

For the TRUE WITNESS.

THE TWO LITTLE MARTYRS.

A BALLAD OF THE FAMINE.

'Twas the famine time in Ireland And the dusky wings of Death...

Gaunt, staggering forms crept in the night, Where cliffs o'erhung the sea...

The stars rose up and the sun sank down— A fearful torch in heaven's sky...

The stately halls were full of light, And pleasure as of yore. The spectre, creeping in the night...

But where the blank, black cabin stood, Half roofless and forlorn. Where Poverty had not one crust...

The spectre entered and breathed o'er The sickle and the scythe. And at his heels, with equal step...

Poor little lambs of Christ's dear flock, They knelt and uttered cry. To mother and to father dear...

Have courage, little babes, there's One Who hears your hearts' full cry. The orphan's prayers rise through the clouds...

The first had said the requiem prayer— Kind hands had smothered his woe. Once more the fisher's net had shown...

What—did a law or statesman cause The dreadful famine years? Did English hate call from the deep...

While kindly hearts were swelling big Above the patient dead— Went forth, with trembling steps, the babes...

It was a Friday when the waifs Asked for a bit of bread. "We're sick and hungry, lord," they said...

"I'm very sorry," whispered he, "To see you in this state. And then he called his wife to see...

Scant was the welcome which they gave The innocents in want; They took them to the menials' hall...

"Here, bring the bread and cheese and beer, But first, just taste the meat; Then from the break of day...

They fled into the bitter night, Pursued by shrieks of scorn. But God had set their course aright...

O Aborigine! dread Aborigine! What woeberd, 'mid thy flames, That titled victims shrieked in death...

It was on the cliffs of Scituate, In old Massachusetts Bay, We took a ship northward...

Outspoke then our bold captain— "She fairly drifts ashore. Against this lee of Boston..."

Then "hard-up," cried the captain— Like a bird she bore away. The blast just struck her quarter...

One plunged! the strong wave lifted her— Against stood all the crew! Again—she rose upon the surge...

By that wild, treacherous shore. And blessed forevermore. Who saved us from the sea's cold clasp...

—Boston Pilot.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," "Queen Ma," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

Yes, she was sleeping, and the child no doubt slept too—and that was how they managed. They made opportunities in Eva's room upstairs, in the school-room below...

"How can I?" asked Florence. "Oh! it is quite easy," coolly said Mrs. Luan; "watch him, but don't show yourself..."

"Come, come," replied Mrs. Logan, with gentle banter, and passing her arm within Mrs. Luan's, she led her away from the house...

"I tell you I can," persisted Mrs. Luan; and looking triumphantly at Mrs. Logan, she added: "He told Dora she was to be a mother to his motherless little girl!"

These bitter and stinging remarks Mrs. Luan heard with perfect composure. "What a beautiful evening," she said.

"Indeed, Mrs. Luan, you are not going to escape me thus," cried Florence, in a rage; but her wrath fell down in a moment as she saw the cunning look in Mrs. Luan's eyes...

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—Boston Pilot.

"I should not tell—I don't want to—I would want you to put a stop to it. There's no harm, but John would not like it."

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Mr. Templemore could scarcely repress a sigh. These last two days had not been days of happiness to him. Eva had been ill and naughty, Florence irritable, and Dora sad and grave...

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But that! I wanted to be the making of you—but you'll rue that! Dora did not heed the threat then, but how she remembered it later!

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Logan's pretty face, though habitual good-humor concealed it, was visible to him; the low brow, though so fair, the sensual mouth, though so lovely, the ungenerous countenance that could look so sweet, were all revealed to him in one moment, and they filled him with mingled anger and grief...

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"She's very cunning, is Dora," thought Mrs. Luan, as she left Eva's room; but I am more cunning than she is, you know."

"I believe," she said, "but the words had scarcely passed her lips when the door opened abruptly."

"I wonder where he is?" whispered Mrs. Luan. "Go out in the garden and see if there be a light in his study."

"Mrs. Luan," she said, "if ever Mr. Templemore learns through you that I was here to-night, I'll—I'll make you repent it as long as I live!"

And she did not stir. Mrs. Luan laughed at the folly of the woman who thought that she wanted to betray her to Mr. Templemore.

"He's calling Dora," said Mrs. Luan's voice in the darkness. "Do you hear him? She'll come!—she'll come!"

"That will do," she whispered, "let us go now; lead the way, and mind you never tell him."

"No, no," said Mrs. Luan, laughing. "Never fear, Flo, I shall never tell."

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a short laugh. "I am very rude, I know but I forgot something here—a handkerchief, I believe—and so I came back for it. So sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Templemore—and you, too Miss Courtenay, but I could not help it, you see."

"You will not go down to the study and do it?" said Mrs. Luan, stamping her foot, and shaking her head at her niece. "You had better—mind, you had better, Dora."

"Then I will!" Mrs. Luan stepped toward the door; but Dora forestalled her, and locking the door, took out the key.

"You'll rue that, Dora," she said; "you'll rue that! I wanted to be the making of you—but you'll rue that!"

—Boston Pilot.