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A CRY FROM IRELAND.

BY N. J. O'CONNELL FRENCH.

What message is flashed through the ocean,
From 'neath its billows and foam—
Then over prairie and mountain
To our distant Western home?
A cry from our dear mother Erin,
Out of the depths of the main;
'Tis a cry of pleading and anguish—
"The Famine's coming again!"

Is this, then, O, just God of Nations!
Is this the work of Thy hand?
No!—Famine's a curse that the landlord
Brought to our beautiful land;
Wresting the soil from the people
By force or legalized lie,
He reaped all the fruits of our labor,
We learned to labor—and die!"

The harvest has failed, yet the landlord
Demands, like Shylock, his gold—
Pay the rent or your homesteads forfeit;
Go perish of hunger or cold;
The ox and the sheep must be fattened,
Or scant the Sassenach's board;
No room for both peasants and cattle—
Away with the famishing horde!

O, God! in a land fair and fertile,
Comfort and splendour so nigh,
On the soil once owned by our fathers
Must a nation perish and die;
Hear you not the cry of the people
Out from the depths of the wave?—
"The Famine is coming upon us,
Hasten to aid and to save!"

Why, strangers have come to the rescue—
Strangers in blood and in race,
Shall our hearts not feel for our mother
One touch of pitying grace?
Then hark to this cry, O, my brothers!
Harken, matron and maid!
Our people are calling: let's hasten,
Nor be too late with our aid!

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 IX.

JAMES THE PILGRIM.—MR. MELDON MAKES
ANOTHER VISIT TO THE CRAG.—FATHER
JOHN HAYES.

We promised in the last chapter to say something of the strange man who met Mr. D'Alton Barron on the road as he came from the great meeting. The same man had been moving about the localities for three or four and twenty years, from the time he was five and thirty until he had reached sixty—the age he was when we introduce him to our readers. James Feron was above the middle height even now, when reaching the heavy three score; and his strength at one time must have been herculean. But he had nearly lost his sight, and could merely see his way so as to avoid collision with coaches, horses and cars. James was a prodigious favorite with young and old: and, what was more wonderful, he was quite worthy of the regard which greeted him wherever he went. He entertained the young; he gave counsel to the mature, and he prayed with all.

James Feron was among the last, we believe, of the exponents of great ponance and illustrations of beautiful charity which cold realities and hard selfish-