

If e'er it grew the serpents wile,  
 Prevents us its sweets to know,  
 He, full of treachery and guile,  
 Laid the foundation of our woe.

The Portals of high Heaven were closed,  
 And death and darkness shadowed all,  
 But yet the just in peace reposed,  
 Awaiting the Redeemer's call.

He came and for our sins he died,  
 But first for our eternal food,  
 The Saviour of mankind supplied,  
 His glorious Body and His Blood.

This is the Heavenly Panacea,  
 Ambrosia and pure Nectar this,  
 Which feeds us on our sorrowing way,  
 To Realms of everlasting bliss.

## A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

*(From the Catholic World.)*

"You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians peep shyly across to the state of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment will be loyal to all. These Highlanders have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by rail westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry,