O' King of Glory, is it not a great change
Since I was a young man, long, long ago?
When the heat of the sun made my face glow
As I cut the grass, on a fine cloudless day;
Fair girls laughing
All through the field raking hay,
Merry in the fragrant morning,
And the sound of their voices like music in the air.
The bees were after the honey,
Taking it to their nests among the hay,
Flying against us nimble and merrily,
And disappearing from sight with small keen buzz.
And the butterflies on the thistles,
And on the meadow daisies, and from flower to flower.
On light wing lying and rising up.
Moving through the air—they were fine.
The blackbird and the thrush were in the small out wood,
Making sweet music like the songs of the birds.
And the sparrow with a song in her little mouth,
Praising herself in the air aloft.
The beautiful thrush was on top of the branch,
His throat stretched out in melodious song.
And, O, God of Grace, it was fine to be
In beguine Ireland at that time!

OUR WEEKLY STORY.

THE SISTERS.

BY STEPHEN DEVAL.

Three nights in succession I had found myself in Great Britain street at that hour, as if by Providence. Three nights also I had raised my eyes to that lighted square of window and speculated. I seemed to understand that it would occur at night. But in spite of the Providence, that had led my feet, the reverent curiosity of my eyes, I had discovered nothing. Each night the square was lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. It was not the light of candles, so far as I could see. Therefore, it had not yet occurred.

On the fourth night at that hour I was in another part of the city. It may have been the same Providence that led me there—a whimiscal kind of Providence to take me at a disadvantage.

As I went home I wondered was that square of window lighted as before, or did it reveal the ceremonious candles in whose light the Christian must take his last sleep. I was not surprised, then, when at supper I found myself a prophet. Old Cotter and my uncle were talking at the fire, smoking. Old Cotter is the old distiller who owns the batch of prune setters. He used to be very interesting when I knew him first, talking about "faints" and "worms." Now I find him tedious.

While I was eating my supper about I heard him saying to my uncle:

"Without a doubt. Upper storey—he tapped an unnecessary hand at his forehead)—gown.

"So they said, I never could make much of it. I thought he was quite enough."

"So he was, at times," said old Cotter.

I sniffed the "was" apprehensively, and gulped down some strawberries.

"Is he better, Uncle John?"

"He's dead."

"O, is he dead?"

"Yes, it's been a few hours ago."

"Who told you?"

"Oh, Cotter here brought us the news. He was passing there."

"Yes, I just happened to be passing, and I noticed, the window opened, and I looked in, and I don't know what you have been examining for, I was sure he was dead."

The following morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little house in Great Britain street. It was an unassuming shop regimented under the ragged name of "Deaver." The drapery was principally children's boots and umbrellas, and on ordinary days there used to be a notion hanging in the window, which said "Umbrellas Returned." There was no more visible row, for the shop blinds were drawn down and a grape bouquet was tied to the knocker with white ribbons. Three women of the people and a telegram boy were reading the latest notices on the grape. I also went over and read—"July 2d, 159.—The Rev. James Flynn (formerly of St. Ma's Church), aged 66 years. R.I.P."

Only sixty-five! He looked much older than that. I often saw him sitting at the door in the close dark room behind the shop, nearly smothered in his great coat. He seemed to have almost stuffed himself with heat, and the gesture of his large dress shoes was everlastingly. When he was tired of hearing the news he seemed to speak his head for sign of thanks. He used to sit in that snug room for the greater part of the day from early morning, and his name was almost some dead and out the newspaper to him. His other sister, Elisa, used to mind the shop. These two old women used to look after him, feed him, and clothe him. The clothing was not difficult, for his ancestors, priestly clothes were quite green with age, and his dogskin slippers were everlasting. When he was tired of hearing the news he used to rattle his snuff-box on the arm of his chair to avoid boredom, and then he used to make believe to read his Prayer Book. Make believe, because, when Elisa brought him a cup of soup from the kitchen, she had always to wake him.

As I stood looking up at the grape and the mail that bore his name I could not realize that he was dead. He seemed like one who could go on living for ever if he only wanted to; his life was so methodical and uneventful. I think it all seemed more to me than to anyone else. He had an egocentric contempt for all eccentricity, and suffered all their services to him in polite silence. Of course, neither of his sisters were very intelligent. "Nannie, for instance, had been reading out the newspaper to him every day for years, and could read tolerably well, and yet she always spoke of it as the Freeman's General. Perhaps he found me more intelligent, and honoured me with words for that reason. Nothing, practically nothing, ever occurred to remind him of his former life (I mean friends or visitors), and still he could remember every detail of it in his own fashion. He had studied at the college in Rome, and people will not stop to speak Latin in the Italian way. He often put me through the repertory of these old rhymes. At first this habit of his used to make me feel uneasy. Then I grew used to it.

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