

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

FONDEST, FAIREST.

ANNA J. SADLER.

If thou lovest, fondest, fairest,
Am I not so?
If thou smilest, fondest, fairest,
Am I not glad?
If thou weepest, fondest, fairest,
Then killst joy,
If rejoicing, fondest, fairest,
Bills hath no alloy.
If thou lovest, fondest, fairest,
Above earth I soar,
If thou hatest, fondest, fairest,
Still I must adore.
When thou'rt kind, O fondest, fairest,
It is bliss divine.
If thou hatest, fondest, fairest,
Still I'm thine, all thine.
For, what'ev'r thy fancy,
Still I am thy slave,
Nor can aught unbind me,
Save it be the grave.

—Home Journal.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Physical force, moral force and the police force are what keep the world going.

The uses of adversity may possibly be very sweet, and yet no one wishes to find out what they are.

Mr. Sankey was announced to sail from England on the 17th of July, "to join Mr. Moody for the autumn and winter campaign in America."

"It is a singular fact," observes the Catholic Mirror, "that many criminals seem to be drawn toward the Catholic church when all earthly hope has left them."

Religion gives you a creed as a kind of ladder up which you may climb to noble life. Too many people, however, put the ladder up and then sit on the ground.

Five hundred French-Canadians have gone from Rhode Island on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec. Are there no saints in New England?

A man may have many sorrows and bear them serenely; he may lose a fortune and become contented with poverty; he may even look upon his rival in the affections of a wealthy match with a bold despair.

The United Presbyterian church of Scotland supports nine missions, located in the West Indies, South Africa, India, China, Japan and Spain and adjacent islands. It has a mission to Jews in Algiers, which is represented as very successful.

It is estimated that over 200,000 colored people have been added to the Methodist church since the war. They have caused more than a thousand churches to be built, and more than 3,000 colored young men are in their aid schools in the South.

Persecution of Protestants still continues in Spain. Two Protestant missions, in Vigo, visiting Morgado, recently, were set upon by a mob headed by three priests, and almost stoned to death, escaping with severe wounds, in a carriage. Other missionaries have been warned off at other places under threats.

The Lutheran church 30 years ago had only a few scattered people in this country west of the Ohio. Now it numbers in the same region 27 synods, 1,702 ministers, 3,000 churches and 367,180 communicants. In the entire country, less than a century ago, there were only 24 Lutheran ministers. The present number is 3,150, with 5,600 congregations and 725,000 communicants.

A good colored man once said in a class meeting, "Brother, when I was boy I took a hatchet and went into the woods. When I found a tree that was straight, big and solid, I didn't touch that tree, but when I found one leaning a little, and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So when da devil gets after Christians, he don't touch dem dat's straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

The Baptist Missionary Union has increased its total of members in Europe and Asia enormously during the past ecclesiastical year. It reports no less than 80,475 members in its mission stations—a clear gain of 13,586. Its greatest gain was in India, among them the Telugus, 15,537. In Burma it has 20,811 members and in Europe it has 42,009 members. It employs 141 missionaries and 864 native preachers.

Since 1870, when the Irish Established church (Episcopal) became disestablished, the people of that communion have raised over \$10,000,000 for church support. The salaries of the poorer clergy have been greatly increased, and the church has extended its field of operations as never before. So that disestablishment has advanced rather than retarded the progress of the church. No doubt the like results will follow the disestablishment in England.

The Baptist Weekly asks: "How can a summer vacation be prevented from working evil to the religious life?" The practice of being sure that you have enough heat every morning before you start will help greatly. Nothing so tends to demoralize the religious life of the average man as to find as he sits, four miles from the hotel, and at a time when the fish are biting well, that the bait is all out and he must return for more.—Albany Evening Journal.

A German paper publishes a column of Roman Catholic statistics for the world. The grand total is 216,000,000, distributed among the continents as follows: Europe, 133,441,000; America, 51,400,000; Asia, 9,167,000; Africa, 1,685,000; Australia, 650,000. Of the countries, France leads with a Catholic population of 36,405,000; America, third, with 27,942,000; Spain fourth, with 16,912,000, and Germany fifth, with 15,950,000. The United States is credited with 8,000,000, about 2,000,000 more than is claimed by American Catholics. Brazil has 10,800,000; British America, 2,100,000. Professor Schenck of this country, gives the total of Catholic population at 209,000,000, some 7,000,000 less than the German statistician. He gives the total Protestant population at 113,700,000, and that of the Eastern churches at 83,000,000. From this it appears that the Roman Catholics still outnumber all other Christians combined.

The Workings of a Great Firm.

[Saturday Review.]

The greatness of the house of Rothschild is only partially due to the capital at its command. Like most other kinds of greatness, commercial greatness depends on the possession of special personal qualities. For a family to be commercially great, it is necessary that many of its members should have these qualities. The founder of the house of Rothschild left no fewer than five sons, each stationed in a great capital, all working together, and all bringing to the management of business more or less of the same shrewdness, coolness, and indefatigable activity. If it is hard to make money, it is still harder to keep it. The fate of most great commercial houses is either to be ruined by the improvidence of those who succeeded to the family rights of control, or to disappear by sinking into the present security of accumulated capital invested beyond the reach of commercial vicissitudes. The eminence of the Rothschild is due to there being so many of them, and to the unusual circumstance that

throughout the family there ran the same turn for assiduity in business. Rich men are not, as a rule, fond of taking trouble, and the life of a man who really manages a great business is one of incessant trouble. No man perhaps is so rich that he does not wish to be richer; and to many men the mere consciousness of holding so commanding a position as that enjoyed by the Rothschilds is in itself a powerful attraction. But nothing will induce men of great wealth, whatever may be their commercial or political influence, to go on year after year, with the incessant fatigue of attending to a vast business, except the desire to gratify a native taste for doing business well and to obey the traditions of their families. Although for many years crippled by illness, Baron Lionel was as punctual and as eager in attendance on business as if he had been a young clerk striving to be singled out for promotion. If the business of the Rothschilds is described roughly, it may be said to be that of having large sums of money ready for great operations. It is these great operations which attract the notice and awaken the admiration or envy of the public. But the real work of such a firm consists, not in making these operations, but in being ready for them. To know what operations to undertake, and when to undertake them, it is necessary to be perpetually acquiring every kind of information, to be inside the politics of nations, to watch all the ebbs and flows of the tide of money. Then the funds which are to be some day employed in great things must be meantime employed in little things. Capital must not only stand idle, but must be made to increase; and yet it must be so used as to be as much as possible at command, and not locked up so as to be useless when wanted. To go in and out of temporary investments so that the handling of the money brings a fair average of profit requires much delicacy of manipulation, and a wearing concentration of mind on the minutiae of business. The Rothschilds are great in the world of commerce because they have a real delight in business, in the tedious, task of acquiring and piecing together information, and in the dexterous manipulation of temporary investments.

TRAVELING ROCKS.

A Wonderful Phenomenon That is to Be Seen in Nova Scotia.

[Lord Duran in the Nineteenth Century.]

A strange scene, for example, which came within my observation last year, completely puzzled me at the time and has done so ever since. I was in Nova Scotia in the fall when one day my Indian told me that in a lake close by all the rocks were moving out of the water—a circumstance which I thought not a little strange. However, I went to look at the unheard-of spectacle, and sure enough there were the rocks apparently all moving out of the water on dry land. The lake is of considerable extent but shallow and full of great masses of rock. Many of these masses appear to have traveled right out of the lake and are now high and dry, some 15 yards above the margin of the water. They have plunged deep and regularly defined channels for themselves. You may see them of all sizes, from blocks of, say, roughly speaking, six or eight feet in diameter, down to stones which a man could lift. Moreover you find them in various stages of progress, some a 100 yards or more from shore and apparently just beginning to move; others half-way to their destination, and others again, as I have said, high and dry above the water. In all cases there is a distinct groove or furrow which the rock has clearly ploughed for itself. I noticed one particularly good specimen, an enormous block which lay some yards above high-water mark. The earth and stones were heaped up in front of it to a height of three or four feet. There was a deep furrow, the exact breadth of the block, leading down directly from it into the lake, and extending till it was hidden from my sight by the depth of the water. Loose stones and pebbles were piled upon each side of this groove in a regular, clearly defined line. I thought at first that from some cause or other the smaller stones, pebbles and sand had been dragged down from above, and consequently had piled themselves up in front of all the large rocks too heavy to be removed, and had left a vacant space or furrow behind the rocks. But if that had been the case the drift of moving material would of course have joined together again in the space of a few yards behind the fixed rocks. On the contrary, these grooves or furrows remained the same width throughout their entire length and have, I think, undoubtedly been caused by the rock forcing its way up through the loose shingles and stones which compose the bed of the lake. What power has set these rocks in motion it is difficult to decide. The action of ice is the only thing that might explain it; but how ice could exert itself in that special manner, and why, if ice is the cause of it, it does not manifest that tendency in every lake in every part of the world, I do not pretend to comprehend.

When did you mail that letter?" was the first inquiry.

"On the 30th of May," responded the writer.

"And at what hour?" continued the questioner.

"A little before 4 o'clock," was the response.

"Sure of that?" asked the special agent.

"Yes; I could swear to it," was the positive reply.

"What kind of a man is the postmaster out there?"

"Oh, there never was an honest man lived; he didn't have anything to do with it."

"No, I don't believe he did," was the asturing response of the interlocutor; "but tell me who is in the office with him?"

"Well, he has a brother-in-law there, who attends to the office in his absence."

"Yes; now can you tell me what kind of a character he bears?"

"Well, I can't say much about him," responded the writer of the letter, hesitatingly; "I've heard some things, but I don't know anything myself, about his having come there from the South, and that's all I can tell you, except I heard, now I come to think of it, that he was once in a store somewhere in Jersey; I can't tell where now, but I can find out and let you know," added the man, not knowing what possible good could be gained by the information, but hoping that it might be after all valuable.

The place at which the brother-in-law of the postmaster had worked in Jersey was ascertained and the information imparted to Mr. Barrett. The next step taken by the special agent was, using his own language "to go for" the postal agent by asking him to explain how it was that a letter received by him at 6 o'clock one day did not reach the office in Philadelphia until the next evening. The agent declared that no such state of fact existed.

"Here's a registered letter, mailed before 4 o'clock on the 30th of May which was Friday, and did not reach Philadelphia until Saturday night. How is that?" inquired Mr. Barrett.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the train agent; "I received that letter on my down trip on Saturday morning and brought it up with me on Saturday evening," headed with emphasis.

"From whom did you receive it?"

"From the assistant postmaster at—He gave it to me himself, and I received it to him on Saturday morning. More than this, I often get letters that were put into the office on the day before on my down trip, because he says he don't want to take the trouble of bringing them to the cars in the evening," was the emphatic explanation of the train agent.

Armed with these facts and such other information as he had gained from the slight clew that the brother-in-law "had worked somewhere in Jersey," the special agent paid the postmaster of the country office a visit. In a little time he was closeted with him in a private room, much to the discomfiture of the young brother-in-law, who remarked just as the door was being closed in his face, which was livid with fear: "Remember how it was about that check."

"What check? What does he mean?"

A wrong done us may be forgiven, but how we may forgive those whom we have injured is a grave problem.—Sunday Afternoon.

THE FATE OF A LETTER.

How a Robber of the Mail was Detected

The Importance of Remembering the Hour of Putting a Letter into the Mail.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"I'm just making my report to the department at Washington concerning the fate of a registered letter," remarked Special Agent Barrett, of the Philadelphia postoffice, yesterday, as he sat at his desk buried in a pile of official documents. "Sometimes parties who complain of having a letter lost think there is too much of that quantity known as 'red tape' to be disposed of in our endeavors to hunt a missing letter, but we must have all the information, although sometimes we trace our case on a very meager start."

"Here is a good illustration. In a little town, about 12 miles out of the city—I will give you my reasons for not stating any names when I am done with the story—there lives an old gentleman who has two sons living in a town out in Kansas. One of them has recently purchased some property out there in which the father is also interested, intending soon to go out there himself. About two months ago the father wanted to send \$50 to his son to pay the interest coming due on a mortgage, and so he went to the postoffice, enclosed the sum in a registered letter, took his receipt for it and went home happy, thinking I presume, that that matter was attended to.

The letter was inclosed in what we call a 'jacket' or an extra envelope supplied by the Government, was put into a pouch containing nothing but registered letters, and having a peculiar look, indeed so peculiar that there are six postoffices in the United States that have a key that will unlock it. One of these offices is at St. Louis, to which place the letter was first sent, and from there forwarded to its destination in Kansas. The arrival of the mail in one of those little Western towns is an event with them, and when it is about time for it to arrive the good country people congregate in the postoffice to ascertain if anybody from the East has remembered them. The son was expecting this letter, and of course was in the office when the postmaster opened his mail. "Here's a letter for you Mr. Smith, and here's one for Mr. Jones, and another for Mr. Brown," said the postmaster, and finally coming in contact with the waiting son, congratulating him on its contents. The son attempted to tear open the letter, but could not, because the letter and envelope were stuck together.

"Guess the old gentleman didn't mean the money should jump out for want of mucilage" remarked the son, as he drew his knife from his pocket and began to cut off the covering. It was fearfully glued together, but at last he got at enough of it to read: "Inclosed please find \$50," but he failed to find a cent. The letter had been rifled. Who did it? Certainly not the postmaster at that end of the line, for he took the letter from the pouch and delivered it directly to the person to whom it was addressed. An investigation showed that the letter had been immediately forwarded from St. Louis to its destination, and the proper receipts given for it whenever it passed from the hands of one agent to another. It could not have been between this city and St. Louis, for no one had a key to the pouch, and no one could have picked the lock. So the matter was hurried down to the postoffice here and the one from which it was mailed. The date of its receipt by the postal agent from the country office was on the envelope, and the time of its starting for St. Louis.

Such was the condition of affairs when Special Agent Barrett received the papers from Washington and entered upon his investigation of the case. Not desiring to be seen in the town where the letter was mailed, fearing it would arouse suspicion if the party was located there, Mr. Barrett addressed a letter to the writer requesting him to come to Philadelphia, and the writer came.

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The wife of Mr. Jacob Schuler, of South Australia, lately gave birth to five children and this is said to be not a very good year for children in that country either.

"What check? What does he mean?"

inquired Mr. Barrett of the postmaster; to which the latter replied: "Oh! that's an old matter that has nothing whatever to do with this case."

"Yes; but why should he have made that remark now? What is the necessity to remember about any check? How does he know what I want of you?" were the inquiries with which the postmaster was pried.

"Now, I must tell you," continued Mr. Barrett, "that I very much fear that you are in for the payment of \$50 that were mailed in a registered letter from this office."

"Oh! it couldn't have been lost here, for I put the letter in an official envelope and locked it up in my desk, and—"

"Your brother-in-law has a key to that desk?" inquired Mr. Barrett, interrupting the speaker.

"Yes, I believe he has," acknowledged the postmaster.

"And now I tell you he is a thief," continued the special agent.

"Mr. Barrett, he is my brother-in-law," interposed the postmaster.

"Yes; I know he is, and I'm sorry for you and my son," said Mr. Barrett, interrupting the speaker.

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