

How fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid!
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze—
 Thank God that my exile's ended!
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in!
 Oh Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

(Written for the August number of THE VOICE.)

St. Lawrence! kingly river, what legends o'er it dwell,
 They slumber in each hollow, and on its billows swell,
 They breathe o'er its fair landscape, and lend a pleasing charm
 To sunny bays and inlets, to homesteads bright and warm.
 When forests in their quiet and pristine grandeur reigned,
 E'er the sons of sunny France, its silver waters named,
 Their chiefs in glowing language, gave laws with potent power;
 Or smoked their calumet in peace through many a fair hour.
 The wild deer of the forest, came at the early dawn
 And drank its crystal waters, not dreading hounds or horn.
 Maples bent their lovely boughs and dipped their verdant leaves,
 And trembling aspens quivered above its ruffled waves.
 Gem of pristine beauty, in primeval grandeur drest,
 No sounds of busy traffic disturbed its quiet rest,
 Till bounding o'er its bosom in all their native pride,
 Armadas of gallant France sailed up its waters wide,
 And valiant men from the decks looked on the passing scene,
 Of mountains, vales and river, of islands robed in green,
 Unfurled their brave old banners and waved them in the breeze,
 And raised the christian emblem they'd brought from o'er the seas.
 And cried to name this river, the honor let us pay
 We'll call it for St. Lawrence, because this is day.*
 Then moor'd their sturdy vessels and anchor'd in the tide
 Where now, "St. Charles river" by peaceful homesteads glide.

*10 August.

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