AN APRIL IDYL. by NATERAN D. UNNER. Now, as through all the wakening wood The sounds of Spring are calling, Mixed with the winds in merry moods, And she vers of April failing omes back to me, with dreamy grace, And music sweet and olden, mory of those happy days, When love and life were golden

With one fair spirit by my side-Whose name shall not be uttered wandered through these woodlan While saindrops softly muttered, nd searched the leaves with finge ers bright To find the shy arbutus, And, slanting through the opal light, Coy sunbeams came to suit us.

We heard the brock in gien and gap His border-violets counting. We fancied we could hear the sap Benesits the rough bark mounti While tiny tips of palest green On oak and ash were showing. And haif a hundred hints were see Of summer blossoms glowing.

We listened to the sounds that broke Like words of baby lispers, 'rom early birds, and, when we spake Our voices sank to whispers : And, as in sympathy more soft, With all the world around ma thy more soft, The sky eavesdropping zephyr oft In close communion found us.

From underneath her bood the curi From underneath her boot the curis Mixéd with its wine-red lining. And o'er the curis, like strings of pearls. The drops of rain were shining. Her smile was like the coming dawn's When skies are roay growing. Her step was like the forest fawn's W hen hunter's horns are blowing.

How timidly her eyes drooped down Beneath my ardent glances How with a frown that was no frown She met my coy advances ! And then, as homeward hand in hand While broke the sun in splendor We took our way, how all the land With April tears was tende

Ab ! drooms so fleet, and dreams so bright The showst-em vib silver light The showst-em vib silver light tow freshly come ye back to-day 'Mid sounds of springtime callion of self. t like the And rain-drops bright on every spray And showers of April falling !

ther climes than those of earth In other climes than those of earth The loved one hath her dwelling, ¹⁰ Where love in flowers finds heavenly birth, And fadeless buds are swelling; But stil comes back, with dreamy grace, And music sweet and olden. The memory of those happy days When love and life were golden



ago.

san't to go out on no account." It's my horse, said Godfrey; 'I intend give you a baiting." Preston, turning now to our her 'ske him out.' Some out to have no more to say. to take him out ' Maybe it's yours, but your father paid drive that beggsr away?" Now John's sympathies were rather with

I am the only son of Colonel Anthony Preston,' returned Godfrey, impressively. his father and said, sulkily: 'I was punishing this Irish boy for his Are you now? I thought you was a royal duke, or maybe Queen Victoria's oldest impertinence." ting it, and his father said : Fellow, you are becoming impertinent." Faith, I didn't mane it. You looked so 'tr looked very much as if he were he trudged on light of heart, for he was proud and gintale that it's jist a mistake I punisying you. made 'You knew that we had no dukes in sulkily. So he was impertinent, was he? What America,' said Godfrey, suspiciously.

'If we had now, you'd be one of them,' did he say?' 'He said I was no gentleman.' said Andy. Why? What makes you say so? Andy Burke listened attentively to what

'You're jist the very picture of the Earl of was said, but didn't attempt to justify him-Ballycoran's ildest son that I saw before I self as yet. 'I have sometimes had a suspicion of left Ireland.' Godfrey possessed so large a share of that myself,' said his father quietly.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD.

his young master's overthrow.

bundle which he carried over his shoulder, seesed, had of course the advantage. So the The question was, of course, add

"Here!" said the frish boy, tapping a his adversary, who kept cool and self-pos- mother lives, easy?"

n a commanding tone.

What are you but a beggar ?"

fully. 'Where do you keep it?'

Andy Burke. What's yours ?"

What's your name

' And who are you ?'

Shure, I'm a gintleman of indep

'Yon look like it.' said Godfrey, disdain-

stick thrust through beneath the knot.

· I don't feel under any obligation

'Don't you? Then what made you ask

'That's different. You are only an Irish

ridiculous pride that he felt pleased with the Though Godfrey was an only son, his compliment, though he was not quite clear father was sensible enough to be fully aware of his faults. If he was in-halged, it about its sincerity "Where do you live?" he asked, with a was his mother, not his father, that was in

slight lowering of his tone. Where do I live? Shure I don't live man, and had sensible views about home anywhere now, but I'm going to live in this discipline, but he was over-ruled by his village. My mother came here a month wife, whose character may be judged from the fact that her son closely resembled her.

Why didn't you come with her?' 'I was workin' with a farmer, but the on airs. She considered herself quite the She was vain, haughty, and proud of putting work gave out and I came home. Maybe finest lady in the village, but condescended I'll find work here.' to associate with the wives of the minister 'I think I know where your mother lives,' the doctor, and a few of the richer inhabi-

said John, who had heard the conversation. tants, but even with them she took care to She lives up the road a mile or so, in a show that she regarded herself as superior little house with two rooms. It's where old to them all. She was, therefore, unpopular, as was her son among his companions 'Thank you, sir. I guess I'll begoin', then, However, these two stood by each other,

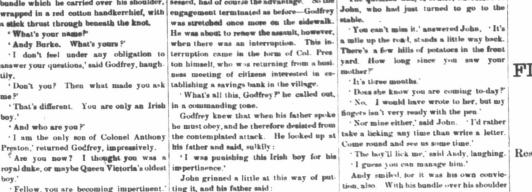
Thank you, sir. I guess I'll begoin', then, as my mother'll be expectin' me. Do you know if she's well?' and a look of anxiety came over the boy's honest, good-natured his fater did not do the same . I didn't think you'd turn against me

The question was addressed to John, but and let a low boy insult me?' complained. · Because he is only an Irish boy?' · Some of our most distinguished men don't think you have proved your point.' · He's a beggar.'

'I'm not a beggar.' exclaimed Andy, 1 Look at his rags" said Godfrey, scorn-You would be in rags too if you had to

'The colonel's givin' it to him ' thought 'Shure I didn't know it,' returned Andy, John, with a grin. 'Twon't do the young 'What is your name?' inquired Colone

Andy Burke.



about to see his mother and sister, both o 'I didu't get fair hold,' said Godfrey, whom he warmly loved. TO BE CONTINUED]



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RICHARD WALSH, Publisher,

CALENDAR FOR APRIL, 1883. MOON'S CHANGES. Moon 7th day, 9h. 23.7m., a. m. Quarter 14th day, 4h. 37 1m., a. m Moon 22nd day, 7h. 14 8m., a. m. Quarter 30th day, 2h. 50.8m., a. m.

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Fabriano and Metellic vate audiences, the Ho the Bishops to present putation from their re-who thanked the Holy ninations he had ma also received, in farewo de Hauteour. Rector o ies at Lille, whom tioned as to the details

> Among the Church ing the past week were ferred from the 19th cesco di Paolo, founde Minimes; St. Isidore, H and of St. Vincent Dominican, who died a lie had preached with various countries, espec-and was canonized in In the pictures of the sented with wings, and pet, because his sermo as one of the angels of resuscitating a dead ma his assertions; and with in his head to show spiration with which

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Among the visitors

Rome are Prince Thu Lord Chief Justice May; bers, and the Rev. E. L.

By special Apostolic

Father has nominated Schanassy, of Victor

Schanassy, of Victor Anthony Brownless, Vic the Melbourne University

Fitzgerald, of Melbourne

The first of a series

the French Ambassador was held on the 3rd Colonna Palace, and wa

Among those present Jacobini and Howard, a

but the great tournament

the chief spectacle in t

ienoa and the Prince

aria. Nearly two hund

are to be Bavarian

ourteenth century.

has lent his villa for the

The Princess Blan

daughter of the Duke

visited the other day Benedict Joseph Labre Mgr. Virili, Postulator

the saint. The young p a long time in the chape

sed to belong to the sai

planations given by M

ast year spent several n

lecting alms to buy the

the saint died, in the Vi

The Holy Father h

rivate audiences, the consecrated Bishops, Caputo, Bishop of Mo Velluti-Zate, Bishop

Prato; and Macaire S

nterested on seeing

ome to Rome to practic

Nothing now is talk

prelates and distinguis

of the Order "Piano.

liocese of Birmingh

Roman Intellio

The centenary service Benedict Joseph Labre



Dean of the Sacred tribunes, seats were Cardinals wishing whom there were Howard, DeLuce, Bil several Bishops, and Mgre. Sanninistelli, Stonor, Around the placed for the repres civil and military ho and for members of The music was con Mosiconi, who comy for this occasion. for this occasion. of the late Pontiff, i the popular subscri originated by Duke reached nearly 40,0 restoration of the rence-Without-the-W meneed at once. ment it with fresc extent of which y on how many furthe in. A considerable ceived from Americ -----Greatness is ofte

Greatness is off conceit and egots greatness, as sure i deference and a 1 which is least, is as to s just estimation ascent of fiame. in the sense in while greatness, but all little duties and o tribute to the hap beings.