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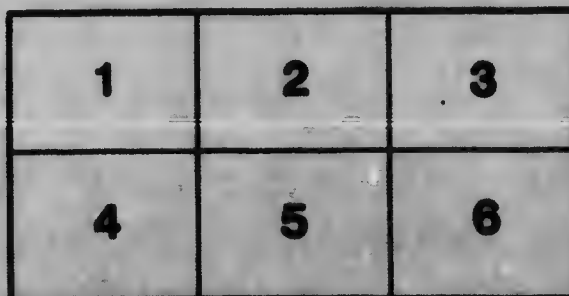
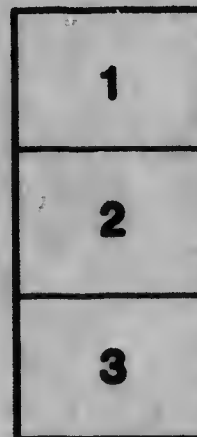
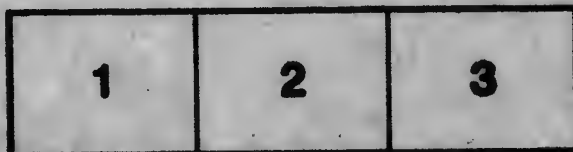
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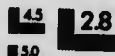
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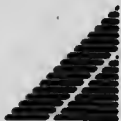
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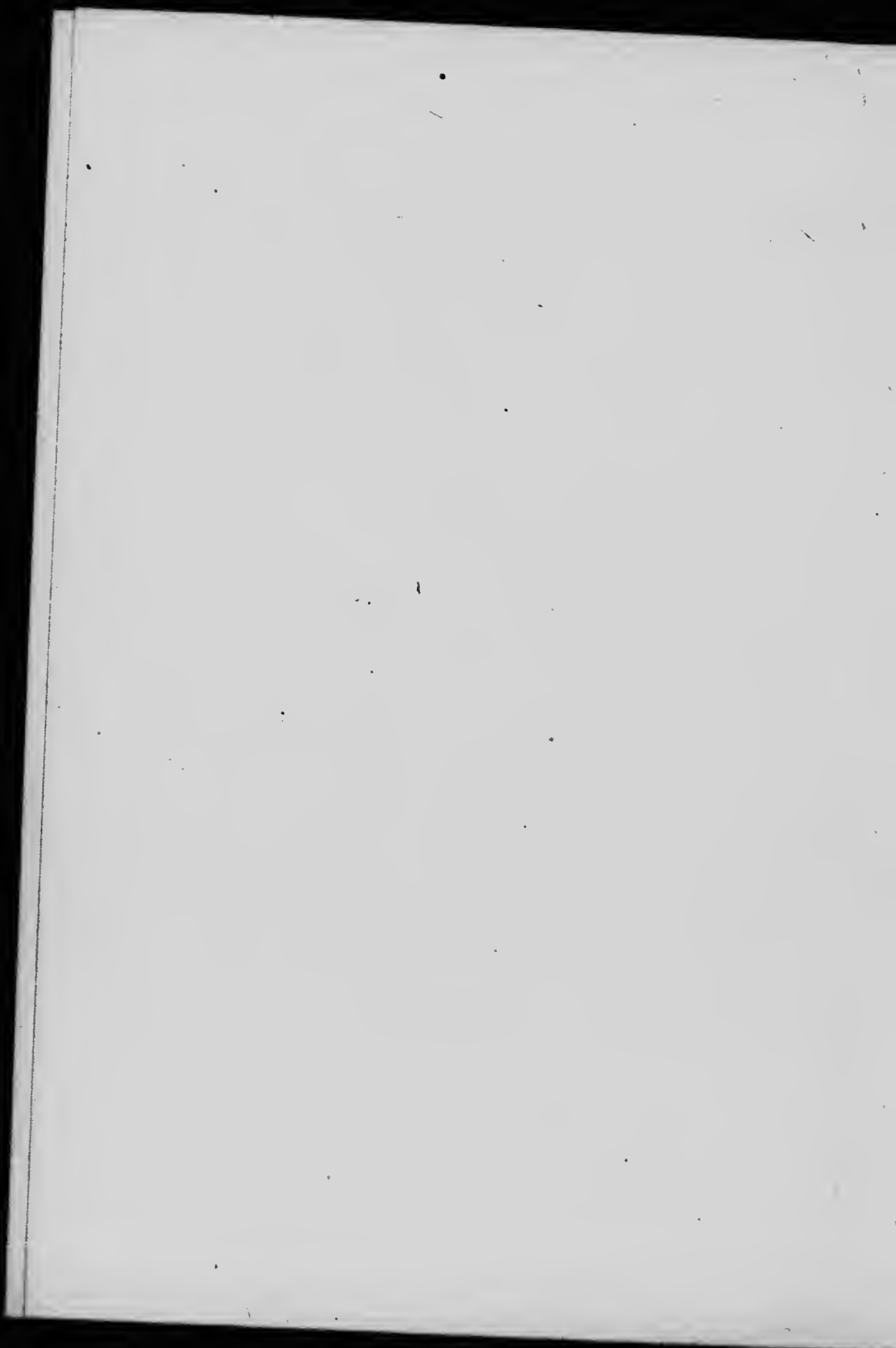


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POEMS AND LECTURES





P. J. LEITCH

Principal of St. Mary's School of Montreal

Poems and Lectures

BY

P. J. Leitch

PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

Montreal



MONTREAL.

ALPHONSE PELLETIER

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DEDICATED TO MY WIFE

The patical selections and other articles contained in this limited volume are taken from a variety of matter occasionally contributed to the press. No particular effort was made to choose the superior, probably the best is unworthy such a degree of excellence :

They were written hurriedly with but little regard to the weary rules of spondee or dactyl : The plain and simple are preferred to mysterious mazes, The lectures are from a few delivered before the Montreal District Association of Catholic Teachers.

The writer trusts that his friends will encourage him by patronizing the compilation.

P. J. L.



'Tis Ever Thus.

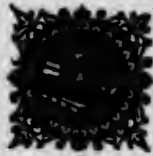
There's a clear yet mystic meaning
In nature's every voice
That bids the joyous mourn
And the mourner to rejoice :
There is solace and a sadness
By the spirit keenly felt
As its tone comes free and soothing
Or in anguish harshly dealt.
The streamlet of the valley
In its gently rippling glide
Has a thousand magic charms
For the peaceful by its side,
And the heart that's ever restless
No greater pleasures thrill
Than the furious bounding music
Of the mountain's frantic rill ;

The listless and the weary
 Drown their deep encumbered wrongs
 In the zephyrs of the woodland
 And its warbler's happy songs ;
 The valiant and ambitious,
 Who earthly fame would reach,
 Commune with roaring billows
 As they break upon the beach.
 The canopy of Heaven
 Has many a beacon light
 To cheer the struggling mortal
 Who seeks the God of night :
 As morning's mellow sunlight
 Floods the storied Eastern plain
 Each pious heart is wakened
 To Devotion's cheering strain,
 Or its genial rays when fading
 Along the crimsoned sky
 Proclaim to ardent lovers
 That the trysting hour is nigh ;
 In the lightning and the tempest
 The sceptic's faith does pale :
 Of tenets that are worthless
 How quick the votaries quail ;
 Each object thus in nature
 Declaims in wisdom's way
 And a plaintive cadence ever
 Is breathing of decay,
 Which in walking with the worldly
 Should bar our craving taste

For satiated longings
 Bring a universal waste

.....

The common lot is nearing
 And the human will be tried
 May nature's teaching draw him
 To Calvary's Crucified :
 Oh ! cold and cruel world :
 Your dearest gain is dross
 And the only Christian refuge
 Is the shadow of the cross.



The Christian Educator !

(In honor of Mr. Casgrain of the Jacques-Cartier Normal School, Montreal.)

When weary travellers tread along some lonely tire-
 some way
 On which the blazing sunbeams fall in all their
 torrid ray :
 How gladly do they hail the shade of some proud
 spreading tree
 That braved for years the tempest's might in
 strength and beauty free :

The hand that trained the tender twig up to the
 giant form
 Is there to-day in living deed to shield from sun
 and storm.
 They call him benefactor, and they bless his mould-
 ering clay
 Though history ignores the man who shunned all
 vain display.
 How many live, how many die un-named on honor's
 roll
 With the stamp of genius graven on their pure and
 lofty soul :
 Their deeds are lowly as the man's who plucks the
 filthy weed
 Ere it matures, and scatters its vitiating seed ;
 Or as the one who off the road removes the simple
 stone
 And by this gracious act proclaims he heeds not self
 alone :
 In every rank of humbler life sure unknown heroes
 stand
 Whose noble deeds swell not the tale that makes a
 nation grand,
 And some there be co-operate with gifts that are
 divine,
 Who in the busy tide of life seek not to proudly
 shine,
 They may excel the bold and brave whose story
 nations know
 As purer waters oft are found where under-currents
 flow :

'Tis such to-day my theme regards whose mission is
 sublime,
 And grand is the occasion and most glorious the
 time
 When we are met to honor and voice our high
 esteem
 For the veteran educator whose deeds with virtue
 gleam :
 The hand of time on century's clock has moved
 near half way round
 Prolific in the noble fruits of Faith to duty bound
 Full half of which to usefulness in Learning's sacred
 cause
 Commands to-day the tribute of spontaneous
 applause,
 Yes, noble, gifted, genial friend, but death alone
 can chill
 The sentiments of gratitude for that superior skill
 That moulded youthful spirits for destinies re-
 nowned,
 Who fain would see their master with honor's laurel
 crowned :
 To extend congratulations to merit we revere
 Your pupils with affection now gather round you
 here.
 Mere words are insufficient our feelings to express
 To satisfy the promptings of our heart's sincere
 caress
 Our ideal now embodied in the object we present
 Shall stand a dear memento till time's last hour be
 spent,

May the lines never deepen, nor vanish e'er the
 smile,
 Nor fade the lucid freshness of the features free
 from guile ;
 But when the bond is broken and the spirit takes
 its flight
 To reap the happy guerdon of justice and of right
 The memory of the model in artistic sweetness dwells
 As dear to youth and cheering as founts in flowery
 dells ;
 And from the silent figure in God's mysterious
 way
 The fire of former genius shall still impart its ray
 To illumine the surroundings and cheer youth to
 aspire
 To the fondest fancy pictured on the summit of
 desire.
 Health and study suited the humble here can soar,
 For there is no royal pathway into the ranks of
 lore.
 'Tis fervid Christian science whose excellence refines
 And the Christian Educator as a star forever
 shines ;
 Though the lustre of his presence may be hidden by
 the maze
 Of lucre's sordid trappings that enchant the public
 gaze
 Yet despite the gaudy pageant some sterling minds
 are true
 To offer merit's tribute to worth and genius too,

And pleasing is this duty that we from varied
spheres
Do humbly now perform to one who decked our
years
With Christian learning's garland lit up by beams
of peace,
A lasting light to guide us until our journeys
cease:
May social ties endearing around your pathway
twine
And heaven's sun in splendor for you more grandly
shine,
Make mellow all the beauties prolonging earthly
days
Is the orison of pupils more dear than feeble praise.
Oh friend of youth, our Teacher, you made us
understand,
That Reason should not yield the reins to Fancy's
fickle hand;
You taught us that Religion should temper every
aim
Ere youth was desecrated in wild attempts for fame.
For having thus preserved us, we bless your mind
so pure
Such work builds up a nation on a basis quite
secure;
Your country should remember what you have
nobly done,
And keep in history's annals a record of her son.
To our fond hearts' affections you have a grateful
claim
And forever shall be cherished the memory of your
name.



IN MEMORIAM.

Ex-Alderman Stroud.

Why do you weep, my poor woman, to-day ?
 Has sudden affliction sprung up on your way ?
 Your fatherless children, too, it appears
 Give vent to wild grief in a torrent of tears.
 Ah, Sir, blame us not if we widely express
 The pangs of our heart in this day of distress,
 The friend of the orphan, who never felt proud,
 We wail his departure, we weep him aloud
 That form so noble is wrapt in a shroud,
 And stilled is the voice of dear Alderman Stroud,
 For they've laid him to rest on the mountain.

I turned away from the poor widow's tear
 To the city's gay throng for its solacing cheer,
 But, alas ! at each step was a pitiful sigh,
 And sad was the story of each passer-by ;
 Of asylums they spoke, of homes how they felt
 At the great crushing blow that so lately was dealt ;
 They spoke of his charity praised him aloud,
 He was an humble soul, never felt proud,
 Alas ! he is clad in a sorrowful shroud,
 And sad are our hearts for dear Alderman Stroud,
 Who has gone to his rest on the Mountain.

Oh, Sons of St. George, weep for Albion's child,
 Whose heart was imbued with the charity mild,
 That merits the palm which the Savior decreed
 To him who would give to the poor when in need.
 The Sons of St. Andrew : St. Patrick do know
 That charity's flame set his heart all aglow,
 To cherish his name sure they'll ever feel proud,
 And his praise will they chant with affection aloud.
 They love the dear spot where he lies in his shroud
 Oh ! peace to the soul of dear Alderman Stroud,
 While his body rests up on the Mountain.

Hear ! You hard-hearted, who hoard up your pelf,
 Reflect there is more to be thought of than self,
 Here is a model : Go ! copy his deeds,
 And heal where the heart of humanity bleeds,
 Ere that dread hour—or unwept and forgot
 You shall lie 'neath the sod of your country to rot :
 Oh ! better by far, if you had but allowed
 A tithe of your means to the suffering crowd,
 Whose tears would be shed on your sorrowful shroud,
 As today they embalm that of Alderman Stroud,
 Who so peacefully sleeps on the Mountain.





IN MEMORIAM.

John and Katie O'Connell Died of Dyptheria Chateaugay N
July 1879.

Weep not for those, who in life's happy morning
Have felt the cold touch of grim death's cruel hand
The halo of virtue their spirits adorning
Illumines their way to a far better land,

No blight of the earth e'er sullied their hearts,
From stain and from sorrow they're free.
How sweet is the boon, that to such He imparts.

"Let the little ones come unto me,"

Dear Johnnie and Katie have heard that sweet voice
Ere life's early lustre grew dim
Oh blest invitation! now can they rejoice
In chanting the Seraphic hymn

.
Oh weep not fond parents your children abide
In a land where the soul is at rest,
And like the bright stars when the day-beams have
died

Smile down on this valley oppressed;
Kind father, sweet hope tells you Johnnie does wait
Yourself and his dear mother there,
He stands with lov'd Katie beyond the bright gate
To seek your salvation in prayer:

Oh parents ! oh Sisters ! do keep your hearts pure,
 And work to gain heavenly joy :
 Thus Katie one day will your welcome secure
 And " Papa " may then greet his boy,



The Sanctuary Lamp!

Sweet, holy Light, with joyful eyes we gaze
 Upon the wave of thy inspiring rays :
 'Twas with the Twelve the Master did invite
 First thy beams did shine in beauty bright,
 And thou hast ever proved since then
 A gentle solace to the hearts of men :
 The weary traveller wandering lonely on,
 When God's bright orb of day is gone,
 Is cheered as through the chancel window gleams
 The mellow lustre of thy radiant beams,
 His heart is moved to fond devotion's prayer,
 He knows the sacramental God is there,
 That there bright seraphs chant angelic lays
 And vie with man the Sacred Heart to praise.
 Oh precious light ! the air thou dost consume
 Is fragrant with the choicest lilies' bloom,

While virtues sweet and pure and true rest th
 Of hearts long tried by sorrow sin and care :
 Brave Christian men who walk this vale of tea
 Let us like Rodolph through the coming years
 By gift and deed, proclaim our love for Him
 Whose cup of sorrow overflowed the brim :
 Come visit shrines wherein his glory dwells
 To many hearts a tale of love he tells :
 Tell ours dear Lord to beat with virtue's thrill
 And evermore in all things do thy will.
 Oh guard His habitation Angels bright,
 Shine on in splendor pure and holy light.



Electricity versus Steam.

Long was I hid in elements wild
 And jealousy stung my soul
 While pert inferiors archly smiled
 In their pranks from pole to pole :
 Steam was chief of the haughty old tribe—
 Whom mortals courted to fear ;
 He mocked to scorn as they sought to bribe
 And to curb his high career :
 Men blindly drove this child of chance

Till pride outweighed renown,
 There was no hope that a brutus' lance
 Would bring this Cæsar down.
 A giant he stood and tossed with rage
 The efforts of mighty hands
 No manhood's prime nor hoary old age
 Could bind him down with their bands ;
 He burst all ties, and in fury sang,
 Of all the powers I'm head,
 Earth re-echoed the notes that he rang,
 And shook at his pompous tread,
 Ah ! man ! the wild light flashed from my eyes
 To the utmost bounds of earth,
 Then quiet again in the azure skies
 I scorned the hour of his birth.
 I longed for calls from the human race
 To be their ally and friend :
 To hold in their grateful hearts a place
 And use with amity blend ;
 To mantle the brow of steam with shame
 And check his frantic mien ;
 To show his might was puny and tame
 When I came on the scene
 And heaven blessed my ardent desire
 When Franklin grasped my hand :
 The nations of note vie to admire
 The genius of Yankee Land :
 Yes, by the Schuylkill's floral banks
 I pledged allegiance to man,
 And now he adopts my reckless pranks

To promote his artful plan :
 His message I waft on lightnings' wing
 To the sons of every sphere,
 Whose hopes and fears alternate I bring
 To the living present here :
 I permeate the essence of life,
 And health to its zephyrs bear,
 When elements lock in furious strife
 I ride as storm-king there :
 To blighted members of many a frame
 I let life's current flow,
 And give to midnight by genial flame
 The lustre of noon-day glow ;
 Mine is a mighty force to behold,
 No imagery can define,
 A myriad oceans in fury rolled
 Is a symbol yet benign ;
 The glacier's crash, the torrents leap,
 The avalanche awful roll
 Are figures mild of the force I keep
 In depths of my tranquil soul,
 Still, I obey poor simple man,
 To his fingers' tip I yield,
 When I rebel 'tis a Master plan
 That calls to another field :
 For I, the potent, electric spark,
 Am the instrument of God
 In Justice bright or in vengeance dark
 I go with His glory shod :
 In solemn grandeur on Sinai's peak

I pealed to Israel's posts
As their faithful guide in awe did seek
A law from the God of hosts :
But once, my powers did I combine,
Then nature was terrified
On that glorious day of days sublime
When Christ on Calvary died.
Oh ! sons of men ; Do you dread me now
When the flash and sound alarms :
The frown I wear on my cloud-wreathed brow
Is a mask to wholesome charms.
Marvellous days in the future nigh
Some heavenly genius may show
That I emit from a tranquil sky
The source of vitality's flow ;
For I, the electric spark, am grand,
Through space to a million of spheres
I bear the signet of God's right hand,
And they tremble when it appears :
Even now my worth to the world is real,
Not a dream of effeminate source,
Of the nations' greatness I'll turn the wheel
Till I'm crowned as the king of force :
On land, on sea, in air shall I reign
A prince of unparalleled power,
True to the guidance of sinew and brain
As love to a trysting bower :
By genius equipped as your active steed
No planet can limit my range,
The motor steam I shall supersede,
And the world will bless the change.



Patriotism !

Call him not patriot, who free himself, in Freedom's
 name
 Would upon another soil impress the chains of
 slavery.
 No true man would in such a way acquire a wreath
 of fame,
 Might 'gainst right can never feel one spark of hon-
 est bravery.
 The man who for his hearth dies call him what you
 will,
 Who from his dear land to drive a foreign for would
 gladly rise
 Brand him rebel, black or white, his pulse's beat is
 freedom's thrill,
 Crushed betimes, his cause one day shall shine res-
 plendent in the skies.

An Acrostic.**To Miss Edwards.**

**Ever may the current of thy veins
Mildly flow enraptured by sweet strains
Made doubly dear by bright associations
A stranger to all dull vexations :**

**Even when the gloomy spectre death
Disturbs the tranquil softness of thy breath
Wafted on angels' wings beyond the skies
Aloft may thy bright soul eternal rise,
Resplendent with the merit won through years
Desert the scene of misery and tears
Secure at length from all earth's hostile fears.**



Acrostic.

- A lady whose writings have the right ring of more than ordinary merit.

Mayst thou, dear writer, ever sweet and true,
 Invoke thy faithful pen in God's right cause :
 Society owes deep gratitude to you
 So fervent to defend pure Christian laws :

Even modest as thou art, still widespread is thy fame
 Much hast thou written that true critics do apprise
 May heaven grant thee health to magnify the name
 A people's wish would gladly see thee realize :

Confine thy pen to works whose beauty never dies.

Soul-stirring are the stories thou hast told
 To bless and brighten the domestic hearth—
 Religious tales of morals manifold—
 Endearing friends of salutary mirth ;
 Enchanting from thy pen, that genius sways
 There will come much to laud in future days.

- Let us hope her works may be compiled.

P. J. L.

In Memory of the Hon. L. H. Holton.

A national "requiem" plaintive and grand,
 Is breathing a country's devotion,
 For the hope and the pride of a sorrowing Land
 Has been freed from the world's commotion.

The dirge of a nation, whose unfeigning tears
 Are shed with full ardor of weeping,
 Will echo the name, through the circle of years,
 Of the honored, lamented and sleeping.

Like a planet withdrawn from the firmament's hight,
 When its brilliancy most we're admiring
 So fleet has he taken that happier flight
 To illumine more fervent aspiring.

The proud Chateauguay in wailing, its flow
 Will e'er keep his memory undying,
 And repeat his dear name to the breezes that blow
 An accord with its waves as they're sighing.

The voice of that statesman no more in our halls
 Shall declaim with a loyal affection,
 And the salient pen of the patriot falls
 At the call of unending Protection :

His faults let them rest, who can say that he erred
 As we know not his motives for action,
 In patriot views he was never deterred
 By the whims of a party or faction

Ah, Holton ! sweet peace to thy mortal remains
 With the earth of your country now blending
 Till we meet you rejoicing on Josephat's plains,
 When the dream of vain-glory is ending.



IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. P. F. O'Donnell.

*Pastor of St. Mary's, Our Lady of Good Counsel
Died Dec. 21st, 1900.*

Dear Priest, patriot, prince of men, O'Donnell Saint
of God ;
Pure was that soul, that broke its bond at the dawn
angel's nod,
The manliness of Christ's anointed marked his
active way,
Charity, piety, patience beamed from his brow each
day.

On tablets of eternity , memory shall engrave
The gratitude of widows, and of orphans he did
save ;
A deep spirit of devotion did animate his breast.
No ostentation though, but humble as a child at
rest,
Nor stranger, friend, nor guest could ever break his
ardent zeal,
To Our Lady of Good Counsel, he loved to make ap-
peal.

No doubt, it was inward voices that did his mind
 employ,
 And radiate his countenance with beams of holy
 joy ;
 The children ! how fond they loved him ; like
 Christ of Galilee,
 They gathered 'round the pastor, and to them he
 spoke in glee,
 And for Christian education what sacrifice he hid ;
 Oh children of St. Mary's bright, forget not what he
 did.

"Ego te absolvo," confessor, yes, of Christ's true
 choice ;
 The sinner's heart is melted at the Holy Spirit's
 voice,
 When pain and suffering centered upon the bed of
 death,
 His presence, so like an Angel's, cheered up the flee-
 ting breath.
 Oh, Lord ! upon thine altar, how pure, and how true
 he stood ;
 Sure, his edifying priesthood inspired us all with
 good.

As citizen, a chieftain fair, among mankind he
 spoke,
 Ever honored for his wisdom, his counsel and his
 joke.
 His virtue, learning, genius—as his sanctity and
 grace,

Shed lustre on his honored name, and glorified
 race,
 He loved his native country, still he loved his
 ther's shore,
 No son of dear old Erin could ever love ner more

 Now lie his holy ashes 'neath the dear-lov
 Virgin's shrine,
 Sweet Mother of Good Counsel; sure his heart w
 truly thine :
 Sons and daughters of St. Mary's will oft throug
 coming years
 Enshrine the tomb of him they loved with gems
 precious tears ;
 Keep him in our memory green, while life's du
 path we plod,
 A friend in heaven, true to us, O'Donnell Priest
 God.

Welcome ! To the C. C. Academy.

To James Young, Tragedian.

With a warm heart we greet you, and with clasp o
 a friendly hand
 As one we bid you welcome to our breezy Norther
 land.
 Tragedian ! Dramatist ! Genius ! in balmy youth
 have you won

The honor and fame that to others came with the
setting sun :

May thy sparkling genius ever to brighter realms
aspire

And *light* thy course as an artist with pure celestial
fire.

With voice and jest, pure heart and mind, you
edify the earth,

With joy we say : God bless you Young, and the
laud that gave you birth !

There is magic in your presence, grace to your finger
tips.

O sacred elocution ! what power on human lips
Stun the world ! you'll do it, you are led by a power
divine

In mind, in name, with future fame, you'll still in
your role outshine,

Adieu ! au revoir ! we thank you for your kindly
visit here,

The day and date—your noble words we'll keep in
memory dear.

To Miss Maud D. Beckwith.

God speed the Maud ! and may the brightest
chaplets wove by fame

Rest on thy brow in universal worth and honor's
name :

Thy heaven-born genius should to its true
aspire,

And light thy mission truly grand with pure
eternal fire;

What wondrous thoughts! what bright ideas, v
undefined,

Has Nature's self impressed upon thy you
virgin mind.

The mighty Adirondacks first did greet thy in
eyes,

And bid the soar far up with them in famed Col
umbia's skies,

Cliff, chasm, falls, the picturesque to a sub
lime degree

Gave bent to each eventful year in lov'd old C
olumbia's teaugay.

All these, with learning choice, and fondest pare
ntal counsel sage

Have thee endowed with gifts beyond all eart
hly heritage;

Go hopeful forth, to hear an admiring world's j
ubilation and applause,

Thy virgin bosom pure, and true to God's super
natural laws.

Thy fair lips to saintly chastity votive consecrate,

Nor ne'er endorse a bigot's part, however fine an
d great.

'Tis thus thy histrionic course shall edify the eart
hly

And truest hearts will bless the Land that ga
ve birth to
such genius birth:

Fair Chateaugay must feel a pride to claim her
honored child

When true success shall crown the aim of efforts
undefiled.

The idol fond of parents dear, be theirs, when all
applaud ;

May Heaven grant thee health and strength once
more, God speed the Maud !

Vindicated.

On a London street, imposing, grand,
A lonely mansion yet does stand,
Wherein, but a few years gone was seen
A pastor and curate of humble mien,
Who daily sought, mid sin and strife
To recall each dying soul to life,
Whose rival efforts sprung from a cause,
That prompts the noblest of charity's laws—
A love of God and the human race.
War to sin and force to grace :
The pastor was proud of his curate's aid,
And the zealous courage oft displayed,
All for a time did happiness bring
Like the graceful sweep of an Angel's wing.
But, anon, in his mind a doubt arose,
Which troubled the calm of the night's repose ;
Oft from the wine vault there was found

A clanking of bottles and gurgling sound,
And what served more his doubt to impress
Was the ruby liquid growing less
Combined with an odor, which seemed to loom
From a corner snug of a curate's room,
That led suspicion to lay its hold
But with what justice remains to be told.
After weeks thus passed a watch was kept,
When all in the happy household slept :
And, alas ' too true, the doubted door
Came a little ajar, soon more and more :
Out came a curate to an act long planned
In a cassock clad, with a bottle in hand,
He warily trod his wonted round
From vault where the sparkling juice is found
Then away in haste : away he fleets
Through the dreary gloom of the silent streets,
But the watch retains his flitting form
As it moves apace through the growing storm.
On ! on for miles, oh heaven for breath
He stops at a haunt of crime and death
The anointed of God ! he enters in
Where lustful devils riot and din
Up ! up he mounts, up the rickety stair
While demons grin in that noxious lair :—
The hand of a prudent watch would rise,
But a lifted latch gives a sad surprise :
With misery dire in a dingy old room
Lies a ghastly form a step from the tomb ;
A dying mother from a rustic vale

Brought by a child, who, tell not the tale,
 Fell, and in falling lost a filial heart
 For the garret straw was the mother's part,
 But an angel records a chaste career,
 And the priest of God to his own is near :
 For days there fell the shadow of crime,
 But the sun of virtue shone in time,
 With the watch (his pastor), whose doubts had fled
 He knelt that night by the pauper's bed
 As that dear soul with his prayer went above
 From a daughter's shame to a Savior's love.
 Oh, Heaven alone knows how to requite
 That victim of doubt, through his zeal by night.
 On earth for his deeds ne feels a bliss,
 But eternal joys are supreme to this :—
 Let charity, then, keep lips oft sealed
 When glaring crime might be revealed :
 Not a few like him we judge and forsake
 Whose crown of glory the Angels make.

LINES.

To W. J. Gordon, W. Manning and Comrades on their
 departure for Colorado.

Farewell to you, sons of this fruitful Dominion,
 Farewell to the hours, when together we strayed
 O'er meads and by streamlets with nothing to pinion
 Our day-dreams of life in such glory arrayed.

You go from the spot where your boyhood was b
 Allured by that goddess so gracious to few,
 Whose shrine is lit up by the rays that are shed
 From manhood's devotion unchangingly true.

Oh, never we pray, may her power retain
 One exquisite thought of the dear ones at home :
 Give heaven the choice let the others regain
 The mighty St. Lawrence with crystalized foam.

In that wild Eldorado enticing to view,
 Tell newly made friends that in our frigid sphere
 Affectionate hearts beat with friendship for you,
 And many to-night say " I wish they were here."

Set right their opinion regarding your nation,
 And when they are carping 'bout logic or skill
 To witness abruptly a tergiversation
 You have but to mention Laval or McGill.

If challenged you be for a hero victorious,
 With what manly pride you can fearlessly say :
 There's a Block House the record of all that i
 glorious,

That stands near my home on the old Chateauguay
 Should they with our daughters their own belles
 compare,

The bright eyes of Franklin have left an impress
 To inspire you with right of their precedence there
 In all the sweet charms of worth and address.

Be true to your God, to your country and dear,
 And shun as a viper cursed bigotry's wiles :

May heaven protect you when danger is near
Till we greet you again in the sunshine of smiles.

Now, once more farewell, and may Fortune repay
Your earnest endeavors with generous hand,
A Ceade Millie Falthe will cheer you the day
You touch the dear sod of your own Native Land.



A simple Christmas Jingle.

Over the mountains and plains, down through the
valleys and dells,
List to the gladsome refrains and music of silvery
bells
Flooding the earth with a balm, embracing the
zephyrs of morn,
Bringing glad tidings to man, a Saviour to him is now
born,
Hail anniversary dear! To Christians the brightest
of days,
Interring the feuds of the year they join in the
fervor of praise;
At whatever altar they're knelt to offer the incense
of prayer
A brotherly union is felt, the olive branch really is
there.

Round the hearth in the family cot the grandsire
 telling in glee
 A story of Santa Claus fame while the little one
 cling to his knee,
 Rehearsing the beauties of youth, he thinks of the
 future in store,
 Will Christmas e'er greet him again on the brink
 eternity's shore.
 In the family circle each link will clasp with affe
 tionate pride,
 Except where the Reaper has gleaned or distan
 does rudely divide :
 Sweet Christmas, thy magical name sets all wi
 true ardor aglow
 The germs of earth feel the thrill though clad i
 their vesture of snow,
 And hear the alternate salute "Merry Christmas
 on every tongue,
 It quickens the pulse of old age, it gladdens the hear
 of the young.
 I wish merry Christmas to you, dear reader, of thi
 simple strain
 Whatever your station in life, be it exalted or plain
 To you every bachelor friend whose nerves coul
 not stand the alarm
 If some pretty maid in her teens would cling with
 her grace to your arm :
 To you the fair bride of the hour, and also the for
 tunate groom,

May no dusty cobwebs of strife e'er shadow the light
 of your room.
 To you, Bonnie lass, whom I meet with blue or with
 lovely dark eyes—
 Our light on the pathway of life, the surest pre-
 ventor of sighs.
 To all let us wish a true bliss, and a joy that shall
 ever endure,¹
 And in such a moment as this, oh Christians, just
 think of God's poor,
 Where hunger and misery dwell send comfort and
 plenty to cheer,
 And the Angels who record will tell of deeds in a
 happier sphere :
 'Tis thus universally joy shall compass the bounds
 of the earth,
 And angels with man will commune while blending
 their voices in mirth,
 The Star o'er Bethlehem's vale will in gleaming its
 brightness increase,
 As it looks from the firmament's height on such a
 true picture of peace :
 May its brilliancy beacon our way, till some happy
 Christmas we kneel
 In that Land where the Magi adore, whose beauties
 no tongue can reveal.



Think Well on it!

Where shall I stand in the valley
 On the day when the great angel's call
 Shall summon the spirit to quicken
 The dust of the centuries all ?
 Ah ! my soul ! let a holy reflection
 Now banish those fanciful dreams ;
 Go forth in the light of the real,
 For the world is not what it seems :
 Too oft the quick ardor of youth
 Is ensnared by the mesh of deceit,
 And some vain allurements arise
 To dim the bright lamps at the feet ;
 Else why would the wrinkles of age
 Be leveled by penitent tears ?
 Their hearts ever harrowed by care
 As they're leaving the desert of years.
 Oh ! for those moments of bliss,
 Of youth and its innocent play,
 Then our soul was so pure and as light
 As dewdrops on lilies of May.
 Give me back the sweet rapture again,
 Oh ! my God ! I will guard it with care
 As I climb the dark mountain of sorrow
 To offer with angels my prayer,
 Where shall I stand in the valley ?
 Oh, Lord ! in that terrible hour,
 When the matter of ages shall perish
 Reduced by the might of thy power.

.

Heart oppressed, ever restless and weary,
 Each day does the burden renew :
 But mortal the boon is worth having,
 So struggle, the hours are but few.
 List not to the music of voices,
 Whose siren like strains would destroy,
 And counteract glorious promptings
 prolific of heavenly joy.
 Remember each moment we're nearing
 The tribute that nature must pay,
 And as Christians regard in temptation
 Our place in the valley that day.



The Dearest Gem.

An angel opened the pearly gate,
 And fled to the world below,
 His mission was only to terminate,
 When he to Heaven would consecrate
 The purest gem that the earthly state
 Can through all time bestow.
 Where said the angel can I find
 The lustrous Jewel desired,
 I'll seek mid the wealth of human-kind

'Tis surely held in the mass combined
This beauteous gem from dross refined,
Whose splendor is so admired.

It may be on the arid plains
Near the Niger's golden sands,
Or where the Incas sons' remains
Have gone to rest on the Antis chains,
And the Arequipa maid complains
Of a lover's countermands.

It might Britain's diadem hold
For the Kohinoor excels,
There's yet the Khedive's weath untold
And Accra's fields of virgin gold,
And oyster beds whose pearls were rolled
For years by the Ocean swells.

In vain the angel sought these climes
His message to realize,
He heard afar baptismal chimes,
And he hastened with happy thought betime
That the lustre of eyes so free from crimes
Was the boon he'd fondly prize.

Not so ! Yet, onward winged his way,
With a hope of greater meed
On the frigid ground, neath the torrid ray
He wandered on for many a day
Still cheered by that celestial lay
In time he would yet succeed.

O'er earth and sea the search is made
 Yet the Jewel's still concealed,
 But behold a cross on yonder grade
 At its foot is knelt a sinful maid,
 Whose penitent tear so long delay'd
 Is the Dearest Gem revealed.

LINES.

To Misses Jeannette and Minnie Wattie on their singing.

I've walked on the beach when the wild o'cean's roar
 Filled my soul with terrific delight ;
 I've stood on the rivulet's lily-fringed shore
 Spell-bound by its rippling at night,
 I've strayed o'er the mead when the beautiful
 flowers
 Bowed their heads to the summer winds sigh,
 I've heard happy voices in amorous bowers
 Vibrating the tender leaves nigh.
 The lark's joyous carol, the robin's sweet lay,
 The bobolink's medley of bliss
 Have thrilled my fond heart upon many a day
 As I dreamt of of some fanciful kiss.
 And the zephyrs awaking the Aeolian lyre,
 Touched a chord in my bosom of peace
 Infusing the balm of a holy desire
 With a fervency not to decrease.
 In nature each element taught me to feel

What language can never express
 Evoking reflections too pure to reveal
 For they bear a celestial impress :
 And art with her organs and silver-mouthed bells
 Enchanted me oft with her strains,
 To my spirit fond memory ardently tells
 Each note of such happy refrains :
 From me was excluded both Nature and Art
 And I mused in a vision alone
 Not a voice stirred the calm of a rapturous heart
 But that of My God's and my own ;
 'Twas then deep emotion welled up in my breast
 Far to infinite love it belongs,
 I ne'er felt again such a pathos impressed
 Till I heard the sweet sound of thy songs.
 Oh, yes, happy sisters, your voices recalled
 All the scenes of the past unto me
 By sorrows profound was my spirit enthralled,
 Anon I was joyous and free ;
 A chord in my bosom responsive did beat
 To every loved note you awoke,
 'Twas the spring-tide of joy with its music so fleet,
 In that hour the soft melody broke :
 You inherit the gift from Auld Scotia's fair muse
 The notes of a Campbell and Burns
 Become the fair lips on which nature did choose
 To spare not the choice of her urns ;
 But while beauty attracts 'tis your graces retain
 The affection of every new friend,
 And many like me do delight in the strain

Where charms and music so blend :
 Sing on love y daughters, and brighten more hours
 We're affected by Harmony's sway,
 The heavenly smile of so beauteous flowers
 I'd woo it forever to stay.

.....
 May the tone of your voices shed tenderness round
 The happiest circles of life,
 Change sadness to joy, by its heart easing sound
 As daughter, friend, sister or wife :
 And when your dear spirits from this world soar
 Cheered up by the glimpse of a happier light ;
 May the last notes you utter receive an encore
 As they echo in heaven to Seraphim bright.



WELCOME !

Right : Rev. Monsignor E. M. DePauw.

Land, whose rich plains saw the death throes of na-
 tions,
 The best blood of heroes in furrows to flow,
 Where fell that star of ambitious inflations,
 Whose militant genius spread terror and woe.

Land of whose temples our nation's bright glory
 Sang strains that will echo till time is no more,
 Belfry of Bruges, we love your sweet story :
 Peal on your great ninety, we bid you encore.

Land from whose shrines of true virtue and learning
 Come beacon lights forth to illumine the earth,
 Whose chaste sons and daughter sagely discerning
 Endear to the stranger the land of their birth,

Land of stigmata, of dread admiration,
 Where science that scoffed had to weep in its pride.
 Mystery attains a grand consummation
 In mystical wounds of the Christ crucified.

Land of true beauty, rich soil of devotion,
 We welcome thy son with a fervent eclat,
 Deep in our hearts wells a joyous emotion
 To greet once again our love Edmund De Pauw.

Long years ago in life's happy morning,
 A saintly young bisnop anointed his hands
 Ere his bright genius and virtues adorning
 Shed lustre of faith on American lands.

That Bishop now in the chair of St. Peter
 Is the bright " Lumen Cœlis " nations admire,
 His voice full of love to us souds the sweeter
 As Monsignor tells us his ardent desire.

Hail, noble pastor, with honest elation
 We greet the exalted by Leo Supreme,
 True merit evokes this due compensation
 Prolific in force of the Church's esteem.

We too, feel honored by thy exaltation,
 Sons of St. Patrick, it is ours to rejoice,
 Our children ourselves breathed fresh inspiration
 Of virtue and grace at each sound of thy voice.

Youth's prime and manhood you gave us refining
 The morals and manners that brooked of decay,
 And when the sun of thy life is declining
 God grant it may set in our own Chateaugay.

Oh ! list our appeal, Monsignor, dear pastor,
 Remain with us now till your God calls you home,
 Assure us but this we feel no disaster
 Vivat Pater bonus, and Leo of Rome.



Jacques Cartier.

Read at a concert given under the auspices of the French
 Catholic teachers of the city of Montreal, Thursday
 January 24th, 1899.

There are meetings where old memories rise glorious
 and sublime
 From the tomb of former ages to the light of pre-
 sent time,
 And the dear associations of a dead and buried
 past

Will a myriad recollections with their gloom or
 glory cast
 A spell upon the present, to affect the human heart
 By a ray of joyful pleasure or by sorrow's bitter
 dart :
 The meeting which is honored by your presence
 here to-night
 Brings prolific indications on the wings of memory
 bright ;
 As sons of sires departed of the grand old pioneers
 Whose names grow ever brighter through the cycle
 of the years ;
 'Tis yours the right to picture, to show the wide
 degree ,
 Between dark Hochelaga and the light of Ville
 Marie :
 Though bigotry and ignorance go carping at your
 race
 And deem it usurpation when you fill honor's place,
 Your signal magnanimity can smile at such demean,
 'Tis you who stand pre-eminent in light of history
 seen.
 Now, Learning's beacon glistens in strong effulgence
 here
 Where the gloom of savage vengeance filled a forest
 vast and drear.
 The tomahawk, the spear and bow the camp and
 council fire,
 The war-dance and the scalping-knife told each a
 tale of ire,

The dusky warriors taught their sons from Nature's
 solemn voice,
 No word divine had e'er proclaimed the Christian's
 happy choice,
 A heathen darkness spread its pall o'er hut and
 palisade
 And Hochelaga little knew the wonders God had
 made.
 Behold ! in splendor beaming gleams an oriental
 star,
 In shining still it brightens, to show its advent from
 afar :
 Look ! look old Donnacona right o'er St. Malo bay
 Upon the shores of gifted France its lustre seems
 to sway.
 A form by its brilliancy in sailor garb is seen,
 He mounts a stately vessel's side it is La Grande
 Hermine,
 Her prow is to the setting sun, her sails are now
 unfurled
 Out she glides o'er billowy foam to greet a distant
 world,
 Far o'er the crested waves she steers for fatherland
 and God,
 If e'er she strikes a foreign strand the cross shall
 bless its sod,
 And in the name of Christ and king that sailor of
 renown
 Will deck salvation's emblem with his country's
 arms and crown,

Each seaman of that little fleet, as he draws forth
his lance
Will cheer the great Jacques Cartier, true son of
glorious France :
But let us not forestall the goal of that proud swell-
ing sail
Whose gallant pennant gaily waves to occidental
gale,
She still in beauty onward rides nor heeds the
storm-king's roar.
Through far Belle Isle and Bay Chaleur she hails
famed Gaspé's shore,
Where first the little seed was cast by saintly
Cartier's hand
That soon took root and multiplied throughout this
fair young Land :
The children of the forest loved the standard placed
to view
And longed to hear the story of the white child's
Manitou,
With Christian zeal Jacques Cartier sighed for this
unlettered race,
And fain would break the fetters off by force of
saving grace.
A chieftain's sons he captive took back to his own
dear soil,
To rouse his brethren's ardor in the cause he now
would toil.
The rivers, vineyards, heard his tale throughout
dear, sunny France,

Whose noble sons and daughters now westward
 would advance
 To spread the light, and teach the word that sets
 from bondage free,
 And makes the savage wigwam ring with Christian
 jubilee :
 When summer winds unlocked again old winter's icy
 chain
 Jacques Cartier with his daring band re-crossed
 the raging main
 Nor stayed his course till he did reach where we
 are met to night,
 And heard the Indian hunter sing on Hochelaga's
 site :
 Departed Spirit ! see the change thy noble efforts
 bring.--
 Bustling cities, smiling plains, where art and science
 ring
 'The clarion notes of Freedom's air beneath Canadian
 skies,
 Jehovah's temples most sublime in solemn grandeur
 rise,
 And Charity's institutions, too, this noble country
 span
 Kind Heaven smiles propitious at the shrine of good
 St. Ann !
 The priests of God and holy nuns, those doves of
 Christ on earth
 All bless thy memory Cartier and the land that
 gave the birth,

For in thy footprints followed well the best blood of
thy race.

Here saintly Marguerite Bourgeois found her last
loved resting place,

Madame de La Pelletrie, De Maisonneuve, the great,
the good Champlain

Have left a record on the page of bright immortal
fame :

We speak not of the priesthood now, who gave their
blood, their life

To propagate the germ of peace in midst of savage
strife,

A requiem to their sacred dust is sung by many
streams

From Gaspé bleak to western hills where last the
sunlight beams :

Ah ! Frenchmen, who dare say to you : " You are
intruders " here

For Justice by priority can read your title clear :

The old, old enmity was raised, when you proposed
just now

A statue of the Virgin Queen upon the mountain
brow ;

Tower of David, come one day and glorify it yet ;

Grant Ville Marie, thy glowing shrine a favored
Bernadette :

From off the waters of this land, its cities, towns
and plains

The tide of time shall ne'er efface old France's
Celtic names,

Here to-night for Ireland's sake, allow me Friends
 to say
 We hold you clasped in memory dear since fever-
 stricken day,
 And cold the Irish heart will be ere it can once
 forget
 The sainted names of Baillargeon, of Caza and
 Bourget :
 When the Irish orphan struggled with its mother's
 lifeless breast,
 The daughters of French Canada that infant form
 caressed.
 Such charity is requited where all perfections dwell
 But, Irish lips now fain would speak the love they
 feel so well.
 Oh ! Canada ! French Canada ! Thy children are
 renowned
 In every land, from every tongue their credit does
 rebound ;
 Thy orators and statesmen, thy bards and scholars
 fine,
 Thy artists famed and athletes do each resplendent
 shine,
 And thy genius so transcendent to heavenly joy
 gives birth
 When Albani thy nightingale does carol to the
 earth :
 The exalted soul of Cartier such changes sees to-day
 Where he did seek a passage to the shores of far
 Cathay !

Yes build him up a monument, and let the sculptor's
 skill
 Now manifest the ardor of a grateful people's will,
 And while on earth he's honored oh ! may his spirit
 rest,
 Who opened for God to mankind this land by nature
 blest.



What I might have been !

I wandered to-day through a snow clad dell
 Enrapt in a reverie deep,
 And soon o'er my pathway a shadow fell
 When I raised my eyes but to weep,
 As I saw the leafless branches nod
 In the pure and bracing air,
 And my soul arose in a sigh to God,
 For its image was truly there :
 The germ of life was still congealed
 By the bitter frost of time,
 And the scanty fruits it once did yield
 Were seared by the rust of crime ;
 While deep emotion stirred by breast
 And I checked the burning tears

I would gladly die to have redressed
The wrongs of vanished years :
On the sands of time in early life
I drafted my future way,
But the human will, and the world's strife
Soon led me far astray :
Oh ! Had I pursued that happy trace
What a man I could now be ;
My heart the temple of every grace
That makes the just so free :
Yet a cheering thought redeems my fault,
'Tis nature's law to derange—
Only one bright orb in the starry vault
Is never seen to change.
Oh ! Grant, my God, each coming hour
Like the Northern star I'll be,
When the gloomiest clouds around me lower
Ever fixed in my course to thee :
Let the radiant finger of hope now guide
The contrite prodigal's hand,
Till he stands redeemed and purified
In the happy Promised Land,
In the balmy breezes of genial spring
Each tree once more will bloom,
And reviving souls, let us hope will bring
Their fruits beyond the tomb.





CATHOLIC CUSTOMS.

In the Province of Quebec.

As the vane upon the steeple tells how the zephyr
blows,
So the customs of a nation its morals oft disclose.
The virtues that embellish and the vices that destroy
Have each their mark or token set as signets to de-
ploy ;
The heathen has his oracle, the savage has his sign,
And while one may be malicious the other is benign.
The holiest of Customs that memory can command,
Have votaries untiring in our French Canadian
land.

It is here we are transported to patriarchal days,
When sons of men breathed love to God in harp and
timbrel praise :
Prized was the father's blessing then in joy or grief
forlorn,
Nor here less prized it ne'er can be on each bright
new Year morn.
Though tempests rage and distance casts a gloomy
shade to chill,

They cannot crush affection's strain, nor check the
 noble will
 Of many a Jacob seeking home that blessing to
 obtain,
 Which sanctifies the happy hearth on our Canadian
 plain.

Still other customs dearer yet afford a pure delight,
 And Peace, with joy and sanctily, come morning
 noon and night
 To bless the Christian child, who hails the sound of
 that sweet chime,
 Which speaks of God Incarnate in mystery most
 sublime ;
 The workshop and the school-room do evince devo-
 tion's zeal
 The angel's salutation is repeated with the peal.
 Oh ! Oft, I've seen the real of the world-famed Mil-
 lets' hand
 In the mien of toiling peasants on the furrows of our
 land.

And when the dying Christian feels the last tempt-
 ation's storm,
 Hear how the dear Redeemer comes in sacramental
 form,
 With surpliced priest and blessed light preceded by
 the bell,
 Fervent peasants at the sound that lov'd procession
 swell.
 The pious mother into use a happy custom brings,

A child's first step is taken as the sacred Mass bell
rings :

Let skeptics mock, the godless gibe, they cannot
understand

The faith-inspiring customs through our French
Canadian land.



A Retrospect.

A glance retropective from manhood's estate
Yields a solace in sorrow and strife ;
It sends the life current with vigor as great
As it flowed in the morning of life ;
How often in spirit I look to the past
To its pleasures so free from alloy ;
The sunshine of life not a shadow was cast,
As I roamed o'er the fields when a boy.

The angel of innocence guarded my way,
And naught wore the hue of alarm ;
The bloom of all nature was cheering and gay,
Each note rang with melody's charm.

The flowers that bowed to the breezes of June
Were culled for a fond mother's joy.
And dear to the heart was the bobolink's tune
As I roamed o'er the fields when a boy.

By the bank of the streamlet I wandered along,
Looked for nuggets of gold in its sands,
Anon was the hero of story and song,
Great chief among patriot bands
A symbol of time was the brook's steady flow,
And though clouds might its mirror employ
Still Heaven's reflection would presently show
In its depths, where I gazed when a boy.

I mocked the gay warblers of woodland and glade,
Chased the hare and the fox to its den,
And drafted my future beneath the cool shade
Of the butternut tree in the glen ;
How manhood would yield all the trapping of years
For one innocent hour with a toy,
Unknown were the cares of this valley of tears
As I roamed through the woods when a boy.

Each season had beauties enchanting to win
All the fervid emotion of mind ;
In summer's sweet calm or in Autumn's loud din
Youth's ardor saw all was refined,
Though daily I meet with the learned and great,
Yet, old memory seeks not to destroy
The scenes of my youth and my frolicsome gait
As I roamed o'er the fields when a boy.

From those happy links away back in the chain
 One constant vibration rings clear,
 And the impress of Heaven will ever remain
 To comfort, to guide, and to cheer ;
 It was sealed as I knelt by a loved mother's knee ;
 'Tis a solace when troubles annoy,
 'Tis the only thing left ever faithful to me
 Since I roamed o'er the fields when a boy.



SUNSHINE ON THE CROSS.

Kneeling in a chapel on an autumn ev'ning drear,
 When warblers piped adieu to the woodland brown
 and sear,
 To no holy aspirations could my weary spirit soar,
 It harmonized with nature in the gloomy look she
 wore ;
 The barren hope of worship that checked my heart's
 desire
 Was tinctured with a bitter to quench devotion's
 fire ;
 In sad dejection rising the portals to regain—
 A flood of light burst gently athwart the window
 pane,

And looking to the chancel, that bore angelic gloss.
 A brilliant ray of sunshine had rested on the Cross.
 Although no clouds seemed riven the lustre lingered
 still,

Evoking sweet emotions that emit a joyous thrill :

A sudden inspiration dispelled all petty fears,

And I gazed upon that altar as not before in years :

For, I felt that there concentrated, to the wayward
 days of youth.

Was the one celestial haven, the Christian's only
 booth.

How wild soe'er the tempest of the demon's raging
 strife ;

However dark and dreary be the thorny path of
 life.

We can ever bear our burden through the world's
 pitch and toss

If we turn for light to guide us to the sunshine on
 the Cross.

Again in humble silence I bowed before that shrine,
 Shocked to think what idle faith was in this heart
 of mine ;

No prudent barrier stemming our pleasure greed
 and gain,

But slight excuses drawing from duty God makes
 plain ;

In years remote Christian was the synonym of saint,

Such is our legal title, why should we halt or faint ;

In days of strife yet coming let us our armor bear,

Hordes of hell in vain attack the shield of fervent
 prayer ;

In days of adverse trial, in doubt, in peril, loss

Be ours that balmy solace the sunshine on the Cross.

Take care of the Emigrant Girls.

(The last words of Father Riordan of Castle Garden, N. Y.)

No hero's last breath upon Victory's field
 As his soul met the spectre's demand ;
 No soldier when forced to the victor to yield
 E'er uttered a sentence more grand
 Than Erin's dear son, as in liberty's name
 He thought of old Ireland's bright pearls ;
 No dying request more endearing to fame
 Than " Take care of the emigrant girls."

The verdure of Erin's dear valleys and hills
 Shall fade e'er his name be forgot,
 It shall live on the hills the rivers and rills,
 Be blessed in each hovel and cot.
 And in ages to come some child of our race,
 While spurning the lords and the earls,
 Will sing the dear words in a spirit of grace
 " Take care of the emigrant girls."

For glory of God, this request of his heart,
 By heeding, our fealty extend.
 Kind words from our lips can we often impart
 Though struggling, still let us befriend
 The daughters of Erin, who come to our beach,
 Of faith they're its glories and pearls,
 Their virtue illumines, and by actions they preach
 " Take care of the emigrant girls."

They brightened the past and the future they'll
bless,

We feel it's Heaven's decree
Expels them from home in the day of distress
To climes of the brave and the free ;
The sons of Columbia soon learn to prize
The beauties with bright eyes and curls,
From depths of true hearts fond affections arise
To " Take care of the emigrant girls."

Our prelates and statesmen, our soldiers of rank
Slight not the poor emigrant child,
In boyhood their mothers to check a gay prank,
Spoke tales of the ocean so wild :
God bless them they equal the best in our land,
Guard them in trials and perils.
Yes, Father ! God rest you, we'll keep thy command
" Take care of the emigrant girls."

Thy name, and thy tomb we shall ever enshrine
With hallowed affection's impress,
No child of old Erin shall ever decline
To honor that holy recess
Where the patriot dust of Melchisedech's pride
Appeals for the purest of pearls.
His last words to earth on the day that he died
" Take care of the emigrant girls."



Lines on the Queen's Birthday.

Montreal, 1879.

*Written by request of an estimable old English Lady friend of mine,
now dead.*

All hail ! fair Mount Royal thy bold azure brow
 Never smiled on such beauty and grandeur as now ;
 Thy city fringed base clad in armor is seen
 The shrine of affection for England's good queen.
 The banners of nations unfurled to the breeze
 Float gaily to strains that exultingly please :
 To-day be resplendent ! great crown of our isle
 When viewed by Louise and the son of Argyle.

I look from a distance, contrasting the days
 Thy dense-covered peak heard the rude savage lays
 Ere the mighty Algonquin ignored the advance
 Of science and art with the children of France.
 The smoke of no wigwam o'ershadows thy gorge
 But the stripes of Columbia and cross of St. George,
 And thousands co-mingling ; Victoria to please
 Swell plaudits to Lorne and his Bonnie Louise

And why this commotion ? Say what does it mean ?
 'Tis the bright natal day of our own happy queen,
 Oh ! nobles of England, and peasantry too
 'Tis the boast of Canadians they're loyal as you,
 Just hearken to-day ! from across the blue sea
 Will come the proud cheer of a people in glee,
 Yet louder ! Still louder ! it swells all the while
 To honor Louise and the son of Argyle.

Kind Sovereign impartial, good lady so mild,
 Our patriot love can be told by thy child,
 The sons of Columbia with us do aspire
 To honor the merit that nation's admire,
 And each heart is moved as the gallant Thirteen*
 Unite in the anthem of "God save the Queen,"
 While many a fond eye lit up by a smile
 Greets bonnie Louise and the son of Argyle.

May the day's bright return still ever disclose
 In union the Shamrock, the Thistle and Rose:
 May Dufferin's words lie deep in each heart
 A permanent shield against bigotry's dart
 That no bitter feud, nor sectarian strife
 May thwart our young nation's bright morning of
 life,
 By heaven thus blest we can joyfully please
 The Young Lord of Lorne and bonnie Louise.

* The 13th Brooklyn Regiment





IN MEMORIAM.

Anna Regina Mary Leitch, died at Churubusco, N. Y.,
January 19, 1897.

When dies the idol of the heart, oh how that heart
is rent,
And gloom pervades where brightness erst was
wedded to content.
Fond hopes and joys are sadly crushed while sor-
row's haunting fears
Renew each hour the anguish of the mourner's bitter
tears.
Ah ! sad it was, our idol sweet, her charms we could
not save,
And now with Christian faith we weep at little
Annie's grave.
Of intellect the brightest child, of beauty's form
most choice ;
The admired of friend and stranger, true wisdom in
her voice.
Oh ! who can e'er forget that face so cheerful and so
bland,

A model for a sculptor was her dear angelic hand ;
 Look, there are her dolls and dishes, her playthings
 in the room

That hand no more shall touch them 'tis mouldering
 in the tomb.

God pity the hearts of parents, and be their solace
 now :

The casket lid they're closing o'er an only daughter's
 brow,

One only son beside them. the other went years
 before

To greet his darling sister on bright Eternity's
 shore :

Suffer them to come this way, for they are precious
 to me

Such is the Kingdom of Heaven says the Christ of
 Galilee.

Then, Anna dear, farewell ! the parting is sad and
 forlorn,

But Christian Hope points clearl' to a resurrection
 morn :

The spirit shall move the dust again, then will we
 embrace

As God's elect in Paradise, happy beautiful place ;
 Thy soul with saints, child of our hearts, sweet be
 thy sleep, bright eyes,

High on that Adirondack slope till the trumpet
 bids the rise.



IRELAND.

Past, Present, Future

I, an Irish exile's son, will speak to day a patriot's
part.
May heaven inspire my words with zeal to gain your
ear and touch your heart :
With deep affection in my breast, I think with joy
of Erin's shore ;
Her sunburst waves her harp resounds despite the
clanks of Tullamore.
Oh : glorious isle : thy freedom dawns, the sun of
justice soon will shine,
And victory's laurels yet shall crown lov'd Sexton,
Davitt, and O'Brien :
Dear Ireland's sons and daughters fair, from balmy
cork to Donegal,
Be this to-day our heartfelt prayer, before the shrines
of Montreal.

Oh, may the heritage she did yield to rude oppressors
 vain and strong.
 Return again to brighten homes, so deep in gloom
 through years of wrong,
 And may her spirit nobly shine the beacon light o'er
 ocean's crest,
 Sweet isle of Saints and scholars too, once more the
 pride of Europe's west.
 No craven footprints stain that soil, on history's
 page it is revealed
 Her sunburst high on Shannon's banks was still
 supreme on Clontarf's field :
 May God restore her rights once more by no cursed
 treaty let her fall,
 Be this the prayer of Irish hearts on Patrick's day
 in Montreal.

Oh ! don't forget the shamrock shore, her banner
 free was once unfurled,
 And sparkling genius has she sent to radiate and
 guide the world :
 Alas, her hopes were crushed to earth, her exiled
 sons were forced to roam
 To flee the vengeance of a wrath that scourged their
 own loved island home ;
 But few remained : our martyred dead, I need not
 tell you how they fell,
 And shed their blood to keep the faith and free the
 land they loved so well :

Dear Emmet's spirit guards their graves till Freedom
 to his tomb will call
 The genius of a sculptor hand, God speed the day
 says Montreal.

God speed the day! oh, yes, it comes, its morning
 starlight gently gleams,
 And noble-hearted English sons do herald forth its
 bright'ning beams :
 Vile dastard treachery, heartless, base, and vain
 coercive, senseless might
 Must yield to true men's noble aim in struggling
 now for Erin's right :
 The wreath forlorn, will soon again upon her brow be
 nobly seen.
 And Home Rule's banner spread its folds to free-
 dom's air in College Green ;
 Her worth majestic then restored, may heaven
 guard through centuri'es all
 St. Patrick ! list thy children's prayer at Freedom's
 shrine in Montreal.

"They're going with a vengeance now". I fain would
 this forget to day,
 But Point St. Charles holds the dust that consecrates
 Canadian clay,
 And from Grosse Isle to Erin's shore, we mark the
 track of the emigrant sail

By the whitened bones of the Irish dead, whose
 lonely dirge is the ocean wail :
 Departed spirits, unite in our prayer for liberty's
 cause in the dear old land,
 Guard the efforts, guide the steps, and cheer the
 hopes of the patriot band :
 May liberty's torch light Albion's mind to dispel
 the shade of her misery's pall,
 Saxon and Celt will bless the day, let this be our
 prayer in Montreal.

Now, Irish beauty, valor and love, and maiden
 modesty world renowned,
 Sons of sires of the Celtic race, let our thoughts go
 forth to the triple crowned :
 Eternal Rome made our Patrick's day from pagan
 bondage our land to free,
 The gold of our hearts great Leo should get in the
 joyous year of his Jubilee :
 Let faith and fatherland be our theme, God's holy
 priesthood ever our guide
 And brigh'er' days for Erin will come though gloomy
 the clouds on every side :
 May the bright St. Lawrence peacefully flow and
 happiness rest on our homesteads all :
 May the thistle, the rose and the maple leaf entwine
 with the shamrock in Montreal.



Our Lady of Lourdes.

(Written on the reception of an image of Our Lady of Lourdes, for my little son, from Right Rev. E. M. DE PAUW, Hal. Belgium.)

Today, Virgin Mother, thy most humble child
 Forsakes the illusions by which he is beguiled,
 And turns his soul'to that firmament's height
 Where the impress of nature joins beauty and
 might,

And hope, fervent hope, does its blessing impart
 To sustain the desire of each Catholic heart,
 That beyond those bright orbs one day may be seen,
 Our Lady of Lourdes, sweet Immaculate Queen,

From the taint at the fount of humanity's stream
 The shield of God's power has kept thee supreme :
 As the children of old in the furnace of flame
 Intact still was guarded thy virginal name,
 When the mandate went forth to the ends of the
 earth

Proclaiming thy royal immaculate birth
 Sweet joy filled our hearts with affection serene
 Dear Lady of Lourdes, our Immaculate Queen,

To sanction the dogma Christ's vicar decrees
 Stands the wonderful shrine of the famed Pyrenees,
 There the halt and the sad every day do rejoice
 On the spot where was heard thy Immaculate voice,
 Sweet Virgin, we love thee ! oh mother most mild,
 Whose presence announced to the poor peasant
 child

Thy spotless conception, thy heavenly mien
 Dear Lady of Lourdes, our Immaculate Queen.

On Calvary's height, when the rabble did frown,
 And the blood of thy Son from the cross trickled
 down ;

In that saddest of hours when thy poor heart was
 broke—

Sweet Jesus that moment these words to thee spoke:
 " Behold ! Mother, thy Son," and St. John took the
 place

As the deputy there of the whole human race ;
 " Son, 'tis thy Mother ", whose pitiful mien
 Pleads for mankind, their Immaculate Queen.

Oh, Virgin, thy grief in that sorrowful spot
 By earth's lowly children is never forgot ;
 Of thy care we have proof in Blessed Simon Stock ;
 At Lourdes, La Salette, Mount Carmel and Knock,
 In this land of the west, the bright hope of the free,
 Our hearts are true shrines of affection for thee ;
 Oh, Guard and console us in life's darkest scene,
 Dear Lady of Lourdes, Our Immaculate Queen.

The visit of Dalton McCarthy.

(The following lines were added to an article written on the equal Rights meeting held in Montreal at which Dalton McCarthy was present.)

The great gun of all of the " devils thirteen "
 Was mounted and polished to glorious sheen,
 Then cautiously rolled to that parapet's height
 Where excuse served as proxy for many a night ;
 " Twas said that his thunders all laggards would
 wake,
 And cause the poor Papists in terror to shake ;
 That his boom would instil in the Equal Rights
 party
 New spirit and force to cheer Dalton McCarthy.

Well, he came and we saw him, this third-party
 man,
 His fort is not built on the Charlton plan,
 As a rabid fanatic he seeks not to shine
 It don't suit McCarthy nor should it O'Brien :
 Could the dust of some grandsires arise to proclaim
 Quite a few would be clad in the mantle of shame,
 And gloom might pervade where the spirits so
 hearty
 Were chanting new pæans for Dalton McCarthy.

Are the leopards much changed since they hoisted
the fluke,

Steered their craft to a kingdom for Cumberland's
Duke :

Equal rights to a Papist ! How, the loyal did whine,
And swear the Queen's crown they'd kick into the
Boyne :

Right well were they known, Albert Edward, to
you,

Who so royally sat on the orange and blue,
But they've changed their cognomen to Equal Rights
party,

And the Protestant mare is now rode by McCarthy.

She's a beauty when decked in her emblem of glory,
As she frets and she fumes for a mantle more gory
Charlton, the groom, he delights at each prance,
Had he on the spurs she would quickly advance,
But, sensible Protestants take a different view,
Sir John, and Lord Stanley have curbed her in too,
And lucky 'tis so for each crank of the party
Or she'd run them amuck with poor Jocky McCarthy.

Our dread for awhile would move mountains to pity
Ah, not since Tom Robinson threatened our city
Did such dastard fear so encumber our souls,
It was a relief when we heard of the polls.—
The great panacea for Mercier's oppression,

Now prudently known as Papal aggression :
 When the Papists are ousted won't the ranters feel
 hearty,
 As they dance a pow-wow around Dalton McCarthy.

N. B.—McCarthy is pronounced as McCarty in the above.

IN MEMORIAM.

Jessie D. L. Flaherty.

Died at St. Laurent College, Monday, December 18th, 1899.

Oh! Beautiful Angel of Death, God's warning 'tis
 yours to apply,
 "I will come as a thief in the night" So ever be
 ready to die :
 The sinner in blackest of crime ; the saint humbly
 bowed at his prayer,
 I strike at the Maker's command, my sword has no
 order to spare :
 But short 'twas the furrows of age I leveled down
 deep in the dust,
 To-day the bright student I call, who dare say the
 decree is unjust ?
 Has God not a right to his own, to the jewel he left
 for some years
 As a solace to those whom he loves ; as a star in this
 valley of tears.
 Oh, Jesse ! thy heart was too tender to share in the
 battle of life,

Ere the bloom of thy spirit was sullied God freed
thee from sorrow and strife ;
Yes, a cold hand touched thy pure heart, ere a
Mother could fold in her arms,
Her only young son, a bright genius, the casket of
all her true charms,
She was far from you Jesse that morning, her hands
were not laid on thy breast
No touch of her lips on thy eyelids did close them
down sweetly to rest.
No father, no sister, no mother did fill the last look
of thine eyes,
But the splendor of God and His treasures were
brighter far off in the skies.
Oh, 'tis sad ! with the stranger to die, with none of
our kin to the fore,
To be snatched from the dearest of class-mates we
played with a moment before ;
But to die in the arms of God's anointed, with the
head on the breast of the priest,
To only a saint such is granted, a saint that is called
to the Feast.
'Twas sudden the summons that bid him beyond the
bright portals to dwell,
Like a flower when culled for its beauty ere a stain
on its petals yet fell ;
Like a star when at brightest 'tis beaming it sud-
denly ceases to shine,
Alas for his friends and companions, so did his
bright genius decline ;

It has risen with fire all celestial, its lustre will ever
 grow bright ;
 Oh, long in our memory, dear Jesse, 'twill reflect as
 a model of light,
 Of a light that will guide our weak foot-steps mid
 the snares and the meshes of time.
 Till we meet you with God and His angels, beyond
 the bright portals sublime.
 You led a life so God-fearing, true wisdom your
 spirit made fair,
 God's peace in your bosom was reigning, they called
 you for Christmas up there.
 Oh, would your dear parents and sister could only
 have kissed a farewell !
 Their hearts would not break with a sorrow, a
 sorrow no mortal can tell :
 But to joy 'twill be changed in the future, not far in
 the decades of years,
 And hope, Christian hope, in the meantime, will
 sweeten the fount of their tears ;
 At the end of life's journey they'll meet him, who
 the path of true sanctity trod ;
 " Come ye blessed of My Father to greet him, come
 home to the bosom of God ! "



To My Sister.

Oh sister, darling sister, I think of you just now
 With a fond heart's last pulsation, with the death-
 dew on my brow,
 With a thousand recollections—all sweet memories
 of the past
 Rising up as glowing angels in the chill December
 blast :
 I am going, quickly going, to pay Nature's solemn
 debt,
 When they speak to you of Jesse, dearest sister, do
 not fret.
 Know that God has called me to him, in this melan-
 choly way,
 Far from Father, Mother, Sister. Ah ! 'tis sad to die
 this day ;
 Were you here, I would have whispered little things
 I'd like to tell,
 With a pure heart's fond devotion to a sister loved
 so well.
 But my spirit will have freedom to commune with
 you through life
 'Twill be near to guard and guide you in danger and
 in strife :
 Be ever kind to Mother, keep me in your memory
 dear
 Hark, they call me, I must go now, lo ! the priest of
 God is near.
 I am dying on his bosom. See, the hosts of heaven
 are nigh.
 Farewell Sister, *dearest Sister*, this is Jesse's last
 Good-bye.

To my Class-mates.

Friend from friend departs, I quickly went away ;
 The Master called, I had but to obey.
 Mortality, my sentence, it so may happen you
 To leave your friends in haste, without a fond adieu.
 You are but walking shadows, and like me
 You too may drop as falls the blossom off the tree ;
 Like me, the parting hour perhaps you'll little know.
 Come, said the angel, and I had to go.
 Who were my advocates at the judgment bar ?
 My trust in God, the prayers that climbed to heaven
 afar,
 Truth, piety, virtue assailed, that never bore a stain.
 Sweet Mary held the chalice that did these gems
 retain,
 They plead for me, and Satan was defied.
 A member of God's Church I ever lived and died.
 Wisdom, learning, science, all are good and right,
 If tempered with religion pure and bright.
 Let your bodies be true temples of the Holy Ghost,
 Your bosom then will feel God's joy the most.
 All flesh is grass, but the spirit shall not die,
 We'll meet again, beyond the portals of the sky.
 Class-mates, Farewell ! I loved you all, so chaste, so
 true,
 I'm gone, you'll come, for Heaven was made for you.



Who Can Stand that day ?

Let the sun withdraw his light,
And nature's blackest darkness envelope the world,
Let all the elements of earth rise in revolution,
Mountains shake from off their very base,
Oceans leave their beds and inundate the lands,
Or let the vast basin which hold their waters
Be rent asunder : And let them through
Earths diameter be plunged into space :
In short let all the laws of gravitation
Cease to act : Let earth and rocks, Valleys,
Plains and hills, and all in nature rise
Antagonistic to laws that erst prevailed ;
Let thunders, lightnings and internal fires
Consume and terrorize : Let the myriad orbs
And planets crash, recede and recoil till
Nothing but chaos and disorder reign :
Let demons with all the fury of the infernal
Regions magnify intensely, as within their
Power lies, the most dismal terrors and
Disruption : Let the horrifying desolation be
As deplorable, as hideously awful as the
Hell-born powers of description, possessed by
The most satanic imp in all the demoniac
Regions, could effectually paint it :
Though our mortal shells of gilded loam
Or painted clay might be to atoms crushed,
Or reduced to dust and ashes in the
Overwhelming upheaval and general cataclysm,
Yet in all this terrific alarm to read " Heaven

And earth may pass away, but my word
 Shall not " would leave the Catholic Soul
 To enjoy true peace and tranquillity. And with
 Renewed and hopeful confidence and greater
 Faith, would that true soul repose
 On the bosom of God—the Father, The Son, and the
 Holy Ghost.

Why is it so ?

There's a sigh or a tear, a hope or a fear
 To season our daily employment,
 There's a loss or a gain, a pleasure or pain
 To chequer each social enjoyment.
 Here there is mirth at illustrious birth
 And nobles in sheen are enrolling,
 While round the low bed of the pauper that's
 dead

There's hardly a mortal condoling.
 The poor orphan's tear embalming the bier
 As nigh to the tomb 'tis approaching
 Gives little regret to the opulent pet
 That's sated with pastry and coaching.

And here at the Altar hence never to falter
 In sharing life's burden united
 Two hearts are now feeling a holy revealing
 A grace from the troth they have plighted,

Anon do we view, and frequently too
 The work of cursed jealously creeping
 Ah ! pitiful course in a court of divorce
 A suit at which virtue stands weeping.

Some hands are at rest while others are pressed
 To lowly but dignified labor,
 There are lips free from guile and some that revile
 The deeds of each generous neighbor ;
 Some minds are sedate, not a few are elate
 With the prospect of riches and glory,
 While some hopes are shining there's many declining
 Old time has a ravelled up story.
 The sycophant's sneer, and the hypocrite's leer
 Supersede the real worth of a nation,
 And true men are slaves to the rascally knaves
 Whom artifice leads to a station.

Here maidens are sighing, and rivals are vieing
 While blushes are seen in profusion,
 There's the conquering air and the look of despair
 An index of jlted intrusion,
 And thus on life's ocean there's ever commotion
 Each wave brings a medly astounding,
 But why it is so no mortal shall know
 Until the great trumpet is sounding.



IN MEMORIAM.

Emily B. McDermott, died at Kingston Ash Wednesday, 1890.

The angel of death to the household has spoken,
 Its tie of endearment was suddenly broken.
 The daughter departed unmindful of tears
 Untimely disease checked her blossoming years.
 The drear winter wind brings destruction and
 death,
 And lulls the pure flowers to sleep with his breath ;
 The fairest of all bid this vale a good-bye
 On the day that the Church teaches man he must
 die ;
 They've laid her to rest neath the turf of her land
 She slumbers in peace at her Maker's command,
 No friend should e'er weep, gentle maiden, for thee,
 For God's greatest glories are thine now to see ;
 Thy heart filled with hope when the parting drew
 near,
 Thy spirit so bright of the grave had no fear.
 Benevolent, charitable, cheerful and mild
 The bright Queen of Angels will greet her fair child,
 Oh, friends, weep her not, she is severed from
 sorrow
 The parted of earth meet in heaven tomorrow :
 Happy the dear one whose trials are o'er
 The pangs of affliction will wound her no more.
 God's blessed angels will greet her above
 Where nothing is heard but the anthems of love.

Practical Catholicity.

What is our religious belief? We are Catholics, members of that grand institution the true Church of Christ, that church which has seen the beginning of all the multiform inventions called religion and which is destined to see the end of them all according to the promise of her Divine Founder: We are Catholics. We believe. But in how far can we justify our assertion?

Are we nominal, indifferent or good practical Catholics? We may pray, attend mass, approach the Sacraments occasionally; live quiet orderly lives; in short, be good agreeable people. But as Catholics, is nothing more required of us? Have we not a Divine Model to imitate? Are we not members of the Church militant, who should be ever active in promoting the reign of Christ upon earth? We should never be indifferent or careless. If every Catholic layman or woman took as much trouble to disseminate and defend Catholicity as the enemies of our faith do to misrepresent and calumniate it, we could very soon accomplish incalculable good, by crushing out the spirit of malignant, prejudice that prevails, and thus be instrumental in bringing souls to God.

Catholics, we should never on any occasion be so careless as to stand silently by and allow falsehoods on our Church and our Clergy to go unchallenged; we should resent them by words of no uncertain sound, expressed in a spirit of true Christian charity.

Silence in such a circumstance would be a false delicacy, it would be criminal, for by our silence, we admit such calumny is true: Whenever our faith is attacked let us defend it in a straightforward, friendly but fearless manner. The Catholic is not the low degraded character that fanatics love to paint him: Catholic is the grandest title on earth! Catholicism even as a dream surpasses the highest conception of any vacillating religion in existence:

But it is no dream; it is the only grand realistic form of worship on earth. It is no hollow imitation: There is the one fold; the one shepherd. There is the Papacy, the pivot around which all that is sublime in the ages centres, and will continue to centre until the end of time.

As Catholics are we so cowardly, are we so base as to submit in silence to the silly vaporings of the P. P. A. and the unlearned little upstarts who crawl out of their mushroom conventicles to show us, the children of God's church, where we err? Oh! the audacity of conceit! 'Tis the old story of the frog!

At home or abroad, on steamboat or cars, at meals or at work — everywhere let us manifest we are Catholics without making any unnecessary display of our religion. If our neighbor wants information let us make an effort to enlighten him. If it is on a point we do not understand let us consult our pastor: bring our friend too if he desires, he will return with a more favorable impression of our clergy: Let us consider it our duty to be thoroughly

instructed in the articles of our faith : Catholics should not remain ignorant of anything relating to their religious principles. This would be culpable negligence.

By removing points of error with which a bigoted press has poisoned and daily poisons the minds of our separated brethren much can be accomplished : We can in a thousand ways convince them of the absurdity of their opinions concerning Catholicity—regarding the Bible, Holy Mass, Infallibility, indulgences, medals, adoration of the Virgin and greatest of all bugbears—the confessional. A little light on these matters will astonish them and cause a salutary investigation of the works of renegades and apostates. There should be no hesitation on our part to make matters clear : on inquiry it will be found these people are very ignorant of Catholic principles they affect to despise so earnestly and criticise so sorely. Why, la me ! they read it in the Scandalizer or heard it from Rev. Mr. Slipshod. Wonderful paper ! Clever man, no doubt : But it requires a little more than calumny however magnified to demolish the structure of which Jesus Christ is the basis : It is to be regretted that the assailants of our faith adopt such tactics. It is doubtfoul if it can be said of them as of the ungrateful Jews, "They know not what they do," we must enlighten them by all means at our command : In this respect every Catholic can be a zealous missionary. It ill becomes us to be indifferent in matters of faith ; we

should ever act on the defensive by words and example. At all times it is opportune to refute slander and denounce bigotry. It might, indeed, be even prudent where a spirit of aggressive ralumny is persisted in, after proper refutation and explanation has been made, and retraction demanded, to treat those low defamers to a good solid dose of the law of libel: Pecuniary extraction is a good preventive against scurrillous detraction.

But however we may proceed, we must show reason for the faith that is in us, and, while doing so, let us sincerely thank Almighty God that we are true members of Holy Church.

Young Men.

On examining the records of great achievements, accomplished by inventive genius and applied to facilitate effective operations in the various departments of the arts and sciences, we find that young men from the humblest stations in life have contributed most to the material development of the world. In literature, forensic ability, pulpit oratory; in every walk of life they are truly distinguished. Their success is no doubt due to their own untiring industry, energy and perseverance: But the proportion of those who have attained distinction and fame is yet too low. Why this is so may be easily asked, but not so readily answered. It may be due

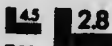
to the improper training of youth, to carelessness, to that criminal indifference which seems to take root in some communities, and also to a lack of method on the part of the parents in directing children early in life, to follow set rules exacting light occupation apart from hours of study and play :

Children in cities often take their first steps on the road to ruin through want of occupation. Parents should impress on the minds of their children from their earliest years the Divine mandate, "Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow : " The young man who grows up without entertaining an inclination for any special pursuit, without an aspiration or resolution to attain prominence in some particular profession or business, shall only in exceptional cases indeed do credit to himself or his friends. This want of resolution is often caused by negligence of instruction, by early associations with companions, who though naturally good, nevertheless spend their time idly, around the streets, at the river front building castles in the air, dreamily picturing how soon they may be masters of the great ships laden at the wharfs. On Sunday they may be seen in more objectionable places, ogling and criticizing the ladies as they step forth from the porches of God's holy temples. As they hear much profanity in their daily rounds, their style of address soon changes. Gradually they become boisterous, obscene and blasphemous, and too soon they go a grade



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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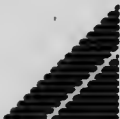
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lower to become the most pitiful specimens of degraded humanity—the habitues of the low rum shops.

Do young men who pursue such a course ever stop to consider why they were created ? Can they expect the blessing of God to rest on them ? Do they ever reflect on the blood-stained Mount of Calvary ? These are spiritual questions bearing directly on the physical and material : If young men of this type would only break the chain of the habits by which they are bound in time, yes, in time before the forging takes it set ; how very soon would they be honored, admired and esteemed. They should do so ; in fact, they must do so, or forever relinquish any claim to the respect and confidence of society ; what a pity that so much bright talent is wasted : such young men by pursuing a respectable course, could attain positions in which their services would be considered indispensable. How they could honor and delight their parents and friends and at the same time enjoy healthy physical exercise and take pleasure in instructive social enjoyments.

Burke says : show me your young men of principle, and I will show you the future nation ; another writer adds to this : Dead fish float on water, but it takes a man of bone and muscle to swim against the tide, any fool can run along with the giddy multitude and cry : Fire ! Fire ! but it takes a man of nerve and courage to stand on the top landing of a burning building. You can squeeze and bend jelly

fish into almost any shape : it takes a man of principle to put his foot down and say *no* when the odds are against him. Catholic young men show you have both nerve and courage ; read good papers and books at home, scientific books, books of travel, religious books, thus every catholic will be well grounded in the tenets of his faith and able to confound the opponents of his religion by a commendable superiority of religious knowledge. The example of young men who pray well, who frequent the holy sacraments, who are careful in the selection of literature, exerts a silent though powerful influence on the erring ones. This example may lead the latter from the broad way of destruction to the true path of rectitude ; so may it be, for nothing is more lamentable than the antics of a jelly.fish catholic.

Catholic young men, for the sake of your fellow-creatures, for the sake of your dear Redeemer, always give good example and God will bless every enterprise in which you may be engaged : The consciousness of having lead edifying lives will fill your minds with peace, contentment and happiness.

Catholic Societies.

The world to-day is to a great degree moved by the operation of societies. Some are promoters of public good, others again are the abettors and propagators of evil. One way or the other the world is

to a great extent ruled by societies, and the individual is almost powerless ; he can as a citizen exert influence in proportion to his ability but it requires proficiency and tact to do much, of course any man can render his efforts, beneficial to the community if he pursue the right standard of moral rectitude, but he can accomplish much more by disseminating his views as a member of some good society : It is admitted that societies are very instrumental for good, from a financial, charitable, social, political and religious point of view :

Too many catholics feel indifferent about entering societies ; they should not, because every Catholic society has in view the object of doing something for the honor and glory of God. This is the spirit that animates their assemblies, and our Redeemer has promised that He will be in the midst of those who meet in His name. Why do we hesitate ! Look at the several sects ; their existence is due almost to societies, and some of their societies exist merely, we might say, to spread slanderous, corrupt and pernicious literature against the Catholic Church. But thank God we have one society in particular instrumental in counteracting this evil influence. The Catholic Truth Society—whose members, at the Christian Endeavor Convention held here a few years ago, distributed twenty-five thousand papers to those in attendance : It is no wonder that the endeavorers departed with a fine impression of Montreal : Before their arrival they were led to

believe, by a certain section of the Canadian press, which lands the apostate, that Catholic Montreal was sunk in spiritual obscurity : They discovered this was false, returned home enlightened, and, under God's providence, some of the noted conversions since may be due to that visit, which gave to many the first opportunity of perusing a Catholic document : There are many Catholic societies all doing good—The Holy Name, The St. Vincent de Paul. The C. M. B. A.: The Knights of Columbus : But the important question at this moment is : how many people are actively engaged in endeavoring to increase the membership of these societies : Charity, the greater glory of God's church, the welfare of our fellow-creatures, are accomplished by united energies : Let us then unite.

A Butter Story.

Some forty years ago when factories were few and the art of butter-making far from perfect, speculators bought what farmers made and had it transported to the city, for sale. They bought indiscriminately from the farmer with one cow, whose milk was churned by the spoon and crock system, as well as from him who had two or more, and was possessor of that instrument of torture—the dash churn—the promoter of temper disease and deformity. It was substituted by the crank, which was received

with more favor than cranks at the present time : It is needless to say that lots of butter so purchased when got together presented at times quite a piebald collection :

John McG. of Norton Creek, a genial, noble-hearted gentleman some years dead, God rest his soul, was at the period referred to one of the most popular buyers in the western part of the district of Beauharnois. The public had such confidence in John as a superior judge of their goods, that no matter what butter had been passed over by other speculators, his arrival was looked upon as a certain time of sale. Nor were they disappointed, John always bought from his friends, enemies he had none. The unswerving condition was "tubs to be returned." And these were tubs of less uniformity than ladies' head gear, containing wood enough in each to construct a medium sized balloon frame house. John, in disposing of his purchase at the hotels and boarding-houses of the city, enjoined the stipulation "tubs reserved" to secure the fulfilment of the condition by which he was also bound : Whilst collecting tubs he had many an experience worth relating and was often the object of the most bitter vituperation for having palmed off his unsavory stock as the refined product of some Canadian dairy : once in particular he sold the mistress of a boarding-house one of the worst samples of butter he had probably ever handled : so bad in fact that John made repeated trips to the city, with-

out calling for the tub, he so dreaded the consequences. Finally urged by the farmer's wife, who must have her own special tub returned, as it possessed qualities unequalled by any tub in the district, John decided to call for it on his next trip, and that trip made, how nervously he touched the knocker, with what courtesy and politeness he asked for that tub, while he would not for twenty tubs of the kind dare proceed farther than the door, which he kept ajar, lest a poker or something worse might instead of the tub be held in reserve for him. But strange! he was received with extreme courtesy, the tub was politely handed over: still doubting, he slowly and solemnly backed out into the street, only then did he venture to ask how she liked the butter. "Never," she replied "did anything please me so well," "I have," she continued, "six boarders besides four of my sons in the house: as to butter, each has his particular taste and his choice color, one likes it blue, another green, a third yellow, a fourth pink, a fifth white, a sixth mottled, and so on: There was in that tub butter to suit each and every one of them."

Then she smiled, bid him good-bye, and gently closed the door. And John stood stupefied, down his cheek rolled a huge tear; he muttered to himself, "well, if it be sarcasm it is the sarcasm of an angel." He took the number of the house, deter-

mined to make no mistake in the future, then picked up the tub and sauntered off in an apparently meditative mood. John continued to buy butter on changed conditions—no tubs returned. He never called on the angel again.



LECTURES.

The following lecture was delivered at the Jacques Cartier Normal School Sherbrooke Street, Montreal.

There were present His Grace Archbishop Fabre, Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, Canon Bruchesi, Rev. Fathers Leclerc, Adour, Verreau, Larocque, Lesage and Godin, Ex-Alderman. H. R. Gray, Member of the Council of Public Instruction. Hon. Joseph Royal, U. E. Archambault, Esq., Director General of the Schools, Dr. Leprohon, M. C. P. I., Doctors Brennan and Durocher, C. J. Magnan, F. A. Boileau, Inspectors Stenson and Lavergne and a few hundred others.

“The relations and duties of a teacher to his pupils ; to the community or state and to himself.”

May it please your Grace,

MR. CHAIRMAN.

Honorable Superintendent, Rev. Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen.

—Since I to night have the honor of addressing my fellow-teachers and many other gentlemen, who by their very presence on the occasion of this meeting, manifest the great interest they take in the cause of education, it is but natural that I should select for my subject something intimately connected with teaching, and there is nothing more intimately

connected with teaching than the teacher himself. I therefore propose to treat the relation which the teacher holds to his pupils, to the community or state, and himself as man, in the briefest manner possible, as to do full justice to the subject would require volumes. But before touching this threefold relation it is necessary that we should come to a clear understanding of what a teacher is: any one who imparts knowledge in regard to any matter—mechanical, scientific, artistic, or whatever it may be, is called by the pupil his teacher. When, however, we speak of a body of teachers the word teacher takes a higher meaning; it becomes identical with educator. And what is education? It is the harmonious development of all inborn faculties, with a view of raising the pupil to that nobility of character, that brightness of intellect, that firmness of determination as will not only benefit him for the battle of life, but enable him to be a useful member of, and an honor to the common-wealth that claims him as its own.

In former times it was considered sufficient if the teacher managed to make his pupils familiar with the great R's—Reading, Riting and Rithmetic,—and when a boy could read well, write a good legible hand (which a very high education had to turn into illegible), and knew the multiplication table, the teacher was considered a faithful servant who had conscientiously fulfilled all his duties to his pupil. To-day the relation between pupil and teacher is a

higher one. I do not mean that in developing the mental faculties of the child the teacher has a more arduous or a more difficult task in being obliged to instruct in geography, grammar, history, natural sciences, and may be many other things. While it is true that, by instilling into the youthful mind of the pupil all the different kinds of knowledge, he becomes a greater benefactor of the child than he would be were he to confine himself to the former rudiments, still he is now more than ever a mental trainer ; he considers himself bound to develop not only the intellect, it is the whole nature he wants to bring to greater perfection, at least put the child on the path leading to the more exalted position of ideal manhood. It is the heart, it is the will, that claim development in childhood, in youth. The mere mental culture does not make people better. Those who may feel inclined to contradict this statement take too narrow a view of vice and crime. Intellectual advancement may keep people from gross so-called low crimes, since the higher social position in life opened by learning, as a rule, places a natural barrier against what would shock society, and since learning multiplies the means of earning a livelihood. There are, however, crimes that revolt just as much against divine and social order as theft, burglary, drunkenness and the whole category of atrocities naturally connected with the slums of low life. There are refined vices, which in intensity of malice and productiveness of shame and misery are

equal to, nay, worse, than the vices of the uncivilized ; hence the development of the intellect must be accompanied by a growth of moral sensitiveness and a solidifying of moral principles. The first training of the child's heart belongs to the mother, to her planting of moral principles—but to the teacher falls the responsible lot of developing and strengthening the young sprouts of the seed sown by a Christian mother's loving words and example. From the time of dawning reason to the verge of young manhood, the boy is left, we may say, the whole day to the teacher's care, and he it is who, to a great extent, forms the child's character ; his influence is so great, that we easily judge the polite ways of the teacher, if we get an opportunity of observing and studying the manners of his pupils.

This would be all that I consider necessary about the relation of the teacher to his pupils, did this intimacy not also necessitate a relation of the pupils to the teacher. Being with him every day : seeing the interest he takes in their welfare, being treated by him kindly and justly, they appreciate and love him, and thus their mutual relation, I say it from actual experience, goes beyond that outlined by duty. The teacher becomes as it were a father to them, and frequently as they grow up remains their adviser, they make him their confident in their joys and hopes as well as in their sorrows and troubles. When we once have realized that the teacher is one of the greatest benefactors of each rising generation,

we can readily determine what position to assign him among the promoters of the stability, safety and happiness of the nation. Since the general education is the teacher's work we have but to consider the influence which the intellectual and moral development of the masses has on the welfare of the state, to be convinced that his mission is of such importance that there is none more honorable.

Abstractly speaking, it might appear that general education—civilization—does not assist man in the pursuit of happiness : With civilization our wants increase, wants which cannot all be satisfied, and it is obvious that the more wants remain unsatisfied the lower the degree of happiness must be. It might seem that the instilling of Christian principles, the love of God and our neighbor, the ennobling and endearing prospect of an eternal happiness, which makes passing troubles appear light, might be sufficient, while the natural simplicity of life remained undisturbed by modern progress. I say *abstractly speaking*. But as the great German poet Goethe says, theory is all grey in contradistinction to the living green of nature. We must then take the real status, the de facto condition of things — the world as it is,—and doing this there is no fear of contradiction to the statement :—that a nation which now neglects the mental and moral development or instruction of the masses is as regards safety and happiness in a pitiful condition. In the great struggle, of existence, where the fittest survive such a nation must perish.

There is no doubt there have been great nations in which intellectual culture was the boon of a few. We admire the ruins of the works they accomplished and doubt whether we in our age of advanced progress could equal, or, I might say, duplicate them. But what was the happiness of the people under such conditions? They were slaves of the great, bondsmen under inhuman taskmasters. They saw luxury without being able themselves to enjoy any comfort. The empires of which they were the down-trodden subjects have crumbled into oblivion because the masses were ignorant. What was Greece compared to Persia at the time of Xerxes? A handful of people without any great resources. But the Greeks were an educated nation — the free-men all were intellectually developed, while the masses of the Persians were ignorant, and therefore, and only therefore, did Greece flourish on the ruins of the oriental empires. It is education that inspires with love of fatherland. The intelligent soldier is not even in our day, where powder and dynamite and electricity play such a terribly prominent part in warfare, a mere piece of mechanism. Has not China as good men-of-war, as good torpedo boats, as good cannons and rifles as the Japanese? Are not the armies conducted by men of high military education? Why then is the march of this materially small nation one continual triumph? Because the masses of Japan are educated, they fight, each man, with that spirit of liberty and

pride, which is foreign to people kept in ignorance.

When the masses are deprived of education the number of intelligent men must necessarily remain limited. It is only people, who either themselves have enjoyed the benefits of good solid instruction, or who are surrounded by people that on account of good education prosper better than they do themselves,—it is only such as these that are willing to make any sacrifice to have their children advance in the learning of the day.

What would become of our manufacturing interests, our trade and commerce, if the nations surrounding us were our superiors in the knowledge of arts and sciences? And yet material prosperity is only an insignificant blessing compared with that enjoyment of life which is made possible only by education; the richness of thought, the abundance of ideas—the noble sentiments. Plenty of food and a comfortable shelter, that is also what the animal wants. In the primitive state of nomadic life there may have been less want of this than in the civilized state. But what else is a life but vegetating! Man is a spiritual being. Does it not almost sound like profanity to put an enjoyable meal on a level with a new, bright idea! And what incentive would there be for the work of artists, if the people were left in a rude state of thought. Take literature, painting, sculpture, out of life—and what remains?

If then the development of intellectual faculties and the higher sentiments in the masses is necessary

for the safety and the stability of the government and the material, mental and moral prosperity of a country, those men who have no other ambition but to cultivate these faculties and sentiments rank second to nobody as regards both honorable and meritorious service to the nation.

For a task of such paramount importance as we have seen it to be, not every person is qualified. While some teachers succeed, others fail—fail to the almost irreparable detriment of the pupils, and consequently an extensive loss to the community. Success, then, depends, to a great degree, on the person who teaches. It goes without saying that a teacher must understand what he has to teach. We make sure of this by submitting a candidate to an examination. But the conclusion drawn from the result of such examination, is very often erroneous. To say he passed a number one examination, therefore, he is a first-class teacher, is a wrong syllogism; facts prove it. The class of teachers who hold second grade diplomas very often show greater progress in general development than those provided with first class certificates. There is more required in a teacher than the mere perfect knowledge he has of the branch he teaches. He must, in the first place, possess the faculty of imparting his knowledge to them; this faculty we call his vocation. The faculty of instructing must be born in the person, just as well as a talent for music, sculpture, etc. And if anyone not possessing this faculty

undertakes to teach, he must fail—he is an intruder. Therefore, it is a pity if teachers born for teaching, having a vocation, resign the profession.

As a rule we will find that people like to do, and that they do well, those things for which they have a natural gift. In teaching, however, we must bear in mind the difficulties of making pupils understand is often great enough to discourage an ordinary will. It, therefore, require conscience, a keen sense of the great responsibility of the work to brace a man up to try again without losing patience.

A teacher must be an ambitious man. It is the pride of the mechanic — more so of the artist — to perfect his work in such manner that not only no fault can be found with it, but that it will elicit sincere praise and admiration. The material that the teacher works on is the intellect, the heart and the will of the pupil. What development will they attain when the teacher's highest ambition is drawing his salary? The development of the intellect can be accomplished by teaching. The formation of the character of the pupils is not accomplished by words only, it requires the example of the teacher. He, therefore, must be a man of strong will, of order, just and charitable, prudent and circumspect. He must be possessed of a thorough knowledge of human nature so as to know when to show kindness and when to be severe.

Teachers possessing these faculties are to be classed amongst the most estimable citizens: It is

to be regretted that many who by nature are educators step out of their positions when experience has enhanced their natural fitness. In former times there was an excuse for it, because a talented, clever man could not be satisfied with such a paltry salary as was formerly paid. In fact, not knowing how to make ends meet, he could not fulfill his duties with that cheerfulness, with that ease of mind, which is absolutely necessary for mental work. A teacher's thoughts must be in his work. Nowadays society—the state, is commencing to realize the true value of education, and we have reason to hope that in the race for perfect education Canada shall not be out-distanced by any nation on earth. Permit me to use the phrase of an American turfman and say in this respect, with all the ardor of soul by which we should be animated : we shall take no body's dust. In fact, Canada is already ahead of the public schools of France, of Italy, of the United States and of other countries, by recognizing religion as the only and most powerful factor in solid moral education, that will guard us against all the dangers of socialism, nihilism, anarchy and all the other evils undermining society, which spring from an irreligious system of training.

May it please Your Grace, Rev. Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me in connection with this, and in conclusion, to repeat a few lines—part of an address in rhyme, which some time ago I had the honor of presenting to one who, in the same

spirit which animates you, has ever most zealously labored for the dissemination of truly Christian principles in teaching. I hardly need mention his name, you already anticipate it—the honored U. E. Archambault, Director-General of the Catholic Schools in this city.

Christian Education.

'Tis by Christian education
 That the spirit of a nation
 Will develop animation,
 And grow strong ;
 Can there be a better token,
 Where the law divine is spoken,
 Than to seldom see it broken
 By a wrong ?

We note a coun. 's waning
 By its lack of moral training,
 While its scoffers are disdainning
 The true God ;
 What's the human now sophistic
 With a doctrine atheistic,
 In the mirror of the mystic,
 But a clod.

Sure the hand of desolation
 Will impel the subjugation
 Of the sordid population,
 Who proclaim—
 That death is no transition,
 It but ends our lowly mission—
 To no higher acquisition
 Should we aim.

'Tis thus in history's pages,
 Through the current of the ages,
 Lands in brightest stages
 Have declined,
 Their maidens' honor faded,
 Their sons became degraded,
 In depths of vice they waded
 And reclined.

The ship of state is stable
 When 'tis moored by heaven's cable,
 And the pilot is thus able
 To repose ;
 But reject God's erudition,
 Hunt the pastor from the mission
 What a demon ebullition
 Will disclose !

Carnage, blood and plunder,
 Would tear the world asunder,
 The hosts of Hades could wonder
 At the sight,

Foul anarchy and treason
 Would usurp the throne of reason,
 And the curse of every season
 Would be fight.

Dread chaos and disorder
 Would desecrate each border,
 'Till heaven's great Recorder
 Would let fall
 Those plagues of decimation,
 That awaken contemplation,
 By the marks of devastation
 That appall.

Then—the brow of heaven clearing,
 The sun of peace appearing,
 Old earth again is nearing
 Her ally ;
 For piety and learning,
 The whole world's praise once earning
 Her spirit now is yearning
 With a sigh.

Oh, man ! Whate'er your station,
 Shun the demon agitation
 For a godless education
 In your age ;
 Promote the queen of science,
 Give to her rules compliance,
 She is the true reliance
 Of the sage.

Works recent or mosaic,
 Either lofty or prosaic,
 Whether taught by priest or laic,
 Are sublime.

If she guards them with her aegis
 'Gainst the warfare Satan wages
 To obscure her brilliant pages
 With his slime.

True. the Christian educator
 Is a potent mediator,
 And the real emancipator
 Of his race ;
 His name shall live in story,
 Be he juvenile or hoary,
 And the kingdom of God's glory
 Is his place.

The remainder of this poem is local and personal.

Lecture delivered in Jacques Cartier Normal School before a
 a Large Audience,

Rev. Gentlemen,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

In selecting the teacher as a subject of discussion :
 the idea is not for a moment entertained that I con-
 sider myself competent to do justice to the noble
 cause in which we are engaged. The duty devolves
 upon me rather in the interests of friendship than

from any special capacity or voluntary inclination to become a public champion of the profession to which I have the honor to belong : Although I experience a certain delicacy in appearing before men who are my superiors in the profession, and who no doubt could dictate to me much in the way of information and reformation, yet, I hope the brilliancy of their genius will not eclipse my humble pretensions to such a degree as to deprive me of any share in the honors to which the teaching fraternity can justly and reasonably lay claim :

Higginson has said : "Every teacher who understands and who practices the genuine ethics of his profession, contributes more largely than any person except a teacher can do, to the elevation of the profession itself, and thereby to its elevation in the public esteem."

For this purpose I am here now contributing in an humble way, and although from many natural effects the office of teacher has become probably of little importance and the qualifications for it of little consequence to the general public, still the dignity of the profession must remain despite all wrong and false impressions, for the wisest, greatest and most excellent men have appeared on earth as teachers :

In far distant ages Confucius exerted himself as a teacher of righteousness among the Chinese whose country was so lately a scene of carnage and blood : In the land of Classic eloquence refined and polished Greece, the great Socrates was a teacher, and the

most distinguished men of Athens accompanied him through streets and fields and groves to listen to his instructions : His pupils Plato and Aristotle were teachers, the influence of their works is to this day instructive, "Plato thou reasonest well else why this longing after immortality."

The office of teacher has been dignified by Our Savior himself : so in its very nature it is the highest office : That it is not universally considered as such arises from the fact that too many have embraced this profession, without fitness of mind or character to nobly fulfill its numerous duties : as well as from a fact that is patent in certain communities, this fact is : there is too great an apathy on the part of parents and guardians when it becomes a question of appreciating or considering a teacher's qualifications : The consequence is that good, bad and middling are all classed in the same category : Their respective merits or demerits do not change their position one iota in the scale of public estimation.

It is astonishing to find that in every other profession, superior genius and skill is sought after and must be obtained, but as to the teacher the common impression prevails that any person of tolerable character, who has acquired the elements of the branches to be taught is qualified to teach, there is scarcely any question of such a thing as a mind to act upon, habits to form or character to influence. But is this individual idea or public idea carried into operation when a competent hand is required

to superintend and carry on the whole work of some extensive factory or commercial concern : or in a matter of far less moment—for instance the repair of a watch : Now, in such things the skill of the most experienced men is required regardless of cost. Still the material or assemblage of dead matter in the factory, every wheel, every cog perfectly obey a certain law to which they are subjected, By a certain force they attain a certain velocity, and this keeps on until they are interrupted from without. The man who would undertake to manage all this without previously understanding a good deal about the structure would be considered a crank, and his services would not be accepted did he offer them gratis :

Yet in the case of the school, where every wheel and cog and bar has a will of its own and sometimes a pretty resolute will, that is often liable to interruption from within and without, we find the same individual coming forward and he is readily accepted because he works *cheap* : this is particularly true of country-school districts : we find such men coming forward not only to manage and direct, but to improve this infinitely more delicate machinery, every part of which is instinct with will and spirit : thus it is some people are imbued with the ideal (we hear it every day) that it is a trifling matter to take charge of a school of thinking, immortal beings, to educate their faculties and prepare them for all the business of life, without any previous study,

without any serious consideration of how they shall be best fitted for their position and relations in life. To be able to discuss moral or religious duties or to administer to the body in disease requires years of study, (nobody likes to have his children treated by a quack). To make out a deed or conveyance, draw a w.r.t, or navigate a ship one must have years of experience in the service, to make a hat or a coat, or a plow or a nail it is the same :

But to train the body in tender years according to laws of health, to fill the mind with useful knowledge ; to instruct it in all the relations of society, to develop its powers into full and harmonious action, to elevate the moral nature in which the very sentimental essence of duty resides in order to fit it for the honorable and due fulfilment of public and private affairs of life, is in some cases supposed to require no experience nor preparation :—

Gentlemen, you may feel inclined to say I am exaggerating, but I can prove to you that making use of the cheap teacher has within recent years ruined some of the finest schools in wealthy parts of the United States and Canada : Men of honor, talent and genius abandoned the profession to such an extent that today there is such a scarcity of English teachers in certain localities, educated men in every walk of life are solicited to become teachers without even exacting of them a certificate of qualification :

And fortunately for us that the feeling and opinion that the cheap man was the best man is gradually

passing away : Men are beginning to realize that however valuable, precious and amiable wealth and property may be to them. The knowledge, ability, happiness, and character of their children are matters of much more importance : that it is a question of great importance, who shall be their guides ; the former of their habits, the instructors of their minds in the plastic period of early life : They are arriving at the conclusion that it is equally as important to get competent persons to take charge of their schools, as of their factories, workshops and offices. There is every indication of a change from legislative bodies down to school committees and individuals. Everything goes to prove that the true appreciation of good sound education is manifesting itself more and more, and that a higher tone of estimation regarding this subject is beginning to prevail.

Then, gentlemen, it remains for us to give an impetus to this favorable change by preparing ourselves in a more particular manner for the business of teaching : Let us give self-cultivation to the faculties and elements of our own characters as we are in our own minds cognizant of any defects which may therein exist affecting the efficiency of our work as teachers : We must reflect seriously on the operations of our own mind , of our own affections and propensities.

But, just here arises a serious objection on the part of the teacher : he maintains that the moderate salary by which his services is compensated is not sufficient

to support him in a manner corresponding with the respectability of the teaching profession, and in some instances he has to devote his leisure hours in acquiring what is necessary to place him above the common wants of life : This is a great injustice, and a great injury to the cause of education, for the teacher should be placed in such a state of independence as would allow him, to devote all free time outside of class-hours in so perfecting himself that he might attain a still higher and higher degree in the proficiency of his art.

It is to be hoped this grievance may soon be removed, and that the spirit of apathy on the part of the general public may also disappear ; it still exists to such a degree as to exert a sort of restraining influence on the school authorities, thus preventing them from exercising the principles of compensating justice towards men upon whom rest the serious responsibility of directing and moulding the minds of the great majority of the population : It is an acknowledged fact that this same public possess a peculiar faculty of objecting in matters of material progress, even when it is conducive to their own best interests, still in spite of their manifestations to the contrary, their friends and representatives with reason and perseverance persist in accomplishing the necessary reform and amelioration : Once accomplished they esteem the work and regret their objection : Now, no material work is so worthy of appreciation as the efforts of the truly Catholic lay-teacher, who

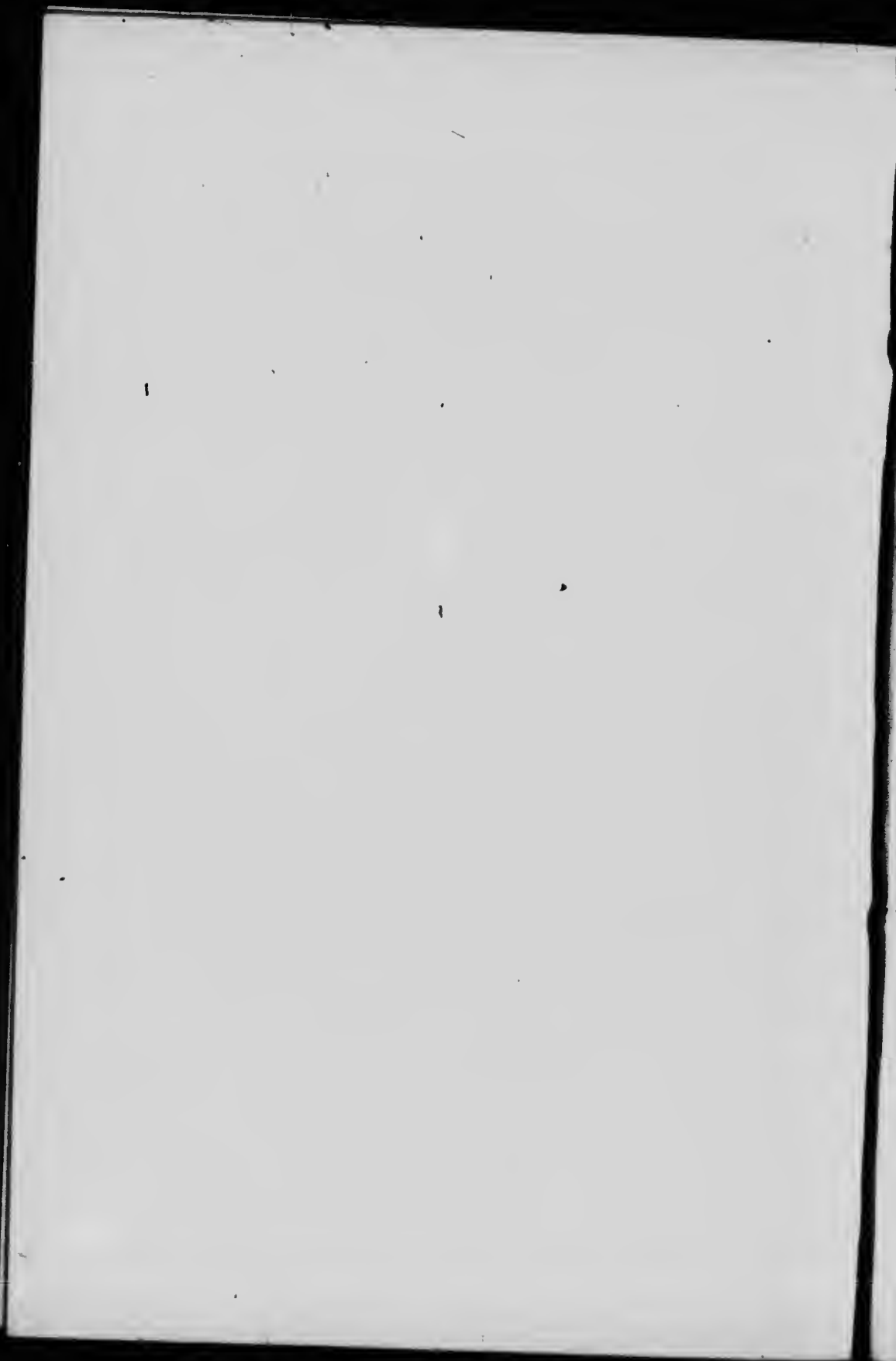
has had experience of the world, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the honorable gentlemen composing the school-boards shall strain a point to test the objective spirit of their respective localities by paying all ably devoted teachers a salary in accordance with the dignity of their profession :

Gentlemen, it was not my purpose to assign a cause for inferiority of treatment ; it may be due to indifference, to a misunderstanding, to a lack of appreciating services, to the greater increase of the catholic population without corresponding increase of wealth, this latter reason is hardly plausible : it is the old bugaboo : and it may be due to other causes which can no doubt be easily removed after proper consideration by commendable efforts : My intention is not to blame any individual nor any body of men, my only desire is to forcibly convey the idea that every teacher should in his individual capacity make an earnest endeavor to acquire every principle of knowledge, combined with gentility of character, of honor and integrity as a man, so as to raise himself more and more in the esteem of his scholars and the public in general.

If by this means he fails to secure proper compensation then indeed there is but little hope for a break in the winter of his discontent, and something somewhere is really wrong, then, gentlemen, what shall we do ? What would you suggest, if, after reasonable agitation and the proper presentation of our grievances they are not redressed ! At all events let us

not become perpetual grumblers nor kickers ; let us not run to the press with questionable letters over fictitious signatures : let us be men and peacefully accept the inevitable ; await our recompense in Heaven, or start a grand Hygera for greener fields and pastures new.





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