

## ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

[Written for the "VOICE."]

The subject of this little poem, stands on Cathedral Street, Montreal. Built, endowed, and placed, under the guardianship of America's Patron Saint, by the joint will of the late Oliver Berthelot and Lady, who in lifetime were residents of the above mentioned city.

St. Joseph's wayside Chapel.  
It stands in a crowded street,  
Midst the busy hum of voices,  
And the tireless tread of feet ;  
Its frontal bears no sculpture  
To charm the passer's eye,  
Simply a pile of stone work,  
Spire towering towards the sky.

But enter—the ponderous portal  
Moves easily ajar—  
And you pass into the " Presence,"  
So near, and yet so far.  
So near to the loving faithful souls,  
To whom there is nought so sweet,  
As to gather in silent homage;  
An hour at the dear Lord's feet,

But far from the world-wise skeptics,  
Who hold themselves aloof,  
Asking, as doubting Thomas did,  
Seeking, for all things proof.  
Dear little wayside Chapel,  
Like an isle in the ocean of life,  
Where we rest in the Altar's shadow,  
And grow strong 'gainst sin and strife.

Oasis in life's wilderness,  
St. Joseph guards thy shrine,  
With the same all watchful care he gave  
The Mother and Babe Divine.  
God's Light to the generous faithful souls,  
Who built that Chapel there,  
And named our dear Saint guardian  
To the sanctuary of prayer.

—AGNES BURT.

MONTREAL, Jan. 8th, 1882.