

Roses and the Nightingale.

In my garden it is night-time,
But a still time and a bright time,
For the moon rains down her splendour
And my garden feels the wonder
Of the spell which it lies under
In that light so soft and tender.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT COLUMBIA.

An Episode of the Late War.
BY CHRISTINE FABER.

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 together 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 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 this pledge, sent to the Convent many of their valuables for safe keeping.

When the city was fired, and flames afar flew sent its lurid light into the very windows of the institute, the hearts of the pupils and of many of the nuns quaked, and as the cries of drunken soldiers mingled with the noise of crackling timber and the ominous thud of falling wall, some of their very souls gave way to mortal fear.

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 impugned a match of her own firm assurance to the trembling sisters.

But, at eleven o'clock, when the sky seemed to be a mass of molten flame from not alone burning houses, but the vegetation along the road leading to the city that had a heart similar to a company of wild 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, slight, snail, agile young man, though he seemed to be as busy as the others in applying his torch, really did not touch a single jet, and, to a close observer, his tipsy swagger was nothing more than a feint: a feint that was fully proved by his seizing the first opportunity of escape, and making his way to the room in which were gathered the nuns and the girls.

Madame Lynch met him before he could cross the threshold. "You do not recognize me, Madame," he said hurriedly, "but I am Louis Blanchard, Eugenie's brother."

He plucked away from his face far an instant the heavy beard that had concealed it.

The Superioress gave a low cry of pleased surprise. "You have disguised yourself so effectively, 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 tell you to go instantly. If you do not, Marshal the girls now, and I shall pretend that I have been detailed by General Geary as one of your 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 roaring of the flames on the floor above them, convinced Madame Lynch that it was no longer safe to trust to Sherman's promise.

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 soldiers scooped it up and drank it until their brains were on fire.

The little band walked in pairs, its outer ranks guided by the twenty nuns, and headed by undaunted and dignified Madame Lynch. In more than one instance, burning 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 country house of the convent—known as Vale 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 murderous 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 Eugenie 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 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 up to his head fairly.

"Maddened at the wantonness of the officer, Blanchard 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 rising whip gave a blow to the young man's face that knocked off his false beard.

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

After that it was but the work of a 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.

They were betrothed—Louie Blanchard 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 immediately adopted by the Blanchards, finding in their home a care as tender as that she had lost in her paternal home.

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.

Eugenie 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 pathetic and the humorous, and enough of determination in anything she undertook to carry her through by her own force. Unlike many of her kind, she did not lose 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 a necessary one 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 prisoners.

This consoling and assuring herself, she stepped to her companions firmly and bravely enough.

Before Vale 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 guaranteed 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 destruction.

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

When they arrived at the Cathedral, they preferred to remain in the graveyard that partly surrounded the edifice, for all seemed as if the flames raging upon all sides must surely extend their fiery tongues thither.

Crowding together, most of them threw their pillows upon the grass, and, seating themselves, endeavored by such little means as they could get from each other, to endure the bitter cold of that February night.

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, distinctly 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 moved haughtily away, but only a step 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 earth beneath you."

"Minnie Riler heard his reply, and impulsively she responded, as she turned and faced him: "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, that defiant face and sparkling eyes.

An hour or two later, and General Sherman placed at Madame Lynch's disposal the Methodist College. Thither the little band marched, protected from 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 inmate, though 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 removed north.

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

The face of the young provost guard became dark and grave at once. "He will be shot, Minnie," he said, "shot within twenty-four hours more."

The girl's pluck and determination came instantly to her aid. "Can nothing be done to help him?" she asked, speaking firmly, though she changed color a little.

"Nothing," he replied. "I have no 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 stairs before her, she bent forward and whispered something to the young man very quickly.

He started and shook his head. She persisted, whispering again more hurriedly 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.

On her upward way with the Superioress, she explained the cause of her detention. "I was coaxing him to help me to see Louie, who will be shot before twenty-four hours."

Madame was shocked and sorrowful, but still sanguine, and she would have attempted to impart some of her own hope to Minnie, but that the girl seemed already buoyed with some strange confidence.

Towards noon, when a guard came with a fresh supply of the brackish water which, though they looked at it with a bitter 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 speaking to him, and finding which she contrived to let him know her name.

He slipped to her a dirty and crumpled piece of paper, on which she made out, at the 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 AMANDA."

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 went up to cover up her 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 let you know my name. Do you understand, Annie?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Miss Deering, "and a little more perhaps than you imagined you were telling—all this has reference to Louie, hasn't it?"

Minnie nodded, but put her finger on her lips to insist on silence, then removed it, to say, carelessly: "Now go and see if Belle Manning has that pair of pocket scissors of hers, and if she will lend it to me."

Annie Deering extended her eyes at the stupid girl, bringing the article to Minnie, who put it into her pocket.

Her descent at nightfall to the lower part of the building was accomplished without detection, and without suspicion, her companions, with the solitary exception of Annie Deering, and Madame Lynch, and the other sisters supposing 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 of evening, and she 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 reply comforted her as well as it reassured the latter, and she thought 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 graunt, but let a momentary streak of light cross the darkness, or permit the groveling soul to breathe, and 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 discomfort of a long and exposed journey, they could no more help being amused by the novelty of all that they could resist breathing.

The comical streak then in everything they saw, or did—even turned into a jest the fact that their only towel was Minnie Riler's veil. It served for washing 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 bedraggled or dishevelled looking company. Twice they had been wet through, and their ruffled, and hardly yet dry attire clung around their forms in a most uncomfortable way, while their hair, (not one of the party had been combed) dressed on with their fingers, was suffered to adopt any fashion it chose.

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 performed. 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 so young, so fair, and so utterly unmailed, 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 full upon the General's face.

"By Heaven!" Geary muttered, half under his teeth, and then he gave a hurried order that countermanded the preparations for the execution, and that caused the prisoner to be returned to the quarters whence he had been taken.

There General interrogated the prisoner sternly, and finding it impossible to keep the secret longer, the prisoner admitted that he was not Louis Blanchard, but 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 Lieutenant A——, of General Howard's staff, was placed under arms to accompany her to the prison, and he supposed his commission 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 General Geary.

On her upward way, Private Anderson was found in his company, in utter ignorance that his name had been used in such 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 General Geary's house that had entered in his company, and that they parted shortly after.

By fortunate forethought George Amandale'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 provost 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. Not without anybody drop a syllable to clear the mystery, nor 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.

Amandale could not be held to very stern punishment, but 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 wonderful, you know, to his in your place."

For answer, he caught her to him and kissed her.

Of course he was obliged to return part, and the rest of the journey, at least to Minnie Riler, seemed to be accomplished with much more speed and pleasure 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, Louis Blanchard and his young betrothed were married.

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

ceived an object in the distance. She 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 nearly 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 with their jests at his expense.

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 wagon, and made Mr. D—— drive as near as possible to the scene of the catastrophe, so that when the neatly dressed individual recovered himself and again stood on firm ground, wet, muddy, and disordered, he encountered, hardly six feet away, the merry faces of the six laughing girls.

At the same time, however, there was a scream of recognition from Miss Riler, and a simultaneous exclamation from the betrothed young man. He was Louis 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 letter to see him, even to Mr. D—— who knew him well, and who shook him heartily by both hands.

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 in order to learn something about her.

"And now tell me," he continued, "how soon after my departure did you proclaim an exchange of prisoners?"

"I did not have to proclaim it," she said, laughing. "General Geary divined when he happened to see me the next morning."

There seemed to come to young Blanchard a sudden and rather startling divination.

"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 somehow, when the time came I could not. I was so much afraid of danger for you, and then it would have been no novel and so wonderful, you know, to die in your place."

For answer, he caught her to him and kissed her.

Of course he was obliged to return part, and the rest of the journey, at least to Minnie Riler, seemed to be accomplished with much more speed and pleasure than had been the first part of it.

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PATIENT SOUTH AMERICANS.

HOW METHODISTS OUTRAGE THE CATHOLICS OF BUENOS AYRES.

[From the New Orleans Morning Star.] We clip the following from one of our Protestant exchanges published in this city: "Four thousand copies of the Methodist paper in Buenos Ayres were distributed 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 or similar distributions of Catholic literature—would not some of them have been at least roundly abused, and probably 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 distribution and soil their coats a little for them?

5. What has been the ultimate fate of this great supply of Methodist literature, thus lavishly expended? Low Prices for Butter.

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 5 to 10 cents. If butter makers would get 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 rancid, but tends to improve and preserve the butter.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

London Universe, June 24.

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 discourse to a crowded congregation on the same subject. They were, he said, sometimes 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 a great clamour and appealing to the faithful without any result. He acknowledged that derision was almost deserved, but not altogether, and that for this reason. At this time the Church in the world stood in the most marked contrast that had ever been known since its beginning. Revolutions had scourged the whole of Christendom during the last century, and in the present had stripped, spoiled, and impoverished the Christian world. Well, he was going to say, he was wretchedly to bless God for it, because if they could read the signs of the times, they would see this, that an anti-Christean revolution, carrying with it an intense hatred against the faith of the Church, was in progress, and encircling them on every side, and he hoped, that when that day came, the Church might stand face to face with it, possessing nothing in this world which the revolution could take away, or even turn into a reproach. The best preparation for the coming commotion was that the Church should be poor, for if it be poor, there can be no unjust reproach of wealth, or corruption, or 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 confessed 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 be in 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 an unworthy pastor of that Church which lived on its poverty. He was a token of its Divine Master. He appealed to them to give that day for this necessary and laudable 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 repeating, 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 Master appear among those that would inherit what they would leave behind. When the temple of Solomon was destroyed, the people made a vow to restore it, and God, for their heartlessness and selfishness, sent a prophet, who asked if it was good that they should live in celled houses while the house of God was allowed to be desolate. This was the reproach addressed by those who were so ready to march 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 living might be saved from the bondage of religion 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 medieval Church in England were passed and gone, but in its stead was now rising up around them a more majestic and great shall be the peace. Were England once more restored to unity of faith, it would be restored to unity of heart, and where there is unity of heart that peace which surpasseth all understanding shall reign for ever.

FATHER ROBINSON'S FEELS.

London Universe.

A very large congregation of young men, on Sunday, 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 discourse to a crowded congregation on the same subject. They were, he said, sometimes 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 a great clamour and appealing to the faithful without any result. He acknowledged that derision was almost deserved, but not altogether, and that for this reason. At this time the Church in the world stood in the most marked contrast that had ever been known since its beginning. Revolutions had scourged the whole of Christendom during the last century, and in the present had stripped, spoiled, and impoverished the Christian world. Well, he was going to say, he was wretchedly to bless God for it, because if they could read the signs of the times, they would see this, that an anti-Christean revolution, carrying with it an intense hatred against the faith of the Church, was in progress, and encircling them on every side, and he hoped, that when that day came, the Church might stand face to face with it, possessing nothing in this world which the revolution could take away, or even turn into a reproach. The best preparation for the coming commotion was that the Church should be poor, for if it be poor, there can be no unjust reproach of wealth, or corruption, or 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 confessed 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 be in 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 an unworthy pastor of that Church which lived on its poverty. He was a token of its Divine Master. He appealed to them to give that day for this necessary and laudable 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 repeating, 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 Master appear among those that would inherit what they would leave behind. When the temple of Solomon was destroyed, the people made a vow to restore it, and God, for their heartlessness and selfishness, sent a prophet, who asked if it was good that they should live in celled houses while the house of God was allowed to be desolate. This was the reproach addressed by those who were so ready to march 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 living might be saved from the bondage of religion 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 medieval Church in England were passed and gone, but in its stead was now rising up around them a more majestic and great shall be the peace. Were England once more restored to unity of faith, it would be restored to unity of heart, and where there is unity of heart that peace which surpasseth all understanding shall reign for ever.

When the temple of Solomon was destroyed, the people made a vow to restore it, and God, for their heartlessness and selfishness, sent a prophet, who asked if it was good that they should live in celled houses while the house of God was allowed to be desolate. This was the reproach addressed by those who were so ready to march 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 living might be saved from the bondage of religion 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 medieval Church in England were passed and gone, but in its stead was now rising up around them a more majestic and great shall be the peace. Were England once more restored to unity of faith, it would be restored to unity of heart, and where there is unity of heart that peace which surpasseth all understanding shall reign for ever.

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