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VOICES OF FREEDOM.

A Canadian Hymn.

Grant Heaven thy light
Upon our land,
Where right and might
Join hand in hand
To twine a pure unsullied wreath
'Round Freedom's flag of maple leaf.
Our homes, our soil
From war and blight ;
Our sons of toil
From alien might ;
Our Canada from evil hour
Protect by thine Almighty power.
Though many lands
Our fathers claim,
We join our hands
To yield to fame,
One land—of western world the pride—
Fair Canada—a virgin bride.
The thistle free
With shamrock twines,
The fleur-de-lis
With roses shines ;
All grace the clime where with good will
The beaver plies his tireless skill.
Our father's God,
We hold from Thee
These homes untrod
By slavery ;
Give loyal hearts that we may prove
True children of thy wondrous love.
Gravenhurst. JOHN BURTON.

Ireland.

Attention has been directed to a long
article by M. Mansel Prevost, entitled "En
Irlande," contributed to *Le Journal*, of Paris.
The following is an abridged translation :
"A young girl walks slowly along the road.
The crown of her head, her shoulders, her
arms, are so closely enveloped in the folds
of a gray wrapping worn in the style of a
shawl, that one sees nothing of her but the
face framed in ash colored pleats, which are
grasped by the bare hands, while beneath
all peep out the naked feet. But these feet
and hands are delicate and pale, with
slender wrists and ankles attached. The
face shows surprising grace and fineness, the
complexion, maintained fresh by the humi-
dity of the air, would excite the envy of
more than one *Parisienne*. The eyes of a
delicious blue, the blue of the limpid
northern sky in fine days, are framed with a
circle paler still, where the skin, vaguely
azured and delicate enough to be torn by a
kiss, seems apparently sown with clear
specks of bran. The young girl walks with-

out hurry along the road which is bordered
by turf-pits, fields full of stones, and lands
where the purple heather grows. She passes
before the skeletons of cabins of which there
remain but the walls and gable ends—they
are roofless. She troubles herself but little ;
since her infancy she has lived in a district
which is like a cemetery of houses. In the
middle of the road two big constables ap-
proach clothed in black with their little
round caps resting on their ears ; she ex-
changes an amicable salute with these gigan-
tic guardians of public order, and continues
her walk pensive and smiling, resigned, al-
most gay in her misery, because she feels it
is as inevitable as the clouds in the sky and
the heather in the fields. This young girl
with the soul of an infant—she is Ireland.

[IRISH REPUBLIC.]

Economic Equality.

The exercise of irresponsible power, by
whatever means, is tyranny, and should
not be tolerated. The power which men ir-
responsibly exercise for their private ends,
over individuals and communities, through
superior wealth, is essentially tyrannous and
as inconsistent with democratic principle and
as offensive to self respecting men as any
form of political tyranny that was ever en-
dured. As political equality is the remedy
for political tyranny, so is economic equality
the only way of putting an end to the
economic tyranny exercised by the few over
the many through superiority of wealth.
The industrious system of a nation, like its
political system, should be a government of
the people, by the people, for the people.
Until economic equality shall give a basis to
political equality, the latter is but a sham.

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This old reliable medicine, in use over a
third of a century, cures rheumatism, stiff
joints, sprains, bruises, swellings, frost
bites, chilblains, chafing, neuralgia and all
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fine large building, opposite the
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by the Misses Young as a millinery
establishment, where he will have
better facilities for carrying on his
large and increasing business.
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up town when next you come, and
he will give you all a hearty wel-
come.