



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1880.

No. 8.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the mighty billows, laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them as they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley as the multitudes go by—
You can chant in happy measures as they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict prove yourself a warrior true,
If, when fire and smoke are thickest, there's no work for you to do—
When the battle-field is silent, you can go with gentle tread,
You can bear away the wounded, you can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden, which the careless reaper leaves,
You can glean among the briars growing rank against the wall,
And it may be that the shadows hide the heaviest wheat of all.

If you have not gold and silver ever ready at command,
If you cannot toward the needy reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted—o'er the erring you can weep—
You can be a true disciple sitting at the Master's feet.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting for some nobler work to do,
For your Heavenly Father's glory, ever earnest ever true.
Go and toil in My vineyard—work in patience and in prayer,
If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere.

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 XX.—(Continued.)

ABOUT two o'clock there was some abatement though not much; and he started on his nefarious journey. He was not personally a wicked man. He was not a cruel man either. But the spirit of revenge had taken hold on him; and woe to the man whom such a spirit seizes. Such a man has no will but one: reason has no light to see unless the glare of his revenge; and death and shame and even damnation are defied or ignored in the presence of that deity! Such people are possessed of a devil.

It still rained, as we have been saying and still the lightning gave notice of the power, as it often does, of the justice of God. But on went the murderer, growing more excited, at every step, and his heart hardening more in hate. He is within a quarter of a mile of the Crag, when he hears a step rapidly approaching behind him. The first idea was that he had been discovered—the