

# OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Vol. I. No. 2.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

**HIS HONOR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR DALY** is a son of Sir Dominick Daly, who was successively Governor of Tobago, P. E. Island, and S. Australia, and who married Miss Maria Gore, daughter of Col Gore, of County Kilkenny. Their son, Malachi Bowes Daly, was born February 6th, 1836, and educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott,—one of the best schools in England, where Col. Ryan, R. A., and his sons, were also educated. He was called to the bar of Nova Scotia in 1864, was private secretary to his father, and to two successive Governors of Nova Scotia; stood for Halifax (Conservative) in 1878, and was re-elected in 1882 and 1885. In 1885 he was chosen by Sir John MacDonald as Deputy Speaker and Chairman of Committees, and in 1890 was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia. His Honor married, in July, 1859, Miss Joanna, second daughter of Sir Edward Kenny, and a more popular couple never reigned in our Government House.



HIS HONOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DALY.

## A REVERIE.

I rode along the moonlit road,  
My mind was full of care,  
And my heart was sad and restless  
With sorrows hard to bear.

At the church-yard I reined in my horse,  
Fast'ning him to the gate;  
Then up to the path I took my way,  
And the hour was lone and late.

The Moon shone o'er the still church-yard,  
A sweet and mournful sight!  
The gravestones looked like their owners'  
ghosts,  
Clad in their robes of white.

The sight half calmed my troubled breast:  
I reached the grave I sought,  
There flung myself upon the ground  
And lost myself in thought.

A month ago! Ah, how I wished  
That time would come again,  
Though I should have to pass on e more  
Through that anguish and that pain

And as I sat thus lost in thought,  
Came stealing through the air,  
So faint, so distant came a sound  
Of music sweet and rare.

Nearer it grew, and clearer now  
It sounded in my ear;  
I clasped my hands, I upward gazed,  
In wonder and in fear

A strain I ne'er had heard before,  
Nor e'er shall hear again  
I held my very breath to hear  
That to me fraught with pain.

Louder it filled the air, and lo!  
There broke upon my sight  
A troop of sweet angelic forms,  
All clothed in spotless white.

Loud thrilled the music and behold  
As nearer still they drew,  
The fairest, and the brightest, came,  
My own, my lost one true.

And now they softly drifted past  
My loved one in the throng;  
Fainter and fainter vanishing,  
While softer grew their song.

So softly faded the refrain,  
That sweetly mournful strain,  
Fainter it trembled on the breeze  
And ne'er was heard again.

How long, I know not, I lay there  
But when at last I rose,  
The load was lifted from my heart,  
Made lighter were my woes.

So happy had she seemed that night,  
Should I then sorrowing be?  
Stay weeping o'er my fate because  
She now was pure and free.

MABEL NOYES.

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