

his friend's beaming countenance. Rody, however, on this occasion contented himself with a silent and inward enjoyment of the "other instance" in the Queen's County. At least we hope so. We earnestly hope that "other instance" did come under Rody Flynn's notice in the Queen's County or somewhere else, and that keeping the fun all to himself was not the result of any temporary derangement of the inventive faculty. But while Rody Flynn, to the apparent astonishment and disgust of the melancholy shoemaker, is chuckling over what happened

(we hope) in the Queen's County, we shall tell the story about Counsellor Doheny's speech, which story Mr. Armstrong—who since we left him has had a "good time" with Nannie and Nellie in the orchard, quite unconscious of Mrs. Cormack's binocular—considered so amusing that Rody Flynn thought more than once it would be necessary to let the lather dry on his left cheek, certain muscles of which became so unruly that there seemed to be danger in passing the well-stropped razor over them.

(To be continued.)

## IRISH READINGS

(Edited by A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., and T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.)

### SONGS AND SONG WRITERS.

(By "Ateth" in the Nation.)

Of the numerous bores that infest society, perhaps the most intolerable, if we except the prize boars at the cattle shows, are those small sing-song writers who, whilst utterly devoid of one single spark of real poetic fire, imagine themselves geniuses, and are perpetually foisting their namby-pamby effusions on the public. "Why do the public purchase them?" asks some uncompromising individual. Alas! my friend, the public cannot help doing so; they are literally pestered and betrayed into it. Shortly after that child of song, Mr. Twaddle, has published his exquisitely wretched ditty, entitled "The Dying Wail of a Broken Heart," you happen to meet, in an evil hour, a good-natured acquaintance. "Tom," says the person to you, "Twaddle has published a new song—'tisn't a bad one either—and I have promised to get rid of a few copies for the poor fellow. I expect you'll take one. Now 'don't say no,' as Mr. Bralligan says"—and you don't say no, though you ought. Again, a kind editor, remarkable for his abilities in bestowing praise upon anything, from a bloated Aberdeen turnip—bad at heart, maybe, for all its splendid appearance—to the bloated exterminator—similarly affected—upon whose cottageless property the vegetable was grown, in a characteristically eulogistic paragraph thus speaks of what he is pleased to style "the latest emanation of the genius of Twaddle, Esq., our gifted fellow-townsmen":—"It has often before been our pleasing duty to call attention to, and speak in the language of well-merited praise of, the gifted poet who is such an honor to our town, and whose latest effusion, 'The Dying Wail of a Broken Heart,' now lies before us. This charming ballad possesses all the beauties that characterised the talented author's former productions, besides many more peculiar to itself. We can honestly say that its perusal yielded us those exquisitely pleasurable sensations, much more easily imagined than described, tending to elevate the heart and refine the sensibilities of the soul. In it Mr. Twaddle has transcendently displayed his wondrous power of transforming convertibility into individuality." After such a paragraph—the concluding portion of the last sentence of which, we deem it necessary to observe, is a genuine quotation—what is unsophisticated humanity to do but rush to

the local bookseller's with frantic haste, and invest in "The Dying Wail." If the payment of a few shillings for a couple of sheets of waste paper were the only grievances we had to sustain at the hands of vain and foolish poetasters thirsting for fame, it were well, and we should have but little reason to complain: but such is not the case. In compliance with the request of friends, or influenced by the laudations of the encomiastic editor, or, perchance, captivated by the attractions of the pink-cheeked damsel generally to be found depicted on the front sheet, young ladies—we say ladies, because we are not of those who much affect male warblers—purchase the new song; and, alas! its purchase is but the prelude to its committal to memory, with ulterior views. How often have we listened with a "sad civility," closely bordering on indignation, whilst brilliant young creatures, in whose thrilling tones we should like to hear the noble songs of Moore and Davis sung, "made long the night," as they poured forth, in nauseating succession, the mawkish maunderings of vitiated taste and nonsensical sentimentality. But why do we speak of singing? Positively we have heard—*horresco referens*—sentimental songs, of the class we have indicated, recited. Goaded into desperation by the reiterated "pressings" of friends, (?) resolved to make a fool of himself and have done with it, some weak-minded young man, with watery eyes, a husky voice, and a pair of unmanageable legs, rises from his chair, and—but we spare our readers the description of a scene under the accumulated horrors of which even the indomitable "Jollity" of Mark Tapley himself must succumb.

### THE SEASONS.

(By D. F. MCCARTHY.)

The different hues that deck the earth  
All in our bosoms have their birth—  
'Tis not in blue or sunny skies,  
'Tis in the heart the Summer lies!  
The earth is bright if *that* be glad,  
Dark is the earth if *that* be sad;  
And thus I feel each weary day—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

In vain, upon her emerald car,  
Comes Spring, "the maiden from afar,"  
And scatters o'er the woods and fields

The liberal gifts that nature yields;  
In vain the buds begin to grow,  
In vain the crocus gilds the snow;  
I feel no joy though earth be gay—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Summer, like a bride,  
Comes down to earth in blushing pride,  
And from that union sweet are born  
The fragrant flowers and waving corn,  
I hear the hum of birds and bees,  
I view the hills and streams and trees,  
Yet vain the thousand charms of May—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Autumn crowns the year,  
And ripened hangs the golden ear,  
And luscious fruits of ruddy hue  
The bending boughs are glancing through,  
When yellow leaves from sheltered nooks  
Come forth and try the mountain brooks—  
Even then I feel, as there I stray,  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Winter comes at length,  
With swaggering gait and giant strength,  
And with his strong arms in a trice  
Binds up the streams in chains of ice,  
What need I sigh for pleasures gone—  
The twilight eve, the rosy dawn?  
My heart is changed as much as they—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

Even now, when Summer lends the scene  
Its brightest gold—its purest green—  
Whene'er I climb the mountain's breast,  
With softest moss and heath-flowers dressed—  
When now I hear the breeze that stirs  
The golden bells that deck the furze—  
Alas! ye all are vain, I say—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

But when thou comest back once more—  
Though dark clouds hang and loud winds  
    roar.

And mists obscure the nearest hills,  
And dark and turbid roll the rills—  
Such pleasures then my breast shall know,  
That Summer's sun shall round me glow;  
Then quick return, dear maid, I pray—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

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