evening's rays, upon the breeze's wings, God it rises, as a living perfume; And giving language unto every create I fill the desert with th' Almighty's name

The day star thus shines brightly in the

Burns to remount to her enflamed source I breathe, I feel, I think, I love in Thee

daughter. But in the early days of their affliction her love seemed to meet with no response. And when that fierce grief with which we look at the things which remind us of a dead grew afraid, and only ventured to watch unseen the stern features, and wonder with a child's timid patience when the old light would come back to them, and why he, who had always been so gentle with her, should not seem so strange. Then in her own room at night she would cry for hours

together—cry out of mingled wonder and grief, thinking less of her own sorrow than of that which she longer console but could not. In he Hail: source and end both of Thyself and nature, father's presence she never cried—only watched him always, and did little things for him unnoticed; and in the selfishness of his bereavemen he said to himself that a child ter years old could not know or measur the depth of his loss or her own, and of her then.

So a month passed And Eileen grew pale and thin, and her large gray eyes grew larger and bright and moist with the night dews of sorrow which had fallen early on her young life-those night dews in which the flowers of the soul bloom fairer while the body withers. But one evening when

was passing to get a book which he had left in his room, he thought he heard some one speaking in that of his daughter. He opened the door gently. Eileen was kneeling in her night-dress by her bedside. And this was what he heard : 'And, oh, God! do make papa

love me a little as he used to, for I cannot make him do what mamma asked me unless You do; and make Is wave-reflected and to vision panten.

Belief in Thee is little Sovereign goodness!

I seek Thee everywhere—aspire to Thee;
Love Thee! My soul's a beam of light and love,

and love,

I seek Thee everywhere—aspire to Thee;
Love Thee! My soul's a beam of light him always, instead of sending me to nurse, for I know I could make him less than I only look at me and kiss me often.

And make him not frown when he looks at me, for that makes me afraid And I don't want to be afraid of papa, for I love him so much. And ake him let me stay with him in the library, for I know he doesn't read there, but only thinks about mamma. And he doesn't know that mamma

to these deserts fled, to come to Thee; here, when the dawn, shaking her veil in the air, st opes th' horizon ting'd by new-born day. make me ill. And I am getting ill, because papa '—here the childish voice quivered and the childish form shook—' doesn't love me.' 'Eileen!' There was a world o

affection in that one word. The father's arms, and the love she wanted in her father's eyes. 'Eileen, darling!' he said, 'I didn't think of you—and' but, which revives my

-but his words were stopped by kisses. He wrapped a rug around the child, now sobbing with joy, and carried her down to the library fire, and there poured over her all the country of the countr manly tenderness of his nature, which affliction had frozen up, till her sob-

y affliction had frozen up, till her sobscame at longer intervals, and she slept, tired out with happiness. And long after that he sat watching her sleep, and thinking how like her his dead love must have been when young, and accusing himself for the change in her, which he had not noticed. And the look in his eyes, when towards midnight he gently laid the sleeping child in her bed, and knelt to pray by its side, augured well for the success of Eileen's prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eight years passed away—years

Eileen is happy on this October evening, as she sits by the library fire. The table is laid for her father's fire. The table is laid for her rather? It he girl's face spoke more than a they got home, he would kiss again is supper; his slippers are waiting by the armchair, and his big red setter is lying on the hearth rug. A book is lying open on the girl's knees, but her eyes have sought the fire, and her features are full of that blissful repose which our faces wear when we are thinking of those who love us. Her thoughts are out this wild night with our faces were the work and went out, muttering. Lord have mercy on us! what is it of the face of the coachman, but the last had left, and no new man had the last had left, and no new man had left, and no new man had left the company to the last had left, and no new man had left the last had left, and no new man had left the last had left, and no new man had left the last had left the last

bless them. You don't know half what they can say without you speakwhat they can say without you speaking a word. And well, it was just lead to know that she was called upon. ing a word. And—well, it was just because I was lonely that I came up, and I thought you might be the Tom looked after her till she vanished

way, Mary, for I can think of him better when he is away; when he is put it into his mouth without lighting here I have no time to think, I am so it, sat down and gazed out into the

too,' and the old woman stirred the fire again; 'ay, faith, he couldn't have a better one to mind him. sure-'Why, Mary? it's the pony he has in her way, at the foot of the lawn—a the rushing wind. He always takes the pony loose stone wall; the mare knew it

savage dash at the fire before continuing. 'Lord bless you, you don't know the wickedness that's out now you don't; and I'm thinking you don't; and I'm thinking you don't know it if you tried.' And the end of it all she saw her mother's he without thinking further. And at the end of it all she saw her mother's face with the peaceful smile it were duestioning.

I will be management of the sisters of Charity, visited daily by a staff of skilfull physicians, supplied the root of it all she saw her mother's face with the peaceful smile it were when she saw it last. she vanished hastily as if to avoid face with the peaceful smile it wore questioning.

leaned against the chimneypiece for a led her stride as she neared it, and moment, looking at the gold clock flew over it at the old spot, merely that stood on it; then, obeying an uneasy impulse, slipped out into the hind hoofs. 'Good Fio, then!' Now night, and took her away down the the way was clear. Another flick of avenue. The dog did not notice her the whip and the lake flew past them; departure for a few seconds; then he and the excitement of that night sprang up and tried to follow her, but his first effort closed the half open through her, and she thought

door; he walked round the room, and crouched down opposite it.

The night was dark and wild, but of the lake. A few minutes brought warm; leaves were falling from the tall trees that fringed the avenue; the road. Was she in time? She sprang from

dark hair. She walked slowly, listening to the grumbling wind and the leaves rustling on the gravel at her feet. She was not afraid, but her sense of hearing was made keener by striving to detect the sound of her father's trap amongst the other noises about her. Just when she had walked half way down the avenue, she stopped suddenly; she thought she had discerned some strange noise a little way on and to the left in the thought she heard are the little way on and to the left in the thought she heard are the little way on and to the left in the thought she heard are the little way on and to the left in the thought she heard are the little way on and to the left in the thought she heard are the little way on and to the left in the little way on and to the left in the little way on and to the left in the little way on and to the left in the little way on and to the left in the little way on and to the left in the little way on and to the left in the little way on and turned the loose in the field; came back, opened the gate, and took up her foot the road.

Was she in time? Her fragile form was quivering with excitement. It she was late! Five minutes past then. There was a moon, then turned the loose in the field; came back, opened the gate, and took up her foot the road.

Was she in time? Her fragile form was quivering with excitement. It she was late! Five minutes past then. The darkness was growing lighter. There was a moon, then turned turned turned the loose in the field; came back, opened the gate, and took up her foot the road. had discerned some strange noise a little way on and to the left, in the wood which there bordered on the wood, stole on a few paces, and listened. This is what she heard in pauses of dress under it could be seen.

'And my child nigh dead before— to emigrate, that's the word he said—and she died on the rock, and the night, and the rain that bad! Oh! the murderous ruffian! Another drop—then you will be strong for the work.'

work.'

The voice was not that of an old man, but it was weak and querulous.

'When did you say he's like to be man, but it was weak and querulous.

'When did you say he's like to be here?' This voice was more manly, here?' This voice was more manly, but almost gruff in its stern intensity.

this?'
I came to meet you, papa.'
'Without a cloak on such a night!'
Eileen felt the tears rising. 'You he's gone to get the rents.

'The devil another he'l get this side of hell, I'm thinking' And then followed muttered imprecations, and gloomy, half-humorous ravings.

Eileen had listened as in a dream to these voices of the night. Only it the last reply told her that it was her father they were talking about. Her theart throbbed so that she could hear with above the sound of the voices. were very late, papa.'

Her father detected the quaver i her voice; he could not see her face, or he would bave read a tale in it, but he feared lest she might think he

the control in the heat and the promise of a rich harvest. But one day the wind ceased, the yellow haze darkened, thunder storms followed, and that night it rained as it seldom rains in Ireland. On the second night after that the rain had passed; there was no cloud on the laughing face of heaven, but the houses and faces of the people were filled with gloom. For far and wide the fields were blackened—the blight had come on the potato crop.

Then followed the familias train of evils which attend that mysterious courge of a nation—inability to pay rent, then eviction, misery, starvation, death.

Matthew O'Donnell, Eileen's father, had the reputation of being one of the sternest kind agents in the west of Ireland. And he was. In the discharge of what he considered his duty he had on feelings. Studied cruelty would have been indefinitely

Again she heard a sound; it gree louder; it was that of a car. A hollow in the road kept it out o

hearing for some moments; then the

owards her; she could not move

preferable to the calm unconsciousness in the daytime were now miles off in with which he carried out the mandates which frequently came to him without conscious thought to the one during the year of misery. Therefore thing that remained to be done; she was hated by the people. And must ride across by the lake to inhich he received at this time. He laughed at these grim messages, for he knew no fear, and destroyed them. And Eileen knew nothing of the send that would not be laughed at?

The pony went on. All was now over. Her father was saved. And set they long before they would get there? She would drive the pony were passing it. And they might not fire at all. They might retent. They might retent. They might retent. They might not even be there. Then another cessation of thought supervended, and she only felt the wild wind whistling past and the rapid property is under cultivation and And Eileen knew nothing of the send that would not be laughed at?

And Eileen knew nothing of the send that would not be laughed at?

She shook the boy.

Tom, Tom, awake!'

Yes, Mivs, murmured Tom.

Saddle the mare for me quickly.'

Tom opened his ever wide at once.

Tom opened his eyes wide at once.

The girl's face spoke more than a thousand words.

Hegorrah! she's in earnest. For a faintly, and reassure the eyes.

And her rather, on the other size.

MeNeill & McDonald, Barristers, Charlottetown, Attorneys for John the lips which had spoken to him a faintly, and reassure the eyes.

is little towards the child, and said is clusted towards the child, and said is could be could have been intervals. Eleen, love, I am leaving you any our faces wear when we are when we are within the could have been intervals. Eleen, love, I is hard! If I could live a little longer for him! Gozi will be mine! But promise me Elleen, that you will love and watch wer him as I tried to do.

The 'I will, mamma,' which was spoken in a kiss which made the organization of the power she knows she has to charm his wearness away. And she spoken in a kiss which made the words as solemn as a vow. And the eyes of the dying woman closed again, sud her features seemed more peace ull than before. Then a man came and the room, on whose face was written that anguish of the strong which only those who can bear it know; and Elleen was taken sobling from the room. She saw her young mother no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elleen loved her father after that as father was never yet loved by his daughter. But in the early days of these efficiency her live a will as father was never yet loved by his daughter. But in the early days of these efficiency her live a will an an ander the course of the day in the early days of these efficiency her live a will an a father was never yet loved by his daughter. But in the early days of these efficiency her live and the loss again, the father after that a father was never yet loved by his daughter. But in the early days of these efficiency her live and the loss of the course of the day in the early days of these efficiency her live and the latter after that brought me we are when the took as side-saddle and bridle down, and went out, muttering. Lord have mercy on us! what is the took a side-saddle and bridle down, and went out, muttering. Lord have mercy on us! what is the took a side-saddle and bridle down, and went out, muttering. Lord have mercy on us! what is the took a side-saddle and bridle down, and went out, muttering though and what the took of the house have an all alou! 'The mare was ready in a few m Another run of thought through Eileen's mind in those long seconds which elapsed before they sleke in the second way she not seem to be seen to

A hundred yards more to that terrible spot, and the pony went taster still, as if he, too, felt the danger. Then, at the last moment, same.'

I am never lonely when papa is slowly into the yard. He went into A sickening desire to scream, to the harpess-room searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the harpess-room searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the harpess-room searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the harpess-room searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the harpess-room searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the harpess-room searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the same searched for the sickening desire to scream, to the same searched for the same searched ed came home to her, the fear of But she shut her lips tightly shuddering with the effort, and closed minutes the pipe- her eyes, from which the tears were busy looking after him.'

"It's you that does look after him stem broke off and the bowl fell to falling. Yet even in that last agony draw her siender figure to its full

by—devil a better.' A few moments' what she was to do; but now the They receil past the spot. A shot! reflection and she turned to Eileen, exercise took away her physical proswho was watching her amusedly, and tration. And her mind, set free sound between a sigh and a scream resumed. 'Do you know, Miss, the from the tension of her nerves, began and a noise of rustled leaves in the Master has no call to be out so late.' to work rapidly. There was one fence Both of them had been thrown for-

when the nights are dark.'

'You're right, Miss; it's the pony sure enough—but the roads are very lonely, and I wouldn't let him keep lonely, and I wouldn't let him keep and wait for her father. And he car, Her father was at her side in an out so late if I was you.' lonely, and I wouldn't let him keep out so late if I was you.'

'Mary! you are trying to frighten me, or is it that you don't like waiting up so late yourself?'

up so late yourself?'

he would laugh at her, and say she avenue—into the house—into the content of up so late yourself?

'That's just what it is, Miss—it's not fair to me to be keeping me up so late, and I'd tell him that, if I was you, that it's not fair to me, and that I'll have to give him warning on the head of it, and—' She made a last come to meet him. She head often to the dress, just under the right arm. there was a large, bright stain of blood. A long minute he stood looking at that tatal spot, then staggered, and fell to the ground with a groan.

UNDER the management of the start with a low white. It know the wickedness that's out now, warm. And then—she saw the rest the ground with a groan.

And the dog went from one to the house—into th

Eileen thought over this sudden enigms for a few minutes. She did not understand in the least what is meant, but she felt vasuely disturbed. When the first waster over the side of the sofa and the livid apply to the Lady Superior face upon the floor - J O'G. L., in Irish Monthly.

When she saw it last.

They were nearing the wall. She could scarcely see about a hundred part of the medical staff. Irish Monthly.

March 12, 1890.—tf.

wind whistling past and the rapid beat of the pony's shoes on the

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wind rolled heavily overhead, and gusts came down at intervals into she the mare and tried to take off the bridle. She could not. She led the bridle. She walked slowly, listenanimal back some distance and turn
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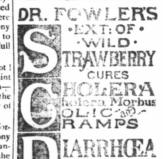
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