

HE NEW SOUTH d, yet from its grave,

with deathless memories hath risen to save is mightier by the tiss with sires. • erowned that sitting is fast to same measures

out loves and ha

mte yield

rough all thise upward march I see twine monitions of a hand, adding the germ of things to be rom out the bridge of taghes that span ne earlier destiny ; reserving to thy some the fame all thy past inviolate ; leading thy children's future mane thall fact unknow a neiting scale.

th all th ---and lib

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK

CHAPTER III. [Continued] It was a signet ring with two lette wed on a value ble stone.

'You cannot keep it,' he continu dare not sell it, or give it away. Why did you take it? You have always borne a good character, and now when you have grown old and stiff

ook his head, displeased with He sh himself, and remained deep in thought. sought again to compose himself

am not so silly as to risk my poor soul on this game. So even a tough old to have a try at!"

water I must go to the priest, and re-lieve myself by telling him the whole story. He will give me the best advice. But first I must take good care ceal the unlucky ring so that my lad may not chance to find it and so Bertina at the wedding.' 'lla lion

His eyes were cast round the walls ch of some crevice where he night hide the ring. 'It will be best,' he thought, ' to put

where I keep my little bit of money. s there." ed with his good resolution, he Ple

half over the door, concealed among es, pans and old weapons covere t and oobwebs, he took a stor rith d jar. After having drawn from it a blue ded this, he carefully placed old jar to its accuston

The good resolution so quickly form-ed had so relieved his burdened con-

sleep. Towards morning he was kept sourset,' said the old man, as he aroused by a noise outside and still stretched out his hand for a dry stockow, th little window, unrougn which the day-light glimmered. Rubbing his eyes as he became more and more alive, he heard a man's powerful voice singing from the shore of the lake a song after his own heart. The nearer the voice is easy to understand why they like ame, the more did the old man's face a

hut flew wide open and a tall young my lad, do you not see how time an with a wo alder made but two steps to the

"Where is not one at all." "Where is not one at all." "Then just cut a hole in the band with your knife and tie it on. I must fore him. 'I thought you were in "Father, I will go to the lake about"

journey with me.' would shat have been a and setted the old man emprise. 'Eleve I

had so relieved his burdened con-mos that he soon sank into a deep know they are not related, but this is

ame, the more did the old man's face hine with delight. With a hard push the door of the the door of the shard push the shard push the door of the shard push the

m's hatchet upon passes; it will soon be light.'

"There is not one at all."

ren foolish old Lob remained for a while in de

in water color, oil and r



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