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Charlottetown, June 5, 1889-tf

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AND WRITES:

(signed)

E. HALE,

Halifax, N. f

W. M. D. PEARMAN.

THE OCEAN

I stood on the strand,
And how gorgoonaly grand
is the ocean that rolled and if
It hissed and it foamed, And in silver it roamed,

I pondered the time, And the rhythm and rhyme his wondrously grand orches Every note was in chime, taught by some grand old man

Paganini and Gluck, Must have wandered by luck To the ocean by inspiration; Mendelssohn and Spohr, Beethoven and Moo

To its genius-paid invoca osthenes, he From the thundering sea, Took the art of his declamation And the wild billows' roar,

The orotand grand He essayed on the strand Of the beach with the calm effus He mastered so well,

The staccato and bold expulsive Methinks from the sea Of famed Galilee The harp of the royal David

That ages of time Have apprised so divinely spl Did Homer of yore Repose on the shore, And drink in with jubilation

His glories of style, And revel the while In the ocean's grand oration? Kosiusko and Tell, ard Liberty's voice declain

Its echoiug shout, George Washington's stout Robert Emmet and Bruce, Whose motto—no truce, To the despot forging thraids For all tyrant knaves

Heard vengeance' cry of freedom I heard in the cry The anthem of Liberty's daw Proclaiming that free, Sweet Erin shall be,
On the morrow—her golden morning.

FATHER GAVAN -in San Francisco Monitor. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY. I.

Sweet comfort for the world, a stranger Lay all that solemn night in Bethleh Within a manger: Jesse's Root and Stem Should spring the very morrow strong

There was no room within the inn for them

The woman who beneath her girdle bare

She lies, alone with God, this holy eve;

"Behold, this woman is nigh her travail And take her by the hand and gently bring

Into the room, and softly speak, and lay The woman down, and watch by her till day Until the shadows fled, and light should And with the springing light the Holy Thing?

Oh, but if men had felt the throbbing bread Of night alive with wonder and the fair Great Dawn, they had left their beds all Nor cared a whit for any sleep or rest,

We, have not we rejected any guest?
Dismissed the more than angel unav

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the good olden times there once fi

ed a queen,
Her step was elastic, majestic her mien;
The robe which she wore was emerald green
And the name she rejoiced in was—Erin As the dream of a poet—a vision of light— Her face it was fair and her eye it was

If not, why then still the old adage re

hearts, hands, and be We'll shatter to fragments Wherewith they have bound thee, de-

Peace on earth'

SIMON VERDE

CHAPTER VIII .- [CONTINUED] Senor Alcalde I have forgotten the ast,' said Simon, much moved.

ou so much injury! Death opens th enores, you are all witness-

ave confessed, and wish to die a h Christian. As you are one, do not prevent this. Senores, I calumniated Agueda, an innocent, virtuous girl, that she might not marry my son, because she was poor, out of wicked covetousness! The defamation was

closed to the sinner unless he repents.

Let man here my penitenes and pray for me, that God may hear and re
"Mi Nino" has been more absent than

come away. I am mailing for me, that God may hear and re
"Mi Nino" has been more absent than

She, whose glad eyes will look to-morrow morn,
With rapture, on the blessed Man-child born;
She, who in three-and-thirty years shall grieve,
Pierced to the heart; she, who will yet receive The garland of the Rose without a thorn.

II.

Hastily fetched, and now stood near the door, the poor blind woman, guided by morn, and the poor blind woman, guided by morn, and the rinvalid grand-child, whom she in turn supported. The repentant man fixed his eyes mournfully upon these three persons so changed by calamity, whom he had not beheld for a year.

It added a pang to his last moments to spend upon clothes, and is not properly provided for a bride!

"I ought to have guessed it, said Simon. laughing too, for I remember now the extraordinary song I so often heart at night. I little thought it was the title which quietly chased each other amburn curls, assumed an independent attitude and a gay countent and in order to demonstrate that the meant for Maricota. But I must tell you, 'Mi Nino,' she has no money to spend upon clothes, and is not properly provided for a bride!

It added a pang to his last moments to spend upon clothes, and is not properly provided for a bride!

'Agueda will look after that. She intermed at her mother's call. She repeatedly shook more.

I ought to have guessed it,' said Simon. laughing too, for I remember now the extraordinary song I so often heart at night. I little thought it was the time, started at her mother's call. She repeatedly shook more. I ought to have guessed it,' said Simon. laughing too, for I remember now the extraordinary song I so often heart at night. I little thought it was the time, started at her mother's call. She repeatedly shook more. I ought to have guessed it,' said Simon. laughing too, for I remember now the extraordinary song I so often heart at night. I little thought it was the title should be and a gay countent at the title thought it was the title should be and a song I so often heart at night. I little thought it was the title should be and a song I so often hear hastily fetched, and now stood near the upon her head or her heels." wet cloths; the sightless eyes of the good, patient old woman, and the broken, faded look of the once fresh the bridegroom's godfather!' said Juli-

and blooming Agueda. been happy! And I—the worst sufferer by my sine—have lost peace and rest, am without a friend, or the affec-

ion of my only son! faltered he. father. Forgive me if I have been wanting in duty to you,' exclaime

'You have not, my dear son; but the heart can distinguish between forced and voluntary affection. If you ould not love me during my life, at least remember me with love and follow my advice-never bear hatred to any can I say, but blessed and praised and

The dying man fell forward inco into his sons arms. After some time, by the care of those around him, h oce more opened his eyes, and faintly aurmured, 'This is death'.

'Meet it in peace, resigned to expla-tion and trusting to salvation.' replied the priest. 'Have you anything on your mind?

The dying man signed to Agued and his son to approach, wished to join their hands, and as the priest placed them in his failing grasp, he murmured in weak accents. Be happy, Julian; let Simon be thy father. Pray

'This morning I have been to

is a little angel." Her fine eyes sparkled with the sacred joy of a mother, and the dimples in vant mean

'She is as beavy as a child three months old, said the poor, blind Ana adding, 'God bless her! What is her name?" "Ana."

'He has a favor to sek, and wante me to help him, replied Julian for 'Mi then, why don't you tell your ma to Nino.' He wants Maricota, and as she ges them?' has no father, he must ask you for her
'Mi Nino,' said Simon, 'if I had another daughter I would give her to
you, for I like you; but Maricota is
you, for I like you; but Maricota is
'No pa or ma! Well, then who takes
'No pa or ma! Well, then who takes
'No pa or ma! Well, then who takes
'Nobody,' responded Nora. 'Father
'Nobody,' responded Nora. 'Father

You are quite capable of not know ing your own age. It is just what I that she cannot earn enough to buy should expect. Don't be offended with bread for me and my three cousins. me for saying so.'

res of those souls whom God has not well, said Simon. You were twenty-rever forsaken, and the Divine four when I first came to grief; Mari-Majesty has left me time to atone in oota was then seven, and my Agueda petrated by kind parents in the name part for the wrongs I have done. thirteen. This was nine years ago; so of Santa Claus. you are now thirty-three, and Mari 'Senor, you break my heart,' inter-upted Simon, with tears flowing down but too old to marry her.' 'Don

'Mi Nino,' who had never thought comes to-night to give everybody all of his age, was confounded to har sorts of nice things?

'No, Simon, I cannot be silent; I of his age, was confounded to har sorts of nice things?

'No, I don't know him,' replied

A clear, ringing voice from the house gave me anything and I don't think be

over since he has been in love, and she Tia Ana and Agueda, who had been does not know whether she is standing

'Agueda will look after that. She

Simon. This time the voice was silent 'The girl won't answer,' said Sim

'Father,' said Agueda, gaily. 'you ar growing old and forget that 'yes' oa only be said from a balcony.' First of all, then, what do you say other?' said Simon, turning to her.

'I say that Josquin is a great favo of mine, and that an ounce of good ness is worth a hundred-weight talent. I say that they will be we married; yesterday a christening, as to-morrow a wedding! What mo honored be the Lord who does all things well?

We may add,-Blest and happy those who pass through the trials of this life guided by the law of Ohrist and the rules of His Catholic Church.

THE LITTLE ORPHA

A Christian Story with a Moral.

words and a half after the Aloalde's far countenance glowing with delight, on the eve of Christmas, 'look at the ordinary of the way. The does not look quite happy, I think. I wonder if rich Santa Clana comes to night and puts anything in her most had even the gase in the life of the people of whom we speak.

One Sunday evening the good Tia.

One Sunday evening the good Tia.

Ana was sitting in the arbor of Simon than the street of the past of the past, and brought and puts anything in her most in the street of the past of the p

st children around her.

'Mother, she is more than half out in her reckening, said Simon Verda, coming in bright and hearty as over, with an armful of robust vegetables.

'Maricota, the growth of your mind does not keep pase with that of your body. 'Why, you can't even couls! I mave those green oranges alone.'

At that moment a young woman entered the arbor, huming with health and happiness. She wore a smart woolen dress open in front, displaying her stiff, showy pottionest. Upon her body are the probability rested of the body are the probability rested of the body are the probability rested of the body are the same time to hills her broken if the same time to hills her broken if the same time to hill her broken if the same time to hills her broken if the same time to hills her broken if the same time to hill her broken if the same time to hills her broken if the same time to hill her broken if the same time to hill

What is your na

Nora. replied Clara fcelleg!
'Nora,' why don't the surrant fix you hair is more our of the mass.'

Nora appeared a good doal confess at the question, not knowing what want meant, at all events, terring by an experience of such balls time.

Clare, not less surprised at the unpercond and to her, incomprehensil "That is a grandmother's name?"

Exactly. I hope she will live to have grandchildren who love her as yours do you.

'Julian, why did you let this child come out so soon? asked Simon.

'Because, father Simon. Agueda always does as she likes,' replied Julian. 'Well, why don't your pa buy you a mice hat and furs for the cold weather, and new boots too? Ma says I am a maughty child whenever I go skating on the sidewalks without my overshoes the arbor, 'Mi Nino, why don't you ome in?'

Nora, after a short pause, responded: 'I have no val'

ed: 'I have no pal'
'No papa,' ejaculated Clara, 'Well, 'I have no ma either,' was the sa

died when I was little and mother died 'Mi Nino' looked puzzled, and did last year. Aunty, with whom I stay, for a living, but she is sick so often 'Poor Nora, I don't wonder you look 'I will go and ask my mother,' said so sad. But say, won't Santa Class

Warning to Debtors, the suitor, retreating.
Stop. I dare say I know pretty for you? 'Who is that?' inquired Nora una quainted with the pious frauds per

> 'Who is that?' pettishly repeat 'Don't you know Santa Claus w

in sage,
himself called old.
You should marry a widow; that
would suit you best,' continued βimon
would suit you best,' continued βimon
yeards.

'No, I don't know nim, representation of the same with the correct that filled her eyes. 'He never that filled her eyes. 'He never xolaimed—
Why should you answer for the come bread 'As she spoke she com-

ovetousness! The defamation was public, and I publicly retract it. As for you, Simon—'

'No more, Senor; your honor has done more than your Christian duty, repeated Simon, noting the Alcalde's xhaustion.

'No. Simon. The gate of heaven is 'Chaha', and Agueda, laughing.

'Why should you answer for the some bread' As she spoke she commenced to move off slowly, seeing Clara's mother approach.

Clara's mother approach.

Clara's mother approach.

Clara's mother approach.

Clara continued—'I do think he's would have thought is? They may well say you can never know all the ins and outs of your own house!'

No. Simon. The gate of heaven is 'Chaha', said Agueda, laughing.

Little Clara, as if she had been dreaming all the time, started at her

terrogation, what is the matter! m.

'Maricota, shall I say yes?' saked her anything. There are no servents imon. This time the voice was silent.

she bas no pa or no ma.' 'Oh. then she's a little orphan,' r plied the mother.

And what is that? seked Clara.

'It means a child whose father and nother are dead.' Clara passed for a moment an gain exclaimed. 'Poor Nora.' Bu

Clara passed for a moment and again exclaimed. 'Poor Nora.' But Ma, can't Mary take me to ber house of the comprow, that I may give her some of my presents'.

By this time the sympathy between it the mother's heart and that of her child had assumed an equilibrium. She stooged down to kise away the tears from Clara's checks as she answered:

'Certainly, my dear Clara. I love to find in your young heart so kind and generous a feeling for a little orphan.' Anything you over desire in that way I will encourage and give you the means to execute it.'

'Thank you, Ma; and I will give some money to her aunty to buy

some money to her aunty to buy bread, too.'

'Very good, Clara. But you mus not be so sad.' Here the mother s re

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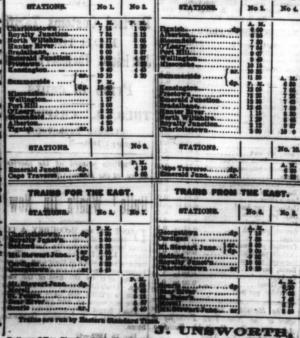
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