

It is to this which Moore has beautifully given expression in his far-famed melody:

"Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!  
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,  
Saddening thro' pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise."

Music is the language of the heart, and its strains are expressive of the feelings by which they are awakened. The lively and soul-stirring strains of the Irish Bards breathes forth the natural joyousness of a people careless and happy, and side by side we find the mournful and pathetic melody—the outpourings of a heart overburdened with oppression and sorrow. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when Ireland's music will again be all joy and gladness, as it was in the day when she was free and happy, before her brightness had been overshadowed by the dark clouds of oppression and thralldom.

M. W. C.

**PHASES OF LIFE.**—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempest torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the new and evening hours, when all that covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is no less averse from change; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep.

## MEMORIES.

They come, as the breeze comes over the foam,  
Waking the waves that are singing to sleep,  
The fairest of memories from far-away home,  
The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,  
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep;  
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,  
And I welcome them all while I wearily weep.

They come as a song comes out of the Past—  
A loved mother murmured in days that are dead—  
Whose tones spirit-drilling live on to the last,  
Where the gloom of the heart wraps its gray o'er the head.

They come like the ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,  
And they follow our footsteps on life's winding way;  
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves  
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come, sad as tears to the eyes that are bright,  
They come, sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale,  
They come, dim as dreams in the depths of the night,  
They come, fair as flowers, in the lone, lovely vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so,  
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the Past.  
Its memories follow wherever we go,  
And the days that were first sway the days that are last.

## NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

### Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHAT HAPPENED AT DAYBREAK.

THERE is nothing so galling to a proud, bad man as defeat, and when that defeat is accompanied by humiliation, woo to those who have crossed his evil designs.

Elmsdale retired to his room only to meditate on plans of revenge: revenge on Ellie for having refused what he was pleased to consider an amazing act of condescension on his part; revenge on Ned Rusheen for having inflicted the correction he so richly deserved. The thrashing and the fright had sobered him, but it did not suit his present mood to remain sober. There are few who drink from the pure love of drink, in comparison with the millions who drink because they wish to forget themselves, or to stimulate themselves to commit some foul crime.

Elmsdale took care to have the means of gratifying his passion always within his reach. He had a very large dressing-case, of which he always kept the key. If any stranger had opened it, they would have been rather surprised at its contents,