

And still there is gladness in Buffalo's College,
Where the Brother is sent to diffuse his own knowledge.
With what fervor he taught there, what zeal he inspired,
And his pious example, how lov'd and admir'd !
But his joy is made perfect when later in Lowell,
Father Howe mounts the Altar, the aim of his goal.

This Life is e'en chequer'd with joys and with sadness,
With sorrows to-day, and to-morrow with gladness ;
But happy and joyful was dear Father Howe,
When by holy Obedience he clung to his vow,
Then to Canada journey'd, henceforth to abide
In the great University, Ottawa's pride.

As Priest and Professor his mission sublime
He faithfully serv'd for near seven years' time ;
The good students he cheer'd with his fatherly smile,
And onward and upward he lov'd to beguile,
E'en the laggard to study, and ever to aim
At the pinnacles high in the temple of fame.

Not alone in the College was lov'd and admir'd
This good Father so saintly, who ever inspired
All around in his footsteps so holy to tread,
Nor stray far from him wheresoever he led.
In St. Joseph's grand Church he was fairly ador'd,
Where his Masses were said, and his prayers were outpour'd.

But their tears must be shed, and their anguish profound ;
The sinners he lifted are bow'd to the ground ;
The poor whom he aided are tortur'd with grief ;
Who now shall sustain them, or yield them relief ?
The children he lov'd are aweary with weeping,
Their dear Father is gone, in the coffin is sleeping.

Ah ! their grief is o'erwhelming ; the sick and the poor,
The high and the low, they shall see him no more,
But would they aspire to the realms he has reach'd,
Let them list to the word and example he preach'd,
And like him they shall learn the full truth of that word,
" How the Saints' death is precious in sight of the Lord."