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THE EXILE'S RETURN.

I stood on the hill-top and I gazed on the plain,
 I had come back to see my old home once again.
 But I knew not the mansion that stood by the rill,
 And I knew not the cottage that clung to the hill,
 And I knew not the stream that was dancing along,
 And I knew not the peasant there singing his song.
 But I knew the old tower that is mouldering away,
 It would seem when I left it, 'twas but yesterday,
 And I knew the brown mont that arose in the vale,—
 And I knew the old pathway that led thro' the dale,
 And I knew the old abbey, all ruined and hoar,
 For it stands as it stood when I saw it before.
 With a throb in my heart and a tear in my eye,
 I called a good peasant who was passing me by,
 "Say, friend," did I ask him, "could you tell me the one,
 Who now lives in yon mansion so stately and lone?"
 "'Tis the lord"—was his answer, "what lord?" querried I,—
 "'Tis the lord of the poor man;" was his answering sigh.
 "And, oh! who in yon cottage, perchance might abide—
 I mean the white cot on the distant hill-side?"
 "'Tis the one," was his answer, "who owned every spot—
 Of a land that's now destined to waste and to rot,
 He was poor—and God help him!—this lord came the way,
 And he chok'd in his answer—no more could he say!

"And what is yon tower that is crowning the hill—
 'Tis strange how it stands thro' the centuries still?"
 "Oh! yon tower where our father's defended the land—
 E'er it fell 'neath the grasp of this lord and his band—
 Ah! yon tower is a relic—God bless it I say!"
 And he seemed to recall some more fortunate day.

"And tell me, I pray thee, yon abbey I see—
 What relic is that of the glorious and free?"
 "Yon abbey," he said was the home of the blest,
 That now, 'neath its ruins in quiet may rest;
 Yon abbey that stands on our green native sod—
 The shrine where our fathers did pray to our God!"

I asked him no more and he went on his way
 'Twas then nigh the close of a fair autumn day,
 I strode towards the mansion and I knocked at the door—
 And was answered, "No alms sir, for idlers and poor—
 Go on sir! go on! we are sick of your kind—
 For here's not a place where the people are blind!"

Then I turned from the door-way and entered the cot,
 Oh! that night with the poor man can ne'er be forgot.
 I had bed, I had food, I had blessings and prayers—
 And I thought if there's virtue 'tis certainly theirs.
 And I thought of the time e'er a mansion was seen—
 How thrice blest was a home in the Island of Green!

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