

of business began to develop on many a face—and the cares of every-day life to re-assert themselves.

The *Canada* was now fast approaching the city of Montreal. Mr. Emerson gathered all the pilgrims for the last time at the stern of the steamer. It was chiefly for the purpose of passing votes of thanks to the parties who had the best claims upon their gratitude. "Most deeply indebted," said he, "do we feel towards the clergy of St. Patrick's Church, who notably on this occasion have contributed to promote our spiritual welfare. Whenever anything is calculated to advance it, we are sure to find them in the vanguard. To the Reverend Father Dowd and his distinguished representative, the Rev. M. Callaghan, we should ascribe the principal glory of this pilgrimage." Let us not forget to mention here the gentleman whose experience in the catering life, was constantly at our disposal, and could not fail in any instance to gratify the most epicurean tastes. Mr. Edwd Murphy eulogized the Richelieu Company, and spoke in complimentary terms of the skill and kindness of the Captain of the *Canada*. On leaving the boat the pilgrims found it difficult to part with each other. But who will wonder? Ineffable was the happiness of the social intercourse which, for almost two days they had been enjoying. Yet part they should, but not for ever. Implicitly they pledged themselves to meet again under the banner of the sons of Temperance. God grant that for many years to come they may together refresh their souvenirs, gladden their hearts, and call all sorts of the choicest blessings at the shrine of the good Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CROKE, of Cashel, some time ago preached an eloquent sermon on the different positions occupied by man in society, in the course of which he gave the following wise counsel, founded on the precepts of the Church:—

He said it was an old and true and well known saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Equally old and true was it though, perhaps not so well known, that there were no two

things perfectly alike under the sun. The most gifted artist that ever had been, or that ever might have been, never cast or curved, or otherwise produced any two articles whereof one would be an exact copy of the other. No two productions of the human head or hand, of pen or pencil ever were exactly alike. Even the great artificers, whose works would perish but with time, built them without materials in endless and inconceivable variety. Where would they find two faces, two landscapes alike? What could the world be if all men rivalled Solomon in wisdom, Ctesus in wealth, Alexander in strategy or Locke in understanding? Let them look at some historic picture representing, for instance, a group of statesmen in the council chamber, or a number of mailed warriors on the battle field. The artist could not give a requisite prominence to all the figures—some of them must be comparatively in the shade, others almost entirely so, and others literally surrounded by a flood of light. So in society—there must be happiness and misery, wisdom and folly, wealth and poverty—the master and the servant dependent upon and relieving each other—the Greek and the barbarian, the wise and the foolish are scattered promiscuously in every direction around. What a strange and startling variety of conditions one is sure to meet with in the world! Some are poor but contented; others are rich but wretched, because wicked or reviling. Some have too much others too little. Some want for everything, and others apparently wanting for nothing. Some wear diadems and rings of unknown value upon their fingers, are waited on by a numerous retinue, and have their persons adorned with the most costly ornaments—others friendless and unknown, steal on through life, no one heeding them, and the wind and the weather assailing them on the way. Some driving in chariots gilded and gay, others travelling on foot unheeded. Some have many friends, others are without them. Some are respected by their fellow citizens, others dreaded or despised. For some, every enterprise succeeds, for others there is nothing but disasters. In a word there are some who seem to be the especial favorites of Providence, and there