POEMS BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"SYMPATHETICA."

This music breathes out through my spirit,
As the breezes here through a tree;
And my soul gives light as it quivers
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New gladness are wakened within me,
New gladness that have not a name;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

Oh, silence that circlest me merry,
For it carries my soul away;
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,
Like the leaves on an autumn day.

Oh, exquisite tyranny, silence!—
My soul slips from under my hand,
And as if by instinct is fleeing
To a dread, invisible land.

Is it sound, or fragrance, or vision,
Vocal light wavering down from above?
Past prayer and past praise I am floating
Down the rapids of speechless love.

I strove; but the sweet sounds have conquered;
Within me the Past is awake;
The Present is grandly transfigured;
The future is clear as daybreak.

Now Past, Present, Future has mingled
A new sort of Present to make;
And my life is all disembodied,
Without time, without space, without break.

But my soul seems floating forever
In an orb of ravishing sounds,
Through faint-falling echoes of heaven,
'Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing as zephyrs in summer,
The concords glide in like a stream,
With a sound that is almost a silence,
Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,
My soul has a storm in its bowers,
Like the thunder among the mountains,
Like the wind in the Abbey towers.

There are sounds like flakes of snow falling
In their silent and eddying rings;
We tremble—they touch us so lightly,
Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water or under ground.

That clarion again! Through what valleys
Of deep inward life did it roll
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet
Right down in the depths of my soul?

Oh, cease, then, wild horns! I am fainting;
If ye wail so, my heart will break;
Some one speaks to me in your speaking,
In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds you make are all foreign,
How native, how household they are!
The tones of old home mixed with heaven;
The dead and the angels speak there.

Dear voices that long have been silenced
Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the Presence in which they stand.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XI.

A MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

When Helen awoke next morning and rang the bell, instead of her maid, it was the old housekeeper, Cauth, who made her appearance, and with a letter in her hand.

'What is this?' asked Helen.

'A letter, dear.'

'A letter, Grannie—from whom?'

Her words were not spoken without some alarm, as she noticed the look of trouble that was over Cauth's face.

'From Eugene Lefebre, dear.'

'Eugene Lefebre! What should he send a letter for? Where is he?'

'Gone——'

'Gone!' cried Helen. 'Gone where?'

'I don't know. No one knows. He came last night or towards morning, and gave this note to Norah for you.'

'Does Redmond not know where he is gone to?' asked Helen tremulously, as she mechanically took the letter addressed to her.

'Redmond has not come back yet.

'Where is Sir Trevor—does he know?'

'Sir Trevor has not returned either, Helen.'

'Not returned!' said Helen, with a feeling of unaccountable dread rising at her heart. 'What happened, Grannie? Tell me. I am sure you are concealing something from me.'

'Nothing has happened that I know of, Helen. Don't frighten yourself without cause. Redmond and Sir Trevor are well. What would happen them?'

'I don't know, Grannie, but I am awfully frightened. Who came with Eugene?'

'No one. He came alone. But read the letter, *aroon*. He'll tell you all in that.'

Helen opened the letter with trembling hands. It contained but a few hastily written lines.

They ran:—

'DEAR MISS BARRINGTON—or dear Helen, as you have permitted me to call you—I am leaving Seamore without having time to bid you good-bye. I shall see you again shortly. When I do return, believe me the awaking moment that [illegible] pleasant Seamore [illegible] thoughts. My [illegible] more. Adieu, [illegible]

[illegible] the con- [illegible] much [illegible] them. [illegible]sement [illegible] trouble [illegible] a word in this of [illegible] going, or why. Nor a word of Redmond. Could Redmond have gone with him? Nor of Trevor Mortimer.'

'Why would Redmond have gone with him, Helen? What had Redmond to do with him?' asked the old woman in a more cheerful tone, as she witnessed the distress palpable in her young mistress's face. 'Eugene mean, my dear, as his father came before him, and it's well he went away without leaving, as his father did, without bidding him. I was always afraid ever since the night he came that he would bring, as his father brought, trouble and grief about the house; and to the family. I think God he is gone.'

'And you were so fond of him, Grannie!' said Helen, with tender upbraiding. 'And he was so handsome and pleasant!'

'I was fond of him, Helen, *dream*,' said the old woman, as the tears arose in her dim eyes, 'and I was fond of him when his head could not reach the table—for there never was a sweeter or more engaging child; but I am fonder of others, my dear, and others that I am bound for the sake of your father and mother to love more dearly and take care of; and, therefore, I say it again, I am glad he is gone. And as to being handsome and pleasant, there never was braver or pleasanter or handsomer than his father, and see what came of it. See the sorrow and shortending he brought to a young life that never knew care until she looked upon his face.'

'I wish you would not be telling me these things,' said Helen, her eyes suffusing with tears; 'they bring distress to me.'

'Better that distress now, my dear, than life-long sorrow and distress—the distress that knows no ending and no relief. It is sad to lose a pleasant acquaintance, and no one can say but that he brightened the house, but it is as well that he is gone. I am an old woman, Helen—my hair was grey and my form bent before you were born—and you should be said and led by me. I see the world in a different light from you. Think no more of him. He was a wild bird of passage that but appeared and disappeared. But think of *him* that is true and tried, and will always be beside you. And now, Helen, it is time for me to go, and time for you to get up, for Redmond will be coming home shortly. I thought I'd come up with the letter myself, for Norah, the hussey, would be only putting *rainshogues* in your head.'

The old woman's advice had but little effect, or rather the opposite effect to that intended; for as Helen dressed herself when Cauth had departed she had a good hearty cry to herself. The future in Seamore seemed so darkened, wanting the light of his cheery presence! and she felt at once so indignant and mortified and sorry at his abrupt departure without even seeing her. At times her indignation grew so strong that she resolved to think of him no more, as one not worthy of their welcome and their kindness; but the next moment she found herself dwelling on some pleasant incident in their daily lives—on some graceful and marked attention he had paid her—some little trifling event that his innate taste and chivalry had turned into an occasion to give her pleasure.

Helen would have laughed joyously if Kate Howard had hinted, whilst Eugene was there, that she seemed to be more attracted by his attention than by the warmer devotion of Trevor Mortimer. It was so absurd. But now that he was gone it seemed to her as if all the light and grace and beauty had departed from Seamore, and there was nothing but dulness and desolation left. The remembrance of the fact that if the gay sailor had gone Trevor Mortimer still remained, hardly seemed to abate in the least the sense of loneliness she felt.

'Why, Helen, what's amiss?' asked Miss Howard, as she entered her friend's room and saw the signs of tears in her eyes.

'Read this,' said the latter, presenting the letter.

'How absurd!' was the unsentimental remark of the other. 'What a mysterious way he has of coming and going. He first terrifies us by his strange appearance, and then worries us by his equally strange disappearance.'

'Is that all you care for the departure of a friend, Kate?' said Helen indignantly, her friend's practical way of viewing the matter grating very harshly on her tenderer nature—'one too, whom we may never see again.'

'Have you never had a friend leave you before, Helen?' asked Miss Howard.

'Of course. Why should you ask the question?'

'Because, in that case, Helen, if you did not grieve so much in that parting—and I am sure you did not—there must be something more than usual in the circumstances of this. And yet the idea of your being in love with him, my dear! It could not be.'

'I have never said so,' said Helen, blushing, 'but even if I did, what would there be extraordinary about it.'

'Everything, Helen, my dear—everything. But as you have said you are not, and as I am sure you are not, let us not talk more of it. Come to breakfast. I am sorry, too, he is gone, he was so cheerful and agreeable; but we did not expect him to remain always—did we, my dear? And to tell you the truth, Helen he was always a little too mysterious for my taste. You remember the alarm he created the first night by his sudden and unexpected coming?'

'The fault was on my side for being so easily frightened,' said Helen, rather more inclined to stand up for her late guest now that every one seemed against him, 'and not on his for coming.'

'True, Helen, but it was a trifle startling, was it not? And you remember that matter of the glove.'

'I had almost forgotten that,' said Helen with a slight recurrence of her old alarm.

'Well, I am glad you remember it now, and I don't think you should regret his absence,' said her friend, noticing with satisfaction the change in her manner. 'Depend upon it, Helen, he is one of these gay foreigners who delight in winning girls' affections for the triumph of the thing, and who make themselves agreeable because it pleases themselves to do so, more than because it pleases others.'

Helen said nothing, but, having completed her toilet, descended to the breakfast room with her companion. The mention of the glove, which had previously escaped her thoughts, gave them a new complexion—and a distressing one—but of this she said nothing. It was of a very different character, however, from what Miss Howard inferred.

They had, indeed, sufficient in the conjectures as to what delayed Redmond—who did not turn up at breakfast—to wholly change the subject of discourse. He very rarely remained a night away from the roof, and never at all without previously acquainting them of his intention to do so, and his doing so in this instance gave rise to many conjectures.

Kate was stronger minded, as we have said, than the young lady of the mansion, and, therefore, to arouse the latter's attention from what she considered her morbid fears, suggested a ride before dinner, by which time Redmond would have returned. To this Helen assented.

The day shone, for a November one, bright and bracing. The ground was hard and dry, and the sides of the hills in the distance looked starred with rubies and amethyst in the clear rays of the morning sun. The sea was still and calm along the sands, though further out the freshening breeze from off the land sent the vessels within view sweeping merrily along.

'I think we shall ride along the coast to-day,' said Helen, after they had cantered for some time in silence. 'It seems pleasanter than inland. What do you think, Kate?'

'I think, dear, as we have the day before us, and you need some change, we shall ride inland.'

Helen agreed and they turned their horses' heads towards the mountains, where, on the hills, overlooking the Dublin coast, they spent an enjoyable hour. The little fishing village of Bray, with its cluster of thatched cottages, embowered in woods, stood to their right, whilst the sea coast thence to Dublin—now almost a continuation of the city and studded with mansions—lay in unbroken solitude. To their left the city lying close together as befitted one of the 'walled towns of the Pale,' centered upon the Liffey; for the splendid and stately townships of Rathmines, Rathgar, and Pembroke were then undreamt of, and the districts they now occupy were covered with gardens and orchards.

A quick ride brought them back within sight of Seamore.

'As we did not take the sea route in the morning,' said Helen, 'suppose we do so now. The tide will be in, and once get out of this scrub a canter along it will be very pleasant.'

'As you please,' said her companion assentingly. She was glad to see that the paleness of her friend's face, arising from the news of the morning, had given place to a rosy look of enjoyment. 'The sea is really pleasant to-day. Let us canter along this bypath here, and have a gallop over the meadows. I am glad you are enjoying the ride—Oh, Moya, is that you?'

The address was delivered to an old crone who had arisen from a seat by a bush on the narrow pathway, and whose sudden appearance had caused the horses to swerve violently.

'Why, you have frightened the horses, Moya,' said Helen. 'What brings you out so late? You cannot expect to meet anyone to tell fortunes to at this hour?'

'And why not acushla?' said the old woman, leaning on her staff and peering curiously at them both from under her disengaged hand. 'Why not? Is there any wan in the world, gentle or simple, that wouldn't like to hear what's comin' to them with the winds of heaven and the flow of the sea day after day? Is there anywan human-kind to whom the year that's comin' won't bring changed fortunes that they might be wishin' to hear?'

'If there be not Moya,' said Helen, laughing, 'there must be a great deal of simple people in the world.'

'Maybe ay and maybe no,' said the old woman, with a peculiar significance. 'There are many that think themselves fortunate an' happy when from parts unknown the very waves are carrying and the wind of heaven hastening to 'em sorrow and trouble they know little of. And there are others that cry salt tears over misfortunes that if they only knew about as I do they would look upon as brightest blessings.'

'Well, Moya, I was always an unbeliever; I am afraid I shall remain so.'

'Avoch, an' it's many is the sore day people had for that same thing,' said the old woman, 'an' many a wan hastened the wearin' on their shroud for want of listenin' to Moya's advice. An' maybe it's yourself that's havin' the sore heart—if you'd only let on, Helen Barrington—for what you'd rejoice at if you only knew it as well as I do.'

'What's that you say, Moya?' asked Helen, but faintly catching up the meaning of the old woman's words. She had been letting her horse go forward, and now reined back the animal and gazed on the old woman's face with wonderment.

'What's that you said, Moya?'

'What I've said is said,' said the crone mysteriously and with apparent indignation, 'an you'd have saved yourself many hours of sorrow an' woe if you had hearkened to Moya's advice when she offered it to you.'

'You are speaking in riddles, Moya,' said the young girl, grievously disturbed. 'What *do* you mean? What are you talking about?'

But Moya, leaning on her crutch, had hobbled into a sheep track that led to her cabin by the seashore, and, as they well knew from her habits and character, was quite unlikely to come back again to them.

There was nothing for it but to proceed on their journey homewards, which somehow they did with but little of the elasticity and enjoyment of heart they possessed when they had first been startled by her appearance.

'What in the world did she mean, Kate? There must be some dreadful meaning behind her words. She has made me feel dreadfully alarmed.'

'What does she mean, Helen, dear?' reiterated Kate, who herself felt but little at ease. 'Nothing. Have we not heard her rhapsodies dozens of times before?'

'Yes, I know. But she seems to have more meaning in what she says now. I know she has by the way she looked and spoke.'

'What meaning would she have? You surely do not believe in her powers of fortune telling?'

'No; but she has such wonderful acquaintance with everything and everybody that I am sure she is predicting some misfortune.'

'Predicting, Helen?'

'Well, no; but she certainly knows of it somehow. Could you remember what she said? I cannot remember a word of it, she so alarmed me.'

'I was not paying attention enough to remember—nor indeed is it worth while,' said Miss Howard brightly. 'I remember, however, that she said something about people sorrowing over troubles which may not turn out troubles after all, but blessings—which, indeed, is perfectly true though old Moya said it. But the mists are rising, dear, and the dusk is gathering. Let us go quicker.'

'I hope Redmond has returned. I hope she augered no evil to him,' said Helen, whose heart was but little rejoiced by her companion's words.

'Why should the augur evil to him or you? You have never done her harm. You have always been friends with her.'

'She was always made welcome whenever she came—which was seldom, I don't know why. But I know well they always more or less dreaded her. I don't know why, either.'

'But they never offended her?'

'No. They were always kind to her as to others.'

'And Redmond and you the same?'

'Yes.'

'Then, Helen, she would have a blacker heart than most of her kind to croak evil to you or of you. But she has done neither, you will find. She has only been airing some of her crazy follies. Come quicker, dear.'

The remainder of the ride was performed in silence, for the dusk was falling and the white mists arising from the sea were still further darkening the landscape. The scrubby ground they were travelling over was not pleasant in the dusk.

Arrived at Seamore, Helen dismounted, threw the bridle to one of the men, and, gathering her riding dress in one hand, walked gravely towards the hall door, up the steps, and into the hall.

'Cauth—Grannie!' she said, in a burst of anxiety. But a look at the old servitor's face, with the signs of anxiety thereon, caused her to recoil, and the question died unspoken on her lips.

'Redmond has not returned, Grannie?' she said as soon as she recovered her speech, interpreting the look upon the other's face.

'There is no cause for alarm in that, Helen dear,' said the housekeeper; but her assurance came on unheeding ears. Indeed her looks belied them.

'O Grannie! Grannie! I know something has happened him, for he would not remain away without telling us. Could he have gone with Eugene? I feel an unaccountable dread of something having happened him.'

'What would happen him, *aroon*? Men are not accustomed to go astray. There is many a thing to keep men away for a day or two when they meet friends. He may have met some of his cousins and gone to Kildare for a day's shooting.'

'So he might, Grannie,' said the young girl, much relieved all at once by this suggestion, which she knew to be a very likely one. 'I hadn't thought of that.'

He had not infrequently before driven down with his friends to their place in the country from Dublin; but then it was mostly by appointment. Still it was not unlikely—quite the contrary, it was very likely—that having met them accidentally he had taken the notion and driven down with them. Helen felt quite rejoiced, and the weary load of forebodings that pressed at her heart since morning was greatly lightened.

'But I'll tell you who has returned,' said the housekeeper.

'Not Eugene!' said Miss Howard, who had rejoined her friend.

'And why not Eugene?' laughingly queried and interrupted Helen, whose spirits gradually rose to their accustomed lightness in the warmth and protection of home. 'Who is it, Grannie?'

'Trevor Mortimer.'

'Trevor Mortimer,' said Helen, with a voice of pleasure, but in which there was also a tinge of disappointment, for, in spite of herself, she was hoping that it really might be Eugene. 'I did not expect him.'

'And he is not the less welcome for that, I trust,' said the gentleman in question, coming forward. He had been standing in the shadow of one of the pillars of the spacious hall, an unseen and unobserved listener to the conversation that had passed.

'No, indeed, Sir Trevor—the pleasure is only the greater for that. But how strong you are looking! You have quite recovered.'

'Quite. And I am none the less improved for seeing yourself and Miss Howard again. But I am sorry to hear that our friend has left. I had hoped to have the pleasure of seeing both gentlemen again this evening.'

'Mr. Eugene Lefebre has disappeared nearly as mysteriously as he came,' said Miss Howard, as she warmly welcomed the new comer, 'and that was mysteriously enough in all conscience.'

'How good it was of you to visit us when the others had deserted us,' said Helen. 'I don't know what we should have done by ourselves this evening. Do you, Kate?'

'Sir Trevor is always true to his tryst. He is most chivalrous in his disinterested championship of forlorn ladies,' said Miss Howard with malicious good nature, which not a little embarrassed Helen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1889.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

On and after Monday, June 2nd, 1890, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom	Acc'm
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown dp	8 10	6 45	1 30
Royalty Junction	8 40	9 17	1 45
North Wiltshire	8 48	10 03	2 05
Hunter River	8 58	10 18	2 20
Bredalbane	9 05	10 40	2 37
Emerald Junction	9 20	10 50	2 40
Freetown	9 40	11 10	3 00
Kensington	9 55	11 29	3 17
		P. M.	
Summerside { ar	3 15	12 00	3 50
Summerside { dp	3 30	1 05	
Miscouche	3 45	1 20	
Wellington	3 55	1 32	
Port Hill	4 05	1 42	
O'Leary	4 30	2 07	
Bloomfield	4 37	2 16	
Alberton	4 45	2 15	
Tignish ar	5 05	3 00	
Emerald Junc. dp			P. M. 1 25
Cape Traverse ar			1 35

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom	Acc'm
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish dp	1 10	9 00	
Alberton	1 30	9 25	
Bloomfield	1 38	9 44	
O'Leary	1 53	9 55	
Port Hill	2 22	10 22	
Wellington	2 32	10 32	
Miscouche	2 41	10 44	
Summerside { ar	3 05	11 05	
Summerside { dp	3 55	P. M. 12 00	A. M. 6 15
Kensington	4 17	12 31	6 45
Freetown	4 30	12 50	7 05
Emerald Junction	4 40	1 01	7 20
Bredalbane	4 47	1 12	7 30
Hunter River	5 12	1 40	8 14
North Wiltshire	5 22	1 52	8 30
Royalty Junction	5 32	2 01	8 45
Charlottetown ar	7 10	3 00	9 55
Cape Traverse dp			A. M. 6 25
Emerald Junc. ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown dp	3 15	6 30
Royalty Junct'n	3 30	6 50
Bedford	3 37	7 00
Mt. Stewart Junc. { ar	4 25	8 05
Mt. Stewart Junc. { dp	4 30	8 20
Morell	4 48	9 06
St. Peters	5 20	9 54
Pear River	5 35	10 14
Sparks ar	5 55	10 45
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	4 35	8 20
Cardigan	5 28	9 20
Georgetown ar	5 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown dp	7 00	1 40
Cardigan	7 17	2 08
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	8 10	3 10
	A. M.	P. M.
Sparks dp	6 15	12 00
Pear River	6 45	1 15
St. Peter's	7 20	1 58
Morell	7 42	2 20
Mt. Stewart Junc. { ar	8 10	2 50
Mt. Stewart Junc. { dp	8 15	3 20
Bedford	8 40	3 50
Royalty Junct'n	8 50	4 00
Charlottetown ar	9 20	4 40

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 28, 1890.—tf

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