

frankly to your Lordship the true secret of Irish-Canadian loyalty. *We are loyal because our equal, civil, social and religious rights are respected by this Government, in theory and in practice. WERE IT OTHERWISE, WE WOULD BE OTHERWISE.)*

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,
One of the Members for the City of Montreal in the
Canadian Parliament.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Mayo, &c., &c., Chief Secretary for Ireland, Dublin.

AM I REMEMBERED IN ERIN?

The following simple and patriotic lines were found hastily and almost illegibly scrawled in pencil, on a sheet of paper, folded in a book in the library of the late Hon. T. D. McGee. As they possess an interest as being a hitherto unpublished production of the martyr statesman, and as they furnish, after death, a contradiction of the slander that he was untrue to Ireland, we deem it well to publish them.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Am I remembered in Erin?
Oh! tell me, tell me true:
Has my name a sound, a meaning
In the place my boyhood knew?
Does the heart of the glorious island
Ever throb at my humble name?
Oh, to be loved in Erin,
To me were more than fame!

Come weal, come woe, dear Erin,
As death and sorrow came
When I followed my little darlings
To the place I cannot name;
Whether storm or sunshine waits me,
In the days that none can see,
I consecrate, dear Erin,
My heart and brain to thee.

O Erin, mother Erin,
Many sons thine eye hath seen,
Many life-devoted lovers,
Since thy mantle first was green:
Then how can I dare to cherish
The hope that one like me
May be enrolled hereafter
With that palm-colored company?

Yet faint and fair, my Erin
As the hope shines on my sight,
I cannot choose but watch it
Till my eyes have lost their light;
For never amongst her noblest,
Nor among her martyrs blest,
Was there heart more true to Erin
Than beats within this breast!