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THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.

BY DR. COMMINS, M. P.

Air—*Pd Aloun the Hopes.*

I.

Through Erin's Isle awaking
 What murmurs salute the ear,
 What cheerful light is breaking
 Where lately looked so drear
 On vale or mountain meeting
 From Antrim's to Kerry's strand,
 Hark to that joyous greeting
 We're all sons of Paddy's Land.

II.

Too long we grovel'd lowly
 Whilst proud tyrants stride elate,
 And stood arrayed unholy
 For mutual wrong and hate
 We've bowed and basely yielded
 Too long to the vile command
 Of caiff's who still wielded
 The red lash o'er Paddy's Land.

III.

And shall we ne'er be wiser,
 But still bend and grovel thus;
 And Time the great adviser,
 Ne'er brings light and love to us,
 And show us all uniting
 To crush with unsparring hand
 The reptiles so long blighting
 The fair fields of Paddy's Land.

IV.

Their aspect is as hideous,
 The venom around them cast
 As deadly and insidious
 As e'er in the gloomy past;
 When shall a day arise,
 Another Apostle's hand,
 Who'll chase the crawling poison
 Away from Paddy's Land?

V.

Soon, shall women's weeping
 Give way to the shout of men—
 Our isle is not dead but sleeping,
 Awaking to life again

A renovated nation
 When slaves shall no longer stand
 For woe and desolation
 Are long enough on Paddy's Land.

VI.

Yes, yes, the day is nearing,
 When faction's foul reign shall cease,
 And Freedom's dawn appearing,
 Shall bring Erin light and peace
 And the wrongs of ages righted,
 Her children shall fearless stand
 Free, happy and united,
 At long last on Paddy's Land.

VII.

Away with old estrangement,
 We pledge hand and heart to you,
 And feel the glorious change meant,
 In that grasp so warm and true.
 No foe shall e'er deride us,
 Whilst thus clasping hand in hand,
 Nor fraud again divide us,
 We're all sons of Paddy's Land.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

AGAIN M. Durand finishes his sentence with a gracious and graceful bow; again Mr. Longworth responds by a curt and most ungracious nod.

"If you want to find your sister, Mademoiselle Reine," he says ignoring the suave speaker, "I think you will find her in this direction. At what hour shall I come to take you home? You were expressing a desire to go home, you may remember, a moment before Monsieur Durand came up,"

"In about an hour," Reine answers, taking Durand's arm and moving away. Longworth bows, and turns in the