

THE GRATEFUL PENITENT.

Oh, why should I remember them, the hated
sinful years,
When all my acts, oh Christ—my Lord!
were to thy side new spears,
When other souls were sorrowful for sins,
not so with me,
When others bent a suppliant prayer, Oh,
Lord! I bent no knee.
Can days like these bring pleasing thoughts?
Oh, Heaven kind, forbid!
Why then my soul recall those years? Oh?
why not leave them hid!
'Tis that with those unhappy days—days
ever to be rue'd,
Fond memory treasures up one thought—a
debt of gratitude.
Yes, Oh! my soul, ungrateful thou, if never
thou should'st dwell
With love and thanks on that High Hand
that wrested thee from hell,
That brought thee back to know thy God, to
bless Him and to live
In joy, unceasing, holy joy, which He alone
can give.
'Tis thus, I then recall those days, when sink-
ing 'neath my crime,
I would have fallen, Lord, hadst Thou not
rescued me in time,
And saved me from the crushing fall, and
mis'ry of despair.
And watched me with a zealous eye and
with a parent care.
May mem'ry never fail me then, but may 'I
ever be
Thy faithful servant, Oh, my God, who art
so kind to me,
May I, Oh, Lord, when others scoff, and
mock and laugh at Thee,
Be ever zealous in Thy cause, and thus Thy
sweet face see.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOUGH.

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower.

—Scott.

One hundred and fifty years ago there was a pleasant dell a little to the south-west of the old City of Cork upon the Lee. A pleasant sunny dell, clothed with sweet flowers, and studded with stately trees; full of the melody of singing birds. There was a well in its bosom—a pure, crystal, bubbling well—of the sweetest water. Long ages before the monks of St. Finn Barr were wont to come out of their monastic grounds and tell their beads, seated around that sparkling well. The gate

of the school-ground then opened on the northern part of the dell, and a shady path wound from it down to the fountain; but now the monastery was destroyed, and the monks were no longer to be seen around the well in prayer, and dark penal days frowned upon the city. Still was the dell as bright as when the vesper song was sung on the neighboring eminence, and the mass was celebrated in the holy monastery of St. Finn Barr's monks.

The peasant women came every day, with their brown jugs, to get water, and often talked over the oppressions, sitting together around the well; and often prayed there, too, for the spot was considered holy, and the spirits of the monks were supposed by the simple people to linger still around that place, where in the flesh they had so many times knelt in prayer.

At last a bishop of the new religion selected the little valley for a meet spot to build a residence, and English workmen came and measured the ground; and the foundation-stone was laid. Soon the walls arose above the surface. Quickly grew they in size and beauty; and before many weeks a stately edifice ornamented the southern part of the dell. Then came painters and men to embellish the interior of the mansion, and gardeners to lay out and put in order the neglected beauty of the grounds, and a carriage walk was made; and finally, the bishop came to reside there.

The bishop had a daughter; a tall, queenly, young lady, very beautiful: dark haired and dark eyed; proud and haughty in her manner; highly talented, much admired; but not greatly loved, except by one.

To this one she was all that was mild and gentle; to all besides she was haughty and proud. She loved him as the light of the sun—as her own life—more than father—more than heaven itself.

As was their custom, the peasant women still came every day to procure water from the well. They were very poor people, badly dressed, and they had a habit of sitting together in little knots at the brink. Their appearance displeased the proud young lady; and at her desire, her father commanded that no more persons should come for