

SAINT PATRICK,

THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

We all know well when his day comes round, when the great green and gold banners go waving through the streets, and the gay horsemen go prancing hither and thither among the admiring processionists.

Strange that after all St. Patrick was not a native of Ireland, but of Scotland, although quite a few countries would like to claim the honour.

He was seized by a band of pirates and carried over to Ireland, where he was sold to a petty chief. By and by he escaped, and found his way to Rome. The Pope sent him back again to the Land of Erin as a preacher. He went all through the land, visiting the chiefs and winning their hearts by his kindness and patience.

He went about blessing monks and priests, and founding hundreds of churches, and his mission was so successful that he is said to have baptized as many as twelve thousand converts by his own hands.

He died in Ireland, where down to the days of the Reformation his relics were preserved with the greatest veneration. A book, called his "Confessions," and one solitary letter, remain as precious souvenirs of a loving and beloved life.

The Order of St. Patrick, with its title K.P., was established by George III. The Collar is a very exquisite piece of roses and harps of gold tied together with knots of the same metal. Blue emeralds are set in white, and white in blue, the whole surmounted by the Imperial Crown. The Badge is oval, of gold, and decorated with shamrocks.

When the Collar is not worn, a sky-blue ribbon over the right shoulder supports the Badge.

MONTREAL.

Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

Spread wide thy ample robes of state;

The heralds cry that thou art great,

And proud are thy young sons of thee.

Mistress of half a continent,

Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;

We see thee conscious heave thy breast

And feel thy rank and thy descent.

Sprung of the saint and chevalier!

And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!

Mount Royal's crown upon thy head;

And past thy footstool, broad and clear,

St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea:

Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

W. D. LIDTHALL.

TO "YOUNG CANADIANS."

FROM OUR FRIEND "THE DOCTOR."

The advent of a magazine devoted to yourselves is hailed with pleasure by not only young Canadians but all who wish you and our country well; and though I no longer am a Young Canadian I most emphatically wish you well. Therefore in addressing myself to you I shall write in all sincerity and with the earnest wish to help you, upward and onward, in the career before you.

Though young and owning nationality to a country still in its youth, there is a great future before you and it, and on you, boys and girls though you may now be, depends the future welfare of Canada.

Always remember this—next to your love for God and duty to parents—you are Canadians.

You have an heritage given you to protect and guard, and to be rendered still greater by you. Just in proportion as you are true, great and noble so will this Canada of ours be.

Whether still a portion of the British Empire more closely united and taking part in the councils of that Empire, or an independent nation—EVER closely bound by strongest ties of love and loyalty to England—*Canada will always be Canada.* You will be the men and women who will have to govern, uphold, and protect her.

It is with this object in view that I ask your most careful attention to some things which may help you to grow up able to attain that end.

Let us commence then with this

REGULARITY AND PUNCTUALITY

in all you do,—in your hours of study—of recreation—of rest—or of work. Let all be as systematic as possible. Do not go hap-hazard about anything. Have so many hours for study to prepare for school. Let not anything interfere with this. Have your time for play, skating or whatever it may be; and so on through the day. Do not, for example, keep on skating till you are tired and then perhaps study for half an hour, throw down your book, and go to some other amusement, but try to plan out your day and carry out the plan. Your fathers or brothers will help you to draw one up.

Be assured that whatever may be your future life—whether in mechanics, in trade, or in professional life, habits of regularity formed now will be of the highest use and greatest advantage to you then. Try it anyway. You will never regret doing so.

Mind you, I do not mean you to become what at school we called "prigs," solemn, grave, stuck-up sort of young Canadians. Not at all. Have all the fun and laughing you can get. Laughing is healthy and will save your doctor's bill a good bit. Many a good bit of fun I hope you will get out of this same magazine of yours.

This is meant only for an introductory article so I must stop, with one word more. In reading anything, do it carefully and *think it out* as you read. Stick to the rules of your Reading Club, an excellent institution. I want you every one to join it.

You will, I trust, have many much more amusing articles than this in THE YOUNG CANADIAN over which you can laugh and enjoy the fun. Only when you read a more serious or instructive piece do so thoughtfully,—and, if you can, have what is called a "common place" book to put down anything which may strike you as specially worthy of remembrance. Hoping to again write you, I am, YOUNG CANADIANS, your friend,

THE DOCTOR.