

IRELAND.

The following lines were written by Mr. Robert Graham, merchant of Lucknow. Though an Orangeman, we are glad to find his sentiments possess the true ring of Irish nationality, and we fondly hope that the time is not distant when all the children of the old land will join with Robert Graham in thus expressing their tokens of love for their country, though separated from it by thousands of miles. We also hope that the Orange and Green will yet vie with each other in the endeavor to make the Emerald Isle a land of peace, plenty and happiness, and free from the sorrowful sights of internal strife which is as senseless as it is criminal.—*Catholic Record, London, Ont.*

Dear land of my birth, when I think of the past,
To see your green valleys once more I do sigh;
Your heather-cap'd mountains that wave with the blast,
Still sacred and dear, and to my heart nigh.

Land of my forefathers, who for liberty's laws,
Shed nobly their life's blood, on mountain and plain;
Heroic deeds of the past our memory draws,
And heart-strings still rend for those of the slain.

Dear land of my birth, tho' scourged you have been
By famine and war, from door unto door;
Yet still through it all your island as green
As when "Brian the brave" Danes drove from your shore.

St. Patrick, too, let all honor be given;
Who spread the glad truth throughout your fair land;
Directed the way that leadeth to heaven,
The standard was planted first by his own hand.

The Shamrock that grows on our own native sod,
An Emblem of Erin; that is dear to us all;
Oh! may it still flourish, that emblem of God
Until the last trump with its blast do us call.

Though absent we've been for many a long year,
We cannot withdraw from the scene of our youth,
Our playmates in childhood we remember so dear,
That played with us then by the bridge and the forth.

Ah! meek little daisy, I remember quite well
Blue-stockings and primrose so gaily in bloom;

The blackthorn and bonterer that grew near the well,
And up the rough lane where grew the green broom.

Hazel nuts, haws and sloes I have pulled
On the face of the brea, away down in the scrub;
Grandmother's flowers from her garden I've culled,
And sailed in the slough in mother's big tub.

The hounds I have followed when hunting the hare,
Far over the mountain and through the wet bog;
Heather and whins my feet often would tear,
And bleeding and lame oft homeward I'd jog.

From mountain and Nough when herding the cows,
The cots on Lough Erne were plainly in view,
I can never forget the cuckoo and crows,
And the lark with her song, that heavenward flew.

Fairest Isle of the sea tho' in a far-away land,
My heart breathes a prayer for your welfare and peace;
Very near the day when united in hand,
Sons of fair Erin, and bigotry cease.

Adieu, now farewell, to the land of my birth,
May gladness and peace with you ever be seen,
Is your patriot's prayer fair Isle of the earth;
Ireland, sweet Ireland, bright land of the green.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THERE was once a young Russian Prince, who was as cruel as Russian princes alone can be. He would ruthlessly lead the chase across the fields of young corn, which were the peasant's only hope of subsistence, and make nothing of trampling down women, feeble old men, or children, if they were in his way.

On one occasion, being more than half intoxicated, he saw a beautiful child playing in the road before the door of a poor peasant's hut, and rode deliberately over it; and when its mother, with frantic cries, rushed forth and lifted it from the ground, it was quite dead.

The poor woman's grief was so great, the dead child was so beautiful, and the wrath of those who witnessed the scene was so intense, that even the cruel prince could not be quite indifferent to what he had done. Having watched