

IRELAND.

(Lines written at the request of N.-A.)

Sweet isle of the ocean, how oft to thy mountains
My soul seems to fly and drink deep of the foun-
tains
That spring from the depths of thy sea of devotion
And mingle their waters in freedom's broad ocean.
Blest visions that bring me the scenes of my child-
hood.
The sea-beaten rocks, mountain, valley and wild-
wood.
The home where in youth 'twas my infantile glory
To list to the wielders of romance and story.

Sweet, lonely "Gougane," is thy stillness around
me?
Do thy dark, beetling cliffs in their majesty bound
me?
On thy far tower heights is the lightning-flash
playing?
O!—tell me what sounds are thine echoes obeying?
Thy green mantled zone seemeth downward to
tumble.
In violent response to the thunder's loud rumble:
In white, foaming torrents a thousand streams,
gushing
Along thy declivities, downward come rushing.

And, dashing in spray on the low-lying water,
Arouse the wild swan that, like "Lirr's lovely
daughter,"
From the lone, dreary lake spreads its snowy-white
pinions
And launches far into celestial dominions.
I leave thee Gougane, but as westward I turn—
What dismal ravine! Why seems nature to mourn?
Why, clothed in verdure most beautiful only
And foliage, seem all things so dreary—so lonely?
'Tis lone "Keim-an-igh" in its evergreen weeping,
Like a beautiful maiden whose lover is sleeping.
In the grave from whose bourne his smile shall beam
never
On that fair one whose high hopes are blasted for
ever.
High tower in air the bleak, bold cliffs assemble,
At the noise of each footfall they vibrate and
tremble.
Till well nigh an arch to the dark pass is given,
Where meet their brown summits betwixt earth and
heaven.

From that lonely dale in sublimity clouded
I emerge, lost in awe, and in wonderment shrouded:
And lo! like an Eden whose glory has faded,
Smiles on land by the ocean in loneliness shaded.
Say is this "Hi Brazil" attractively beaming?
Or the land of "Cocaine" in its luxury gleaming?
Or famed "Tiernanogue," land of the still blooming
flowers.

Where age never enters youth's evergreen bowers?
Ah! no! 'tis Iveragh, 'tis Clara, 'tis Beara.
'Tis the home of the best and the bravest of Erid,
'Tis the rampart that long kept the foe at defiance
Till darts betrayed in unholy alliance.
O, glorious land! once the pride of a nation,
Thou'rt now but a bleak, full of dark desolation:
Thy children in bondage unheeded are weeping;
And the brave, who would free them, for ever are
sleeping.

Their chain of destruction was ruthlessly woven:
Hanged, butchered and blasted they have been, and
cloven,
Dyed red with their blood was the Ocean's blue
water.

And reeking and bathed was Beard of slaughter:
Dear land of my fathers, once island of gladness,
How dark was thy transit to the deep depth of
sadness.

How fruitless to-day 'neath the sway of the spoiler
Thou sweet Innisfail, rightful home of the toiler!

Sweet paths of my youth which I never shall wander,
Sublime, lovely scenes, on your beauties I ponder;
Majestic abodes where wild grandeur doth mourn,
To your solitude dear I shall never return—
O, turn my soul! from such sad recollection,
And make thine adopted the land of affection?
"Ah! no," screams my spirit, "my motherland,
Ireland,
Shall ever and ever be, blest, holy IZLAND!"

"DUNBOY."

Montreal, Oct. 31st, 1882.

LOVE'S LOYALTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BOGIES," "A LITTLE
MISTAKE," ETC.

Christmas in the Australian backwoods, away
from settlement, and without a neighbor nearer
than a ten-mile ride, is scarcely so hopeful or
likely to be as joyous as those which here in our
England come to us charged with the heartiest
of wishes, "A merry Christmas." Indeed, con-
trast the two, and in Australia Christmas is no
Christmas without the charm of its season. The
hurrying heat instead of, as here, the time-hon-
ored snow-crowned day—the day when, of all
other days, peace, goodwill, and charity,
whether of the heart or the pocket—charity in
forgetting and forgiving—is deepest stirred, and
the words, "Peace and goodwill to men," rung
out by the merry bells, strike upon the heart and
cry to us, "Forget and forgive!" Hard, indeed,
the heart that will not let that cry enter in;
blank, indeed, the life which has no tie on which
to lavish something of a generous feeling begot-
ten of that day. And yet in Australia, where
this sad page of a life's history opens, no poverty
met the eye to stir the compassionate feelings of
the heart; no biting cold on that day called
forth sympathy for less fortunate brethren; and
no merry bells spoke out through the hot slow-
moving air to call up memories of the past, and
bid men live in "peace and goodwill." Yet
there is a charm in the name of Christmas; and
to all to whom it comes, memory is revived. For
all the weary quiet life, sheep-farming in the
backwoods, it has one influence for good—olden
memories of home.

In a cabin of rough hewn logs in the back-
woods, alone, and without a hut within a ten-
mile circle, Gerald Edwards sat in the silence
which was hateful to him, wrestling with the
olden memories of home. The recollections of the
past were heavy on him.

He was a man whom one, looking at, would
have said was born for life in the wilderness.
Powerful in frame, strong in spirit, fearless, bold

to desperation, the world was as nothing to him.
He braved the elements and feared no danger;
was wild and reckless; maybe he courted
death.

Yes; life was a bitterness to him, and his
heart was very heavy.

So true it is that we never to the full extent
know the value of anything until we have lost
it.

It was true with Gerald Edwards; and me-
mory carried him back to the Christmas of a year
ago, in a quiet English homestead of the fine old
country town of a midland shire. The old scene
came before him once again; and, mingled with
the vision of the happy faces which had filled
that homestead, came one fairer, brighter, dearer
far, than all the rest. And what a face! Not
classic, not Greuze-like, not waxen pretty, but
fair and bright, grave yet open; eyes which
looked out from a fringe of lashes with love's
softest glances, which had seemed to him to say,
in their dumb eloquence, "You are my love, my
all the world."

And so his life came back before him, sitting
in that log-cabin; the faces mixed up with
things around, the old scenes passing like a
panorama before his eyes. And this was his
story.

Years ago two brothers had stood hand in hand
by the bedside of a dying father, and promised
him to live in love one with another, to sacrifice
to each other, to bear and forbear. It would be
so easy to keep that promise, they said to them-
selves. They had always lived together from
childhood, had worked side by side on their
father's farm, and not a difference had ever ex-
isted between them. It seemed so unlikely that
they, jointly inheriting that farm, should ever
separate, that the promise was readily given.
The life in that dear old place near the midland
country town was so uneventful, so rich in the
luxuries of peace and goodwill, that the sacrifice
which their promise should one day demand of
one of them never could have been believed had
any prophet foretold it. Yet it was to be, and
it came when the brothers had reached man's
estate.

Across the bridge of the old mill-dam, one
evening in the spring, little light feet trod, and
a girl of bright beauty, glad at heart, and of
merry voice, looked down upon the rushing
waters below; while above the rattle they made
her voice was heard singing a merry song, and
filling the quiet evening air in overgladness of
heart.

Ida Rutland was the only daughter of Squire
Rutland, who lived at "The Hall" in the vil-
lage, and who was at once half lord, half slave,
of the people. No one was more open to the im-
position of any one who had a pitiful tale to tell,
or who told one, true or not. His heart was so
large, and his nature so good, that Tom, Dick,
or Harry had but to send word he was ill, and
forthwith the squire might have been seen wend-
ing his way across the fields to the cottage of the
unfortunate sufferer. Sometimes a servant car-
ried a basketful of such eatables as would have
satisfied the family of Hodge for a week. The
squire was at once master, friend, minister, and
doctor. Food for mind or physic for body he
would dispense with the ready heartiness of a
man who asked the love of those beneath him,
and thought his trouble well spent. "Nothing
like twenty-four hours' bread and water," he
would say, for Giles's willful son who wouldn't
eat good fat bacon. Nothing like brimstone
and treacle for a little girl who had disobeyed
her mother and eaten too much sweetstuff. And
yet he spoiled the children himself, and one and
all ran to meet him if he stopped, or blew kisses
to him as he passed riding on his horse to the
county town.

Ida Rutland was motherless and her father's
idol. Pet though she was, he had never spoiled
her, and she had all his goodness of heart, his
love and pity for the poor, who loved and almost
worshipped her.

Of course it was Fate that led her that even-
ing to the old mill-dam. The squire had gone on
business into town, and she knew the time he
would return and also the very spot where she
could meet him. And she had started for that
purpose; but the rains had been late that season,
and there was danger in the dam. The waters
were out, and rushed down with more than usual
force; and the question had been asked,
"Would the dam hold?" As Ida stood looking
down into the rushing water, increasing in
bodily force, as she sang little snatches of song
in the joy and gladness of her heart, no sense of
insecurity was felt by her; but yet the wooden
bridge on which she stood shook by the water's
rush, and that was not usual. She would not
have long to wait, however, before her father
would arrive in the dog-cart which he would
drive from the town, and then she would mount
beside him and both would go home together.

The sun was just gone down, and the gray
light in the eastern sky was creeping over to the
west to put out the daylight which the sun had
left behind, and the air was very still. Presently
beside Ida a man's form appeared, and she turned
and found it was Gerald Edwards, the elder
brother.

He saluted her with gentlemanly courtesy, and
then asked,

"Do you think there is any danger, Miss
Rutland?"

"Danger?" replied Ida; "danger of what?"

"Of the mill-dam giving way," he answered.

"The water, I fear, is increasing, and certainly
I think the bridge shakes more than it did."

"I did not notice it," she said. "I was
waiting for papa, and did not think of the dan-
ger. But what do you think, Mr. Edwards?"

"I am afraid there is danger unless the water
goes down during the night. If it were morning
now, something might be done to strengthen it;
but as it is we must hope for the best. I have
warned the good people in the cottage below that
they must watch all night. They have a boat
tied at the door, so that should the dam burst
and the water reach the cottage they will take
to the boat and trust to it."

"You are very thoughtful," she said gravely;
"and that is why I often wish I was a man. I
should never have provided for such an emer-
gency. But men are very brave."

"I am glad you think I have done rightly.
Accepting your compliment, Miss Rutland, will
you not allow me to suggest that you should
leave the bridge? I cannot think it safe. It
seems to me that the water has loosened the sup-
ports, and it so, it may go at any moment."

"Do you think so?" she said.

"Yes," he answered gravely. "But I am
going down the bank to examine it, and when I
return I shall know if there is much danger."

Saying this, he tied one end of the long cord
he carried round a post on the bank, and began
to descend. Ida watched him curiously as well
as anxiously, as he went carefully down the slip-
pery bank, and disappeared in the dim light be-
neath the supports of the old wooden bridge.
She knew now the danger which threatened the
village, and as she stood thinking over it and
waiting for the verdict of the man who was to
her mind so noble, the quick steps of an ap-
proaching horse and the rattle of wheels fell
upon her ear. It was her father returning. At
once the sense of his danger struck her. He must
cross the bridge. Would it bear the weight of
his horse and vehicle? Could he, dare he,
cross? Without a thought she ran from the bank
to cross the bridge. Gerald Edwards called to
her from below.

"Stop, Miss Rutland! It will not bear your
weight! It will go directly! For God's sake,
stop!"

"My father! my father!" she cried in fear.

"Where?" asked Gerald, and instantly sprang
up the bank. There on the other side was the
squire fast approaching, and Gerald knew that
he must be stopped; for if he attempted to cross,
the bridge would go down. With all the strength
of voice he could command, he shouted, "Stop!"

But the rattle of the wheels of the vehicle the
squire was driving, and the rushing of the
waters, deadened the sound, and still he drove
on.

Then Gerald knew the danger that was before
him; and as the squire reached the bridge on
the other side, he threw off his coat and seized
the cord which he had fastened to the bank.
That would hold he knew.

A moment more the horse was on the bridge.
It seemed to shudder beneath its weight, then
shook violently, then yielded. Man, horse, and
vehicle were plunged into the seething waters
below.

The next second Gerald, with a call to Ida,
who stood paralyzed with fear, to remain still,
threw himself down the bank, and grasping the
cord in one hand dropped into the water.

Thoughts pass quickly through the mind at
such moments, and to Gerald the thought oc-
curred that the moment the heavy weight of the
horse and vehicle, or some of the supports of the
bridge, should strike the dam, it would give
way. Once that happened, all human help
would avail nothing. Both would be carried
away by the suddenly freed waters, and both
would perish together.

He struggled bravely to reach the squire, who
had fortunately got clear of the vehicle. He
seizes him, and, though carried round and round
by the eddying waters, clings to the rope. The
squire releases it, and with wonderful presence
of mind releases Gerald, and both drag on the
rope. Down the stream nearer to the dreadful
mill wheel, they go, and two lives hang upon
the rope. Will it hold? Yes; they near the
bank, and although the cord strains fearfully,
they get a foothold. A few feet more, and the
mill wheel had caught them. The squire's
strength fails him now, but Gerald has him in
his arms, and at the last gasps he pulls him
to the bank. He is safe, but the peril
foreseen by Gerald is realized. The dam gives
way under the weight of the vehicle, borne by
the waters with a heavy shock against it, and
the angry tide is let loose upon the village be-
low.

That night's work was dangerous in more
senses than one; and the effect upon two of those
engaged in it was seen three months later. Of
course Gerald, in the eyes of the fair young lady
who had witnessed his noble exploit, was from
that time forward a hero equal to any Rome had
ever produced. The leap of Horatius into the
Tiber from its broken bridge was nothing by
comparison. So, at least, she thought; and who
would quarrel with her for extolling the heroism
of the man who had saved her father's life? Who
will wonder that to that man she lost her
heart, or that, Gerald having won it, gave her
his own in its place?

It is true that the squire did not at all depre-
ciate the nobleness of the service Gerald had
rendered him. Yet it can scarcely be wondered
if he, as lord of the manor, and owner of nearly
half the village, felt some regret that his daugh-
ter should not have—and there he stopped.
"Have made a better match?" his heart asked
him. "No, hang it!" he answered himself.
"The boy's good enough for the first lady in
the land."

Love, then, was the ripened holier feeling of
gratitude for that night's work; and the squire,
having heard the honest father's acknowl-

ment of his passion, shook him by the hand, and
owned the worthiness of his daughter's choice.

Frank Edwards, his brother, was the first to
congratulate him, and he said that he was sure
he should always love Ida.

And the days after that, and the weeks and the
months that passed, saw two as bright and happy
lovers as ever the world had held. And yet—

And yet we find them parted, and he living
the life of a recluse in the Australian wilderness,
with vengeful thoughts of that brother who
had held the warmest place in his heart, and
nursing memories of wrong, bitter thoughts of
what was home.

And this is the reason why.

Early spring had come again, and the time
was fast approaching when Gerald would claim
the fulfilment of Ida's promise, and she would
be all his own.

Love is luxurious; and man in his soul hugs
himself in the contemplation of his promised
happiness. Apart from her who holds his heart,
his best enjoyment is in solitude and silence.
Look at the youth lying there on his back,
kicking his heels on the grass plot, and doing
nothing but stare up into the delicious green
foliage of the branches above him. He is in
love, and building castles in the air; not for
greatness, not for wealth for himself, he only
wants love in a cottage, but his castle is built
for happiness. This is selfishness, but the un-
blameable selfishness of love.

So it was with Gerald; and on an afternoon
of the next spring-time he had taken his boat,
and lying on the seat, had let it rock itself idly
along, while he gave himself up to the calm en-
joyment of his soul's happiness.

And the boat had floated on, and lay at last
out of the running stream behind some tall,
quiet reeds which rustled round, and made music
to him. Eye, ear, and sense were wrapped in
"love's lethe stream of rich delight!" His was
the acme of selfishness, but he had a rude awak-
ening.

As he lay there alone in his boat, voices came
to him borne upon the air, and down upon the
stream another boat came floating towards him.

The occupants of that boat were Frank, his
brother, and Ida, his own affianced wife.

But the words that came to him, how they
dropped upon his ear and scorched themselves
into his heart! The tones of the sweet well-
known voice came to him across the water, and
yet he could not believe that he had heard
aright. From the very depths of his love, sus-
picious through its greatness, a voice seemed to
cry to him that his brother was a traitor, that
the fair sweet young face he had called his own
was but a mask hiding a fickle and false heart.
And the voice cried to him, "Up, up; and see
a loving brother's treachery! Up, up; and look
in scorn upon the face which seemed so fair,
which is so false!"

Fool like, he obeyed the voice; but better far
if he had turned away and closed his ears, had
shut out sense and sound.

He stretched across the boat, and parted the
tall reeds which stood curtain-like between him
and the unconscious speakers beyond.

There they sat—Frank in his boat with the
scull lying idly upon the water, and bending be-
fore her with his hands in her lap.

Slowly they came, or seemed to come to the
agonized watcher; they passed at length, and
the last words of Frank in response to hers, and
hers in reply to him—"But what will Gerald
say?" and "Oh, he will be jealous; but you
lovers always are!"—hung upon his ear and
burnt into his heart. "False," he hissed be-
tween his teeth, "false to me!" He raised his
hand to heaven in strong agony of spirit, as if
he would have smote the brother who was so
treacherous, and on his lips a curse had framed
itself. But it did not pass into utterance. A
second more and his resolve was taken. The
memory of his promise was strong upon him, the
bitterness of his heart was changed to sorrow;
it was not hatred.

With desperate energy he seized the reeds
which grew low on the water close to the shore,
and pulled his boat to land; then, springing
out, he ran without ceasing until he reached the
farm.

As he entered the great kitchen, he cast a hur-
ried glance around. It was tenantless, and he
saw, no cheery voice within the house called
to him. Without, the men were working.

"Not returned," he said. "Well, 'tis better
it should be so."

Into the house he passed, and the door of his
room shut heavily behind him, as if it shut out
life and hope, as if it shut the door against peace,
upon his heart.

One hour, two hours passed, and then he came
out and called to one of the farm-servants, bid-
ding him harness his horse and bring it to the
door directly.

He had passed those two hours fighting with
the agony of his heart, yet outwardly he was
calm. He had loved the girl with all his man-
hood; and in the depth of his soul now he be-
lieved she did not love him, but that his brother
had taken his place in her affection. She should
never know what it had cost him to yield to her,
but his brother he would never see again.

When Gerald left the house he was accounted
for travelling, and he strode straight down the
path to where his horse stood.

Beside it stood his brother, laughing with the
farm-servant attending the horse.

"Going to the town, is he?" he was saying.

"Queer Gerald, love-mad, decidedly love-mad."

Gerald started when he heard the ringing
tones, and the thought crossed his mind, "Is
he such a villain?"