

could exceed the provisions made for our comfort, or the courtesy and kindness shown by the captain and officers of the "Ontario" to us all, both in saloon and steerage. In conversation on board these sentiments came up often, and with enthusiasm, and captain and crew, and the stout ship met with no measured praise.

Before retiring behind the curtain to shake hands with sea-sickness again, we had a long, fond look at the land we were leaving. Liverpool had receded into a long, low line of twinkling lamps. My thoughts went through the mist to the land of my own people now passing through the throes of a great change.

Erin, beloved and beautiful, once more
The time of parting comes to thee and me ;
The sad delight of pilgrimage is o'er,
And voices call to me across the sea.

In Canada the magic summer shines,
A purple haze upon the mountain broods,
The soft warm breeze is whispering through the pines,
And leaping waters thunder through the woods.

September radiance tints the forest grand,
The maples are aflame upon the hills ;
From bursting barns plenty smiles o'er the land,
Where the tall farmer owns the soil he tills.

Erin, thy robe of green is dewed with tears,
Fields outrage-stained, thy west wind thick with sighs,
Thou that hast walked with woe down through the years,
Weighted with all the wrongs of centuries.

Erin, beloved with love akin to pain,
Through woe and outrage, turbulence and strife,
Thou shalt arise and enter once again
Into a higher, freer, glorious life.