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PATRIOTIC SONG.

With a minstrel's devotion,
I crossed the blue ocean.
My heart bounded lightly, strange countries to see;
But from all the splendor
Their beauties could render
I turn'd, O my Erin! with fondness to thee.

How sweet the repose is,
'Mid myrtles and roses,
In the bowers of the South, where no wintry winds be:
But beneath the bright flowers
That bloom in those bowers
Lurks the serpent, whose venom's a stranger to thee.

In the western world
Where freedom unfurl'd
Her banner triumphant, I've roamed with the free:
But though strangers possess thee,
And tyrants distress thee,
Still, Erin! thou'rt fairest and dearest to me.

Thou land of my sires,
Thy wild harp inspires,
Our bosoms with freedom, from ocean to sea;
Then in mountain and valley,
Let Irishmen rally,
And their cry be, "Home Rule, and justice for thee!"

THE O'DONNELLS
OF
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"
"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Lizzie Ellis became most zealous in aiding the Rev. Mr. Sly in his missionary labors; they visited the neighboring cottages of the poor together. They distributed meal and soup, and tracts to the righteous, and advised the obstinate to forsake their worship of idols, and to embrace the purity of Protestantism. Owing to the pressure of the time, some were unable to resist the temptation, but they were few indeed. It is a fearful trial, no doubt, to see one's wife and children for days without eating a morsel of food, except cresses and turnip-tops, and the like,

and then to be offered food and raiment, but to put on the semblance of apostacy; yet thousands preferred death.

These men must be actuated by a Christian spirit, who could hold bread to the lips of the starving poor, and then snatch it away, because they would not forsake their religion; this is the charity of loving your neighbor as yourself. There is many a heartless Dives in this world, whose idea of "who's my neighbor?" is—"every rich and respectable person, whose religion and politics are in accordance with my own." As to the poor wandering outcasts, the houseless poor, those little ones of our Great Master, he knows them, not. Ah! Dives, when you look upon your splendid house, your fertile fields, and ample stores, think on the parable of the rich glutton and the poor man, and consider that you naked, trembling wretch, is, perhaps, dearer to the Lord than you, who are clad in "purple and fine linen." Think that the great Law-giver has said: "As often as you give to these little ones, you give unto me." His followers were both Jews and Gentiles, for He came to save all that obey his laws.

The works on Knockcorrig had commenced, and liberal wages were given. The old and young, men, women and children, sought work there. Children were employed there so young, that they had to be brought on their parents' backs, and old persons had to be carried by asses.

This was in the middle of a severe winter; the ground was covered with snow; sleet and snow and rain drenched the wretched creatures. The old and young were put to breaking stones. There they sat, from morning until night, their bodies half naked, and the rain and snow and sleet pouring upon them. It is no wonder, then, that fever and dysentery were prevalent, and that each morning several were crossed off the books without the least comment or remark—they were dead, that's all.

The Rev. Mr. Sly frequently drove about from house to house. Lord Clearall's tenants had to receive him with seeming courtesy at least; they knew the conse-