SARSFIELD.

BY PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

[illegible] crook crowned in Irish hill or field,
[illegible] Irish vaults of Irish dykes,
Dark Dish Irishe warrior his shoulder,
Nor Spartan-like borne homeward on his shield,
[illegible] where the British battle footed
At Landen—far from Limerick he lies,
Soul-glad, since yet ere death had sealed his eyes,
Before his exile England's echoes rooted,

Ah! [illegible] sweeter to the
[illegible] River; [illegible] Ireland than for France's weal;
But wherever thou art, by Seine or Scheldt,
Sarsfield, thy name to Ireland's heart is dear;
Ah! would to-day we had thy battle-shield!

"THEY SAY."

"They say!"—ah, well, suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Why count yourself among the "may"
Who whisper what they dare not say?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.

"They say!" but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!" Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say!" Oh, pause and look within
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
And lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power,
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

J. E. S. K.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE WORLD OF LOVE.

Love hovered around your purple lips,
In the gloom of the darkest day,
And sorrow got lost in a sweet eclipse
Whenever you came the way;
For the light that shone from your starry eyes
Glanced down on the sea and shore
With a lustre so rare that the sun in the skies
Had cried to shine no more!

Your smiles had the fond and the mystic gleams,
And are wistful after-glow,
Onlooms in the beautiful land of dreams
Where the silvery streamlets flow;
And sweet was your voice as a fairy lyre
That is touched by a master hand,
And hot were your cheeks with youth-hood's fire,
And you were a queen in the land.

There was love in your locks of sombre brown,
Love sat on their silken crest;
On your beauteous head was a cupid's crown—
There was love in your bounteous breast;
And whenever you burst on the lap of day,
The heavens grew light above;
For love, when you came, did pass my way,
And you were a world of love.

EUGENE DAVIS.

THE Squire's Grand-daughters.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Deep satisfaction was expressed in his face watching her; a satisfaction that forgot M. Dunois' presence, and was absorbed observing how she, now sat silent, with a look expressive of all noble womanly intentions on her calm brows; and how, now her eyes shining with excitement and sweet anxiety, she tried to draw the glances of all her friends into the innocent meshes of her own smiles—forcing them to meet there in an unvoluntary entanglement of good fellowship. His contentment, so evidently deep rooted in the conviction of the thoroughness of his own claim, irritated M. Dunois into trying to snub him.

'You seem quite "fascinated with this fine old room, Mr. Dangerfield,' he said. 'Doubtless its proportions are new to you?'

'Not altogether,' said Lance; and then, after a pause of a second or two, he added, with a good-humored smile, 'Though it is true, I am more accustomed to an humbler abode.'

'A quick fellow, colonel,' said the squire. 'Keen as his name! He will make a striking figure in the law courts. I own I should hardly care to be cross examined by him.'

'Perhaps not,' murmured Lance to himself, as he met Margaret's eyes; and M. Dunois began to talk in his most courteous manner about the differences between French and English law courts to the colonel, who responded a little stiffly, feeling a trifle bewildered as to the meaning of the words that had just passed between his nephew and the squire, wondering where was the joke, and hoping no slight had been intended to the Dangerfields, whose standing required no vindication. Turned to meet solid foes, the colonel did not understand fighting the air; and was only vaguely conscious that passes had been made over his head. The only result of his suspicion was that his usually genial face was cold, and his white moustache drooped more heavily than usual while he listened to the smiling and bowing M. Dunois with the manner of an emperor receiving an ambassador.

The French granddaughter, who had been taken into dinner by Lance had lost no moment of time since she had been put into her seat at the Abbey dinner-table. Her sparkling eyes where everywhere, observing how these English used their knives and forks; at what precise moment they took between the finger and thumb that exquisite little salt-spoon which served their need; the way in which they touched their lips with their napkin. Her entire soul was for the first ten minutes absorbed in the effort to conform to their ideal of propriety. She, also had been accustomed to wipe her one knife on a piece of bread innumerable times during the course of a meal, to make her way into the salt as best she might; indeed, to take her food without thinking how it was served to her, felt already taught to laughing on the people round her, including the dignified butler, and behaving as though she had always 'dined exactly as she was dining now. After the second course her vigilance relaxed a little; and having satisfied herself that her cousin, Rene's eyes were fixed admiringly upon her, she devoted her attention to her neighbor, who, suddenly fearing that he had been neglecting her, asked her how she had enjoyed her journey.

'I was ill,' she said. 'Only for my maid, I must think that I am dead.'

Fifine did not speak English as well as M. Dunois; but she was determined by speaking it at once, before she could be supposed to have learned it here, to show how well she had been educated. Lance was relieved from a difficulty by her courage, as, though knowing French grammatically, he had an Englishman's shyness of assuming the genuine accent; feeling it something mincing, if not theatrical, and yet disliking the flat sound of his own pronunciation. Now, Fifine had not been ill at all, as her cousin Rene, who overheard her remark and smiled at her more admiringly than ever, well knew; but it pleased her to appeal to masculine sympathy, and also to speak of her maid, who was as new to her as her satin gown.

'Indeed,' said Lance grateful to her for saving him from making a fool of himself; and with a effort to disengage his attention from Margaret opposite, and to give a share of it to the girl by his side. Looking at the latter, his eyes were fascinated by the large, coarse pearls round her throat.

'Fifine!' he thought; 'what a rag of a name! And a rag of a girl to bear it. Strange to think of such a sister being provided for Margaret. Well, I must be amiable to her or Madge will not speak to me to-morrow.' Accordingly he asked her if she was fond of Paris, while his eyes rested criticisingly on Rene, who could not speak a word of English, and who was being talked to patiently by Margaret, whose French was good.

'But what can I know of Paris except the shops?' asked Fifine, with the most perfect air of an *ingenue* which but ill accorded with her appearance and attire.

'I suppose you have been to the theatres?' said Lance, her manner and tone suggesting to him that they had been copied from the stage.

'Never!' said Fifine, promptly. 'My schoolmistress would not have tolerated such distractions.'

Here Lance was startled by seeing Rene laugh irrelevantly while listening Margaret, who was not saying anything at the moment to cause laughter.

'It is only his oafish way,' he reflected; but almost before the conclusion was formed he got a clue to Rene's amusement by catching a sly glance out of the corner of the youth's blonde eye, directed cautiously at Fifine.

Whatever this conveyed to Lance, he put down his glass of wine untasted. 'I do not like any of them,' he thought. 'Why could they not have stayed in France, and left us go on here just as we were?' Then he remembered the old villager at whom he had smiled for his fear that he was going 'to be Frenchified.' 'He was more far-seeking than I,' thought Lance. 'It seems we are all in a fair way to be Frenchified. How will Margaret take it? What effect will their ways have upon her?' Then he wished with all his soul he could lift her in his arms and carry her bodily away out of their sight and keeping. He remembered the money with which her grandfather could endow her; but he did not care much about that. Men who feel within themselves a certain power of compelling wealth as well as other worldly things to come to them do not often set a high value on money. It is useful dross, they admit; but though it may master the lives of others, to them it can be nothing but a servant. In such men the lucre of this world owns a superior, and to their service it is likely to come almost without being sought. Lance was not vainly conscious of his power; but he felt a degree of confidence in his own future which emboldened him to wish that he could take his love's hand at once and begin thus with her to climb the steeps of his career, instead of leaving her in this unwholesome vale till he could send for her to come to him—in a lift! This is the way he put the thing impatiently to himself as he talked absently to Fifine, thereby exciting the displeasure of that acutely perceptive young lady. And yet he was very well aware that less now than before could he urge on Margaret the desirability of a speedy marriage. To take her out of a home like this, seeing that he had not taken her out of a lowlier one, would seem unkind; and then the old gentleman, confound him, would think he was eager to get possession of such a fortune as she might now be expected to have. Chafe as he would, he saw that for the present he must go on with his work in London alone, and leave Margaret to her fate among her relations at the Abbey.

When the ladies returned to the drawning-room Mrs. Meadows embraced Margaret as they stood by the fire.

'I am so thoroughly pleased to see my dear girl at home—in such a home. She suits her present position admirably.'

'I hope I may be as happy here as I have been all my life with you,' said Margaret, kissing her impetuously and with a half sigh. 'I can wish no more.'

'Nay, you may wish for much,' said her friend; and then turning kindly to the French cousin, Mrs. Meadows hoped she admired her new surroundings.

'Oh, it is nothing new to me,' said Fifine quickly. 'You should see our old French chateaux.'

The gentlemen did not linger long over their wine. The conversation was a little constrained. Dr. Meakows felt that he had nothing pleasant to say to M. Dunois as to the welcome that would be accorded to him by the county, and he dreaded being betrayed into anything like rudeness at the very table of his host; while the colonel was still a little sore about that half-understood insuendo of the old bourgeois, which might or might have not been meant to imply something derogatory to the dignity of the Dangerfields. M. Dunois was too courteous to press his new neighbors on some subjects which were of burning interest to him, and humored their disinclination to talk.

On re-entering the drawing-room Lance was struck afresh with the stately grandeur of the old apartment, and noticed how the great clusters of yellow daffodils repeated the delicate hue of the faint golden color hangings; observed the rare old china bowls, the slightly faded antique embroideries, and various other charms of the room already pointed out to him by Marigold. As she crossed the floor to meet him now, he forgot himself a moment, and was glad to see his jewel in so suitable a setting. Trying to speak with her a few minutes apart, if only to tell her how like an ideal bride she looked in that rich though plain, white dress, he was thwarted in his intention by Mr. Dunois, who took possession of his English granddaughter, establishing himself, as if for life, in an old carved back chair by her side. Feeling himself dismissed, Dangerfield turned away to look for Fifine, and found her chattering volubly in French with her cousin Rene. Translated into their own tongue, these two seemed quite transformed. They were now gay, laughing, young people, not very good style, perhaps, but, at all events full of life and glee. From them Lance made his way to Mrs. Meadows, who told him that she was already meditating a flight homewards.

'I am going to carry off my husband before he does any mischief to spoil the evening. He really has behaved very well; but weasels suit hinbetter than Frenchmen.'

At the word "weasel" Dr. Meadows brightened up.

'I shall finish those notes before bedtime,' he said complacently. 'All the squires in the world, however unfit, shall not rob me of that exquisite pleasure.'

Margaret went out into the great hall, with the departing guest, to muffle Mrs. Andrews against the night air with her own hands, and M. Dunois followed her, leaving Rene and Fifine to their peals of laughter in the drawing-room. The low portal into the vast paved entrance hall was open, and the keen stars of the March night sky were seen through the opening, flashing above the dense darkness of the woods that bounded and strayed into the park. Seeing Lance and Margaret cross the hall together, M. Dunois stepped quickly after them, and tried to detain Margaret.

The action was courteous, but the momentary gleam of his eye on Lance conveyed his meaning. Margaret looked from one to the other of the two men who claimed her, and said, in a clear, but merely explanatory voice, distinctly heard by all present:

'I want to have a word with Lance,' and then gently freeing her hand from her grandfather's hold, she passed on to the doorway, where she spoke for a few moments with her lover, who was trembling with triumph and delighted pride in her.

M. Dunois laughed slightly as he turned towards the three friends who were contentedly following the two young people to the door.

'Some of your English ways are different from what I have been accustomed to,' he said, but with no appearance of displeasure.

'I am sure of that, M. Dunois,' said Mrs. Meadows, with ready encouragement and in perfect good faith. 'But you will get used to them in time. Good night.'

CHAPTER V.

COUSIN FIFINE

As Margaret stood at the door, looking after her old friends vanish ing down the avenue in the darkness, leaving her for the first time alone with strangers, she felt a peculiar chill, of a kind to which her buoyant nature was not accustomed. Twice that evening M. Dunois had tried to separate her from Lance, and his bearing towards the young man had been altogether anything but friendly. Then Lance showed no disposition to conciliate the new squire—no desire to win his good graces. Margaret was not sure she would have admired her lover more if he had taken his snubs in a meeker spirit, tried to efface himself for the moment at the pleasure of the powerful stranger, but she told herself that she believed he ought to have at least tried to do something to suggest a wish to please. Her grandfather was an old man, and might reasonably expect to be honored. She felt certain that he could do much to smooth the rugged uphill path which her future Lord Chancellor had elected to climb. Not that she thought Lance Dangerfield required any assistance in the matter of bringing his talents under the notice of the world. This they could do for themselves; and Lance, by divine right of his own inherent power, would win his own glory, and ascend unaided to his own niche in the temple of fame. But how much more easy and happy might not the climbing years be made for him if her grandfather would but like him, and show him a fostering friendliness! Margaret, who, for her own part, had simple tastes, and would as soon the Huntingtower jewels had been given to Fifine as to herself, fell to wishing that whatever power she might be justly entitled to could be settled at once upon Dangerfield, so as to enable them to get married, as he so fervently desired, within the present year. If M. Dunois and he should quarrel there would be but little chance of the realization of her loving hopes. Well, it must be the object of her life to draw these two together by the innocent wiles of her womanly sympathy with both, and to bring about a better understanding between them.

Returning to the drawing-room she found Dunois and his two other children looking as if something unpleasant had been passing among them. The squire wore one of his least agreeable expressions, half imperious, half sarcastic; and Rene and Fifine, all their laughter silenced, were both looking sulky, as if they had been unwillingly enduring reproof to which they dared make no reply.

Margaret, hesitating on the threshold, felt a sudden desire to turn and fly out through the still open door, away after her dear old friends, out of the presence of these foreigners, to whom, in spite of ties of blood, she did not feel akin, and to whose looks and words and ways she was not accustomed. But as it was not in her to yield to such a cowardly impulse, she only grew a little paler and held her ground.

M. Dunois' face cleared when he saw her.

'My dear,' he said, 'I want you to send these children to bed. I am tired myself, and I wish you to come with me and show me my apartments.'

Margaret was aware that while he spoke her cousins were looking askance at her with jealousy and distrust. She turned to Fifine, and said, in French, smiling conciliatingly:

'I think you know your room, and I shall be with you presently. Excuse me while I wait upon our grandfather.'

'Oh, I undertake English,' said Fifine, sulkily. 'You need not derange yourself by speaking French to me; and perhaps I shall have couched myself before you come on high.'

M. Dunois laughed. 'Fifine undertakes a great deal,' he said, 'but she does not understand much. Do not try to be too clever, my little *parvenue*.'

'Rene'—began Margaret, turning her eyes kindly on the shy youth—

'Oh, Victor will take care of him. Victor is my own man, and French, and so Rene will be able to grumble to him, as he would to you, my dear, if you were half as audacious as Fifine. But come now, Margaret I want to see the quarters you have prepared for me.'

When Margaret reached her own chamber she found her maid, a girl from the village, trained for her by Mrs. Meadows, moving brusquely about the room in a state of suppressed excitement.

'Miss Huntingtower, excuse me Miss, but could you oblige me with the French for a fool? There is a Frenchman here who has been running about the house all the evening, going on with monkey-tricks, bowing and putting his hand on his heart a respectable girl every time he meets her—and we are not used to such play-acting here, Miss! Mr. Sass (the butler) says he can't nonway help it, that he was brought up in a country where English is not discovered yet, and they have to make out their talk with signs. I called him a fool ten times this evening, as plain as print, and it did not make the slightest impression upon him. That is why I should like to have it ready for him to-morrow, in French.'

'You had better not mind Bessie; but the French for fool is *sot*.'

'*So*?' echoed Bersie, her face falling. 'Oh, Miss, I am so disappointed. There is no kind of venom in that at all. It wouldn't hurt a kitten. I must only wait till he can understand that he is a fool in English.'

Margaret, with all her dark hair let loose over a crimson dressing gown, was a goodly sight, as she answered Fifine's "*entrez*," and came into her cousin's room; but the French girl did not turn her head to look at her. She was sitting at the fire with her lap full of letters, and did not dry her eyes or gather up the letters, nor was she annoyed that Margaret should intrude upon her little hour of sentiment, though she was willing to make a grievance of anything her cousin might do.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Christianity in Japan.

THE ERECTION OF THE NEW JAPANESE HIERARCHY.

Simultaneously with the erection of the new Japanese hierarchy, chronicled already in our columns, the Pope has issued, according to custom, an accompanying Apostolic Letter, by which the act is confirmed and countersigned. His Holiness carefully traces the history of Christianity in old Japan from the day when St. Francis Xavier wandered among the orchards of Fujisan preaching Christ to the delicate and artistic islanders. Then St. Pius V. further took the mission in hand; he created a hierarchy in the islands, and from this time the Christian religion began to expand and flourish. Then came the well-known persecution, by which the Catholic faith was utterly abolished and destroyed in Japan; the records of the martyrs, constant servants of the Church, testify to the hideous cruelty with which the ghastly campaign was accompanied. Then, as time wore on, came the gradual revival, fostered by successive Popes, until, *novissimus temporibus*, in the latter days, a new birth of faith seemed to be inaugurated, and by slow but sure degrees the spread of Christianity has been advancing in Japan. A novel spirit of tolerance was creeping over the land, and the Pope recalls with pleasure the remembrance of the special mission to Rome from Japan on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. The time then was ripe; and the Pontiff by the letters just issued creates a hierarchy, laying the Metropolitan See at Tokio. "His litteris Nostris," he writes, "Episcopalem Hierarchiam in Japanico Imperio excitamus et constituemus, atque illustrem Urbem Tokio quae Imperii caput et Serenissimi Imperatoris dignitatem evehimus." Our Roman correspondent has already, in a former issue, stated the various Sees which have been selected for the new Bishops, and these the Pope proceeds to set forth in the concluding portion of his letter.—*London Tablet*.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

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TO be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY the Twentysixth day of February next A. D. 1892, at twelve o'clock noon, at the Law Courts building in Charlottetown under and pursuant to a power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifth day of September, A. D. 1887, and made between Patrick McKenna and Mary Ann, his wife, of the one part, and Patrick Cullen of the other part, all that tract piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on Township Number Fifty-one in King's County, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the east side of the Baldwin's Road at the north west angle of a farm of land in possession of John Cairns; thence running eastwardly along John Cairns' northern boundary to the division line between Townships Numbers Fifty-one and Fifty-two; thence north along said division line till it meets the southern boundary of a farm of land in possession of John McAree; thence westwardly along said McAree's southern boundary to the Baldwin's Road aforesaid; and thence along the same southwardly to the place of commencement, containing by estimation Fifty acres of Land a little more or less.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned at Prince Street, Charlottetown. Dated 20th January, A. D. 1892.

PATRICK CULLEN, Mortgagee.

Jan. 27, 1892.—4i

A. A. McLEAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Brown's Block, Ch'town, P. E. I.

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Nov. 25, 1891.—3m

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ANNUAL MEETING.

Merchant's Bank of P. E. Island.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Merchants' Bank of P. E. Island will be held at its Banking House, Great George Street, Charlottetown, on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of March next, A D 1892 at the hour of 11 o'clock, a. m.

As the Bank comes under the new Bank Act on the 1st day of March next, important questions will come up at the Annual Meeting for consideration and decision, and each Shareholder is requested to be present personally or by proxy.

Proxies must be left with the Cashier at least one day previous to the meeting.

WM. McLEAN, Cashier.

Ch'town, Feb. 3, 1892—5i.

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Charlottetown, April 8, 1891.

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Laird's Mills,	Clifton,	Dundas,	New Perth,
Rusticoville,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
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Then let us all be of good cheer."

You undoubtedly will be of good cheer and gladden the heart of your friends by purchasing some of

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large and well selected China Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Table Lamps, Library Lamps, Hall Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Piano Lamps, Vases, Fancy China, and a lot of Bric-a-brac, left by Santa Claus on his last trip of the baloon

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We have a very fine selection of Groceries, including all the delicacies of the festive season, in part. Raisins in London Layers, Cabinets and Valencias in half and quarter boxes, Figs, Nuts, Grapes, Dates, Confectionery, Oranges, Apples, &c., &c.

Our Teas have given excellent satisfaction, if judging by the quantity we sell is any proof, and we intend to keep up our reputation by giving our customers a good article at a small profit. White Rose Kerosene Oil, Granulated, Refined and Raw Sugars constantly on hand. Get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CONNOLLY'S FOR THE PEOPLE.
AND THE PEOPLE FOR CONNOLLY'S.

Dec. 2, 1891—4y

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WATCHES THAT WILL LAST.

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G. H. Taylor's,
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Sept 9—1y