

Old letters ! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face ;
 Ah ! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place ;
 A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—
 Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

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Oh ! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past ;
 Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy far to last ;
 The tear-drop fills again the eye whence tears had almost fled,
 Old letters ! ye are precious ! ye are sacred to the dead !

XIV. HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Belov'd by heaven, o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth ;
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 Nor in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend,
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of
 life ;
 In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth, 'be
 found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

XV. THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though Scotia's lofty mountains,
 Where savage grandeur reigos ;
 Though bright be England's fountains,
 And fertile be her plains ;
 When 'mid their charms I wander,
 Of thee I think the while,
 And seem of thee the fonder,
 My own green isle !

While many who have left thee,
 Seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me
 Of its endearing claim :
 Afar from thee sojourning,
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still "Mavourneen,"
 My own green isle !

Fair as the glittering waters
 Thy emerald banks that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters,
 Thy generous sons as brave.
 Oh ! there are hearts within thee
 Which know not shame or guile,
 And such proud homage win thee,
 My own green isle !

For their dear sakes I love thee,
 Mavourneen, though unseen ;
 Bright be the sky above thee,
 Thy shamrock ever green ;
 May evil ne'er distress thee,
 Nor darken nor defile,
 But heaven for ever bless thee,
 My own green isle !