

to resist the English invaders, and even bore arms himself to encourage his countrymen.

Q. When and where did this prelate die?

A. He died in 1178, at the monastery of Eu, in Normandy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(Written for THE HARP.)

POEM.

The years that roll, my native land, bring no relief to thee,
As thou didst centuries ago, thou weepest by the sea,
And mourn the deeds of ages past and wear the very chain
The Saxons wrapped around thy limbs on Anghrim's vanquished plain.

Since then each generation dreamed the destined task was theirs,
To drive them forth who tortured thee, who seamed thy brow with cares,
Alas! each generation sank into unhonored graves,
And half thy sons are exiles now; the other half are slaves.

'Tis true insurgent fires were lit and flashed in ninety-eight,
When undisciplined valor strove in vain 'gainst foes and fate;
Yet, by the saints! not all in vain, it shewed a fettered race,
How Wexford peasants rose and shook an empire to its base.

And yet the might of Britain, though it conquers, cannot tame,
Nor wring from thy fierce spirit a surrender of thy name;
And tho' her flag floats on thy heights, the nations recognize
'Tis there by force, all dripping with the blood of centuries.

The ocean surging round thee is an ever-flowing sign,
Of thy distinct and sovereign right—a nation through all time;
If the living from the sacred trust were willing to recede,
The ghosts of the departed dead would rise to ban the deed.

Our dearest laurels, England, they were grasp'd from yours and you,
As you rejoiced, so we felt sad, o'er bloody Waterloo.
The Victor hearts of Almanza, the vanquished of New Ross,
Are those we cherish; your defeats we deem of little loss.

The tombless Emmett, whom you hanged, we love his very name;
Tone and Fitzgerald's names illumine our brightest page of fame.
The anti-Irish Irishmen you honor, we disown.
Since Westminster's cold Abbey gave them monuments of stone.

You say your Empire would collapse if Ireland cut the tie;
Well let it, 'tis at best a fraud, a blood cemented lie.
When you were naught, in times gone by, we flourished and were strong,
And shall again when you are down, God send it be not long.

I say to thee, Oh native land! thy dawn is drawing nigh
Bright freedom's sun breaks through the clouds and flames along the sky;
The night was long and dreary, but thy faith was strong and fast,
And faith with hope united always triumphs at the last

J. C. F.

PARENTAL DUTY.

Something more is due to children than food, clothing, shelter, social and educational privileges. Right example should illustrate and enforce right precept. Homilies against drunkenness, and prayers for deliverance from temptation, from lips that are redolent of wine will avail but little. What right has any father who ignores the temperance reformation to expect that it will bless his son? What reason has he to hope that his son will escape the blighting curse of inebriety if his own example is such as naturally encourages in the child those indulgences that form the drunkard's appetite? There are temptations enough in the path of youth without addition to their number by parental hands. Parents give to your children not only wise counsels but pure appetites. Upon the latter may depend a life of happiness, of usefulness, and of honor. The drunkard's appetite, however formed, is a terrible legacy to leave to those you love. But if you sanction, at home or abroad, by your own example, the use of intoxicating beverages, this may be the inheritance which you will leave to your children—an inheritance to whose horrors wealth can prove no alleviation, and poverty scarcely an aggravation. Beggary, without this, is infinitely better than princely revenues with it. Neither riches nor learning, nor honorable connections, nor high social position, nor political distinctions, compensate for the wretchedness that such an inheritance must entail upon its possessor. Yet all that is shameful in the life and all that is appalling in the death of the drunkard may be the portion of your son—of your daughter, even—through the influence of parental example. The bare possibility of this should be enough to induce, on the part of the parent, the most rigid abstinence from intoxicating drinks. There is danger, if not to yourself, yet to the more impressive child committed to your care, in indulgence—there can be none in abstinence. Let home be a sanctuary to the young, where safe from the temptations of the out-door world, they can renew and strengthen all virtuous purposes, cherish all noble aspirations, and by the formation of elevated tastes and pure habits, be prepared to live—for thus only in the interior significance of the term, they be prepared to die. Fathers! let no dying son of yours, going down to the predition of the drunkard, reproach your with the depairing accusation.