

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]  
ADDRESS TO MOUNT ROYAL.

(BY JAMES B. DOLLARD, "SLIEVE-N-A-MON.")

On Mount that lieth up thy head  
In the city's din,  
Lest ponder now the mighty ages dead,  
Or dost thou weep man's vanity and sin?  
Or dost thou whisper us of facts and scenes primeval,  
When thou wert born of some terrene upheaval.

Come, settle thou the deep dispute of sages:  
Did this most wondrous world create itself?  
How long endured the Præadamio ages?  
Was man once ape or some like earth-bred  
elf,  
Whom may we believe—th'inspired, majestic  
Moses,  
Or fools who see no farther than their noses?

Tell us, for so-called savants have asserted,  
"The eye of Science finds no Primal Power"  
Didst stand here ever, futile and deserted,  
Or fall from space in some atomic shower?  
Seer of the Past, why shake thy sylvan locks,  
Thine upturned face the Unbeliever mocks.

I hear a murmur thro' thy thousand trees,  
The voice of conscious Nature, 'tis which  
says:  
"I come from Him who rules the mighty  
seas—  
"From Him the Lord All Infinite in days  
"All-wise in counsel—creature of an hour,  
"And dare ye question the Eternal Power?"

Since first thy matter was by God created,  
What countless winters' storms and snows  
have fled,  
Did Ottawa roll thus ever unabated,  
And grand St. Lawrence fret its rocky bed?  
What Indian wandering to thy woody base,  
With awe-struck eyes first saw thy massive  
face.

And thou hast seen, say was it with surprise,  
When came stout Cartier with his brothers  
brave—  
Hast seen the flash of triumph in his eyes,  
When from thy cliffs he viewed the far-  
stretched wave,  
The mighty valley at his feet unrolled,  
What riches might its fertile soil unfold?

Say how the city grew about thy base,  
How lofty spires arose, and palace fair,  
Strong-built by a strange and restless race,  
Whose axes laid thy swelling bosom bare;  
Thou didst not murmur 'gainst the intruders  
bold,  
They ravaged but to grace thee manifold.

For now thou look'st on many a happy home  
And wide-spread fields that promise golden  
grain,  
While thro' thine avenues of pleasure roam  
The smiling maiden and the thoughtful  
swain,  
And silvery sounds of childish laughter greet  
The welcoming ear in cadence glad and sweet.

Oh, silent watcher of the city great,  
Lofty and vast thy vision doth exalt,  
Thoughts in my soul above its vulgar state  
Of care diurnal, void of faith and light,  
Thou pointest to the realm of God above,  
And whisperest me His Power and His Love.

JAMES B. DOLLARD, "SLIEVE-N-A-MON."  
Montreal, June 6, 1893.

\*Some of the theories advanced to explain  
away creation are as absurd and as vague as  
this.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton  
the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley  
the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows been seen badly wounded, but of course, that part of the story cannot be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defence of the castle. Was she fainting or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a White-boy attack to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defence, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half that blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Perciles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half

a mind to run down by the night mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch the papers; there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposed the Croppy on the table, as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor laboring men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for arms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen tourists? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased at the price of the championship of the admittedly most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the paper to him on the bed.

"Of course it's a thing that cannot be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakham at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again, and write at you all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this license is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing-match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counsellor, and friend."

"Bright thought, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first-class; but we could go third-class, two of us, for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to travelling in a cow-department?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I thrust I shall never discover them; at least so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure either, whether, they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable though! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, propose to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small, thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes. I'd have said: 'Done!'

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort I make no objections."

"To so heartily expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you; don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you cannot get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a fashionable tone."

"How men mistake themselves! I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick—are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and, unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it. That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in Hafiz. I believe you never read Hafiz?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own Hafiz, and just as good as the real article. By the way, are you aware that water-carrie at Tehran sing 'Lalla Rookh' and believed it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an Anacreon with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By the way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday at the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick; that means worse and worse. Now I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat, I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society that never so much as asked whether the intellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager?"

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

The two friends were deposited at the Moate station at a few minutes before midnight, and their available resources amounting something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

It is a fine moonlight. I know all the short-cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides," said Kearney; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

"The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau," said Dick, as they started.

"I wish you'd give him directions to

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take charge of me, too," said Joe, who felt very indispensed to a long walk.

"I like you," said Dick, sneeringly. "You are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it; and when it comes to a question of a few miles' tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You're a great humbug, Master Joe."

"And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few that, as in a game of three cards, there is no skill in the playing; while in my nature, as in that game called tarocco, there are half a dozen packs mixed up together, and the address required to play them is considerable."

"You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe."

"And why not? If a clever fellow didn't know he was clever, the opinions of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain."

"And what do you say if his own vanity should do it?"

"There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you—"

"What do you mean by a fellow like me?" broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

"I mean this, and I'd as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Equimaux as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you and scores of fellows like you denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to hope! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the foundation of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that, 'If I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## An Eagle-skin Robe.

The Sisters of Ste. Anne of Lachine beg to thank all who contributed to the raffle of the eagle-skin robe which came from Alaska. It was won by Mr. J. B. Lanctot, dealer in church decorations, of Montreal. It is a sleigh robe and measures 52 by 42 inches, apart from a 5 inch red velvet border that surrounds it. It is lined in red satin. It is a real "thing of beauty," and is a credit to the Sisters of the Ste. Anne convent of Fort Georgewski of Alaska. The robe is valued at \$600; it is probably the first of its kind ever seen in Canada.

"Have you made any acquaintances since you came to town?" said one young man to another. "Well, I have a speaking acquaintance with several young women in the telephone offices."



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