

III

Oh ! holy Isle, a ransom'd man
 On a far distant shore,
 Still in his day-dream and his sleep
 Sits by the boatman's oar ;
 And crosses to your stony beach,
 And kneels upon his knees,
 While overhead the chestnut-tree
 Is sighing in the breeze ;
 And still he hears his people pray—
 In their own old Celtic tongue,
 And still he sees the unbroken race
 From Con and Nial spring,
 And from departing voices hears
 The thankful hymn arise—
 That hymn will haunt him all his years,
 And soothe him when he dies.

IV

Oh, would you know the power of faith,
 Go ! see it at Lough Derg,
 Oh, would you learn to smile at Death
 Go ! learn it at Lough Derg,
 A fragment fallen to ancient time,
 It scotches there unchanged,
 The Island of all islands,
 If the old wide world were unaged,
 There mourning men and thoughtful girls,
 Sins from their souls unbind ;
 There their gray hairs and childish curls
 Are streaming in the wind ;
 From May till August, night and day,
 There praying pilgrims tide—
 Oh, man hath no such refuge left,
 In all the world wide !

THEO. DART MCGILL

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MIRACULOUS CURE OF BLINDNESS.

HOW A WOMAN AFFLICTED FOR YEARS WAS RESTORED
 AT THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE.

Holyoke, Mass., July 22.

Mrs. George Chagnette, who has been blind for two
 years, has returned here from Quebec completely