NOW AND THEN.

BY LADY WILDE.

The sunshine falls
Upon ruined walls
And the desolate places lying,
Like a desert vast
Of ruin and waste
Strewn with wrecks of the dead and dying.
And the exile roams
From the roofless homes
Of his own fair, beautiful islet
With never a care
In his dull despair
Where the winds or the waves may pilot.

Yet, the fever strife
Of a nation's life
Is a fearful thing and a splendid,
For through storm and night,
The glory and light
Of the coming of day is blended.
The cry of despair
In the silent air
So helpless it seems, and feeble;
But the dying groans
May have shaken thrones
From the lips of a murdered people.

Great thoughts will move
In the mighty groove
Of a nation travelling onward,
As the fiery flood
Of the wrath of God
When the whirlwind is sweeping downward.
And the chanted song
Of a nation's wrong
To the low, sweet chords of the player,
Can sever the chain
Of the slave in twain,
Like the hammer of Thor, the Slayer.

For our right is might
In the deadly fight
We wage with the powers of Evil,
And our thunder-words
Are like lifted swords
To war against man or devil.
Lo! the path we tread
By our martyred dead
Has been trodden mid ban and blessing,
And unconquered still
Is the steadfast will
And the faith they died confessing.

For never a gain
Made failure vain
But the dead have helped to win it;
And the holiest shrine
Of a cause divine
The hands of the dead begin it.
Like spirits of doom
They traverse the gloom,
The souls of the mighty forces
That can break the spell,
Were it woven in hell,
Of the haughtiest tyrants' courses.

New strength will come
From the martyrdom
That has driven a people frantic;
They will take their stand
In a mightier land
Beyond the broad Atlantic.
And, tho' changeless still
Be the wrongs and ill,
Yet each hand will be nerved with power,
To rend the net
That is round them set
When destiny strikes the hour.

They will tread the soil
Where brave men toil
With a brave heart's self reliance,
They will drink of the streams
Where the Star-Flag gleams
In proud, serene defiance;
And will learn how men
Win their freedom when
The soul of a weary nation
Grows sick of the chain
Of the tyrant's reign
And the brand of his desolation.

For Ideas span
The infinite plan
With an onward and ceaseless motion,
Flinging wide an arch
For the people's march
Over river and land and ocean;
And town and tower
Will feel the power
Of the silent revolution,
When the weapons wrought
In the forge of thought
Dash down each old delusion.

The toilers rude
In their servitude,
Will hear the exulting chorus;
And resolute hands
Will guide our bands
On the path heroes trod before us.
For strong as winds
The tempest unbinds
Will be the song of the Nations,
When the deathly pall
Of oppression will fall
From the soul of the generations.

THE OLD BARON;

—OR—

THE CHAMPION OF VIRTUE.

[CONTINUED.]

'Oh, my father!' said Sir Robert, 'I cannot bear your generosity; you would give away all to others, and reserve nothing for yourself.'

'Not so, my son,' said the Baron, 'I will repair my old castle in Wales, and reside there. I will visit my children, and be visited by them; I will enjoy their happiness, and by that means increase my own; whether I look backwards or forwards, I shall have nothing to do but rejoice, and be thankful to Heaven, that has given me so many blessings; I shall have the comfortable reflection of having discharged my duties as a citizen, a husband, a father, a friend; and, whenever I am summoned away from this world, I shall die content.'

Sir Robert came forward with tears on his cheeks, he kneeled to his father.

'Best of parents, and of men!' said he; 'you have subdued a heart that has been too refractory to your will; you have this day made me sensible how much I owe to your goodness and forbearance with me. Forgive me all that is past, and from henceforward dispose of me; I will have no will but yours, no ambition but to be worthy of the name of your son.'

'And this day,' said the baron, 'do I enjoy the true happiness of a father! Rise, my son, and take possession of the first place in my affection, without reserve.'

They embraced with tears on both sides; the company rose, and congratulated both father and son.

The Baron presented his son to Lord Clifford, who embraced him, and said:

'You shall have my daughter, for I see that you deserve her.'

Sir Philip Harclay approached; the Baron gave his son's hand to the knight.

'Love and respect that good man,' said he; 'deserve his friendship, and you will obtain it.'

Nothing but congratulations were heard on all sides.

When the joy was in some degree reduced to composure, Sir Philip proposed that they should begin to execute the schemes of happiness they had planned. He proposed that my Lord Fitz-Owen should go with him to the castle of Lovel, and settle the family there.

The Baron consented; and both together invited such of the company, as liked it, to accompany them thither.

It was agreed that a nephew of Lord Graham's, another of Lord Clifford's, two gentlemen, friends of Sir Philip Harclay, and Father Oswald, should be of the party, together with several of Sir Philip's dependents and domestics, and the attendants on the rest.

Lord Fitz-Owen gave orders for their speedy departure.

Lord Graham and his friends took leave of them, in order to return to his own home; but, before he went, he engaged his eldest nephew and heir to the second daughter of the Lord Clifford.

Sir Robert offered himself to the eldest, who modestly received his addresses, and made no objection to his proposal.

The fathers confirmed the engagement.

Lord Fitz-Owen promised to return to the celebration of the marriage; in the meantime he ordered his son to go and take possession of his uncle's house, and to settle his household; he invited young Clifford and some other gentlemen to go with him.

The company separated with regret, and with many promises of friendship on all sides; and the gentlemen of the north were to cultivate the good neighborhood on both sides of the borders.

Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitz-Owen, with their friends and attendants, set forward for the castle of Lovel; a servant went before, at full speed, to acquaint the family of their approach.

Edmund was in great anxiety of mind, now the crisis of his fate was near at hand; he inquired of the messenger, who was of the party, and finding that Sir Philip Harclay was there, and that Sir Robert Fitz-Owen staid in the north, his hopes rose above his fears.

Mr William, attended by a servant, rode forward to meet them; he desired Edmund to stay and receive them.

Edmund was under some difficulty with regard to his behavior to the lovely Emma; a thousand times his heart rose to his lips, as often he suppressed his emotions; they both sighed frequently, said little, thought much, and wished for the event.

Master Walter was too young to partake of their anxieties, but he wished for the arrival of his father to end them.

Mr. William's impatience spurred him on to meet his father. As soon as he saw him, he rode up directly to him.

'My dear father, you are welcome home!' said he.

'I think not,' said the Baron, and he looked serious.

'Why so, my lord?' asked William.

'Because it is no longer mine, but another man's home,' answered he, 'and I must receive my welcome from him.'

'Meaning Edmund?' said William.

'Whom else can it be?'

'Ah, my lord, he is your creature, your servant; he puts his fate into your hands, and will submit to your pleasure in all things.'

'Why comes he not to meet us?' said the Baron.

'His fears prevent him," said William, 'but speak the word and I will fetch him.'

'No,' said the Baron, 'we will wait on him.'

William looked confused.

'Is Edmund so unfortunate,' said he, 'as to have incurred your displeasure?'

Sir Philip Harclay advanced and laid his hand on William's saddle.

'Generous patience, noble youth!' said he; 'look around you, and see if you can discover in this company one enemy of your friend. Leave to your excellent father the time and manner of explaining himself. He only can do justice to his own sentiments.'

The Baron smiled on Sir Philip. William's countenance cleared up; they went forward, and soon arrived at the castle of Lovel.

Edward was walking to and fro in the hall, when he heard the horn that announced their arrival; his emotions were so great that he could hardly support them.

The Baron and Sir Philip entered the hall hand in hand. Edmund threw himself at their feet, and embraced their knees, but could not utter a word. They raised him between them, and strove to encourage him, but he threw himself into the arms of Sir Philip Harclay, deprived of strength, and almost of life. They supported him to a seat, where he recovered by degrees, but had no power to speak his feelings. He looked up to his benefactors in the most affecting manner. He laid his hand upon his bosom, but was still silent.

'Compose yourself, my dear son,' said Sir Philip; 'you are in the arms of your best friends. Look up to the happiness that awaits you; enjoy the blessing that Heaven sends you; lift up your heart in gratitude to the Creator, and think less of what you owe to the creature. You will have time enough to pay us your acknowledgments hereafter.'

The company came round them; the servants looked into the hall; shouts of joy were heard on all sides. The Baron came and took Edmund's hand.

'Rise, sir,' said he, 'and do the honors of your house; it is yours from this day. We are your guests, and expect from you our welcome.'

Edmund kneeled to the Baron. He spoke with a faltering voice:

'My lord, I am yours; all that I have is at your devotion. Dispose of me as it pleases you best.'

The Baron embraced him with the greatest affection.

'Look around you,' said he, 'and salute your friends. These gentlemen came hither to do you honor.'

Edmund revived; he embraced and welcomed the gentlemen. Father Oswald received his embrace with peculiar affection and gave him his benediction in a most affecting manner.

Edmund exclaimed:

'Pray for me, Father! that I may bear all these blessings with gratitude and moderation.'

He then saluted and shook hands with all the servants, not omitting the meanest. He distinguished Joseph by a cordial embrace; he called him his dear friend.

'Now,' said he, 'I can return your friendship, and I am proud to acknowledge it.'

The old man, with a faltering voice, cried out:

'Now I have lived long enough; I have seen my master's son acknowledged as the heir of Lovel!'

The hall echoed with his words: 'Long live the heir of Lovel!'

The Baron took Edmund's hand in his own.

'Let us retire from this crowd,' said he, 'we have business of a more private nature to transact.'

He led the way to the parlor, followed by Sir Philip and the other gentlemen.

"Where are my other children?' said he.

William retired, and presently returned with his brother and sister. They kneeled to their father, who raised and embraced them.

The Baron then called out:

'William! Edmund! come and receive my blessing also.'

They approached hand in hand; they kneeled, and he gave them a solemn benediction.

'Your friendship deserves our praise, my children,' said he; 'love each other always, and may Heaven pour down its choicest blessings upon your heads.'

They rose and embraced in silent raptures of joy.

Edmund presented his friend to Sir Philip.

'I understand you,' said he. 'This gentleman was my first acquaintance with this family; he has a title to the second place in my heart. I shall tell him, at more leisure, how much I love and honor him for his own sake, as well as yours.'

He embraced the youth, and desired his friendship.

'Come hither, my Emma,' said the Baron.

She approached with tears on her cheek, sweetly blushing like the damask rose, wet with the dew of the morning.

'I must ask you a serious question, my child,' said the Baron; 'answer me with the same sincerity you would to Heaven. You see this young man, the heir of Lovel! You have known him long; consult your own heart, and tell me whether you have any objection to receive him as your husband. I have promised to all this company to give you to him, but upon condition that you approve of him. I think him worthy of you; and, whether you accept him or not, he shall ever be to me a son; but Heaven forbid that I should compel my child to give her hand where she cannot bestow her heart. Speak freely, and decide this point for me and yourself.'

The fair Emma blushed, and was under some confusion; her virgin modesty prevented her speaking for some moments.

Emma cast her eye on him, she saw his emotion, and hastened to relieve him. She thus spoke, in a soft voice, which gathered strength as she proceeded:

'My lord and father's goodness has always prevented my wishes; I am the happiest of all children, in being able to obey his commands, without offering violence to my own inclinations. As I am called upon in this public manner, it is but justice to this gentleman's merit to declare, that, were I at liberty to choose a husband from all the world, he only should be my choice, who, I can say with joy, is my father's also.'

Edmund bowed low, he advanced towards her; the Baron took his daughter's hand and presented it to him; he kneeled upon one knee, took her hand and pressed it to his bosom.

The Baron embraced and blessed them; he presented them to Sir Philip Harclay.

'Receive and acknowledge your children!'

'I do receive them as the gift of Heaven!' said the noble knight; 'they are as much mine as if I had begotten them. All that I have is theirs, and shall descend to their children for ever.'

A fresh scene of congratulation ensued; and the hearts of all the auditors were too much engaged to be able soon to return to the ease and tranquility of common life

After they had refreshed themselves, and recovered from the emotions they had sustained on this interesting occasion, Edmund thus addressed the Baron:

'On the brink of happiness I must claim your attention to a melancholy subject. The bones of both my parents lie unburied in this house; permit me, my honored lord, to perform my last duty to them, and the remainder of my life shall be devoted to you and yours.'

'Certainly,' said the Baron; 'why have you not interred them?'

'My lord, I waited for your arrival, that you might be certified of the reality, and that no doubts might remain.'

'I have no doubts,' said the Baron. 'Alas, both the crime and punishment of the offender leave no room for them!'

He sighed.

'Let us now,' he said, 'put an end to this affair; and, if possible, forget it for ever.'

'If it will not be too painful to you, my lord,' said Edmund, 'I would entreat you, with these gentlemen, our friends, to follow me into the east apartment, the scene of my parents' woes, and yet the dawning of my better hopes.'

They rose to attend him; he committed the Lady Emma to the care of her youngest brother, observing, that the scene was too solemn for a lady to be present at it.

They proceeded to the apartment; he showed the Baron the fatal closet, and the place where the bones were found, also the trunk that contained them; he recapitulated all that had passed before their arrival; he showed them the coffin where the bones of the unfortunate pair were deposited. He then desired the Baron to give orders for their interment.

'No,' replied he, 'it belongs to you to order, and everyone here is ready to perform it.'

Edmund then desired Father Oswald to give notice to the friars of the monastery of St Austin, that, with their permission, the funeral should be solemnized there, and the bones interred in the church. He also gave orders that the closet should be floored, the apartment repaired, and put in order. He then returned to the other side of the castle.

Preparations being made for the funeral, it was performed a few days after. Edmund attended in person as chief mourner, Sir Philip Harclay as the second. Joseph desired he might assist as servant to the deceased. They were followed by most of the people of the village.

The story was now become public, and every one blessed Edmund for the piety and devotion with which he performed the last duties to his parents.

Edmund appeared in deep mourning; the week after he assisted at a mass for the repose of the deceased.

Sir Philip Harclay ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of his friends, with the following inscription:—

'Praye for the soules of Arthur Lord Lovele, and Marie, his wife, who were cut off in the flowere of their youthe, by the treacherye and cruelltie of their neare kinnesmanne. Edmund, theire onlie sonne, one and twentie yeares after theire deathe, by the direction of heavene, made the discoverye of the mannere of their deathe, and at the same time proved his own birthe. He collected theire bones together, and interred them in this place A warning and proofe to late posteritie of the justice of Providence, and the certaintie of retribution.'

The Sunday after the funeral Edmund threw off his mourning, and appeared in a dress suitable to his condition. He received the compliments of his friends with ease and cheerfulness, and began to enjoy his happiness. He asked an audience of his fair mistress, and was permitted to declare the passion he had so long stifled in his own bosom. She gave him a favorable hearing, and in a short time confessed that she had suffered equally in that suspense that was so grievous to him. They engaged themselves by mutual vows to each other, and only waited the Baron's pleasure to complete their happiness: every cloud was banished from their brows, and sweet tranquility took possession of their bosoms. Their friends shared their happiness. William and Edmund renewed their vows of everlasting friendship, and promised to be as much together as William's other duties would permit.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

Charitable and Sensible.

The Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the illustrious Catholic Bishop of Salford, has addressed to his flock a Pastoral on the subject of Irish Distress. The Bishop opens his letter with quotations from the letters of the Archbishop of Tuam, of the Bishop of Elphin, and of the Bishop of Raphoe, giving full details as to the existing destitution. Dr. Vaughan thus eloquently sums up the situation. "It appears," says his Lordship, "therefore certain that along the barren seacoast of the Western counties, and in the wild mountains of Donegal, thousands of poor peasants are on the very verge of actual starvation, hundreds of them living upon seaweed or a single bowl of Indian meal a day, and that the destitution is rapidly and certainly increasing both in severity and extent." The Bishop then explains that these poor people have no rich centres like the great English towns into which they can congregate. No warm and comfortable cotton factories, affording regular employment and good wages, no collieries, no potteries, no ironworks, no glass foundries, no resources of labor by day, but on patches of wet soil, with miserable huts and cabins to huddle into by night. His Lordship then shows that the Irish poor hate the workhouse, connected as it is with "degradation and permanent pauperism," and that emigration forced on a people means sheer cruelty, if not death, to the old and infirm, and to children, and is no present equivalent for food to the hungry. His Lordship does not fear to add, that in summing up the causes which led to the present distress, account must also be taken of the increased number of evictions which occurred last year. From the Government return, quoted by Dr. Vaughan, it appears that while in 1881 the number of persons evicted was 17,341, in 1882 they rose to what he justly calls the "awful number" of 26,836. The Bishop concludes by announcing the very practical measures he has taken in aid of Irish distress. On Sunday a subscription for relief to Ireland took place in all the churches of Salford, and for a few weeks the clergy will collect for the same object. In the course of his address the Bishop warns his flock in solemn language against secret societies, which have in all times brought with them such ruin, spiritual and temporal. Ireland should be deeply grateful to the good Bishop of Salford, who has with so much eloquence and emphasis raised his voice for her poor.—*Dublin Freeman.*

A Few Words about Sheep.

There is no domestic animal more liable to disease than sheep; and yet, with proper care, there is none more easily kept in a healthy state. Sheep are tender, delicate animals, but nature has provided them with shields against many dangers. If they have shelter in time of storms, and especially rain and snow storms, and have sufficient clear water, there is little to be feared from disease. Sheep need frequent changes of pasture in the pasture season, and the same rule applies in reference to dry food. It is a rule applying to all animate nature that the more refined the organization, the greater need of variety in sustenance. We do not mean the variety in classes or kinds of food, but rather variety in that general sense which includes in means of sustenance all proper elements in healthy growth—care and treatment as well as food.

We believe every farmer ought to have some sheep, more or less, as his means and conveniences will justify. But unless he can give them good attention, and can care for them well, he is better without them. Oats, rye and corn ought to be set apart for sheep in the winter, and a little of one or all of them fed along through the fall. Racks and troughs should be prepared and kept clean. An excellent arrangement for feeding is made as follows: Take a two-inch plank a foot wide and bevel the edges; then on each edge put a four-inch piece even with the edge on the narrow side of the plank. This makes a trough flat and a foot wide. Then, on a line three inches from each outer edge of the trough bore a row of inch holes three inches apart. Bore them at an angle to correspond with the bevel on the edge of the plank. In these holes put sticks shaved, sawed, or turned, twenty-four to twenty-eight inches long, and put their upper ends through similar holes in a three or four inch piece, and have these top pieces joined at the ends, and at a proper distance between to give strength. This makes a rack and trough combined, which may be kept in position by being fastened on benches or logs, or it may have its own feet. Bran, shorts, and any kind of ground feed and salt, or whole grain, may be conviently fed in such a trough, and hay or fodder well secured in the rack. Of course the hay must be cleaned out before putting the ground feed in the trough. Sheep will feed nicely on both sides of such a rack, and stand in the most economical and healthy position.—*Rural Herald.*

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JOHN NEWSON.

Nov. 22, 1882.

Prince Edward Island RAILWAY.

Time Table No. 19.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

To take effect on 29th Nov., 1882.

Trains Outward.

(READ DOWN.)

STATIONS.	MIXED	MIXED.	MIXED.
Ch'town	Dp 8.15 a.m	Dp 3.30 p.m	Dp 3.00 p.m
Royalty Je	" 8.38 "	" 3.53 "	
N. Wiltshire	" 9.29 "	" 4.45 "	
Hunter Riv.	" 9.45 "	" 5.00 "	
Bradalbane	" 10.23 "	" 5.38 "	
County Line	" 10.32 "	" 5.48 "	
Freetown	" 10.47 "	" 6.03 "	
Kensington	" 11.10 "	" 6.25 "	
	Ar 11.45 "		
Summerside	Dp 1.15 p.m	Ar 7.00 "	
Miscouche	" 1.37 "		
Wellington	" 2.05 "		
Port Hill	" 2.48 "		
O'Leary	" 4.05 "		
Bloomfield	" 4.30 "		
Alberton	" 5.10 "		
Tignish	Ar 6.05 "		
Royalty Je			Dp 3.23 p.m
York			" 3.40 "
Bedford			" 4.00 "
Mt. Stewart			" 4.45 "
Cardigan			" 6 03 "
Georgetown			Ar 6.30 "
Mt. Stewart			Dp 4.45 p.m
Morell			" 5.27 "
St. Peter's			" 5.57 "
Bear River			" 6.46 "
Souris			Ar 7.30 "

Trains Inward.

(READ UP.)

STATIONS.	MIXED.	MIXED.	MIXED.
Ch'town	Ar 4.15 p.m	Ar 11.15 a.m	Ar 11.30 a.m
Royalty Jun	Dp 3.53 "	Dp10.52 "	
N. Wiltshire	" 3.01 "	" 10.01 "	
Hunter Riv.	" 2.45 "	" 9.45 "	
Bradalbane	" 2.09 "	" 9.08 "	
County Line	" 1.50 "	" 8.58 "	
Freetown	" 1.43 "	" 8.43 "	
Kensington	" 1.20 "	" 8.20 "	
	" 12.45 "		
Summerside	Ar 11.20 a.m	" 7.45 "	
	Dp10.58 "		
Miscouche	" 10.31 "		
Wellington	" 9.48 "		
Port Hill	" 8.30 "		
O'Leary	" 8.05 "		
Bloomfield	" 7.27 "		
Alberton	" 6.30 "		
Tignish			
Royalty Jun			Dp11.57 "
York			" 11.50 "
Bedford			" 10.30 "
M. Stewart			" 9.55 "
Cardigan			" 8.25 "
Georgetown			" 8.00 "
M. Stewart			Dp 6.55 a.m
Morell			" 9.04 "
St. Peter's			" 8.33 "
Bear River			" 7.45 "
Souris			" 7.00 "

L. B. ARCHIBALD,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Ch'town, Nov. 25, 1882—61.

BAZAAR.

THE Members of the Ladies' Hospital Committee intend holding a Bazaar on JULY 10TH, in aid of the City Hospital, and contributions will be thankfully received by the following Ladies:—

MRS. POPE, President.
" MASON, Treasurer.

Mrs. Connolly.	Mrs. J. Longworth,
" Caven,	Miss Hensley,
" D. O'M. Reddin,	" M. Macleod,
" Beaton,	Mrs. C. C. Gardiner,
" M. Blake,	" Bagnall,
" Sullivan,	" J. Peake,
" Hobkirk,	" R. B. Peake,
" L. H. Davies,	" Strickland,
" Geo. Davies,	Miss M. Palmer,
" Geo. Macleod,	" K. Wright,
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