(FOR THE SUN.) JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

You have come from the land where the gloon and the glory
Have twined themselves closely on history's where from father to son, has the country's

Where from father to son, has the country's and story
sad story
Been given to posterity age after age.

Where sorrow's hand quenches the torch, hope has lighted,
Where fairy and fury float over the land,
Where the man and the hero so often are slighted—
Justin McCarthy, one grasp of your hand!

Dark and gloomy the days, and oft hard pressed and weary.
You hore yourself well in the battle array, When the cause which you worked for seemed hopeless and dreary,
Your courage ne'er weakened, norspirits gave

You have fought the good fight, and now ripe You visit us here in this far distant land, Member elect for the stout walls of Derry— Justin McCarthy, one grasp of your hand!

When home rule's been gained and the conflict And liberty's beacon lights mountain and glen,
When Ireland's dark cloud of oppression is rended,
By the sunburst of freedom, they'll think of you then; With Grattan, O'Connell, and Parnell they'll

orators, statesmen, and patriots grand,
With the wreath of a country's affection they'll grace you— Justin McCarthy, one grasp of your hand! E. H.

Portland, N. B., November, 1886. THE OLD HYMN.

(From the Churchman.) Today, with quiet heart, I heard
The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm,
And gently on my spirit fell
The sweetness of the Sunday calm,
Till, at the reading of the hymn,

With sudden tears my eyes were dim. That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back, unhindered by
The stretch of intervening years;
Near me my little daughter smiled,
And yet I was again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough, The winter's chill was in the air;
But I could hear the bonny birds
And humming insects everywhere;
And feel, in spite of frost and snow, A summer breeze of long ago.

To find the place I took the book.

And held it in a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills
No other soul could understand;
And outer practice. And quite unseen, with love divine, My mother's fingers folded mine,

And not because the music rose
Exultingly I held my breath.
Lest I should lose its sweet delight,
Upon her lips the hush of death
For years has lain, and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,
Yet sometimes at a look or tone,
With short relenting, will the past
One moment gave us back our own,
Oh, happy pain! Too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.
Subannah Archibald,

UNC' ABE ON AUTUMN. (From the Southern Bivouse.)

De woods looks black, dey's ketchin afire, De leaves is tu'ain' red; An' de moon hit shine so pooty at night Dat I hates ter go ter bed,

De muscadines is black an' nice, De 'aimmons is gettin' sweet; De 'possum is gittin' sassy an' fat— Oh! won't dey make good meat. I tell yer de 'possum am er glor'us ting When he's fixed up nice an' julcy; An' dar ain't nobody ken fix 'um better Den my ol' lady Lucy.

She takes him an' she cooks him, An' she browns him nice an' sweet— Yer smacks yer lips an' pitches in; Yer eat an' eat an' eat. An' when yer eat an' eat an' eat

Till yer's full ez yer ken hol', er hopes dar's 'possum for ter eat always, Up yonder whar' de streets is gol'.

An' dis is why I likes de fall De bes' uv all de seasons; 'Ca'se den it is de 'possum's ripe, An' da's de bes' uv reasons. JOE SNIDER.

LANGSYNE.

(Hamilton Spectator.)
Langsyne when Burns was in his prime
An' fairles tripp'd the green,
He sang wi' witchin' pow'r an' micht
Anld Scotia's Hallowe'en.
But Burns is dead, the fairles fied
Frae hill an' moor an' plain,
An' nane can wanken Rebin's lyre,
Or awasn its chords again. (Hamilton Spectator.) Or sweep its chords again.

Wae's me the times hae altered since He roamed o'er "Bonnie Doon,"
An' sang its flow'ry banks and bracs
Aneath the Harvest moon;
The hills behind whaur "Lugar" flows,
An' "Afton's" murm'ring stream —
Their memories are wi'us still,
But like a byzone draam.

The modest daisy, crimson-tipped,
Still blooms as fresh an' fair,
The mavis lilts its blithest songs,
But Robin into there.
The wee "mousie" scampers thro' the fields
But, mousie, a' your kin
Will never find a frien' sae true
As Robin was languyne.

Grim "Winter's" comin' roun' again,
Wi' bitter frost an' snaw;
Wha'll sing the puir folks sorrows' then
When portrith dings them a'?
This "Truth" which impressed Burns' mind,
O spread it well abroad—
"The heart benevolent an' kind,
The most resembles God."
A. H. WINGFIELD,

NOVEMBER.

The year is waning ! Solemn sounds are heard Among the branches of each wind-tosa'd tree; Brown looks the grass; no fivral gems we see; Forsaken nests by winds alone are stirr'd, And not by wing of bird.

THE SECONT SIGHT. BY AT ALO BATES.

"I have the recond-sight, Goeth."- Bettine Twice in has life has man the second-sight,
First loss young love give prescience divine,
As when the tender springtide moon benign
Pours e'er the wanderer floods of golden light,

Revealing gracious forms that troop by night From haunt of elf and fay. Next, when decline,
The stars of love, and in the western brine Plunge darkling, then, with wonder and affright,

The heart strays, like a seer with purpose dread. Who walks in storm-rent night along the plain
Of some old battle, and while round his head Wild shricks the wind, calls up the awful train That know alike the fate of quick and dead; For woe, love's vision lost, gives second sight

- From Berries of the Briar.

SAGE AND SINGER. Within an old town by the sea A wise man and a singer dwelt;
The wise man spoke laboriously
And taught with pain the truth he felt,
The singer scattered everywhere
His careless music to the air.

The wise man and the singer both
Lie now within the churchyard green;
Summer and spring have plighted troth,
An hundred years they have not seen.
No traces of their vanished feet
Are in the old high-gabled street.

And of the wire man's labored words Not one is now remembered well, But still as clearly as spring birds, The singer's simple love songs swell. And in the old town seem a part Of every home and every heart,

Snakes in Esopus.

AN ULSTER COUNTY MAN TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY WHICH HE SAYS IS TRUE.

(from the Kingston Freeman) This morning a reporter of the Freeman sat on the top of a stub pile (on Abbey's dock, looking out on the muddy waters of the Rondont Creek, wondering if it would be a good day for the fish to bite. The reporter's thoughts were rudely disturbed by

a man, dressed in a rough suit of clothes, saying:

"Be you the reporter uv a newspaper?"

The reporter replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, yer jest the feller as I want

"Vell, then, yer jest the readin' some uv them snake stories as has bin printed in the papers, an' they don't mount to nuthin' longside the wun I want ter tell yer. Where I live in 'Sopus, anakes is thicker nor hops. Jinin' my pertater field is a piece uv woods I am clearin' up. Now, what I want to tell yer 'bout is an atheletic toorneyment—I guess as that is what yer fellers call it wen yer tumble aroun', run races, throw summersaults and sich like—that I saw in them woods last August, It wuzn't men with purty striped klose as held this toorneyment. It wuz snakes, Yer needn't look at me in that way. I tell yer it wuz snades as held the toorneyment. Wun mornin' arter I hed my grub I went to the woods ter clear up the brush. I set down backer fur ter hev a smoke. Suddint like I backer fur ter hev a smoke. Suddint like I hears a noise, an' lookin' aroun' I diskivered half a dozen-snakes inter a little spot I hed cleared off the brush. The snakes wuz all different kinds. There wuz a black snake, a copperhead snake, a rattlesnake, a hoop snake, a garter snake, an' a milk snake. I was 'stonished an' set still. Purty soon I was more 'atonished. Ef them snakes wuzn't holdin' a atheletic tourneyment yer kin kick me offen this dock. I kept still. an' in a minnit the little garter kept still, an' in a minnit the little garter and milk crawled ter one end of the clearin', turned aroun', an with heds even up lay like as though dead. Then I saw the rattle hisself, an' Ill be gosh darned ef them pesky reptiles didn't race 'cross that clearin' like a streak uv lightnin'. The garter won by a hed, an' the milk crawled back ter the start in' pint as ef he wuz kind uv shamed like-

The rattler wuz the jedge in the race, an' he goes ter a hole in the ground' and pulls out a small frog, which he gives to the garter.

That wuz the prize they wuz racin' fur, I s'pose.
"The next thing I seed wuz the hoop snake git hisself in shape like a hoop, an' the clearin." He went 'roun' roll 'roun' the clearin.' He went 'roun' seven times. Yer'd a died laffin' ter see t'other snakes twist their necks ter see him when he rolled around.' It wuz as good as a circus. He went so fast thet it made me dizzy to look at him. After this purformence the rattler and the black snake would their tails aroun' and thin tree standin' oppecalt one 'nother, an' they twist their necks an' ha'f their bodies three times 'roun' one 'nuther. Sez I ter myself, what be the peaky things up ter now? I'm blest if them tew reptils wuzn't hevin' a tug of war. They pulled till they stretched out like injun rubber, an' their bodies lifted a fut clear from the grun.' They strained every mussle, an' their eyes glemed like balls uv fire. Their stingers stuck out uv their mosths, an' they hissed and suit their mouths, an' they hissed and spit as though they wuz mad. Purty soon the rattler's tail began ter slip its holt on the tree. Inch by inch it cum, till the black snake give an almighty fired hard pull and ierked his antagement.

rattler's tall began ter alip its holt on the tree. Inch by inch it cum, till the black snake give an almighty fired hard pull and jerked his antagernist loose an' over the line, wich wuz the copperhead is the middle twirt the tew trees.

"After restin' fur about five minutes, the black snake and copperhead snake hed a wrealin' match. I wish yer kould have seen that wrealin' match. It wuz the slickerest thing ye ever seed. They raised themselves up so only the tip uv their talls touched the grun', then wrapped themselves aroun' one another. The kontest lasted only a little while, an' ended by the copperhead wipin' the groun' with the black snake's karcase. Yer see he wuz tuckered out pullin' the tug o' war, or he'd a thrown the copper. I think it oughter hev been a draw ennywsy. After the wreslin' match wuz over all the snakes tumbled over the groun' in kontorted shapes. They throwed summersaults, handsprings, walked on their heds, an' the milk wuz jist in the akt uv climbin' up the rattler's ned to throw a back summersault wen I axidentally stepped on a stick an' made a noise. The atheleetes heard the mild and the noise and said costs.

The last time I went bunding I witnessed a scene which I had often heard of but never seen. It was the dance of the sand-hill crane. My companion was a well known hunter, and, though he is a physician, finds much time—he lives in Northern Iowa—to study the ways and haunts of wild fowl. "Now." said he, "I will show pou within an hour the famous dance of the sand-hill crane. My companion was a well known hunter, and, though the samd-hill crane. My companion was a well known hunter, and, though the sand-hill crane. My companion was a well known hunter, and, though the sand-hill crane. It was the dance of the sand-hill crane. My companion was a well known hunter, and, though the sand-hill crane. The sand hunter of wind haunts of wild fowl. "Now." said he, "I will show you within an hour the famous dance of the sand-hill crane. It was the dance of the sand-hill crane. The sand hunt summersault wen I axidentally stepped on a stick an' made a noise. The atheleetes heard

INDE SPES.

From the English Illustrated Magazine. Sad autumi leaves, whirling before the blast, Eddying and hastening in your fitful play, Singing a requiem o'er the summer past, Falling and drifting as it dies away.

Tender and green, you clethed the boughs May,
Shaded us, fauned us, in July's fierce heat,
Now, when October makes his ruthless way,
Golden and crimson, but in wild retreat
Seem you, like banners of a broken force
Like spray creets scattered from a plunging

Faded, you futter on your downward course, Withered, wind-carried to a woodland grave. Yet now, as then, to me good hope will bring, Life after death, after long winter, spring. J. M. Scott-Moscelleyr.

LITTLE CHIPS

Wiggins has evidently found a hole and pulled it after him. W. S. Knowlton contemplates starting paper at Fort Fairfield, Me., soon. In the Turtle Mountain district of the north-west \$1,000,000 worth of timber has been de-stroyed by fire.

When Jay Gould concludes his adjustments in connection with his Southwestern roads he will have increased his capital by \$25,000,000. The mouth of Miss Bartholdis Liberty is just a yard wide. Hence O'Donovan Rossa's bitter jealousy.

A young man wants to know which is correct, two teaspoonfusl or two teaspoonsful.

The Kennebec, Me., Journal tells of a smart young man in Augusta. Out of the school hours, evenings and holidays, he earns his board and pays his school bills by keeping books for a business house. He will succeed. Thomas Garrett of Alabama is 119 years old and is said to have voted the Democratic ticket as long as the party has been in existence. He cast his vote for Thomas Jefferson

There are living in Clearfield county, Pa., a man and his two sons who are married to three sisters, and the old man is married to the youngest sister. Some of the children don't know their uncles from their grandfather. During the trial of a case in the Belfast, Me. oriminal court recently a dove flaw into an open window, and perching on a cornice above Judge Virgin's head, remained there through.

Profiting by Quebec's action in the Riel matter, the United States thinks of hanging General Miles, who captured Geronimo, and making that fine old murderer president of the

The quantity of tea which has already arrived at Port Moody and been distributed over the Canadian Pacific Railway is 3,428 033 pounds. There are yet four vessels to arrive, which will bring up the total for the season to 7,878,033 pounds.

"Incontaminatus fulget honoribus (which beincontaminating ruiget nenotibus (which being interpreted means "he shines with untarnished honors") is the sign of a bootblack boy's standin an alley off Pemberton quare in Boston.

The lad does a good business with lawyers who pass his place.

Dr. Crawford, a young lady practising homee pathy in Chambersburg, Pa., publicly horsewhipped a young man recently. He says her treatment was strictly on the old school basis.

Samuel Payton, grandson of Commodore Perry, has been discharged from the prison at Jackson, Mich., his sentence of five years for a Detroit burglary having expired. Rose Terry Cooke, the authoress, resides in a little old-fashioned mansion near the village of Winsted, Conn. It is a dear old place, with many corners and repositories of kindly managine.

"Yes," bawled a social orator, "I am in favor of the early closing movement for the great mass of tollers." "Well, shut up now," yelled a practical auditor. Lieutenant Greely believes in the theory that there is an open sea, some 1500 miles in diame-ter, round about the pole, that never freezes, the conjecture being that the pole itself is the centre of an ice-capped land, covered with ice from 1,000 to 4;000 feet thick.

Benjamin Moore, who died in Berlin recent-ly, left by will a reward of one dollar for every policemen reporting a case of cruelty to ani-male. "As men have no hearts," he wrote in his will, "I leave my money to the brutes." And he did, enriching the Berlin Society for the Protection of Animals by nearly \$100,000,

The coming light is said to be megnesium. A process by which it can be produced for \$8 a pound and perhaps even less, instead of \$40, will, it is said, speedily bring it into common use. A wire of moderate size equals the light of seventy-five stearine candles, making the cost at present but little more than that of gas, white no expensive works or street mains are required for its use. The magnesium is are required for its use. The magnesium is simply burned in lamps provided with clockwork movement to feed the ribbon of metal regularly. There is no danger, as with electricity.

Legal phraseology is wonderfully if not fearfully constructed. According to the Advertiser's report of the Owen Sound division court the bill of complaint in one case set forth that "the defendant on various times and in divers manners, personally and with his servants and dogs, wrongfully and cruelly beat and wounded the plaintiff's cow, whereby the said cow became sick, and the plaintiff incurred great expense in attending and ministering to the said cow while suffering from the injuries thereby sustained, and by reason of said injuries the said cow finally died, whereby the plaintiff sustained great loss, and the plaintiff claims \$60." The effect of all this fine language was that the judge said he did not believe said cow died from said injuries, and said plaintiff had to pay said costs.

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Intercolonial Railway 1886. Summer Arrangement 1886.

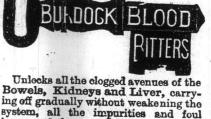
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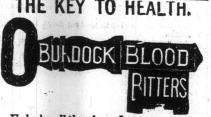
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RHEUMATISM. A WONDERFUL CURE!

MESERS. HANINGTON BEOS:

Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physican and with great care was enabled to come home in ab ut two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of limments. Including Minard's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease jurked in my system, and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated my whose being. For more than two mounts, I was unable to get to my room or retire wathout assistance I chanced to see an advertisement of your "Relaticise"? effecting wonderful cures. I procured a package and when I recived it my limbs were much swellen, my feet and ankness were purple, and so swellen that they were shapeleess. After disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk about supple as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since having passed through the autumn and wieter to this date January 5th, 1886, with its climate changes I can recommend your "Sciaticise," and hope that all who are effected with that most painful disease Shemmatism, will not hesitate to give "sciaticise" a trial

Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or doubting this statement given can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S., who will cheerfully give them all information.

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"Good wife, Nothing he Money is bou Everything How the cath How we're Is kind of a d I can't mai

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Fair and f

Alice Young

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