

"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
wither,
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
outriven,
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 statistically exact—421,750 persons are reported to be in extreme distress by the local committees of the Mansion House. From every county come official announcements that the destitution is increasing.

A geographical allocation of the distress goes to the county:—

Leitrim (in round numbers).....	47,000
To Roscommon.....	46,000
To Sligo.....	53,000
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," "women clad in unwomanly rags," "no fuel," "destitution appalling," "privation beyond description," "many are suffering from hunger," "seed potatoes and oats are being consumed by the people," "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