

"HOLD THE HARVEST."

A TIMELY HYMN FOR THE IRISH PEOPLE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

I.

God has been bountiful! garlands of glad-
ness
Grow by the waysides exorcising sadness,
Shedding their bloom on the pale cheek of
slavery,
Holding out plumes for the helmets of bra-
very,
Birds in them singing this sanctified stave—
"God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

II.

Look on this harvest of plenty and pro-
mise—
Shall we sleep while the enemy snatches it
from us?
See where the sun on the golden grain
sparkles!
Lo! where behind it the reaper's home
darkles!
Hark! the cry ringing out, "Save us—oh,
save!
God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

III.

From the shores of the ocean, the farther and
hither,
Where the victims of famine and pestilence
with'er,
Lustreless eyes stare the pitying heaven,
Arms, black, unburied, appeal to the
levin—
Voices unceasing shout over each wave,
"God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

IV.

Would ye live happily, fear not nor falter—
Peace sits on the summit of Liberty's altar!
Would ye have honor—honor was ever
The prize of the hero-like, death-scorning
liver!
Would ye have glory—she crowns not the
slave—
God has been bountiful, you must be
brave!

V.

Swear by the bright streams abundantly
flowing,
Swear by the hearths where wet weeds are
growing—
By the stars and the earth, and the four
winds of heaven,
That the land shall be saved, and its tyrants
outdriven,
Do it! and blessings will shelter your
grave—
God has been bountiful—will ye be brave?

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

CLOSING THE FEARFUL EVIDENCE AGAINST
THE LANDLORD SYSTEM.

MR. REDPATH'S SUMMING UP.

THE PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT.

AND now let us enter Connaught—the
land of human desolation.

Connaught has a population of 911,
000 souls. Out of this vast multitude of
people, nearly one-half—or to be stati-
stically exact—421,750 persons are re-
ported to be in extreme distress by the
local committees of the Mansion House.
From every county come official an-
nouncements that the destitution is in-
creasing.

A geographical allocation of the dis-
tress goes to the county:—

Leitrim (in round numbers).....	47,000
To Roscommon.....	46,000
To Sligo.....	58,000
To Galway.....	124,000
To Mayo.....	143,000

These round numbers are 3,750 under
the exact figures. What need of verbal
evidence to sustain figures so appalling?

From each of these counties on the
Western coast, and from every parish of
them, the reports of the committees
give out the same dirge-like notes: "No
food," "no clothing," "bed clothing
pawned," "children half naked," "wo-
men clad in unwomanly rags," "no
fuel," "destitution appalling," "priva-
tion beyond description," "many are
suffering from hunger," "seed potatoes
and oats are being consumed by the peo-
ple," "their famine-stricken appearance
would make the stoutest heart feel for
them," "some families are actually
starving, and even should works be
started the people are too weak now to
work." These sad and saddening
phrases are not a bunch of rhetorical
expressions. Each one of them is a
literal quotation from the business-like
reports of the local committees of the
Mansion House.

In the province of Connaught the
destitution is so general and profound
that I could not tell you what I myself
saw there within the limits of a lecture.
I shall select one of the least distressful