

the cry of the *woba kookoogwes*, you people who trespass upon him, who follow him into the forest, transforming its secret recesses, converting the dales into pastures and clothing the hill-sides with grain-fields. Speed the day of the coming of Glooscap, all you who are true of the Micmacs,—speed the day, every proud-hearted pale-face, be true to the noblest within you, and hold out a hand to your brothers. Do not ask "What is truth?" for you know it. Look up to the source of true manhood, and take up the duty beside you, 'tis the secret of manly achievement; and then, when the truth shall have conquered, great Glooscap of ancient tradition can come to the land of the Micmacs. Would that all our people were willing to hasten his coming and help him.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Nora Maloney.

'T WAS the wink of your eye that made me sigh,
 To kiss you Nora Maloney.
 Shure and my heart went pit-a-pat: shure I was talking
 through my hat,
 You wondered what I was staring at,
 Darling Nora Maloney.

Chorus—
 For I love you and you love me, and troth it's soon we'll
 married be,
 Darling Nora Maloney.
 For you love me and I love you, and shure I know your
 heart is true,
 Darling Nora Maloney.

'Twas the curl of your hair that made me swear
 To wed you Norah Maloney.