

TO M. A.

Hark! I hear the sound of a midnight bell, The knell is the toll of a dying year;

But now it is past, and the sun's bright rays Forever in their sportive gleam shine;

Oh, mystic charms that tell the tale, Of a long and sweet, sweet spell,

There it's mine to fondly greet thee, On thy one and twentieth year;

May thy future passing swiftly, Stranger be to grief and pain,

May thy true heart ever follow, And to God's sweet call respond,

May the Lamb, whom thou shalt follow, Raise thee to thy brightest rest,

Take, dear friend, this book of friendship, Take, oh, take this Sacred Heart,

Chatham, N. B., March 5th, 1881.

ST. MARY'S HALL.

THE INAUGURATION—A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AND ELOQUENT ADDRESSES.

Long before the appointed hour for the commencement of the inaugural concert, eight p.m. last Tuesday week, the magnificent hall of St. Mary's Church, corner of Panet and Craig streets, was crowded to its fullest capacity.

The Rev. Father James Lonergan opened the concert with a short inaugural speech. He said, though his name was not down on the programme, he felt as if he must have a hand in it, hence his addressing the audience.

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"This," said the rev. gentleman, "is an age of taking. Now—a days—a one is a day's account if he cannot talk. Talking is absolutely necessary. Without it nobody could run for office or Mayor down to a place as a Custom House officer."

and swear that we will die to maintain them." A scathing rebuke of English rule in Ireland followed. The Rev. speaker did not forget to compliment the Fenians and praise them for the zeal they had ever shown in the cause.

The first portion of the programme being then concluded, the second, after a few moments' pause, was proceeded with. It was opened with a song from Mr. James Crompton. Miss Johnson then gave the audience "Erie," a piano solo, followed by Professor Boucher, with a solo on the violin.

May the true heart ever follow, And to God's sweet call respond, From Him never, oh! never abscond. May that heart that flows with life blood, Ever guide thee on thy way;

Miss Alice Crompton favored the audience with the beautiful ballad "Come into the garden, Maudie," and followed with the favorite "Killarney" (Balfie). Mr. Trudel sang "La Liberté" in good style, and Professor Perreault concluded the programme with a piano solo.

Professor Wilson, who presided at the piano, deserves special mention for the manner in which he performed his part of the evening's entertainment.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well.

NO HOSPITAL NEEDED. No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaries talented physicians to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—New York Independent.

IRISH CENSUS RETURNS. LONDON, July 2.—The census returns are particularly interesting as regards Ireland. The returns since the Union in 1801 are as follows:—1801, 5,395,000; 1811, 5,937,000; 1821, 6,801,000; 1831, 7,767,000; 1841, 8,175,000.

REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF A WOMAN. SEE PRESENTS HER DELIGHTED HUSBAND WITH SEVEN KID BABIES AT ONE TIME—THEY ALL HAVE BLUE EYES AND ALL LOOK VERY MUCH ALIKE.

Louisville, Ky., June 20.—A few days since the Courier-Journal contained a special from its Nashville correspondent to the effect that a woman residing in Jackson County, that State, had given birth to seven children at one time.

Miss Darrell turned to the piano with a frown, but her eyes were smiling, and in her secret heart she was well content. Charlie was beside her. Charlie had given up the ball and Mrs. Featherbrain for her.

It was a very pleasant evening—how pleasant, Edith did not care to own, even to herself. Aunt Chatty dozed sweetly in her armchair, she in her place at the piano, and Charlie taking comfort on his sofa, and calmly and passionately finding fault with her music.

"To be told I sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' flat, and that the way I hold my elbows when I play Thalberg's 'Home,' is frightful to behold, I will not stand it! Like all critics, you find it easier to point out one's faults, than to do better. It's the very last time, sir, I'll ever play a note for you!"

"I hope you enjoyed your forty winks, Edith," she remarked; "what a Rip Van Winkle you are! For my part, I've never slept at all since I came on board this horrid ship! Now, where are you going?"

"I don't know why, as I said before, I have talked of this; I could not have done it with anyone else. Let me thank you for your sympathy with all my heart."

Edith's heart gave one great jump—into her mouth it seemed. What would such a pre-baronet speak again, and Miss Darrell's heart sank down to the very soles of her buttoned boots.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING. PART II. CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"We are going to have an 'At Home' all to our two selves to-night, Auntie," Edith said, kissing her thin cheek; "and I am going to sing you to sleep, by way of beginning."

"Dear me, Charlie," his mother said, "you here? I thought you went to Mrs. Featherbrain's?"

"So I did," replied Charlie. "I went—I saw—I returned—and here I am, if you and Dithy will leave me for the rest of the evening."

"I quarrel!" Charlie said, lifting his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead. "My dear mother, your mental blindness on many points is really deplorable. It's all Edith's fault—all; one of the few fixed principles of my life is never to quarrel with anybody. It upsets a man's digestion, and is fatiguing in the extreme. Our first meeting," continued Mr. Stuart, stretching himself out leisurely on a sofa, "at which Edith fell in love with me at sight, was a row. Well, if it wasn't a row it was an unpleasantness of some sort. You can't deny, Miss Darrell, there was a coolness between us. Didn't we pass the night in a snow-drift. Since then, every other meeting has been a succession of rows. In justice to myself and the angelic sweetness of my own disposition, I must repeat, the beginning, middle, and ending of each lies with her. She will bully, and I never could stand being bullied; I always knock under. But I warn her a day of retribution is at hand. In self defence I mean to marry her, and then, base miscreant, beware! The trodden worm will turn, and plunge the iron into her own soul. May I ask what you are laughing at, Miss Darrell?"

"I am all right in the matrimonial charge of Mrs. Featherbrain, and engaged ten deep to the baronet. By-the-by, the baronet was inquiring for you, with a degree of warmth and solicitude as unwelcome as it was uncalculated for. A baronet for a brother-in-law is all very well—a baronet for a rival is not well at all. Now, my dear child, try to overcome the general nastiness of your disposition for once, and make yourself agreeable. I knew you were pining on the stem for me at home, and so I threw over the last crush of the season, made Mrs. Featherbrain my enemy for life, and here I am. Sing us something."

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triumph and happiness. "Sir Victor had been most devoted, most devoted," said Trux in italics, "that is, for him." He danced with me very often, and he spoke several times of you, Dithy, dear. He couldn't understand why you absent yourself from the last party of the season—more than can I, for that matter. A person may hate a person like poison—I often do myself—and yet go to that person's parties."

"But this was a society maxim Miss Darrell could by no means be brought to understand. Where she liked she liked, where she hated she hated—there were no half measures for her."

"Good-bye to home," she said, "a smile on her lip, a tear in her eye." "Who knows whether I shall ever see it?"

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"It is half-past eleven—didn't you know it?—and all the lights are out."

"Good Heaven!" Edith cried, starting up aghast; "half-past eleven! What will Truxy say? Really moon-gazing must be absolutely necessary to me!"

"Stay a moment, Miss Darrell," Sir Victor interposed, "there is something I would like to say to you—something I have wished to speak of since we came on board."

"It is concerning those old papers, the Oshesholm Courier. You understand, and the lamentable tragedy they chronicle."

"Indeed!"

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