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(For THE CANADIAN.)

THE WANDERERS RETURN

A wanderer in a foreign clime
Sat thinking 'neath a tree
That waved its naked branches
High o'er the snowy sea.
The March wind's whiff softly stole
Across the empty plain,
As there he sat forlorn—alone—
To dream old dreams again.

His face was sad, serenely so,
Yet noble, brave and true,
And in his hand a letter—yes,
Was shining, peering through.
'Twas a message from old Ireland,
From a mother far away,
With a bunch of smiling shamrocks
For her son—Saint Patrick's Day.

He read the words a mother's heart
Had echoed 'cross the sea;
He heard again his mother's voice
Ring o'er the snowy sea.
His heart beat high and sadly now
The tears, they went and came;
He pressed those sweet lines to his lips
And softly breathed her name.

And now a dream of Erin sweet
He drows in fancy rare
And springtime lingers on the hills
Of dear old County Clare;
And there below those hills of green
A grave is blooming aw—
He reads the name upon the cross
And sorrow clouds his brow.

"And is he dead? Alas!" he asks:
"Ah yes: the letter's true."
"From poor dad's grave the shamrocks
Green
I send in pain to you,
One morning, when the sunlight shades
Hung heavy round the trees,
The tolling bell sang him to rest,
Where sweetly blows the breeze."

He read the letter once again
And tears rained from his eyes:
"Poor dad! He's dead," he whispered
There—kneeling 'neath the skies.
A prayer then pierced those clouds of blue.
"O God! grant him sweet rest."
And saying this he sadly pinned
The shamrocks on his breast.

Then slowly down the hill he sped
With heavy heart and lo:
The sun burst through a gloomy cloud
And sent its smiles below.
His heart so young then told its tale
Fresh, to the morning air:
Long days he tramped and wandered far
Poor soul! He knew not where.

Ten summers gay had lingered now
O'er dear old County Clare;
Ten years of longing fraught with pain
Hatt snowed a mother's hair
Within the cat just down the lane
A mother waits the day—
The day to bring some news of him—
Her son so far away.

Alas! now in the twilight lone,
When a lily is free and still,
A gray-haired mother weeps with tears
That grieve below the hill.
Tus silent cross—the shamrocks green—
The willow over bend—
All hear the prayer she utters for
The son, she mourns as dead.

Another year has run its course,
And spring birds fill the air,

And chapel chimes ring sweetly
O'er the hills of County Clare
The village streets are teeming o'er
With voices young and gay—
Green banners gaily flying there—
"Aye! 'Tis Saint Patrick's Day!"

Pray! Mark the man with tender mien
Who hurries so between
The crowds of merry jesters—
Like a stranger he does seem;
His face is like a summer sky
No gloomy clouds to trace;
Did any one in passing
See this bright, familiar face?"

And hurries with eager step and quick
He hurried down the street,
Which oft in days of boyhood
Felt the patter of his feet.
Long years have passed yet little changed
The village seems to him:
He spies a cot adown the lane,
Its walls look old and dim.

His dear old home—he sees it now
Bright 'neath its waving trees:
He had worked and made a fortune
Beyond the distant seas.
And now that work was over
He longed for peaceful rest:
His hope—his life was to embrace
His mother to his breast.

He reached the door and softly tapped
No voice spoke from within,
Yet from a bed a face looked up
But O! 'Twas changed and thin.
The gray-haired mother raised her arm
And smiled a smile of joy:
"O God! Be thanked a thousand times
For bringing back my boy."

Their faces met in fond embrace
And both wept happy tears
And this moment's merry meeting
Dispelled the pain of years.
"O God! I've seen and blest him
And now my time is run"
She smiled and sighed and closed her eyes,
Death's angel then had come.

A broken heart sobbed forth a prayer
To heaven's courts on high;
And yet he had just come to see
His poor, old mother die.
And from his coat he sadly took
A letter—folded now
A message from the long ago,
A shadow crossed his brow.

The shamrocks green a mother sent
Fell down upon the bed,
Ah! Did he dream long years ago
They'd smile upon the dead?
He kissed them o'er and o'er again
Like on that distant day,
Then placed them on his mother's breast
One and Saint Patrick's Day

J. William Fischer.

Fraternality Among Societies

The greatest enemy fraternality has to meet is the tendency on the part of some societies to meet others in an unfraternal way. Emulation as to which shall accomplish the greatest ends or do the most good is always in order and healthful for the system. But when the representatives of one society attempt to score a point at the expense of a sister institution it commits a great mistake. Remember the traditional bundle of sticks. Powerful opposition is arrayed against our cause. We must present an united front. Put this in your hat.—Fraternal Monitor.

A Word to the Wise, etc

A representative of an insurance department recently said: "You fraternal people have the power to secure any legislation you want; but you don't get at it right; you don't hang together." No comment is necessary.—Fraternal Monitor

A Power for Good

Fraternal societies to lay a mighty influence in preventing want. Point to a neighborhood where there are a goodly number of people who belong to one fraternal order or another and you will see a community in which want and pauperism are practically unknown.

Speak Well of Your Order

Members cannot afford to be against an order of which they are members or depreciate its worth. When you do this and prevent the order's growth, you are increasing your own cost. Growth among young, healthy members is essential in keeping down the death rate and consequent number of assessments. The Review.

Increase of Fraternities

The increase of fraternal organizations in this country is a cause for gratification. The guilds and benefit societies, bands, lodges and encampments, apart from their immediate benefit to provide relief for members and their families when in distress exert also important social and educational influences. These associations tend to break up the excessive individualism which is perhaps a characteristic of Americans, and the excessive "selfness," which, unfortunately is a characteristic of all mankind.

The man who is a despot in his own home, whose will is never disputed, when he comes into the fraternity finds that there are other people besides himself; his sharp angles and points that are constantly inflicting wounds in the home become somewhat worn off by attrition. He learns both the necessity and the method of getting on with people who do not think exactly as he does. It is a step in advance when a man learns to live in spite of his family. It is a still more wonderful process when he learns to think of the fraternity, the members of his calling. It gives hope that in time his views will be enlarged as to take in his whole country and perhaps the human race. In a fraternity men learn how to manage business; they learn to consult not merely to talk for the sake of oratory, but to talk with reference to some distinct practical end.

Men learn how to create and carry forward an organization and doing so they learn how to perform their duties as citizens in the primary meetings, in the caucus in the convention, and, perhaps, without their

ever having heard the word "charism" they are learning much of its practical meaning. Charism is the extending of himself to others and efforts beyond himself and beyond a very narrow circle of which he himself is the centre. The Greater

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Dear Sir and Members of Branch No. 23
Gentlemen I gratefully acknowledge the receipt through your Recording Secretary, of a beautiful book, being the amount due on the late Henry M. H., etc. who died in California. It is with great pleasure that I express my thanks to you and the members of local branch as I greatly appreciate the promptness of payment that has been made by our Association. Fraternality.
L. J. RAJOTTE,
Charter Member of Branch No. 23 C. M. B. A.

Dear Sir and Brother I beg to acknowledge the receipt through you of the amount of \$100.00 in full payment of the benefit due on account of the decease of the late Michael Haynes. Thanking you and the members of Branch No. 23 C. M. B. A. Mutual Benefit Association for the promptness of payment that has been made by our Association. Fraternality.
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ST CATHARINES

The first meeting of the public library board for the year was held on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst. being F. Lawrence, Dr. Greenwood, J. H. Ingerson, G. C. Carlsie, A. R. Carnahan, W. Robertson, J. W. Cochrane, and W. J. Lawson.
The motion of Dr. Greenwood, and J. H. Ingerson, G. C. Carlsie, F. Lawrence was adopted chairman.

Brother Lawrence is a member and Senior Chancellor of Branch No. 23 C. M. B. A.

Be sure to carefully read the enquiries of "one of the cause, one of E. I." in another column and our answers thereto