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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

HEREAFTER.

We run the race of life with blinded hearts,
Intent on things around us, and we look
Delighted, on the phantom that departs,
Leaving us vain regret we fill can brook.

We pine o'er labors ended with the day,
Forgetting their reward is endless rest;
We build us palaces along the way,
Leaving them soon for night birds to infest.

We make us idols out of rotten earth,
And pay them homage due to higher powers;
We laugh and sing with idle, empty mirth,
And waste without remorse the priceless
hours.

And evermore we turn our eyes away
From things that of the great Hereafter tell;
And evermore we wander, far astray,
In our fool's paradise awhile to dwell.

To pluck forbidden fruit, forbidden flowers,
Sweet to the eye, but bitter to the heart;
And oh, how bitter, when those transient hours
For aye are over, and we must depart.

For soon, too soon the final hour is come.
Our journey ended, silently we stand
With hearts no longer light, and vain lips
dumb
At the dim portals of the eternal land.

And in those awful moments of suspense
Ere the gates open to the lingering soul,
What sad anxieties, what fears intense,
Like waves of ocean o'er the spirit roll.

How shall our lot be cast, we ask, and where,
In that Hereafter, endless, deathless, vast?
Shall we be placed in happy gardens there,
Or be in miserable deserts lost?

And lo, the answer—"In your own hands lay
Your final, everlasting destiny;
As you have sown, in your brief earthly day,
So you shall reap, for all eternity."

D. C. DEANE.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE,"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

Night fell on Drogheda, and the city
was outwardly quiet.

Sir Arthur Aston and his council of
war held vigil it is true. Officers pa-
trolled the town, watched the gates and
ramparts to see if any weak spot had
been overlooked by which the enemy
might make good his entrance in a
night surprise, but the busy hum and
stir of the day was over, the lights were
extinguished, the noise and traffic of the
river-side was at an end, and the moon,
rising in all her glory, cast a flood of
silver light on the smooth waters of the
Boyne.

In the house of Bride O'Sullivan a
sad scene was passing.

The nuns were all ready for their
journey, and many tears were shed and
many blessings breathed from the ach-
ing hearts of those who held them as
their dearest treasures.

"It is not quite time," said Father
Taaffe, as he entered the room, "the tide
does not serve; we must wait awhile;
and I would, if I weary you not, my
children, say a few parting words unto
you before you set forth."

"Oh Father," said Mother Abbess,
"be pleased to do so, our hearts are full