While the moon her watch is keeping

But hark! now across the moonlight, Through the warmness of the Jane night, From the tall tree? Istening branches Comes the sound, sustained and holy, Of the passionate melancholy Of a wound which singing stanches.

Oh, the eestacy of sorrow
When the music seems to borrow
From the thought of some past lover
Who loved vainly all his lifetime,
Till death ended peace and strife-time
And the darkness clothed him over!

Oh, the passionate, sweet singing, Aching, gushing, throbbing, ringing, Dying in divine, soft closes, Recommending, waxing stronger, Sweet notes, ever sweeter, longer Silithe shining wakes the roses. Quoth the roses to the singer;
"Oh, thou dearest music-tringer,
Now our sleep so sweetly endeth,
Teil us why this soy so sad seems,
When the after is full of glad dreams,
And the bright moon o'er us bendeth."

Sang the singer to the roses:
"Love for you my song discloses,
Hence the note of grier it borrows."
Quoth the roses, "Love means pleasure,
Quoth the singer, "Love's own measure
Is its pure attendant sorrows." [Philip Bourke Marston, in Harper's Mag-azine for July.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT COLUMBIA.

An Episode of the Late War.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

For Redpath's Weekly.
On the night that—during the Civil War-Columbia, South Carolina, was burned, the sixty scholars of the Ursuline

Convent in that city were grouped to-gether in one of the lower rooms of the institution awaiting orders from the Lady Superioress, Madame Lynch, sister of the late lamented Bishop of Charleston. Early in the day, General Sherman had

Early in the day, General Sherman had given to her his written pledge to spare the Convent, and, relying upon this promise, no provision was made for the removal of either pupils or nuns. And people in the vicinity, having heard of that pledge, sent to the Convent many of their valuables for safe keeping.

When the city was fired, and flame after flame sont its luvid light into the very

flame sent its lurid light into the very windows of the institute, the hearts of th pupils and of many of the nuns quaked, and as the cries of drunken soldiers min-gled with the noise of crackling timber and the ominous thud of falling wall-some of their very souls gave way to mor-

Madame Lynch alone never once lost her calm, majestic mien. She would not forego her trust in Sherman's pledge, nor could she doubt for a moment the aid and the protection of Heaven. So she calmed the terrified girls, and imparted much of her own firm assurance to the trembling

But at eleven o'clock, when the sky seemed to be a mass of molten flame from, not alone burning houses, but the vegeta-tion along the road leading to the city that had a so been kindled, a company ribald soldiers broke into the convent.

With flaming torches in hand they dashed past the guard at the door, who

made little effort to stop them, and fire marked their way at every step they took. But one of their number, a slight, small, agile young man, though he seemed to be as busy as the others in applying his torch, really did not touch a single of jet, and, to a close observer, his single object, and, to a close cosecutor, tipsy swagger was nothing more than a consoling and assuring herself, feint; a feint that was fully proved by the feint; a feint that was fully proved by she stepped on with her companions feint; a feint that was fully proved by his seizing the first opportunity of escape from his companions, and making his way to the room in which were gathered the Before Valle Crucis was of the country of the country

nuns and the girls. Madame Lynch met him before he could cross the threshold:

cross the threshold:
"You do not recognize me, malame,"
he said hurriedly; "but I am Louie Blanchard, Eugenie's brother."
He plucked away from his face for an
instant the heavy beard that had con-

The Superioress gave a low cry of pleased surprise.

"You have disguised yourself so effectually, Mr. Blanchard," she said, "that it would be hard to recognize you."

"I had to do it to get my way in here," he answered; "but there is no time for explanations. They are firing the Convent over your heads, and I have come to the convent over your heads, and I have come to yent over your heads, and I have come of tell you to go instantly. If you do not, you will not escape with your lives.

Marshal the girls now, and I shall pretend that I have been detailed by General Geary as one of their guards. The Yankee soldiers are in such a state of general intoxication they will hardly discover that I am not one of them."

The tramp of unsteady feet, and the

roating of the flames on the floor above them, convinced Madame Lynch that it was no longer safe to trust to Sherman's

There was barely time to serve a pillow and a cup to each of the girls, and to get them safely out of the burning building. On the street the danger was hardly less. Fire was on all sides of them, and intoxicated soldiers met them at every step. Men were maddened that night, for the very gutters ran with liquor, and sol-diers scooped it up and drank it until their brains were on fire.

The little band walked in pairs, outer ranks guided twenty nuns, and headed by undaunted and dignified Madame Lynch. In more than one instance, insulting soldiers fell back before her, their insults dying on their lips, and themselves quelled by they

knew not what. The only available shelter was a coun try house of the convent-known as Valle try house of the convent—known as Valle Crucis,—situated five miles out of Columbia, and thither they journeyed, now picking their steps as best they might among the burning brands, then dodging as well as they could what seemed to be balls of absolute flame whirling upon all sides, and again, keeping close together in order to protect themselves from the maudlin attentions of the tipsy soldiers.

Blanchard gradually worked his way to the side of one of the girls, and whispered

to her : "Don't be afraid, Minnie; it is I." "Louie," she exclaimed, dropping the hand of her companion in order to grasp

his.

"But how did you get here? And where are Engenie and your parents?"

"I came here with our soldiers, the Confederates, and expected to have to leave with them when Columbia was given up; but I had this disguise with me," touching his false beard, "and I found an exportantiaty of assuming a part of the touching his talse beard, and thouse an opportunity of assuming a part of the Yankee uniform. I was glad enough to embrace it, knowing it would help me to get to you. Eugenie, and father and mother were safe in Augusta when I left, but most anxious about you."
"And you have braved all this danger

for my sake?" lifting to his own a pair of bewitching dark eyes.

"For your sake.

But he could say no more, for just then a mounted Federal officer attempted to force his horse through the ranks of the girls. Terrified, they parted to give him space, but instead of availing himself of the opportunity he simply reared his animal upon its haunches, causing more fright and consternation, and then drew it up so that its head fairly touched the face of the young lady to whom Blanchard was speaking.

ard was speaking.

Maddened at the wantonness of the officer, Blancherd sprang at the horse, jerked the rein from the hand of the astonished rider and forced the beast out of the ranks, and back upon his haunches, to the imminent risk of dislodging the officer. He recovered himself in time, however, and with his riding whip gave a blow to the young man's face that knocked off his false beard.

nocked off his false beard.

The light from the burning city made everything as distinctly visible as in the noonday, and following up his discovery of one disguise the officer immediately tore away enough of Blanchard's Federal uniform coat to reveal his Confederate

After that it was but the work of moment to cause Blanchard's arrest, and he was borne away, without time to say even a parting word to her for whom he had braved so much.

II.
They were betrothed—Louie Blanch-They were betrothed—Louie Blanch-ard and Minnie Riler—had been betrothed almost in their cradles by their parents, who would thus cement their own fond friendship. And when, a half score of years after, an epidemic swept away the father and mother of Minnie, she was im-mediately adopted by the Blanchards, finding in their home a care as tender as that she had lost.

that she had lost. The Blanchards, both father and mother, loved her devotedly. Eugenie, the only daughter and her senior by three years, regarded her as a precious little sister, and Louie, the only son and older again than Eugenie by a couple of years, looked upon her always as his intended wife. Eagenie and she, for some years, had

been educated together at the Ursuline Convent, in Columbia; then the former having graduated, had returned to her home in Augusta. Minnie remained to complete her education, and, being now in her eighteenth year, she expected to do so at the close of the present term. She was a pretty, graceful, spirited girl,

with an equally keen sense for the pathe-tic and the humorous, and enough of determination in anything she undertook to carry her through by its own force. Unlike many of her sex, she did not lose heart at the arrest of her lover, nor did heart at the arrest of her lover, nor did she even give way to tears, that would have served as little. She knew that he was brave and quick of invention, and she felt he would prove that his disguise had been assumed solely for the purpose of protecting her, his betrothed, and not as a spy, so that his utmost penalty would be captivity. And that, perhaps, would be shortened by an exchange of prison-

Before Valle Crucis was quite reached. mounted guards of General Geary's staff overtook the little band of women, and requested them to return. It was Sherman's order, and they were again guar-anteed protection, but directed to pass the remainder of the night in the Cathedral, one of the few buildings that had not thus far shared in the general destruc-

So the footsore, weary, and affrighted women retraced their dangerous way, but this time protected, for the mounted guards remained with them.

When they arrived at the Cathedral

they preferred to remain in the gravevard that partly surrounded the edifice, for it seemed as if the flames raging upon all sides must surely extend their fiery tongues thus far.
Crowding together, most of them threw

their pillows upon the grass, and, seating themselves, endeavored by such little heat as they could get from each other, to endure the bitter cold of that February

Minnie Riler was one of the few who remained standing, though she had thrown her pillow down with the rest, and while she shivered as the cold wind cut through her shawl, the expression of her face, dis-tinctly seen in the light of the burning city, evinced that she was more absorbed in her own thoughts than alive to any impression of the weather.

General Sherman was in the inclosure, mounted, and taking a leisurely survey of the havoc about him. To get a better view of some point, he rode to where Minnie Riler stood, drawing rein just beside her. She started a little, then beside her. She started a little, then moved haughtily away, but only a step ant. or two. He rested himself carelessly in his saddle, with one leg thrown up over the thigh of the other.

Suddenly a woman approached him, wringing her hands, and lamenting loudly the general ruin.

"You may thank me, Madame, that you have the heavens above you, and the

Minnie Riler heard his reply, and im-ulsively she responded, as she turned and

Sherman placed at Madame Lynch's dis-posal the Methodist College. Thither the little band marched, protected front and rear by General Geary's own staff. Bacon and hard tack were served to them, and a provost guard was placed in the building.

Minnie Riler, in passing the guard to ascend to the quarters assigned to her and her companions, recognized him as an in-timate, though long absent, friend of her own and the Blanchards. He had been a

neighbor, in fact, until a couple of years before the war, when he with his family

The face of the young provost guard became dark and grave at once. "He will be shot. Minnie," he said, The girl's plack and determination

"Can nothing be done to help him?" she asked, speaking firmly, though she changed color a little. "Nothing," he replied.

"Can I not get permission to see him?"
And then, looking back at Madame
Lynch, who stood waiting for the conversation to end, that she might see Minnie up the stair before her, she bent forward and whispered something to the

young man very quickly. He started and shook his head. She per isted, whispering again more nurrically and more earnestly than before, and at length she won her way. He promised to do what he could, and to find some means of letting her know how he

should succeed. Oa her upward way with the Superioress, she explained the cause of her deten-

"I was coaxing him to help me to see Louie, who will be shot before twentyfour hours.' Madame was shocked and sorrowful, but

still sanguine, and she would have at-tempted to impart some of her own hope to Minnie, but that the girl seemed al-ready buoyed with some strange confi-

Towards noon, when a guard came with a fresh supply of the brackish water which, though disgusting to look at and bitter to taste, was yet drunk with avidity by many of the girls, he seemed to be on some secret though anxious alert that immediately attracted Minnie Riler's attention. She found a pretext for speak-ing to him, during which she contrived to let him know her name.

He slipped to her a dirty and crumpled siece of paper, on which she made out, at he first opportunity:
Louie is to be shot to-morrow morning.

Come down stairs as soon as it grows dark, and I shall try to carry out your plan. I cannot leave my post, but I have enlisted the services of a young lieutenant who is my trusty friend. George Amandale."

Minnie thrust the note into her bosom,

and flew to find her particular chum, one Annie Deering.
"I am going to steal down stairs as soon

as it is dark, Annie," she said, and I want you to cover up my departure. Keep Madame Lynch and everyone else from knowing it as long as possible. I shall have a headache and retire to my pallet as soon as the sun goes down, the better to help your concealment. Do you understand Arriva?

stand, Annie?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Miss Deering, "and a little more perhaps than you imagined you were telling—all this has reference to Louie, has'nt it?"

Minnie nodded, but put her finger on

er lips to impress silence, then removed

part of the building was accomplished without detection, and without suspicion, her companions, with the solitary excep-tion of Annie Deering, and Madame her to be quietly, if not comfortably, reposing on one of the uninviting pallets, the only beds that could be obtained. Her departure was further aided by the fact that candles were not supplied to them until the darkness had long set in, and then in insufficient quantities to show more than the nearest and largest objects. The morning of the 19th of February 1865, broke upon Columbia utterly ruined. General Howard's troops were engaged in destroying the railroad toward the Wataree River, and Sherman was preparing to march with the right wing of the army northward to Wains-

At Greene's house, a commodious build ing situated in the vicinity of the residence of WadelHampton, Louis Blanchard had been confined, and was in the early

morning of this day to be shot.

His guard wondered somewhat at the change which had come into the demeanor of the prisoner, since the night before, when two young Federal soldiers, one an officer, had been permitted to visit him. He himself knew the young lieutenant, and had become so interested in listening to the interesting things of which he spoke (among others a pathetic descripti the love of this same Blanchard) that he forgot to watch his prisoner, who sat at a little distance equally engaged in conver-sation with the boyish-looking Federal soldier who had accompanied the lieuten-

The change that he remarked was the extreme taciturnity of the prisoner and his disposition to keep his face buried in his hands. Previous to the visit of his friends, he had been cheerful and talka-

tive, winning not alone the liking of his guard, but something of his sympathy.

The guard, however, attributed the change to the nearness of the approaching doom, and because of his liking for the prisoner, feeling upon himself something of the shadow of that doom, he did not seek to disturb young Blanch-"Are you such a fool as to think you could take those?"

He laughed at the spirit of the girl.

General Geary, who stood near him, interested by her daring reply, stooped forward to look at her closely. He felt that

he would recognize, wherever he saw it again, that defiant face and sparkling eyes.

An hour or two later, and General With the platoon, came unexpectedly with the platoon, came unexpectedly

General Geary, and the young, slender, boyish prisoner was led out into the space wherein the execution was to be per-formed. He walked firmly enough, seeming to try to make the most of his somewhat diminutive stature, and looking haughtily and defiantly before him.

General Geary was attracted by the smooth, pure-complexioned face. It was

smooth, pure-complexioned need the so young, so fair, and so utterly unmasculine. He leaned forward, and looked more sharply still at it. And the prisoner, as if impelled by the magnetism of his eager look, let his eyes rest fu'll upon the

before the war, when he was removed north.

The recognition was mutual, and equally hearty and affectionate, after which followed hurried questions and answers in the course of which Minnie and the course of which Minnie told what had happened to Louie.

"By Heaven!" Geary muttered, half under his teeth, and then he gave a hurried order that countermanded the preparations for the execution, and that arread the prisoner to be returned to the

caused the prisoner to be returned to the quarters whence he had been taken.

There the General interrogated him sternly, and finding it impossible to keep the secret longer, the prisoner admitted that he was not Louie Blanchard, but Minnia Riler. Minnie Riler.
Further she would not tell, nor could either threats or promises extort from her a word explanatory of how she came to

be in her present position.

From the guard, however, was obtained the passes that had enabled the two Federal soldiers to see the prisoner the night before, and Lieuteuant A——, of Gen-eral Howard's staff, was placed under im-mediate arrest, though he protested that he supposed his companion of the previous night to be Private Anderson of one of the companies of the Fifteenth Corps; that he had only met the young gentleman for the first time, as both were on

their way to see Blanchard.
On search being instituted, Private Anderson was found in his company, in utter ignorance that his name had been used in

uch a scheme. When interrogated further, Lieutenant A denied all knowledge of any change of personality having been effected during his visit on the previous night; he also said that, to all appearances, the same person passed out with him from Greene's house that had entered in his company, and that they parted shortly after.

By fortunate forethought George An-

nandale's name was not mentioned, though when Geary sent to Madame Lynch for an account of her absent pupil, it brought, of course, the delinquent pr vost guard under strong suspicion.

The Superioress was as much astonished as everybody else, and could not, even if she would, furnish a single clue to the matter. Nor would anybody drop a syllable to clear the mystery, not even when, in one of the rooms in the lower part of the college were found part of Miss Riler's discarded feminine wear and her long black hair that she had cut off.

Annandale could not be held to very

stern punishment, as he had been placed on guard not to watch prisoners, but to protect helpless women, so he laughed at the manner in which they tried to trap him into some admission, and he managed so well, that the very next day he marched away with Sherman's army, carrying the secret still in his breast.

Minnie Riler, after twenty-four hours' letention, during which her impassability baffled every effort to extort from her some confession, was returned to the care of Madame Lynch. It was said afterward that her unexpected release was due to the influence of General Geary. Be that as it may, the girl, while she entertained the fiercest dislike for General Sherman, always continued, even when the last throe of war had been given, to hold sentiments

of respect and regard for General Geary. Hardly an hour after her return to the care of the Superioress, a large uncovered her lips to impress silence, then removed it, to say, carelessly:

"Now go and see if Belle Manuing has that pair of pocket scissors of hers, and if she will lend it to me."

Annie Deering extended her eyes at the request, but she obeyed it, brirging the article to Minnie, who put it into her pocket.

Her descent at nightfall to the lawer that the had come to take home the Georgia girls. He was recognized at once by some of the pupils as a Mr. D———, from Augusta, and Madame Lynch did not hester that the science of the superiores, a large uncovered country wagon drew up before the door of the college, and a rough looking man, in the dress of a farmer, announced that he had come to take home the Georgia girls. He was recognized at once by some of the pupils as a Mr. D———, from Augusta, and Madame Lynch did not hester the college. Her descent at nightfall to the lower litate to confide to his care those of her charges whose homes were in the vicinity from which he had come. There were six of them. Minnie Riler among the number, and as she parted with the Sisters Lynch and the other Sisters supposing and those of her companions who were compelled to longer sojourn in desolate and well-nigh destitute Columbia, her tears for the first time burst forth. sibly it was the reaction from feeling strange and powerful enough to have sub dued much stronger natures. She hall restrained herself with so severe a curb, lest even a passing expression of her face might make some revelation, that it was an intense relief to give way at last, and she sobbed outright on Madame Lynch's breast. That good lady comforted her as she well knew how to do, and by the time

that Miss Riler was ready to descend to the wagon, her tears were quite dried.
Youth is so buoyant. Misfortune may depress it, and want may make it gaunt, but let a momentary streak of light cross the darkness, or permit the grotesque or comical salute its vision, its normal buoyancy will instantly return. It will laugh, though the exertion caused by the mirth may make deeper its hunger, and it will jest on that which, perhaps, has caused its

misfortune.

Thus it was with the six young girls whom Mr. D—— was conveying to Georgia. With all their privations, in the midst of anxiety for absent relations, and some concern about the fatigue and dis-comfort of a long and exposed journey, they could no more help being amused by the novelty of all than they could resist

breathing.

The comical struck them in everything they saw, or did-they even turned into a jest the fact that their only towel was Minnie Riler's veil. It served for wash-rag as well, when a heavy storm came on, and saturated the whole party.

Two days they were out on the road,

and never, perhaps, were seen a more be-draggled or dishevelled looking company. Twice they had been wet through, and their rumpled, and hardly yet dry attire clung around their forms in a most uncomfortable way, while their hair, (not one of the party had a comb), dressed only with their fingers, was suffered to adopt Fatigue, and wet, and cold, had at

length made them somewhat spiritless, and for an hour or more, there had been

Then one of the party suddenly per-

ceived an object in the distance. called the attention of her companions to it, and as the wagon was approaching it they soon made it out to be a man. When

they came nearer they saw he was very neatly dressed, and that he was carefully picking his steps across the somewhat marshy ground surrounding him. The pains that he took to select the places for his feet were enough to reawaken the mirth of the girls and contrasting his appearance with their own, frequent were their jests at his ex-

But he was too far removed from them to know even that he was an object of attention, and he continued to thread his way slowly and carefully. All his care, however, did not avail. In one of the softest places his foot slipped, and, to the extravagant delight of the girls, he turned a complete somersault into the marsh.

They screamed with laughter, and lifted themselves to higher positions in the

themselves to higher positions in the wagon, and made Mr. D.——drive as near as possible to the scene of the catas-trophe, so that when the neatly dressed individual recovered himself and again stood on firm ground, wet, muddy, and lisordered, he encountered, hardly six feet away, the merry faces of the six laughing

At the same time however, there was a scream of recognition from Miss Riler, and a simultaneous exclamation from the bespattered young man. He was Louie Blanchard, and in another moment his

betrothed had sprung from the wagon, and was fairly holding him in her arms.

All the occupants of the vehicle alighted, and surrounded him the better to see him, even to Mr. D—— who knew him well, and who shook him heartily by both

His story was not a long one. Having made his escape from Columbia, on the night that Minnie changed places with him in his prison, he had contrived to reach the house of a friend some miles south of the burned city, and there he had remained until the previous day, when, unable longer to endure his suspense about Minnie, he had started, determined, could he gain information in no other way, to

brave again the perils of Columbia order to learn something about her. "And now tell me," he continued "how soon after my departure did you proclaim our exchange of prisoners?"
"I did not have to proclaim it," she said, laughingly. "General Geary divined it when he happened to see me the next

morning." There seemed to come to young Blanchard a sudden and rather startling divina-

tion.
"Minnie," he said very solemnly, "would you have broken your promise given when I consented to let you take

my place?"
"My promise," she replied archly,
"what was it? Oh, yes!" putting her
hand hastily on his mouth to prevent his answer. "I remember—it was to reveal my identity the first thing the next morning. I intended to do so when I gave you that promise, Louie, but something when the time came I could not. I so much afraid of danger for you, and then it would have been so novel and so wonderful, you know, to die in your

For answer, he caught her to him and kissed her.
Of course he was added to the return

party, and the rest of the journey, at least to Minnie Riler, seemed to be accom plished with much more speed and pleas ure than had been the first part of it.

They reached the various homes of the girls without accident or interference, and on the close of the war, Louie Blanchard

and his daring betrothed were married.

To this day, however, twenty years after the great struggle, Mrs. Blanchard General Sherman Reading his memoirs, she became exasper ated at some of his statements about th burning of Columbia, and was heard to declare that she would refute them even at the cost of appearing herself in the from public print.

PATIENT SOUTH AMERICANS.

HOW METHODISTS OUTRAGE THE CATHO LICS OF BUENOS AYRES.

From the New Orleans Morning Star.] We clip the following from one of our Protestant exchanges published in this

"Four thousand copies of the Metho dist paper in Buenos Ayres were distribu-ted on Good Friday at the doors of the Roman Catholic churches and the people accepted them readily."

This has placed us in a speculative mood, and we have, in connection with it, to propound as follows, a few interrogative suggestions:

1. For pure unadulterated cheek can this, by any possibility, be excelled?

2. What would have been the fate of

the venturesome Catholics who would have risked themselves, in front of a score or more of Methodist churches, to make similar distributions of Catholic literature—would not some of them have been at least roundly abused, and prohably even dumped into the ditch?

3. Is the Methodist concern, at the moment, in need of martyrs, according to the style of martyrdom after which its colporteurs in Catholic countries seem to

yearn—that is, an application of Catholic shoe leather? 4. Are not the Catholics of Buenos Ayres patient and charitable Christians in so much as, when they discovered the character of the insolence that had been practiced upon them, they did not lay hands upon the fellows who did this dis-

What has been the ultimate fate of this great supply of Methodist litera-ture, thus lavishly expended?

The New York Tribune in its market report, explained why some butter is sold for such low prices. In speaking of butter it said: "Light colored goods are very hard to dispose of and several lots were thought well sold at 8 to 10 cents. If butthrought wen sold at the top price, they should use the Improved Butter Color, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It gives a pure dandelion color and never turns red, or raucid, but tends to improve and preserve the butter.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE

CHURCH IN ENGLAND. London Universe, Jone 21st. At the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday at the High Mass, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, after reading the pastoral in aid of the building of churches in London, delivered a short dis-course to a crowded congregation on the same subject. They were, he said, some-times derided because the amount received after the reading of such a pastoral as he had just read, only amounted to £300 or £400; and that derision was not altogether undeserved, because it seemed like making agreat clamour and appealing to the

faithful without any result.

ledged that derision was almost deserved, but not altogether, and that for this rea-son. At this time, the Church in the world stood in the most marked contrast that had ever been known since its begin-ning. Revolutions had scourged the whole of Christendom during the last century, and in the present had stripped, spoiled, and impoverished the Church in the greater part of the Christian world. Well, he was going to say, he was ready to bless God for it, because if they could read the signs of the times, they would see this. God for it, because if they could read the signs of the times, they would see this, that an anti-Christian revolution, carrying with it an intense hatred against the faith of the Church of Jesus Christ, was growing and encircling them on every side, and he hoped, that when that day came, the Church might stand face to face with it, respectively the chiral properties of the country in this world which the possessing nothing in this world which the revolution could take away, or even turn into a reproach. The best preparation for

the coming commune was that the Church should be poor, for if it be poor, there can be no unjust reproach of wealth, of corruption, of worldliness, or of worldly ambition. The Church had turned again into the condition of poverty in which it was when its Divine Master founded it, and was, therefore, safer, purer, mightier and stronger against the world. And he con-fessed that it seemed to him that our Divine Master in His wise providence had prepared His Church for the last great assault, and was so disposing of it that the world should not find in it any-thing which belonged to itself. In England, there were two systems face to face
—one which possessed the whole inheritance of wealth that once belonged to their forefathers, and the Catholic Church, which lived on alms. Well, he was happy to be a poor and unworthy pastor of that Church which lived on alms; its poverty was a token of its Divine Master. He appealed to them to give that day for this necessary and landable work—to give generously and in proportion to their means; and to give not only then, but in the future. And lastly, as he had said often and would never weary of repeat-ing, they could remember their kindred and friends indeed, but let them not leave out the name of their Divine Saviour. Let the name of their Divine appear among those that would inherit what they would leave behind. When the temple of Solomon was destroyed, the people made no effort to restore it, and people made no effort to restore it, and God, for their heartlessness and selfish ness, sent a prophet, who asked if it was good that they should live in ceiled houses while the house of God was allowed to lie desalate. This was the reproach ad-dressed to them now, but applying not so much to the mere material buildings-to the stones and bricks and mortar, as to the spiritual structure—the edifice of souls He called on them to help in this good work of mission founding, that the souls of the little children might be saved and the dying might have the consolations of reli-gion and the ministrations of the priest in their last hour, and then should the last temple be more glorious than the first. The splendours of the mediaval Church in England were passed and gone, but in its stead was now rising up around them, not raised by hands or axe or hammer, but by Divine power, that spiritual structure, that sauctuary of faith and charity, that perfect temple of God, in which shall be fulfilled the promise made by God through His prophet, "All thy children shall be found in God, and great shall be their peace." Were England once more restored o unity of faith, it would be restored to unity of heart, and where there is unity

understanding shall reign for ever. MR. PARNELL, M. P., ON THE NEWRY VICTORY

of heart that peace which surpasseth all

From the Dublin Freeman London, Monday.
The following letter has been sent by

Mr. Parnell to Mr. Harrington, M. P.: "June 9th, 1884. "My DEAR HARRINGTON-The Nationalists of all Ireland have reason to congratulate themselves on the magnificence of the victory at Newry yesterday. "I desire at the same time to express a

hope that the completeness of their success will induce our friends of Uister to act in a spirit of self-restraint and moderation. a spirt of seif-restraint and moderation.

"While our right to the public expression of our opinions—which are the opinions of the majority of the people of Ulster—should be defended with energy and courage, I believe the sound sense of Ulster Nationalists will show them the high importance of acting with possible regard and consideration for the susceptibilities of our Orange fellow-coun-

"I think, therefore, that at all events for the present, meetings should only be summoned in those districts of Ulster where our opponents are plainly in the minority as at Newry.

"Such meetings are the less necessary as there are so many districts in the North of

Ireland where the Nationalists form the vast majority of the population.
"Our policy is one of generous toleration and consideration for all sections of tribution and soil their coats a little for

the Irish nation, and the course I recom-mend will, I think, give a guarantee that this is a policy which even their elation of victory will not tempt us to depart "You will agree with me, I think, that in your communications with the Branches

of the National League in Ulster these principles of action should be laid down,

and I have confidence that this policy will likewise commend itself to the gentlemen

engaged in arranging Nationalist meetings engaged in that province.

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. PARNELL."

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures. Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, Sop., route, cost free.

play;
'Tis idle now,
And hangs untouch
day. But oh, so eloquentl Tho' silent, of a fair And the blue eyes w clear Beneath. It callet How often here It smiled away our

JULY 19, 1884.

It tells of guileless lo That clung around were sere.
Joyfully, faithfully
Filling them with
bliss—
But all is past,
Except as it is pict
Lowe, P. Q.

FATHER ROBINS FESS

London Univ

A very large con evening service at t sington, on Sunday ter C. Robinson wa pers, Father Robins and in the course lasted just under ar to throughout with said: What an in this subject; look; there such an inte called the Confes there is something this curiosity spri worthy? Would t est about it if our only men should us certainly this is a many immortal not going to say to-night, and let who are here in wish not to wound I do wish to spea you to notice a What is such a relief to th any one deny this great crime comming the breast, ther that soul as long moment it is to knows it, the bu important fact the his terrible knowle to human nature not. All persons religion for them Christianity, recog great thing confe thing in their reli The Church of En pect me to call the

In their early day ings, and they v part of the people the meeting. The ings are degenerated my point; they confession. Who it is for a man Who to ligion? How do How can he say t has not been a tr and that it is re start it? In a re something in the often is a nuisan meeting, and th two evangelists ds what does Well, you cannot are the real mes think it a wonder I am rejoiced at England come to That is a good further, glory men and what the a familiar meet are made and co another takes p cognize the gre doubt they are confession of vi recognition. T vides for this way; the confe thing, a downr meeting the thi ized way of me nature. You of don't be afraid

nize confession in as you can see in

Wesleyans, perha

RECOGNIZE THE

sects,

agree with me t the protection Unless in illa confession of a sional in the ch ded. Next, th In what does the priest's tor brought to him the confessions the most abs not ready to d veal any sin to confidence of men and lawy ing to it. T not for any to make a phim in confe to the same prand the priest socially.

at liberty to there that strik

so public, who

absence of all n

is public for th

tent, some may

THE PRIEST RE

person need b he shall be ab fessionals in