

But, turn we now, to where in forests dark,
 A human Angel, tends to every woe.
 The wounded soldier, knows what blessed hand,
 Has soothed his pain, and lulled him into sleep;
 The Huron loves the patient dark-robed nun,
 Who speaks to him of One, who died for all;
 The little Indian children gather round,
 And call her 'Mother'—in their native tongue;
 E'en the dark foe, the savage Iroquois
 Have brought to her, their little ones to cure.
 — No home has she, for many weary years;
 Until at length young kindred spirits came—
 From far and near—seeking to be enrolled,
 In her blest cause. No house is there for them,
 But later on, a little stable poor,
 Is given unto Marg'ret for her flock.
 Did not the star shine brightly on that night,
 Thou faithful watcher? Now thou hast thy wish,
 In very truth, thou'rt likened unto her,
 Who, in an humble stable, gave to man,
 The world's Redeemer—Jesus our King—
 For five-and-forty years spent in this land,
 Thou laboredst Mother, for the future good
 Of Canada's fair daughters. See! the fruit,
 Of all thy weary days, thy restless nights!
 The grain of mustard seed has spread its roots;
 And forty holy houses bear the name,
 Of "La Congregation de Notre Dame!"
 Thou, their great foundress—"Marguerite Bourgeois!"
 Whose death was e'en another act of love!
 What countless souls, oh Mother, hast thou saved;
 What thousands hast thou called to serve their God,
 Far from the world's seductive, weary ways—
 Reaping a precious harvest, all for Him
 Who shed His Blood on Golgotha for them.
 Thy eighty years of human life have passed,
 But yet enshrined in casket rich and rare,
 Thy heart, in yonder cloister, dwells with us.

Mother! from earth see thy children all hail thee
 As blessed in childhood, in youth and in age!
 Long—may thy virtues, shine brightly around us,
 Thy name be engraved on fond memory's page.

J. D. S.

VILLA MARIA, Jan. 12, 1862.