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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

EASTER.

Mute nature is bursting her fetters of gloom,
And south winds arraying the plain in soft bloom,
While the rose tinted cloud and azure-hued sky,
Smile down as if beauty were born not to die,
All hearts are exulting, the Easter-bells ring,
Proclaiming the dogma of life's endless spring.

Drear Calvary's darkness forever has fled;
The Jesus we mourned for, no longer is dead;
The fruit of His Passion in splendor appears,
And turns into joy the full fount of our tears,
Yes, Mary has seen Him, and Magdalen's love
Is blest, all His faithful disciple's above.

She has heard that loved voice, and the sepulchre dim
Is vacant and alone with no traces of Him;
While the angels that guarded the portals have told,
The tidings that never thro' time shall grow old
Immortal, impassible, agile His feet,
Are hallowing earth, where the spring zephyrs meet.

Oh, the charm of the air! Oh, the bliss of the sod
That throbs to the touch of a crucified God!
The sacred humanity, ever adored,
Disenthralled from the tomb, to His children restored.

Ah, the delicate crimson, in mid-ether wrought,
From His Five Sacred Wounds has its purest ray caught.

Even the finely traced brown of the trees in the wood,
Recalls the sharp Thorns that were steeped in His Blood,

Oh, beautiful Easter! Oh, precious delight!
That keeps ever sacred His passion in sight!
And weaves through our joys, gentle griefs that subdue

Our passions and render us earnest and true.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE,"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

It was a merry breakfast party on the convent greensward. The mirth was chastened, truly, but it is wonderful to see how elastic human nature is, and how it can at times throw off the weight of care and apprehension. Gerald's face was radiant as he flitted about doing one after another of Bride's imperious behests; for, in truth, she loved to try the patience of her knight. During the memorable journey to Drogheda, on Mary's wedding day, Gerald had made great progress in Bride's good graces, while he had surrendered his own heart completely into her keeping. He pleaded his cause ere he left the town, and, though rejected, did not go away in a very hopeless mood.

When the Abbess wrote to say Eveleen's clothing would take place on the Feast of our Lady of the Angels, and invited her family to be present, Sir Luke said it was impossible any one could go; but Gerald was so urgent to be allowed to escort Mary, that his arguments prevailed and the journey was made; and when Gerald again quitted Drogheda he bore the troth-plight of the fair and wilful Bride O'Sullivan.

On the present occasion Mary could not come, but she wrote loving words of congratulation to her sister, and told her