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A Legend of Erin.

High on the Western coast of Eire
Towers a mountain's rocky spire,
Its top is lost in folding mist
Which wreaths in many an eerie form.
There the free winds blow as they list,
Now, taking tones of wildest storm
Changing anon to breezes warm
Of softest notes that soothe and charm.

One fair June morn in the far past,
The dim past, half concealed
A vigorous youth in panting haste
Went bounding up the mountain waste.
Behind, a glance revealed
An angry band of armed men
Whose shouts resound o'er hill and glen.
What means, you ask, this scene?
It is a relic of the days
Of paganism's reign,
When first the Christian morn's bright rays
Beamed over Erin's plain.

Aidan, a sprightly mountain youth,
Soon gathered precious pearls of truth,
Soon was a Christian seen.