

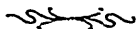
"How could river, lake, and sea
 In softer sister hues agree?
 And when will summer kiss awake
 Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake?"

'Twas fitting that this should be our last tarrying place ere
 we left the Green Little Isle, to carry away with us imperishable
 memories of Nature's beauties, and friendship's charms—

"Oh, matchless land! so well combine
 Thy elements of cloud and splendor
 That earth no valleys boast like thine,
 Enamelled with a green so tender.
 So well in Erin, too are mixed
 The elements of wit and honor
 That other nation's eyes are fixed
 In hopeless rivalry upon her!"

God bless thee dear, no, not farewell,
 I hope again to tread thy bowers,
 To roam once more by rill and dell,
 By languid lakes and lofty towers.
 I leave my heart for thy safe keeping
 'Tis thine in joy and thine 'midst weeping!

Eiblinn.



JEANNE D'ARC.

IT is now scarcely a year since the editorial world was aroused
 by a message from Rome, announcing the beatification of
 Joan of Arc. Journals and periodicals the world over, eager
 for news from the centre of Catholicism, each had its page or
 paragraph on the life and honor paid to the maid of Orleans. Her
 name was to be found in all sorts of papers and magazines, but
 strange to say the people of her own country showed a more re-
 pugnant spirit to this much merited honor bestowed on her, than
 did those of any other race. This spirit, however, was by no means
 the voice of the French nation, but of that body of Atheists or
 rationalists, the majority Freemasons, who rule France from Paris.