THE VALE OF SHANGANAIL [BY DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.]

When I have knelt in the temple of duty, Worshipping honor and valor and beauty— When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance, I have fought the good fight on the field of ex-Is ence. When a home I have won in the conflict of With Truth for my armor and Thought for my

sabre, Be that home a calm home where my old age may rally, A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant

waters of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! Swedest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! May the accents of love, like the droppings Manna, Fall swed on my heart in the Vale of Shan-ganah!

Fair is this isle—this dear child of the ocean— Nurtured with more than a mother's devotion; For see! in what rich robes has nature arrayed her. From the waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben Heber,
By Glengariff's lone islets—Loch Lene's fairy

By Glengariff's lone islets—Leen Lene's larry water,
So lovely was each, that then matchiess I thought her;
But I feel, as I stray through each sweet-scent-ed variey,
Less wild but more fair is this soft verdant valley!
Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah!
No wide-spreading prairie—no Indian Savannah.

So dear to the eye as the Vale of Shanganah!

How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reon the picture of beauty this valley discloses, From the margin of silver, whereon the blue

Dolh glance like the eyes of the ocean foams daughter, To where, with the red clouds of morning comtull' Golden Spears 'o'er the mountains

are shining, With the bue of their heather, as sunlight advances. Like purple dags furled round the staffs of the lances! Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! No hands far away by the calm Susquehan-

nan, So tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shangan-But here, even hear, the lone heart, were benighted,
No beauty could reach it, If love did not light it;
'Its this makes the earth, oh! what mortal can
doubt it!
A garden with it—but a desert without it!
With the loved one, whose feelings instinctive—

with the lov'd one, whose feelings instinctively teach her.
That goodness of heart makes the beauty of feature.
How glad, through this vale, would I float down line's river. Trie's river, Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the Giver!

Sweet st the vales is the Vale of Shanganah! Greenest the vales is the Vale of Shanganah! May the accents of love, like the droppings of Manna. Fall sweet on my heart is the Vale of Shan-ganah!

CLANE.

AN INTERESTING PAPER

By Rey. Canon Sherlock, before the Kil dare Archaeological Society.

Rev. Gentleman said:

The present bridges of Clane and Millicent are at or near the site of two ancient fords. From the former of these Clane derived one of its names, Clane-Ath-the meadow of the ford. The other gave its name to Castle-size. The name of Castlesize as given in old maps is Casan size, and the word Castle has been erroneously substituted for Casan, there never baving been a castle at the spot. Casan in Irish means a path, and points to the existence of a ford or of a path down to the river, which at no remote period was marked by stepping stones. "Size," the second part of the name, has, I think, in course of time come to take the place of Soillse, which means light. Thus the original form of the name was, I believe Casan Soillse—the path of the light—either be-

the same locality we have Bella villa or Ballybibbe (known to hunting men), the townland of the tree, recording some ancient tree which on that spot used in pagan days to be an object of veneration or worship. Near Clane we have Loughanure, "the hollow of the yew tree." the cross roads, a little on this side of Mount Armstrong, there is a placecalled Boherhole, which means Boher-coll "the road of the hazel tree;" Boher, a road, taking its meaning from "bo," a cow. Duars, or Derry, near Turnings fox cover, shows that there was once an oak wood there. Where the ground slopes just beyoud the back gate of Castlesize there is a marshy piece of ground still called by the country-people "the moncen," or "the little bog," and half-way from Clane to Firmont cross roads there is a well called Toberna Mona, "the well of the little bog." In Clane itself we have the Butterstream and Butterstream Commons-butter being the same as bather or bother, and the whole meaning, road stream "-as the "Butter Mountains" near Blessington are so called from the bother or road that runs over them. Near Dighy's Bridge, on the grand canal, there is a very small townland called Aghipundeen, pronounced by the country people Apoggeen, means "Paddy's plot" or "Paddy's ford." About two miles out of Clane we have Ballingappah, "the townland laid out for a tillage plot," and next it Ballinabooley, or the dairy townland." Then we have Carrigeen, Capdoo, Killeenmore, Monteena-lasingh, Randoon, all Irish names with meanings. As for Sallins, Mr. Joyce informs me that lifty years ago old people said that Sallins was "Sailin," "little local peculiarity answering to this it may | selves. perhaps be derived from Saileach, a

place where sallows or willows grow, or even from sallagh, a dirty or miry place. As there used to be a small stream that came out from the lower grounds of Kenliffstown and ran to the river, and mention is made in an old document give ng the boundaries of Naas of "the Fourd of Sallins."

There are few ancient remains in this district. Some forty or lifty years ago there existed what was called St. Brid-gid's chair and thimble, besides a stone said to bear the imprints of her feet a little way above the head of the millrace at Clane, where there is now a disused quarry, but the stones were quarried a generation ago. I imagine from the description that it may have been an old cromlech. The well which springs eside the chair, and was known as St. Brigid's well still sends a tiny flow down to the river. On the banks of the Butlarge block of stone with a hollow cut in ts upper side. It is, what is called Bullan or Rock basin, of which there are many in Ireland, and was doubtless used in pagan worship an offering of milk or meal being deposited in this bowl. People call it awart stone, and say that you have never been in Clane unless you have sat upon it, which looks like a tradition of its having been used in some site of initiation, perhaps for Baptism in Christian times. Not far from this stone behind the mill at Clane there is a large moat or tumulus covered with trees, and close to this is a Sunday well. For the legend in connexion with this tumulus and the stone basin, I must refer you to Dr. Comerford.

Coming now to Christian times I suppose you all know that in the sixth century St. Ailba, Bishop of Ferns, founded an abbey here, and when leaving the place gave up his cell to St. Senchell the Elder, whom it made its first abbott. It is supposed that the old parish church of Clane now disused marks the place where the Celtic monastery stood. chief event in its history was the holding of a synod in A. D., 1162. Shortly after this the district was divided among the followers of Strongbow, and the native chiefs were dispossessed and driven away. The natural result of this would be the ruin of the Celtic abbey, of which we hear no more. If we try to picture the old monastry as it stood in the days of its prosperity we may imagine a space almost identical with the present graveyard of the old church surrounded by a cashel or wall of stones, or perhaps of a wooden stockade. Within this stood the original cell or hut of St. Ailba, and near it the church and the ceils of the clergy and monks grouped around it. Clane was almost exempt from the raids of the Danes, who are only recorded to have plundered it once, on which occasion the natives rallied and pursued and inflicted signal slaugh-ter upon them. Probably for this reason no round tower nor any other stone After a short preface to his lecture, the | building was erected here in those days. The church and monastery were, no

loubt, constructed of wattles plastered over with clay and with thatched roofs. We are not to imagine from this that hey are necessarily inferior to buildings in other countries though it was often called, in the middle ages, "Opus Scoti-cum" the Irish style. In France such work was called "Opus Gallicum" in contradistinction to stone work which was Roman. The buildings at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, as they existed in British Church were, according to tradition, of wood. That the style admitted of no little cost and splendor is evident from the fact that when King Henry II. was in Dublin in 1171 he caused a Royal J. T. Murray, performed their allotted Palace to be erected for him with excel- tasks with credit. But the vocal gem of lent workmanship, of smoothed wattles after the manner of Ireland. There is also a description given of St. Bridget's Hollinshead's singing of "Kathleen Mayourneen," her sweet and well-trained Church, at Kildare from which we have form of the name was, I beneve, casan Soilise—the path of the light—either hecause there was a ford across the river or a path leading down to it, where a light used to be shown to guide travellers on dark and stormy nights when the stream was in flood and dangerous. Many fords in different parts of the country notes in the district, and in nearly every instance the propriety of the country notes in the district, and in nearly every instance the propriety of the country the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same and a wonderful sense of the exquisite works of Celtic art in those days, both in paintings and in clon-gowes, the meandow of the same and a wonderful sense of the exquisite works of Celtic art in those days, both in paintings and in clon-gowes, the meandow of the same and a wonderful sense of the exquisite works of Celtic art in those days, both in paintings and in clon-gowes, the meandow of the same part in the church, and was decreased to the church,

Nevertheless, such buildings would fall an easy prey to the ravages of war, and neglect inevitable in troublous times would suffice to reduce them to ruin and decay, so that we need not wonder that they speedily disappeard. It is possible, indeed, that an ancient Buptismul font, which was found some years since built in the wall of the old churchtower at Clane, is really a relic of the old Celtic church. It has been removed, redressed, and handsomely mounted in the new Church of St. Michael's and All 20. Recitation. Miss Euphemia Allan. "Dear Hearts"

Miss Hollinshead. Celtic church. It has been removed, re-

We have, however, an interesting memorial of the Celtic age in the lands. which from the endowment of Heweston's School, go by the name of Betaghs

The ancient Irish princes and chiefs founded numerous biatachs or houses of hospitality, and endowed them with lands which were called Ballybetaghs. The keepers of these houses were called Betachs and were sometimes laymen, sometimes ecclesiastics. They were amply endowed with gifts of land, cattle and sheep for the public entertainment of travellers, strangers, rich and poor. Continued on 12th page.

ECONOMY THE BASIS OF ALL WEALTH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN requiring anything in the shape of Dry Goods or Gents' Furnishings, can save money and time by going at once to the well known house of J. S. Flynn, who has always on hand the latest novelties at bottom Sal," a heel or angle, but as there is no prices. Kindly call and see for your-

JOHN S. FLYNN.

ST. PATRICK'S

Catholic Young Mon's Society. The vast Windsor Hall was packed to the doors by an appreciative audience, who went to enjoy the splendid or atorial vocal and instrumental treat which the Rev. James Callaghan, the indefatigable spiritual director of St. Patrick's Young Men's Society had provided for them. Everything went off successfully, and the applause which greeted Dr. Onig'ey's majestic periods, in his powerful speech, was at times deafening. It was agreed

by all present that it was one of the most

-"Erin-Go-Bragh"-was a sort of fantasia on Irish airs, and was very well received, as, indeed, it deserved to be. terstream, nearly opposite the ruins of the abbey at Clane, there is a genuine relic of pre Christian times. This is a large block of steam with the ruins od fatherland in which they had first avenues of continues. heard those tuneful melodies, with their privileges we must assume those duties; quaint pathetic minor tones that never if we enjoy the one we must perform the fail to evoke a responsive echo in the heart. The opening address, by the president of the society. Mr. J. J. Ryan, was graceful and to the point. In the recitation, "The Sprig of Green," Mr. L. McDonald earned deserved applause, as fervent orator developed with a did also Mr. Turcot in his motto song, power that was magical and an effect Mr. Thomas Raynold in his violin solos, that must be lasting. In his peroration a Cavatina from Raff and "St. Patrick's Dr. Quigley rose high into the realm of Day." Mrs. Florence Harris Humphries sublime rhetoric, yet that rhetoric that and Miss Euphemie Allan won golden is allied to pure philosophy and real paopinions for their excellent recitations, triotic common sense. At the close of

leges we accord to the children of other lands, the people of other nationalities, and we only ask from them, on this our festive day, the same concession. But, if these privileges-he would not call them rights, for none dispute them-belong especially to us,upon this occasion, none the less potent is the fact that they entail duties of no ordinary character. It becomes our duty to do honor to this day in a worthy and a fitting manner; to show to the world that the love of our race and the land of our fathers is green in our hearts; to unfold to the peoples of other nationalities the masterly efforts of genuine rhetoric that grandeurs and beauties that adorn and they had ever listened to. The overture sparkle upon the sky of Irish history: and above all, to foster in our own breasts and in those of the younger generation the flame of religious devoother; if we desire that no power should ever deprive us of the former, we must entrench ourselves behind the fortifica-Miss Myrne Allan, Miss Florence Withel!, his splendid effort it might be said that Miss Martha O'Brien, Mr. F. J. McKenna, Signor Gagetti, Mr. J. P. McAnally, Mr. Arthur Nicholson, Mr. F. Bntler, Mr. F. Holland, Mr. R. B. Milloy, Mr. P. stride into the foremost rank of Canada's most gifted speakers.



Hunt, Mr. S. R. Smith, G. Hanratty and

24. Artistic Dancing
Mr. J. P. MacAnally.

Dr. Quigley's Address, On coming forward the orator of the evening was loudly applauded. He opened by expressing the gratificationhe felt at the unexpected honor conferred upon him, by the director and members of the "Catholic Young Men's Society" in asking him to deliver the St. Patrick's speech on this occasion. Ow-Ing to the length of the programme, Dr. With the full swelling chest, and the lair flow-Quigley, after an exordium ex-abrupto, dealt eloquently and powerfully with his chosen subject, "Our Privileges and Duties." He pointed out that it is our privilege to love and respect the land of our forefathers; to feel proud of the deeds of our heroes, the glories of our orators, the songs of our poets, the genius of our race as emphasized in every page of Irish history, to admire the sterling qualities of those children of

the "ancient race" who preserved

ERIN. (BY DR. DRENNAN.)

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood, God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good; The em'raid of Europe, it sparkled and shone, In the ring of the World, the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes, And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise. O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time, When religion was war, and our country erime, "When man, in God's image, inverted his plan And moulded his God in the Image of man.

When the intirest of state wrought the genera woe. The stranger a friend, and the native a foe; While the mother rejoie'd o'er her ch.ldren op And clasp'd the invader more close to her

When with pale for the body and pale for the Sont, Church and state joined in compact to conque the whole; And, as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood. Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was

By the growns that ascend from your fore-fathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave, Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den, And where Britain made brates now let Erin make men, Let my sons like the leaves of the Shamrock unite, A partition of sects from one footstalk of right, Give each his full share of the earth and the sky, Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen, Who would due the grass red from their hatred Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;
Yet, oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplified to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue! And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall ing hair,
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and
brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling

wave; Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to the blest: Rise-Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

To Preach in Quebec.

The Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's, left on Wednesday for Quebec, where he will deliver the St. Patrick's Day sermon to-day. The Irish people of Quebec will have a rare treat from the through all dangers and obstacles the pure faith that St. Patrick brought to them. Amongst many others these are eloquent preacher; we wish them a suc-some of our privileges. Similar privileges cessful celebration.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

(BY IEREMIAN JOSEPH CALLANAN.)

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Burra, Where Allua of song rushes forth as an arrow; In deep valled Desmond—a thousand wild In deep valled Desmond—a thousand wild fountains. Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains. There grows the wild ash, and a time stricken

willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the
billow;
As, like some gay child that sad moultor scorning, It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills-oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle, Like clans from their hills at the voice of the

battle; And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming, d wildly from Mullagh the eagles are And which from Mullagh the eagus are screaming,
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland, So meet for a bard as this ione little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara, And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera, Hav- I sought, thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean. And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion, And thought of thy bards, when assembling logether, In the cleit of thy rocks, on the depth of thy heather:

They fied from the Saxon's dark bondage and And woke their last song by the rush of thy High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling, To think while alone through that solltude

stealing, Though lottler minstrels green Erin can num-I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And iningled once more with the voice of those
foundains
The songs even echo forgot on the mountains;
And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was
sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty
were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit The fire of thy imp and the wing of thy spirit, With the wrongs which like thee to our coun-try have bound me, Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me, Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally, rally, d send her strong shout over mountain and valley. The star of the west might yet rise in its glory. And the land that was darkest be brightest in

I, too, shall be gone ;-but my name shall be spoken, When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken; Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's

gleaning,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is
beaming,
And hend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the Kisses of the orenn, Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping forever!

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY,

Grand National Entertainment at the Academy of Music.

The members of St. At n's Young Men's Society gave a grand Itish National en tertainment in the Academy of Music, which was filled to overflowing with a fashionable and appreciative audience. The principal item on the programme of the evening was the presentation of a revised and improved version of the well known patriotic Irish drama entitled "Robert Emmet: the Martyr of Irish Liberty." It had been specially arranged for the society, and was produced by its dramatic section. The able manner in which these gentleman acquitted themselves in their respective parts reflects the highest credit upon them. Dramatic ability of a high order was displayed, and the scenes and other mechanical de tails were arranged in a way which disclosed intimate acquaintance with the details of stage technique. The following

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Associate Judges (A. Thompson Daly, Son Foreman of the Jury Thos. Dillon Sheriff of Dublin Edward Lynch Executioner P. O'Brien Soldiers, Emmet's Colleagues, People, Jury, etc.

The popular "Irish National Minstrels" gave a number of choice vocal and musical gems--songs and ballads of the beloved motherland whose national festival was being honored, and the celebrated Canadian Mandolin Club centributed several of their beautiful selections. The following is the programme:--

IRISH NATIONAL MINSTRELS Members of the Company,

Members of the Company,
Interlocutor, W. E. Finn,
END MEN.
G. P. Holland, E. Carroll, P. Burns, F. Drew,
A. F. Nicholson, T. Jones,
FIRST TENORS.
J. J. Rowan, J. Morgan, W. P. Clancy,
W. Murphy, F. Butler. SECOND TENORS.
T. C. Emblem, R. Hilliard, J. Quinn, J. Flynn, E. O'Shea. J. Fiynn, E. O'Shea.

E. Quinn, M. Mullarky, W. J. McCaffrey,
M. O'Brien, T. Lane.

SECOND BASSOS.
M. J. Quinn, J. Murray,
A. McKeown, C. Smith.

Musical Director C. Beller

Musical Director, - P. Shea. Stage Manager, - J. J. Gethings. Stage Manager,

ST. MARY'S

Catholic Young Men's Society.

The doors of St. Mary's Hall were open at 7 30 St. Patrick's evening, and an eager and enthusiastic audience crowded in to attend the first annual concert to be carbon by the young society of St, Mary's Catholic young men. It is customary to give praise to the musical director and accompanist; but in the present case it is through no mere matter of four that we mention with particular emphasis the names of Prof. Ja es Wilson and Mr. E. Brennan. They gave, in more senses than one, a real tone of genuine melody to the grand entertainment. Before passing to the rich programme of the evening we must state that if the St. Mary's Young Men's Society is to-day started and on a solid and lasting basis, the greater portion of the credit is due to the Rev. J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's. With the energy characteristic of him, with that untiring devotion to the cause dear to his heart, and towards the flock whose happy lot it has been to have him as spiritual shepherd, Father Salmon has performed mirac'es for the advancement, temporal and spiritual, of his congregation. The officers of this young and hopeful society are :- Rev. J. J. Salmon, Spiritual Director; Alex. Bannerman, honorary president; Thos. Bannerman, president; W. J. Egan. 1st vice-president; J. Traynor, 2nd vice-president; E. J. Hunt, recording secretary; N. J. McIlhone, corresponding secretary; J. Jones, treasurer; J. P. Molone, collecting treasurer; P. Hunt, Librarian J. Murray Morbust Librarian; J. Murray, Marshal.

The following was the programme

presented :-PART I. Opening remarks By the President

Mr. T. Bannerman. 1. Chorus-" Let Erin Remember."

St. Mary's Choir. 2. Song-"Irish Through and Through." Master Willie Kennedy.

Mr. E. Brennan.

O'Bryne, S.J. PART II. 6. Chorus-"Harvest Moon." White St. Mary's Chair.
7. Song—"The Minstrel Boy."

Mr. C. Smith. 9. Violin solo—"Garryowen.".... Vieux'emps

Mr. Jas. Wilson. 11. Solo and chorus- "God Save Ireland."

St. Mary's Choir. As will be seen by the programme, the ppening address was made by the President, Mr. T. Bannerman, It was a joyous occasion for him and the society, the first important step upon the highway of its promising career. Mr. Bannerman's neat address was replete with good wishes and eloquent of hope for the future prosperity

of the Association.
As to the Rev. Father O'Bryne's lecture, the name of the gifted lecturer suffices to the hame of the given leads to the tell that it was a splendid treat. But as Demosthenes' great rival said of that mighty orator, after repeating his speech "for the Crown," and hearing it praised, we can say of Father O'Bryne: "Oh, but you should have heard the man himself," Not only heard him and be transported, in imagination to Ireland, but have seen he panoramic views of the Old Land that he so eloquently described. "God speed" St. Mary's Young Men and their society, "God bless" their good and kind director, Father Salmon, for the work he

INNISHOWEN.

(By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy)

God bless the grey mountains of dark Donegal, God bless Royal Alleach, the pride of them all; For she alls evermore like a Queen on her throne, And miles on the valleys of Green Innishowen, And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen, And hardy the fishers that call them their

A race that nor traitor nor coward bave Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear, Like the bills that with slience and nature they ire; ir God, who hath planted their home near Breath'd His spirit abroad upon fair Innish-

owen,
Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen. Where flercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave In-

See the bountiful Couldn't careering along— A type of their manhood as stately and strong— On the weary for ever its tide is bestown, So they share with the stranger in fair I unish-owen. owen, God guard the kind homesteads of fair In-nt-howen, Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own; Not long shall that nation in slavery groan, That rears the tall peasants of fair Innish-

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Daue,
Could ever uproot—that is ever the same,
They have come by the creed and the cause of
their own,
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.
Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
The stronghold that foemen have never o'srthrown. The soul and the spirit, the blood and the

bone.
That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen. Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gnel, When the charging above made the foreigner quall; Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone, In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowen. Oh! flourish ye homestends of kind. Innish-

owen, Where seeds of a people's redemption, are sown; Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown. To bless the kind homesteads of green in-

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken hand
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who awalt but the word to give Erin her own.
They can read you that riddle in proud Innish.

owell.

Hurra for the Spaemen of proud Innishowen!
Long live the wild Serror stout Innishowen!
May Mary, our mother, be deat to their moan
Who lote not the promise of promi Innian
owen: