

mournfully ejaculated, "Beautiful Suir, many a time both in sorrow and in joy have I looked on your noble waters. As bright a moon as the one that now shines on you, lighted me home the first night that I saw my poor Alice, and I rowed in my little boat singing, and happy as a King ; but you were dark enough the night my Alice left me for the grave, and I sat on the bank by your tide and thought you made a more mournful noise than ever before. The first time I dipped my poor boy in your stream, and the innocent babe clung to me for protection, I hugged him to my heart, and felt proud that I was goin to rear a family on your fine banks as my father had done before me ; but when the transport passed by with my boy on board—and she looked so grand with all her sails spread, an she robbin me of my son—an the sky and the river seemed all to be glad together—I thought my heart would break, and black as I was that I could curse their beauty for seemin to mock my grief. When I ferried Cathleen across your tide, when she was left an orphan in the world, and I took her as my own child—I was proud of her purty face, and of being able to do a good turn for any of Alice's kindred—little I thought she'd ever give me the trouble she does to night, or wring her old uncle's heart so cruelly. Oh holy Angels ! if ye sit on the bright clouds, that are sailin along in the moonlight sky—or if ye look from these little stars, that seem so quiet and beautiful, far, far above this wranglin world—look on my poor grey hairs to night—watch over me from that beautiful blue heaven, and save me from the blackness which I feel taken a hould of my old withered heart. Holy Michael, James, and John—Saints and Angels round the throne of the Almighty Father, intercede for me, and bless me to night ; Queen of Heaven, and Mother of our Lord, Virgin purer than the moon, and brighter than the sun, and kind and tender as the soft dew of night—pray for me, and comfort my childless breaking heart. Oh ! adorable Saviour ! who died on Calvary for a miserable world, have mercy on me in this hour and for evermore.—The simple vespers ended—and the old man soothed by his devotional thoughts, and fatigued from the unwonted emotions of the evening, resigned himself to the rest which he so much needed, and with child-like confidence, threw all his care and grief on the influences which he had just invoked.

*To be continued.*

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