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THE EVERLASTING PITY.

As lies the blue behind the thunder cloud,
As lurk the snowdrops 'neath the drifted
snow,
As the bright buds, till April calls aloud,
Hide deep within the black and leafless
bough,
So, despite care and sorrow, loss and fret,
God's loving pity guards His children's
fates;
Oh, in our darkness let us trust Him yet,
Whose Comforter each patient soul
awaits.

Believe the rankling wound in love is sent,
Believe the grief in chastening mercy
comes,
And so the bitter "why" to faith will melt,
And sorrow smile among her darlings'
tombs,
Watching the violets gem the grassy lane
That late in desolate winter-chill we trod,
Let the sweet flowers preach to the lone
path
The everlasting pity of our God.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"
"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

When Hugh Pembert went into the kitchen in search of Mr. Burkem, he found that worthy regaling himself on some cold meat and crisped potatoes.

"Taking care of yourself, maun, I see," said Hugh.

"Ay, faith, Mr. Pembert; a man wants something after such a dry day's work."

"Will you please slip into my room when done?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

When Burkem went into Mr. Pembert's room he found him with a case of pistols on the table before him.

"Weel, Mr. Burkem, take a seat."

"These are purty pistols, Mr. Hugh."

"Weel, weel, there's nae fear of them, maun."

"Ye gang for them geese; Mr. Burkem, ye war spacking about; here is the docket." Mr. Burkem took the paper.

"Hang them for geese; it's a shabby thing for a man to be going after geese, at least," said Burkem.

Weel, weel, maun, Mr. Ellis sends a chiel on many a poor mission."

"True for you, sir; it's well if he don't get skylight made through some of us some of those fine days, if he goes on as he is."

"He dinna no such thing, Mr. Burkem; we maun do our duty; I'm sure ye weel be well paid."

"Sorra a bit too well at all for the risk I run, Mr. Hugh; if ten shillings a week and my chances is good pay for ene risking his life every day, I don't know what to say."

"It's sma'; it's no the thing, no doubt; but then I dinna mind adding a mickle to it. Here maun, drink my health," and he handed him a pound-note.

"Ye maun like one of these braw things?" and he handed him a double-barrelled pistol.

"Thank you, Mr. Hugh," said the other, "I will not forget your kindness."

"Ye maun see that, when I'll be master here by-and-bye, Mr. Burkem, I will na forget those that serve me."

"You may rely upon me, Mr. Hugh; you may be sure I will serve you faithfully."

"Weel, I dinna doubt it, so good-bye, now."

"Good-bye, sir, and God bless you."

"I dinna ken, can I depend on that fellow? Weel, I think, I maun; he'll do anything for the baubee," said Mr. Pembert to himself, when alone.

"What the devil is he up to now; he must have something in view, when he gave me a pound, for he's as close as the old shaver. No matter, I'll play my card between them; and I am thinking I won't lose either. I will go over to Mr. O'Donnell's to see that little baggage, Mary Cahill; upon my soukens I am afraid that young Cormack is cutting my cabbage fast; if he be, let him look to himself. That I may never die in sin—but no mat-