

Saviour," and he bent him lowly,
 "Give him strength and give him grace
 Now to prove Thy law is holy
 To the boasting tempter's face."

On the rough beach of Ceanmara
 Wildly rolls the Atlantic's swell,
 So the breasts on princely Tara
 Of the haughty priests of Bel—
 "Change the white robes of the stranger
 For the dress our priest has on;
 Let no spell avert his danger,"
 Thus they cried; and it was done.

Back fell the door, and they enter'd in,
 The child of God and the man of sin;
 Up ran the flames in a dreamy cloud
 Before the eyes of the shuddering crowd.

And higher and higher, brighter and higher
 Than the rosy blaze of that burning pyre,
 The prayers of His saints to God arose
 To blast the hopes of His daring foes.

Then the fire sank low in a gentle sleep,
 And full in the midst of the blacken'd heap,
 Benignus untouch'd was smiling fair,—
 But where was the Druid? where? oh, where?

A shout like thunder now swept the sky,
 "Our God is Patrick's—the God on high!"
 'Twas echoed in heaven,—a fiendish yell
 Sent a dark response from the caves of hell.

Thus Eriu was saved, and the faith of God,
 Like sunlight flow'd o'er her blushing sod;
 Since then she has pass'd through storms
 of ill,
 Yet that sunlit radiance is burning still!

LRO.

MARRIAGE.—There are persons incessantly declaiming against marriage as an intolerable evil, says a contemporary. They have tested it fully, they declare, and therefore they know. The fact of their testing it proves nothing against marriage, but only their unfitness for it, which a close observer would have granted without the experiment. And they will be sure to test it again. Marriage, as at present managed, may not be all that it should be, but it is so infinitely superior to anything yet proposed in its place, that it is well to remember that its traducers, instead of touching or hurting it, are merely abusing and hurting themselves.

When, upon rational and sober inquiry, we have established our principles, let us not suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical.

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 SEVENTH.

More than six months have passed away since our little party separated, and the bitterest blasts of winter had taken the place of the sweet summer breeze.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Kilkenny the Confederate army was encamped. The sufferings of the last few months had been extreme, and the fever and frost-bite which follow so surely on a severe winter campaign, had thinned the ranks of Owen Roe's gallant army and of the men commanded by Colonel Preston.

It was one of those bitter days in January, when the wind seemed to penetrate every crevice and to chill the very blood of travellers with cruel ferocity. The sky was black and lowering, there was none of the cheery brightness which sometimes enlivens a winter day, and the thick dust swept in eddies before the blast.

Gerald Fitzgerald wrapped himself in his soldier's cloak, as he paced along the streets, and turning out of the most frequented ones, entered the courtyard of a large house. Though large, it bore no appearance of wealth about it; grass was springing up between the stones, and ivy clustered on the walls. A young girl peeped through a grating at Gerald's knock, and on seeing him, smiled brightly and admitted him.

"I will call my lady, sir," said she, when he entered; and she tripped away, and left him to find his way into a small room, almost bare of furniture, and looking into a somewhat neglected garden.

"Dear Gerald, come up stairs; it is so cold here," said a sweet voice; and Gerald clasped his sister Mary in his arms.

"How are you, my Mary?"

"Oh, cheerily," answered she. But her pale cheeks belied the words.

"Have you seen Henry to-day?"

"Not an hour ago, love. I dare say he will come to you to-night. It is too late to return to the camp; and besides, there is to be another conference