

THE MAPLE LEAF.

[During the July procession at Kingston, a man in the ranks picked up a maple leaf "Throw down that leaf!" yelled the marshal; that's not the color for to-day!"]

Slow straggled through the dusty streets,
Beneath the fiery, summer sun,
The yellow-clouted, cursing "beats,"
With sife and drum and hidden gun.
Within each heart the demon, Hate,
With midnight murder linked, arose,
And urged each tongue to cry hell's fate
On men of peace and murder's foes.

They passed beneath the maple trees,
Which seemed to shudder at the cries
That floated on the gentle breeze
And filled the air with blasphemies!
And yet the shade of green leaves fell
On each dark brow with kind relief,
Eclipsing 'neath their magic spell
The howling mob with cool reprieves.

The one, who had forgotten there
The lesson culled from bloody fray,
That none amid those ranks, may dare
To be a man upon that day,—
Stooped down and took a maple leaf
And held it in his faithless hand.
Nor thought he grasped the emblem chief
And motto of a gallant land.

"Throw down that leaf!" the marshal cries,
"That's not the color for to-day!"
Then howls assault the pitying skies
And trumpets roar and fifers play.
A thousand early looks are cast
Upon the branded son of Cain,
Who, weakly ere the day was past,
The cause forgot, to be humane.

Aye, cast the maple leaf, away,
Nor let its lovely form be seen,
Twas out of place on such a day,
For God had dressed the leaf in green,
But, millions guard the maple leaf,
And Gaul and Gael stand side by side;—
Let foes beware!—they'll come to grief
Who dare insult a nation's pride!

The maple leaf and shamrock, too,
Brave men upon their bosom bore;
Fair emblems of the leal and true,
Free from the stain of human gore.
They never doomed a brother's life,
Within some oath-sealed den of crime;
They never flashed the torch or knife,
Nor blackened Truth with serpent slime.

More men have fallen since the day—
In Memory's annals ever rank—
To celebrate old Tredagh's fray,
Than died upon the Boyne's red bank.
More blood has flown from human veins
Than water through that fatal river;
Nor could its wave wash out the stains
Stamped on its bloody hand forever.

The Maple Leaf with pride we'll wear,
And, with it, too, its Shamrock brother;
If fight we must, we'll fight, boys, fair,
The Gaul and Gael for one another.
No base assassins serve our cause,
We never shun the light of day;
But, for our God, our Church, our Laws,
We'll stand together in the fray.

FR. GRAHAM.

RUINED LIVES.—Boys—the most valuable and misused portion of humanity—are too often the victims of restless and rudderless impulses. Let any one of us who has reached middle age look back upon his school days and recall his schoolfellows, and how many of them can he count who have been of any use to the world? How many are mere wrecks? You may count dozen after dozen who have thrown away their lives, or not achieved even respectability, and have faded when middle-aged into mere nothingness. When a boy sets out in life, always a difficulty with the parents, whether of the upper, middle or lower class, there seem to be many chances to one that he will be placed in some uncongenial sphere or occupation. The grief of the young fellow whose father put him as pupil to a celebrated artist, when as he said with tears, he "wanted to be a butcher," is very real, and is repeated every day. The wonder is not that boys turn out indifferent workmen under these circumstances, but that they turn out well at all. There is too little trouble taken to find out the impulse of genius or to consult the fitness of the lad; something offers—an advertisement is put in the papers, or an uncle is found who has some influence with somebody else, and the round boy is drifted away into the square hole. The matter is not mended when boys show a general cleverness. They are the most puzzling and deceptive of creatures. They are capable of doing everything, and too often doing nothing. To fix them to any one thing is, sure, like nailing a weathercock to a quarter, to render them useless. They too, drift into troubled beings—dabblers at many things, masters of none, and at fifty perhaps out of place, and looking for something to turn up, the victims of being too clever by half.