[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

## TO A SHAMROCK PLUCKED IN IRELAND.

BY JAS. FRANCIS DELANEY.

From the Isle of St. Patrick across the wide sea,
A dear little Shamrock hath journeyed to me:
All across the wide sea from a spot ever dear,
Thou hast come little Shamrock to gladden me here.

They tell me, sweet shamrock, that thou wert born
Where the lovely Blackwater doth Mallow adorn,
Then come little Shamrock! O come to my heart
For Mallow and Mother I never can part.

O! tell me dear Shamrock if aught thou hast seen
Of the places where Mother must often have been?
Does the gentle Blackwater as peacefully glide
As when in her girlhood she dreamed by its side?

Does the chapel bell softly the Angelus peal,
As it did when, of yore she often would know,—
And blending her voice with its silvery tone,
On the wings of its music her prayer fearless hie
His Throne?

O! tell me, my Shamrock, in sight thou hast seen
Of a cottage [illegible]
Far [illegible]
For me [illegible] places her home?

O! [illegible]
Are [illegible]
Where [illegible] they wan[illegible]
Ar[illegible] the sake of sweet Mallow.

Th[illegible]
F[illegible]
An[illegible]
Th[illegible] glory.

# AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By M. A. Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.
Author of [illegible]

### CHAPTER XX.

[illegible]

As [illegible] cheers [illegible] hymn [illegible] Mamino [illegible] to our Lady Mary [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] prints [illegible] One man or two [illegible] dussey [illegible] dinfrey [illegible] swi[illegible] abo[illegible] donkey.

On the [illegible] had [illegible] years [illegible] passed [illegible] quiet. [illegible] there [illegible] fierce battle [illegible] red rain [illegible] vines [illegible] glow [illegible] hearted [illegible] ditties as they [illegible] shion of their [illegible] cal changes to the [illegible] affect them [illegible] their own [illegible] up in peace [illegible] their own [illegible] their [illegible] serving God [illegible] the true [illegible]

Two years have passed since the auspicious attempt was made on Rome by the Garibaldian [illegible]. Peace and [illegible] have smiled on the Roman States and the people are prosperous and happy. A great event—the most [illegible] of modern times—is soon to take place at Ecumenical Council, has been convoked by the Pope and is to meet on 8th December next. It is hailed with delight by the good feared by the unscrupulous and cursed by the impious.

On a bright day towards the close of October, 1869, Lorenzo Aldini was wending his way through the steady grazing flocks between Lake Albano and Marino. He passed by the waters of the Ferentine Lagoon, a spot renowned in early Roman history, and quietly smiled at the vanity of human greatness as he recalled the washerwomen chanting sonorous lays in the historic waters. It was no attention daboding which engaged the attention of these matitnes with a peculiarly piungo they would carry the [illegible] in the stone basin of the fountain, wash it thoroughly round a few times, jerk it dexterously in a graceful [illegible] on the marble slab, give it a few heavy blows with a pestle, wring it out, rinse it twice, and by way of variety [illegible] playful exhibition of [illegible] slap their neighbor's back with [illegible] finally spread it on a bush of [illegible].

Lorenzo did not stay watching this operation; he turned towards Marino. He wore the dress of a Z[illegible] looked more [illegible] not so bright [illegible] ious expression had set its seal on his features; it was easy to see that some trouble was preying on his young [illegible].

"What can it all mean," he muttered; "my father dying, and searching for that old Jew who escaped us that night in the Ghetto. I hunted everywhere for that cunning Shylock, and could not discover any traces of him; and now Peppe tells me that he is near my father at his request. There must be some mystery. I cannot distrust my father, yet how explain his connection with that disreputable Jew? He got his into pecuniary difficulties, and fallen into the hands of money-lenders? Better that that be connected in any business matter of a questionable nature. I can work my way in life, even if he can leave me nothing. But my mother—shall I ever see her? Am I sure that she lives? Often have I questioned my father, as much as I a son should; but he has always managed to evade my questions without seeming to do so. Now he will tell me all."

With a nervous step Lorenzo mounted the steep, craggy ascent from the valley of the Ferentine waters to the town of Marino; it is shorter than the common dirt way cut by order of Pius IX. On reaching his father's house he met Peppe at the door, and was informed by the old servant that his father was ill—was dying. He had asked for a priest, and had on his arrival called Peppe and two other servants into the room, and in their presence told the priest that he had done a grievous wrong to some persons—not for love of money but through hatred, and that before disclosing his confession he wished to prove the sincerity of his sorrow. Holding up a document in his own handwriting, he said that it would right the wrong as far as it was now possible to right it. It would be given to his son on his arrival, and then his reparation would begin. Having said this he dismissed the servants, and remained for a long time with the priest. He had received all the sacraments of the Church. "I know I suppose," said Peppe, "the priest must have [illegible] as reparatory as it was possible [illegible] to be."

Peppe [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] was [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] Marino [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] Lorenzo