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GOD SAVE OLD IRELAND.

BY REV. T. AMBROSE BUTLER.

How fondly now, how proudly now, the exiles' bosoms swell
With thoughts of scenes of loveliness, by lake and hill and dell !—
With mem'ries of the sunny hours that faded so away,
Like golden light that gleams awhile at dawning hour of day !
And tear-drops glisten in the eyes of gallant men and true—
The forest-oak, like fragile flower, oft bears the morning dew—
Oh, Native Isle !—the heart distills such tribute tears for thee !—
God save old Ireland !—struggling Ireland !—Ireland o'er the sea !

How bravely now, how nobly now, the few and fearless stand—
The struggling sons in Freedom's van who work for mother-land !
Who dares the dungeon ;—face the steel ;—and mount the scaffold high,
Ay, ready now, like men of old, to bravely fight or die—
Oh ! truly shall their mem'ries live ;—their gallant deeds be told,
And Allen's name shine through the years a burnished lamp of gold ;
And Celtic mothers pray to heav'n their sons as brave may be !
God save old Ireland !—struggling Ireland !—Ireland o'er the sea !

Oh, may the swan-like dying notes of Erin's martyr'd braves
Be wafted far and move the hearts of those beyond the waves—
The shattered Colts whose discord dire has dimm'd our glorious Green,—
May all unite in Larkin's name ! Let women chant his caoine !
Oh ! let those hands that brush aside the noble soldier's tear
Be stretch'd to those who vow revenge beside O'Brien's bier !
Swear, swear, you'll struggle side by side to make your country free !
God save old Ireland !—struggling Ireland !—Ireland o'er the sea !

THE ORPHANS ;
OR,
THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXX.

BY THE GARDEN WALL.

"MOTHER," says Frank Dexter, "I want to ask a favour."

It is the morning following the theatricals, and Mr. Dexter has made the

earliest of morning calls upon his mother. They have the little sunshiny parlour all to themselves ; Mrs. Dexter occupies a rocking-chair, and is swaying to and fro, a placid smile on her face as she watches her tall son. That young gentleman roams restlessly about, picking up books and throwing them away, sitting down suddenly and getting up abruptly.

Something beyond doubt is preying