

As Tam o' Shanter saw, when fuddled,
What queer things were together huddled;
And even to-day, with chnreh and book,
At relics knees are wont to crook.

But, reader, all antouched "with fear,
Gaze round on this Museum here;
And, ignorant still of many a cause,
Courageous learn great Nature's laws.
Go, gliding backwards through the past
On yon array of fossils vast:
These beasts be'old the moon's pale horn
Ere Adam's oldest son was born;
These plants, as age on age did roll,
Have all got changed and turned to coal;
Those flints were used, by savage men,
Long ere the days of sword and pen
(Though fighting then must have been fun,
Turn round and view that needle-gun);
That stuffed cat was perhaps adored
Ere Joseph saw old Egypt's lord;
These halberts, swords, and habergeons
Flashed vivid once on tourney greens;
These uncouth figures once were signs,
Though men write now with lightning lines.

Go gliding o'er the world's wide breast:
That tomahawk came from the West;
Those wiry-gods from India's plain;
These bright shells from the Spanish main;
That parrot chattered, monkey swung,
Coiled serpent shot its forked tongue,
That curious dress first met the eye
Where burning suns are riding high.
Whereas those birds so dun and white
Have cowered beneath an Arctic night;
A man, like him in yon canoe,
Has slung his harpoon where they flew,
Then upon blubber dined forsooth,
Or started at yon narwhal's tooth!
Far nearer, where the Nith may croon,
That otter fished beneath the moon:
There's the first larch whose branches grew,
Soft nourished by Dumfriesshire dew;
See the old jugs, and older cross;
Glencairn smiles placid at their loss.

Hold converse next with souls of men:
A letter writ by Scott's own pen!
Mark well the plain, bold, manly turns,
Of autographs by Robert Burns!
Learn the expression in the lines
Of faces of those antique coins;
The poet and the artist's arts
Are these which best join hearts to hearts.
Wide havoc fang and claw have wrought,
Fierce battles teeth and tusks have fought,
Much misery bow, and spear, and sword,
Have brought on peasant, priest, and lord.
What fights for *tuum* and for *meum*!
Ere they all came to this Museum!
Strange pictures of a world they give,
Yet 'tis the world in which we live.
And, bound by spirit and by letter,
Our duty is to make it better. S.

FATHER MCGLYNN A HERO.

THE REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D. D., was excommunicated by Abp. Corrigan of New York; but his people stand by him in myriads, and promise to stand or fall with him. At a public meeting in the Academy of Music,

New York, on July 10, he was expected. Long before 8 o'clock the Academy was crowded, and thousands vainly sought to push their way past the police. The committee having charge of the meeting, seeing the need of greater hall room, hurriedly secured the use of Irving Hall, directly across the street, and in less than five minutes all the available hall room there was filled. Even then hundreds were unable to gain admittance to either building. James J. Gahan, of the *Catholic Herald*, presided at the meeting in the Academy, and John Feeney, of St. Stephen's parish, over which Dr. McGlynn so many years presided, took charge of the meeting in Irving Hall. Miss Munier and her Concordia chorus, composed of members of Dr. McGlynn's St. Stephen's choir, were present in the Academy of Music, and, as Dr. McGlynn walked upon the stage, sang "Marching to Freedom" to the air of "Marching to Georgia." Then came a scene that must have thrilled all present, whether there as Dr. McGlynn's adherents or as curiosity seekers. As the deposed priest was first recognized by those nearest the stage, there went up a sharp shout of welcome and recognition. The recognition spread like a flash, the shout grew to a cheer and the cheer to applause, that swelled and echoed and billowed until nearly 4000 persons were upon their feet, and a thunderous roar went out to those in the streets, and was there taken up and spread to Irving Hall, and the word went through the multitudes that Dr. McGlynn was before the people, and that he was even then waiting a pause in their applause to begin his speaking—the first in public since the bolt from Rome had fallen upon him. When the roar of voices had sunk away to a murmur, a voice from one of the balconies shouted in clear tones, "They'll hear this in Rome," and the interjection was cheered, and the shout was taken up and grew until the building trembled with the din. But at length, after ten minutes, the people had become wearied with the excess of the enthusiasm, and the air grew still. Chairman Gahan, before introducing Dr. McGlynn, said, "As I look about on this great audience, I am more than ever convinced that the most idolized man in America to-day is Dr. McGlynn. The country I came from is generally credited with being a manufactory of fools. I hope in future that business will be removed to Italy. We are here to-night to let Rome know that in matters political not one jot of our allegiance is rendered to any foreign potentate, but in its entirety is given to the laws and constitution of the U. States. (Cheers.) FATHER MCGLYNN spoke well and ably. We quote the following from his speech:—