Fortry.

ODE TO LABOR.

The following verses were printed and distributed at the recent Trades demonstration in Edinburgh :-

Onward we march, with hope in every broast, A hardy, dauntless, unrepining band, United firm to raise the toil oppress'd,

And spread contentment o'er a well-loved land !

Nor fear we those who Labor's claims would and the state of t And brother man defraud of his well earned right!

Till justice triumphs never shall we rest! Our brawny arms, our intellects are strong

And hoary pages shithfully attest
That Britons will not always suffer wrong Then, oh ye rulers! merit fame's applause, And to the rich and poor give fair and equal laws in the

What makes our country prosp'rous, grand, and great?

Tis iron sinews, souls that will not yield! Kings, emperors, nobles-all the pride of state Have grown and flourished 'neath the plebian's shield!

Who fights our battles?—ask our foreign foes, Whose hordes have backward reeled before our deadly blows!

Not from the lap of luxury and ease Have sprung the heroes of immortal fame; The lowly ranks, alike in war or peace,

Have shed a lustre o'er our country's name. 'Neath humble roofs the purest virtue dwells, And oft with noblest thoughts the roughest . bosom swells!

'Tis we that work and weave the web of life; 'Tis we that sweat from infancy to age; 'Tis we that, fearless, battle through the strife-

We are the stars upon the world's great stage!

The Press, the Loom, the Factory, and the Mine,

By our all-potent charm, for highest good combine.

The British Workman is no grovelling worm Gross ignorance his powers no longer bind; The beaming eye, the agile, well-knit form, Proclaim aloud the Heaven illumined mind. No feudal serf appears before us now,

Calm dignity and strength is stamped on every brow.

Nor do we fear the pampered, pompous crew Who every soul-exalting thought would spoil;

No joy or love the sluggard ever knew So sweet as that felt by the sons of toil.

Oh, Powers benignant! give the poor man health. And leave the rich and proud their heart-cor-

roding wealth. No suppliants we to beg with fawning look !-The tyrant's hour of vicious work is gone.

Erase in haste from England's statute book Each code that wrings from Innocence a groan. Sooner shall empires into dust be hurled

Than Truth's proud step be stayed, or Freedom's flag be furled!

Full oft beneath the plainest garb is found Nature's best gem-the true, the tender heart,

That leaps and dances at each cheerful sound And yet for human woe can keenly smart. Falsehood must fail! whate'er the sophists

. A nation's toiling hands must be that nation's stay.

Oh, Hope! spread broad thy gloom dispelling

light, Point to the goal, and banish all despair! The path of Progress must be ever bright,

For Heaven is kind, and earth is rich and fair. Halt not, then, brothers; spare not toil or

pain : wytysle c ! We struggle for our rights —our rights we soon shall guindi at Africbiat ?

Late from some see him to Tales and Sketches.

Letter date in the hore

ALICE LINLY.

CHAPTER VII.

"Look at these beautiful flowers, girls, cried Willie Linly, bursting into their room as they sat there on the afternoon preceding

the party, busy at their simple preparations. "For me I know," exclaimed Dora, bounding from before the glass, and attempting to seize theen Turn d'uste lean to f.

"No you don't this time; just be quiet, Miss Dora : you'll have to share Mr. Etherington's favours to night Compliments to the fingers mischievously, Here, Ally, you're to his close embrace with deep and passionate

rose-buds?"
The girl was so "full" that she could hard-The girl was so "full" that she could hard kiss upon the trembling lips.

ly speak, but she murmured, "No let Dorn Alice, look up, love!"

take her choice it makes no difference to

"I don't believe that!" said Willie stout-ly. "Who used to think so much of her teareses at Brookfield? Choose ... choose ... choose ... She has not as yet fould out that she pos-

"Well then, Dora; I believe I will take the buils; you are fond of the jasmine, I know.

"Yes—quite as much as of the others," replied the girl, rather sobered by her late mistake, "only you'll put them in for me, won't you!" "Let me separate them," said Willie,

"Oh, no !" exclaimed Alice, springing forward, "let me," and the took the flowers from her brother's hands with trembling, al-

most with reverence. .

searching for a pair of scissors.

How her taper fingers thrilled as they came in contact with the white blossoms. She would have given worlds to have kissed them, and laid them, if but for a moment, in her bosom, but Willie's sharp, all-seeing eyes were there, and she dared not.

When she stood before the glass that even ing, she loosened the long bands of silken hair which she had worn quite plans since nor father's death; and once more turned their glossy shundance over her stender fingers. How natural the action seemed; it brought back thoughts of other days, when she was gay and happy... How wretched she had been since till now and a happy tear gemmed her soft eye, and nestled in the petals of the pure bud in her hand. She shook the flower, but it still lingered; and she placed it among the mazy curls with a half sad half-saucy smile, which called up the long-forgotten dimples from their hiding places. And then she donned the white muslin dress, which disclosed the soft, snowy neck and rounded arms, and stood before her brother to hear his "critique."

"My sweet sister!" said he, and he drew her to him, and pressed his lips to hers with the lingering pressure a lover might use. "The 'light of other days' is brightening again," he whispered, playfully.

At the door of Mrs. St. Clair's drawingroom they encountered Etherington.

"May I not relieve you of a fair charge, Mr. Linly?" said Conrad, and he offered his arm to the happy Alice. She laid her small fingers within it, but he drew them with a gentle pressure closer to him, and led her to his sister.

"Charming! charming!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, with unbounded admiration; and Alice blushed more deeply than ever as she turned away, and heard on every side the same exclamations.

You do not like this—you would prefer the library or conservatory," said the low voice of Etherington; and Alice forgotheard not the noise around. The place seemed suddenly so quiet, only his words were audible.

"Shall we go?",

"Yes," she replied, in a tone the echo of his own.

At the door of the conservatory they met Mrs. Horton.

"Do you know my aunt?" exclaimed Conrad, in some surprise, observing their mutual and friendly recognition.

"Your aunt!"

"Yes," replied that lady, taking upon herself to answer, "we became acquainted an age ago, when Miss Linly was here on a visit. and just before her departure. I gave you a party, Ithink, did I not ? Oh, yes! I did, I recollect now, for I was going to introduce you to Conrad, and you would not let

He glanced at her inquisitively, and the girl's eyes fell beneath his gaze, but Mrs. Horton rattled on.

"So now you are in town again—to live Mrs. St. Clair tells me. The first I heard of of your being here was to-night. Too bad, that you should have been here so long, and I not know it! how you must have missed your good aunt's society! it was rather unfortunate that just as you removed to town she should go away." or tiff your hear and

Here the lady broke off abruptly, and turned to her nephew.

"Isn't she perfectly exquisite, Conrad !be sure you fall in love with her."

"The deed is done," he whispered, bending his proud head so that none could hear save the one to whom he was speaking; and as Mrs. Horton passed on, he drew Alice within a recessed window in the conservatory, and questioned her as to the reason why slie declined his acquaintance. The girl murmured a few words inaudibly, and became silent. og to mættebenis i Managra, detter

"Why, Alice?" he asked again. "I-I cannot tell; do not ask," she re

"I could not answer my own heart," she faltered, "for it asked the question long

ago, Well, then, sweet Alice, I will not if "and his low voice thrilled with deeper meahing, "if you will answer another," and he bent down and whispered something in ac cents so low that the ear of the listener must have been attuned to love to hear them. Alice spoke not she could not; but the filight of Misses, Linly, "he continued, snapping his love" trembled in her eyes, and he drew her the elder, take your choice. Jasmine or, white fervour. He stooped over the face, which rested on his bosom, and imprinted a holy

murmured Alico.

I have never loved Dora, not from the first moment; and she has never loved me.

Beligger anneald dobte mid there wil our manner or see and and; their

acses a heart. It has not found its echo;

but I have found mine—and in you! Alice, my astar, and droin, love me; be mine—my lite.

And Alice, called by his words, elevated by his estatic gaze and the truth, murmured, "Tam yours"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, Ally, my bird, you have fine feathers now, if you never have them again, said Harry Linly, as he lounged away an idlo hour in the boudoir of Mrs. Conrad Etherington. The girl was busy at an old employment -running her slender fingers through her brother's wavy curls and she merely laugh ed; a sweet, happy laugh, which reminded one of old times and her, girlhood, and said with an rech glance ("Just so, prother

"And a happy bird she is," ohimed in Willie, appearing at the door, "are you not, Aliy?" illi ed aha us

""So happy !" murmured the young maiden; the bright tears gathering wilfully in spite of her efforts.

Who sent for you, youngster !" asked Harry of the boy, "interrupting our tete-to tete."

"Stand back," answered Willie, drawing up with an air of offended dignity, "you forget who I am! I count myself somebody since my relationship to Mrs. Etherington."

"Madam," said he, advancing and falling on one knee with a ludicrous assumption of respect, "I was commissioned to deliver this packet to you by your husband."

"What is it?" said Alice, reaching out her little hand eagerly for it.

"Doubtless some "trifle rich and rare," interrupted Harry. "I am astonished at your curiosity, Mrs. Etherington; such childishness ill befits your state and dignity; pray how often do you receive these missives.

"I'm sure I cannot tell," laughed the young wife, placing in her bosom the little note accompanying the gift.

"I dare say not; but it won't last long wait till the honeymoon is over."

"Why how long a limit do you allow that happy period; Harry, since I have passed three months of wedded life already?"

"Ah! I grant you a longer time than common, my belle, on account of your having so perfect a husband; to say nothing of your own self. sweet sister," his tone changing to one of deep feeling as he pronounced the last words and kissed her pure cheek, where the wild-rose bloom was deepening day by day with the intensity of her happiness.

"It shall be life-long, dear Harry, as he said not very long ago. Please Heaven," she added, reverently.

. "Shall it not, dearest?" she asked an hour later, when she lay folded in her husband's arms, and he bent over her with deep devo-

Of course he said "Yes," no other answe could be made to those trusting eyes.

Sweet Alice! we cannot do better than leave her now-while the sun still streams brightly on her path while friends near and dear are around her, and she rejoices in the fulness of changeless love.

THE END.

NORA.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogges Patrick Conner was scarcely an at tractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin hardware store one day, and presented himself at the counter with an-

"I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

r honor." "Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn. not lifting his head from his account book. "I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn-I would

that." It was an Irish brogne, and Mr. Bawn al wave declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear addressed the man who was one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than any other folks—are you any smarter ?" "I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd

be wishing to; that'ud make it aiser. " ... 18: "Are you used to the work?" "I've done a bit of it."

" Much?"

"Much?"
"No, yer honor. I'll, tell up lie. Tim
O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about this."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence: "Because I know your countive never do their, best! No I've been taken in by Irish hands before and Lewont have an-

other," my " mountain an ha and a lit of her "The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over in her two arms thin," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last ponny I have yer honor, and it's but half a one.

As he spoke he spread his palm open with

an English half-peany upon it.

Solding of WHO!

"Who are they said the cone's me wife, the other me stid," said the cone's me wife, the other me stid, "stid me stid the cone of the cone of

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

rested by the odd speech, as he turned back

again.

spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then in his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said, "and now as it is noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get your dinner a hungry man can't work.'

And with an Irish blessing the new-hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn, untying his apron went postairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and shifty, he was agreedly disappointed. Connor worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently and soon was the best workman in the shop!

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had first made his appearance. "Beer costs money," he said one day, "ivery ciat I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for me clothes, them I have must do me-better no coat to me back than no wife and boy by me fireside; and anyhow, its slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun tried to make him drink-made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay, that long looked for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to except favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his own great wishliving on little, working at night on any extra job he could carn a few shillings by running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen, of his one great hope, and of Nora and Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and of turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of a butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and one day, mounting a workbench, he shook his little bundle rapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes, and shouted : "Look boys, I've got the whole at last ! Whoroa? I've got it !", All felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting place was a poor lodging house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard earned savings tied up in a hard wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell naleep. When he awoke in the morning, he found his treasure gone. Some villain more contemptible than most bad men are, had robbed him. To the fact that a challenge when the

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets and begged those about him to "quit joking and bring it

But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any many that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked in a breathless way. And some one answered : and the Hander

"No doubt of it. Connor. It's sthole!"

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted in his voice and went. Tt was one of those sights which men never forget.: It accord more than he could bear, to have Noraland his child "put." as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it did seem to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His face seemed to say; "I'll have Nora with me yet." At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who had observed him noticed that he had no meat for dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men never worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman.

That seemed a sort of charity to him, Still he was helped along A, present from Mr. Bawn, at pay day got Nora, he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other adment-lazy, good for nothing fellows who ded to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he had hoped it, he rwas able to say, "I am going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which as before, he tied up his carnings ;; this, time, however. only to his friends. Cautious among strangers he hid the treasure and kept his vest buttoned over night andiday, until the tickets were bought and gent. Then every man, woman and child capable of hearing or understand. ing, knew that Nora and her haby were com-Bring whom over," saked Mr. Bawn, ar-

There was John Jones who had more of the brute in his nature than usually falls to the lotte in his nature than usually falls to the lotte man even he, who sooly hurled his man even he, who sooly hurled his miner at an offender two the light hew to Court the sool to Tom Harker, the meanest had a nature to had never been known to give anything to any one before toward particle an old jacket for a pair of all vases which a nedler thought in his of gilt vases which a pedler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantlepiece. And here was idla Diok, the apprentice, who wetually worked two hours on Connor's work, when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife. wife.

She would start as he desired, and she was well, and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safe to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him. That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service, as a girl, with a certain old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin' that's one, and the writin' that's three, and moreover she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up at his fellow workmen with tears in his eyes, and asked :-

"Do ve wonder that the time seems long between me and her, boys?"

So it was-Nora at dawn of day-Nora at night-fall—until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, then Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Conner to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servent had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like or that in the ould country," he said. "But she'll know how to kape them tidy."

. Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay; at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last : n crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers and porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the ressel at last, and there, amid those who sat there watching for coming friends, Connor searched for those so dear to him, patiently at first, eagerly but patiently; but by and by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely. I bade her wait, but I don't see her; boys I think she's not

"Why don't you see the captain!" asked one, and Comor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before the portly, rubicund: man, who nodded to him very kindly.dag . w direct it make

"I'm looking for my wife, yer honor," said

Connor, "and can't find her." "Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the Cap-

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

. "Womon don't alway do as they are bid, you know," said the Captain. "Nora would," said Connor, "but maybe

she was left behind. Maybe she did not come: I somehow think she didn't." At the name of Nors, the captain started.

In a moment he asked:
"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor:" said the man; "And your wife's name was Nora?" "That's her name, and the boy with her s Jamesy, yer honor, "said Connor.

The Captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said

huskily a firm my man; I have got something to tell you." "She's left behind," said Connor.

"She did start with us," said the captain. "Where is she?" said Connor:

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes, Nora started

with us." connor said nothing. He was looking at

the captain now, white to the lips.

"It has been a sickly season," said the captain.

"We had illness on board—the cholera;

tain. "We had illness on poard—the choicers, you know that?"

"I didn't," said Connor; "I can't read; they kept it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said

one man in a half whisper.

You know how long we lay in quaran-

tine?" The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought to be

looking for her, captain,"
"Many died," went on the captain, "many children. When we were half way boy was taken very sick—

Jamesy, "gasped Connor.

Jamesy, "gasped Connor.

said the captain, "and we did all we could. . but at last he died; only one of many. There ... were five buried that day. But it broke my