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## ERIN.

Bright are thy sky, dear Erin, Thy meadows and fields are green; Tall are thy stately mountains, And rivers that fell between; And rivers that ron between Bright are thy gushing waters. And dear as my soul to me, But alas, alas, dear Erin, I am far away from thee.

The daisies deck thy hill-sides, And down in the valleys below. The shamrock blooms in verdure When the storms of winter blow; The sun shines down in gladness, But he shines no more for me, For alas, alas, dear Erin I am far away from thee,

Fair are the blue-eyed maidens, Who roam by the Lee and Suir— Bright as the skies above them— As their nailve water's pure; And the sweet wild howers are sp On upland meadow and lea, But ead is my heart, dear Erin, rs are springing That I am far away from thee.

Away o'er the waste of waters, Prom the bright and blushing west, All lonely and sad I wonder, With sorrow and care oppressed; And sad are the thoughts within me, And the tear comes rolling free, When I think on the friends I love best, And the land I no more see.

God bless thee, my own dear Erin, Thy hills and mountains grand; God bless thee and keep thoe evor A free and happy land. Though an exite! asadly wander Away o'er the dark blue sen, Sill fonder! grow, and fonder, My own dear old land of thee

## "KILSHEELAN" OR.

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PROPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay,"
—Bynox,—The Giaour,

## CHAPTER XIII.

Gerald O'Dwyer felt his heart beat strangely at the sight of that terrible glow. 'Fire' is a word of alarm to all men; but he felt somehow it appealed now especially to himself. A foreboding he could not account for crept into his mind, a cold, icy-cold foreboding, as the glow grew fiercer and the darkness darker.

"It must be a bonfire on the mountains somewhere," said the priest, doubtingly.

"A bonfire on my father's burial day 1"

"No, no, of course it is not. What can it be ?" Gerald made no reply, but rushed from the room under an impulse he could not control. The priest followed him wonderingly, as he hastened through the little garden and out on the road, whence he could survey the whole side of the mountain,

In an instant the truth flashed upon him.

"My God! the Castle is afire."

He staggered and almost fell as he spoke. All consciousness was in a chaos. He saw as in a dream the hold massive outlines of the Castle rolled in a dense atmosphere of smoke and flame. Within the fiery rim it seemed to glower over the valley through all its flaming eyes, making the night a lurid day, and painting the moonless sky with horror. There was an awful calm: the village cabins lay like paralysed men: the woods shuddered in every tree; the dark mountain-ridge presided like a solemn highpriest over the holocaust. All things seemed to look on in awe as the fiery sacrifice went for-

Then his strength of resolution re-asserted itself, and he woke to the reality.

"What can have happened? Who has done. this? Pshaw! what's the use of idle questions? I must hurry to save it."

He spoke in a half phrenzy. Father O'Meara restrained him gently as he prepared to rush down the road.

- "My dear boy, what can you do to save it?"
- "Anything-everything."
- "But stay! You see it is beyond human power to save it-it is a mass of flames!"
- "My God! how they leap! I must be there, sir: it is my duty."
- "Gerald, I am an older man than you, and be said by me. It is not your duty."
  - "How? It is the Castle of my fathers-"
  - "Theirs no longer 1"
  - "True!"

The thought recalled him at a stroke to re-