



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1880.

No. 10.

HYMN TO LIBERTY.

BY UNA.

Oh! thou great and mighty angel,
Whom the nations seldom see,
View the lands in fetters pining,
Lifting up their hands to thee;
'Neath the burden of oppression
See them struggle, hear them groan,
While their tyrants shout exulting:
"Liberty from earth has flown!"

Sweep the world with wings of power,
In thy passage hurling down
From above the trampled millions,
King and purple, throne and crown;
Dash to earth the world's destroyers,
Glorious angel, strong and just;
Worms may crawl, but bid the people
Look aloft and spurn the dust.

Let the rushing of thy pinions
Rouse the dreaming lands to life;
Break their hopeless, death-like stupor,
Even with the sounds of strife;
If their manacles can only
By the sword be cut in twain—
Better hear the clash of sabres
Than the clanking of a chain.

Why must bloated pomp and power
Fatten when they scorn to toil?
He who digs from earth her treasures
Should be monarch of the soil.
Kings are not of God, though blinded
Israel's wish of foolish pride—
Patriarch for regal ruler
To exchange—was not denied.

At her prayer, the great Jehovah,
Let her bow to kingly sway;
Now the world, grown wiser, fancies
Royal heads have had their day.
God of right! behold thy children
Bowed in bondage, loathed, abhorred,
'Neath those monsters of injustice.
Called, "Anointed of the Lord."

Sternly, bravely, yet how weakly,
Do they war with force and wrong;
Smile upon their stormy present,
Let them with thy strength be strong;
From the dust their faces lifting,
Lo! they deem thy coming nigh;
Hasten, hasten, mighty angel,
Lest the nations shriek and die.

McENEIRY THE COVETOUS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of the "Collegians," &c.

—What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoe Pierna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects, on the horizon, for many miles around, and awful and wonderful and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or of its neighbourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom McEneiry, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of