

some days before Pius VII., when he passed through that city on his way to crown Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French.

H. B.

(To be Continued.)

## TO THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

BY KATE GARDENER.

"My police are four fifths of the Irish people, at home and abroad. If he is going to put them all into prison, he will have to build a prison big enough to hold 20,000,000 people."—CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

One leagued yeoman hand  
'Gainst armed legion, ten,  
For hearth and home and enaced land,  
Shoulder to shoulder firmly stand,  
And calmly, Irish men!

'Twere grand for country's right  
To draw the sword, but then  
'Tis nobler still, in soulful might,  
Sheathing a while the weapon bright,  
To endure, ye Irish men!

And God, who made you, filled,  
Copious, to all men's ken.  
Your hearts will flame-like blood, unchilled  
Since freshly from His hand distilled  
Through veins of Irish men.

That fine quick flame rose oft  
In matchless valour, when,  
Sworn round in mountain gorge or croft,  
Some grand wild flag-dared shine aloft  
For freedom, Irish men!

Now sheathe like swords your hearts;  
Be calm with tongue and pen;  
While tyrants tread your fields and marts,  
Your moveless will's the road that parts  
This red sea, Irish men!

With fangs all threatening bare  
The lion leaves his den;  
He'll turn back halting to his lair  
When once his feet have found the snare,—  
Your Uxion, Irish men!

By martyred Emmet's fate;  
By all your wrongs since then  
Of want and scorn, and jealous hate,—  
Of gibbet, exile, dungeon-gate,—  
Be calm, ye Irish men!

When one brave leader falls  
Let watchful patriots ten,  
Uraged by Eng-land's prison walls,  
March to the front where country calls,—  
March, calmly, Irish men!

Though robber base and bold,  
Let England tremble then,  
Beneath her red-cross banner's fold  
Her isle one dungeon-tower to hold  
This host of faithful men!

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE WITCHE'S CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

In some weird cave, far distant from the abodes of mankind, dwelt an old witch. She was the personification of all evil and wickedness. Her only companion in her dismal home was a black, fierce looking cat, with green eyes that shone with a bright light at night. This cat had been found twenty-five years ago in the witch's cave one morning, and had ever since lived with her.

At the time of its first discovery it had been of its present size. It had never grown. But every day seemed to add one shade of deeper green to the color of its eyes.

The witch feasted on children, who were wasted to her every month in an evil breeze at her command. All other breezes of the air had rebelled against the evil one; but the witch's power had as yet held its own.

For years the good breezes of the air fought and struggled with this foul agent of the witch, and at least they began to hope that their power was gaining.

One day—it was about the witch's dinner-hour—the winds whistled and the trees shook, the thunder rolled, and the lightning hissed with a fierce swing; two children, a little boy and his sister, were lodged in the witch's cave. The winds did not cease when the poor children had come, but howled and whistled wildly on.

The witch's fire, on which the poor children were to be roasted, flickered half extinguished while the witch raved and cursed at the breezes that were fighting with the flames. Louder and stronger grew the moanings and howlings in the air, when suddenly, with one mighty effort, the children were lifted in the air and borne away.

The witch cursed, swore, and raved. The black cat jumped on the burning fire, uttering sounds blood-freezing in their woful clamor.

The witch seized her magic staff, drew a mystic circle in the centre of the cave, and implored all the demons and goblins of subterranean kingdoms to aid her in tracking the missing children.