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LEO THE THIRTEENTH.

BY FANNY PARNELL.

Not for the halo that wreaths thy head,
Not for the fame of thy hallowed life,
Not for the incense thy hands have shed,
O'er a fætid age of sin and strife;

Not for thy glory of high estate,
Ruler of millions of pilgrims feet,
Lord of the keys of the heavenly gate,
Throned in the slain Christ's victory-seat!

Not for the crimes of unholy hands,
Not for the wrongs that thy church has
borne,
Plundered and stripped 'mid the godless
lands,
Bared to the bigot's and recreant's scorn;

Nay, not for these do thine eyes behold
A nation wrung with the throes of years
Lie down in a passion of love untold,
And bathe thy feet with their grateful tears.

O beautiful feet with glory shod!
O beautiful eyes now dim with pain!
Thrice holy the dust those feet have trod;
The spot where a glance from those eyes
has lain!

Full vainly they tried, the lying knaves,
To draw a curse on our Erin's head;
He thought of her bonds and her famine-
graves,
And he gave her a blessing instead.

They tried with the slanderer's asp-like
tongue,
They tried with the flatterer's supple knee;
On each snowy name their filth they flung,
And the pulse of their black hearts leaped
with glee.

But he thought of the man who held on high
The flag of their faith 'mid blood and flame,
He thought of the men who joyed to die,
To save the altar they loved from shame.

He looked at the mummers false and sly,
And he thought of the olden Pharisee;
He heard the naked and hungry cry,
And he thought of Jesus of Galilee.

Then he turned from the foe, now masked as
friend,
Now crouched and fawning—but all too
late—
And he said: "No message of wrath I'll
send
To the land that is scored with Cromwell's
hate."

And he poured out the myrrh and the wine,
And he poured the balm for the wounds
that bleed,
And we know him now, 'mid raptures divine,
For a Vicar of Christ the Lord, indeed.

—National Advocate.

THE ORPHANS;
OR,
THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XIX.

"BY THE SWEET SILVER LIGHT OF
THE MOON."

DAYS go by, weeks go by, July comes
in its splendour to Baymouth, and still
Miss Hariott says to herself, as she has
said from the first—

"Which is it to be? It seems the
most impracticable, the most hopeless
thing in the world, if Reine is the one
he wants."

But whether or no Reine is the one
it is impossible to tell. No one can tell;
not Mrs. Windsor, growing anxious,
but hiding her anxiety well; not Reine,
cool and impassive; not Marie, smiling
and serene. The former young person
puzzles Hester Hariott nearly as much
as the gentleman. Cold apathy has ro-