

LITERARY

LINES.

FATHER RYAN.

Go down where the sea waves are kissing the shore,
And ask of them why do they sigh?
The poets have asked them a thousand times o'er,
But they're kissing the shore as they kissed it before,
And they're sighing to-day, and they'll sigh evermore;
Ask them what ails them? they will not reply,
But they'll sigh on forever, and never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The waves will not answer, neither shall I.

Go stand on the beach of the boundless deep,
When the night stars are gleaming on high,
And hear how the billows are moaning in sleep,
On the low lying strand by the surger-beaten steep,
They are moaning forever wherever they sweep;
Ask them what ails them? they never reply,
They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The billows will not answer, neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze at the waning of day,
When it passes and murmurs, 'Good-bye,'
The dear little breeze, how it wishes to stay
When the flowers are in bloom, where the singing birds play,
How it sighs when it flies on its weary-some way,
Ask it what ails it? it will not reply,
Its voice is a sad one, it never told why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The breeze will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go, watch the wild blasts as they spring from their lair,
When the shout of the storm rends through the air,
They rush o'er the earth, and they ride through the air,
And they blight with their breath all that's love y and fair,
And they groan like the ghosts in the land of despair,
Ask them what ails them? they never reply,
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The blasts will not answer, neither will I.

Go, stand on the rivulet's hly-fringed side,
Or list where the river rush by;
The streamlets which forest trees shadow and hide,
And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide,
Are moaning forever wherever they glide,
Ask them what ails them? they will not reply;
On, sad-voiced they flow, but they never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
Earth's streams will not answer, neither will I.

When the shadows of twilight are gray on the hill,
And dark where the low valleys lie
Go, list to the voice of the wild whip-poor-will,
That sings when the songs of its sisters are still,
And wails through the darkness so sadly and shrill,
Ask it what ails it? it never tells why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The bird will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go, list to the voices of earth, air and sea,
And the voices that sound in the sky,
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
There's a sigh in each chord, and a sigh in each key
And thousands of sighs swell their grand melody,
Ask them what ails them? they will not reply,
They sigh—sigh forever—but never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The voices will not answer you, neither will I.

Mabel Willey's Lovers.

(Continued.)

"Give me neither beggary nor riches: lest perhaps being filled, I should be tempted to deny, and say: Who is the Lord? or being compelled by poverty, I should steal, and forswear the name of my God."

What a happy hour this evening hour was! Sometimes Mr. Willey would tell the young ones a story; and when he began, what a scramble there was for his knees! Sometimes he would look over the columns of the 'Prairie Farmer,' gleaming therefrom useful hints for his vocation. While he was thus occupied his wife would read aloud to the children. But she did not select anything from a silly dim novel or illustrated paper, but generally something in Washington Irving's 'Sketch-Book,' or one of Cooper's tales; and let us say that the tale they all liked best was 'The Pioneers.'

"I am glad you enjoyed your visit to grandpa," spoke Mrs. Willey one morning, as she rested awhile at the churn.

"Oh! ever so much," answered Mabel, who, with sleeves rolled up, was busy skimming cream. "But I forgot to tell you, mother, that a few days before I left him there came to the house, at a rather early hour, a young gentleman and lady from one of the hotels in North Conway. They had strolled up Wild-cat Run, which you know, winds round grandpa's home, and had become engaged to each other on the way. I told them it was quite romantic. The girl was stylish-looking, but didn't appear to be strong; her face was like waxwork, and her dress was made in such a fashion that I think she must have found it hard work to breathe. But she was exceedingly polite, and I was quite taken with her before we parted. The young gentleman likewise was a very pleasant fellow, and much better looking too, than she was, I judged by his hands that he had never done any work in his life, and his mustache was twisted and curled in the most coquettish way imaginable—just like this." Here Mabel put her fingers to her upper lip, then twirled them round and round to Mrs. Willey's great amusement.

"But what I want most to speak of," she continued, "is the big beech-tree." Mabel then proceeded to tell how Harry had carved his name and Kitty's upon it, and how she had discovered the names of Harry Fletcher and Mabel Willey upon the same tree in letters barely legible.

"O child!" exclaimed her mother, when she was done speaking, "you cannot imagine how vividly my girlish days come back upon my memory when you speak of that old beech. Yes, I can see Harry Fletcher cutting his name and mine upon it just as plain y as if it was yesterday. A handsome fellow was Harry. He wanted me to be his wife. I did not dislike him—no, indeed. We were good friends; we sat side by side at school; we picked huckleberries together. Many folks thought I should marry him. But there was another young man courting me, one who bore the same name as myself, though no relation; and one day we all three met, and my lovers agreed that I should then and there decide which of them I'd choose. And 'twas your father Mabel, who won me; nor have I ever for a moment ever regretted my choice. Yet Harry Fletcher was a brave, generous fellow, very smart, too, and I have often wondered what became of him. All I know is that soon after I refused him he quitted our part of the country to seek his fortune elsewhere."

"Right, wife, right! A splendid fellow!" cried Mr. Willey, entering the dairy to get a cup of milk. "Why I was thinking of him myself only a few minutes ago while I was looking at our corn—and a fine crop it's going to be, a mighty fine crop. And I wondered whether Harry, if he is still in the land of the living, has a farm like ours and a snug log-house to shelter him. Many things may happen in the length of time since he and I parted; this world has many ups and downs—it's a regular seesaw."

After talking a while on Harry Fletcher, Farmer Willey said: "Come, wife, let's take a row; and I'll bring my rod along and catch a mess of black bass for supper." Mrs. Willey, who liked to see her husband play as well as work, gladly assented. They did not fish much, however, for the skiff was long and broad and leaked never a drop; and the six happy children went arowing too. It did you eyes good to look at them, and your ears good, too to hear them—so healthy and strong and rollicksome they were, dipping

their hands in the water sprinkling each others faces, singing, laughing, and finally barefooted Dick, who was ten years old wittingly tumbled overboard and played fish around the boat—the boy could swim like a fish—to the great amusement of his brothers and sisters.

Three months after this pleasant excursion on the river Mabel again found herself in New Hampshire. The truth is, her grandfather, whose feelings had been much wrought upon by the visit she had paid him in the summer, could not bear to be separated from those whom he loved and, moreover, he was of an age when farm labor was getting rather irksome. Accordingly, he had written to Mrs. Willey, telling her that he wished to spend the rest of his day in Illinois, and begged that he might have the company of young Mabel in the long, tiresome journey to the West. For she is a bright girl, he said, and can take charge of me my trunk and here I too."

So Mabel, who, fond as she was of home was not averse to seeing a little of the world, went to fetch her grandfather; and now in October we find her passing with him through the city of New York.

"It's just like a beehive, this town," spoke Mabel as she paused a moment in Broadway near the Astor House to try and discover the ticket-office of the Michigan Southern Railway.

"Such a crowd makes my head swim," said the old man, who was leaning her arm.

"Well, I'll ask somebody where the ticket-office is," said Mabel.

And she did ask somebody, and that somebody happened to be no other than Harry Fletcher, Jr., who was on his way down town with his father. Right cordial was the meeting between them.

"I have often thought of you," said Harry.

"Indeed! Well, the morning we first met was a blissful morning for you—was it not?" returned Mabel with a laughing gleam in her eye. "Pray, sir, how is Miss Gibbon?"

"Oh! extremely well. She is now in Philadelphia, bidding good-bye to some of her friends, for we sail shortly for Europe."

"But you will not really settle abroad, as you once told me?" said Mabel. Then, with a little hesitation she added: "Men like you, sir, ought to live in their own country."

"You are more eloquent than you imagine," answered the youth. "But I have promised Miss Gibbon that we should make our home in Paris."

Here Mr. Fletcher senior shook his head, while Mabel's grandparent observed: "Why, young man, isn't this country big enough for you?"

Harry made no response, but, taking a rosebud from his buttonhole, he presented it to Mabel, saying: "We may never meet again, but Miss Gibbon and I will often speak of you when we are far away."

Closely during this brief conversation had, Harry's father watched Mabel, and now he took her hand and pressed it, and the girl wondered why he looked on her with moistened eyes. Then, after showing her the ticket office, Mr. Fletcher went to a flower stand near by and bought her a beautiful bouquet which quite threw into the shade Harry's rosebud. Oh! thanks, sir," said Mabel, as she accepted the flowers. "How delicious they are!"

When presently they parted Harry said to his father: "Miss Willey is a very fine girl, isn't she? And I'll not let Kitty call her a peasant any more."

Mr. Fletcher did not seem to hear this remark; he appeared like one absorbed in a reverie. But of a sudden he burst out: "A peasant! a peasant! By heaven! there is not a princess in Europe better than Mabel Willey!"

"Well, Kitty would not call her a peasant except for her mother," continued Harry. "But Mrs. Gibbon has filled her head with foolish notions."

"Such as living in Europe," answered Mr. Fletcher. Then, with a sigh he added, "O Harry! how you have disappointed me. Why I would rather see you wed a girl like Mabel even if she were poor, than have you pass your days in a foreign land."

"Would you, really?" exclaimed Harry.

"But alas!" went on Mr. Fletcher, now speaking to himself—alas! 'twas I who urged him to make a rich match. Yet I have been roling up money for years and years; and now, when I am worth a million, my only child is going to spend my fortune among foreigners."

As they pursued their way to Wall Street, Harry noticed the unhappy look on his father's face and again advised him

to take a holiday: "I wish I could. But I have been so long in the treadmill of business that not I should not know how to play if I went away away."

And so the millionaire went down to his office, while the heir to a his wealth with a fresh rosebud sticking in his buttonhole, repaired to Delmonico's to kill time, as he expressed it—to kill time sipping sherry and thinking about Paris and Kitty Gibbon.

But the banker's thoughts were of Mabel Willey. "She brings me right back to dear old days," he sighed—the dear old days. She is the living image of her mother."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Sweet Meats.—Sagar-cured hams.

Footed.—"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?"—"Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as the old man's."

"Dawktter," said an exquisite the other day, "I want you to tell me what I can put into my head to make it raint."

"It wants nothing but brains," said the physician.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

If poverty is a disgrace, mended stockings are a damned shame.

When Farmer Knaff, of New York State, bet his son a dollar that he could reach a crossing ahead of a locomotive, he lost by five feet, as his son testified at the inquest.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," replied the wife: "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

A country girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't fail to be at the singing school to night." George wrote back that "In this bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as fail."

On a honeymoon tour recently, the young husband, going across from Dover to Boulogne, looked suddenly very strange. "Are you ill, love?" inquired the anxious, model wife. "Oh! I say, Alfred, beloved, are you ill?" He was afraid of being doubted and faintly replied: "I think the shrimps I had for breakfast this morning must have been alive."

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Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 355, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Light House has been erected on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. Elevation 98 feet above the level of the sea, and should be visible in clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of wood and attached. The vertical parts of the Building are painted White; the roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.
Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Diagnostic of the Fifth Order, with a Single Argand Burner. The whole water horizon is illuminated.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE!

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified that from and after this date Parties having ORDERS on the BOARD OF WORKS are required to present the same for payment on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS only in each week, between the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works, St. John's,
2nd May, 1879.

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