a greet thy birth the singing bird Pours unbidden her tuneful lay; Near at hand and far away alloss melodies are heard, seh tiny leaf by the light air stirred

Many are the charms of noon, Glowing sunshine and shadow deep. Through its stillness murmurs creep Like a minstrel's farewell tune; Oa! fair is rose-crowned June, But fairer, mild morn, art thou.

To thee belongs a power, Compelling the soul to rise On the wings of prayer to the skies, No cloud o'er the heart can lower, While the calm of that holy hou Of thine mild morn delays.

The dawn of hope, like thee, Long though we wait its light,
Its gleaming at last we see.
And our thoughts from earth's fet
Fly toward the orient beams.

ERIN.

I stood beside Killarney's lakes, When autumn tints were in the sky, And emerald sward, with shamroo Charmed gratefully the eye.

I thought of Erin's glorious past,
Her flag that waved beside my own
Waen Southern shot fell thick and fast,
When brothers' blood was sown.

I thought of Emmet, brave and young. Who died to hallow Erin's name; I thought of all the bards who flung Abroad in song her fame,

Of Moore and his warm patriot strain, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls, The Minstrel Boy, who e'er again For his dear country falls.

I thought of Curran's classic word, That braved a furious frowning Of tones that all the nation heard, With faith and freedom fraught.

I thought of many a merry day Of laugh and jest and hu

Of Irish jig and piper's play,
With dew to moisten it.
Of jaunting-car and kirtle red,
Of sparkling eyes for mischlef made;
Of Boyne, where Celtic blood was shed

And as I gazed on Erin green,
The water of the lake was stirre
And sunset shed a dazzling sheen

As sung the vesper bird. Farewell, sweet land, to sorrow born, And soul-felt tear is freshly thine;

Thy sons my country's crest have worn, Our friendly harps entwine.

we mangled form, her lips parted, her eyes suddenly became glazed—and nervenge was over.

It is needless to dwell on Eugenes and libute mark in her wrinkled fore-head—it showed where the musket spot intended makes the cicidentally, discharged had sent it tenden messenger—when he turned trade, and the halp started on her laws with a shudder of horror and liss, leath, seemed to gather unto themselves a greater and implacable malignity.

\*1D—n her! she had no business her el she had no business her el she had no business her? I she where were large, dismasted, worrout men-of-war in which the French prisoners struggle for superiority that was rending the Contingnt. At times fresh vessels were commissioned and despatch of method the halps.

\*1D—n her! she had no business here is the succession of the halps.

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\*1D one there is the showed had the halps.

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SHAN VAN VOCHT,

The state of the rush of conflicting thoughts that crossed his brain. "Alice—the parties of guards that with loaded fre-arms stood at the ends of the Redmond—Helen Barrington—imprisonment—the hulks—Moya. Ay, Moya! What had he done to incur the hulks—who will be able to make his way to the boat.

UNITED IRISHMEN.

The add more of the strength out of his arms, would readily be able to make his way to the boat.

Accordingly one evening when over the beauty on their hands at first arms.

SELAN VOICES

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Cough-Cures Farm

instant succeeding, a shriek of wild agony and desport came ringing from the cliffs above, and at the same time a rush was made from behind, and half of occur hands had grasped him at one.

Eugene had had scarcely time to region to receive the same time a rush was made from behind, and half of occur hands had grasped him at one.

Eugene had had scarcely time to region to receive the same time a rush was more assuredly a grasper, when an exclamation from the class of the caused him industrily to glance upward through he wreathing smoke which was disting itself into transparency.

A stance showed him the cause of the outcry.

Faiung, tumbling downwards from rick to prejecting ledge and then to rassy slope, and finally on to a steep and troth or boak to break, until reli at his feet on the shingle—was the form of an old woman! A glance from her dying eyes, wild with affight and green with the deadly venom of inquenchable hate, met hin as hewed in wonderment for a second at her.

'Moya is avenged! Helen Bar gon of Seamore—'

'Myea was taken with you.

'A week or less after being made prisoner, his fellow of insposition he had more time for reduction of the same time and her life of mystery and misery and revenge was over.

Eugene had only time to only time to region and the was to him to dead the same time to notice a small blue and the was to trok no bank to break, until reli at his feet on the shingle—was the contract of the was taken with you.

'Any French prisoners on boart?'

'Not now. We had one lately-a young fellow. Oh! I remember now in grain dead to the was taken with you.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

J. T. COLLINS, M. D.,

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Ch'town, Sept. 17, 1890.—tf

Ch'town, Sept 17, 1890 .- tf



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