

A STUDENT TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REVEREND FATHER HOWE, O.M.I.



WITHIN the Oblate cemet'ry a grave,
 New-made, contains the ashes of our dead
 'Tis markéd by no marble pomp ; naught save
 A simple wooden cross stands at the head.
 And yet there lies at rest beneath that sod

A saintly form beloved by all he knew ;
 In life a faithful servant to his God,
 And mourned in death by loving friends not few.

O dear departed one, for thee we mourn,
 Since thou at cruel death's relentless call,
 Hast suddenly from our midst been torn ;
 Hast met, still young, the certain fate of all.
 We miss,—ah ! how we miss thy pleasant smile,
 The cheering word of hope forever thine,
 The kind advice that did all cares beguile
 And made the heart of each the Saviour's shrine.

Thy happy voice we never more shall hear
 Until in heaven we all again shall meet ;
 But let us cease to shed the silent tear,
 For even now thy soul its God doth greet.
 Thou art but gone before where we shall go ;
 With God thou dost enjoy a just reward,
 And still thou canst on us thy care bestow,
 Still o'er our daily lives thou canst keep guard.

A tribute to thy worth we students pay,
 Thy mem'ry sacred in our hearts we'll keep ;
 We'll ne'er forget where rests thy hallowed clay
 Where our beloved friend takes his last sleep,
 A model for our lives will thy life be ;
 And be our death like thine when life is o'er,
 That we in bliss may meet again with thee
 And with thee live in heaven evermore.

WILLIE F. CAVANAGH,
Second Form.