

monastery. It bore marks of a violent death from stabs with a knife and the money she had received was gone. Search was then made in the presbytery, and one of the table knives was found covered with human blood, and also a handkerchief belonging to the dead woman, in which, presumably, the money had been rolled.

Suspicion at once fell on Father Dumoulin, who was, by his own statement, the last person who had seen Mme. Blanchard alive. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life—sentence of death not being inflicted, partly on account of his former unblemished character, and partly through the nature of the evidence. The occurrence excited much comment at the time, but was gradually forgotten, and Father Dumoulin was only remembered as an awful instance of human depravity by most of his former parishioners.

Some five months ago, however, a startling revelation occurred. Kloser, the sexton who was stricken with remorse and publicly confessed that it was himself who had murdered Mme. Blanchard for the sake of plunder. He detailed all the circumstances of his crime with minute precision. He knew that the lady had a large sum in her possession, and procuring a knife in the kitchen, he waylaid her in the corridor, stabbed her to death, and threw the body into a cell where it was subsequently found. The knife stained with blood and the handkerchief he hid again in the presbytery and kept himself out of sight for some time. The remarkable fact was that the next day after the body was discovered he was struck with remorse for his crime and told it in confession to Father Dumoulin himself. The latter, when afterwards accused of the murder, made no attempt to exculpate himself, even by casting suspicion on the real culprit, who thus actually was protected by the priests self-devotion. He not only guarded the secret of the Confessional, but lest he might impair its obligations, he refrained from even suggesting that the sexton could have committed the murder—a suggestion which he would naturally have made had not the crime been fully revealed to him in the sacred tribunal.

In view of Kloser's full confession, the Superior Court of Aix formerly decreed a new trial for Father Dumoulin, when he was unanimously acquitted of the crime of which he had been so wrongly adjudged guilty. His return to his church after nearly three years' exile was the occasion of a demonstration of the most striking kind, and he is now again employed in the work of his ministry after giving the world one more lesson of what the zeal of Confession means for a Catholic priest.—*Exchange.*

OUR SCHOOLMATES.

It don't seem twenty years ago. It's more than that, I know,
Since we went to the district school in days of long ago.
Your hair is not as dark as then. Like mine 'tis turning gray,
And from the top that robber, Time, has stolen some away.

The schoolmates of that olden day have drifted out of sight,
And some have laid their burdens down and bade the world good night.

Above the old schoolmaster's grave the clover nods its head
Beside a marble stone that tells the virtues of the dead.

The school house, Tom, is not the same. The style has changed
since then;

The boys who carved upon the desks their names have grown to men;
The girls we knew are mothers now, with children of their own—
Transplanted flowers, they've changed their names and found another home.

The trees that clustered 'round the yard have now to giant's grown,
The wooden buildings given way to ones of brick and stone;
The village green, where oft we played from early dawn to dark,
Is now a place of shady nooks—they call it now the park.

There's scarce a single spot you'd know about the dear, old place:
You'd hardly find in all the town e'en one familiar face.
You ask for John. What John? they say. Oh, he's the bank cashier,
And Del! Got smashed up in a wreck. He was the engineer.

Where's Ace? He keeps a dry-goods store down on the street below,
And Will is travelling for a house and halls from Buffalo,
And Johnnie is a priest, who points the way to heaven's gate—
I used to drive the cows with him when summer days were late.

Where's Alf? You'll find him at the bank. He handles all the cash;
He played shortstop in our old team before it went to smash.
And Gene? Why, Gene's a lawyer now, and climbing toward the top,

His hair climbed half way up his head and there it had to stop.

And what's become of Cora, Belle, and all the other girls,
Whose laughing eyes and roguish ways and sunny dancing curls
Were wont to sent our youthful hearts to beating with delight,
When life was in its morning hour before we dreamed of night?

Why, Cora married long ago, and in a Hoosier town
That madcap of your day and mine at last has settled down;
And Belle is married and divorced. She's living now at home;
The fairest flower of all the flock is left to bloom alone.

Where's Mattie? Mattie went to sleep while life was in its spring;
Above her grave the grasses grow and robin red-breasts sing.
And Mollie's married. 'Round her knees the children cluster now,
And threads of silver fleck the brown that curls above her brow.

No wonder I feel old to-night. The boys and girls I knew,
With hair of gold and red and brown and eyes of black and blue,
Are sober men and matrons now with silver in their hair,
And careworn wrinkles in their cheeks that once were round and fair.

God's blessings on the boys and girls I knew in days of old,
God's blessing on the lambs that strayed from out our village fold.
And when at last the Master calls the flock again to meet,
May not a single face be missed from heaven's golden street.

—Chicago Mail.

SHE WILL NEVER TELL THE SECRET.

HERE is a piece of glass; it is cut into facets; it is pure white glass; it is fit to be one of the pendants hanging from a chandelier in a millionaire's drawing room; it is about as big as a hazle nut. How it sparkles as I hold it up between my thumb and finger. Yet it is merely glass and scarcely worth a shilling, oh! if I only knew how to turn it into a diamond!—a blue or a rose diamond! Why, there are thousands who would give all their health, and then mortgage their souls, to buy it of me. Then good-bye to work and care, for I should be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Who will show me the process? Alas! nobody. Who will tell me how to transmute tin or copper into shining gold? Alas! nobody. A bit of coal is carbon. A diamond is also carbon. Where is the link between them? We yearn to know. Thousands of men have burned out life's candle in the effort to ascertain. How vainly! In the bosom of her hills nature hides that secret, as she hides the secret of man's destiny under mountains of ashes and crumbling bones. On our bended knees we beg her to break one unbroken seal, to speak one unspoken word. She only regards us with contemptuous pity and remains for ever dumb.

Yet, is there no other mystery, just as deep, that comes home to your thoughts in a way to frighten you? Think a minute, man. What builds and repairs the house you live in, that is, your body? What changes a loaf of bread into nerves, flesh, skin, and muscle?

What does this mean? as when a lady says of her daughter, "She took food, but got no strength from it." It means that in her case the base products of the ground were not turned into the diamond called the human body. What does that mean, in familiar English? Simply that the process of digestion is interrupted, a process stranger than transmutation of copper into gold would be.

The lady proceeds to say that her daughter was seventeen years of age when she was taken ill. This is the age of hope, brightness, vigour, and enjoyment, and, by rights, illness ought to be unknown to it. Still, she lost her strength, and languished as though stricken by time. She grew tired and weak, and could keep nothing on her stomach. She would, so her mother says, often throw up a quantity of green fluid as bitter as gaul. This was bile, the fluid which in health nature takes from the blood and sends to the bowels to aid digestion there. The liver, failing to do this work, the bile remains in the blood, and is returned to the stomach, which rejects it as poison. That is a part of it. The rest saturates the body, producing headache, nervous depression and debility, bad dreams, cold hands and feet, furred tongue, yellow eyes and skin, dizziness, bad taste in the mouth, and the gulping up of nauseating gas and slime, with loss of appetite and ambition for labour or pleasure. The state of things is often called a bilious attack, and is part of the results and symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia. This affected life, to young or old, is one constant misery. It is the copper, the glass; not the gold or the diamond.

"This was my daughters condition," adds her mother, "for nearly two years. She took various medicines, and was treated by a physician, but without benefit. She grew daily weaker, and with her decline our anxiety increased. We knew not what to do, nor where to look for help.

"It was at this worrying time that we first heard of the preparation called Mother Seigel's Syrup, and read the statements of different persons who said they had derived great good from it. Thinking, or rather hoping, that it might avail something in my daughter's case, I procured a bottle from Mr Rogers, Drug Stores, Mullingar. To our great joy she found relief after taking the first bottle, and before she had finished the third one she was completely cured and has had no return of the complaint. I have since recommended Seigel's Syrup to many friends and neighbours. The facts in my daughters case are well known to Mr Rogers and to others in the vicinity. I append my initials and address: R. J. M., Slanemore, near Mullingar, Ireland."

Mr Rogers certifies as follows:—

"I remember the lady above named informing me of the cure of her daughter by taking Seigel's Syrup, and can vouch for the accuracy of the statement.

RICHARD G. ROGERS,

"Mullingar, June 4, 1891."

To recur to our illustration, we may say that the remedy employed assisted nature to resume her work of producing the most precious of all her jewels—health and happiness.