

is like to that of

-G. T., in Irish M PRAY FOR ME. \*

emote, this hamlet seems , hushed the breeze ! the calm !

calm ! Light through my dying chamber beau Bat hope comes not, nor healing ba Kin-l villagers ! God bless your shed ! Hark ! 'tis for prayer, --the ovening be O'1, stay ! and near my dying bed, Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

When leaves shall strew the waterfall," In the and close of autumn drear, Bay "The sick youth is freed from all The pangs and woo he suffered here."

So may ye speak of him that's gone ; But when your belfry tolls my knell, Pray for the soul of that lost one,-Maiden, for me your resary tell !

O', nity her, in sable robe,

Who to my grassy grave will come Nor seek a hidden wound to probe !-She was my love ! point out my tom

Tell her my life should have been hers,-'fwas but a day !-God's will !- 'tis well Bet weep with her, kind villagers !

, for me your resary tell From the French of Chas. H. Millevoy

<sup>4</sup> From "Gems from Foreign Catholic Posts," collected by James J. Trancy, Edi-tor of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Ca-tholicity," "Congenste of Our Holy Faith; or, Testimoniss of Distinguished Converts,"

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.



10

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