A JESSAMITE PRAY.

THE WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ANSELMO, THE PRIEST.

BY CONSTANCE BUNICE.

word unspoken, a hand unpressed. A word unseen or a thought unguessed, A look unseen or a thought unguessed, And souls that were kindled may live apar; Never to meet or know the truth, Never to know how heart beat with heart [Note. - Evening shades are gathering, the worshippers and priests have withdrawn, and in the dimly lighted and deserted church Anselmo lies at the foot of the cross, writhing in spiritual In the dim past days of a wasted youth, agony. He speaks :]

"Shall I, a priest of God, live on in sin ? Oh, heart of mine, break, break ! but own it She shall not know how his pulses leapt When over his temples her tresses swept; As she leaned to give him the jessamin wreath

Thy vows remember, consecrated soul, Accept the stripes laid on thee quivering She felt his breath and her face flushed red With the passionate love that choked her And saddens her life now hef youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death.

OCTOBER FLOWERS.

ing-With deeper colors than are born of Spring, Beneath your oriflamme and scarlets gloom-

I see the shadows of Decay's dark wings.

Your georgeous tints are only premonitions

Of fading force in soil and sunlit air; And, conscious these, with yet unspent voli-

tions, They deck the earth with passing beauty

"It is too much, too much is asked of me; I have no strength. Forgive, oh, mighty God,

For I am spent with oft-repeated fasts, And faint beneath the chastening of Thy And murmurs his name beneath her breath, A cynical man who scoffs and jests At woman and love in the open day, And at night time kisses, with bitter tears, A faded fragrant jessamine sprag.

^e'I saw her here again, I always see her ; The levely face that always haunts me so ; "Twas early mass, were others there beside

Alas ! I saw but her. I do not know. Ye flaming flowers, of brown October's bloom-"So at the sacred cross I'll kneel and pray; It may be Christ, the Son of God, will hear And drive the devil from my hungry heart, And let me feel his holy presence near.

"They tell me I can sing; men praise my

And say 'tis rare; that people come to hear; And once, when chanting through the aisle we

came Close where she sat, I saw her shed a tear.

"So close were we my vestments touched her

There were puddings and ples to bake And a loaf of cake for tea.

The farmer went back to the field,

could be.

THE TWO EVILS. L. M. H. One woe is past; mothers and wives have given Their heart's best treasures-kusbande, best born sons; Nor swerved they from the sacrifice; while Intercolonial Railway Fell lavishly, "as thus ; if dropped upon One place, had fretted graves within the earth -Graves dug with wceping eyes," wherein t 1886. Summer Arrangement. 1886. lay Beyond the din of strife, and hide frem view O^N and after Monday, June (14th, 1886, the trains of this Ballway will run daily (Sun-day excepted) as follows :-Beyond the din of strife, and hide from view Of vulgar gaza, their unspoken agony. A sacrifice, O heart! thou knowest how great, Lo! yet another woe ten times more dire; This is no allen race in fatters bound— A woe within our homes and at our hearths, Winding its deadly serpant coll round hearts White as angel faces. A woe, like pall Of midnight darkness over sunny homes. A nation's woe like sway of despot king, Demanding of his subjects bread and brain ; Aye, hope and love, and every element That renders "man the noblest work of God." Whose damning reign had wrenched from bleeding hearts Tears infinite; which dropped in some vast vale Trains will leave St. John. A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10.15 p.m. trai to Halifar. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping car for Montreal, will be attacned to the Quebec Ex-press, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping car will be attached at Moncton. Trains will arrive at St. John vale Had floated navies on its briny breast. To statesmen now, shall wives and mothers cry In vain? By all that is Divine in man-By all the chivalry from him we claim -Join thou the ranks against the nation's foe; D. POTTINGER, BAILWAY OFFICE, ncton, N. B., June 8th, 1886. 502 Cod Oil. Hides, Calf Skins. Sheep Skins. Wool. Tan Bark. For which we will pay highest market prices.

Cor. Ward street and Peters' wharf. octl THE KEY TO HEALTH. BULDOCK BLOOD PITTERS

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November 10, 1886,

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