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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day,
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in hopeless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.

Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, and peace were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all oppress;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to His heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.

Such the plaint that, late and early,
Did we listen we might hear
Close beside us— but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when His children
Bring His poor ones joy and peace.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE,"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

It is not our intention to describe the siege of Wexford. There was a horrible similarity in its circumstances with those of Drogheda. Cromwell's thirst for blood and cruelty had not been sated by the banks of the Boyne, and he repeated his atrocities within the walls of the hapless town of Wexford.

Roger was necessarily detained with the army while the siege was going on, and it was not for some days after Wexford had fallen that he could obtain that leave of absence which was necessary for his purpose.

At last, however, he was free, and he set forth for the old castle where Eveleen lay imprisoned, accompanied by the Bishop, closely guarded. Before they set out, however, Roger unfolded to the Bishop his object in sparing him so far, the office he intended him to perform, and the reward he would receive, in life and safety; for Roger, after his marriage, intended, he said, to forsake Cromwell, like Eveleen to Spain, and would give the Bishop a passage thither also.

The Bishop did not hear his tale without emotion, and Roger augured, therefore, that he would yield to his request. The thought of Eveleen's position sent