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The Irish Rebellion of 1798.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
of a life that for thee was resign'd!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.
With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine.
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
O! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see,
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.



What more expressive verse could an eulogy of the martyrs of '98 be sung than in these touching lines of "Erin's sweet son of song," Thomas Moore, in his memorable "Pro Patria Mori"? Here he lays bare the undying love of country and the courageous fighting spirit that animated the noble heroes during that laudable struggle against English tyranny and oppression.