

THE WAY OF TRUTH.

White water mingles on sea and world,
Her splendor dims on early days,
Her heavenly mien in upward gaze,
Reveals the powers that beauty mould.

The soul divine erst left impress,
That ever links with great and small,
The first unmov'd, yet moving all—
The hand of Providence to bless.

Permitted evil, ordered good,
Here deeds, historic fame,
Are sparks of that eternal flame,
That sweep on on the Holy Road.

Still e'er charms the mind and heart,
And plays on earth a varied road,
This work of grand, harmonious whole
Is e'en ascribed to divil art.

Well fashioned mind of skeptic bent,
In vain pretends to never see
The current of divinity,
Convincing, shaping, each event.

The depths of God's mysterious way,
Beyond the reach of human ken,
Confound the proud and impious man,
Who worship nature turned astray.

Unchanging Truth holds calmly on;
Ninority beauty, she grasps her morn,
In form of bounty and of grace,
Comes forth upon the night to dawn.

Like Bethlehem's star of parent ray,
Her handmaid, Faith, is sent to bring
The golden message of the King,
And brush the scattered clouds away.

The cause and end of life grow bright:
The sunbeams with no shadow blend,
Has now for ye the darkness rent,
From those who seek the light.

Then led by Faith, unhamper'd yet,
Their reason yields with clearer sight,
Their fancy takes sublimer flight,
Though passion sets her wily net.

"The ground of Truth" in God's design,
The world's great light, entering globe,
That church shall be the beacon wide—
One, holy, Catholic, divine.

FRANCIS A. BRAVY.

THE LAST STRIKE AT OPHIR

A Pathetic Mining Story Told by Charles Howard Sloan.

Ophir was the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra, and Wash Bonner was the most prosperous miner it contained. His claim, the "Blue Juniata," was paying enormously, and Wash had become very popular; for he gave away his money as fast as he made it.

"Wash was a tall, good-humored Missourian, lean, light-haired and sleepy. No one gave him credit for much energy or ambition, and the accident by which he had stumbled upon his claim, and the camp was first settled was told far and wide as a case of 'fool luck.'

It happened this way: The camp began as a placer camp, and all the claims along the stream or on the flat were taken up, when Wash, a tall green-horn of a new-comer, drifted in without a dollar to his name, and stood watching the sailor company of road-walkers from ships in San Francisco Bay, as they took out their 'ounce' to the man 'at the best washings' in the camp.

"What are you looking at, young fellow?" said the captain of the company. "Why don't you stake out a claim?"

"All taken," said Wash, slowly.

"Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man, winking at his comrades. "More there than here."

Wash borrowed a pick, and went to the place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine of the district. It was a curious pocket-mine in a loose, broken formation; and though every one rushed to the place and vied out the whole hillside, no other claim ever paid a tenth part as much as the "Blue Juniata."

In the course of time, as the region became settled and men and families came in, Wash fell in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento Valley. He reviewed the past, a hundred thousand dollars had come out of his mine and he had nothing left to show for it. He resolved that if the girl would have him he would never waste another cent. He went to the claim, worked all day, struck a "pocket," and took out more than a thousand dollars, the largest yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work, went to the town, spruced himself up, drove down into the valley, called on the girl, proposed, and was accepted.

"I'm glad," said Wash, "you've got to this. If you want me, just as if I hadn't any mine, as wasn't worth a picayun'."

"I do," said Jennie; "it's you I care for, Wash."

A month later they were married, and began housekeeping in a little house of white pine, built like his mine. Then Wash began the regular development of his claim.

For six months he kept up courage, though not a dollar had come from it in all that time. They lived on what was left of the thousand dollars after the wedding expenses were taken out. Then, one day, Wash said: "Jennie, the boys think the old mine is played out; but I don't. I'll never give it up while I live. I'll find a bigger pocket in that mountain-side than any man ever struck in California."

He showed the hill and began work on a tunnel which should cut the broken, gold-bearing ledge at a lower point than he had yet reached.

Months passed on over the heads of the miner and his wife. One after another their friends deserted them, their credit gave out, and they lived

on game, fish and berries, so that the little money they had could be spent for blankets. Every morning at daylight Wash, gaudy and silent, went to his work; every night at dark he stumbled home to his cabin.

"Jennie," he said, "I know there is gold there. We will find it soon. I never before worked a month in the old mine without taking out something. This dead-lead has lasted more than a year. It can't last all ways. I will find the lead again, and then we will let the rest go and buy a farm in the valley where we can forget about this fight."

She believed every word: for she was a loyal, loving woman, and she knew that this great, awkward Missourian was a man among thousands of miners who in town hoisted after him and called him crazy; but she knew better. Her family had once urged her to leave him and come home, but they never ventured to suggest it again. Old miners passing by looked at the claim and said there was no gold left. Men who had had thousands of dollars from her husband, and owed their entire fortune to him, at last refused to give him credit for a sack of flour or a side of bacon.

"You stick to the mine, Wash; I'll stick to you," was all that Jennie said. She never told her husband that she had gone to her brother who was rich, and asked him for a little money to carry them through the winter. "No man in camp could have handled," gave a cry of surprise. "In a little while in the wedding of steel to iron a few inches from the point, was a flock of wire gold, broken off and caught there by the last stroke of the pickaxe, which had been left leaning against the wall.

"We can't bury them here, now," said one; "the mine will be worked again. They must lie on the hillside, where all our old friends of twenty years ago are laid."

Meanwhile they were talking in low tones, when suddenly a miner, who had been looking at Wash's curving pick-axe, which hardly another man in camp could have handled, gave a cry of surprise. "In a little while in the wedding of steel to iron a few inches from the point, was a flock of wire gold, broken off and caught there by the last stroke of the pickaxe, which had been left leaning against the wall.

"If only Wash could have seen that before he died, 't would have made him happy," said one of the miners, and he went on to say that he had been looking at Wash's curving pick-axe, which hardly another man in camp could have handled, gave a cry of surprise. "In a little while in the wedding of steel to iron a few inches from the point, was a flock of wire gold, broken off and caught there by the last stroke of the pickaxe, which had been left leaning against the wall.

"I can't do anything for you," Mr. Sloan, listen to me. I have a cent in the world, and I sold all our goods and worked in the mine together this month. Jennie held the drill while I druv it. I can't get a pound of powder, but the holes are all set in the face, ready. Something tells me that this time will touch gold. I can feel it just ahead. I've felt it all along, but now it's right there, within reach of one more blast. I tell you, Sloan, I know it's there."

"You're crazy, Wash."

"Sloan, you've got money. Give me one keg of powder and I'll make you a rich man. I'll give you half we take out. You don't know how I've worked this year. I've hammered from daylight to dark, gone hungry and slept cold, and fell down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand there!" He seized the saloon keeper's hand and held it on his breast. The man felt Wash's heart several inches, as if it had been struck, and he went pale and fell down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand there!" He seized the saloon keeper's hand and held it on his breast. The man felt Wash's heart several inches, as if it had been struck, and he went pale and fell down in a dead faint time and time over.

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"Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man, winking at his comrades. "More there than here."

Wash looked at his old enemy and turned away. He had already tried others: the store keeper, the hotel owner and every miner he could find. They thought it was foolishness and worse. There had been many things said about that crazy Wash who married a young woman and made her work like a slave in his worthless claim, and some of them were flung out at him that afternoon.

"I tell you, Wash," said one, "the insane boys will place for you, and the boys will have to get you there on their own feet." Wash said nothing, and went on to work his claim.

"So far away does the judgment of men and communities sometimes wander. No one in all that camp understood the proud, unyielding soul that settled itself to wrestle with Nature and her secret."

The afternoon wore on into night, and night into morning, and morning into afternoon built up another day. Wash did not come back.

Some boys climbed the hill and went into the tunnel. There lay Wash, dead, at the further end of the drift, his pick in his hand. He had gone back to break his own way into the treasure-house, but his heart had burst in the midst of a giant stroke, and he had fallen across his own weapon. There his wife had found him, dead and cold, weak and sick and heart-broken, lay in a faint over his body.

Ophir Camp woke with a start to a dim sense of its crime. Tender hands carried Wash and his wife out of the tunnel, and did all that could be done for the poor woman.

"A dozen men went back into the tunnel from which they had taken the dead man, and looked at the place where his last falling shock had glanced on the flinty rock."

"Your little boy is tired, mother. The sun is very hot."

"His children broke into sobs as he spoke, but his fatherhood was a thing unknown to him now."

"May I see my own boys to-day, mother? Please! You said that if I could, I was not a girl as the fellow said I was, my name, for you've got my hateful father. I'm most a man now, mother, and when I lay I'll give you hope and a cup of wine, red-hot dinner like Cousin Mary's,

and a hat with a feather lots and lots longer than hers, 'most as long as my own, maybe."

"You sleepy and I want to go to bed. I've been a bad boy some to-day ain't I? But I'll ask God to forgive me, and if you do I guess I will."

"Hear my prayers, mother. I've had them quite by heart now."

"They say the end was of me a hard then, and the wife made a frantic appeal to him to recognize her but his ears were fast dulling to her earthly sounds and he only struggled to raise himself to his knees. They said he had restrained him, but said:

"Way, I'm going to sleep now saying my prayers. I've had them by heart, and I'll ask God to forgive me."

Then they helped him up, and with their arms supported the weakened form while he knelt with upturned eyes, staring with death's film in his clasping hands as a little child, at its crib side, prayed the virtues of patience and gratitude to their benefactor. And thus the stream of saintly virtues is continually kept in motion.

Great harm has been done to the progress of true Christianity by blind pride of the blind, misrepresenting God's feelings with His creatures. Events have always shown the absurdities of those who attribute to God the characteristics of an omnipotent tyrant dispensing favors in an arbitrary way without regard to personal merit.

To advance more and more in the virtue of humility and familiarize yourself with humiliations, it would be very useful to represent to yourself frequently some affront or unkindness that may have been offered to you, and then, despite the repugnance of nature, to accept of it interiorly as sent by your Divine Lord as a special pledge of His love.

No matter what efforts may be made by philanthropists and social economists for the removal of poverty, we must make up our minds that poverty in one shape or another will always exist among us. The words of Christ will be verified: "The poor ye have always with you." You might as well attempt to legislate vice out of existence as to legislate poverty and suffering out of the world.

Curious Customs.

The Japanese never sleep with their heads to the North. This is because the deities of that country always buried with the head to the North. In sleeping rooms of private houses, and even hotels, a diagram of the points of the compass, is pasted upon the ceiling for the benefit of the guests.

In China the two most common forms of criminal punishment are whipping and the wearing of the cangue. The cangue is a heavy wooden case, into an aperture of which the head of an offender is inserted. It bears a resemblance to our stocks. Many Catholic missionaries have been tortured in China by these methods.

A curious thing in Corea is the "straw man." It is a figure made of straw, with head, legs, and arms like a rag doll. I have been told that when a man feels that he wants to be better than he has been to go to a Buddhist priest and buy a "straw man" under the same pretence that he can transfer his sins to it and have them destroyed with it. He dresses the figure up in his clothes, puts a sum of money in it and throws it into the street. The poor people, seeing it, tear the straw man to pieces to get the money, and in this way the sins are lost.

Napoleon and Wolf Tone.

Wolf Tone and Napoleon are pictured as follows in the Nineteenth Century: On the death of Hoche, General Bonaparte had been appointed to the command of the "Army of England." Would it be really possible to enlist this man—the greatest man then in Europe—in the Irish cause? Of all the incidents in Tone's journal perhaps the most curious and interesting is that which brings across the scene of his petty intrigues and the physically slender, but intellectually massive, figure of General Bonaparte, in the closing days of the year 1797. Tone had three interviews with him, and from these interviews he got the detailed description of him which he gave of the fantastic creature in the Directory, with their robes of silk and satin and their embroidered slippers. "Tone's sketch of him is slight, but it is characteristic. He saw a little man about five feet six inches in height, slender, well-made, but stooping considerably. He looked at least ten years older than his age—due to the great fatigue of the immortal campaign in Italy from which he had just returned. The face was that of a profound thinker, but bore no marks of that great enthusiasm and ceaseless activity by which he was so much distinguished. It was rather the countenance of a mathematician than a general. He had a fine eye and great firmness of mouth. He spoke low and hollow. He seemed ignorant about Irish affairs, but interested very much in very little. He was perfectly civil, but his manner was cold. It was impossible to argue anything either good or bad."

A Great Event

Freehold Farm for Sale.

For Sale, at a Bargain, the Freehold Farm of 113½ acres of Land, situated at Hope River, Lot 25, with Farm Buildings, formerly owned by the late Maloney. The whole of the above Farm will be sold, or a portion of it, to suit purchasers. Possession given immediately. Terms easy.

For further particulars apply to SULLIVAN & MACNEILL, Charlottetown, June 6, 1890—12

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Restored My Health

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Golden Grains of Truth.

Some are blessed with the good things of this world that they might exercise toward their less favored brethren the virtues of charity, benevolence and generosity. Others are poor, that they might practice the virtues of patience and gratitude to their benefactor. And thus the stream of saintly virtues is continually kept in motion.

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When his weeping wife laid her head on his fevered brow he looked up and smiled, and called her "mother." The name held his mind, and he spoke to his lips, that smoothed the pillow was "mother," and in all the faces that came and went about his bed he saw but her, which had been the first his baby eyes had known, and over which the dew and snows of twenty years had laid.

He had forgotten her, oh, so many years. He had been two busy to years to lean his tired head upon the breast of the woman he had never seen, and transient worldly things had clouded the image of that kind old mother, but as death's mighty hand had set aside those perplexing fretting distractions, all so little now, clear and sweet to his parched soul came the memory of an innocent childhood and a mother's love, and all at once he knew himself a weary, tumbled creature sick and faint over earth's fevered, mucky draught, and he went back, like a little child, to her whose tenderness had never failed him, but did once more of that pure cleansing stream.

"Your little boy is tired, mother. The sun is very hot."

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"May I see my own boys to-day, mother? Please! You said that if I could, I was not a girl as the fellow said I was, my name, for you've got my hateful father. I'm most a man now, mother, and when I lay I'll give you hope and a cup of wine, red-hot dinner like Cousin Mary's,

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10 Cases of Boots and Shoes just in—will go cheap with the rest.

100 Coils Barbed Wire at bottom prices. Building Paper, Nails, and all kinds of Hardware.

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MEN'S SUITS.

BLACK WORSTED SUITS, TWEED SUITS, DUST COATS, WHITE VESTS, LIGHT SUMMER COATS, LARGE ASSORTMENT—LOW PRICES.

HARRIS & STEWART LONDON HOUSE. Charlottetown, February 26, 1890.

McLeod & Mckenzie

DRAWING ROOM PARLOR SUITES, best value. BEDROOM SUITES at low prices. All kinds of UPHOLSTERED GOODS at Bargains, PICTURE FRAMING, 125 varieties, very cheap and nobby LOOKING GLASSES. The latest in WINDOW BLINDS, and all kinds of WINDOW FURNITURE and Fixings at cost. No trouble to show goods. Can suit all tastes at NEWSON'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, opposite the Post Office. JOHN NEWSON. Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1890.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

On and after Monday, June 2nd, 1890, Trains will run as follows—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.				TRAINS FROM THE WEST.			
STATIONS	Express	Accom.	AM	PM	STATIONS	Express	Accom.
Charlottetown	8:15	10:30	10:30	12:45	Charlottetown	8:15	10:30
St. Lawrence	8:45	11:00	11:00	1:15	St. Lawrence	8:45	11:00
St. John's	9:15	11:30	11:30	1:45	St. John's	9:15	11:30
St. George's	9:45	12:00	12:00	2:15	St. George's	9:45	12:00
St. David's	10:15	12:30	12:30	2:45	St. David's	10:15	12:30
St. Peter's	10:45	1:00	1:00	3:15	St. Peter's	10:45	1:00
St. James	11:15	1:30	1:30	3:45	St. James	11:15	1:30
St. Paul's	11:45	2:00	2:00	4:15	St. Paul's	11:45	2:00
St. Nicholas	12:15	2:30	2:30	4:45	St. Nicholas	12:15	2:30
St. Martin's	12:45	3:00	3:00	5:15	St. Martin's	12:45	3:00
St. Anthony's	1:15	3:30	3:30	5:45	St. Anthony's	1:15	3:30
St. Ignace	1:45	4:00	4:00	6:15	St. Ignace	1:45	4:00
St. Elizabeth's	2:15	4:30	4:30	6:45	St. Elizabeth's	2:15	4:30
St. Vincent's	2:45	5:00	5:00	7:15	St. Vincent's	2:45	5:00
St. John's	3:15	5:30	5:30	7:45	St. John's	3:15	5:30
St. George's	3:45	6:00	6:00	8:15	St. George's	3:45	6:00
St. David's	4:15	6:30	6:3				