

of Our Lady of Perpetual Help ; the fine and large convent of the Fathers and the love and respect manifested towards them by their parishioners. Rejoiced at sight of all these things he could say his *Nunc Dimittis* and exclaim : « Now O Lord, dismiss thy servant in peace, because my eyes have seen the beauty of thy house and the progress of thy religion.» Then he offered unto God the sacrifice of his life for the Antilles and for the Redemptorist Fathers, the field of whose apostolic labors lies there. Reverend Father Stafford was only in the thirty second year of his age and the fifteenth of his religious life ,when on the 3th April 1897, his beautiful soul soared from the *Garden of the Antilles* to that of Heaven.

The life of this first Redemptorist priest, born on the Island of Santa Cruz, teaches young people to give themselves to God, without reservation, when He is pleased to call them to the priesthood or to a religious life. It shows us that life is short and should be naught but a preparation for a blissful eternity.

P. WITTEBOLLE, C. SS. R.

THE CELT IN CANADA

THE following lines have been written by a student of St. Louis College, Montreal, who won last year the first prize in Literature.

The exiled sons of Erin's Isle are scattered o'er the earth,
 From the wilds of far Australia to the ice fields of the North.
 They're guarding Britain's honour 'neath a scorching Indian sun,
 In France and Spain, the gallant Celts, imperished fame have won.
 They borne the Green with the Stars and Stripes in fair Columbia's cause,
 In Forum and Assembly they enact the nation's laws ;
 And in our broad Dominion, this undaunted Celtic race,
 Have by their mighty voice and pen attained a foremost place.

Dread pestilence and famine gaunt compelled them forth to roam
 In other lands, to seek the life denied to them at home.
 But worse by far than hunger's pangs or fever's tainted breath,
 Were tyrant landlord's mandates causing misery and death.
 The seaports swarmed from day to day with Erin's boast and pride ;
 There stalwart Youth and hoary Age departed side by side,
 All bound to the land of future hopes, by Canada's far off shore,
 They bid adieu to their native isle, the land they'll see no more.