THL CULONEL'S SECRET.

A little more than two years ago when the Jessie James gang and other organized band of train robbers and desperadoes were being wiped out pretty rapidly throughout Mis-souri, I was still, notwithstanding years of conscientious study and ambitious dreams, nothing more than a locally popular stock actor in St. Louis, with little prospect of a sudden, high vaulting advancement in

However, both Mabel and I were il her vow of residing once more ander the long-desolated roof-tree of her family homestead before marry-ing, and I was soon to be the fortu-nate possessor of her hand, as I had long been of her heart.

Mabel was not an actress, though her father, Colonel Dearborn, had made his fortune as a theatrical man ager, and her earliest associations had been allied with the realities and traditions of the stage.

Our marriage engagement had

been a peculiar one.

Five years previously, Colone Dearbora's elegant country seat oc-cupying a commanding but isolated position on the Iron Mountain Rail-road, had, during the family's temporary absence, been attacked, sacked and disfigured by mounted robbers, presumably of the James band. The desperadoes for the time being had full swing, and the communities thereabout were wholly terrorized.

Exasperated at the failure of the authorities to suppress the outlaws and protect law-abiding citizens, the old Colonel had but once revisited Glenwood, as the place was called and then taken up his residence in St. Louis, there to remain until more settled times.

He was accompanied by Mabel, his motherless child, then a lovely girl of sixteen, and by his sister, a maiden lady of uncertain age, who had also been an actress of prominence in the sild days of Ben Debar's New Orleans and S. Louis management. Mabel's mother had died in bringing her into the world, and this lady, Miss Winslow, had nobly and conscientiously

filled the maternal place.
Colonel Dearborn had known me from my childhood, both my father and mother having filled professiona positions under his management. He now welcomed me as a visitor to his city home. I was soon on terms of intimacy with the transplanted household. The latter was further increased about this time by the arrival of the Colonei's Nephew, Clifford Wharton, a young, strolling actor of about my own age, but of cloudy and presumably disreputable antecedents, from somewhere along the Arkansas border.

But the old manager's cherished hope of at last ending his days in the peace and seclusion of his beloved Glenwood was cut short by an interference as seldom provided for as it is vaguely feared. Sudden death by an apoplectic stroke carried him off just as the moral atmosphere of think of returning to his estate.

As a near friend, I was hastily summoned to his death-bed, but reached it, accompanied by his physician, barely in time to receive his last sigh. We found only his daughter present, Miss Winslow being absent on a brief visit. Mabel was teraribly agitated, and had evidently re served some important communica kion from her father before the fatal stircke had deprived him of speech The dying man managed to shake his head hopelessly, as the physician approached, though upon perceiving

me his face lighted up.

By a great effort, he seized his daughter's hand and mine, and joined them together across his body.

"All I leave is hers, and she i yours!" he gasped. "You are executor-you will see to everything ! Then, turning his glazing eyes on Mabel, he said to her faintly but impre-sively, 'Remember!" after which he breathed his last.

My own sense of bereavement was great, for I had come to regard Col had not concealed my growing pas-sion for his daughter, I had not yet ventured to ask him for her hand. once dissipated my doubts, and, as I was already sure of Mabel's heart, led me to believe that she would become my wife after the usual period of

enourning should have elapsed As I led h r, weeping, from the chamber of death, I saw her cousin, Clifford Wharton, cross the passage from the vicinity of another door deading out of the same room. This gave me an impression that he might have been an unperceived witness of the interview between the old manager and his daughter before my arrival with Doctor L-. However, I thought little of this at the fondest hopes, as an escort of my time, for, though I did not like betrothed and her aunt. Wharton, and knew that his uncle had neverfully trusted him. I had no reason to doubt his sincerity. Nevertheless, as he went by us in the passage and down the staircase, without

Mabel having noticed him, he started from his attitude, which had signified so completely that nothing had been both grief and terror, and threw me heard of him for several weeks. a glance of such malevolence and triumph that I was both puzzled and placed on my guard, for it was not unknown to me that he had stronuously essayed to make love to his cousin before her preference for me had been so plainly indicated as to leave him without a shadow of hope in that direction.

I left Mabel at the door of her chamber in charge of Miss Winslow, who had just got back home to learn the sad intelligence. After sending away the frightened servants, who had assembled on the staircase landing, and saying something to soothe their fears, I was returning to the death-chamber, when I met Dr L—coming out of it with something troubled and stern in his face.

"I don't understand Colonel Dearborn's death," said he, taking me into a recess. "It seems that Mabel found him lying speechless on his bed grasping a cup that had held a com-posing draught, which he had kept in readiness to take upon feeling the dangerous symptoms against which he had been frequently warned. He had just drunk off the contents, and was yet past help when you and I were summoned. This is what I do not understand."

"Pray explain," said I, anxiously. "The stroke he received was not secessarily fatal in itself," said Dr. "The composing draught must have relieved it unless"—he looked at me significantly—"anless it may have been tampered with. However, I am not wholly certain of this; but I think you will agree with me that a post-mortem should be had."
"Undoubtedly!" I exclaimed,

astonished and horrified.
"Good! Try to get Miss Dearborn's consent to the examination, but with out exciting her suspicions of foul play. You know how reluctant women are in such matters. In the meantime, I shall neither say nor do anything.

I promised, not doubting my abil-ity to bring Mabel to a proper consideration of the subject, and the physician went away. But in this I was mistaken. Nothing that I could say, or hint, or urge could induce either Mabel or Miss Winslow to con sent to a post mortem examination. Young Wharton, to my surprise, supported me strongly in my efforts to persuade them-though with hypocritical over eagerness, I afterwards thought-but all to no purpose. Their feminine association of such an examination with the idea of desecration of the dead was invincible. They even caused Dr. L—to forego his insistance towards the last; a certificate of death from natural causes was given, and the remains of the old theatrical manager were borne to their last resting place without it being generally known that any-thing mysterious had attended his

death. Now came another surprise for me. Col. Dearborn had left no written will. In this case Mabel was of course his sole heiress, as, indeed, she would the robber-invested interior was have been without the injunction clearing up and he was beginning to embodied in her father's dying words, and which had likewise stituted me his executor. But to my own surprise, and that of nearly every one else, it proved that he had left hardly anything available. He had lived expensively, drawing from time to time upon a large sum of money which he had deposited in two of the St. Louis National Banks. Of this sum only twelve hundred dollars now remained, and as his tarming land about Glenwood had long lain in neglect, it seemed that this modest sum was, for some time, at least, to constitute Mabel's sole fortune. However, she continued to draw upon it with great complacency, after red icing her household considerably, as though in anticipation of a windfall of whose nature she could only hint to me in a mysterious way; having been pledged to secrecy, as she said, by her father before my arrival with Dr. L-at his death-bed. I was so deeply in love that I would have cared nothing for this if she would only have married me without delay. But she had also promised her father onel Dearborn as my best friend. that she would put off her marriage But this sense was relieved by what had just taken place, for, though I lished with safety as the mistress of that she would put off her marriage lished with safety as the mistress of Glenwood.

Well, I had submitted with the best grace I could, and now here at But this closing act of his life had at last, having finished my engagement with the - Theater Stock Company, I was apparently on the thres-

hold of my reward. It was six months after Colonel Dearborn's death. The organized bands of train-robbers, bank-breakers and horse-thieves were said to have been wholly broken up or scattered. all the southern counties were reported sufficiently safe and quiet to warrant Mabel in resuming the occupancy of Glenwood. Our wedding day was fixed upon, and I was to set out forthwith for the locality that bade fair to see the fruition of my

I should have mentioned that Clifford Wharton, who had been accustomed to absent himself frequently and mysteriously from Mabel's house, in which he still had

Ordinarily, nothing would have seen thought of this. The fellow was a fair actor, especially in sero-comic, foppish parts, if he had cared to exert himself and hold his opportu-nities, and I had twice secured him good engagements at the — Thea ter. He had sacrificed them success ively, through his indolence and dis-sipated habits, and I had grown to regard him as a worthless, ungrate-ful young man, undeserving of fur-ther countenance; but now there came rumors of his having committed a downright forgery, in connection with the signature of Mr. Whitcombe, the Treasurer of the -Theater. It was only to a small amount, indeed, but still sufficient to explain his continued absence, and to ause both Mabel and her aunt mortification and distress, should they

come to hear of it.

This, however, I took care to avoid, as the wedding-day was near at hand, and I was solicitous that no shadow of a cloud should interfere with our happiness; but it was fated to be otherw

be otherwise.

Early on the morning of the day we were to set out for Glenwood, I was breakfasting with Mabel and Miss Winslow, in high spirits. Suddenly Mabel, who had been the first to approximate the morning newspaper, gave an alarmed exclam ation

"What is it?" I cried. She recovered herself, laughed nervously, and, handing me the jour-

nal, pointed to a telegram. It was to the effect that a re-organized band of mounted desperadoes, doubtless composed of the scattered remains of the Jesse James and other gangs, had just made a final raid in he vicinity of Glenwood, where they had robbed and despoiled right and left, even digging up house-grounds and orchards, in the Lope of unearthing hidden treasure, before being once nore dispersed and driven back to the Arkansas mountain line, with a loss of many killed, wounded and captured, by the combined sheriffs' posses of the three counties.

"Why, this amounts to nothing," I said, lightly. "Glenwood mansion could offer little more to the rascals' cupidity, after their ransacking of long ago, and as for any treasure having been baried there, the idea is

Mabel changed the topic, and, by the time breakfast was finished, had quite recovered her spirits.

Bur just then the servant brought her telegraphic dispatch, which she had no sooner read than she seemed ready to faint.
"Oh, oh! read it!" was all she

could say as she threw me the dispatch.

It was from Wharton, was dated Boone Corners, (a village near Glenwood,) and read as follows:
"Robbers have ripped up everything at Glenwood. Could your father

have buried any money there? Entire house-grounds spaded up. Not even your birthday laurel escaped. All sate now, Shall investigate more fully to-morrow." "Oh, it is gone—gone!" sobbed Mabe', as I looked enquiringly at

"All the money-the fortune her. with which I was to surprise you on our wedding-day."

I besought her to calmness, when

she at last astounded me by an

explanation. "This was my father's death-bed revelation to me," she said. "He had a morbid distrust of banks as depositories of great sums. Just before the first sacking of Glenwood he had disposed of all his other property for eash. The sum realized was one hundred and seventy thou and dollars. Twenty thousand dollars of this ha secured here in St. Louis, as a fund to live on until he could dwell once more with safety in our dear old homestead. The remainder-one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. n gold and legal tenders-he secretly buried at Glenwood during his last hurried visit there. The spot was under my birthday laurel—a bush that papa had planted just east of the mansion, in commemoration of my birth, and afterwards attended himsucceeded in imparting this secret to me just before you and Dr. L-

entered the room where he was dying. He had at the same time enoined me to retain the secret inviolate until the day of my marriage under the old rooftree, when I was to have it unearthed in the presence of my husband, and present it to him as my unexpected dowry. He feared that I might otherwise be wooed and won solely for my fortune. This unlooked for wealth was to reward the true man who should have loved and married me for myself alone. But now it is gone, gone! Oh, who could have guessed or betrayed the buried tressure's secret? I alone was with my tather when he revealed it. I never talk in my sleep, nor have I for a single instant forgotten his injunction to secreey. It is incom-

prehensible!" During Mabel's recital my mind was alert and busy, as you may well believe, and I had gradually recurred to the suspicious circum-

said I at last, with a cheerfulness that surprised both Mabel and her "Remember, my darling, that the dowry you were to have brought me is not hopelessly lost until we shall altogether have failed to find its purloiner. Come, hasten with your preparations, and we will be off by the forenoon train, instead of later, as we had intended. While you and Miss Winslow are getting ready, I will take a look through

My decision of manner proved infectious. While they were preparing for the journey I pretended to visit a guest room I had occasionally occupied, but in reality devoted myself to thoroughly searching the one adjoining, which had been Clifford Wharton's when at home, and was still filled with his belongings.

house.'

I found that for which I searched, and, excusing myself to the ladies, hurried off to Dr. L-'s office, which was not far distant. It was with a feeling of yet greater satisfaction that I returned to Mahel's house a little later, and we set out upon our journey without further delay.

We arrived at Boone Corners early in the afternoon. Here, while waiting for a conveyance to Glenwood, three miles distant, I sought an interview with Sheriff B—, whom I chanced to know personally, and obtained permission from him to converse with the prisoners captured on the preceding day. But a brief interview with them served to convince me that the robbers had nothing to do with digging up the grounds at Glenwood.

"We only ripped up two or three gardens nearer town," said one of the fellows, "and gained nothing by even that. It stands to reason we wouldn't have bothered with Glenwood. It was out of our plan, and we knew it to have already been cleaned out years before."

When we set out for Glenwood, an hour later, we were accompanied by Sheriff B-- and several of his

The house and grounds were found less devastated than I had expected. though but Mabel and her aunt shed tears at the havoc that had disfigured the stately old place.
Wharton met us in the garden. He

had two or three friends with him, young men of the neighborhood, and I noticed that he was haggard and ill-at-ease; though he strove to dissipate this impression, and at first seemed unaffectedly miserable over the way in which the grounds had been dug up.
"Just look, Mabel!" said he at last,

after conducting us to where the laurel lay uprooted. "What an outrage! The villians have not even spared your birthday laurel!"

Having already made certain observations, I signed Mabel to let me reply to him. It does seem odd, Wharton," said

I, "that the villain or villains should have uprooted this shrub over all others.

"It is old," he admitted.

"Yes," I went on; "for I noticed elsewhere that the grounds have only been comparatively scarred, without so much as a tree or plant having been seriously disturbed. One would suppose the villain or villains had expected to unearth something particularly valuable from under this particular laurel."

"What do you mean?" he cried, for my tone was significant. "Villain-murderer!" I shouted in a voice of thunder—no stage thunder at that; I mean that you are the villain-that you are the thief of the golden treasure that was concealed under that laurel bush!"

Changing from white to red in a flash, he drew his revolver with a hoarse cry, but was quickly disarmed by the sheriff's men.

"Oh, you have wrought cunningly, but in vain, Clifford Wharton!" I but in vain, Clifford Wharton!" I went on; "for the evidence that has come to light, pointing you out as your uncle's murderer, will be equally with words that were calm in their delivyour uncle's murderer, will be equally unerring in tracking you down as the purloiner of his daughter's buried self with care and pride. He had laurel bush! Deny the charge, if you

can, forger-murderer-poisoner!"

Mabel and her aunt suddenly clung to each other, with exclamations of horror, while Wharton's companions and others were scarcely less affected by these startling accusations

"Murderer! poisoner!" echoed Wharton, in a faltering voice. "It is false! You can not prove it! What

"Look! One of the proofs, at least, is here!" I cried, displaying a phial it. And of almost colorless liquid which I had was all c found among other bottles and phials in a small closet in his room, and whose contents I had subsequently submitted to Dr. L—'s critical analysis. "Behold the poison—the hydrocyanic acid-with which you adulterated Colonel Dearborn's composing draught, when you secretly saw him reel into his room under the partial apoplectic stroke which; but for your tampering with the draught, might not have proved fatal."

All this was mere induction and

stances attending Colonel Dearborn's death which had almost escaped my memory.

"Well, there's no use repining," bold conjecture on my part, but, from the 'rightful change that had taken place in the accused, I saw I had hit the mark, and hastened to

push my advantage.
"Dare you deny the truth of my charge?" I went on. "Dare you deny, either, that, after witnessing the effect of the deadly draught, you hid behind the headboard of your victim's bed, where you overheard the secret of the buried treasure imparted by Colonel Dearborn to his daughter with his dying words? What will you say then when I have convinced you that a recent examina tion of your victim's remains has revealed the presence of a poison dentical with the contents of this phial, and that only this morning the truggist was found who sold you this poison, and who is willing to identify you as the purchaser? Speak, wretch dare you dony aught that I have charged upon you?"

His knees were now knocking together, and his conscience-stricken agony was pitiable to witness.
"Mercy! mercy!" he gasped.

s the retribution of Heaven!" "It is not I, or even this poor girl, whom you have so ruthlessly orphaned and robbed, who can accord you mercy!" said I, sternly. you may make some slight amends for your first crime by confessing your last. Speak, for you are the thief! What have you done with the money you unearthed?"
"Under the barn—under the barn,

directions," He was taken in charge by two of the sheriff's men, while his companions shrunk from him in loathing and horror.

The rest of us then lost no time in going to the barn, where, after digging at the spot indicated, the money

was recovered intact.

My strange story is about ended. The exact object of Clifford Whatton in murdering his uncle was never certainly known, for he committed suicide by hanging on the night of that very day, in the county jail; but it has since been thought that he had imagined the old manager to have made a will partly in his favor, and was in hopes of prosecuting his suit for Mabel's hand more successfully with her father out of the way. though the crime had resulted so differently from what he had anticipa-

This, however, is mere conjecture and we must leave it there.

Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that Mabel and I were duly married, that I bade a final farewell to the stage forthwith, and that our union has been one of exceptional happiness. We are still living at Glenwood which has long since been restored to its original beauty and stateliness; and Mabel is still occasionally fond of referring back to the recovery of her buried dowry, while her happy husband as often felicitates himself over the strange events that led up to the Stock Actor's Windfall Chicago Ledger.

Silencing an Infidel.

Years ago, while Cardinal Mc Closkey was yet a parish priest, an incident hapupon the career of another man. An infidel was holding forth with much earnestness at a little social assemblage one evening when old and young met around him to question and applaud. Plain, modest, unassuming Father John Mc-Closkey was not yet distinguished; few people had heard of him outside a certain circle of intimates in the church. The host was an old triend with whom he had been a schoolfellow when he was a boy over in Brooklyn, and it was evident that the priest was finding much more pleas ure in reviving old-time reminiscence than in attending to the attractions of the conversation of the freethinking orator about whom the greater part of the guests were assembled.

Finally, however, further avoidance was impossible. He found himself addressed directly by name. He offered

an evasive answer, and sought to turn the conversation by pleasant comment into happier channels, but the arrogant erance, but volcanoes really in their force. He evaded nothing; he begged no questions; he asked no quarter, and he gave dowry from under the roots of that laurel bush! Deny the charge, if you can, forger—murderer—poisoner!" treated. He seemed familiar with every treated. scientific writer that had won recognit ion; the claims of all the philosophers seemed fully understood by him; the doctrine of every anti Christian teacher seemed familiar to him; history was at his tongue's tip, and words were his that in the end grew from the calm spark into a flame and blaze that fairly scorched and cracked. "Never had I heard anything to compare with it," said afterward one of the listeners. "He spoke as though inspired—as though very life depended upon And when he suddenly ended he was all of a tremble, keenly nervous through mental excitement. He withthrough mental excitement. He withdrew quickly—almost abruptly. He turned from the company, who pressed closer and closer upon him as he talked, and seeking out the host and hostess, he shook their hands cordially, gave to the rest of us only a formal bow, and was gone without a word. The exit was a fittingly dramatic sequel to the most thrilling scene I ever witnessed among intellectual men."

The infield who had invited this thing sat almost stupefied as from point to

public, and within a few years he had disavowed his atheism altogether. He is dead now, but long before he died he became a conspicuous member of the Church. So long as he lived, he and Cardinal McCloskey were firm friends,

Christmas Aud Easter Catholi

It is surprising, but none the less true, that we have Catholics, who only periodically prove by any exterior observance of the Church's law that they are members. And what is still more surprising, those very people are not the worst in the world, they are sober men in every day life, attend carefully to their worldly calling and on the whole, many of them the world, they are sober men in every day life, attend carefully to their worldly calling and on the whole, many of them might be said to be good worthy members of society. They entertain the most profound respect for religion and her ministers, but are slothfully indifferent to any advance in the way of religious perfection. They believe, and would fight for the belief and practices of our Holy Church, but will not inconvenience themselves in the least to go to Mass on Sunday or approach the Sacraments frequently. This condition of religious lethargy is a most deceptive crime, that casts its baneful influence around and entraps others in its sinful meshes. The example given by such Catholics is more sinful in its practice and effects, than they themselves have any idea of, Others seeing their mode of life are led to adopt their course and finally conclude by abandoning the practices of religion altogether. The effect produced on the minds of children, is especially detrenental to their salvation, because parents are careless in the practice of their religion children will quickly excepting the control of their religion children will quickly excepting the control of their religion children will quickly excepting the control of their religion children will quickly excepting the control of their religion children will quickly excepting the control of their religion children will quickly excepting the control of their cases and the case of the control of their cases and the control of the case o ents are careless in the practice of their religion, children will quickly acquire habits that will lead them on the broad and easy road to perdition habits that will lead them on the broad and easy road to perdition, by abandon-ing all semblances of religion. We say such easy going Catholics are criminally guilty before God and religion, because of not employing the means of salvation, instituted by Christ, and because of the

Instituted by Christ, and because of the bad example they give others, who follow in their wake and are thus led to become morbid in their religious duties. Is there any Catholic so lost to reason and common sense as to falsely imagine that he complies with his duties, when he goes and receives the Sacraments of the complex twice a way and searching. once or twice a year and scarcely per-forms another single act of Catholicity during that period? No, the very members who thus live know and believe they are not doing their duty to God, to they are not doing their duty to God, to themselves, or to their families; and yet they live on, in a kind of religious drag, a trouble to themselves, the pastor, and the congregation at large. If ever they take a notion to attend Mass on Sunday, this generally happens for a few Sundays after Christmas and Easter, they come late and disturb the services and while n church they feel out of place because they are not accustomed to it. We fear this class of Catholics would feel out of place in Heaven as well as in church, and hence God doubtless will give them their merit by refusing them admitt-ance. Straggling, half way good and half way bad Catholics would have no business in Heaven, they never learned to love God, and death will not teach

to love God, and death will not teach them; their cold indifferent hearts would destroy the joy of the Angels if they were permitted to associate with them. Would it not be well for this class of whom we speak, to arouse themselves and show their faith by their work, "as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without good works is dead." also faith without good works is dead." One confession and communion in the year will scarcely keep your accounts straight with God, especially if you become neglectful as not to attend Mass on Sundays and refuse to pay your just debts to the Church. If all followed to the Church. such a sad life, then the Church, or priest or Bishop or teacher could not be maintained, and chaos in religion would prevail.—Church Progress

One Dark Spot.

"A drop of ink in a vessel of pure water may not be seen; but it is there and the water is less pure and transparent. A dark spot on your character may not be visible to the eye of man, but it has the tendency to corrupt the but it has the tendency to corrupt the mass of mind around you, and helps to contaminate the pure and healthy atmosphere of the wide world. That drop dark and corrupting on your mind, may be a profane word, a lie, or deception. But no matter what it is, while it remains uneffaced by repentance and the sunshine of virtue, it is spreading and deepening and by degrees, corrupting the whole heart and changing the whole atmosphere around you.

atmosphere around you.

Beware of one vice—one sin—one error. Weak at first it may be, and productive of no visible effects; but alas; it soon grows and strengthens, till it becomes a giant, too strong to conquer. There is no safety but in virtue—in strict integrity. 'I'll sin but this once,' was the language of all who penshed ignobly. It has peopled perdition. 'How can I commit this crime?' is an inquiry that has led multitudes to happiness and houor. Beware then of the first dereliction from duty—the first whisper of error.
—the first breath of the destroyer—the first touch of the finger of corruption. In on other way will you be secure and receive the approbation of Heaven."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

OD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, Almost a Specific for Consumption. The thousands of testimonials we have eceived from sufferers who have been

permanently cured by Scott's Emulsion atisfies us that it will cure consumption in its early stages, and alleviate if not cure in its latter stage.
In Good Repute. James McMurdoch, writing from Kin-sale, says:—"B B.B., as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys,

has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tes kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect sat almost stupefied as from point to point the arguments of the future great prelate went. He was never heard was cured in three days. Song of the Night Bird.

The following be-utiful poem, copied from an old history of California, has been gindly sent us by Mr. Thomas King of Alameda, in that State. You have heard my boy of the One who died Orowned with keen thorus and crucified, And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God

reward. Cared for the Gorpse of the martyred Lord, And plously tombed it within the rock And closed the gate with a mighty block. "Non close by the tomb a fair tree grew With pendulousieaves and blossoms of blue And deep in the green tree's snadowy breast.

A beautiful singing bird on her nest, Which was bordered by mosses like mala. And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Nor when the bira from her dim recess Beheld the Lord in his burial dress And looked on the heavenly face so pale And the dear feet pierced with the cruel Her he art now broke with a sudden pang, And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang, "All night long till the moon was us, the sat and sang in her moss wreathed

A song of sorrow as wild and sbrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill; So full of tears, so loud and long That the grief of the world seemed turned to

"But soon there came through the weeping a night a glimmering angel clothed in white, And no rolled the stone from the tombour away.

There the Lord of the earth and the heavens And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

tree
Beheld the otlestial mystery,
And its heart was filed with a sweet delight,
And it pured a song on the throbbing
night.
Notes citimbing notes, still higher, higher,
They shoot to heaven like spears of fire. Whan the glittering white-robed ange

' Now the bird that sat in the heart of the

heard the sorrowing song of that grieving bird, And heard the following chant of mirth, that hail'd Christ risen from earth. He said, sweet bird be forever blest, Thyself, thy eggs and thy moss-wreathed "And ever my child, since that blessed

night.

I death bowed down to the Lord of night.
When death bowed down to the Lord o
light
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hu
And burn with red and gold and blue,
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day,"

CONFESSION.

The Proof that Our Divine Saviou Instituted the Sacrament of Pen

ERED BY THE CELEBRATED JESUIT MIS SIONARY, REV. ARNOLD DAMEN, S. J. II.

I might, my dear Christians, give you many more texts from the Bible, in orde to prove that confession is an institution of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ that our Lord and Saviour has given to th that our Lord and Saviour has given to the Apostles, and to their successors in the ministry, the bishops and priests of the Church, the power of forgiving sins. The words of Christ that I have quoted, are splain, so explicit and so expressive, that is impossible for any man who believes it the Bible to doubt them. "Whose sing you shall forgive," says the Son of thirting God, "they are forgiven them. There is no other meaning to them, but that he gave them the power of forgiving sins.

sins.
"Well," said my Protestant friend, 'suppose the Apostles had the power of for giving sins;—that is plain from the Bible but how do you get that power?" Wel now, when our Divine Saviour establish His Church here upon earth, tell me, d He mean that the Church which h established was to last only during the lives of the Apostles? Was it to die wi

"Oh! no," says my Protestant frien "Of course not; it was to last forever, for if it were not to last forever we would than be very badly off." the Apostles?

Well, then, it was to last forever, yo say. Was it the intention of our Divin Saviour, that the Church which He estal

lished, should continue, as He had estallished it, without any change?
"Well, I suppose so—I guess that w. His intention."
Well, then, as He establised it with the Well, then, as He establised it with the power of forgiving sins, therefore, the power must remain in the Church; the necessarily follows. If you admit the conclusion. Christ established the conclusion. Christ established the conclusion in the power of forgiving sing and He wished His Church to remain the established it; therefore, He wished that power to remain in His Church, the end of all time. He wished that pow which He had given to His Apostles, which He had given to His Apostles, be communicated to their successors, the end of time. Hence, we see that t

Apostles gave the power to St. Paul.
You all know, of course, that St. Pawas not one of the twelve original Apotles. I say, you all know that, but t tles. I say, you all know that, but 't fact is, my dear Protestant friends, yo who are talking so much of the Bib know very little about it. Do you real know, now, that St. Paul was not one of t twelve original Apostles? That is a cle fact, from the Bible. St. Paul was a psecutor of the Church established by Jes for a long time. He was a Jew, and very zealous Jew; but, by a miracle God, he was converted, and after he we converted, having been baptized by A anias and received into the Church was consecrated a bishop of the Churcas you see in the xiii. chapter of the A he was consecrated a bishop of the Churas you see in the xiii. chapter of the A of the Apostles. Then St. Paul was co secrated by the other Apostles, a bishop the Church,—St. Leo, epist S1. Ther fore, St. Paul was not present when o Divine Saviour said to His Apostle "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose si you shall forgive, they are forgiven then Hence, St. Paul did not receive fre Christ himself the power of forgivisins. He received it from the other Aptles, when he was ordained a bishop of Church.

Church.

And St. Paul consecrated Timothy, a Titus, and so on. These St. Paul concrated bishops of the Church, and gave them the power of forgiving sins in t name of God, and by the authority of Gojust as He received it Himself.

Now, I will rot quote any more terfrom the Holy Scriptures, because would occupy too much time. I will not however, give quotations from the eawriters of the Church, those who lived the very days of the Apostles themselved whe received all their Christian