THE LAST LETTER. BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Long years within its sepulcher
Of faintly-scented cedar.
Has lain this letter dear to her
Who was its constant reader;
The postmark on the envelope
Sufficed the date to give her,
And told the birth of patient hope
That managed to outlive her.

How often to this treasure box,
Tears in her eyes' soft fringes,
She came with key, and turned the locks,
And on its brazen hinges
Swung back the quaintly-figured lid
And raised a sandal cover,
Disclosing, under thinkets hid,
This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as't, were a child,
Her hand a while carressed it,
Ere to the lips that sadly smiled
Time and again she pressed it;
Then drew the small inclosure out
And smoothed the wrinkled paper,
Lest any line should leave a doubt
Or any word escape her.

Still held the olden charm its place
Anid the tender phrases—
Time scemed un willing to efface
The love-pervaded phrases;
Although a thousand lovers might
Have matched them all for passion,
A poet were inspired to write
In their unstudied fashion.

From "Darling" slowly, word by word,
She rend the tear-stained treasure;
The mists by which her eyes were blurred
Grew out of pain and pleasure;
But when she reached that cherished name,
And saw the last leave taking,
The midst a storm of grief became,
Her very heart was breaking!

I nut it back—this old-time note,
Which seems like sorrow's leaven—
For she who read, and he who wrote,
Please God, are now in heaven.
If lovers of today could win
Such love as won this letter,
The world about us would begin
To gladden and grow better.
—Centu

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

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

> CHAPTER XV. BURSTING OF THE CLOUDS.

"George, I have just called to say good bye for a few days; after to night we shall not have permission to leave our quarters. The war-cloud has burst near Bagnorea; our men achieved a brilliant success, but the whole country is swarming with armed bands. It is difficult to capture them, for they seem acquainted with all the defiles and passes of the hills."

Morgan spoke these words excitedly in Alorgan spoke these words exchedly in George Marchbank's studio on the morning of October 9, 1867. His company was now in Rome. But before following any further his fortunes during the Garbaldian raids, we must turn back nearly three months, and visit, with Lorenzo, the house of Giovanni Aldini. On the day after the famous ride over the hills day after the famous ride over the hills on donkeys, Peppe brought word to Lorenzo that his father had returned. He at once set out for the quiet villa near Marino. He found his father busy writing, and noticed his desire to hide carefully the paper. Giovanni Aldini had grown aged since we saw him a year ago arther the paper on the bulks of Lake gathering grapes on the banks of Lake Albano. He had, however, a more tran-quil look, although there were still traces of deep anxiety, or a conflict be-ween love and duty. His eyes looked as fondly on Lorenzo as of yore, but he seemed more timid in his manner. "An effect of age and loneliness," thought

On entering, Lorenzo kissed his father's hand, and looked with unaffected love

and reverence into his eyes.

"An! my dear Lorenzo, how glad and yet how sorry you make my old heart; dear boy, a thousand blessings on your manly soul."

"My father I need not say that I am

"My father, I need not say that I am overjoyed to see you looking so well and happy; but how do I make your heart

"Because you cause me to think of ar sainted mother: I see the gentle light of her dreamy eyes reflected in

This was the first occasion on which Lorenzo had ever heard his father refer to his mother; his silence had been,

perhaps, caused by grief.
"Am I then like my mother?" said Lorenzo in a wistful tone.

"The very image, my boy, the very image; she had a noble heart too, and would rejoice to see you drawing your sword in defence of the rights of Holy

"How old was I when she died; where is she buried? surely you will tell me these things now?"

"You were between four and five when you last saw her. Ah me! I have had much joy, but also much pain, since that time. Beware, Lorenzo. of yielding to a wrong impulse; beware of swerving from the right path, even though you may seek to decrive your though you may seek to deceive your better judgment, or to still the voice of conscience, by proposing a good end. How much misery, how much misery," and here he fairly groaned "did I not entail on myself and others by one rash act! But a day of partial reparation will yet come."

Lorenzo was at a loss to understand this emotion; he supposed that it arose from awakening the memory of his mother. To change the subject he asked," You were absent a long time, father; may I ask where you were, and what you were doing?"

"About business which may one day turn to your advantage, my dear Lorenzo.

My days are drawing to a close, and I
have much reparation to make to you. That is why I was absent."

"Why do you so often speak, dear father, as if you had done me a wrong? Is it to teach me humility, by giving me an exemple in severely censuring your own conduct for imaginary faults? It is I who have injured you by many a youthful act of thoughtlessness."

"God sees the heart; men judge by appearances; I have indeed tried to make you happy and virtuous; I have striven to do for you better than your mother could have hoped to do when you lost her; still I took the wrong way. One day you will know my meaning; do not, then, be too harsh in condemning."

"I shall always think of your kind-

"I shall always think of your kindness, and of nothing else in connection with your memory."

"God bess you for that; the same gentlemind of his mother," he murmured, and then speaking aloud said: "This paper which you found me writing will tell you all. Believe it, however improbable it may appear: sufficient proof bable it may appear; sufficient proof

Is she alive?'

"Yes, to both questions, dear Lorenzo; but you were only a child when you saw her. She is about your own age, or a little younger, and as good and beautiful as the promise of that picture."

"Have you then, seen her lately?"

"No; but I have heard of her from good authority."

Lorenzo was silent, musing on the strange payelation; he would fain ask

strange revelation; he would fain ask more, but he plainly saw that his father was anxious to change the subject. He had been too well taught in his youth to respect not only the commands, but also the wishes, of his father, to press the matter. After all, what did it signify? he thought. Still, the fair child-face of the locket would rise up before his mind's eye, and make him anxious to know more of its history. After some further conversation they walked out together. The old man was feebler than in days gone by, still he loved a quiet walk; he gone by, still he loved a quict walk; he proposed, therefore, to accompany Lorenzo a part of the way to the "Plains of Hannibal." They came along the dusty highway which runs over the brow of the slopes from Albano, by Marino, to the Tusculum hills. A short distance from Marino a by-path strikes off from the main road and runs through a shady ravine. Ages are a rushing strang deshravine. Ages ago a rushing stream dashed wildly along this course; but now only the smooth, worn rocks of the bot-tom, and the jagged banks, with here and there a deep recess eaten out of the softer parts of the ledge, are the monu-ments which attest the fact. Wild vines trail along each side of the ravine, and. running out bravely on the branches of the chestnut and elm, often meet and entwine their tendrils over the head of

Along this cool path Lorenzo and his father sauntered, the latter listening with eager delight to his son's account of barrack life. As Lorenzo frequently spoke of his "friend Morgan," the old

man asked who he was.

"Oh!" answered Lorenzo, "he is a Canadian, the son of Irish parents. His home is on the banks of the great St.

"His name?" asked the old man with a half perceptible effort to speak calmly. "Leahy," said Lorenzo: "he is. I assure you a noble character, and we are most intimate friends: but what ails

This question was caused by the old man's leaning back against the rocky side of the ravine, and putting his hand to his heart. But quickly recovering, he

"Nothing, nothing, my dear boy; a sudden pain; I often have had it," he said, with a wan smile. _ "So you and said, with a wan smile. "So you and he are very intimate? Bring him with you some day. I suppose you have no secrets from one another?" This was asked with evident trepidation.

"None, I think, father. He has told me all about himself and his family,—about his own hopes and aspirations; I have done likewise. Still, there is one thing I kept back from him; I was half ashamed to speak to him about it."

"What was that, Lorenzo?"
"The locket; I never showed it to

"It would be as well not to show it for some time yet. When you know more about its history, show it."

"You will tell me more, dear father?"
"I will, my boy; but now I must return. If your friend be as noble as you say he is, let your friendship increase and wax stronger, May every good

blessings attend you, my boy."

Lorenzo hurried on his way, thinking much of what his father had said; the thought of the story of the locket haunt-ed him most. What was it? What connection had it with his own and his father's history? There was evidently some mystery about his father's life; Lorenzo felt it now, and many an action of the past, on which he had never reflected at the time, came up to his remembrance and proclaimed a secret. The days of the cholera, shortly after this visit, left him little time for speculation; the return to Rome and the excitement of an approaching Garibaldian raid almost banished all thought of this kind from morning on which Morgan rushed to George Marchbank with the starting announcement of the bursting of the his mind. This was his state on the

"So you are likely to have hot work soon," said George, as Morgan related the news from the Provinces. "How do you feel at the prospect of standing as a target for some ruffian's rifle?"
"I shall not be a very steady target,

George; once we come face to face with the enemies of the Holy Father, I will be an ever-advancing one."
"Seriously, Morgan, this is bad news.

Are the people likely to join the raiders?" "So far from it that already they are enrolling themselves in irregular companies, under the direction of the gensd'armes. They are forming a sort of local militia which will do good service on the hills against the various bands. Here in Rome there is quite a regiment of volunteers already enrolled to fight for the rights of Holy Church. Prince Lancellotti commands this body; the Civic Guard has also turned out in force, and will be quite sufficient to repress any internal uprising. There are many foreign agitators in the city, but the Civic Guard can look after them, and thus leave the regular soldiers at liberty to meet the raiders."

"Why, it used to be said that the Pope's subjects were tired of his sway; that they would rather fight against him than for him. This does not look like disaffection."

"Do you not know, George, that one of the weapons most persistently used against the Holy See is falsehood? Tell the world the truth about Rome and the grand action of its Popes, and every right thinking man must side with the Pope. But the enemies of order and religion lie, lie, lie. They falsify history; they slander the noblest characters of Christianity; they spread malicious falsehoods

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of its truth will be furnished. Peppe can confirm the greater part of it. You shall get it by and bye."

"But, father, will you tell me some thing about the photograph which you gave me? Did I ever see the original?

Is she glive?"

regarding the Pope's government and the feelings of his subjects. At the lodges of the secret societies these infamous lies are retailed by the worst villains; the more innocent "brethren" present are deceived; they believe the speeches of their chiefs and return to their family. lodges of the secret societies these infamous lies are retailed by the worst villains; the more innocent "brethren" present are deceived; they believe the speeches of their chiefs, and return to their families under the appelles of a system of lies. ies ardent apostles of a system of lies Thus from the lodges to the home circle, and thence through the whole com-munity, the same stupid calumny is borne. What wonder that little of the truth is really known about our religion, or that it has many enemies?"

"You are right, Morgan; I have learned to love Rome in a short time, beceuse I have had experience of it. My own notions concerning it were, I confess, at one time very grotesque. In our fair Dominion how many experience of the concerning it were appeared anoutres. many conceited spouters, who imagine themselves politicians, insanely rave about Rome! It must make the devils grin with delight as they contemplate their ignorant dupes. But why does not the government arrest these foreign agita-

tors who are in the city?"
"Because, although known to be plotters, legal proof is not just at hand. In countries of boasted freedom the habeas corpus would be suspended, and the prisons would soon be filled. But Rome, although called tyrannical, respects more than any other government the real liberty of man. Of course, if there were imminent danger, martial law would be proclaimed; in that case the military authorities would soon arrest these revo-lutionists."

"Morgan, I will euroll in the volunteers; in a crisis like this I will do what I can to defend my present home. You are aware that I have been drilled. I

suppose I shall be received?"

"Oh! if you wish to join I can make that all right."

"I do wish it; let us go and see about

it at once." The two friends sallied forth and sought the headquarters of the volunteers: Artisans, merchants, and various members of the middle class of citizens as well as of the aristocracy were inscribed in this regiment, and did good service during the trying days of October 1867. Morgan, who was acquainted with the commander, introduced his friend, and had the satisfaction of seeing his name enrolled on the list of active members. They then separeted, to meet in more

Dark days succeeded for Rome: the plotters were at work, and Revolutionists boldly walked the streets by mid-day. Treason there was, it is true, but it was rare; still it lurked darkly in the backstreets of the city, and undercover of the night femented disturbances. An oppres-sive fear seemed to have settled over the more timid of the citizens; it was not of kind with that which would be excited by the approach of a large invading army; it was rather the undefinable drend which takes possession of the nervous when passing a lonely spot by night. The wildest rumors were afloat. It waswell known to every one that Rome was filled with emissaries of the secret societies; they had flocked in from various parts of Italy, and were supposed to have an ample supply of arms. It was felt that a slumbering volcano was beneath the feet of the citizens, and that a dispetrous equation might, at any modisastrous eruption might, at any mo-ment take place. The diabolical hatred of religion with which many of the leaders were actuated, the lawlessness of ruffian bands, the paucity of the Pontifi-cal troops,—all conspired to unsettle men's minds.

As the days of October passed bands of raiders were everywhere at work through the Pontifical States. If a force were sent against them at one point, they would disappear, and begin a raid in another quarter. If too hotly pursued, they would quietly step across the frontier and laugh at the soldiers who could no longer follow them. From this it can easily be seen how difficult was the task of the defenders of Rome. Few in number, and obliged to protect a large tract of country, it was impossible for them to succeed. Whenever they got an opportunity of lighting, as at Bagnorea, Valicorsa and Montiparioli, the soldiers of the Pope made short work of their enemies. But as the raiders kept beyond range as much as possible, and tired out the Pontifical troops by ceaseless marches and watches by day and night, there was but little room left for bravery.

(To be continued.)

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A drum is hollow, yet it's sound to the

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The transact state 20th to the 31st of May next, both days state 20th to the 31st of May next, both days state 20th to the 31st extended of the share holders of the 31st ext, at noon.

By order of the Board of Directors,

W. WEIR,

President,

11201 April 26th, 1892.

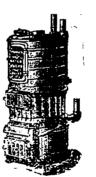
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