IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I often say
To those who seem too need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh,
For after all I'm only I.

I'd never discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and like a fool
I was myself; I don't because—
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope;
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I wouldnot be so very quick
To take offence, if I were you;
I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I.

In short, if I were only you
And could forget that I was I;
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout upon me, by and by.

She could swing a six pound dumb-bell;
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river;
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy blowing,
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

—OR—

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

'Oh, but aisy till I tell y', it all,' continued Tim. 'I looked at him, an' he looked at me. I took the heads of my two white ducks in me hand; 'Be off, you robber,' says I. An' wid that I pelted the ducks' head at him, an' away with him as fast as his legs could carry him. The next mornin' when I got up, the first thing I see was two white ducks outside the door, an' the lad on his grug mindin' 'em.'

'Were the ducks alive?' inquired Matt.

'Alive? Go up an' look at 'em. An' where he got 'em I can't make out. But maybe 'twas twenty miles he traveled for 'em.'

'By the law,' says Matt Hazlitt, 'I'm inclined to believe you after what he did to myself.'

'What was that?'

'Didn't I tell you before?'

'No,' says Tim, 'or if you did I disremimber.'

'Well, one evening last harvest I was securing a few stacks in the five-acre field, as the wind was rising, and I expected we'd have a storm afore mornin.' 'Twas just dusk when I finished. I thought of the fox—he was after taking a lot of young turkeys from Mrs. Purcell the same week—and I thought I might as well turn home the geese that were out on the stubbles. I was drivin' 'em on fair an' aisy by the crab-ditch—and by the same token the crabs were fallin' like hailstones with every strong blast o' wind—when the geese all screeched and clapped their wings, and riz from the ground, and off with 'em like a white cloud over the ditch, towards the house. One goose didn't fly (and no blame to her), and when I see her runnin' along the path afore me, I walked fast to get up with her. When I kem out from the shade of the ditch, I saw that the goose was runnin' on four feet instead of two.'

'Aye, aye,' says Tim Croak, with a grin of delight.

'I had a pitchfork in my hand,' Matt Hazlitt contined, 'an' I made at him, but he was too smart for me. Any way. I swore he'd never have the satisfaction of picking that goose, and I kept close to him ever till we kem to the rabbit burrow. I was near nabbin' him gettin' over the stile, but he got away from me. Still I was able to keep within a few perches of him, till he came to the deer park wall. He dropped the goose, and made a run at the wall, and got to the top of it. I was nearly out o' breath and took my time coming up again' the rise—as I was sure of the goose. He gave two or three short barks on the top of the wall, and then leaps down and runs to the goose again. Before I had time to be up he snapped up the goose and made a rush to the wall. I didn't mind, as I knew he'd never be able to get over the wall with the goose. But what do you think? There was another fox on the top of the wall that reached down half way, and after two or three offers—(I was so surprised that I stopped like a fool)—the fox below reached the goose to the fellow on the wall, and then set back and was over it himself before you could cry crack. And so I had my run for nothin'.'

'That was Kerryman as sure as you're born,' observed Tim, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Button, who had got tired of winking at the fire and eyeing his defunct enemy on the bench, was now coiled up between his master's legs, perhaps worrying foxes in the land of dreams, for an angry snuffle now and then escaped from him. Matt Hazlitt glanced at the cuckoo clock which ticked over the meal chest, and remarked that his 'old woman' ought to be at home by this time. Mrs. Hazlitt's arrival was announced in her own voice.

'Matt, Matt! The fox—the fox again!' cried Mrs. Hazlitt from the rustic gate.

Matt and Tim started to their feet. They glanced at the bench on seeing Button make a rush in that direction, but there was no fox on it. They ran outside the door, and were just in time to see Kerryman slink round the corner and glide through the privet hedge, giving them an expressive look over his shoulder as he disappeared.

'Pon me sowl, Matt,' says Tim, looking as if this last exploit of Kerryman's was rather too much even for him; 'do you know what? He got himself killed o' purpose in order to escape the hunt to-day. He wasn't rightly recovered from the cloutin' the gandher gave him, an' he was in dhread the marquis' hounds 'd be too many for him. I must run up an' open the airth any way. The poor fellow 'd want to rest wud an aisy mind afther going through so much.'

'Tim,' says Matt Hazlitt, who took some time to recover the use of his tongue, 'tell me anything you like about that fox, and I'll never doubt a word of it.'

'Oh! Matt, why did you let him escape? Why didn't you kill him? Why didn't you knock the daylights out of the villain?'

'Shut up woman.'

'Shut up yourself, and don't tell me'——But Matt did not wait to hear what it was he was not to tell. He took his way to Coolbawn to astonish Brian Purcell with a circumstantial account of the old fox's stratagem to escape being hunted by the marquis' hounds. The cry of the hounds could be heard from Rathcopple, so calm was the day. Brian Purcell and Matt strolled up to the top of Knockclough to see the run. Tim Croak soon joined them, and pointed to the old fox sitting on a rock at a little distance. 'Watchin',' says Tim, 'to see how the marquis' dogs 'll hunt. I'll bet he'll be at home for 'em the next day.'

'They're going towards the slate quarries,' remarked Matt Hazlitt.

'Be gob, aye,' says Tim Croak. 'An' the master 'll be as mad as a March hare. He's half way to Thubbermore be this.'

Here the churn boy was seen coming up the hill. On reaching the top he handed Brian a letter. It was an American letter. After looking at it for a moment, Brian walked thoughtfully to the smooth rock—the rock upon which they sat—he and Jane Evans—on the St. John's eve, when he read the 'School-master's Story' for her. He sat down upon the same rock to read the letter.

CHAPTER XII.

Within and without Mooreview House the deadest stillness has reigned since nightfall. Mrs. Evans rings for the candles. For fully an hour she has been watching her daughter from behind her hand-screen. Miss Evans reclines in a lounge-chair, her head resting on her hand. Her mother had poked the fire several times, venturing each time to conjecture that it was likely to freeze that night; but the young lady seemed to feel no interest in the question, and remained silent and motionless. The candles are brought in, and Mrs. Evans takes up a book, ostensibly for the purpose of reading it; but just as she has opened it, she lays it down again, and looks at her daughter as if she had forgotten the young lady's presence till that moment.

'You must feel fatigued, Jane?'

'No.'

'You say you met Captain Dawson?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know, Jane, I think you ought to tell him about that ring.'

'I intend doing it.'

'Do you think he has missed it?'

'No,' she has thought of that; but her gloves were on every time he met her since. 'Mamma, don't you think *this* is a dull place?'

'Well, no, Jane, I think it is a pleasant place enough.'

'I am sick of it.'

'Well, what other place are you thinking of—Dublin?'

'No, not Dublin.'

'Perhaps you are thinking of the continent.'

'No,' says Miss Evans, leaning back in her chair, and speaking in a calm, matter-of-fact way; 'I was thinking of Australia—America.'

'Oh, yes—Canada,' says Mrs. Evans, with a smile.

'I was not thinking of Canada,' in the same matter-of-fact tone. 'I mean the United States.'

'Really, Jane, you astonish me,' and Mrs. Evans opened her eyes very wide, and did look as if she were astonished.

'I met Brian Purcell again to-day.'

Now Mrs. Evans did not look astonished, but absolutely terrified. She stood up and commenced pacing up and down the room in a state of misery which ought to have inspired any daughter with remorse, but which only brought a smile to the lips of the beauty in the lounge-chair. Having thus made her mother quite comfortable, Miss Evans rose, and, bidding her good night, retired to her own room.

Having partly undressed, and gone through some of the mysteries of the toilette, she threw a loose robe around her, and sat by the fire.

She takes up the train of thought with which her brain has been busy all the evening. Yes—she admits to herself—she could love him as she could love no other man. Suppose he would fly with her to that great young nation, of which he was so enthusiastic an admirer. With his talents might he not rise to a height that would satisfy even her ambition? Or if he did not, would she not be happier with him under a humble roof than she ever could be with another in the lordliest hall? But why not share that humble home with him in Ireland? No! she never could. She who had already climbed so high, and felt as if her foot were on the necks of those who tried to keep her down! A farmer's wife! She clenched her hand as her fancy called up a supercilious nod from a certain carriage to the wife of 'one of Mr. Grindem's tenants.' It was not to be thought of; yet her thoughts went back to the old happy time. That St. John's eve, when Brian Purcell read for her in the gloaming the manuscript the school-master had given him—how well she remembered it! And now the thought occurs to her—it was the last time she shed tears. What a comment upon her life since then! Brian loaned the manuscript, and she copied every word into her old scrap-book. She did not weep when she was copying it; so it must have been his manner of reading it that affected her. She takes the old scrap-book from a drawer, and begins turning over the leaves. Some of them contain verses of her own, which she used to so long to show him, but never had the courage. She takes a withered rose leaf from a book, and touches it with her lips. There must be some reminiscence connected with it, for her eyes almost moisten.

'Poor fellow,' she murmured, 'I felt his hand tremble that day; and though my heart fluttered, I was proud of my him then. If not, why did my thoughts run, even at that moment, upon all my mother had told about his large farm and his father's wealth? Why did I think of anything but that he loved me? Worldliness was born with me.'

But here we must venture to interrupt Miss Evans. Worldliness was not born with her: but probably it was early instilled into her. This, we believe, is one of the curses of discontented poverty.

'Poor Sally Cavanagh!' she continued; 'how she hugged me when I told her!' And she smiled at the recollection of the dark eyed peasant girl dancing 'Haste to the Wedding,' till she was out of breathing, and then snapping her fingers, and triumphantly exclaiming—'Won't we have a night of it!' She turned over a few more leaves; and, with her elbow resting on the table, and shading her eyes with her hand she began to read. She had entitled the little story:

WHY THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S HAIR GREW GRAY.

'I was very proud and happy when I got the little school. I thanked God with a full heart that now my widowed mother would have a home, and some of the little comforts to which she had so long been a stranger. My father died when I was twelve years old. Her life since his death had been one long struggle with poverty and want. I had too much reason to believe that she had not been happier as a wife than she had been as a widow; for my father was a drunkard. Yet, she always endeavored to make me believe that he was a good man; and my own recollection of him led me to believe that he was not a bad man. Strange to say, I loved him far better than I loved my poor mother; and what is still stranger, his ill treatment of her—I might apply the term brutal to it—never caused me any pain or grief. I believe I thought that everything my father did should be right. My mother confirmed me in this way of think; for she always spoke to him with respect,—almost with reverence. I can remember her singing and laughing when he had gone out after cruelly beating her. I think he must have loved her; for, one day when he returned home unexpectedly and found her asleep, with a wound upon her forehead, which his own hand had inflicted, he stooped down and kissed her. I knew she was not asleep, though he thought she was; for I saw her lips tremble, and the tears stealing down her cheeks. He walked out of the house softly; and then my mother began to sob, and flung herself upon her knees. I can recall to this day the flutter of her heart as she strained me in her arms after praying fervently.

'It never occurred to me that there was anything degrading or sinful in drunkness, until one morning when I went with my father to the public-house. He drank two glasses of raw whiskey, and was on his way home, when a wretched sot of his acquaintance stopped him. The man's face and lips were livid, and his eyes dull and glassy. He was in rags, and when I saw his whole frame trembling, I thought it was cold he was.

'Are you after having your *'morning'?'* said he to my father.

'I am,' was the reply.

'The wretched man held his face close to my father's. 'Blood-an'-ouns, mun,' said he, 'let us get the smell of it.'

'That was the first time I conceived anything like disgust for a drunkard. Perhaps the reason I did so then was because I saw my father was disgusted. I often reflect upon the extraordinary influence a father *must* exercise over the minds of his children. How great in his responsibility if he does not exercise that influence for good?

'One day my father was dragging my mother by the hair, and calling upon her, with the most frightful oaths, to get him money for more whiskey. In vain the poor woman pleaded that she had no money; he only kicked and dragged her the more savagely.

'Come you rip!' he shouted 'get me the money.'

'Come you rip!' I exclaimed, catching her by the hair, to 'get my dada the money.' For my sympathies were always at my father's side.

'He let her go, and staggered back against the wall as if a bullet had gone through him.'

'Oh! God help me!' he cried, in the most heartbroken tones I have ever heard; 'as the old cock crows the young cock learns.' 'Oh! God help me!' He said no more, but went into his bed-room, apparently quite sober. He went to Cork next day, and took the pledge from Father Matthew. And from that day to the hour of his death he never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink. But his constitution was entirely broken by a long course of intemperance, and he lived only one year after becoming a teetotaler. His last words to me were: 'Willie, never be a drunkard.'

'What privation my mother suffered for my sake! She took the bit out of her own mouth to give it to me. Her great ambition was to make me 'a scholar,' and I was kept constantly at school. My father, who was a good angler, had often sent me with presents of fish to the Protestant clergyman. A few months after my father's death the clergyman's wife met me, and inquired kindly for my mother. She also gave me a half sovereign, which she desired me to give to my mother to buy clothes for me. And when the clothes were bought we were both to call upon her. We did call upon her; and, to my poor mother's dismay, the lady offered to provide for me if she were allowed to bring me up as a member of the Established Church. The lady was very mild and handsome; and I am sorry to think the half sovereign which made me so happy was only a bribe. But these things have little or nothing to do with what I wish to tell you. I have written them almost unconsciously.

'My health was never very strong, and I scarcely ventured to hope that I could ever be anything but a burden to my dear mother. Judge of my rapture when my kind friend, Father O'Gorman, gave me the appointment of teacher to one of his schools. For three years after I was as peacefully happy as mortal man could hope to be. The injustice which I suffered from the parents of some of my pupils ensured being ... But the love of the children ... it. The love of children has always been like a blessing from Heaven to me. Latterly I have been sorely persecuted by an inspector—for the school is 'under the Board'—who appears to take pleasure in wounding the feelings in every possible way. But a word of sympathy from Father O'Gorman will heal the worst wound this official can inflict upon me almost instantaneously. For awhile I used to feel pained by the sneers of coarse natured fellows, who would refer to my former poverty in the most offensive manner, because I respected myself and dressed decently. I soon, however, learned to despise this; particularly as none but the most vulgar ever attempted to annoy me in the way I have mentioned. And what need I care? Had I not my dear mother to welcome me with her loving smile, every evening, after the day's toil? Had I not the respect and good will of many among my humble neighbors? Yes; and the friendship of a few whom I could look up to without feeling that I was looked down upon. He for whom I write this was the most valued of these few friends. And here, in one word, let me thank him. His manner towards me was always frank, always kind, *but never patronizing.* I thank him with all my heart. He made me feel that I was a man.

'I have not yet touched upon the subject about which I sat down to write. I find I have been putting it off, almost unconsciously.

'Rose Mulvaney came to my school. She was accompanied the first day by her father and mother, who were simple peasants.

'They told me that Rose had lived with her grandmother high up on the mountain, and that her education was almost entirely neglected; and with years of entreaty in their eyes they begged of me to do my best to make up for the lost time, but taking all the pains I could 'to bring her on,' as they expressed it. I promised to do my best; and after warning Rose to be 'a good girl,' and assuring her that 'the master' would soon make her 'a fine scholar,' the good, simple old couple shook me warmly by the hand, and with many a 'God bless you,' and 'Good luck to you,' took their leave.

'Poor Rose! How she laughed, and cried, and blushed at her deficiency. She was diligent, however, and naturally quick, and soon began to make wonderful progress. Have I said that Rose was strikingly beautiful? I have seen one face which was, perhaps, more regularly handsome. It was that of a young lady whom you know. But you will pardon me for saying that there was a soul, an ever-changing something in the face of Rose Mulvaney, which, to my mind, far excelled the still loveliness of the face to which I have alluded. O my friend! may you never feel the pang which has torn my wretched heart to pieces!'

Jane Evans' pale face flushed, and her breathing became quick. She closed the book hastily and gazed into the fire.

'Is the difference much?' she thought.

She stood up, with her hair flowing wildly, and opening the window shutters, rested her burning forehead against the glass, and looked out at the stars. The room door opened and Mrs. Evans, with a most woe-begone face, presented herself.

'O Jane!' she exclaimed, in a tone of utter misery, 'what are you thinking of?' Miss Evans turned round quickly.

'What am I thinking of?' she repeated. 'Why?'

'I won't allow it,' says Mrs. Evans, with feeble determination.

'Allow what?'

'Mrs. Hill came down from the lodge, and told that there was a man on horseback at the gate, and I'm after sending Joe and Philip to arrest him. I'll send for the police, so put it out of your head,' exclaimed Mrs. Evans, still feebly energetic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worthington's Magazine.

With the June number Worthington's Illustrated Magazine completes its first volume under the most favorable auspices. Its Table of Contents, printed with this number, shows a remarkable variety of timely topics most of which will be of more than temporary value, and the names of contributors are such as would do credit to any magazine ten times its age. Among these are, Mary A. Livermore; Edgar Fawcett; Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin; Prof. G. Frederick Wright; Rev. George M. Stone, D. D.; Lilian Whiting; Helen Campbell; Mrs. Jean Porter Rudd; Clinton Scollard; Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.; President of the Society of Christian Endeavor; Richard Burton; William Francis Barnard; Charlotte Perkins Stetson; Eben E. Rexford; Lida A. Churchill; Robert Beverly Hale; Sara A. Underwood; Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Charlotte M. Holloway; M. B. Waggoner; Martha McCulloch Williams; Mary Bradley; Spencer Leigh Hughes; Arthur Dudley Vinton; James Buckham; Imogen Clark; Kate Milner Rabb; Jean La Rue Burnett; Hester M. Poole; Alice W. Rollins, with many other names of gifted and popular authors. It has been enlarged by sixteen pages, and shows steady advancement in everything that helps to make up an exceptionally bright, attractive, very entertaining and instructive Magazine. Indeed, in genuine interest no other magazine excels this ever welcome visitor to our table. The June number is rich in well-written leading articles of timely interest, in short stories, essays and poems, while the charming illustrations, beautifully reproduced, and the fine press work, render it as satisfactory to the eye as it is refreshing and stimulating to the mind. It is, in fact, to our mind, the best number of a Magazine that has been exceptionally attractive and interesting from the start. Published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn. Price $2.50 per year, 25 cents a single number. For sale by all newsdealers.

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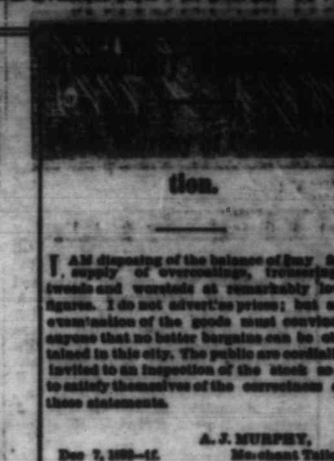

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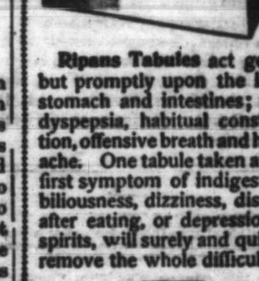

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	A M	P M	
Charlottetown......dp	6 00	2 40	
Royalty Junction......	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire......	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River......	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane......	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction......	7 30	4 55	
Freetown......	7 40	5 08	
Kensington......	7 53	5 28	
Summerside......ar	8 15	6 00	
			P M
Summerside......dp	8 30		1 40
Miscouche......	8 45		2 02
Wellington......	9 05		2 28
Port Hill......	9 25		3 17
O'Leary......	10 30		4 42
Bloomfield......	10 47		5 06
Alberton......	11 14		6 00
Tignish......ar	11 55		6 55
			P M
Emerald Junction..dp			5 15
Cape Traverse......ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish......dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton......	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield......	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary......	1 46	8 09	
Port Hill......	2 37	9 25	
Wellington......	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche......	3 25	10 44	
Summerside......ar	3 40	11 05	
			A. M.
Summerside......dp	4 05		6 15
Kensington......	4 29		6 48
Freetown......	4 48		7 10
Emerald Junction......	4 55		7 30
Bradalbane......	5 01		7 39
Hunter River......	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire......	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction......	6 06		9 10
Charlottetown......ar	6 20		9 40
			A. M.
Cape Traverse....dp			6 25
Emerald Junc....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

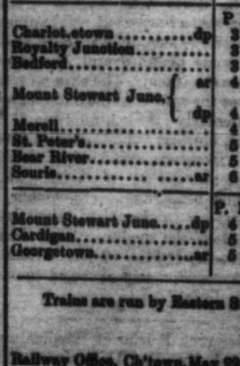
STATIONS	Expr's	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown......dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction......	3 15	6 50
Bedford......	3 40	7 28
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	4 05	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell......	4 38	9 00
St. Peter's......	5 00	9 30
Bear River......	5 33	10 14
Souris......ar	6 05	10 55
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	8 28
Cardigan......	5 02	9 28
Georgetown......ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris......dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River......	6 45	1 58
St. Peter's......	7 20	2 45
Morell......	7 42	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	8 13	4 05
Bedford......	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction......	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown......ar	9 20	5 35
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown......dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan......	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 48

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent
Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—6I



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