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### THE HUMAN HARP.

There is a harp for each human breast,  
The strings of which are never at rest;  
Where music forever breathes and lingers,  
Awaked by thousands of voiceless fingers,  
That play, like the hum of fairy wings,  
Their notes on its thousand quivering strings.

This heaven-born harp is a priceless boon,  
In its mortal frame, with its strings in tune;  
But, whether the tones of this living harp  
Are gentle and tender, flat or sharp,  
When louder rung, depends always  
On the ear that hears, and the hand that plays.

How touchingly tender is its moan,  
As it gives to sorrow its monotone;  
When touched by the pulsed hand of fear,  
It vibrates quick on the startled ear;  
And its strong-wrought frame in frenzied leaps,  
While passion its diapason sweeps.

But happier spirits are hovering near,  
And the music they play we love to hear;  
And they throng each harp with the grave and gay,  
And many a note I've heard them play—  
So often, too, are they playing the same,  
That we know their touch, and call them by name.

There is Love, who comes on his fluttering wing,  
And how it thrills when he touches the string;  
Fame thinks he is heard all over the land,  
As he strikes the chords with a master hand;  
But to Faith and Hope is the mission given  
To touch the notes that are heard in heaven.

They linger still, when the rest have gone  
And left the frail harp broken and lone;  
And, when death plays the last sad strain,  
And breaks the cords he shall ne'er touch again,  
They bear it away, with joyous wing,  
And string it anew, where the angels sing.

### "KILSHEELAN"

ON,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."

—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

#### CHAPTER I.

CRESSY.

"Curses on them for pompous bankrupts!"

This was the malediction, which, though it was not shaped in words, burned in the heart, and stamped itself in passionate fury on the face of Mr. Albin Artslade, as, at his breakfast-table, he snatched up letter after letter from a pile that lay before him, and as rapidly flung them from him as though an adder lurked in each.

One he read with special wrath. It was simply this:

"Kilsheelan Castle, April—, 1799.

O'Dwyer Garv begs to decline Mr. Albin Artslade's invitation."

All the rest were equally cold, equally formal, but this one seemed to sting him worst. He tore it into fragments, and cursed now in loud and naked fury.

"Dear pa, how you frighten me!" cried a lovely lithesome child, who abdicated her presidency over the cups and saucers to run to her father's side, and put her chiding face up to his.

His gloomy passion dared not look in the face of so much innocence. Mr. Artslade's soul was not a soft one—he was one of those over-manly men who are ashamed of emotion—but he had some share of tenderness for his daughter, partly because he could not help it, partly because he had nobody else to be tender to, partly also, alas! because in his far reaching speculations he saw in her beauty a ware for his marketing ambition.

But he was too angry now to give much heed to her caressings.

"There, there, Cressy," he cried, disengaging himself testily from her arms. "It's nothing that you should tease about. My toast will be quite scorched if you don't look to it, child."

The prospect of having the toast scorched was too dreadful to Miss Cressy, who had much pride in her character of housewife. She was not convinced, but she left papa to his sullen passion while she busied herself in giving a proper complexion to the toast, and in heightening the relish of his fragrant dish of tea.

No tea for Mr. Artslade this morning. His breakfast was untasted, while he hid himself behind his newspaper, and in that shelter allowed his face to settle into a terrible picture of disappointment and rage.