6.3

St George to St. Patrick.

The fellowing it excees to its fed to Hembers of St. Patri & Sections

O Harp of old Parin! sad, sad was the

story, Ero the sun-god of Aopa had enlight

en'd its gloom

And flung a great light, an ineffable

ry, the chrine of the saint and the

O'er the shrine of the saint and the partiet temb;
Oh! where the base heart that would willingly barter,
eer ought the world renders, thy long, matchits stell
Of crater, poet, wit, here and martyr—
The atto-relieves on Fame's dear'tless

Midst a stern loneliness, Erin's corned o'en te falter, When the march of the pagan knew little of loss, When the glare from each crimson'd Druidical altar

Druidical altar
Paled the streaklet that fell from the
light of the Cross:
Ayol when England, in chains and in
boudage, was bending
Neath the terror and smart of idelatry's ref.

try's zod, Krin,--Erin, thofaithful—was fearlessly

ding nissionaries forth, in the name of her God.

Forget? God forbid! In the night of ages, the Genius of Knowledge, at

Learning's dear shrine, Burned one astral, alone, to illumine he

pages, And that lamp, constant Erin, was

thine—yea! 'twas thine. For it was to thy halls, midst the chaos

of Letters, The scholars of Europe were once

wout to come;
Iguorance, elewhere, bound nowledge in fetters,
is mater wert then unto all

Christendom.

es the Empire to doubt of what

dark pall;

and unshriven. At the blast of Brittania have yielded

musketry's rattle, Celt and Saxon have sobbed out their When the chill morn has dawned on the day after battle, Side by side they have lain in the suion of death.

Neath thy vines, Vimiera !-- thy slopes, Neath thy vines, Vimiera I—tuy stopes, Talavera!
Vittoria's park ridge!—Salamanca's broad plain!
The sorpse-choking trench, nigh thy stoep, Albura!
Paithful Eric bas yielded her glorified

slain. Their bones are still bleaching by Pun-

jabs five rivers;
The hill-tribes, by Khyber, point out
where they rest
Twirt the boulders and rocks where the

pale aspen quivers,

Each face to the front, and each
wound in the breast

O sons of St. Patrick! lot strife have an ending: ending; We proffer the palm in Sincerity's

name; Fling the mantle of Peace o'er our bye

gone offending,
And turn down your page of the centuries' shame.

turner shame.

See Kriu shall be unto Albion a sister,
See Green Isle and White Isle shall
kneel at one shrine,
Alba has turned unto Erin [and

kiss'd her,
and the rose and the shamrock in
now entwive. And the

THE BLACKSMITH.

T**he** Acrobat's Kevenge.

The sun was setting behind the hills of Meldon, one June evening, in the year 1845, when an acrobat, with his wife, was seen plodding slong the road towards the next market town.

They were weary and sad. The acrobat himsolf was a man about thirty, of dark complexion, with raven black hair curling over his forehead. His syes were black and piercing, and there was something in his look which bespoke a nature above that of a mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and earried an infant-ohild at her breast. She too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and har face was comely to look upon.

Their life was a hard one, but they bure it well. Nor, as yet, had all the hardships which poverty had brought into their door sent love, as the window.

They were journeying to the market

sleep in he was anxious to earn a few pence of ther in the town or before

pence either in the town or before reaching it, and presently an oppor-tunity arose by which, as he thought, he night do so. Almost opposite to him, at two or three hun fred yards distance, was the lodge and noble gateway of a

he might do so.

Almost opposite to him, at two or three hun fred yards distance, was the lodge and noble gateway of a gentlemn a park. As Divas approach ed it he heard voices counding high and mirthful in the sir—the voices of children, making merry, with the hight, young hearts, and their clear, ringing laughter.

As he came nearer and looked through the path, he say between twenty and thirty children, in holiday attire, playing upon the laws, before an old and spacious mansion which had belonged to the Windus family for many generations, and was now in the possession of Sr. William Windus the tith that the rone; and it was the birthday of his little daughter which the children were celebrating.

The acrobat's eyes kindled as he locked in at the bety of holiday makers. Here was a grand chance for him. Surely it would delight the children to see him flas his golden balts in the air, whirling them up and up, like the ever springing stream of a fountain. Surely all the other wonderful things he could do would be the very thing for them. Su-dy the great and wealthy pare.:s would hay handsomely for the smusement of the little ladies and the little gentlemen.

He paused for a moment, then

fle paused for a moment, then slowly pushed open the gate, and walked in towards the lawn, followed by his wife.

elowly pushed open the gate, and walked in towards the lawn, followed by his wife.

Had there been anyone there whose permission he could have asked he would have done so. But there was no one but the children themselves; and, therefore, addressing one of the cliest, he asked her if they would like to see some of his feats. The girl smillingly replied that they would; and all the little faces, with their great eyes, were turned upon the acrobat, and the wonderful box which he took from his shoulders and land upon the ground.

And now the eyes of wonder opened as wide they could go. And so meen was the little sudience in watching the aerobat, and so intent was the little sudience in watching the aerobat, and so intent was the little sudience in watching the aerobat, and so intent was the little sudience in watching the surface in the sum of them perceived that Sir Windus was approaching, with his game keeper. He came forward with rapid strides, and when within a few paces of Duyal, he called out, to him in a

reper. The came forward with rapid rides, and when within a few paces. Daval, he called out to him in a sice of thunder; "Vagabond! how dared you enter

here?

"Vagabond! how dared you enter here?"
For a moment Duval stood astounded and dumb at this sudden interruption. He saw before him a gantleman much tailor than himself, in shooting toots and boots, with a felt hat; narrow shouldered; fair, with shaven lip and chin, but buely whiskers of deep tawny hue; his eyes were a bluish grey, large and bright; and his bearing that of an aristocrat, with a trong dash of the bully.
"Come, pack up your trumpery and begone!" said the baronet, seeing that Duval stood looking at him. But the acrobat had recovered his self possession, and now said with a firm voice;

"I meant no offence, your honor;

"Oh, that s a very old story," said the baronet, "When thieves and gipsies prowl about gentlemen's parks we all know that their intentions are

perfectly innocent?"

"Do you call me a thief, sir?"
demanded Duval, his Jark cheek
coloring and his eyes flashing fire.
"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir William, his blood rushing into his face
and making it in a moment red with
rage: "do you think I would chat
logic with a strolling vagabond like
you. I told you to pack up and be
off?" Do so at once." And as the
baronet uttered this command he
raised the hand in which he held his
whip, as if about to strike the acrobat.
Duval looked at him with a savace

whip, as it about to strike the acrobat.
Duval looked at him with a sawage
glare of his keen dark eyes, and slowly
in a deep voice, trembling with
suppressed rage, said:
"You had better not!"

"Duval!" said his wife, gently pulling him by the sleeve, and in a tone of mingled pathos and humility; "never mind the gentleman. We shouldn't have come in without his leave. We humbly sak your pardou, sir; come, Duval, let us go."

sir; come, Duvai, let us go."
Take your wife's alvice, my man,"
said the gamekeeper," and don't come
mto gentlemen's parks anymore its
such times as you're specially invited.
There now, gather up your toggery
and get out."

which bespoke a nature above that of mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and earried an infant child at her breast. Sue, too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and her face was comely to look upon.

Their life was a hard one, but they bore it well. Nor, as yes, had all the hardships which poverty had brought into their door seet love, as the proverb has it, flying out of the wisdow.

They were journeying to the market awn of Maldon, and as to-morrow weald be market day. Durat thought he might come in for a portion of the money that would be changing hands And as it was very degrable that he and his wife should have supper after thear long journey, and a place to

m t lis match. His blood boiled with | 10 mible to save them.

in this match. His blood boiled with right.

Impulont villain!" he at last explained, stamping on the ground.

"do you dare to beard me, to browheat me with your isolent look? Take that!" And lifting his arm he brought down his wing with a thud upon the aerobat's back.

Mad with rage, frenzed with insult, Daval, with a tiger spring, rushed at the bironet; and dearly would his William have paid for his rash act, if the nerobat could only have had one at him, delivered with the productions at him, delivered with the production of his muscular arm, and broad, atthetic shoulders. But as Duval rushies forward, Lee, one of the noblest hounds in Sir William's kennel, which had for some time watched the prively between his master and Duval with grave, sedate face sprang upon the aerobat and intercepted his attack. Mismwhile two other gamekeepers had arrived. And tryd Windus, from her bedroom casement, saw the struggle between his man and the dog sprang away from the man and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now put him out," said the aronet as he turned away and walked

William, and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now put him out," said the baronet as he turned away and walked off towards the hall.

"L's no use making any more fuss about it," said the good natured gamekeeper, as Duvel sprang upon his feet, his face and hands covered with dust and blood. "You were wroug in the beginning. Be advised and go your way quetly.

And Daval was advised; the more caily because of the appealing look his wife gave him as she gently wiped the blood from his face. He slung his box once more over his shoulders, and walked slowly towards the gate; he passed through it, closed it, and their pausing, he elenohed his hand, and lifting it towards heaven, orled out, in the agony of his heart:
"Me Chall ask only this favor of

out, in the agony of his heart:
"My God, I ask only this favor of
Thee—that I may one day be revenged!"
So he and his wife resumed their

So he and his wife resumed such journey.
Presently a pony-chaise, driven by a lady, was heard behind them : when it came close to them the lady drew up; asked them with 'light agitation, the way to Nantwich; then asked Martha whether the infant she carried was a boy or a girt; looked at it, kissed it, dropped a sovereign into Martha's hands, and drove on. It was Lady Windus.

OHAPTER II.

OHATTER II.

Two years passed, and a beautiful lady lay reclining upon a sofa in the large and richly-furnished drawing-room of a country mansion, everything about which betokened the great wealth of its proprietor, who sat by the window patting the head of a noble mastiff, which every now and then looked up at his master, and gave a bark, as if to sak what he could do for him. There was not much that dog or man could do for the wealthy owner of Windus Park; for time had lavished on him all her favours—snoient deceent great wealth, a beautiful wife, and two promising children. Well might Sir William be a proud mau.

Suddanly the luxurious silence of

Suddeuly the luxurious silence of the room was disturbed by a loud olamour in the hall, in which questions were heard rapidly put by someone in an agitated voice—" Where is Bir William "— and the next moment Emily Carter, Miss Joan's mad, rushed into the drawing-room.

Sir William and Ludy Windus started up.

started up.
"What is the matter?" demanded

the baronet.
"O Sir William ! O my lady—oh,

my dear good lady——"
And then Emily shricked three or four times running, and, turning white as death, fell back into a chair in a

four times running, and, thraing white as death, fell back into a chair in a fit.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed fit william; "what is the meaning of all this? Obambers, do you know?" "Oaly, Sir William," said Chambers, very slowly, and selecting her words with a precision which showed that she was resolved neither to under nor overstate what she had heard from Emily; "oaly, Sir William, this much. Emily Carter came to the door, as I was looking out on the lawn, and with an awful countenance is Emily? in one of her—"

"Confound it, woman I come to the point!" cried Sir William.
"Sn, sir, she says to me," said Chambers, suddenly quickening her pace; "the children," says she, 'the 'where's Sir William? says she, 'the 'where's Sir William? says she, 'the 'where's Sir William? says she in boat says she where's my lady? And when I told her where you and my lady was, she rushes in, and, as my mane's Barah Chambers, information was neither copious nor distinct, it conveyed forcibly enough that the children were in danger, and that the boat had something to do with it.

It is impossible to describe the ghastly hus which spread over Sir William? sace, as the thought flashed across his mind that his children had been drowned. But he had hardly time to r. alies the possibility of such a calamity when in acit it se ourste, with a soft step and a smaling face.
"There is no imminent danger," he said at once. "There is yet half an hour, during which time it is quite

But loss not

to reach the point of rock on which he pow stood.

What were the feelings of Lady Windus when she reached the shore, and beheld her children on a small spot of rock, with the sea all round them—smooth almost as glass it is true; but with the tide flowing, and overy minute covering the rock on which her children were standing, may be better impained than described.

But in vain did her mother's heart

may be better imgained than describ ed.

But in vain did her mother's heart swell within her till it was nigh bursting, as she saw the little dimpled hands of her Joan stretched out towards her, and her brave boy take of his cap and wave it cheeringly to her with a manly couracy, which he drew from her own generous blood much more than from his sire's.

But could nothing be done?

Sir William now appeared on the road which ran along the shore. He was followed by the old gamekeeper; by Emily Carter, who had recovered; by Emily Carter, who had recovered; by Sarah Chambers, who wished to see with her own eyes what the pre cise extent of the danger was; by the housekeeper, the stable by, and a ratoatcher who happened to be passing along the road at the time and was drawn to the beach by that love of the terrible which kings, philosophers, high damsels and low, noble marquises, baronets, and rat catchers share equally amongst them.

Well, was there no one there who could awim?

Uobappily Sir William could not, nor the gamekeeper. Sarah Chambers said if there was no one who could make the attempt she herself would try it but, when questioned on her powers as a swummer, she replied that she could only fast; and that even that feat she had never performed out of her depth.

The rat catcher being applied to by Emily Oarter, looked at that youg person solemnly for several seconde, then quietly closed his eyes and thus addressed her:

"Young homman, do you see this hero eage?"

"Well?" demanded Emily, with much dignity.

"Then, unless some on you can swim furderer nor me, nor unless a

"Well?' demanded Emily, with much dignity, "Then, unless some on you can swim furderer nor me, nor unless a boat comes up, or unless somethink else happens, which I sees no promising sign on, I would not give the life of this here rat for the life of those two childer."

And the tide was raising. Smooth

ing sign on, I would not give the life of this here rat for the life of those two childer."

And the tide was raising. Smooth as glass—smooth, spacious and smiling as a lying hypocrite it was raising, and Lady Windus could see that al ready it was liking the feet of her children.

"Look, look, William!" she ex claimed, at the same time directing her husband's attention to the rock: "He lifts her up. The water is at their feet! My God! can we do nothing?"

Yes; it was true. The water was at their feet. William had raised Joan in his arms; and as he saw his mother direct the baronet's attention to them, he called out, though she couldn't hear them—

"All right, mamma; there's plenty of time yet."

Pienty of time! The sea was flowing in. Otten as the party on the shore turned their eyes in the direction in which Mr. Ling had ridden to procure a boat, there was nothing in sight.

Lady Windus had fainted. Sir William stood the picture of agony, looking at her children. Sarah Chambers, Emily, and the stable-boy were grouped round the c'd game-keeper, who assisted them in shedding a great many tears, but had nothing better to offer his young master and Miss Joan though he avowed, and perhaps truly, that he was ready to die for them.

The rat catcher had seated himself on a stone.

due for them.

The rat eather had seated himself on a stone.

Are those your children? saked a man who stood at Sir Wil iam's side, but whose approach had not been acticed.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical (5) Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then jet the pill in the pillary if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayar'. Sugar Coated Pilla; a "g spel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the

Aver's Cathartic Pills.

Hore pill particulars in Azer E.F. L. 1 Trajes. bent irec. J. C. Ayer Co. L. st., Mu. @ \$0\$\$\$0\$\$0\$0000000

The baronet did not turn to look at he speaker. It was some seconds, ndeed, before he recognised that any-me had addressed him: when he did o he replied in a deep whisper of

(5)

despair:
"They are,"
The man's gaze was fixed upon the children. Sir William's was fixed or him. He thought he remembered him, and so he did, for it was the

acrobat.
It was Daval!—Daval who had prayed for vengeance as the sole favour for which he would trouble Heaven. It was Daval, at whose door, if he could be said ever have had one all the miseries of his had knocked

one, all the miseries of tite han knocked and at whose hearth they had seated themselves. For did not she, whom he had loved more than hinself—Martha—did not she lie in her cold grave, with her baby by her side, in the same pauper's coffin? And now what, was left to Duval?—only to wait for death
Nay, something more—to live for reverge?

For no boat made its appearance, the tide had risen ax inches more, and now they saw the boy kneel down in the water and look up as if he were praying. And only Duval could save birm and his sister—only Duval. He alone of all who stood there could breast the flood to the rock and back with the girl to the rock and back relapsed into insensibility.

"Sir William," said Duval, "I see you remember me! Once I thirsted for it, and prayed for it. Heaven has sent it to mo."

A bright light shot from his eyes as he said this, and then he slowly walked down to within a few paces of the water. He undressed; he waded into the real till it came up to his breast, and then, throwing himself forward, struck out for the rock.

We shall not describe the joy with which the parents, who had was cheen them back into their arms. But while they were fondling them, Duvai had dressed and slipped away. He had regained the road, and was pursuing his journey with a light step and light heart, for he had had his revenge.

No, not all of it. Sir William no sooner missed him than he set out in pursuit of him.

pursuit of him.

"Here," exclaimed the baronet,
when at last he came up with him,
endeavouring to put well filled purse
into Daval's hand. "You have saved
my children, you are entitled—I say
entitled—to a reward."

Duval drew back his hand.

"I bave had it!" he exclaimed, darting a look of fierce and withering soom at the baronet, and then, turning from him with an expression of contempt, he pureued his journey.

And the proud beronet stood looking after him, rebuked and humbled



CHASE'S OINTMENT Is a Guaranteed Cure PRICE 60 CENTS PER BOX

Professional.

FOY & KELLY.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices: Home Savings and Loan
Company's Buildings, 80 Church Strees

J. J. Foy, Q.O. H. T. KELLY,

L V. McRRADY.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., Proctor in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Bull Hug, 46 King St. West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 2823. J. T. LOFTUS.

DARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, Conveyarger, Etc. Offices: Room 78, Canada Life Building, 40 to 46 King Street West, Toronto.

TELFPHONE 2410 MEARN & LAMONE.

DARKISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROC-10ics in Admirally, Notaries &c., Offices: Foronto and Tottenham, 47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. W., Toronto; Bond's Block, Fortenham d'a Block, Foitenhaip Laru J. Hearn, John Lamont, B.A. Jenos 255 Spacina Avenue, Tor n'o Torondo Telephone 1692.

ANGLIN & MALLIUN,
ANGLIN & MALLIUN,
PARRISTERS SOLICITORS, NOTAR
LES, &c. Offices: Land Security
Chambus, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Viotoria Streets, Terento.

F. A. Anglin. Jas. W. Mallon, LL.B

TELEPHONE 1268. TYTLER & MCUABE. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Utilice: 9 Atelaide Street Hart,
Toronto, Money to Loan,

J. TYTLER. C. J. McCans.

TRLEPHONE 2096,

CHARLES J. MURPHY

Ontario Land Surveyor, &c.

Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Pro-perties, Disputed Boundaries Ad-justed, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located.

Office: Cor. Richmond & Bay Ste TORONTO.

DR. JAS. LOFTUS.

DENTIST.

Cir. Quen and Ruburst ite EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by

JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 MAITLAND STREET.

> TORONTO. ESTIMATES FUM

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS **DUNN'S** BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

