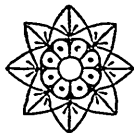


Fling out the Banner of Erin,  
 A glorious sight to see ;  
 It blazed above Tyr-Owen  
 At Beal-an-atha-buidhe\*\*  
 At Ross and crimsoned Oulart  
 The stormy Pikemen's cheer  
 Its Em'rald folds made tremble  
 And filled the foe with fear.

Fling forth the Banner of Erin,  
 And while it flaunts on high  
 For Faith and Holy Ireland  
 We vow to live and die.  
 The waiting Nations watch us,  
 Our proud resolve to know—  
 Fling out old Erin's Banner  
 To greet the Sunburst's glow !

---

\*\* Pron.—Beel-an-aha-bwee : -i.e., The mouth of the yellow ford where  
 The O'Neill of Ulster gained a great victory.



### BEEHIVE INTRUDERS.

Not long ago Miss Reffier very justly ridiculed these books (Mrs. Finley's) in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "To turn her learning and satire to the task of crushing them was to break a butterfly on a wheel, said an observer, but an Elsie book has no sign of a butterfly about it ; it is a little, sly, dull, gray moth stealing into the mind to leave a brood of little suggestions of heresy hardly visible, but eating away the texture of a child's faith until some day a horrified parent or keen-witted priest shall discover that it is in totters."

—"Our Tender," in the *Pilot*.