

MY ROSARY.

Some twenty years ago or more, When famine wasted Erin's shore, And children's wails made mother's sore,

With tears I stood upon the strand And bade adieu to native land; My mother then with trembling hand, Pat into mine this Rosary.

"My child, it almost breaks my heart To think that you and I must part; But promise me no human art Will wean you from your Rosary

"But if some brighter day should dawn And some one ask my colleen bawn To wed him say your all is gone Except your mother's Rosary.

"And now my dearest child adieu; God's angels will watch over you It to your promise you keep true— To Him and to your Rosary.

Through all the wildness of the storm Mid wondrous shrieks and men's alarm I still was calm, and feared no harm For me or for my Rosary.

I reached the country of "the free," Whither, oh! Whither, shall I flee? A chapel with a cross I see, I'll go and say my Rosary.

A stranger amongst strangers through I work for bread without a groan, Save when a scornful man was shown, Not me, but my brown Rosary.

Years past and then a gay young man I blush to tell it, said: "You can Of me, dear, make a happy man"— I went and said my Rosary.

He knew the advice my mother gave Ere I had crossed the stormy wave; Though she lays in the dark cold grave Her memory's in my Rosary.

He smiled and coldly turned away, Nor e'en a parting word did say, I sought my room and then did pray To God on mother's Rosary.

At length a nobler suitor came, For whom I gladly changed my name His little bride I knew he'd blame If she forgot her Rosary.

Now of beneath the shady tree, As children clamber up his knee, He often says: "Come in till we Recite our daily Rosary."

Then let life's fortunes ebb or flow, Come joy and sadness wail or woe, Poor sinner to this refuge go And fervent say thy Rosary.

And when death's voice at last is come To summon exiles to their home, May we beyond you stary dome Find God through Mary's Rosary.

Leaving Ireland.

One Who Will Ever Stand by the Beauties of the Old Land.

James Berry in the Connaught Telegraph

On the 6th of July a vessel of the Beaver line called the Lake Huron, touched at Galway to embark 3000 passengers people who were evicted from the neighborhood of where I dwelt. I knew them all. So I went out with them in the steam tug, City of the Tribes. And I call God to witness, they were the poorest sight ever man looked at. I handed on board little girls of 12 and 13 years old, tricked out in dresses that would fit the tallest man in Ireland. In fact, if your daughter were going to pay her respects to the Queen she could not have a longer train. I handed on board little boys tricked out in black cotton velvet, suits that would fit the last of the Joins of Joice county. I handed on board old women who were tricked out in spring sides without any stockings; also little ones of both sex tricked out in spring side boots without any stocking—boots that would fit big Joe of the Doo Castle the best day

ever he was. I handed on board heart broken married women having two children on their back one in their arms while the hardier portion of the family were screaming and clinging to the dresses. I saw two fair haired girls, sister, from Errismore, one was on board the Lake Huron, the other was on the wheel house of the steam tug, and wouldn't be admitted for it appeared she was not booked properly. There they were these two virtuous Irish females, one in hysterics on the wheel house of the tug boat while the other was in hysterics on board the emigrant ship, as 100 strangers rent the air whistling and jeering at my poverty stricken Irish brethren. I insisted that the sister who was on board the emigrant ship should be sent out, or that the sister on board the steam tug should accompany her and Tuke had to comply. They arrived in Galway at dawn for they were driven all night consequently they were unable to taste food for the emigrant ship would not wait a moment. I think, in all humanity, they ought to be brought in to town the day before the ship would call, in order to fit them out properly and that they would get leave to sleep on a bed the last night ever they were to spend in the land of their fathers. In fact, this work is going on and these scenes are taking place every week since and will continue for another month or six weeks. There is nothing heard morning noon or night where I dwell save the wail of women parting their dear ones. Rise at dawn and there it is, wailing in the painful pathetic Irish Rachel weeping for their children and she would not be comforted because they were not. I say sir, sooner or later the vengeance of heaven will fall on the authors of all this wrong and misery.

I left town and determined to go round the south road by Spiddal. When I come off the car I struck out for Greatman's Bay, thinking of all the folly of mankind and of my own wonderings and extravagance in particular. When I was some distance from Spiddal I looked around me for I was alone in the world, and I felt and knew it, too. The day was beautiful, and the scene was one of the finest perhaps in Europe—a scene that any man would love to look at and feel happy. Spread out before me lay Galway Bay, like a beautiful mirror, while hundreds of boats of all sizes floated away in all directions, and were lost amid the shadows of the steep mountains. Far away to the south west lay the islands of Aran, sleeping on the bosom of the ocean like so many sea monsters basking in the sunlight. Far away on the blue rim of the southern horizon you could discern Loope head with the broad shannon dancing along its cliffs, hastening to meet the ocean with whom it wrestles for a time and then faints away in its arms, and is lost forever. Nearer still lay Illa Head with its beetling cliffs cut clear and sharp against the blue vault of heaven, while the waves dash against its base

and fell back exhausted to return once more with undiminished vigor. Still nearer you could see the far famed cliffs of Mohar—those stupendous cliffs where nothing is heard day or night save the thud of the waves as they dash through the great subterraneous caverns or the scream of every species of sea fowl, while some nine miles off lay the great huge king of all the Burn mountains—Black Head—lone and un-frequented like the great load-stone mountain of the Arabian Knights. From where I stood you could easily see Castle Budger and the nice little town of Ballyvaughan, hid behind Blackhead, and far inland the mist was lifting itself like a veil thrown back from the face of the Cor-screw mountains, while the little mountain of (Continued.)

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Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15 cents Druggists.

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Quick, complete, cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1, Druggists.

A CARD.

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Mrs. B. FURLONG.

Dec. 30 3m

ALLAN LINE Winter Sailings—1882

S. S. "NEWFOUNDLAND."

Table with columns: FROM HALIFAX, FROM ST. JOHN'S, and dates: MONDAY, Feb. 6th, WEDNESDAY, Feb. 14th, FRIDAY, Feb. 22nd, SUNDAY, Feb. 26th, MONDAY, Mar. 5th, WEDNESDAY, Mar. 12th, FRIDAY, Mar. 20th, SUNDAY, Mar. 24th, MONDAY, Mar. 31st, WEDNESDAY, Apr. 4th, FRIDAY, Apr. 12th, SUNDAY, Apr. 16th.

Connecting with steamers from Liverpool for Halifax— Jan 18th Feb. 1st. Feb 15th. Mar. 1st. Mar. 15th. Mar. 29th. A. SHEA,

JUST OPENED.

N. J. SHEEHAN, Tinsmith and Dealer in Stoves.

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TINWARE

Of every description. Also a large assortment of Stoves and Castings

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Newfoundland Used Stamps, -AND- POST CARDS, (highest price paid, large or small quantities bought.) G. GIBSON, box, 698, Montreal.

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Just Received ex. s.s. Nova Scotia a choice lot of new Hand

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These are the First lot of HAND SEWING MACHINES ever imported, and contains improvements controlled by no other machine.

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For further particulars apply to. MRS GRAMM, Harvey Street, Harbor Grace Or E J BRENNAN Carbonar.

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