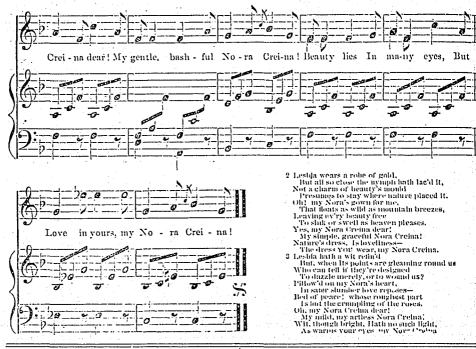
"LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE." Concluded.

医环门性科



Doetry.

THE FLAG THAT FLOATS ABOVE US.

BY WM. COLLINS.

The slave may bend in abject fear, And hug the chains that bind him, The coward run his base career, Nor light of freedom find him; But while above us floots that flag, Of green and orange blended, No tyrant knave its folds shall drag, While our stout arms defend it.

We ask for naught but what's our own, From friend or foreign foeman, We're one in love, in blood or bone, And yield or bend to no man; We fight the fight our fathers fought, Beneath the same old standard. They nobly died as brave mon ought, While leading freedom's vanguard.

Gaze on our standard as it flies,
By freement's hands supported,
A prouder yet 'neath heaven's skies,
Or fairer never floated:
It waved o'er Brian and O'Neit,
O'er Sarsfield, Tone, and Emmet,
It off has braved the foeman's stoel,
And freemen's blood be-gem it.

No hireling, servile, slaves are we, To bend with meek submission To England's grinding tyranny, Or despois heree ambition, But for our own, our suffering land Or foreign fees defying, We'll strike while we can raise a hand, And keep that barner flying.

A living rampart round it throng,
Ten thomsand hands are rendy
To strike a blow for Motherland,
Calm, patient, firm and steady;
Then shout it out to foe or friend,
To those who hate or love us.
While life remains we will defend
The flag that floats above us.

-Irish National Magazine,

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

There is no heart, however free and lightsome, But hath its bitterness;

No earthly hopes, however bright and blithsome, But ring of emptiness.

The world is full of suffering and sorrow,
Of anguish and despair;
Its brightest promises are of to-morrow,
Its mockerics everywhere.

Our weary hearts, with slow and sad pulsation, Beat to the march of years.

Their days are given to tell without cessation.

Their gloomy night to tears.

But let us wait in patience and submission

The will of our great King.—
Remember this—all through our earthly mission,
Perfect through suffering.

Then cease, O foolish heart! cease thy repining;
The Master's hand above
Is only purifying and relining—
The aichemist is love.

Those tears and thrills of woe—these great afflictions

Are but the chastening red:

And they shall prove the heavenly benedictions, The mercies of our God.

What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision Unto our tear dinmed eyes, Shall burst in glory into scenes elysian, A blooming paradise.

Then cease, O foolish heart! cease thy repining;
Hope! lift thy dropping wings:
The plan is one of God's all-wise designing—
Perfect through suffering.