FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

BY ARCHBISHOP CLEARY, OF KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

The tribute most dear to our Lord above
Is drawn from man's Faith, and Hope, and Love—

Where'er under and sorrow-comforting shrine
Are his Name, his Cross, and his heart beings,
With just proportion, in fair degree,
Blessed the Isle of Saints, the gem of the sea;
With hearts ever warm, with all strength, all mind,
Are our Faith, and our Hope, and our Love, entwined.

And believe we them in the darkest Land?
Where Hope her anchor in Erin's strand?
Can changes arise, can years efface
The faith and hope of our Irish race?
Faithful to God, who made land and sea,
True to herself shall old Ireland be!
Hope keeps, our Isles, and a future grand
Before our enraptured eyes expand.

Yes! we believe, and our hope is strong,
That old Ireland in least shall right her wrong;
Within her weeping skies the bow appears,
That proclaims the approach of brighter years—
Stays the deluge of woe forever gone by,
Sins pardoned from the heart, and stored from the sky,
Unbroken conquered—'tis surely just
In this brave old race we should put staunch trust!

In Erin our faith is as bright and true
As steel in the grasp of bold Brian;
Our hopes shall fade, and our trust shall fall,
When fades remembrance of Limerick wall;
When the splendors of Boyne are lost in eclipse,
And Moore is a stranger to heart and lips,
When Granian shall sink to a powerless name,
And Dunlo, the Lion shall cease to tame!

This is our faith—that no land on earth
Shall surpass the dear isle of our blood and birth;
No sons shall be braver, more staunch, more sure,
No maidens be fairer, more constant or pure;
No sunlit shore, no isle of the sea,
Shall be happier, wiser, more true or free;
In genius and worth with all lands she shall come—
Such Ireland's belief and her children's hope.

Faith, without Love, is cold and dead—
Without Love, even Hope will soon bestead.
Dear home of the Shamrock, our joy, our pride,
Each nephyr that fans thee, each plash of thy tide,

In the emblem, the echo of movement sweet,
Ecstatic as music's soul-searching beat
Of the throb, the wild pulse, and the yearning breast
To be stuffed when pulse throb, heart find rest.
Love still we thee, while life beats warm,
In joy, as in sorrow, in sunshine and storm.
The land ever dearest, the honored sod
Which our sainted forefathers have trod;
Press may our footprint Australian shore,
Round us the billows may surge and roar,
But o'er waves and winds soars our anthem free;
Green gem of the waters, thy children, we
Wail our Faith, and our Hope, and our Love
—to thee.

—Rev. William Kelly, S. J., in Irish Monthly.

NORA OF BALLYRUSHON.

There wasn't a happier boy in the parish of Ballyrushon than Pat O'Grady, and there was no reason why he should be otherwise. He was a handsome, well-made young fellow, and hadn't his equal for miles around at bowling, jumping, dancing, or any of the numerous sports common to the rural districts of Ireland. His father had been a thrifty, hardworking old man, and had left Pat, at the age of twenty-two, as nice and well-stocked a little farm as there was in the county.

But on the Sunday my story opens Pat suddenly took it into his head that, as well-stocked as the farm was, there was something wanting, and that something was a mistress for the snug little cottage on the hillside.

Now, next to Pat's farm lay that of the Widow McCarthy, and to Nora, the widow's only daughter, did Pat's mind turn when this idea struck him. We know it will never occur to our fair readers that it was ulterior views with regard to the widow's farm that caused Pat's choice to fall on Nora McCarthy, but for those of the other sex who might imagine such was the case we will explain that it was nothing of the sort.

Nora was the belle of Ballyrushon, a lovely, dark-haired girl, with eyes like sloes, and such teeth and lips. But Nora, though admitted on all hands to be the prettiest girl in the parish, wasn't a bit proud or given to airs, as most belles are, and, though she had admirers without number, she kept them all at equal distance, and not one of them could say he had been favored a hair's breadth more than another.

It was no wonder, then, that a thought of the farm never entered Pat O'Grady's head when it captured it his at a dance at the close round that Nora McCarthy was the girl he should like to see ruling the cottage, the farm and himself. He had succeeded after a good deal of trouble in getting a dance with her, for she was seldom allowed to rest, and, as he gazed on her fresh, innocent face, he thought how happy he should be if his wishes were ever realized. He saw Nora home from the dance, and from that day out it began to be remarked that 'Pat O'Grady was courtin' the widow's daughter.'

Not a day passed that he was not at Mrs. McCarthy's on some excuse or another. Though his stock of farming implements was as complete, if not more so, than the widow's, the rogue was wanting the loan of some article or another, which, strange to say, he found he could do without immediately afterwards, and back he was again with it. Nor a little time Nora seemed not to care for him; all his little attentions were received just as those of her other admirers. But it is an old saying, 'that constant dropping wears away a stone,' and Pat's attention could not but in the end have some influence on her. In fact, the result of it was, that a few months after our story opens found Pat and Nora in the possession of each other's hearts.

When this fact became known, and all her other admirers quietly resigned themselves to their fate, the omens of true love could have run smoothly, and the cottage on the hillside would not have long wanted a mistress; but it was otherwise decreed.

Among the young men who had been most conspicuous in their attentions to Nora was one John Barry, the son of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood, a young man subject to the vilest passions, and the only one for whom Nora entertained any sort of dislike. When he found himself an unsuccessful rival of Pat's he vowed vengeance against him.

Pat O'Grady's lease was just about to expire, but as he had always paid his rent punctually, he had no doubt but that he would get it renewed, if even at a slight increase of rent. That he knows that John Barry was one of the applicants at his lease, and that he had been having interviews with Mr. De Montmorency, the landlord, his mind would not have been so easy.

Barry had so poisoned Mr. De Montmorency's mind against poor Pat, and offered such a high rent for his farm that when Pat went for a new lease he was told he should either sign a lease at a rent he was unable to pay or leave the farm. Pat would not sign the new lease, but he resolved to stick to the farm as long as he could do so. The landlord took immediate steps to evict him from the house which had been his home from his birth, and in which all his tenderest feelings were centered. On a bleak November day he was turned out on the roadside in the presence of many of his friends and neighbors, any of whom would be glad to assist him, but Pat was too proud to accept assistance while he had a stout heart, and he resolved to set out with what money he could put together, for that refuge of the oppressed of all nations, and particularly of his own, the United States.

He was staying at the Widow McCarthy's, and intended leaving Ballyrushon in a few days, but dreaded the parting with his darling Nora. Poor Nora had tried to make matters look as bright as possible, and spoke so hopefully of his success in America, and when he should send for her, that he had become quite reconciled, and the natural feelings of bitterness and hate which had been aroused in his breast against Barry and the landlord had been almost suppressed.

The moment came soon when he was obliged to say farewell. As he tore himself from the arms of the almost fainting Nora, he vowed that with the help of heaven they would yet live together in the cottage on the hillside.

The steamer *Celtic* was to leave Queenstown next morning, and when Pat O'Grady reached there that evening he thought it better to go to bed as soon as he could to try to bury in sleep the recollections of his troubles. He slept soundly and dreamt all sorts of pleasant things about the future of Nora and himself. He awoke in the morning early, and was getting down to the quay when, to his astonishment, he was stopped by two policemen, who asked him was he not Pat O'Grady? On his answering yes, they told him that he was a prisoner; that they had a warrant for his arrest for the murder of Mr. De Montmorency, of Ballyrushon, the previous day.

Pat was so utterly dumbfounded at such a charge that he allowed himself to be quietly led away to the police station without uttering a word. Here he was formally charged with the crime. When asked if he wished to make any statement he looked about him in a dazed sort of way, but said nothing.

He was taken back that evening to Ballyrushon, and the next day a private inquiry was held before the local magistrates.

The first witness called was John Barry. His evidence was that about five o'clock in the afternoon of the day Pat had left for Queenstown, he was coming past Mr. De Montmorency's lodge gate when he noticed on the opposite side of the road some way from the gate the body of a man lying in the ditch. On going over he was horrified to discover it was the body of that gentleman, with a gunshot wound in his forehead. He immediately acquainted the police of the circumstance.

The next witness was a man known in the neighborhood by the nickname of Shaun Dhu. He was a notorious character, and spent the greatest part of his life in prison. He testified to have seen the prisoner, Pat O'Grady, running away from near the place where the body was found, about three hours previous to the finding, with a gun in his hand. He had passed on by the lodge gate, but did not notice the body in the ditch. He had heard a shot, but thought that the prisoner might have been firing at game. On hearing of the murder later on, he notified the police of these facts.

The next person sworn was a constable who said that, acting on information received from Shaun Dhu, he and two subconstables had proceeded to the Widow McCarthy's house, where the prisoner was known to be staying. He was told by Nora McCarthy that Pat O'Grady had left about half-past three o'clock to catch the train for Cork. He then searched the premises, and found the double-barreled gun (produced) in the bottom of a dry well near the house. A description of the prisoner had been wired to Queenstown, and he had been arrested there the following morning.

This ended the evidence. The magistrates, after a few moments' consultation, remanded Pat to the following sessions.

The time dragged slowly on until the assizes were opened in Cork, but among the first cases to be disposed of was the trial of Pat O'Grady for the murder of Mr. De Montmorency.

The court was crowded, many of the Ballyrushon people having come up through motives of sympathy with the accused, who had been a general favorite.

Poor Nora McCarthy clung to her mother in a corner of the court, her tearless face showing more the terrible agony she was enduring than if the building had rung with her sobs and moans.

As Pat was placed in the dock he caught a glimpse of her, but the next instant he turned away his head. He did not wish to be unmanned, and had he gazed another second he must have been broken down.

The evidence for the Crown was a recapitulation of that given at the preliminary enquiry. The defence was an alibi proven to by Nora McCarthy and her mother, who swore that Pat was at their house at the hour the murder was stated to have been committed.

Counsel for the Crown dwelt strongly on the fact of the prisoner having been evicted by Mr. De Montmorency, and the feeling he would have against him on that account.

The judge then charged the jury, who retired to consider their verdict.

In about half an hour they returned into court. Nora McCarthy, who made her way to the rail of the dock, said poor O'Grady by the hand, but neither spoke, as their hearts were too full for words.

The foreman of the jury was asked in the usual way if they agreed to a verdict. He answered 'Yes,' and, amid the tears breathless stillness in court, declared they had found the prisoner at the bar—

'Guilty of wilful murder.'

There was a loud shriek, and Nora McCarthy fell senseless on the floor. She was spared, poor girl, the awful agony of listening to the judge pronounce the usual sentence of the law against her unfortunate lover.

Pat O'Grady was removed to the county jail to await the day fixed for his execution. Mrs. McCarthy and Nora had gone back to Ballyrushon, where the young girl had sunk into such a state of listless despondency and evident ill health that grave fears were entertained for the result.

It was just the day before that fixed for the execution when another awful tragedy startled the good folks of Ballyrushon.

Shaun Dhu, one of the Crown witnesses in the murder case, was found stabbed in several places near the spot where Mr. De Montmorency had been murdered. At first it appeared to those who discovered him that he was quite dead, but a low moan showed that life still lingered. He was carried to the nearest house and the priest and doctor were summoned. The surgeon, on examining him, stated there was no hope of life, and that he could not last until morning, but that he would rally for some time before the end came.

The priest remained by his bedside.

About an hour passed away, when the dying man opened his eyes to see the kindly face of his good priest bending over him. His hand wandered slowly to his forehead while he appeared to be trying to recall something that had occurred.

Suddenly he started into a sitting posture and shouted, 'Oh, Barry, Barry, you villian, you'll murder me.'

The priest attempted to soothe him, and in a few minutes succeeded in making him calm enough to attend to his ministrations.

He was just beginning to prepare him for his approaching end when a magistrate, who had also been summoned, entered the room. After speaking a moment with the priest, they agreed it would be better to take down whatever deposition Shaun might have to make and then leave him to make his peace with God.

The dying man then unfolded a tale which startled the functionary of the law. It was to the effect that on a certain day, a few months past, the day of Mr. De Montmorency's murder, he, Shaun Dhu, was lying inside the ditch, next to the road, at the spot where the murder took place. He heard two persons conversing approaching the road. They stopped opposite the spot where he was resting. No other persons were near. He arose and looked cautiously across the hedge. The two men were Mr. De Montmorency and John Barry. De Montmorency appeared to be remonstrating with his companion. Barry answered in an insulting tone, and called Mr. De Montmorency a foul name. De Montmorency struck him with a dogwhip he had in his hand across the face. Barry stepped back and raised a gun he carried to his shoulder. Instantly he heard a report, and saw Mr. De Montmorency fall to the ground.

Barry stood looking down at him a second, but, suddenly looking up, he caught sight of Shaun Dhu looking across the hedge. He again raised the gun to his shoulder, and called out that if he did not come out on the road he should fire. Shaun got across the hedge. Barry asked him had he seen the occurence, and he answered yes. Barry stated that it was accidental, that he put up the gun to keep off a blow from the dogwhip, and that it went off unawares. He then asked Shaun if he was well paid would he do anything he asked him. Shaun consented, and after dragging the body into a ditch, he took the gun by the direction of Barry and flung it, unobserved, into the dry well near the widow McCarthy's. Shaun was also told by Barry to tell the police he had seen Pat O'Grady run away from the scene of the murder with a gun, as soon as he heard the body was found, in fact, to swear as he had done at the inquiry and the assizes.

Barry had not paid the money agreed upon for his perjury, and, meeting him that day near the lodge gate, Shaun had threatened to tell the truth to the police that evening if it were not paid at once; but, before he was aware of his intention, Barry had suddenly seized him by the throat and stabbed him in several places. He had fallen on the road, and remembered no more till he found himself where he was now lying.

The magistrate then guided Shaun's hand while signing the document, and left immediately to take the necessary steps for Barry's arrest, and to stay the execution of Pat O'Grady. He at once telegraphed to the authorities, and, only an hour before the execution was to take place, and just as Shaun Dhu was drawing his last breath, O'Grady was informed by the Governor of the jail that his life was safe.

The usual red-tapeism had to be gone through before he was finally released, but a fortnight after saw him in the dusk of evening going up the boreen leading to the Widow McCarthy's cottage. Nora McCarthy was, of course, aware that Pat was going to be released, but not knowing exactly when, she was not expecting him, and was sitting at the little parlor fire, with clasped hands, gazing passively at the glowing embers, when Pat burst in at the door.

In a second they were in each other's arms, and as Pat looked on the worn face was and thin with long suffering, he felt that if John Barry stood before him at that moment nothing would have restrained him from killing him like a dog.

But the law was dealing with Barry. He had been arrested for the murder of Shaun Dhu, and seeing that concealment was useless, he had confessed everything. He insisted that the shooting of Mr. De Montmorency was accidental. He had been overtaken by that gentleman on the road, and had held a discussion with him about Pat O'Grady's farm.

He appeared after promising Mr. De Montmorency a high rent for the farm when O'Grady would have been turned out, he declined to take it at all. Mr. De Montmorency remonstrated with him for breaking his promise. He answered insultingly, and in the heat of passion Mr. De Montmorency struck him with his whip. When followed Shaun Dhu had truthfully told in his deposition. He had conceived the horrible plot by which the crime was fastened on Pat O'Grady. Soon after this he was executed in Cork jail.

A few days after Pat's return a gentleman came up to the Widow McCarthy's and inquired for her. It was the son of the man for whose murder Pat had so nearly been hanged. He was a kindly young man, the reverse of his father in every respect. The object of his interview with Pat O'Grady was to offer him back his farm —which had never been let—to stock it better than ever, and to repair the little 'cottage on the hillside,' which had been almost ruined on the day of the eviction. Pat accepted the offer as reparation in some measure for the suffering he had endured.

A few months afterwards saw himself and Nora settled comfortably in his old home, and now there isn't a happier pair in the county Cork than Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady.

Colic in Horses.

The horse has a comparatively small stomach which is adapted to the use of concentrated food, but that concentrated food should be mixed with bulky or fibrous food. In a state of nature, horses live upon grass and its seed, but the seed is not eaten alone. It requires bulk as well as nutriment. The bulky or fibrous food must be eaten with the concentrated, so as to separate the particles of meal and render the mass as it goes into the stomach porous. It is quite easy to see why the contents of the stomach should be in a porous or spongy condition. The gastric or digesting fluid must circulate through this mass of food in order to effect its digestion. If corn be ground into fine meal and moistened, it becomes very plastic, and adheres in a solid mass, almost impenetrable to any liquid. Now when a horse masticates corn meal so that he can swallow it, saliva must have saturated it, and it becomes a plastic, adhesive mass; and being in this condition in the stomach of the horse, the gastric juice cannot penetrate it, and the muscular movements of the stomach cannot break this adhesive mass so as to allow the gastric juice to circulate through it, and therefore it cannot be digested. And it is for this reason that whole corn, or that very coarsely ground, may be fed to a horse with less danger of colic or other diseases, induced by a feverish stomach, because, in the form of crushed kernels, it cannot adhere in a solid, plastic mass, and what is not digested will pass away in the droppings. But in the case of the plastic dough, the gastric juice only comes in contact with the outside, and the mass remains so long in the stomach as to create more or less fever, and cause colic or other disease.—*National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.*

How a Yankee Girl Improved Leap Year.

"I don't believe in this tomfoolery about leap year," said a Somerville maiden to her lover; "it's all nonsense. No girl would be so immodest as to make a downright proposal of marriage to her beau."

"You are undoubtedly right," assented the young man; "the young ladies are not near so anxious to get married as the young men."

"Oh, as to that," rejoined the maiden, "I think you are mistaken. Few of them would refuse an offer. I would jump at the chance myself."

"Would you really?"

"Try me and see."

He did try her, and their marriage will shortly take place

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THE LARGEST STOCK IN P. E. ISLAND OF

Purest Drugs,
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☞ Scrupulous care given to dispensing prescriptions.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—1yr.

CARROLL & McALEER,

Carriage Builders,

FORMERLY occupying the premises of F. Meares, J. & R. Scott, lately destroyed by fire, beg leave to inform their patrons that they have engaged the premises of Mr. P. H. Trainor,

OPPOSITE THE BOCKLIN HOUSE,

KENT STREET,

where they are prepared to attend to all work in their line.

Repairing and Painting done with Neatness and Dispatch.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—3m

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. ap 16 1y

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In connection with the above is Captain English, who is well known in P. E. Island, who will take special charge of all consignments, and will also attend to the chartering of vessels for the carrying trade of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. O'Dwyer calls attention to the fact that he is possessed of superior wharf and warehouse accommodation, and is prepared to guarantee every satisfaction.

January 16, 1884.

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A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1877 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary to restore me to my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now in family and health, and attribute my present vigor to CHERRY PECTORAL mixed with PLANTATION BITTERS."—Mrs. Ellen Palmerston, Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1883.

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"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup. I thought it my duty to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, of the virtues of which I had often heard. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude?" Extract from letter of Mrs. Emma Gendron, 120 West 126th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

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PATRICK HOGAN.

Charlottetown, May 2, 1883—1yr

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SOME long round Hemlock Timber for piles. Also, a lot Flatted Logs.

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February 20, 1884,—tl may 1

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100,000 feet Seasoned Pine, 1, 1½, 1¼ and 2 inch, &c., &c.

100,000 do Hemlock Boards.
100,000 do Spruce do.
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Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Influenza (*La Grippe*), Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Tonsilitis, Swelling of the Glands of the Throat, Ulceration of the Throat, Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, and all Throat and Lung Troubles, are immediately relieved and permanently cured by the use of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Not a single case has ever been reported to us where it has failed to cure. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. Large bottles, $1.00. Prepared only by DR. S. T. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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English, Canadian and American

Knitting Cotton,

A GOOD STOCK OF CANADIAN & AMERICAN CORSETS,

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Accumulated Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over $12,000,000.

Nine-tenths of the whole profits of the Life Branch belong to the Assured.

Profits of previous quinquennium divided among Policy Holders, $1,558,500.00.

New and Reduced Premiums for the Dominion of Canada.

Copies of the Annual Report, Prospectus, and every information, may be obtained at the Prince Edward Island Branch, No. 33 Water Street, Charlottetown.

GEO. W. DeBLOIS,
General Agent.

January 3, 1883—yr