Soggarth Aroon. By JOHN BANIM.

Am I the slave they say
Boggarth aron '
Since you did show the way.
Boggarth aroon.
Their slave no mare to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's always,
Sozgarth aroon '

Why not her poorest man, Sogge theroun, Try and do all he can. Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon

Loyal and brave to you, Soggardi aroon, Yat be no slave to you, Soggeth aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you.
Och, out of fear to you, Soggarth aroon

Who in the winter's night Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did <sup>1</sup> tte,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cablin door,
And, on my earthen flure.
Ruels by ma sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon.

Who on the marriage day, Soggarth aroon, Made the near cabin gay, Seggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to riog,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Soggath aron:
Who, as friead only met,
Soggarth aron,
Never did flout me yet,
Beggarth aron:
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, white his eve did brim,
What I anould give to him,
Soggarth aron?

Och ! you, and only you, Soggath aroon ! For this I was true to you, Soggarth aroon!
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

## The Widow of Piper's Point.

[PROM THE CORK EXAMINER.]

On the green shores of Sydney Harbor, in a garden bounded by the beach, there sat long ago a wirened, elderly gentleman and a middle agod, sweet faced woman in widow's weeds. It was a glaring afternoon in early summer, but a bank of forns protected the couple from the sun, the blue waters of Port Jackson frothed couly upon the ribbon of golden sand at their feet, and the gentleman, at all events, was suitably attired. He wore a pair of nanken trouers, fitting very close and strapped under the instep, with a surfout of the same material. A very tall, very narrow brimmed hat rested on the ground between his chair and that of the lady; and his card, still lying in her lap, prodiatined a first visit, and announced the visitor as Major Thomas Blacker, late of the Rysid Artillery, now relegated to Rose Bay, New South Wales.

Mrs. Astley was, in fact, a now and interesting strival in the colony, who, having found the cottage to the south east of Point Piper unternated when she landed, had taken it within a week of that time, as if to esohew her new world as she had filed the old, er nearest neighbor was the major cimesif, who lived on the opposite shore of Rose Bay, a mile away by land and half that distance by water. He had not been five minutes in the widow's garden when he pointed across the bay with his cane, and showed her a sunlit window blazing among the trees.

"That's my place, madam," said the major in an impressive voice.

across the bay with his cane, and showed her a sunlit window blazing among the trees.

"That's my place, madam," said the major in an impressive voice.
"You can't see it properly for the scrup; but that's where you'll find me when you require my services. I'm afraid you'll have trouble with your convict servants; if you don't you'll be different from anybody slee; when you do, you come to me."
The widow bowed and smiled and asked her visitor whether it was long since he had been in England. It was seven years; there had been sad changes in the time. George the Fourth was gone, and poor Edmund Kean; the stalls would never look upm his like again. No, the theatre in Bydney was of the poorest description; madam must not dream of going there, at least not without the major sprotection. Madam had entertained no such dream? she was merely making talk. A green-backed, paper-covered book lay on her lap with the major's eard; she handed him the book and asked him whether he had heard of it. He had not, nor of the suthor, either. What did it mean—the "Pickwick Papers?" Was it worth reading?"

the "Pickwick Papers?" was it worth reading?" said Mrs. Astley, with a pardonable smile. "Woll, it is considered so in England; but I doubt whether anybody ever found any book so well worth reading as I have found this; it has made me forget a great sorrow when nothing else

could—forget it by the hour together! It is still appearing in monthly parts. I am going to have the remaining numbers sent out to me, and I can

numbers sent out to me, and I can lend you the early ones."

"Ah, very kind of you, I'm sure," remarked the major; but he was thinking of something else. "I can't imagine what can lave brought you to such a tiod-forsaken spot as this!"... oried out.

"Because it is forsaken," murmured the widow.
"But alone!"

But alone !"

"But alone 1"
"I wish to be alone."
The major picked up his hat.
"Madam" said he, "I apologize from my heart. Believe me, I had no intention to intrude; but if you know the colony as I know it you would understand the anxiety of an old stager like myself to render you all the assistance, and I may say the protection, in my power. It may seem officious to you now, but you would understand it, my ucar madam, had you been out here as long as I have." And with that the major held out his hand—but Mrs. Astley laid here upon his arm.
"I understand it perfectly," she re piled, with the kindeat smile; "It is you who misunderstand eme. I do ap preciate your kindloses mic coming to see me like thia, you will know it, too, the first dulliouity I am in when I shall not herstate to take you at your word. And I shall be always glad to receive you, sir, when you will do me the honor of calling. Only I have suff-red deeply. I am here to avoid scolety, not to seek it, and—but sure ly Major Blacker, you can sympathize with me there?"
"I can indeed," cried the honest major. "It was the death of my own dear wife that drove me to New South Wales."
The fact, however (and it was one).

Wales."
The fact, however (and it was one), was searcely stated with the pathos it deserved, the gallant speaker being occupied in noting the few lines and the many beauties of the comely face so compassionately raised to his.

"Then our case is the same, we must be friends," said the widow very gently as size rose. And she accompanied her visitor to the gate, keeping him waiting, however, on the way, while she found the early numbers of "Pickwick."

"Read them," she said "and you will come for more. Oh, how I envy you having to begin at the very beginning, and not knwing one word of what is to come! I shall hear you laughing across the bay! Oh, yes, I will come and see your house one day, but I can come no further as I am, and here is the gate.

"One moment," said the "najor glancing at a man who was at work in the front garden, and lowering his voice. "A conviol."

"A gentleman convict, as they say,

voice. "Yes."

woice. "A convict, as they say, by the out of him." muttered the major; "and that's the very worst. Look you, madam, if that fellow gives you the slightest trouble you let me know."

"What could you do?"

"Get him ifty lashes," replied the major vindetively. "I should have mentioned that I happen to be a magistrate of the colony. You may bring your man before no in my own house any day you like, and for the first piece of impulence he shall have fity. I also happen to possess some private influence with the governor. I need hardly say that it would be my rivilege to use it in your interest, could you but show me the way."

"You have influence with the governor!" oried the widow with an animation she had not hitherto displayed, and which vastly enhanced her charms "Then get my poor gardener, not fity lashes, but his toket-of-leave,"

The other gazad upo her with kindling admiration and a pleasant, smiling tolerance.

"A philanthropist!" said he. "An onthusiast in philanthropy! Only

smiling tolerance.

"A philanthropist!" said he. "An enthusiast in philanthropy! Only wait, my dear lady, until you've been out here a little longer. Why, I shall have the fellow before me in a week."

wait, my dear lady, until you've been out here a little longer. Why, I shall have the fellow before me in a week."

And taking off his hat as he spoke, the major nodded his bald head in the direction of the convict gardener and departed oluckling; but turned more thoughtful on the way, and reached home walking slowly, like a man with a troublesome idea M.jor Blacker was sixty years of age, but he never considered himself an old man, and now of a sudden he felt full ton years younger. He locked in the glass when he got home; the climate had dried him up a little; but there were black him up a little; but there were black him up a little; but there were black hars in his whiskers yet, and a youthful glitter in the mirrored eyes which he hoped had not been wanting in the late interview. Major Blacker had lived, and now the desire was come to him to live a little more. Turning from the mirror to his bedroom window he beheld the smoke of the widow's cottage making a grey lace through the sunset; in between and down below the fretted floor of the hay was rosy indeed from shore to shore; overhead the blue was fast changing to purple; and to soot as companiments of the eye and in blood as old as you please the major's mind was made up.

Two days later—in a community which counted three men to the wo man there was no time to be lost—in two days, therefore, Major Blacker presented himself once more at the widow's cottage. He had devoured him both with a topic of familiar con varsation and an excuse for a second

visit so precifiate. He needed numbers three and four; but the widow was from home—in fact, the assigned servant had taken her out in a boat.

The assigned servant! the garden or in that harbor full of sharks! The major strode through the cottage, was shown the boat rounding Shark's Island homeward bound, and elected to want the lady's landing in her own garden. He must speak seriously to Mrs. Astley. It was bad enough for an urprotected woman to live alone in that lonely place with a convict man servant and a maid who was no doubt a convert also but to trust herself upon the water with a criminal and none beside? It was worse than madness. The poor lady was in need of a friend to warn her of her danger, and she should find that frond in Thomas Blacker.

The major stood twiching his moustable by the water's edge until the boat's keel slid into the sand. His eye was on the convict, a tall, bearded, round-shouldered man, who hung his head (as well he might, thought the major) before that ferocrous orb. It was the visitor who helped Mrs. Astley to a light on dry land, and then he broke out, without a word of apology for his presence in the garden. Did she know what she was doing trusting herself in that cockieshell with a transported ruflian, a desperado who could murder her in a minute if it seemed worth his while? Had no one told her the harbor was full of sharks? But the land sharks of Sydney itself, the felons and male factors stalking at large there in the light of day, were as bad and worse; yet she coult' trust herself willingly with one of these it.

"He it's exclaimed the martinet

his words.
"Hush!" she cried at last. "He

nis words.

"Hosh" she cried at last. "He will hear you."

"He!" exclaimed the martiner.

"What do I care what he hears? Let him listen and take heed."

"But I care," insisted the lady in an imploring voice. "I take an interest in the poor fellow. I am sorry for him. He has been telling ma his trouble. He has a wife, Major Black er, and I am sorry for her."

"Trouble I" sneered the major. "That's what they all call it. What's his name?"

"Whybrow, the forger?"

"The same."

"Whybrow, the forger?"
"The same."
"Then, all I can say, my dear lady," exclaimed the major in his most pompous manner, "is that I sincorely hope you have brought no plate or valuables to this accuracy country; if you have I beg of you to let me take them to my bank to mor row. Whybrow might hesitate to out your throat—I doubt if he has the pluck, for one thing—but he'll rob you as sure as you stand there. I remom her his case very well. A more ac complished villain has never been transported. He'd rob a church, so you nay be quite sure he'd rob you; it's only a question of time and opportunity."

transported. He d rob a church, so you may be quite sure he'd rob you; it's only a question of time and oppor tunity."

Mrs. Astley turned on her heel, took a few quick steps towards the house, turned again and rejoined her neighbor.

"Has he ever got into trouble out here?" she demanded, hotly. "Has he cane been up sefoce you or any of your brother magistrates? Is there anything at all against him but the orism for which he was transported?" "Not that I know of," admitted the other with a shrug; "but he's a clever man, he would naturally behave pretty well."

"So well that you didn't even know he was in the colony; yet you arready, for that one crime in the past, to credit him with any villainy present to them? If you treat you expect of them! If you treat you convicts like dogs, whip them like dogs, and never credit them with a sirgle remnant of their native manhood, how can you expect ever to make them into the men they were? Yet what is this country for, if not to give the wicked and the weak another chance—a fresh start? Oh, I have no patience with your view, eir, that once a villain is allways one; I havo it on all sides of me since I landed; but I tell you it is a bommable, hateful, inhuman and immoral!"

Mejor Blacker bowed his head. His eyes could not conceal their ad.

I tell you it is shominable, hateful, inhuman and immoral!"

Major Blacker bowed his head. His eys could not conceal their admiration; the fire in hers was a revelation to him; he had sought a woman and fotud a queen, and the falseness to his mind; of her premise took not a whit from his delight.

"Madam," said he, pointing with his cane to the subject of his argument, who had drawn up the boat, and was carrying in the cars; "madam, I am only sorry for one thing, I am only sorry for one thing, I am only sorry I am not yonder gardener, with you for my champion and defender! I withdraw every word I have said. Assigned to you, I can wall balieve that the greatest rogue in the colony would soon become an honest man!"

"It depends so entirely on us," cried the widow, never heeding the compliments in her enthusiasm. "Oh, I think we have so much to answer for! I his last place he was treated horribly; it was up the country; no, I must not mention names, only I how from Whybrow that the chaingang was heaven after what he had gone through at that man's hands. It was from a clusin gang I got him. He has been near, y three years in the colony. He was transported for seven.

Oh, don't you think it would be pos

mer?"
The major felt a warm hand upon The major folt a warm hand upon his arm the major saw yees of liquid blue, lighted with enthusiasm, and gazing apparently into his own. They had reached the cottage, and were standing in a tiny morning room filled with flowers and leavy with their scent. The major felt younger than over.

seent. The major foit younger than over.

"I could try, he said, "but I fear it wouldn't be much good. Four years' servitude as the limit. I'm afraid weshouldn't havemuch chance."

"Try!" said the widow "It would be an act of humanity, and one for which I should feel personally grateful all my life."

The major tried, and won the gratitude without achieving the result tude without achieving the result all events of the oauseu, my which she had set her unreasonable heart at all events the major failed to make a quick advance he had counted upon in Mrs. Astey's affections. At the end of the summer their friendship was still nothing more, and the convict gardener still a convict gardener. As neighbours, the pair would read together the "Pickwick" numbers as they came, and play an occasional game of cribbage in the major's veranda; but as sure as that veteran uttered a sentimental word touching his lonely condition, or hers (and the one involved the other), so surely would the widor rise and beg him to escort her home. Nor did the view from the Old Point Piper road soften, her at all with its sparking moonhit brilliance. Yet it was here, in the incipience of the following summer, that the gallant old fellow, after an extra glass of wine with his dinner, at last declared himself.

Mrs. Astey heard him with an expressionless face turned towards the harbour; but ere he finshed, the harbour; but ere he finshed, the harbour; but ere he finshed, the moonlight that strowed those waters with shummering stones had found two also in her eyes.

"I cannot," she cried. "I loved my husband—I love him still—I shall nover marry again!"

"But so did I love my eainted wife," protested the major, "yet I would marry to morrow. I consider it no disrepect to the dead; on the contrary it is the highest compliment we can pay them, as showing so happy an experience of wedlock that we should him uncomfortable.

"I davi helize went think so

isin repeat it. Not that I thought so until I met you," he added, a little hastily, to quell a look which made him uncomfortable.

"I don't believe you think so now," replied the candid widow. "You not only mean less than you say, you feel less, and must forgive me for you may not know it yourself, but a woman is never deceived. Think it over, and you will agree with me; but never, never let us speak of this sgain. It hurts me to hurt you—and I like you so much as a friend!"

As for Thomas Blacker, the first plunge had completely sobered him, and he bitter!" reponted that indiscretion of the 'ak's which had led him into a declaration as prenature as it had been also unpremeditated. As a soldier, however, he took kndlier to retreat for the mere fact of deploring his advance; retreat, indeed, was out of the question; and the major's further protestations were pitched in a key calculated to acquit of a charge which rankled, being true.

"Your answer I accept, and can bear," he retorted with dignity, "but not your misjudgment of my feelings. That would be cruel—if you were capable of cruelty. Permit me at least to say that it shows an ignorance of my real nature which cuts me to the quick. I have expressed myself but poorly if you can still doubt my readiness to devote my life to you—aye, or to lay it down if need be for your sake! There is nothing I would not do for you. The slightest service I should esteem my privilege."

The widow laughed, but not maturedly. On the contrary, her hand all through the major's arm with the words, as if to sheathe their edge.

"The was one thing you once promised to do for me," she said." It is not done yet!"

"Exacity."

"I kried my best."

"Could you not try again?"

"If I did," said the major, hoarsely, "would it make any difference to the

"I tried my best,"
"Could you not try again?"
"If I did," said the major, hoarsely,
"would it make any difference to the
answer you would give me if I said
again what! have said to night? I
tell you candidly I begin to feel Jealous
of that convict. I shall be glad to see
his back."

of you candidly I begin to feel ralous of that convict. I shall be glad to see his back."

The woman gave a little nervous laugh, but no answer.

"Would it make any difference?" he cried again.

"I cannot bargain like that," sighed the widow, turning away.

"And you are right!" exclaimed the other, hotly flushing. "I unsay that; I'm ashamed of it. But I'll get that toket of leave this summer, or I'll never look you in the face again!"

again!"
And this time Thomas Blacker went to work in earnest; but then a year had passed since his former half hearted attempt of foregone fullity; and the forloru hope of that season was the easy goal of this. The major, without a doubt, stood well at the Government House he was secretly

Bubbles or Medals.

Tests aspired to the test of the test and testing that was not been as those to the test as the test a (0) (600 (0) <u>Coccecucation</u>

ongaged upon plans for the furtification of the harbor, and had the ear of his Exc lleney in magisterial naturas well. Wint he had mentioned only tentatively and not altogather seriously the year before he urgednow as a peculiarly deserving casaliding the cottage with a paper for the widow to sign, and of meeting the gardener on the path as he was coming away.

"I suppose you know what I have here, my man?" cried the major, tapping a breast inflated with conscious benevolence.

"The mistress has mentioned it," replied the map, trembling in an instant. "I am deeply grateful, sir, to you. I little thought to get it yet."

"Nor have you, sir, nor have you," said the major briskly. "You ticket in totest till tax signed by the Governor and safe in your bands. However, he added, with a touch of the self importance he enjoyed, "I have promised your mistress to use my in fluence in your behalf, so by the end of the week you may very possibly hear from me again."

Again as if to finish the thing off with a flourish, Thomas Blacker was finally even better than his word; for as far from the end of the week so well and to do not by moonlight and the Point Piper road with Whybrow's ticket signed and sealed in his pocket Once more the mejor had dined well, but this time not unwirely; yet his heart troubled with a trouble which had never entered his calculations hitterto. His brother was dead; his brother's estates were now his own. The incoming mail had brought the news, and with it a round of applaus and congraulistions from connections and friends who, for years, had shown no knowledge of his existence. The major was in a private quandary of the spirit; he was quandined to adorn any society in which the major had with a round of applaus and the word was not sure that he would want to be married at all; here it was a different thing; and here, no doubt, he would end his days, after all. There were worse places. There woonlight night made the place a paradise of soft airs and rustling leaves, and miles and miles of jewelled

marry him; and after the other night—

The major had reached the cottage gate. Here he dismounted, tethering his horse within. There were voices and lights, both low, in the cottage; the Fresch windows wide open to the night; and an ignoble instinct, begotten of a swufs suspicion that was more truly an inspiration, caused the mejor to advance upon the grass. So he crept nearer—nearer yet—within ear shot. And the first words he heard confirmed him in his deecit. By heaven! there should be trick for trick!

be has, muttered the major behind

ted h.m on.

"I dol." replied the woman with a grean, for which suc received no credit. "I did. I could not help it. It grieves me to think of it. I am so ashaned; but, darling, it was for

you ! "Was it indeed !" cried the major, "Was it indeed " cried the major, striding into the room, with sounding heels and jingling spurs: and he stood there twirling his moustache. The woman was first upon her f.et. The man's face sank into his hands.

"It was," she repeated boldly.
"And, oh.! you will forgive me when
I tell you all?"

I tell you all?" "Naturally," sneered the other—
"if I stopped to listen. But explanations, I imagine, would be somewhat superflions after this. Here, you may have it," he added, opening his 'hand and letting the crumoled ticket drop with an air of in-ff ible diegust "I won't condescend to put it back in ray pocket, as you deserve; take it—and marry the man, for God's sake, at the nearest churon!"

The woman leid a tender hand upon

The woman laid a tender hand upon the bowed and bended head at which Thomas Blacker glanced in righteous

"Marry him I cannot," she said.
"We have been married these fifteen years."

The Couching and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. The har Ecter the Oit obviate all this catively, safely and specify, and is a benign remedy for laureness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

The Pope, in receiving a deputation of Roman Catholic journalists, who handed to His Holmess a sum of twenty-five thousand france as a Fosco's Pence, and according to the Standard's Rome correspondent, he had still received no news of Mousgnor Mecaris and his mission. That cedes-issed had not with the most serious difficulties on his journey. The Pope added that if King Menchik demanded a money ransom to induce him to surreduct the prisoners he would address himself to the Italians and get it from them.

## PARALYSIS CURED - SWORF STARMENT.

Mrs. Maggie McMartin. 27 Radenhurst St., Toronto, Ont., swears that Ryckman's "knotency Cure" cured her of Paralysis which rondered one side of her body cutirely useless. Physicians said there was no chauce of her over recovering the use of her limbs. Hope deserted her, but to-day she is walking around telling her friends how Ryckman's "Kootenay Cure" gave her life and happutess. Sworn to July 10, 1989, before J. W. Seymour Corley, Notary Public.

On August 1st the Pope received the managing director of the Corriers Nazionate and Commander Pacelli, who presented to His Holiuess the sum of 26,000 lire, being the amount of first subscription opoued as a proof of Italy's rec synthem of the steps taken by Loc XIII. for the hieration of the prisoners in Abyasinia. The Pope stated that he had not received any nows from Monagion Macaris owing to the difficulties of communication. He hoped, however, that the liberation of the Italian prisoners would be accomplished.

By heaven! I there should be truck?

"Darling." said the widow's voice, the awest voice that had beguiled him, "it will be the end of the week to morrow—well, then, next day; and after that we will hide it no more let us brazen it out! I am always ready; and you, you will have the right to take care of me as you should; you will have your toket of leave."

"Nover!" muttered the major between his teeth, and he crunched the paper he held ready in his hand into a ragged ball. He forgot his doubts upon the moonlight road. The nijured man was all the man now. He crept still nearer and saw that for which he was now so fully prepared; the widow reposing in the convict's arms.

"There's only one thing that troubles me," the man was saying, although his twitching, realiess face was an eternal sea of trouble and remorse, "and that is your poor old major. He has turned up trumps ("I'm hauged if his turned up trumps ("I'm hauged if he never was known to exert humself.