

(The following poem was sent in by an unknown contributor,
and the name of the author was not given).

Wolfe Tone's Grave

In Bodinstown Churchyard there is a green grave
And wildly along it the winter winds rave
Small shelter, I wien, are the ruin'd walls there
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare—

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
Oh, bitter, I said, is the patriot's need.

For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead :
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of
Wolfe Tone.

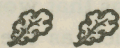
There were students and peasants, the wise and the
brave
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave
And children who thought me hard-hearted for they,
On that sanctified sod—were forbidden to play.

And the old man, who saw I was mourning there said,
We come, Sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is
laid,

And we're going to raise him a monument, too,
A plain one, yet At for the simple and true.

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and I blessed everyone of his band
Sweet! Sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquished and
slain.

In Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave
And freely around it let winter winds rave—
Far better they suit him--the ruin and the gloom
Till Ireland, a Nation, can build him a tomb.



We must never assume that which is incapable
of proof.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared
than a thousand bayonets. — Napoleon I.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness — nothing so
gentle as real strength.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of in-
clination to duty is worth all the mere good thoughts,
warm feelings and passionate prayers in which idle
people indulge themselves. — Cardinal Newman.