

Songs of the Settlement, and Other Poems.

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, D.C.L.



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I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then to turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains,
That ripen'd through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

O, altar of eternal youth!
O faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit;
Give to our moras an evening star.
The last two verses hit a pretty idea in the happiest way.

An excellent opportunity for a musical setting is given in a "Lullaby of the Settlement." It has all the soothing delicacy of a lullaby and still has a fragrant flavor of the farm. Take a few of the lines:—

"Flower of the forest, nursling of dawn,
Sweet be thy slumber in cradle of light,
Rock'd by the song of the robin on tree top,
Hush'd by the lullaby voice of the night;
Nature, thy mother, is kneeling beside thee,
Filling thy dreams with gift of her charm;
Sleep in thy downy nest, sweet be thy cradle rest, sleep.

Flower of the "settlement," blossom of twilight,
Cradl'd and crown'd on the breast of the farm,
Pillow'd by Love, whose strong arms entwined thee,
Curtain'd by Faith that shields thee from harm;
Sentinel stars keep their watch o'er thy slumber,
Sunbeams of joy fill thy chalice of morn,
Sleep in thy downy nest, sweet be thy cradle rest, sleep.

Dr. O'Hagan strikes a different vein when he pictures the old brindle cow. Everybody has some sort of a reminiscence or other of a cow of some description:—

"What breed did you say? Why, the very best blood
That could flow in a democratic cow;
No herd-book could tell of the glory in her horns,
Or whence came her pedigree or how;
She was Jersey in her milk and Durham in her build,
And Ayrshire when she happened in a row,
But when it came to storming the old "slash" fence,
She was simply the old brindle cow."

In a different vein Dr. O'Hagan grows patriotic and writes a poem entitled "My Native Land." There is

real heartfelt love of country running through the verse and it seems to have been written not for writing's sake, but with the true inwardness of sentiment that is healthy. In merit it is much above the average, and certainly better than many of the prize poems on the same subject which have recently been exploited in the press:—

"My native land, how dear to me,
The sunshine of your glory,
How dear to me your deeds of fame,
Embalm'd in verse and story!
From east to west, from north to south,

In accents pure and tender,
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise
Your happy homes of splendor,
Dear native land!

Across centuries of the past,
With words of fond devotion,
We trace the white sails of your flag,
Through crest'd wave of ocean;
And every man of every race,
Whose heart has shaped your glory,
Shall win from us a homage true,
In gift of song and story,
My native land!

O, let not petty strife e'er mar,
The bright dawn of your morning,
Not bigot word of demagogue,
Create untimely warning!
Deep in our hearts let justice reign—
A justice broad and holy—
That knows no creed, nor race, nor tongue,
But our Dominion solely,
Dear native land!

Dear native land we are but one
From ocean unto ocean,
"The sun that tints the Maple Leaf,"
Smiles with a like devotion,
On Stadacoma's fortress height,
On Grand Pre's storied valley,
And that famed tide whose peaceful shore
Was rock'd in battle sally,
My native land!

Here will we plant each virtue rare,
And watch it bud and flourish—
From sunny France and Scotia's hills
Kind dew will feed and nourish;
And Erin's heart of throbbing love,
So warm, so true and tender,
Will cheer our hearths and cheer our homes,

With wealth of lyric splendor,
Dear native land!

Dear native land, on this New Year,
We pray you ne'er may falter;
That patriot sons may feed the flames
That burn upon your altar,
May Heaven stoop down upon each home,
And bless in love our people,
And ring thro' hearts both rich and poor,
Sweet peace from heavenly stoeples,
My native land!

"The Dance at McDougall's" gives a fairly good picture of the simple joys

and amusements of the early settler's life, when amusements were few and the frivolity of a country dance is the height of happiness:—

"At evening the boys and the girls
would all gather,
To dance and to court 'neath McDougall's
roof-tree:
They were wild as the tide that rushes
up Solway,

When lashed by the tempests that swept
the North Sea;
There Malcolm and Flora and Angus
and Kate,

With laughter-timed paces came tripping
along,
And Pat, whose gay heart had been
nursed in old Erin,

Would link each Scotch reel with a
good Irish song,
Down at the dance at McDougall's,

Gone now is the light in McDougall's
log shanty,
The blaze on the hearth's long has sunk
into gloom,
And Donald and Janet, who danced
of "Auld Scotia,"
Are dreaming of Heaven in the dust
of the tomb,

While the laws and the girls
the "bairns" and elders—
Who toiled during lay and sacred
through the night,
Have again in bright dream of Memory's
morn'g,
Who their hearts beat to love and
lie, love and fight,
Down at the dance at McDougall's,

A sketchy psychological bit is called "The Dreamer." Dr. O'Hagan's sympathies are wide, and his argument or rather his apology for the man who lives before his time and whose visions of the future are never realized may be condensed into the last stanza:—

"Men call me a dreamer—yet forget
The dreamer lives a thousand years,
While those whose hearts and hands
knead clay,
Live not beyond their dusty biers.

A poem that will appeal to all Canadians is entitled "Tears of the Maple." It is a panegyric of the late Sir John Thompson and the sentiments set forth will meet ready response in the hearts of the people.

"He built not on the shifting sands
Of plaudits gained in dubious way;
He faced the right, achieved his plan,
In clearest light, in boldest day.

The storms that passion rolled on high,
Found in his heart no anxious dread;
Within the compass of his love,
He knew no tongue, nor race, nor creed,

The magnet of his noble mind
Found swiftly duty's firm decree;
He served his God in all his works,
And loyal to Him was ever free.

His deeds are stars to light his path;
His fame a glory born of Heaven;
His life, an arc of rounded toil,
To God and country freely given.

The "Heroes of the Past" is another bit of verse that will appeal forcibly to the people who have made Canada the grand country she is to-day. In the lighter pieces Dr. O'Hagan has been particularly happy. Perhaps no better way to close this brief review of Dr. O'Hagan's new book can be found than by quoting the lines of "An Irish Mother":—

"Her dreams fill heaven and earth,
Her love is a love divine,
Ripen'd through sorrow and time
and tears,
'Tis sacred as chalice of wine.

She kneels at an altar of hope,
When cloudlets have shrouded the day
And her faith as a taper burns bright
and clear,
Thro' the love that illumines each
ray."

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan is one of the best known and ablest Catholic writers in Canada. Although born in Toronto, in 1855 he comes of good Kerry stock. He was educated at St. Michael's College, and was a frequent prize-winner in Latin and English. Later he took the arts course in Ottawa University, was made a Bachelor of Arts in 1882, and three years later had his M. A. On his graduation he took honors in English, Latin, French and German. He took a post graduate course at Syracuse University, (Ph. D. 1889), and later studied at Cornell. From 1887 to 1888 he held classical and modern language masterships in several leading high schools. In 1894, he was elected president of the Canadian club of Cornell University. His pieces of fugitive verse were collected and published in 1887. It was called "A Gate of Flowers." Since then he has published "In Dreamland and other Poems." He has made a special study of English, and is recognized as one of the most sympathetic interpreters of English literature. As well as being a voluminous contributor to the magazines, Dr. O'Hagan's trenchant pen has found its way into the columns of the daily press. For some years past his labors have been in the direction of the lecture field principally, and his subjects of discourse, almost invariably, on the higher English literature. As a critic and commentator on English poetry Dr. O'Hagan has few equals in America. Some of his lectures delivered last year at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, show not only the scholarly attainments and deep erudition of the man, but also a nature thoroughly poetical and sympathetic, while at the same time almost microscopically analytical.

Come with me into the Mystery of Nature's infinite plan,
With its flower and fruit in heaven above and its root in the heart of man;
Where the latent powers of things that are take form and shape divine,
And the water of life at the wedding feast is turned to red, red wine.

The above lines are taken from a little book of poems recently published by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, entitled "Songs of the Settlement," now on sale at the well known establishment of D. & J. Sadler & Co., of this city, price 75 cents.

The title is an apt one, for the leading subjects dealt with are distinctively reminiscent of the days of the pioneer and Dr. O'Hagan possesses the happy faculty of finding poetry in the seemingly most unromantic things. To most minds the work of the clearing of the farm is of the prosaic, but, our author has found in such simple subjects an underlying vein of poetry, which being developed is pleasant to the ear.

The treatment of homely subjects in a prosodical way is a gift given to few writers and Dr. O'Hagan seems to be one of the few. His little pastoral poems have all the marks of a man who studies simple things with an eye to finding the beautiful in everything in nature and delighting in depicting it afterwards. His lines are redolent with the perfume of the pines and the memories of the meadows. His ideas in the present volume have by no means been confined to bucolics.

The author has a rich vein of hum-

or, but in nearly all cases it will be found that underlying it is a richer vein of pathos that crops up continuously and shows that the man, while apparently humorous on the surface, only uses his humor as a frame to another picture of greater import, where a lesson of faith, or love or humanity may be taught.

There is something touching and soothing in "Ripened Fruit." It seems like the expressed thought of a man whose life has been good, who has no fear of the future, for his work has been well done. Like Sir Galahad "His strength is the strength of ten Because his heart is pure." There is a commingling of faith and hope in the little poem which is likely to imbue the reader with the same spirit as actuated the author.

"I know not what my heart hath lost,
I cannot strike the chords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life,
Hath chilled each leaf within the world.

And yet I know my life hath strength
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground,
Have now for me a double care.

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

By R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

Our Colleges and academies are now about to send out the young men to fight life's battle in the world. During their long years of arduous toil and labor in the "book world," no doubt they have succeeded in mastering many subjects. But as the old saying says: "Theory is one thing, but practice is another." Yes we know many things by theory, but scarcely ever practice them. You are about to launch your bark on the waves of the tempestuous sea of the world. Your future is planned, you have waxed into manhood, and you are longing for the noontide sun, forgetting that it scorches unpleasantly at times, and again, that it is impossible to see heavy clouds at mid-day. This is an intensely interesting period of your life,—one of novel emotions and sentiments; one of pure enjoyment, that's free of all tiresome school discipline; one of sophistry, and above all, of an amusing self-conceit. This last is one of the bug-bears of the present day. We hear and see persons who are actually struck on themselves, and who imagine that they are the whole concern,—thus rendering themselves obnoxious with all they come in contact. You will learn by experience that the noon-tide sun burns hotter than you expected; that the liberty you expected after school bondage developed into still more exacting laws; and above all that the temple wherein self was worshipped has crumbled, as the knowledge of your idol increased, and you realized its worthlessness. The advice given by R. A. Kirk, president of the hardware house of Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., St. Paul, Minn., might well be taken by our young men who are starting on their career in life, for it applies with equal force to any position as well as to salesmen.

Mr. Kirk speaking at the annual meeting of the firm held lately said: "What are the essential qualities of a successful salesman? There are a few points that should be justly considered as essential, and first in the list, as I consider it, is high moral character. A few may place this quality down in the list. I believe it to be the first. It is not simply to be above drink and other vicious dissipation, but also to be honest and truthful and to have other cardinal virtues. To be honest with his house and to be honest with his customers, his words to be as good as a United States bond. With such a man all that the house wants or cares to know when any question may come up is that "salesman A" says so. How the house comes to rely on such a man, and how close a bond is established between himself and his customers, as well as between the house and them!

"I do not mean that a man is required always to tell the whole truth, that is, all he knows (as may be demanded of a witness in our courts.) But the salesman who is successful in the long run, and who builds up a trade that sticks, is a man who tells the truth, a man whom his customers have come to confide in and are not afraid of.

"The second qualification is, that the salesman knows his business. Thoroughness is the word. Know all you possibly can about the goods you sell. Always be learning more about them. It is a great line of goods that the travelling hardware man these days has to master, but if you are aiming at the first rank among salesmen, learn goods thoroughly from A. to Z.

"And again, it is only second in importance to the learning of your goods to study and learn your customers.

This is the strongpoint of some salesmen, and it is of very great value. When a salesman has been on a territory for two years he ought to know the best way to reach every customer. I do not mean that any salesman can make a valuable customer of every merchant in his territory, but I do say that he should have studied every desirable merchant so thoroughly that he knows the best way in which he ought to be able to get in his work with him, and he should equally be determined to win the man in the end. So, I say, be thorough through and through.

"The third qualification is diligence. The easy-going, lazy salesman falls behind in the race. In the old McGuffey reader that I used to study in the district school, there was a reading lesson taken from an oration by one of the leading orators of the generation, that followed the American Revolution, whose subject ran as follows:—

"There is no excellence without great labor." For more than forty years these words have been ringing in my ears and inspiring me to fresh endeavors.

"A successful salesman is no exception to the rule. He must be instant in season and out of season. He cannot make his study or practice to put in five days or less in the work. If he is going to succeed and be in the front rank his week will have six full days in it, and not a day less. And on the road his chief concern will not be as to where he will find the best hotel just ahead, or the most fun with the boys, but how can he secure the most trade. The painstaking, plodding, persistent worker will leave the lazy genius far in the lurch in the long run. We have only to refer to our own observations and experience—each one of us—to confirm this statement.

"My fourth qualification is a cheerful, good temper. Do not wear a long face, is the gospel that this teaches.

What if it does rain or snow when we think there ought to be sunshine? What if we did lose the order that we just now expected? We may justly be sorry for it, but why get sour and mad about it? It should spur us to renewed effort to get the next plum that is in sight. When I lose something, either through my fault or that of someone else, I make it my practice to try to even things up by getting something that is ahead. Sometimes it goes hard to bear the disappointment, but let us bear it and try to come up smiling and always make the best of it.

"System and punctuality together make my next qualification on the list. The successful salesman, as a rule, has his work all carefully planned out, then he works to it. His trip is arranged carefully for the best results, and he plans, in so far as he can, to visit his customers as frequently and at such times as will promise the most trade, and then he follows the schedule rigidly, except in very special and justifiable cases. He advises his customers regularly in advance of his visits, and his appointments are carefully kept.

"Some salesmen make a great mistake in this. Their routes are changed frequently and for insufficient causes, so that their customers as well as they themselves, come to place little reliance on their advance cards. You may depend on it that your customers should be able to rely on your being there by your card and they will do so if your trade relations with them are what they should be. It is greatly to your and our benefit for you to establish fixedly the reputation with your customers of being prompt in keeping your appointments. If you are not so, how can you or we expect that a customer will hold the order for you. Besides, if a man of our acquaintance keeps his engagement of any nature with us carelessly, we come

to have a growing respect for and confidence in him which are likely to exercise a more or less potent influence.

"These qualifications we believe to be the leading ones of the successful salesman. There are other very desirable characteristics, such as the ability—we sometimes call it the faculty—of reading men, "sizing them up," it is sometimes called. It may be almost intuition with some to do this, but, as a rule, the only safe way is to study men with care as we meet them.

"Then, there is that wonderful quality which we call tact; two men try to do the same thing. Equal in ability. One man has tact, the other has not. The latter fails. The man with tact succeeds. Every time we fail to do what we feel we should have accomplished, let us study carefully the cause of failure, go to the root of it, and we will generally find that it was more tact that was needed. The tactful man will use all his resources to best advantage and is bound to succeed.

"I have not held up before you this ideal salesman without knowing something of the labor and trials that are encountered on the road. For thirteen years I lived on the road, a representative of one house. The man that I have described is not the man that I was. He is the man that, in every respect, I wish I had been and I believe most heartily that he is the man for you to copy."

PERSONAL.

Rev. Sister Dillon, formerly of St. Patrick's Asylum, Montreal, has returned after sixteen years of missionary work, in the North West, to the Grey Nunery, where she will spend a few months vacation.

It is just as easy to be civil as enmity, and the more you are of the first the more popular you will be.

NOTES OF IRISH NEWS.

RETREATS IN TIPPERARY.—Sunday evening, the 18th, Newport, Co. Tipperary, was the scene of quite an unusual display of strong, genuine practical faith. The occasion was the closing service of a very successful retreat conducted by Father McLaughlin. There was quite an exceptional amount of pious enthusiasm throughout the week, and at the concluding sermon that enthusiasm reached its highest point. Not only was the church crowded in every part but a large portion of the adjoining ground was filled as well.

COUNTY COUNCIL SEAL.—The seal of Wexford County Council will be a unique one of its kind, and will be appropriate in every sense. It is to be cast from a design of the chairman's (Sir Thomas H. Grattan Esmonde, M. P.), and will be presented by Sir Thomas to the council. On it will be represented the seals of the four boroughs of the county, Wexford, New Ross, Enniscorthy and Gorey.

A PREFEST DROWNED.—The sad intelligence reached Castlereagh last week of the accidental drowning of the Rev. Cornelius O'Dwyer, C.C., Loughlynn, County Roscommon, whilst bathing. The deceased, who was very young in years was a native of the County Tipperary. He left Castlereagh for a holiday, which he intended spending on Achill Island.

HOME INDUSTRIES.—The annual exhibition and sale held under the auspices of the Queen's County Home Industries Association, will be held this year on July 18th, at Kilmarnoy near Athy, the residence of Sir Anthony Weldon, Bart. All the exhibits will consist of work done by tenant
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