

apparently asking for the aide's advice and carefully considering what little was bashfully given.

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And now, friend persevering reader, let us journey on this fine day to a comfortable little homestead in Dublin. Apparently we are a bit late in our call, for now crossing the modest threshold is a lithe young figure in the dress of an Irish country gentleman. Indeed the form of the young gentleman appears familiar. His square shoulders, aye, now that he turns and smiles to the maid, his keen young face, remind us—— stay, he is the knight of the dark alley, Sir Michael O'Connor.

We shall creep in softly and, unseen behind him, see what transpires. In his unstilled way, he walked to the drawing-room, sat himself down. Apparently he was quite at home. Sometime later a flower with the tenderness of the lily, the grandeur and fragrance of the rose, and the saucy dimples of the pansy, burst into the room. To depart from the figurative, the sweetest image of a girl appeared. She might not be termed beautiful, but was vivacious, dashingly beautiful. She was dressed after the manner of the day in a sweet pinkish gown, unconventionally open at the neck and with rather short sleeves—more than rather; the strict style of the time would condemn her at once. But could they? Nay, who could condemn what so gracefully exposed such pretty dimpled arms, such an exquisite neck. I shall not take more of your small stock of patience, persevering reader; but I could go on and on telling of that sweet cheery mouth, most certainly made to be kissed, those dancing black eyes and the curling raven hair.

Graciously she extended her fine white hand to the youth, who should reverently have kissed it, but didn't. No, he impetuously seized, much to our horror and envy, the glorious image round the waist, and imprinted a kiss on those most kissable of lips. And, to our wonder and just indignation, she did not resent this clownish outburst.

* Refer here to the battle of the Boyne which was fought under such conditions as here described.

(To be continued.)

The Conversion of Comiwun

In the early days of Canada, a pioneer mission station
Was built in the new-cleared forest, to save the Indian nation;
But the Blackfoot tribe, with the Indian mind, distrusted all the whites,
And made petty raids, in deep revenge to giving up their rights.

In the Blackfoot tribe, were two stalwart braves, Red Deer and Comiwun,

The former the hunter of the wild; the other, the chief's own son.
But Red Deer, wisest of his kind, accepted the Christian's creed
And stood by the mission in every fight, and ably helped its need.