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LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play,
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them;
As they pass us on our way,
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page,
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines, making hay!
Thus we may, by help of heaven,
Learn a little every day.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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CHAPTER I.

FATHER O'DONNELL.—A STROLL THROUGH "THE ROCK OF CASHEL."

It was an autumn eve; one of those beautiful evenings that seem to linger, as if loath to leave us to winter's chilly blasts.

In a cosy little parlor, in a comfortable cottage, near the village of Clerihan, sat an old gentleman, reading a large volume which lay on the table before him.

He was a stout, full man, with a good humored appearance, that told more forcibly than words could do that he was at peace with himself, and the world besides.

A crucifix stood on the chimney-piece before him, and several prints and pictures of Our

Saviour and the Holy Family hung around the walls.

From these, and from his black dress, and closely shaven face, it was evident that he was a priest.

"*Deo Gratias!*" said he as he finished a chapter from his breviary.

Father O'Donnell closed the book, leant back in the arm-chair, and placed his feet on the fender, near the little fire that burned so brightly before him.

His little dog, Carlo, seemed to enjoy the quiet of the thing, too, for he dozed away upon the hearthrug, occasionally opening his drowsy eyes, and taking a sly peep as he moved, to see would he be reprimanded for his rudeness.

At the other side of the fire, puss, rolled up in his sleek coat, and his lazy paws stretched out from him, purred a contented *ronaun* for himself, as a contented happy cat should do.

Having finished his office, the priest leant back in his chair, and fell asleep.

A graceful young girl, with a world of fun and mischief sparkling in her laughing blue eyes, stole along the hall; she peeped in at the door, and seeing the priest asleep, noiselessly slipped behind him, and clapped her hands upon his eyes.

"In God's name who is this? who dare do it?" exclaimed Father O'Donnell very indignantly, as he strove to pull off the hands.

"Ha! ha! ha!" rang a very musical voice behind him; "Guess who's in it?"

"Go along, you baggage, and take your hands; isn't this a respectful way to treat an old priest, I ask you?"

"Now, don't get vexed with me, Father, O'Donnell," said the young girl, flinging back the curls from her pretty face, with a toss of her head, "sure I was only joking."

"Well well, sure I might easily know who it was, for none other but mad-cap Alice would