

And that night Mother Superior told the community of a large gift of money made the convent that the burned wing might be rebuilt, and the Sisterhood wondered much who the generous donor could be, but no one gave even a passing thought to Sister Katharine, — *Mary Boyle O'Reilly, in the Catholic World.*

WHEN YOU ARE GONE.

The sun will rise and set the same,
Men will work and strive for fame,
Forgotten soon will be your name,
When you are gone.

Flowers will blossom in the spring,
And silvery wood-notes loudly ring,
As feathered warblers sweetly sing,
When you are gone.

Friends will grieve above your bier,
And on your grave will drop a tear,
You'll be forgotten in a year,
When you are gone.

Above you ever and anon,
Will pass the long years one by one,
Remorseless time sweep on and on,
When you are gone.

And millions yet will follow thee,
Gray age, glad youth, and infancy,
Will join you in Eternity,
When you are gone.

The cradle, coffin and the grave,
Will hold alike the king and slave,
The proud, the humble, and the brave,
When you are gone.

Age will mourn, and youth will laugh,
One half will give the other half
A tear, a tomb, an epitaph,
When you are gone.

H. M. Wyse, in The Pilot.