gown— The still little Lady of Dreams.

laby sea— That still little Lady of Dreams.

A little gray vase that was full as could be With sand from the shore of the Lul-

As over the housetops and meadows As over the housetops and meadows ske'd swing.
The sand from the little gray vase she would fling,
And each little grain would a lullaby

sing, For the still little Lady of Dreams.

curly head,
Till off into Sleepland the little ones sped With the still little Lady of Dreams

HOW TOM SAVED HIS FATHER.

"Yes Tom's been here. Can't you

It was Nellie, the sister just younger than Tom who was talking, as as she went from place to place, picking up the things Tom had scattered when he came in from school The little mother had been trying to check her and saying softly: "Wait Nellie, wait and think of the reason to this."

is room for improvement,

"There is room for improvement, and his change for the better is so

and he was late getting home from school. He just threw his books towards the lounge and never wested to see where they landed. But Tom is a brave little fellow and he will do anything for one of us if he only

Everyone was trying to do some-thing to add to the happy welcome

home.
"Tom," said Nellie, "there are some beautiful ferns down the river, just below our dining room. Dad likes ferns as well as flowers."

is improving.

was expected

BOYS AND GIRLS =

poor Ireland do?"

t poor Ireland do?

ey say, has gone to

What can poor Ireland

FEBRUARY 27, 1908

or for Ireland, for she rs still, soys are in the woods, s on the hill; coys are in the woods, so not the hill; d poor Ireland to them, good and kind to them, al Rapparees! less Rapparees! Arrye, Rory, with your parees!

our heart, Clan Oliver, er than the clay!
ur head, Clan Sassenach
sfield's gone away!
e you bear to us, for
ng ago—
r hand, for Ireland still
e deedly blow

a deadly blow—
ke a mortal blow—
soul, 'tis she that still
the deadly blow.

s bawn, the master's ly bodach fills; son, an outlawed man, on the hills; praised, that round him thick as summ

thick as summer bees, that bguarded Limerick faithful Rapparees! n' Rapparees! ay "No" to Rory Oge the Rapparees! Rapparees! ''No'' to Rory Oge

rimes of Latnamard, he long and sore— aithful hearts he broke; r see them more!
ail he'll break no more
agh has its gallows Ie met one lonesome

awful Rapparees!
ry Rapparees!
in no more, my boys,
the Rapparees!

ach and Cromweller, to what I say— our black and angry scorn us night and scorn us night

a just and wrathful by action sees, be strong to right our e faithful Rapparces! less Rapparces! hat rode at Sarsfield's hangeless Rapparces!

* * * ENS OF CLARE. the Irish Monthly.) he smiling glens

winding glens of Clare, rgins fair onks of prayer lovely glens of Clare.

se glens so soft and brook and brake be-

pping down acken brown vely glens, I ween guardian hillsides bare

yied strongholds there: ith and Land what man may dare. se dells so quaint and

mestead nestling there: sants' cot dearest spot et in "bannered" Clare.

Rodrigues was very

said, "dear Senorita, me to see Broadway, your little girl for a

re missed you much."
ral looks on Katharine
o had failed in life

came home and en-

Lady Alicia described s "detestable slavery" to conclude that Ka-or might have done

much more.
rine, she has been reay, and her "convent

" she said the at her husband, hade and sun,

Medicine—There are the have no other purtants to beget painful senses in the patient, troubles and perplexin diminishing them. The parmelee's Vehave not this distinguirious property to teaks, are not une taste, and their acoustic property and soothing. a trial

E END.

had failed in came home and

nose gentle laneways

sing and eingdoves coo; ontide's beam, ening's gleam e, to say adieu. lovely glens of Clare, e lovely glens of Clare, gins fair nts at prayer et the glens of Clare.

er and Nellie started to meet the loved one. After the greetings were over the father said: "But where is Tom; I've been looking and listening for him."

"Tom went after some ferns to dec-ate the dining room. He had plen-of time to come back before you

"I wonder what detains him?" said the mother, "What was the mat-THE LADY OF DREAMS. down, The pretty dream lady from Hush-abye town, All robed in the folds of a little gray She bore in her hand as she fluttered

a Pause in the Duy's Occupation.

"I wonder what detains him?" said the mother. "What was the matter with the train; you were so late? "We had great reasons to thank God we are all safe. The train was late, true; but had it not been for a young boy we would have had a most serious wreck. You remember there is a downgrade just the other side of the bridge, and this bridge has always been called the strongest and safest on the road. It seems you have been having some heavy rains lately and they have injured the foundation on the east side of the river.

river.

'In some way this boy—I don't know who he is, as I did not see him—discovered the damage done by the water. He must have realized that as soon as the cars touched the east end, down would go the train for the weight of the first cars would carry the others over the bridge and down the chasm.

'The car had started on the down.

So down to the earth all the little grains fled, And showered about on each tired, The car had started on the down rade, when the boy appeared in the middle of the track waving green branches and his coat. He never moved to save himself, only kept jumping up and down like a crazy chap. The engineer told me about it as we drove down by the lower bridge and up this street. up this street

up this street.

"They had all they could do to stop the train. The engineer said he thought at one time the train would run over the boy. As it was he was so near the engineer dragged him up into his cab and asked what was the matter. The poor fellow was so excited he could only point to the other end and say: "Water—wash fountell he's been here? See the mud on the floor, all the way from one door to the other. Just look at the books, his school books—he has only five and they are in five different places. I never saw such a carcless, selfish creed he could only point to the other end and say: 'Water—wash foundation.' The men went ahead and found it was a most dangerous washout. Had it not been for the boy, they would not have made any examination here, for this place was considered safe.''
'What became of the boy?' asked

'What became of the boy?'' asked Nellie, with a queer little look in her this."
Reason? There are no reasons,
ly downright selfishness. What
es he care how much work he

Nellie, with a queer little look in her eyes.

"When the men started to examine the bridge he just fainted. A doctor on the train took charge of him. The engineer said the boy gasped out: 'Father-safe', and just fell back in the arms of one of the passengers. We in the last coaches were not permitted to go-forward, so we did not see the boy."

"There is a carriage just coming here," said Nellie. "And Tom is getting out! Why"—and away she ran to meet him. "Tom is thoughtless," said the mother, "and he does not see things as a neat little girl sees them; but he is improving"

and his change for the better is so light it needs a magnifying glass to discover it."

"There is a change, Nellie. He usually puts his books on the shel near the window, but to-day he wanted to go to see the football game,

thinks."
"It is just as bad to be thought-less as downright selfish," said Nel-lie as she put the finishing touches to the dainty room.

The next day, Nellie and all the family were busy making the house gay with flowers, for father who had been in California for his health was excepted, home. He had been A LITTLE THIEF. She stole her eyes from the violets
That grow by the meadow brook,
And for her wealth of shining curls
Gay buttercups she took.
Her voice it is the oriole's own,
I know those sweet tones well:

expected home. He had been nearly a year, but the time had ed like years instead of months. And in each pearly tinted cheek There lies a pink seashell

For her small mouth she dared to

pluck
A folded rosebud red,
The sweetest one of all that grew
Upon the sweet rosebed,

river,
Dad But worse than all her other thefts
Alas, that it should be!
With this ill-gotten loveliness
Away
Indian
—Mabel Cornelia Matson.

"Such horrid, thresome work!"
The other girl looked up surprised.
"Horrid! Why, I love it! The blackperries are just delicious!"
"I haven't tasted any," said the
other girl, severely. "But it is plain

other girl, severely. "But it is plain you have. Your lips are as stained as anything!"
"Why not!" laughed Mamie. "I'm going to fill my pail, anyway. Why, shouldn't I enjoy the berries as I go along? And then I've been listening



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to the birds. It's been a regular concert, hasn't it?"

'I don't know," said the other.
'I didn't notice. When you're working as fast as you can to get your pail filled, you don't have much time for listening to birds."

'That's your way, Nettie," said her friend, smilling. "But it isn't mine. All you think about is getting your pail full, except when you prick your fingers and soold about

prick your fingers and scold about I don't get my pail filled as quickly, but I enjoy myself all the way along. Blackberry picking would be a real treat to me, even if I didn't expect to earn any money by it."

There are some people who work hard and conscientiously, but regard the little pleasures regard the little pleasures that might sweeten toil and look upon work as drudgery. There others who are as faithful in their work, but think it no wrong to taste the sweetness of things as they Which way is better?

"This is going to be a lovely day!" said Victoria, jubilantly.

I followed her to the window, as she came into the breakfast-room, and looked out at the dismal pros-And Tom is get and looked out at the dismal prospect under the drenched pines of the avenue. I had been visiting now for a week in the beautiful home of Victoria, and nothing. Tom had saved the train, a large number of passengers—and he had saved father.

The tears were running down Nellie's cheeks as she embraced him and said: "You dear, "dear brothers are thoughtful home."

Victoria.

doubt and other unpleasant feelings.
But I did not say them. I said,
instead and silently, "I will watch
and see!" And I own to you that
I did not believe that I should see

I dd not believe that I should see anything.

"It is such a rainy morning," said Victoria, as we had our rolls and coffee, "that I am going to coax cook to let the children take poscook to let the children take possession of her kingdom after luncheon for that 'candy scrape' and corn-ball party they have been teasing us for this month past. What do you say, mamma? Isu't it as likes forns as well as flowers."

"I'll get them," said Tom, "I'll bring back all I can carry." Away he ran—whooping like a wild Indian and then calling a bird, but making as much noise as possible.

"What keeps father", said Nellie's about two two hours after Tom had gone for the ferns. "I thought he would be here long ago."

"What keeps fathen" said Nellie's mother. "The train is past due. I have been listening for the whistle, and although I heard the freightleave the yards I am not sure the passenger train has come yet."

"I'l had not noticed the time. I had my eye on the hill over which the hack would come. I intended to meet him there. But it is late, mother."

"Is that the hack, Nellier"

"I's that the hack nellier."

"I's the other girl looked up surprised. "Horrid! Why, I love it! The black menl were unrebelliously swallowed, and not even the youngest frettle fall. The nellier is the line. I have the paid to women. They are the paid to you say

and the regulation satters of out-meal were unrebelliously swallowed, and not even the youngest fretted because he was required to eat more bread than marmalade. The plea-sure in prospect seemed even to cre-

ate a present pleasure.

"Nobody will be in to-day, grand-ma," said Victoria in the course of the afternoon. "Would you be willthe afternoon. "Would you be will ing to take time to look over my boxes of silk scraps to select the pieces for my rainbow quit that you have promised for my wedding present? I've a lovely book saved up to read to you while you're ing it."

"I've been longing to get at it, child!" was grandma's gratified response. "Are you sure than you can spare the time to-day?"

sponse. "Are you sure than you can spare the time to-day?"

"Why, the time was just made for it!" said Victoria, runningg lights upstairs for her treasure boxes. "It's so nice to have a rainy day happen now and then, isn't it? You can get so much done in one."

All through the day such 'things were happening. I have no 'time to follow the clue I have put into your hand. I am not sure that I know myself all that happened of homely pleasure and delight and sweet content around and in the house that rainy day. But I carry in my heart a picture of a cozy group around the fire that might, when the rainbow quilt was planned and the candy being passed around and eaten. It was still storming wildly, dismally. But the children came

and lounged on the rug in the light, and one of them climbed on the arm of Victoria's chair pressed her rosy cheek to hers fections tally

"It's been a grand day! I just ve rainy days, don't you, Vicky?"

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Salmon's career began and ende in tragedy. He was ordwined onle five years ago. His resolve to ente the priesthood had been taken a the time of the drowning of his bro-ther, near the family home, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Discouraged by the difficulty and parent helplessness of efforts to cover his brother's body, the future co of joyous purpose. It was not or nothing that she was named victoria."
"Because I am going to make it, "oh!" I answered, and I am afraid had a sound of disappointment, but and other unpleasant feelings, ut I did not say them. I said,

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