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THE EXILE.

BY H. NULTY.

Oh! list to the lay of a poor friendless stranger,  
An exile afar from the land of his birth.  
Exposed here alone to each sorrow and danger,  
While mourning the loss of our long faded worth:  
And hoping 'gainst hope for to see it returning  
To end the sad vigil of bondage and mourning.  
With hope and despair in his bosom still burning  
As he grieves, hapless Erin, for freedom and you.

He once was as bright as the lark in the morning,  
No sorrow ere shaded the glow on his brow.  
The soft bloom of health was his features adorning,  
And light rose his song as he followed his plough;  
But then o'er the land was a feeling extended,  
And brave hearts had hoped that their woes might be ended.

But soon the bright hopes, cold in death lay unfriended,  
Then he grieved, hapless Erin, for freedom and you.

He loves the old land, for among its green bowers  
His heart's first affections and childhood grew strong.  
Hate grew with that growth, for the then ruling powers  
Had gloried in heaping on wrong after wrong.  
Then the people were driven in sheer destitution  
To grasp at a hope in their grim resolution.  
And nothing was left them but fierce resolution,  
To win back fair freedom, dear Erin, to you.

It failed; and the bloodhounds of tyranny chased him;  
No spot of our island for him was secure.  
But still he had friends there who proudly embraced  
And gave him a refuge on mountain and moor.  
Till the sad day arrived, when from Erin he parted.  
What wonder if tears, burning tears, then had started?  
His proud spirit bent, and almost broken-hearted  
He wandered, an exile, dear Erin, from you.

Is it joy to the exile, alone and forsaken,  
To see among strangers their wild noisy mirth.  
While the grip of the tyrant remains still unshaken,  
On the land of his love, the green isle of his birth?  
No, no, it is pain to see brothers denying  
The land, that in solitude ever is sighing,  
While the flag of the foe is all peacefully flying,  
In triumph, dear Erin, o'er freedom and you.

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 XX.—(Continued.)

"What a contrast, my dear people," continued Father O'Donnell, "to those low, ignorant, ranting, proselytising soupers, that are going through the country with their sanctimonious looks and deceitful hearts. They will not give a morsel to poor, starving persons unless they turn, or, what's as bad, go to their schools. Now, I tell ye, don't mind them; leave them to God, but don't send your children to their schools, as you value their salvation. No, my poor people, if you should even die of hunger, God will reward you with heaven, but if you listen to their seductions, hell is your portion for all eternity. Do not ill-use them or abuse them, either, for the law is on their side; but when you meet them, and they offer you tracts, go on your knees, and make the sign of the cross, as you would if you met the evil one."

Father O'Donnell went into the school-room, and he was there surrounded by a host of half-naked, starving creatures.

"For God's sake, give us something to buy a bit to eat this blessed day?"

"Only it's Christmas Day, shure we didn't care."

"God help you, my poor people," and he wiped his eyes, and gave unto each head of a family sixpence or a shilling, the Christmas offerings of his wealthier parishioners.

He then left for home in company with his guests. There was a crowd of poor people about the door of his cottage.

"Well, what do you want?" said he.

"Something to ate, your riverence; we haven't a bit for our dinner."