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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

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There's a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt
 In the land where the pyramids be,
 And her robe was embroidered with stars and her belt
 With devices right wonderful to see.
 And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
 On his mother's immaculate breast;
 When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt exiled
 He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

The Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
 And the future was given to her gaze,
 For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
 On her threshold keeps vigil always.
 She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
 In the katyds of the ciswote crown;
 But communed with the ghost of the Pharaohs, I ween,
 Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
 With a mule on a mule, by that road;
 And the child on her bosom reclined, and the way
 Led them straight to the gipsy's abode.
 From their home many a traveler a wearisome path
 From their home many a traveler a wearisome path
 From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
 Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

The gipsy came forth from her dwelling and prayed
 That the pilgrims would rest there awhile;
 She offered her couch to that delicate maid,
 Who had come many, many a league—
 And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
 And she begged the old man would repose;
 "Here the stranger," she said "ever thus free access
 And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
 To a seat in her grotto so cool,
 Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a
 shed,
 With a manger, was found for the mule,
 With the wine of the palm tree, with the dates newly
 culled.
 All the toils of the road she beguiled;
 And with song in a language mysterious she lulled
 O'er her bosom the way-faring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Egipt hand
 Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
 Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned
 Of the babe in his slumbers so calm;
 Well she noted each hand, each furrow she crossed
 O'er the tracings of destiny's line;
 "Whence came ye?" she cried in astonishment lost;
 "For this child is of lineage divine!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
 "Where we lived in the land of the Jew;
 We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
 In the gore of the children he slew.
 We were told to remain till an angel's command
 Should appoint us the hour to return;
 But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
 And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gipsy in joy,
 "And ye make of my dwelling your home—
 Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy—
 Blessed hope of the world—should come."
 And she kissed both the feet of the infant, and knelt
 And adored him at once—then a smile
 Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
 With her host on the banks of the Nile.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,
 THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
 —BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Cressy Arslade sat alone at one of the win-
 dows of Ashenfield drawing-room, weeping
 silently. It was her first great grief in life.
 The Marchioness of Babbington had just an-
 nounced to her the joyful intelligence that she
 was soon to have another mamma, which she,
 poor child! never having known what it was to
 have a mamma at all, took to mean that Ashen-
 field was soon to have another mistress—a
 lovely, blooming, all-amiable mistress, who
 took little Cressy to her heart and covered her
 with motherly kisses. Yet little Cressy was
 crying, and bitterly. Maybe the mamma of her
 dreams did not wear false teeth, or play girlish
 tricks in face of the world and swear—yes, she
 had heard the Marchioness swear! when the
 world was not looking on. Maybe she shudder-
 ed to think of her plaguy adorer, the Marquis, as
 a brother—nay as one privileged by his mamma
 and her mamma to be more than brother; for,
 whispered the Marchioness smilingly:

"My darling, I hope papa and I won't be the
 only bridal pair in Ashenfield."

Or, maybe this imminent marriage-question,
 the dividing-era of woman's history, frightened
 her now for the first time with the thought that
 she was not and could not be a child any more,
 but a rough nasty soldier in the world's war, with
 cares and passions and hates—with a strange
 mother who smiled and swore—perhaps with a
 husband—(well may the tender fairy tremble
 now!)—and not one unclouded day, such as the
 days were before, till through darkest clouds of
 all arrived another childhood. Any or all of