

O, ye world-weary pilgrims — led on to the grave,
Pointed out by harsh poverty's finger,
Tossed about, like a wreck, on this life's stormy wave —
Let your minds o'er his name fondly linger !

And at night when the Angelus rings in the halls
Of the " Home of the Poor, " — his creation,
Let the soft, mellow sound, as it rises and falls,
Blend with your low and sweet benediction !

Waft a prayer to the powerful God of the weak
To your God, who had always been with him ;
Waft a prayer to the great, loving God of the meek —
To his God, now, forever, before him !

He is gone, our own priest, called away by the Voice
Of his God, the Almighty, Immortal !
He is gone from our midst, from the land of his choice,
To the home of the bright, golden portal !

Far away in his birth-land he breathed his last sigh
Where the soft sky of Flanders bent o'er him ;
And our fond, parting words must be wafted on high,
On the wings of the love that we bore him !

O loved Father Catulle thou hast won for thy brow,
The bright garland that God has entwined thee !
And though space may divide us, thou'rt with us e'en now,
For thy dear voice has lingered behind thee !

In the tones of the bells of St. Anne's we shall trace
The loved voice of the one gone before us,
And though never on earth shall we see thy dear face,
Yet thy voice shall be heard speaking o'er us !

And when death's sombre shadow shall fall o'er our way,
And life's bindings which hold us shall sever,
May the voice, that in life we had loved, to us, say :
" You are with me, dear children, forever. "

JAMES MARTIN

