

# THE SPECTATOR.

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## NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

(To Our Father, Rev. Pres. L. Geoffrion, C.S.C.)

W. J. KELLY.

Break, ye golden, dazzling sunbeams,  
And your glimmering rays let fall  
On the bosom of our father,  
Wealth of mirth,—Heaven's New Year call.

And ye stars in wondrous setting—  
Vapory blue and silvery white—  
As your evening glory waneth,  
Leave him gladness in your flight.

Joy cast ever in his pathway  
Floral offerings rich and rare,  
Culled from all the fairest gardens  
Blooming in Love's summer air.

Faith, the dew-drop slowly falling  
On the thirsty, patient soul,  
Guide with gems of glorious lustre,  
Our kind father to his goal.

Hope, aloft its banner rearing,—  
Pleasure lightening sorrowing heart,—  
Like a dream of cherished longing,  
Aid him to perform his part.

Charity, the jewelled tear drop  
Drawn from tender angel's eyes,  
Deck his bosom with the blessings  
Gained by soothing sufferers' sighs.

Many more the loving wishes  
That we to our father give,  
Blending them in wreaths of honor  
Which for evermore will live;

For the words of hearts fresh opening  
To expend their youthful love,  
Never lose their uttered freshness,  
But are shrined, like stars, above.

## MOTHER.

R. WALSH.

The name of mother is sweetest music to infant lips; it is spoken with growing affection by the youth as he advances in years; it is breathed only with tenderness, respect and love when he arrives at man's estate. The mother is the truest friend, the wisest counselor. Her mission on earth is a high and a holy one. It is her care to curb the fiery temper, to soothe the angry passion, to calm the troubled spirit, to chase away the shadows, to keep far from her precious flock the wolves that fain

would destroy the innocent lambs, to point out the hidden rocks whereon the frail bark would be shattered and shipwrecked, to plant in the hearts of children the tree of virtue, to pluck out the weeds of vice and sin, which, fell destroyers, would choke up the blossoming plant; and, finally, to give useful citizens to society, and to lead saints to God. Though the task may seem an arduous one, yet it becomes a pleasing duty to the fond, devoted mother. It has been said that a great saint changed the whole face of a city by his eloquence, and so may it be truly said that mothers have contributed to change the whole face of the world; for, by example and counsel, by instilling a love of virtue into the hearts of children, by inculcating in their youthful minds firm principles, they have raised up children who battled for the right against the wrong, who were giants of strength against error, injustice and tyranny, who were lights on the mountain tops illuminating their age by the brilliancy of their genius and the splendor of their virtues. A mother's priceless jewels are her children, as the Roman matron beautifully expressed it, and it is a pleasure and a source of pride to adorn them with every virtue. The most precious earthly gift that a child possesses is a mother's love, which is un fading and unchangeable, which suffers all things, undergoes every sacrifice for the precious charge committed to her care. A mother's tears and prayers, ascending to heaven, oftentimes fall on the hardened heart of the sinful and erring one, and, like dews from above, again nourish the withering plant of virtue sown with so much love and tenderness in the days of youth. There is one spot most sacred where the mother holds her sway. 'Tis the hearth, the fireside, the home. Here she rules, not like the monarch on his throne, with a rod of iron, but with the mild gentle rod of love. Here her loyal subjects present their petitions, and they are never turned away unheeded. This ruler seeks only the welfare and happiness of her subjects. She lavishly, unsparingly, dispenses her gifts and treasures. The chain of sympathy and love which binds together the ruler and the ruled is indissoluble, for it was forged in Heaven. The child can, in a measure, repay the debt of gratitude to his fondest of parents by following the path so carefully pointed out, by heeding the wise counsels and salutary admonitions, and ever cherishing green in his heart a name most revered, most sacred, the name of Mother.