

THE SERPENT OF APPETITE.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain King once suffered the Evil One to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king strove to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found, to his horror, that they had become a part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he find himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But, alas! he finds the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his right hand. The poor poet Burns said that if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpent sprang from it, just as deadly, for all that.

Oh, be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get possession of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake him off.

Guard against every sin, however small; let it not gain a hold upon you. Pray to be kept from temptation in every form, and think not that in your own strength you can battle against it.

IRELAND.

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Here is a German ballad on the sufferings of Ireland, translated by Mary Howitt. Ferdinand Freiligrath is not inspired so much by the beauties of the German Fatherland, as by the sorrow of Erin! Alone in his study, his vision is not purpled with the gorgeous light of a sunset on the Rhine, but with the life blood which English law and landlord tyranny have drawn from the Irish heart,—

The boat swings to a rusty chain;
The snail, the oar, of use no longer;
The fisher's boy died yester e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger.
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,
It gives him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, an empty dish,
These are the fisher's only payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,
With kine the roads are thronged—oh, pity,
A ragged peasant crawls belted,
And drives them to the seaport city.
Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—
The food which Paddy's soul desireth—
That would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty,
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town,
His gold makes gambling table glitter,
The while his Irish poor lie down
And die, like flies in winter-bitter.

Hallo! hallo! the chase is up!
Paddy, rushed in—he not a dreamer—
In vain! for there there is no hope,
The game goes with the earliest steamer;
For Ireland's game is landlord's game.
The landlord is a large encroacher—
God speed the peasant's righteous claim;
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!
Instead of draining marshy ground—
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses—
He leaves the land a beggy fen,
With sedge and useless moss grown over;
He leaves it for the water hen,
The rabbit, and the screaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of heaven's waste
And wilderness, four million acres!
To you corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slumber breakers.
Oh, Irish land is landlord's land!
And, therefore, by the wayside dreary
The furnished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their babes to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland thorough;
The west wind which my easement passed
Brought to my mind that wail of sorrow.
Faint as the dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves my heart-strings searing
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death cry of poor weeping Erin.

Erin! she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonizing, with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf,
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hill's foundations—
Her, more than Byron's Rome, be seems
The title "Niobe of Nations."

THE MADONA OF EINSIEDELEN.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In a vast hall, whose walls were adorned with paintings, and around which were stone benches, such as are seen in the old castles of Germany, was seated a party of gentlemen, drinking Rhenish wine from large, old-fashioned goblets. In the midst of the banquet, while an officer named Berthold was uttering some of the most extravagant nonsense, a pilgrim was ushered in. He was going alone and barefooted to visit Our