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ROCKS AND RIVERS.

AN IRISH FABLE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

I.

When the Rivers first were born,  
From the hill tops each surveyed,  
Through the lifting haze of morn,  
Where his path through life was laid.

II.

Down they pour'd through heath and wood,  
Ploughing up each passing field;  
All gave way before the flood,  
The Rocks alone refused to yield.

III.

"Your pardon!" said the Waters bland,  
"Permit us to pass on our way;  
We're sent to fertilize the land—  
And will be chid for this delay."

IV.

"You sent!" the Rocks replied with scorn,  
"You muddy, ill-conditioned streams;  
Return and live, where ye were born,  
Nor cheat yourselves with such wild  
dreams."

V.

"You will not?" "No!" The Waters mild  
Called loudly on their kindred stock,  
Wave upon wave their strength they piled;  
And cleft in twain rock after rock.

VI.

They nurtured towns, they fed the land,  
They brought new life to fruits and flocks:  
The Rivers are the People, and  
Our Irish Landlords are the Rocks.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,  
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.)

We may well imagine how the old clergymen and the young enjoyed the reminiscences always so dear—the memory of sweet academic days, when the life of intellect and heart makes an elysium which, alas! so soon vanishes in the presence of the world of hard realities.

Father Ned, however, half lived this evening in the charmed atmosphere of fourteen years before, and the same must be said of his class-fellow, Father Michael Feehan; and though the elder clergymen had to banish the shadows of nearly five-and fifty years, they renewed much of their youth in the associations which gathered around in the geniality of a loving reunion.

Father Ned Power kept honestly to his contract; and if his heart was half as emphatic as his minstrelsy, we have great doubts of his devotion to "law and order."

"And true men be you men,  
Like those of Ninety-eight,"

had hardly been pronounced, when the little company was excited to a degree indescribable—simply by the arrival of the post. Indeed, there were two effects this evening from the same cause, and