

THE CELTIC AWAKENING.

Our Gaelic race is rousing from the torpor of the past,
The Celtic fire, long smothered, is flaming bright at last;
The beauties of our ancient tongue, our bards, our heroes' fame,
Are dear to those as ne'er before, who boast of Highland name.
They say 'tis disappearing, the language of our sires,
Which sounding once through Selma's hall inflamed our hero-fires;
That, speech recalling ages dim, as shell the sounding sea,
Must soon become a memory of what has ceased to be.
They say 'tis fading, dying, that its end is nearing fast,
And is now but an echo, save to those who love the past.

From where the storm-swept Hebrides praise a towering crest,
Like emerald gems above the swell of broad Atlantic's breast,
To where the Spey and Tay unite their waters with the tide,
Where lives a Gael true, they say such fate shall not betide!
From far Australia's southern clime, from India's torrid plain,
To where St. Lawrence pours its flood into the surging main,
From east to west of our New World, from Lakes to Mexico sea,
Where beats a loyal Celtic heart, they say it must not be!
Each wind that sweeps the ocean carries that voice along;
They knew not how we loved it—they shall know our love is strong.

Let progeny of caitiff race forget they had a part,
And in oblivion's darkest shade let speech of slave be cast;
But where's the man in all the world, though proud of Saxon name,
Would dare impugn our sires' renown or blot our heroes' fame?
The fame of those who kept at bay the conquerors of the world,
And taught the Roman hosts their flag could not be there unfurled;
Behind that range of Highland Hills, to freedom ever dear,
The citadel of high enterprise, of deeds we must revere.
The voices of these, our fathers, is borne on every gale
That waves the heather on the hills, that sweep o'er loch and vale.

There's Ossian—Homer of our race—struck from the sounding lyre
Tones that still echo in our hearts, that raise the patriot's fire;
Tones which resound from Morven's heights and Selma's vacant hall,
And echoing Lora till we think Fingal and Ulin call.
And he gave words to thoughts which burn within the Celtic breast,
Their passion and their tenderness, their longings, their unrest;
Their feeling of the loveliness that o'er nature broods,
Its mystic charm and grandeur in all its various moods.
And he voiced their love of honor, their scorn of what is wrong,
As he swept the chorals of feeling with his magic gift of song.

Can we forget those saintly men who from Iona's isle
Diffused the light of purer faith among the heathen vile?
Who to the Scandinavian fierce and Pagan Teuton gave
The ideal of a nobler life—the Christ who came to save.
And down the ages as we come, however dark the page,
We find it brightened by the light of Celtic saint or sage;
And never through the by-gone years' as many cycles ran,
Has there been wanting to our race the pride and worth of man.

What Northrop & Lyman's

<p>A Miraculous Medicine.—Mr. J. H. CROFT, St. Cathar's, writes: "Send me at once three dozen NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. It is a miraculous medicine and has performed great cures, testimonials of which we can give you."</p>	<p>Especially Good.—Mrs. C. JOHNSON, Melville, writes:—"I have great pleasure in recommending your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I have used two bottles, and it completely cured me of a bad case of Dyspepsia. I also found it an excellent Blood Medicine, and sure cure for Kidney troubles."</p>	<p>The Best Medicine.—Mr. J. O. BLACKWELL, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY."</p>
<p>Vegetable Discovery</p>		
<p>It Gives Strength.—Mr. J. S. DRISCOLL, of Granite Hill, writes: "I have derived great benefit from the use of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. My appetite has returned, and I feel stronger."</p>	<p>If you are Despondent, Low-spirited, Irritable and Peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating,</p>	<p>a trial. I did so, with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced. I consider</p>
<p>A Pleasure to us.—Mr. L. N. BOURCIER, of Ripon, P. Q., writes: "It is with great pleasure I inform you that your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but now had any effect on me until I came across NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY; one bottle relieved me, and a second completely cured me; you cannot recommend it too highly."</p>	<p>then get a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia.—Mr. R. H. FAWSON, of St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of VEGETABLE DISCOVERY entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases. I now feel like a new man."</p>	<p>it the best medicine in the market for the stomach and system generally." Mr. GEO. TOLIN, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY say that it has done them more good than anything they ever used."</p>

Was Done.

To-day takes up the story of that grand effulgent past; We were not dead, but sleeping; we are rousing now at last!

In eloquence and literature, in science and in art,
In halls of state and marts of trade, we've played no minor part;
And on the field of battle, 'mong the bravest in the van,
You would always find him foremost, the man of Highland clan.
Then let detractors of our race the Celtic name assail—
Their prejudice and jealous rage can never much avail;
We point to our distinguished names, the deeds which they have done,
And feel, while true unto our past, assured for time to run.
Then reverence and cherish the Celtic tongue and name—
Should the speech of Ossian perish, we Gaels must bear the blame.

New York. NEIL MACDONALD

Scottish Congregationalists.

The reports presented to the annual session of the Congregational Union of Scotland, show that during the year now closed twenty-six churches, each having its own pastor, and altogether representing a membership of 1,962, had been aided to the extent of about £1,100 from the ordinary and special funds of the Union. According to the statistical returns, nine churches, having a membership of 749, and raising £215 for the support of their pastors, are found in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. In the northern, or Aberdeen district, there are other nine churches, having a membership of 652, and contributing to the salaries of their ministers £908 10s. In the north-eastern or Dundee district, there are four churches reporting a membership of 226, and a contribution to pastors' salaries of £236. In the eastern or Edinburgh district, three churches are aided, their membership being 306, and their contribution to ministerial support being £216. In the western, or Glasgow district, there is only one aided church, its membership being 120, and its contribution to salary being £92 10s.

The Mermaid of Orkney.

News has reached Kirkwall (says the Scotsman) that the mermaid has again made her appearance at Deerness, Orkney. The creature has arrived at the same place now many years in succession, where it remains all summer, disappearing in the winter, and returning again with fine weather. Last year a large sum of money was offered for its capture, and sportsmen tried to kill it. As it struck out to sea immediately it was fired at, and was never seen again till now, it was thought it had been wounded or killed. Naturalists who have got a full description of the "mermaid" think it is an ocean seal, but the people of Deerness, who have watched it closely for years, say it has few if any of the seal's habits, and maintain it swims like a human being. At the present time it may be observed daily, being very partial to bright sunshine, but it rarely appears on dull days.

How Trains are Run in Germany.

It is slow traveling in Germany, writes Jerome K. Jerome. The German train does not hurry or excite itself over its work, and when it stops it takes to take a rest. When a German train draws up at a station, everybody gets out and has a walk. The engine driver and the stoker cross over and knock at the station master's door. The station-master comes out and greets them effusively, and then runs back into the house to tell his wife that they have come, and she bustles out and welcomes them effusively, and the four stand chatting about old times and friends and the state of the crops. After a while, the engine driver, during a pause in the conversation, looks at his watch and says he is afraid he must be going, but the station-master's wife won't hear of it. "Oh, you must stop and see my children," she says. "They will be home from school soon, and they'll be so disappointed if they hear you have been here and gone away again."
The engine driver and the stoker laugh, and say that under the circumstances they suppose they must stop;

and they do so. The second guard has gone down into the town to try and sell a dog, and the passengers stroll about the platform and smoke, or partake of a light meal in the refreshment room. When everybody appears to be sufficiently rested, a move on-ward is suggested by the engine driver or the guard, and if all are agreeable to the proposal the train starts.

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