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DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be, or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is brown beneath,
 My native waters blue;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread
 Ere I am false to you,

Dear land—

Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
 Your noble lakes and streams,
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems;
 I think of all—your long, dark thrall,
 Your martyrs brave and true—
 And dash apart the tears that start;
 We must not weep for you,

Dear land—

We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brother twain
 Were sent to pine and rue;
 And still they turned with hearts that
 burned,
 In hopeless love to you,

Dear land—

In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore;
 Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
 Some gullant patriots few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,

Dear land—

To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
 Let other heads divine;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel
 No terror can subdue;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,

Dear land—

Were sweet, endured you.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH

CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued.)

"Will the day ever come when you can?"

"Yes," she answers, with a weary sigh, I think so—I hope so, but I do not know. Oh! monsieur, let us end this—I foresee nothing but trouble will come of it. My conduct looks suspicious. You are honestly trying to trust me, and you cannot. Let us make an end. It is not too late. Nothing is done that cannot be undone, and I am weary of doubts and quarrels. I will give you back your ring and your freedom, and then these secrets and hidden treasures of mine need disturb you no more: Monsieur Longworth it would have been better for us all if you had never let us come here."

"I begin to think so," he answers, bitterly, "since this is to go on indefinitely. I had hoped—but what does it matter now? If you had cared for me—"

He stops with an impatient gesture, and moves away a few steps. Then he comes again and stands before her.