

On touring in Ireland, and observing the many Ruins of cottages in rural areas, particularly in the West, many of them dating back as far, or further than the "Potato famine" which decimated rural Ireland, starving hundreds of thousands, and causing Mass emigration to the United States, the following verses were penned.

"A Deserted Cottage"

*These stones once made a home, a hearth burned bright,
And good folks stayed beneath its roof at night.
A housewife plied her wheel, and baked her bread ;
Small children slept ; after their prayers were said.
Yet ! as I gazed with unbelieving eyes,
I saw the peat-smoke from the chimney rise,
I glimpsed the fire with its red embers glow,
From windows, glazed again, came voices, low.
A Vision ? Yes, of course ; but could it be
That past and future, mingled, I could see ;
"Pray one will hear, and answer its mute calls,
And build a home again ; within these walls.*

Wm S McCoubrey