

EVICTED.

BY DANIEL CONNELLY.

It was not much of a place, you say,
And we needn't be breaking our hearts about it.
That's true; it was poor enough every way,
But what are we going to do without it?
Sure, it was the only home we had,
And the home of the poor old people before us;
Ah, Sir, but the heart must be dark and bad
That takes what the whole world can't restore us.

When the times were better, and I was young,
Before the famine and dreadful fever,
It's many a merry old song was sung
Within those walls that are gone forever.
It's many a frolicsome hour we spent,
Strong bouchals and colleens all glad together,
Beside the hearth where a true content
Made pleasant the wildest wintry weather.

It was there our simple marriage feast
Was spread, and the kindly jest passed lightly,
With the neighbors round and the holy priest
An' the smile of friendship beaming brightly,
And it was there our first poor darling died
(Hush, Mary, alannah, don't be cryin',
Sure Heaven is just and the best are tried),
There, where the rafters now are lying.

When lords and ladies, the great and high
Were wastin' riches in mirth and riot,
And men and women were left to die
For food, not having wherewith to buy it;
Then gaunt-faced hunger was often there,
And sickness, sorrow, and sore denial—
The pain that follows the steps of care,
And many a bitter and darksome trial.

But still through all that was drear and sad,
Some comfort ever remained to cheer us—
A roof to shelter the aching head
And the darling children always near us!
But now, ah now, with the children gone
To the lands where the old may be forsaken,
And the home a ruin of thatch and stone,
Is it strange our hearts are almost breakin'?

God pity the poor! it's many a load
Fate bids them carry, though weak and weary,
Along the rugged and cheerless road
That fades in future dim and dreary.
And heaven have mercy on the great
When splendor, station, wealth and power,
All darkly vanish and soon or late
At the dreadful Judgment Seat they cower.

JOHN BANIM.

FROM an admirably-written sketch of the Irish poet and novelist, John Banim, recently written by Dr Sigerson, we select the following passages descriptive of the closing days of the brilliant *literateur* :—

By the close of May, 1835, John Banim reached London again, but, oh, how sadly altered in mind and body from the buoyant, hopeful youth of some thirteen years before. The friends of the happy days, now gone forever, gathered around him, but the happiness which their presence lent to his broken spirits, was only momentary, as there was no happiness for him now save that the native skies and airs and scenery around and above his boyhood's home could confer. One of those friends, Thomas Haynes Bayley, the poet, who called to see him on arriving from France, describes him thus in the following beautiful *verses* which we quote :—

"I saw him on his couch of pain,
And when I heard him speak,
It was of hope long nursed in vain,
And tears stole down his cheek.
He spoke of honors early won,
Which youth could rarely boast,
Of high endeavors well begun,
But prematurely lost.

"I saw him on a brighter day,
Amongst the first spring flowers;
Despairing thoughts had passed away,
He spoke of future hours;
He spoke of health, of spirits freed
To take a noble aim;
Of efforts that were sure to lead
To fortune and to fame.

"They bear him to a genial land,
The cradle of the weak;
Oh! may it nerve the feeble hand,
And animate the cheek.
Oh! may he, when we meet again,
Those flattering hopes recall,
And smiling say—'They were not vain,
I've realized them all.'"

In the July of 1834, John Banim left London forever. The friends and admirers of his genius gave him a hearty welcome on his arrival in Dublin. In order to mark their great appreciation of his merits and services in the holy cause of his native land, a performance was held in the Theatre Royal for his benefit, and in order to use the

words of a very beautiful address spoken on the occasion by one of the performers :—

"This night to welcome to his native land,
A long lost brother—and to grasp his hand
In friendly brotherhood as warm, as true,
As erst a 'Damon' or a 'Pythias' knew."

By the autumn he reached his native city, accompanied by his brother, wife and daughter. His fellow-townsmen received him with every mark of esteem, and in order to render the feelings towards him the more impressive, a subscription was raised and presented to him along with a beautiful address, written by the late gifted Irish *literateur* and antiquarian, Dr Cane, which recounted the many services that his writings had rendered to his native land through those truthful delineations of the Irish peasantry, which he was the first to trace. In the spring of 1836 Banim got settled in a handsome cottage outside Kilkenny, with a beautiful prospect of green fields, and the sparkling Nore flowing beneath it. In a little garden attached to this Banim spent a few hours of each day, if the weather permitted, in an arm-chair which was wheeled to and fro by an attendant, as his limbs were now useless for walking. In this retired cottage Banim had visitors, who were drawn thither through admiration of his genius, and came to render homage and sympathy to him. There, too, Gerald Griffin spent a few happy days in company with his true and sterling friend, when friends and friendship were sorely needed. Here they talked over the old struggles and triumphs of their London life, and Banim gathered together all who could admire or appreciate genius to do honor to his guest ere he left for his home at Pallaskenry. From this home, to which Griffin retired for a time ere he bade the world and its wickedness a long farewell, we have him writing again one of those hearty letters to Banim in which he expressed his fervent hopes that he might recover and take "his right place at head of our national literature." Banim wrote very little during this period, as his infirmities enfeebled his mind very much. However, writing was not an imperative duty on him now, as he received a pension of £150 per annum, with a grant of £40 yearly to his only daughter, and this smoothed his already rugged pathway to the grave. Still the old love of literature was ever upon him, and he urged his brother to recommence the old tales again. In accordance with his injunctions, his brother sketched out and he re-wrote and revised the last of the O'Hara Tales, "Father Connell." Though not equal in power or passion to most of the O'Hara Tales, yet it is very tender and displays fully the author's powers of describing character. "Father Connell" was published in 1840, and with it Banim's literary labors ceased. Even the revision of this work helped his passage in the valley of death. He lingered on in the midst of racking pains till the July of 1842, when his pure soul passed quietly from its earthly prison-house. His last words to his faithful brother and fellow-laborer were to see that his coffin would be placed side by side with his beloved mother. In the following year his loved and gifted daughter followed him to his home with the Irish saints and martyrs beyond the stars.

HISTORY OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

By the Abbé J. E. DÁERAS.

(Translated from the French for the NEW ZEALAND TABLET.)

I.—DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH.

PROFANE history thus introduces upon the scene of Judea, the future perpetrators of a crime. At this period, St. Joseph, the virgin spouse of Mary, the foster father of Jesus, the humble artisan of Nazareth, had ended his mortal life. Luke the patriarch, whose name he bore, he had distributed bread to the true Israel, (1) the child of Bethlehem, powerful enough to struggle, in the name of fallen humanity, against the justice of God. Egypt had seen him, as formerly his ancestor, lend the support of his arm to the true King of the world. Of old, the son of Jacob had passed out of life in a strange land, St. Joseph also dies on the threshold of Gospel history, before the redemption of the world is consummated. Moses, when quitting Egypt, at the head of the Hebrews set free from bondage, piously carried away with him the remains of the former minister of Pharaoh; Josue deposited them on the soil of the Promised Land. Thus Jesus Christ, conqueror of death, introduced, into the Kingdom of his Heavenly Father, the beloved and holy soul of him who was his adopted father on earth; and the vice-royalty which the son of Jacob exercised in Egypt, St. Joseph will exercise in heaven, beside the throne of Mary, sharing in a proportionate degree, the powerful intercession of the Virgin-mother. St. Joseph is the link which unites the patriarchal world and the Old Testament, with the Christian world and the New Testament. The Gospel, without informing us of the precise time of his death, shows us clearly that it happened before the years of the Saviour's public life. If a decisive proof were wanting, it would be found in the very words employed by the Jews, in enumerating the entire kindred of Jesus: "We have," they say, "amongst us, his mother, his brothers, and his sisters." Evidently, if Joseph had been still living, he would not have been omitted in this enumeration. His memory alone is recalled. The Jews, astonished at the wonders wrought by the Man-God, express all their surprise at seeing these wonders effected by him whom they call "the son of Joseph the artisan." Glorious name given to the spouse of the Virgin Mary! Joseph was in effect the artisan, in a certain measure, of the salvation of the world. He co-operated with admirable docility, in the work of Redemption. The Heavenly Father transmitted to him his orders, through the voice of angels, and the humble artisan, inheritor, under Herod, of the acknowledged rights of David, had the glory of representing the Father in the terrestrial trinity of the Holy Family. When he died in the arms of Jesus and his mother, and that he had been gathered to his forefathers, the term ordained for the silence and hidden life of the Incarnate Word was accomplished. The work of Joseph was completed; he had faithfully guarded the two deposits confided to his vigilant tenderness—the childhood of the son of God and the virginity of Mary. (2). The public work of Jesus Christ was about to begin, and already the precursor John the Baptist, the new Elias, was preparing the way for the Redeemer of the world.