Now I make up my accounts every evening."

make up my accounts every evening."

"Your accounts, sir?"

"Yes, of ourse; that is, my daily examination of conscience. Do as I do, and I assure you you will feel better for

THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS.

It was the first of July. The great city railway station was crowded with gay, well dressed people on their way to some resort in the mountains or by the sea. In sad contrast to them was a group of ragged Italian immigrants, with whom a uniformed official was arguing anguly.

"I tell you this is not your station!"

raising his voice as people are apt to do
to foreigners. "At the other end of the
city. Emigrant station. Two miles.
Come, clear out!"

The man of the party shook his head
stolidly, muttering, "Tollido," as his sole
answer, and holding out a bit of written

answer, and holding out a bit of written paper.

"Toledo, Ohio," read the train hand.

"The idea of a lot of wretches as stupid as dogs going half round the world with nothing but that scrap of paper to guide them!" he sjaculated to his companions. He bustled away and the immigrants shrank back into their corner. The man looked at his pale, hunger bitten little girl and his wife, and then at the group who were chatting and laughing about him. Some young girls drew their light dresses aside as they passed him, and a sour-looking middle aged woman muttered something to them about "the country being an asylum for paupers." The

tered something to them about "the country being an asylum for paupers." The poor Italian scowled with bitter envy at a party of young, fashionable men. He carried a stick, with a few rags in a bundle, they were equipped with costly rifles and fishing tackle.

Maletesta looked as though he felt himself an outcast from the happy human race. There was no to be between him and these well to do people.

A moment later there was a cry, a fall, and a sudden rush of the crowd toward him. His child, a pretty little girl, had slid from her mother's knee and lay on the stone floor as if dead. The wretched Italian threw himself down beside her.

side her.
"Ah Gita! Figlia mia!" he cried in voice that made the tears start to the eyes of many a woman.

In a moment the great room was alive with help and friendliness. One of the young men had the child on his knee.

"I am a physician," he said quietly.
"She is not dead. It is the heat and hunger. Jem, go to the nearest drug store and bring"—lowering his voice. "And, Will, get some milk from the res

The young men dropped their guns and rods and ran; old men, young girls and negro waiters crowded forward with help. When the obild recovered, a

man is a vive dresser, it seems, and my husband is a grape grower in New Jer-sey. They shall have their own roof over their heads before night," The Italian and his wife stood beside

ber, crying and smiling, and crossing themselves. They were believers in Catholicity, the doctor was a Baptist, and the good woman an Episcopalian, but a single touch of suffering had made them all children of one Father.

The Monk's Revenge.

A Franci can lay-Brother went out one day as usual to ask for alms. He came by chance to the place of a noble English Protestant, who had come to take up his quarters in a beautiful country house outside the walls of Nice. Seeing the door open, the friar began with great humility to ask for alms; but no sooner had the Eoglishman seen him with his bag on his back, than, full of rage, he commanded him to be gone out of his sight. The him to be gone out of his sight. The friar did not understand the broken French which the other spoke, and so he continued which the other spoke, and so he continued to beg with great humility and patience. At length, quite beside himself with anger, the Englishman belabored the poor menicant so furiously with a stick that he

returned to his monastery, bearing upon him the signs of the reception he had met with at the hands of the Protestant. Rebuffs are the alms which the good sons of St. Francis oftentimes receive Some time after this event, the Englishman had occasion to visit a Franciscan monastery in that district. He went thither one day to take sketches of the thither one day to take sketches of the surrounding country. The good religious conducted him to the garden, procured a chair and table, and paid him every atten-tion, pointing out the vantage grounds which other artists had chosen and answer-

ing courteously all his questions.

When he had finished sketching, the friar who had accompanied him brought him to a little cell, where he received refresh-ment. The Englishman accepted it with gratitude, but while he was taking it he was rather surprised to see that the friar was rather surprised to see that the friar who served him was the very one whom he had treated so roughly in his own house. He was so embarrassed that he could not help asking if that was the beggar he had treated so ignominiously some time before. The friar said he was the man.

"But tell me," said the Englishman, "how can you treat me so well, after the evil treatment you received from me? I suppose you didn't know me?"

"Yes, I knew you very well," answered the friar, with great humility; "but my religion commands me to forgive injuries—to love my neighbor, and return good for evil."

This sublime principle, enunciated with

for evil."

This sublime principle, enunciated with so much calmness and modesty, made such an impression on the heart of the Protestant, that he at once called for the superior of the monastery, related what had happened, and begged pardon. He gave a considerable sum of money to the monastery, and asked that the monk who had been treated so badly by him should go to his house every Saturday, where he would obtain an abundant alms.

A few months afterwards this Protestant

A few months afterwards this Protestant secame a fervent Catholic. Such are the fruits of Christian charity.

Important Discovery at Nazareth.

The Abbe Lou's Monnier, writing from Nazareth to the editor of the La Croix, gives an account of an interesting discovof what is supposed, with good reason, to be the site of the house where the Holy Family lived after their return from Egypt. St. Jerome and other early Christian writers mention two churches the straight of the straight o as existing in their times in Nazareth, one on the site of the Annunciation, and another built over the site of the house where our Lord was brought up, ubi erat nutritus. Arculpb, a pilgrim, who vis-ited Palestine in 670, gives a minute description of this latter church. He says it was built between two small elevations in on two tombs that were separated by arcades, and that between the tombs a arcades, and that between the tombs a clear stream flowed from which the people used to draw water through a well in the church above. The Dames de Nazareth, in building their new convent, have had lately to make some excavations, and in removing the heaps of rubbish accummulated after centuries of negular and downstation have some upon bish accummulated after centuries of neg-lect and devastation, have come upon what appears to be the foundation of a large church, and in clearing out the sub-terranean grottoes and vaults have fur-ther discovered two ancient tombs, over which can still be traced two ruined arches of an squeduct, which would seem to prove that this lost and venerated sanctu-ary has been found archi and handly it ary has been found again, and happily it is in the hands of Latins.

A Marvelous Conversion.

A curious scene was witnessed the

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 history of her trial and condemnation, and was so struck with the angelic character of the heroine that he felt himself suddenly converted to the very faith he was abusing.

He proceeded instanter 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 would labor to undo all the harm he had done to the Catholic Church. Mr. had done to the Catholic Church. Leo Taxil promised to do his departed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dyrentery or Diarrhœa, and have to use great precauand negro waiters crowded forward with help. When the child recovered, a dozen eager hands led Maletesta and his wife to the eating room, and somebody went around with a hat collecting a tund for their relief. The young doctor still held the child, feeding it carefully, when the old lady, no longer haughty and sour, came up to him,

"As soon as the baby is fit to travel I will take them all home with me. The