

PENITENCE—A TRUE STORY.

BY ILLIAN STREET.

The lurid rays from the setting sun, Filled the ward with a crimson light, And gleam'd the face of a dying man, A soul that is passing to-night!

A priest is kneeling there by his side, He is pleading in awful prayer, But the sufferer turns with impatient frown; As if God could possibly care!

These priestly visits are wearisome, And he does not want to repent; He has lived all his life without a God, And he can when it's nearly spent.

The night is stormy with wind and rain, But the city in silence sleeps, And only a priest at the altar steps His night-long vigil keeps.

His eyes are rais'd to the gleaming cross, Lit up by the lamp's soft light; He is pleading still, in anguish'd tones, For the soul that is passing to-night.

Ah! What is this Oh, agony! He seeth the soul in the scale— "Found wanting!" "Found wanting!" It will not weigh! What pleading can now avail?

Yet stay! An angel cometh fast With the soul's fierce trial to cope— In his hand a handkerchief wet with drops, Which he wrings in the scale in hope.

So few! So few! What can they do To balance a weight so great? My God! It sinks! Oh, can it be Thou wilt pardon a soul so late?

The morning breaks in sunlight calm, There is peace on the earth to-day, And the priest's heart's full of a wondrous hope As he eagerly wends his way.

They tell him the soul he seeks is gone: He died as he lived, they say; And they shudder and turn from a sight so sad, And perplex'd, he, too, turns away.

No, he cannot leave—he must return! Oh, what could the vision mean? He paused once more beside the bed, The head on his breast to lean. And lo! as he lifts the poor wreck'd form

With trembling, burning fears, A handkerchief softly droops at his feet— It is wet with a penitent's tears!

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A NEW GAME. A new outdoor game is "Anelotto." It is played with rings. They are raised about six or seven feet from the ground by means of slight iron rods, and the game consists in sending light balls through a series of them. This is done by using a racquet and requires considerable skill, as the diameter of the rings is only ten inches, while the balls are of the ordinary tennis size, and the player is expected to stand some thirteen feet from the ring. It was invented by the vicar of Old Buckenham, Norfolk.

SHARKS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. Before the Isthmus of Suez was pierced by the canal, there was scarcely any sharks in the Mediterranean, the passage through the States of Gibraltar not being to their liking. Now, however, they come in by way of the canal, and in such numbers that in more than one watering-place on the Mediterranean, and also on the Adriatic, the sign has gone up, "Beware of the sharks."

A GAME WITH A STEREOSCOPE. A novel and amusing entertainment for a party of young people is the making of "Combined Photographs." For this a standard stereoscope will be needed. Instead of the usual stereoscope view use a bit of blank paste-board, as a support for the photographs. Let everyone bring a number of photographs. Then let the exhibitor choose two that have the same general features, i. e., about the same height on the card, size of head or figure, etc., and stand them side by side against the paste-board, moving them until, in looking through the stereoscope, they appear as one, with the general characteristics of both. Sometimes two very dissimilar portraits will combine perfectly. For instance, the picture of a gentleman on one card and a lady on another may give a combined photograph of a gentleman with lady's bangs, ruche, or collar, and perhaps the trimmings of her dress on his coat.

A REMARKABLE CANAL. The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helen's, in the North of England. It is sixteen miles long, and under ground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, the power being furnished by men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the load of coal, and push with their feet against the crossbars of the roof.

FAMILIAR NAMES. Monkey-wrench is the name applied to a tool, a sort of a spanner with a movable jaw. Some etymologists account for the forepart of the name by recalling the fact that a monkey's jaw is movable also. The monkey-wrench was invented some years ago by a poor mechanic, whose name is Charles Monkey. He sold his patent for a song, and is now working for day's wages in Brooklyn. His invention has made millions of dollars for those who were able to place it upon the market.

Derrick is the name of a crane used in shifting and lifting heavy weights. It is said to be so called from one Theodorick, who, while serving at Cadiz as a soldier

under Robert, Earl of Essex, was doomed to death for some crime, but pardoned for his commander on condition that he would hang twenty-three other male-factors. Such are the revolutions of fate that subsequently he was employed in London to behead Essex, the man who had saved his life.

A stentorian voice is that of one like the Grecian herald in the Trojan war, whom Homer describes as "great-hearted, brazen-voiced Stentor, accustomed to shout as loud as fifty other men."

A raglan is a loose overcoat with long sleeves, such as Lord Raglan wore in the Crimean war. Wellingtons are boots named after the Iron Duke. Bluchers are also boots, named after the commander of Wellington's Prussian allies at Waterloo.

Any magnificent tomb is called a mausoleum. Mausolus, the Carian King whose name it bears, had nothing whatever to do with the original, except to lie in it when he was dead. The piety of his wife, Artemisia, gave his name to the tomb and immortality to her husband's memory, because the monument she built over his body gave a word to language. The magnolia bears the name of Pierre Magnol, Professor of medicine at Montpellier, France, in the seventeenth century; and Dahl, a Swedish botanist, has his name embalmed in the dahlia.

Indirectly our word dollar depends upon the good man's name. The word is an abbreviation of Joachimsthaler, a coin first minted about 1518 in the valley of St. Joachim, Bohemia. The valley (thall) bears the name of the saint. Boycott is a word recently introduced, but already in use everywhere. A few years ago Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott, an Irish farmer and land agent, angered his tenants, and in revenge they refused to work for him or to sell him food. To boycott means to withhold custom from a man in any line of business. A martinet is what few soldiers like to be called. Colonel Martinet was an officer in the army of Louis XIV. He was so particular about small details, so rigid in his discipline, that he was looked upon as a nuisance.

Bogus is the corrupted form of the name Borghese, that of a noted swindler who passed large amounts of counterfeit money in the West some years ago. Boniface is a common name for the landlord of a tavern. The original was one of rare kind—a sleek, good-tempered, jolly landlord—but he wasn't in real life. He was a character in Farquhar's comedy of "The Beaux' Stratagem," written in 1707.—Harper's Young People.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH

Castigates a New York Liar on Space—A "String of Untruths."

Archbishop Walsh, in a letter to the National Press, contradicts a number of statements in the New York World in reference to his recent visit to Rome. It was asserted that he was detained there by express command of the Pope, who was much exercised by the action of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy and priests; that numerous complaints had been made to His Holiness by priests who had been punished by their superiors for refusing to adopt the anti-Parnellite tactics; that evidence had been sent to the Papal Secretary of the action of certain priests who exceeded their duty by denouncing their parishioners from the altar; that nearly every day his Grace had a letter sent to him by Cardinal Jacobini relating to such matters, and that letters were constantly passing between him and the Irish Bishops in reference to this; and finally that, owing to the troubles thus arising, the Irish Bishops were anxious to see the end of the present dispute. Archbishop Walsh declares that, so far as he is concerned or knows, these statements are an unbroken string of untruths. With respect to the last, his Grace significantly remarks—"Of course the Irish Bishops are anxious to see the dispute ended. What Irishman is not anxious to see it ended—what Irishman, I mean, with the exception of Mr. Parnell and a small—surely I am safe in saying an insignificantly small—knot of his closest personal adherents? Outside of that narrow circle, what Irishman has adopted the new political paradox that in the actual circumstances of our country division in the National ranks is better than unity? Speaking now for myself, I take this opportunity of saying that I for one, in my anxiety to see this ruinous conflict ended, am influenced by many painful considerations, but, most of all, by this—that I am deeply convinced that the continuance of it even for a little longer must be absolutely destructive of every hope of the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland, at all events, within the present century. To me it is one of the most obvious truths of the present deplorable situation that the fitness of our people for Home Rule, and, indeed, for constitutional government of any kind, is on its trial, and that so far the evidence of that fitness is somewhat less clear than it ought to be. In a crisis such as that through which the Irish people are now passing, it is always in the power of a minority, grown desperate from defeat, to wreck the fortunes of a nation."

THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

Laid to Rest in Glasnevin Cemetery—A Great Funeral.

The old Parliamentarian whose name will be forever associated with two of the most momentous epochs in the history of the Irish agitation, who was a living link between the past and present, has been laid to rest in Glasnevin cemetery, after a very varied and remarkable career, which presents just such a combination of romance and reality, of struggles at home and adventures abroad, as would furnish a novelist like Lever with materials for a graphic pen portrait of a typical Irishman, one of a race who have almost wholly disappeared and become extinct like the Irish wolf-dog. On Saturday the body was conveyed from his late residence, Sydney-street, Chelsea, to Dublin, accompanied by Dr. Commin, M. P.; Mr. Alfred Webb, M. P.; Mr. Joseph Nolan, M. P.; Dr. McDonnell, London, who attended. The O'Gorman Mahon in his last illness. The funeral started from North Wall. The coffin was covered by a number of beautiful wreaths. After the hearse, which was

drawn by four horses, walked about two hundred persons. An extended line of carriages followed. The first was occupied by the chief mourners—Messrs. Chas. Mahon Hagan, New Park, Ennis, grand-nephew of the deceased; Nicholas Smyth O'Gorman, Wellington-road, Dublin; Walter Blake Butler, Killarney; and Theobald Fitzwater Butler, Barrow-in-Furness. Several of the other carriages were occupied by members of the Irish Parliamentary Party. As the cortege passed along the quays, through O'Connell-street, and on to the cemetery, it continued to increase in its proportions by the addition of carriages and people, and when the burial place was reached it had assumed very large dimensions. On arrival at the cemetery the coffin was first conveyed to the mortuary chapel, where the burial service was recited by the chaplain, the Rev. Father Coffey. The ceremony in the chapel having concluded, the coffin was placed in a grave which was prepared within the O'Connell circle. The last prayers having been recited by Father Coffey, the grave, which was covered with wreaths, was filled in. His colleagues of the Irish Party sent a beautiful wreath with the inscription: "From his colleagues and members of the Irish National Federation. In loving memory." Wreaths were also sent by Mrs. Lovett Henn, a daughter of the deceased; Mr. Mitchell Henry and Miss Henry, Mr. Theobald F. Butler, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Mahon, and Mrs. Mahon Hagan. The breastplate of the coffin bore the inscription: "James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon, M. P.; born 17th March, 1800, died 10th June, 1891.—R.I.P." Amongst those who took part in the funeral procession were—Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, P. P., Sandy-mount; Very Rev. Dr. Tynan, P. P., SS. Michael and John's; Rev. W. Greene, C. C., Merrion; Rev. Father McMullen, C. P.; Rev. Father Waters, S. J.; Rev. Father O'Keefe, C. C., Marlborough-street; Rev. Father Hunter, C. C., Marlborough-street.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

A Sketch of the Famous French Monastery.

The Grande Chartreuse consists of a large mass of irregular buildings which, as they are surrounded by a wall, can only be seen well from a height. The most interesting room in it is the chapter room, which contains the portraits of all the heads of the order, beginning with St. Bruno, whose statue by Foyatier is over the chair where sits the pere general. Many remarkable men from various countries have filled this place and have steered the order through times of difficulty. Below the portraits are painted scenes from the life of St. Bruno, copied from the paintings of Lesueur, which are now in the Louvre. In the hall, called l'Allee des Carres, there are curious representations of old Carthusian monasteries in various parts of Europe. Before the French Revolution the collection was almost a complete one, but there only remain about thirty of these paintings now. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes, and has been entirely collected in modern times. The fathers may freely borrow from it. From the earliest times, even when very poor, the Carthusians have had a good library, and have valued books as their most precious possessions. The books are called in the early statutes "the perennial food of souls," and they were placed under the care of the Father Sacristan, who had also the care of the sacred vessels.

During the fire of 1371 the General of the order, mindful of the loss sustained on a former occasion, called out, "Ad libros, ad libros! leave everything else, my fathers, but save the books." Though they were saved this time, the library was almost completely destroyed by subsequent fires, and the valuable one collected by Dom le-Masson, after the fire of 1676, was scattered during the French Revolution. At this time also, the archives of the monastery were for the most part lost. A few valuable manuscripts, with beautiful illuminations done by the Carthusians, found their way into the library at Grenoble, where they may now be seen in glass cases. In the old days the Carthusians employed themselves in transcribing manuscripts, and from transcribers they became printers as soon as printing was invented. They have had their own authors, but these wrote chiefly on monastic matters, and are little known to the world at large.

The cells of the fathers are built around the cloister. There are thirty-six of them, one of which is not tenanted, and is alone shown. They are divided like the earliest cells, into various compartments. On each door is the initial letter of the inmate's name, and a text or other inscription in Latin bearing on the monastic life, such as "Qui non reliquit omnia sua non potest esse discipulus tuus." Near the door is a little wicket through which the father receives his food or anything else he may want. On the ground floor he has a little promenade, or gallery, for walking in bad weather; a small garden, which he cultivates himself; a room, with tools for carpentering, and next to it, the baker, or store-room, for wood. A staircase leads to a bell-room, an adjoining small study with bookshelves, and a room which was once used as a kitchen when the father cooked part of his own food, a custom which was abolished as early as the thirteenth century on account of the time it wasted. In the room were he sleeps is a small dining table, with wooden plate, spoon, and fork, and the oratory, where he performs the offices with the same ceremonial as in the choir—taking off and putting on the cowl, standing, kneeling, and lying flat on the ground. A bell calls the fathers simultaneously to their private devotions, as well as those in the church.

Found at Last. SERRIDGE, Ont., July 8.—Three years ago last autumn, Thomas Joy went out on King Lake, north of Eagle Lake, in a canoe to hunt deer. The canoe was found upside down, but nothing was seen or heard of Joy. Last week Harry Mumery, who was watching a deer run up where the animal jumped in. The water was about a foot deep and on investigating, the body of Joy was found. Only the bones remained, while weeds

had grown through the clothing. There were numbers of nails and cartridges in the pockets and the weight had doubtless kept the body down. The victim had left a house which he was building to go on the hunt when he met his death.

A POLISH CONFESSOR.

Account of the Sufferings of the Late Bishop of Wilna.

A real Confessor of the Faith has just passed away in the person of the much persecuted Mgr. Krasinski, Bishop of Wilna. Born in Volhynia (Russia) in 1810, he was in his early career a member of the Order of the Priests, but when that congregation had been abolished by the Russian Government he became a parish priest near the town of Wilna. Later on he was chosen as a member of the Catholic Synod of St. Petersburg, where he soon distinguished himself by his great learning, culture, and many-sided capabilities. It was not long before he became Bishop of Wilna. His episcopate fell in troubled times. A cruel persecution of the Russian Poles followed. Muraviev, nicknamed "The Butcher," came to govern Lithuania. One of his first acts was to summon all the Catholic Church dignitaries before him. "There is no longer any Poland," he told them, "but only one Great Russia." Then Bishop Krasinski rose up, and in firm, though subdued tones, said: "Your Excellency, what God has made, no force and no violence can destroy. God has made Poland, and given her a mission. That mission she must fulfil, and she will fulfil it, sooner or later." Days of terrible persecution began for the outspoken prelate. His health gave way under the hardship of these days. His doctors advised him to go to Spa in order to recruit his shattered constitution. He begged permission from the Ministry to do so and his request was granted. He immediately set off for a watering-place on the shores of the Baltic. At Dunaburg, however, he was stopped by a detachment of Cossacks, who informed him that instead of escorting him to the Spa, they were to "depose" him to the interior of Russia. He was carried off thousands of miles to Vyatka. And there he lived in a painful exile for twenty years. At last, thanks to the negotiations of the Holy See, he was allowed to leave his country in 1884, and retired to Cracow, the capital of Austrian Poland, where he spent the end of his days beneath the mild and kindly rule of Austria, among his fellow countrymen, a guest of the Bishop. Bishop Krasinski filled up his years of exile with literary labors; among his writings were an important collection of Canon Law, with valuable practical applications to Poland; a Polish grammar, that has gone through many editions; a dictionary of Polish synonyms; translations from Old Russian, and several small books of piety. He has just died at the age of 81.—London Tablet.

A Convent Burned.

St. HILAIRE, Que., July 8.—About four o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the upper storey of the convent known as that of the Sisters Gadoles, situated on the Richelieu River, two miles below Beloeil village, and as there was no efficient appliance and all assistance out of reach the fire gained such headway that nothing could be done to save the building. The inmates escaped without injury, but many of them suffered the loss of their personal habiliments, the fire having spread rapidly to the upper portion of the building. A good portion of the furniture belonging to the lower flats was carried out and the various out-buildings on the premises escaped, but the main building, which was of stone, and cost in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars, is completely burned. The neighboring residents are giving temporary accommodation to those requiring it, and several have gone to their families in Montreal and elsewhere. It is reported that the loss, exceeding thirty thousand dollars, is fully covered by insurance. The convent was named St. Victor, and conducted by the sisters of the order of La Providence, who made a specialty of receiving the deaf and dumb with others as pupils under its roof. The sisters have the sincerest sympathies of the surrounding country in their misfortune. The convent was in a lovely spot, and the gardens, fruit trees and hedges were maintained in most beautiful order. It is hoped that the establishment will soon be rebuilt and again become the abode of peace and charity it has heretofore been.

Cote St. Louis School Board.

Mr. Theophile Varin has been re-elected to the Catholic School Board of Cote St. Louis.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

A Monster Killed. LONDON, July 8.—A notice has been formally issued requiring Mr. De Cobain, M. P. for Belfast, charged with unnatural crimes, to attend the session of the House of Commons on the 23rd inst., on pain of expulsion.

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