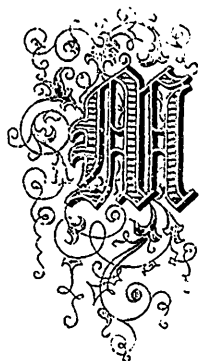


FROM FATHER BENNETT'S PEN.

VISION OF THE FUTURE OF CANADA.



USING on the hillside the coming fortunes of Canada fell asleep.

I.

—I saw the whole country as far as the eye could reach one dark forest.—I thought I heard the roaring of wild beasts everywhere.—Birds few but beautiful.—Sometimes heard the shouts of men approaching, and then retiring till their voices were quite lost to my ear.—At last human forms came in view.—A whole multitude of men and women with children passed before me. A tribe of natives moving forward in quest of new settlements, or on a hunting expedition.—Then silence ensued and the scene changed.

II.

I saw the forest gradually grow less extensive, and rivers hitherto hidden, now rolled on majestically, and human beings employed on the banks of these rivers, some felling trees and cultivating the ground, others on the rivers fishing, while others were engaged building wooden huts. The wild beasts were heard no more. Where the forests had been, the ground appeared green and fertile, the whole country became dotted with comfortable human habitations.—In many places I saw villages, towns and cities rise on the banks of the rivers.—Then vessels going and coming from city to city.—The whole face of the country was covered with all the appearances of cultivation; the mountains alone rising up in their native ruggedness, and forming a grand back-ground for the lovely landscapes at their bases—I seemed to be looking on a boundless garden in which industry, taste and wealth had exhausted their resources.

III.

My eyes now rested on a scene of heavenly beauty, and my ears were feasted with angelic harmony. Near the spot where I lay, a long procession issued from a cathedral. Priests and religious theologians from the schools, canons from the cathedral walked in due precedence.

A SINCERE ADDRESS.

January the first, 1845.

We the undersigned of your Sunday and week day scholars do Beg leave to present you with A current loaf for your kind exertions to us Sir we hope you will excuse our statement. Teresa Doyle, Nancy Boylen, Fanny Kerr, Mary Boylen, James Doyle, James Roach.

Sir i hope if this Be the first it will not be the last.

Sincerity is in that present. I love the good will of those of whom is the kingdom of heaven. Oh that I could make these poor creatures happy, who are dying in poverty and disease! More good is done by conversing with the poor creatures in their houses than by preaching. They are proud and content to see a priest in their house; oh my soul see how good God has been to you, to make you the means of so much happiness among men! *Divinorum omnium divinissimum est cooperari &c.*

REGULARITY.

Regularity is the soul of industry. Nothing is more precious than time, and as a proper use of time secures success in the pursuits of every department of life, so the loss of it causes the greatest failures and misfortunes. Now no man can save his time unless he regulates his hours, and gives each duty to its own precise hour: for want of attention to this point causes our various occupations to be confounded together, and a duty once deferred is either entirely omitted or it takes the place of some other. Put each duty in its own place and order, regularity and success will be the result.