



Written for THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

The Star o' Hope.

BY CONSTANT HALL.

Ach! now, yer honor, one moment be aisy,
Shure 'tis enough to drive a man crazy,
For 'tis yerself that always does like
To be crackin' yer jokes wid poor honest Mike.
An' is it a foine, han'some man, ye say,
That I am still to this very day;
Shure 'tis myself's goin' on for three-score,
An' faix, indade, I think I look more.
Ye might have been talkin' some time ago—
Nigh on thirty year or so.
Tho' perhaps I shouldn't be the one
To say it—look at, there's me son,
An' he's the biggest broth of a boy
To be met wid round about Kilmooy.
Just ax the gurls, they'll tell ye that;
Shure there's none wid them like Pat;
An' I have heard his mother say
That I was like him in me day.
Och! ye should see him dance a jig,
Coort a gurl, or drive a pig;
There's none wid him that can compare
At funeral or wake or fair.
Put a shillelagh in his hand,
An' he will kape the pace quite grand.
Do I remember the Fanian time?
Shure 'tis just myself can prime.
When the boys was all dhrillen wid marvellous might,
Abroad in the fields under cover of night,
Wid broomsticks or aught else that came to their hand,
An' soon there was mustered a pretty strong band,
From valley an' hillside, village an' town,
An' the flag o' the forner would shurely go down.
Ye say I hould myself rather straight
For an undhrilled man! Now, yer honor, wait!
Shure, when at night I had nothin' to do
I used to be off an' drillin' too.
Ye say 'twas disloyal—but we all wished to see
The Land o' The Shamrock glorious an' free;
An' we all meant to fight for her open an' bould.
So! I'm not a lagger, wid that I don't hould;
If ye only can fight from behind a wall,
What I says is, *don't fight at all*.
Och! yes I could tell ye tales be the hour,
Well, now, yer honor, more power!
Shure that's the most illegit pipe I have seen,
An' baccy too quite fit for a queen;
Shure 'twill soothe me as I try
To make the time go swiftly by.
Well, yer honor has heard how the risin' begun,
But if it did it was very soon done,
For what could a handful do here an' there
Against disciplined force, wid enough an' to spare
Of rifles an' bay'nets, gunpowder an' shot;
Quite enough to make it exceedingly hot.
For the boys when they mustered the fight to begin,
So discipline won—as it always will win,
An' the risin' was quelled thro' the breadth of the land,
An' quickly put down wid a mighty strong hand,
For the polis was scourin' the whole country side
For ivery nook where the Fanian could hide.
Shure 'twas their duty they did, an' no more,
As they had always done afore;
An' they were a foine brave set o' men,
Ready to fight but one against ten.
Come wid me to the cabin door,
Look yonder to the Shannon's shore.
An' there it flows into the say,
An' forms that nate convayient bay,
Where mighty ships at anchor ride
Upon the bosom of the tide.
Look, there ye see a neck of land,
That juts out far upon the strand;
When the tide flows in, it flows on the flow,
'Tis very deep there, as I know—
Full forty feet, an' ships can glide
Widin an inch of its rocky side;
An' that very rock has got to do
Wid the story I'm about to tell to you.
If I don't dismember, 'twas the year '65,
That me brother was rarely look alive,
An' how he into the trouble fell
Is what I'm goin' now fer to tell.
All that winter I'd been laid by—
Indade, I was almost like to die;
So when the boys was scattered all,
I'd nought to do wid it at all;
But Pat, that's him I mentioned now,
Was in the thickest o' the row.
At dawning of day, in the early flush,
They had marched down straight upon Kilrush,
For they had certain news an' thrue,
That in the barracks there were but few—
Not more than five at the very best.
An' they had heard how all the rest
Had been dhrawn away to guard from ill
A lonely station upon the hill;
So now the boys came in their hordes,
Wid flintlock guns an' rusty swords,
An' marchin' straight into the square,
Began their operations there.
They called upon the polis five
To give themselves to them alive,
So's not to bring upon the town
Ruthless bloodshed tumbled down.
The Sergeant, leavin' from his place
Of vantage, laughed right in their face,
And says: "Go, boys, while yet ye can,
Or there'll not be left of you one man;
For the Chief is comin' as quick as can be,
An' I'll dhrive yez all right into the sea;
For ye see," says he, "When ye make a call,
We'd like to give yez a welcome all."
For the Sergeant knew if they once began,
The barracks doors would be battered in,
An' what could five men do, tho' brave,
When the storm about their heads should rave;
So he parleyed wid them for a while,
Quite pleasant like, an' wid a smile;
But Pat, he shouts: "Tis humbug, boys—
Come on, and so they did, wid noise.
They made a rush, an' soon the door
Would have fallen in upon the floor;
An' shots were fired—just one or two,
When sudden like there came in view
A line of cars, full twenty strong,
An' helmet gleamin' in the sun.
The polis soon was on their feet,
An' quick came chargin' up the street;
An' cheer on cheer up from them rose
As they came rushin' on their foes;
An' shure the boys they did their best,
But the Chief he was like one possessed,

Tho' he fought but wid baton, it came down like lead,
An' soon many's the boy fell, knocked on the head;
But when one of the polis was shot,
Says he: "This is gettin' a little too hot;
So, Ready! Present!" an' then, at last,
Fire! rung out in the air like a great trumpet blast.
Wid that the boys they all turned an' fled,
Wid Patrick flyin' at the head.
If the Chief had led the boys that day
It might have been the other way.
None of me humbug. Shure I know your son,
But it's not lies I'm tellin'—sorra a one.
Well, as I could ye, the boys they all fled,
Wid Patrick flyin' at their head.
For well he knew that Sergeant Tim
Had from the window spotted him,
An' knew for sure that the county jail
Would soon receive him widout fail.
An' then, perhaps, his life would pay
For what he tuk in hand that day.
An' days an' days he wandered lone,
Away from friends, away from home—
Now hidin' here, now hidin' there,
For the polis they was every where.
At night his pillow was the ground,
Wid snow deep lyin' all around,
An' the cold, pale moon seemed to mock his woe
As it calmly shone on all below.
An' awful stillness round him lay—
A stillness more awful by night than by day,
An' he's often tould me, wid bated breath,
How he most one night had prayed for death;
But the thought of the colleen he loved so well
Uprose in his mind an' down he fell
On his knees an' prayed that the Saints above
Would bring him back to his home an' her love.

So, creeping along by dith an' by hedge,
He managed at last to get to the edge
O' the hill up beyant, near the little breen,
An' be the same token, widout bein' seen,
An' there he remained, so to spake, widin call,
Till the dark, cloudy eve was beginnin' to fall.
An' then he crept down, like a thief in the night,
An' his poor heart rejoiced once again at the sight
O' the turf an' the straw and nate piaty patch;
An' then he stole forwards an' lifted the latch,
An' we all sittin' the turf fire around
Seen—as we turned our heads at the sound—
A figure so wild comin' in at the door
That we all were chilled to the very hearts' core—
Wid ghastly pale face an' a cut on its head.
Says we, 'tis one shurely that's rose from the dead.
Me mother she covered her head wid her shawl,
An' Eileen, poor colleen, senseless did fall—
Eileen, that's her as was sweet upon Pat—
An' as for the youngest, nine-year-old Mat,
He made such a noise that he wakened the pig,
An' I, thyrin' to look careless like, talked up quite big.
Says I, if yer form is of earth or of air,
The same to us now would ye kindly declare,
For 'tis quite cold enough wid the snow as it is
Widout the addition of them as is riz.
"Be de hush!" (hould yer wish!) says Pat, for 't was he,
"Is it tuck that all of yez want me to be?
Shure 'tis meself that's safely come back,
An' mebbe the polis is now on me thrack;
But here I must contrive somehow to stay
Till the Star o' Hope sails into the bay.
For I've had news that she's hangin' about
To take the boys off—since the day o' the rout—
An' they've rockets on board to shoot up in the sky
As signals to show they are still stannin' by."
Then he knelt on the floor an' tenderly raised
Poor Eileen, who sat up an' looked around dazed,
An' gave her a little wather to drink.
When she seen 'twas Pat she was up in a wink,
Flung her arms round his neck an' quietly cried:
An' Pat, he presses her close to his side.
An' says: "'Twas worth havin' wandered lone
To get such a lovin' welcome home."
Well, it was the very next day
The Star o' Hope sailed into the bay;
But Pat must wait until he seen
A rocket fired—a rocket green.
For they had sent a boat on shore,
By daylight, to tell this an' more;
An' trusty spies the news had brought,
To Patrick, whom they long had sought,
For Father John—God rest his soul—
Stuck to the boys thro' fair an' foul,
An' worked to get them safe on board
To save them from the avengin' sword.
That night the moon rose fair an' high,
Not a cloud bedimmed the starry sky.
An' the earth, all dhressed in her bridal white,
Smiled could an' pale in the calm, pure light,
An' the moonbeams danced upon the bay
Where the Star o' Hope at anchor lay.
Awaitin' the risin' o' the tide,
That near the rock it might safely glide,
For there could Patrick gain the yacht—
There only—widout bein' caught.
We strained our eyes from the cabin door,
An' looked out towards the Shannon shore;
The could it wellnigh froze our breath;
'Twas awful—it was cold as death;
An' there we stood, an' whispered low,
An' hoped the rocket soon would show.
But Patrick says: "I cannot see."
Till Eileen comes—She would sorely grieve,
If she might not bless me before I go
Her heart would be heavy an' black wid woe."
Thus lamentin' he looked towards the hill
Whence Eileen should come if naught were ill.
When swift an' shure, wid steady aim,
A rocket rushed up, all in flame,
An' burstin', quickly there was seen
A showery, ripplin' mass o' green,
An' the Star o' Hope, wid stately glide,
Moved slowly wid the flowin' tide.
An' Patrick turned him from the door,
All slowly towards the Shannon shore,
When down the hill, wid streamin' hair,
Flew Eileen, wid her head all bare;
Her purty face looked wan an' pale
As on she came, wid bitter wail,
An' chokin', gaspin', all for breath,
Bade Patrick fly for life or death.
"For, see!" says she, upon the brow
O' the hill beyant, the polis now!
For, shure, some thievin', villain spy
Has given the poor, hunted boys the go-by,
An' all their secrets have been sold
For the Saxin's bloodstained gold!
Oh! Paddy, jewel, quickly fly,
Or soon you could in death may lie!
An' what could your poor Eileen grave,
But to rest wid you in yer lonely grave."
On they came at a rattlin' pace,
Which quickly broke into a race
As Paddy, like arrow shot from a bow,
Hurled himself across the snow.
They passed us quickly, wid a rush,
An' then on all there fell a hush,
An' we almost could hear our own hearts' beat
As we watched that figure running fleet,
An', breathless, saw his flying leap
Across a ditch both wide an' deep;
An' then rose up a moanin' sound

He'd fallen right upon the ground—
An' Eileen wrung her hands again,
An' cried aloud, like one in pain,
For two o' the polis outstrippin' the rest,
Went runnin' on their level best,
An' gatherin' themselves for the fateful jump,
They sprung—but into the water, plump!
An' Paddy was up an' off like the wind,
Leavin' them all a long way behind.
But once across, they soon gained ground;
'Twas like a hunt, w' d horn an' hound,
That grim race which now began—
A hunt! but the quarry was a man.
An' soon they pressed on Paddy sore,
But now the rock was right before,
An' the Star o' Hope lay waitin' there,
Wid masts an' spars an' riggin' bare.
The Sergeant, puttin' on a spurt,
Gained Paddy's side, but to his hurt,
For Pat, wid well-directed blow,
Sent him sprawlin' in the snow;
An' wid a wild, exultin' shout,
Jumped clean on board. An' soon about
Was turned the yacht, an' wid full sail
They gave the polis quick leg bail.
So Pat was safely got away
Right over to Amerikay;
An' there he prospered, an' soon at his side
Was dark-eyed Eileen, his faithful bride.

THE QUIET HOUR.

He Knoweth All.

The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.
The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.
Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughen'd path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross,
Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows,
And he has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirr'd,
And every anguish'd pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.
So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.

Nobody Knows but Jesus.

"Nobody knows but Jesus." 'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song, but it comes again and again.
I only heard it quoted, and I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message was wonderfully blessed,
For it fell upon my spirit like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters die into stary calm.
"Nobody knows but Jesus!" Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus, my own dear Lord, should know?
When the sorrow is a secret between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure of His quick sympathy.
Whether it be so heavy that dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden they could not come and share;
Whether it be so tiny that others could not see
Why it should be a trouble and seem so real to me;
Either, and both, I lay them down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus, mysteriously sweet.
Sweet, for they bring me closer to the dearest, truest Friend;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer as 'neath the cross I bend;
Sweet, for they are the channels through which His teachings
flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets His heart of love I know.
"Nobody knows but Jesus!" It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours it will chime along the way.
"Nobody knows but Jesus!" My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow that no one knows but Thou
—F. H. H.

Personal Friendship with Christ.

(Continued from page 186.)

There are some excellent Christians who seem to know Christ only biographically. They have no experimental knowledge of Him. He is to them at best an absent friend—loving, faithful and trusted, but still absent. No word of discouragement, however, should be spoken to such. The Old Testament usually goes before the new, in experience as well as in the biblical order. Most Christians begin with the historical Christ, knowing of Him before they know Him. Conscious personal intimacy with Him is ordinarily a later fruit of spiritual growth; yet it certainly appears from the Scriptures that such intimacy is possible to all who truly believe in Christ. The way to this experimental knowledge of Him is very plainly marked out for us by our Lord Himself. He says that if we love Him and keep His words He will manifest Himself unto us. It is in loving Him and doing His will that we learn to know Christ; and we learn to love Him by trusting Him. Ofttimes we learn to know our human friends by trusting them. We see no special beauty or worth in them as they move by our side in the ordinary experience of life; but we pass at length into circumstances of trial, where we need friendship; and then the noble qualities of our friends appear, as we trust them, and they come nearer to us and prove themselves true. In like manner, most of us really get acquainted with Christ only in experiences of need, in which His love and faithfulness are revealed.

The value of a personal acquaintance with Christ is incalculable. His friendship purifies our sinful lives; makes us brave and strong, and inspires us ever to the best and noblest service. The richest, the sweetest, and the only perennial and never failing fountain of good in this world is the personal, experimental knowledge of Christ.

That Christ should condescend thus to give to us sinful men His pure divine friendship is the greatest wonder of the world; but there is no doubt of the fact. No human friendship can ever be half so close and intimate as that which the lowliest of us may enjoy with our Saviour. Rev. J. R. Miller.