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A LAUGH—AND A MOAN.

The brook that down the valley
So musically drips,
Flowed never half so brightly
As the light laugh from her lips.

Her face was like the lily,
Her heart was like the rose,
Her eyes were like a heaven
Where the sunlight always glows.

She trod the earth so lightly
Her feet touched not a thorn;
Her words were all the brightness
Of a young life's happy morn.

Along her laughter rippled
The melody of joy—
She drank from every chalice
And tasted no alloy.

Her life was all a laughter,
Her days were all a smile;
Her heart was pure and happy—
She knew not gloom nor guile.

She rested on the bosom
Of her mother, like a flower
That blossoms far in a valley
Where no storm-clouds' ever lower.

And—"merry! merry! merry!"
Rang the bells of every hour;
And—"happy! happy! happy!"
In her valley laughed the flower.

There was not a sign of shadow,
There was not a tear nor thorn—
And the sweet voice of laughter
Filled with melody the morn.

Years passed—'twas long, long after,
And I saw a face of prayer;
There was not a sign of laughter—
There was every sign of care.

For the sunshine all had faded
From the valley and the flower,
And the once fair face was shaded
In life's lonely evening hour.

And the lips that smiled with laughter
In the valley of the morn—
In the valley of the evening
They were pale and sorrow-worn.

And I read the old, old lesson
In her face and in her tears,
While she sighed amid the shadows
Of the sunset of her years.

All the rippling streams of laughter
From our hearts and lips that flow
Shall be frozen cold, years after,
Into icicles of woe.

FATHER RYAN.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The happiest man in England was Father John Hayes, when he learned that his sister had determined to embrace the life of a religious. Her mother in Ireland had already thanked God, that he had blessed her with a priest to pray for the family at the altar; and "now," she wrote, "I double my thanks that God has been good enough to inspire my daughter to become the spouse of His Son Jesus Christ."

Alas! alas! in the midst of life we are "in death," and care over tracts the footsteps of joy.