

REMEMBRANCE.

Sweetheart, do you remember
This day a year ago?
'Twas in the sad November,
And you were soon to go
Across the long salt sea
To make a home for me.

Grey were the last year's meadows,
A redness sang and swayed
In the tall trees, their shadows
Were by the wind blown made,
You sang, O robin, dear,
Because my love was here.

The sweet bird voice went thrilling
Upon the cold still air,
He sang, one sad heart filling
With blue hope full and fair,
For some glad day when we
Should never parted here.

Red rowan berries, gleaming,
Hung lightly overhead,
So should they in your dreaming
Come back to you, you said,
With your love's wistful face,
And this dear trysting place.

The robin's singing, swaying,
Today in the soft tree,
And the blue shadows playing,
That you are near to me,
Red berries gleam above,
Dream of you of them, my love?

You said you would remember
The robin's heartsome song
That day in sad November
When you, my love, brave and strong,
Left the old land behind,
A home for me to find.

Love, was I worth the trouble
For all you had to do?
Your life's hard work seems double
Out there; ah! is it true
Home sickness is heartbreak,
So dull, so deep the ache?

O, you shall have hoped measure
For all you have done and paid,
It shall be my heart's pleasure,
And my life's sweet gain,
To sing, as robin dear,
For you when skies are clear.

Mary Farlow in Dublin Freeman.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.,
Archbishop of Halifax.

"Then what, Lorenzo?"

But Lorenzo's face was raised; he ran forward a few paces, and a quick report followed by a sharp cry of pain from a small copse in the Villa Borghese told that the quick eye of Lorenzo had spied an enemy approaching too near, and his sure aim had laid him low. In an instant every soldier leaned to his feet; the splitting groups arose as if by magic; the apparently listless loungers who sat on gun-carriage and ambulance awoke to sudden animation and life. Each soldier seized his rifle from the "stack," and fell in line as the officers could give the orders. In the gathering shade of night, there was something awe-inspiring in the quick and silent forming of line; something grandly heroic in the ready courage of these few men preparing to resist an enemy of well-known strength.

Lorenzo informed the officer in command of the cause of his firing; another enemy being in sight, an extra guard was posted on the declivity by the broken wall in a position to command a view of the road below, and a view of the neighboring villa. The ranks were then broken at the word of command; the loungers again stalked, tongues were raised in sprightly chat; groups were reformed on the grass, and apparently listless loungers stalked again on gun-carriage and ambulance.

Morgan and I, too, sought a quiet resting-place, beneath the shade of a clump of laurel.

"You ended your last sentence rather abruptly," began Morgan. "What will take place after business shall have been made in the walls?"

"Carnage," answered Lorenzo, "a dreadful carnage. We are already too late to the last man; the enemy is numerous—what else can ensue?"

"Nothing else, so far as I can see," replied Lorenzo, "he added after a pause, "but Pope should command us to resist. He may only offer resistance enough to prove that his dominions were wrested from him by violence."

"Well, Morgan, your conjecture may be right. I am not reckless nor impetuous enough to commit suicide; but I must say that I did look forward to giving my life for the defence of Rome. I had hoped that I was worthy of the honor."

"Perhaps you are, Lorenzo; and perhaps you may find in the fight, but if the Holy Father deems it expedient not to resist to the last extremity you can live for other noble purposes."

"Alas," said Lorenzo mournfully, "I have now no other purpose in life than that of dying for the rights of Holy Church. All the brightness has gone out from my path; all hope of earthly happiness has been crushed. I am an old man in my youth, inasmuch as I have outlived my hopes and aspirations; but I have not the merciful infirmity of old age to cheer me with the expectation of a speedy ending of my sorrows. For you, Morgan, everything is bright. Your mind sees things in a different light from mine. I can only have a companionship of intellect with few; and no physical suffering is equal to the desolation of a mind not called to serve God in a state of ecstasy and yet companionless. The priest, the monk, the nun, are not in this desolate condition; they are called to choose God for their portion, and have tender sympathies with all mankind. But I am not so with the lonely like me."

Lorenzo's voice had sunk so low, that he appeared to be holding converse with himself rather than Morgan. The latter kindly laid his hand on his friend's arm, and said:

"Come, Lorenzo, you are too young to be speaking in this sad tone. Life has its ills, but it has its joys; the latter are more numerous and more lasting than the former if we only do our duty in a proper spirit. Roses spring up on all sides. We may crush this one with our foot, but another equally beautiful will bud and blossom near by."

"There are some roses," slowly replied Lorenzo, "which can never, in our estimation, be equalled. But I must not inflict my trouble on you. How did you leave Mrs. Barton and your friends?"

"Mrs. Barton was well, but not very joyous. My mother is fast following my poor father, and Eleanor is bowed down with some great grief."

"Naturally she feels the death of your father and her mother's sickness."

"It is not that alone," said Morgan, confidently. "Ever since the last night she was in Rome she has changed. Pardon me, Lorenzo, if I wound you; but you

you know I love you both very dearly, and I say I think there must have been some misunderstanding."

Lorenzo flushed with emotion, though the faint light of a young moon did not reveal the fact to his companion's gaze.

"Do you know what passed between us on that night?"

"Only as much as I could guess," replied Morgan.

"Well, then, I asked Eleanor to be my wife, and referred her to you for a knowledge of myself and my circumstances. She refused."

"There is some unexplained mystery," said Morgan; "I am sure Eleanor's affections were unengaged; and I think she loves you."

"Ah, Morgan, if I could think so a new life would begin for me; but she said, 'I cannot now accept your love.'"

"Pardon me, Lorenzo, not to be despondent, and that you will visit Canada if you survive this campaign."

"I promise you, Morgan."

The crescent moon sank behind the dusky outlines of Mount Maria.

A serenade floated from the belly of Santa Maria de Popolo.

The night-gun boomed from Castel San Angelo.

About this same hour a solitary figure might have been seen gliding cautiously over that undulating tract of country which lies between the Nomentana and Salaria Ways, and in that exact portion of it which contains the villa owned by the Irish College. Now nimble running between rows of clattering vines; now crawling on all fours in the shade of some low logwood, now listening at the edge of an olive grove, and then quietly but confidently advancing, Way as an Indian on the war trail, and supple as a trained athlete, the figure had crossed the wide country from Villa Borghese to the spot where it now rested.

A faint beam from the setting moon wandered up a deep valley, having entered by a break between the range of hills, and I fell upon the person whose actions we have noted. It glided upon the polished steel which he wore; it played upon his costume of a Zouave; and it revealed the form and face of Popeye. Yes, it was that adventurous individual. He, along with a few others, had been sent out as scouts; he had peered on until he was well close upon the enemy, who were throwing up earthworks, and mounting cannon on the brow of a low hill, and by the Irish Villa. He was not two hundred yards distant, and saw and heard enough to know that one of the chief points of attack on the north and west of Rome would be near Porta Pia.

Popeye brought his rifle to his shoulder, and then stood irresolute.

"I can bring down that other fellow," he mused. "Besides, I might be slain in return, and thus our men would lose the benefit of my observations of the enemy's position. It is almost too bad, I confess, to let the soldiers work in poison. I will retire to that hamlet, and get my rifle and my powder."

Thus said Popeye, and then he quietly returned to the path in question. It was narrow and almost overgrown by the ferns and wild vines which grow profusely on each side.

"Let me see," began Popeye, "the road to the north is towards the mouth of the Tiber; then there is a side road, nearly to the foot of the Phœnix wall. They will never distinguish, when we come to the report. I will give them a night's work."

He drew aside some thistles, and peered through the opening. He had a rifle again and powder. "We were not so near danger, that was our lot. And the night is dark. Yes, yes, yes, no—no—no!"

A shrill report, a startling exclamation from the group of supporters, the order to command to arms, but ere he was obeyed Popeye was beyond danger. Reaching the banked the Tiber he loaded his musket and walked lightly as a wading raven, and without halting on his way he was relating his adventures to his comrades on Monte Pinchio, owing to his report of the position of the enemy near the Zouaves were, during the early night, marched from the Phœnix to Porta Pia.

Nemesis, the Goddess of Vengeance, was at last daughter of Night. On such a night as that of the 18th September 1870, she must surely have been born to be prepared to avenge the wrongs about to be inflicted by lawless might against justice.

The bright constellations pursued their various courses; the great magnifying candle from its luminous and thence the moonlight as if it were a new with a low murmur of adoration, now with a rippling silver laugh, from its eternal bride. All nature was quiet and beautiful, a faint image of Eden's glory. But the same earthy serpent which beguiled Eve into disobedience was busy now urging on the last act in "United Italy," a fatal drama.

For eighteen hundred years the conquered Europe had measured its strength against that of the Church. France, Austria, Prussia, Germany, Italy, the conquering power of riches and command—each and all had been tried, but all in vain. Despite the conspiracy of the impious, and the base slanders of blasphemous scribbles, the Church was more widespread, more vigorous, more united than ever before. It was of no use to attack dogmas of belief; the unbelieving would be cut off from the Church. It was of no use to attempt corruption in money; the children of the Faith had the inestimable gift of the Sacraments. It was but policy to openly persecute; it only strengthened and purified. All this was clear to Satan and his instruments on earth. One only hope remained, viz., to destroy the temporal independence of the Pope, to cut down the watch-tower from which the Vicar on earth of Christ kept watch and ward over the vast fold; and from which, free from the restraint of a worldly master, he encouraged, re-proved, cast out, or took back.

To crush the Faith of Christ by reducing the Pope to slavery was the project of the arch-enemy of man. For years he had worked upon the passions of some, and in the national spirit of others to build up a "United Italy," with Rome as its capital. Step by step, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, the plan approached completion. The faithful could only pray; nations looked on and offered no resistance. The net had

been cast over Italy, and now only Rome remained to be drawn within its meshes. To the eyes of those who did not believe in the Divine origin of the Church its destruction appeared so certain that one exulting cry said: "If the Roman Church escapes this time I will believe that it is Divine in its origin." What does he and others think now? Has it not survived?

The gray mist on the Campagna had not been dissipated, nor even had it been crested with white and gold, when the loud booming of cannon startled every sleeper, and shook the time-worn walls of Rome. It was five o'clock of the morning of 20th September, 1870. Soon a furious cannonading began against the "Porta Pia," the "Porta San Giovanni," and the "Porta San Pancrazio." The buzz of leaden balls and the sharp whistling of shells could be heard between the sullen roar of belching cannon. Future generations will be confounded and sorely puzzled to understand how such an unprovoked, lawless and demoralizing attack should have been allowed by Europe. The foul sin will have to be expiated by every European nation, and expiated by the blood of its citizens. A Nemesis was born during that assault, and the blood alone of those kingdoms therein in act or counsel participated therein can appease its vengeance. We are compelled to read, even to nausea, the grandiloquent harangues of half-civilized demagogues, and the sickening cant of adulated regiments about the enlightenment and civilization of our age. And yet millions of soldiers, armed to the teeth and old in readiness, gross-winded and petty hands about the moral virtues are outraged according to a scientific rule.

Since the hand of Cain was imbrued with fraternal blood guilty violence has known but a short trace; the demagogues, as a wager of unjust wars, has ever stalked in the byways of life, or wildly rushed through its public thoroughfares. Now, as ever, the Church of God is the only bright spot amid the nations; and now, as ever, raging enemies seek to efface it or to mar its heavenly beauty. Rebellion against its authority is the fruitful mother of the crimes and miseries of so many kingdoms.

The bright September sun rose from out the mists of the Campagna, and the smoke of the cannon. Faint emblem of the all-seeing eye of God, it looks on scenes of bloodshed as calmly as on deeds of heroic virtue; but a day will come when it will refuse its light and shall seem to scowl upon the impious, even as the face of the avenging judge will be changed in its aspect towards the wicked.

Against a weak portion of the walls near "Porta Pia," the chief attack was directed. The magnificent gateway called "Porta Pia" had been but recently completed. An embankment had been thrown up across its entrance, and a few pieces of artillery had been mounted under cover. These replied without intermission to the batteries of the enemy posted on a declivity between the Salaria and Nomentana Roads. Captain Deland, a gallant Irishman, commanded the Zouaves near Porta Pia. Morgan and I, too, had been drafted off from the Phœnix Hill during the night, and were now under Captain Deland's orders.

As yet there was nothing for the infantry to do; it was an artillery duel. The roar of cannon, the excitement of the surroundings, and above all a noble indignation at the vile and unprovoked assault, made the soldiers impatient of restraint. Lorenzo only expressed the general feeling when he said:

"This is tiresome work, Morgan, waiting till here. I wish we had orders to sack the city and capture that battery. We would make a Montana of that hill-side."

"I too find our duty tiresome. However, we must remember the true value is always present. We are but a handful, opposed to the thousands who surround us. At Montana our enemy was little more than double our numbers; these Phœnixians are five times more numerous than we, and well provided with heavy cannon."

"That is all very true, Morgan, but we are here to defend this city of Rome against its assailants. We can fight till we die, and from our blood will spring up legions of defenders of St. Peter's Chair. I always admired the expression of Tertullian that 'the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.' See how it has been verified by your friend. A small quantity of Canadian blood was shed on the slopes of Montana, and scarce had the earth drunk the ruby tide ere three hundred of your fellow citizens sprang to arms in defence of Holy Church."

(To be continued.)

This story is to be had in book form from J. Macfarlane & Co., 140 Adelaide, or Knowles' book store, Halifax, N.S.

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Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

He Didn't Read the Papers.

The Catholic who doesn't read a Catholic paper, says the Catholic Citizen, is not and cannot be a representative Catholic, because he is not and cannot be posted on Catholic news and Catholic views.

He didn't read the papers, for they hadn't any news.

At least they didn't coincide with his special views.

And when he came to town one day with criticisms upon the Pope, he was met by a crowd of people. He climbed to an electric lamp to light his speech. He hadn't read the papers, but he knew just what was best.

He simply touched the wire and—the fluid did the best.

And that is the sort of a curious individual who sees "nothing" in the Catholic paper either.

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Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

TOOTHACHE Positively Cured in two minutes, by "NERVOL." The Wonderful Remedy, "NERVOL." ONE APPLICATION ON THE CHEEK OUTSIDE IS SUFFICIENT. CURES ALSO HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. John T. Lyons, Corner Craig and Bleury Streets, Montreal. SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE. Local price only \$6.00. Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Sweaters, etc. Knitting done in the household, from the quantity of factory yarn, simple and easy to operate. Just the machine for every family has long wished for. For the price of \$100 I will ship machine, thread, up with full instructions for operation to any one. Machines guaranteed. Large commission and quick return guaranteed. Address: CARDON & GEARHART, Dundas, Ont. Telephone 1122. Mention The True Witness.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. CHANGE OF TIME. Commencing Sunday, June 26th, 1892. Trains will run as follows:

For Toronto, Detroit and Chicago—9:30 a.m., 8 p.m. (Sundays included), to 15 p.m. For Cornwall—3 p.m. For Ottawa—9 a.m., 1:15 p.m. For Larchmont—5:20 a.m., 8:30 a.m. and 9:15 a.m., 12:05, 2:05 (Sundays only), 3:05, 6:20 and 7:40 p.m. For St. Anne's—10:15 a.m., 9 p.m. For Van Rensselaer—1:20 p.m. (except Saturdays and Sundays), 1:35 p.m. (Saturdays only), 6:15 p.m. and 11:20 p.m. For Barre—10:15 a.m. For Brockville—12:40 p.m. (Mixed). For St. Laurent—7:40 a.m., 12 noon, 5:25 p.m.

EASTBOUND. For Portland, Quebec and St. Flavie—5:50 a.m. For Portland—5:15 p.m. For Quebec, St. John and Halifax—11:15 p.m. For Grand Pond—3:35 p.m. For St. Hyacinthe—7:20 p.m. Mixed for Quebec and Island Pond—6:45 a.m. For St. Hyacinthe—1:10 p.m. (Saturdays only).

SOUTHBOUND. For Roussell's Point and D. & H. C. Co.—7:15 a.m., 7:30 p.m. (Sundays included), 9:15 a.m., 1:30 p.m. (Sundays included), and 5:30 p.m. (Sundays included). For Massena Springs—6:15 a.m., 7:15 p.m. Mixed for Roussell's Point—9 a.m. For St. Lambert—5:00 a.m. and 8:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:05, 5:00 and 8:00 p.m.

Fullman Buffet Parlor Cars will be run on the day trips and Pullman Sleeping Cars on the night trains in each direction between Montreal, Portland and Old Orchard Beach. The next train leaving Montreal on 10:15 night train for Chicago, via Hamilton and London, arrives at Chicago 10:30 next evening. Pullman Sleeping Car on 8 p.m. train for Toronto. Through Pullman Sleeping Car, Montreal to Chicago, on 6:30 morning train, arriving at Chicago next afternoon at 1:30. Through Pullman Sleeping Car on 10:15 night train for Chicago, via Hamilton and London, arrives at Chicago 10:30 next evening. Pullman Sleeping Car on 8 p.m. train for Toronto.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car on 11:15 p.m. train for Halifax. Through Parlor Car on 7:55 a.m. train for St. Flavie.

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Painting. J. GRACE, 51 University street, House and Sign Painter and Paper-hanger. All orders promptly attended to. Keeps in stock ASPHALT & DEVOIS' ENAMEL PAINTS, as also an assortment of prepared Paints ready for use. Gold and plain Wall Papers, Window Glass, Glue, Paint Brushes, Paris Green, Kalkoline and Varnishes, which will be sold at the lowest market prices. 51 University Street.

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These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most powerfully on the bowels, giving tone, energy and vigor to the great WASHING OF THE BLOOD. They are recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are as efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment. Its searching and healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as it is said to cure ROSEA, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Croup, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

Gout, Rheumatism and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

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World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition to be held in Chicago from 1st May to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on that occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, products of forests, fisheries, minerals, machinery, manufactures, arts, etc., to assist in bringing together such a display of the natural resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country.

An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibit, and the allotment of space, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to co-operate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibits, and will return, and for the placing of exhibits sent.

Entries must be made not later than 31st July. The completion of articles at the Exposition buildings will commence 1st November, 1892, and all exhibits, excepting live stock, must be in place by 1st April, 1893.

Forms of application for space and general information can be obtained on applying by letter post free to the undersigned.

W. M. SAUNDERS, Executive Commissioner for Canada, Ottawa, 6th April, 1892.

DR. FULTON Cures patients of all interview. Enquiry FREE. les, Tumors, Cancer, Scrofula, etc., cure of Surgical operations. Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Bell Telephone 3551. Residence, 214 St. Catherine street.

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