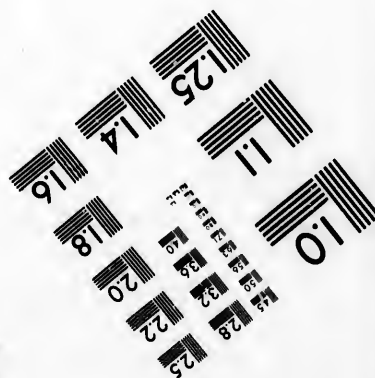
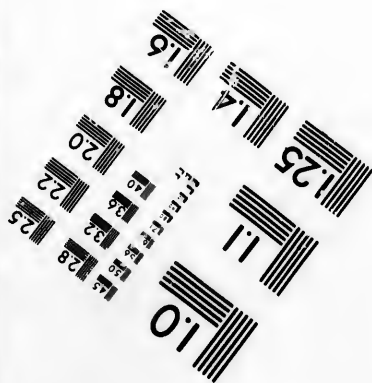
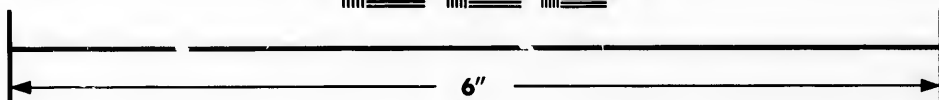
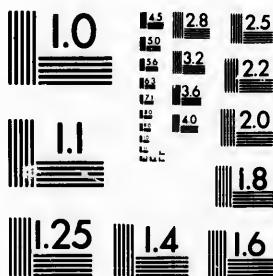


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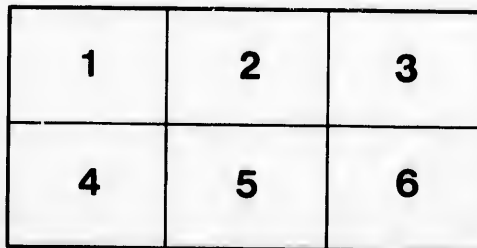
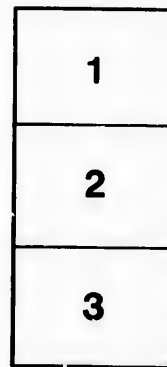
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Mary Mellish  
Archibald  
Memorial

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# Poems *AND* Songs,

BY

Mary Mallon  
Archibald  
Memorial

## Michael Whelan,

### RENOUS RIVER, N. B.

---

“God makes a Poet, touches soul and sight,  
And lips and heart, and sends him forth to sing,  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

---

“Poets are strange,—not always understood  
By many is their gift,  
Which is for evil or for mighty good,  
To lower or to lift.

The Poet is great Nature's own high Priest,  
Orlained from very birth,  
To keep for hearts an everlasting feast—  
To bless or curse the earth.

They cannot help but sing ; they know not why  
Their thoughts rush into song,  
And float above the world, beneath the sky,  
For right or for the wrong.”  
—Father Ryan.

---

Published for the Author by W. C. ANSLOW,  
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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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**A**N AUTHOR usually finds, I fancy, the preface or introduction to a work the most difficult part of the whole performance. Just what to say and how to say it is a difficult task indeed. I think sincerity is the touchstone of all true thoughts, words and actions in this world. The person who is sincere generally speaks the truth. Many authors, knowing that their works possess merit, are afraid to say so lest they should be accused of pride or presumption. With this idea full upon them they are apt to rush into the opposite extreme, that of striving, like Uriah Heap to be 'umble. I shall do neither. As I have written without fear or favor, without hope of reward, "without money and without price," without passion or prejudice, art or affectation, so I shall present my productions to the public, in the manner I believe they should be presented, with courtesy of course, with due modesty, conscious of their many grave defects, but with candour and confidence.

The following Poems and Songs are not the result of literary "hack-work," but were generally suggested by some incident that appealed directly to the author's heart or imagination. Most of them have already appeared in print, but, owing to hasty composition, careless revision and typographical errors, in very bad form. As they now appear they have been carefully revised by me, and I hope they shall afford interest and pleasure to the general reader.

I do not pose particularly as a poet and hope some day to present my prose works also.

The contents of the following pages are not the mere clap-trap of a contemptible copyist, but the original and genuine productions of a man who has a mind of his own.

I have been accused of copyism in high and low quarters, privately, but never publicly. It is false. I am no copyist.

How could I be a copyist, when my works have appeared in the press from Miramichi to Minnesota? in the papers of Miramichi, St. John, Toronto, London, Montreal, Canada; Boston, New York, Stillwater and St. Paul, Minn., and surely the editors of those journals should be as good judges of literature as most of my critics, many of whom cannot even read!

I have never copied anything in my life, from any author or poet, living or dead, except an air or a quotation, both of which have always been duly marked and credited. So far am I from being a copyist that my works have received the highest praise from some of the foremost papers of New Brunswick.

I hope the contents of these pages will be found to sustain the high eulogium passed on me by "Progress," that of "one of the sublimest singers of this or any age."

Moreover I have sung for the whole people. There is nothing sectional in any of my poems, no class or creed distinctions, save and except the impress of my own individuality.

Anything political, personal, or that could offend the most fastidious taste has been rigidly excluded.

Some of the poems, however, may seem to need explanation. Some readers are so terribly realistic that they want everything to be "true" as *they* understand truth. For the benefit of such I may say that the poems, "St. Angela," "Beyond the Bars," "Clara Gowan," "Mollie Darling," and "The Poet's Dream," have no foundation in fact, but are merely written as an artist will paint a picture, a sculptor mould a model, or a novelist write a novel—from fancy and 'for love of the cause.' The rest of the poems are realistic enough, the subjects of most of them being matters of history, local and otherwise. The fact of these poems being merely ideal, does not detract from the beauty of the sentiments or the sweetness of the songs, some of which will be found equal to anything in the language, equal if not superior to the great originals from which the tunes have been taken.

With this very modest declaration, I take my leave of the public for the present, assuring them that this little volume is only a foretaste of the future, God giving me opportunities for greater usefulness.

MICHAEL WHELAN.

**My First Poem, 1878. In Memorium.**

Mr. Bernard McCormack, Senior, of Blackville, who was almost a centenarian when he died.

From the Emerald Isle beyond the sea,  
Came our old friend to Miramichi,  
In the days when settlers here were few,  
And all the country was but new ;  
Just when the great Fire of 'Twenty-five  
Had sacrificed so many lives,  
And laid waste the land in that dreadful time,  
He came to our shores in his manhood's prime.

From that until the present day,  
For over half a century,  
Through good fortune and adversity,  
A resident by the Miramichi.

Well nigh unto a hundred years  
Was his term of life in this vale of tears ;  
But his long, long life is o'er at last,  
Struggle and strife are gone and past,

And now in peace has passed away,  
His soul from her abode of clay.

God rest thy soul, my dear old friend,  
Venerable and old, peace was the end.

**To a Child Ten Years Old.**

Acrostic.

My dear little friend, may life's sun brightly shine,  
And life's roses bloom gaily for thee,  
God's blessings the dearest, the choicest, be thine,  
God guide thee o'er life's troubled sea ;  
In every sense may thy pathway be bright,  
Ever free from all trouble and full of delight.

1880.

### The Exile of Miramichi.

Lines suggested by a poem entitled "Miramichi."

(Air: "Exile of Erin.")

To the home of his youth was the wanderer returning,  
 'Twas long since he stood on that dear native shore ;  
 In his bosom I ween was a passionate yearning  
 To gaze on the scenes of his childhood once more,  
 The friends of his boyhood again he was greeting,  
 How he ardently longed for the hour of their meeting !  
 And fondly in fancy again he was greeting  
 His beloved by the banks of the Miramichi.

And where is the one who will blame him for loving  
 That spot which to all should be dearest of earth ?  
 Let us honor the true heart that, wearied of roving,  
 Impelled him to turn to the land of his birth,  
 The land where lay buried his father and mother,  
 The dear native land of his sisters and brothers,  
 Why should he not hold it more dear than all others,  
 His dear native Miramichi ?

But, alas ! for his sanguine and fond expectations,  
 Nearly all the dear friends that he fondly supposed  
 Would meet him and greet him with congratulations  
 Long since in the slumber of death had reposed !  
 And little was left him but sad recollections  
 Of the days that were gone, and the bitter reflections  
 That fled were his hopes and the fondest affections  
 That once filled his young heart by the Miramichi.

Yes ! of all whom he loved but a few are remaining,  
 All severed the ties that once bound him to home ;  
 Of hope all frustrated and sorrow complaining,  
 Once more he resolves from his birth-place to roam.  
 How the parting word grieved him the exile can tell,  
 As to home and the friends he loved fondly and well,  
 He uttered " forever a mournful farewell,  
 Dear friends and loved Miramichi."

To his fatherland the wanderer never returned,  
 He died in a strange land, from home far away,  
 Among strangers, unknown, unhonored, unmourned,  
 Unmarked, perhaps, the lone grave where he lay,  
 No friend of his own, (they had all gone before him),  
 When his spirit had flown, was there to deplore him,  
 In a strange land, alone, thus the cold grave closed o'er him,  
 Peace to his dust far from Miramichi.

Nov. 17th, 1878.

## James McLaughlin.

(A schoolmate who died August, 1879, aged 13 years).

The Creator claimed the life He gave,  
The pure soul passed away,  
And a warm young heart in the dark grave  
Lies cold and still to-day !

How suddenly the death-stroke fell  
Upon that warm young heart,  
Closed is a life that promised well  
By death's unsparing dart.

Little thought we when last we met,  
A short month since, dear friend,  
That we should soon have to regret  
Your bright life's early end !

Long shall we miss the dear schoolmate  
Whose school days now are o'er,  
Long shall we mourn his early fate  
Whom we'll meet here no more.

Sadly the time shall pass away,  
Because *you* are not here,  
And e'en our usual happy play  
Will lose much of its cheer.

Then, dear young friend, a last good bye,  
Sweet, peaceful be your rest,  
And may the green sod lightly lie  
Upon your gentle breast.

And may the good God grant us all,  
When that last hour dawns nigh,  
The grace to answer His last call,  
As well prepared to die.

## To a Dead Friend, Elizabeth.

Acrostic.

Entwined by friendship round her name,  
Let these few lines be sacred ever,  
If faults she had that some might blame,  
Zeal for the right outweighed them ever,  
And as in death she lies at rest,  
Be all those minor faults forgiven,  
Endeared to all who knew her best,  
The life she lived, her death, attest  
How well she wore a crown in heaven.

**The Queen's Jubilee, '87.**

---

“Thunders moaning in the distance,  
Spectres moaning ghastly, dark?”  
Asks Lord Tennyson, the poet,  
Who has lost his ‘vital spark.’

(Ah! no wonder he has lost it,  
He has piled it on too thick.  
He has flattered kings and princes  
Till he has himself ‘took sick’).

There are thunders in the distance,  
Noble Alfred, do you hear?  
And do not the distant rumblings  
Grate upon your titled ear?

There are spectres in the darkness,  
Take your eyes from off your book,  
Rid you of your ‘staring starkness,’  
Lift your noble eyes and look.

See the spectre of dissension  
Stalking through the troubled land,  
Challenging a world's attention  
Though you may not understand.

See you not the livid lightnings  
Flash across the murky sky?  
Hear you not, more loud than thunders,  
Freedom's ringing battle cry?

See you not the dread hand-writing  
Of grim Vengeance on the wall,  
All snobocracies indieting  
And presaging their downfall?

Then, from all these muttered warnings,  
Mark the closing of the day,  
During which, the people scorning,  
Might has held the Right at bay.

Mark the opening of the morrow,  
When the People shall prevail,  
Or the land be steeped in sorrow  
When stern Justice lifts her scale.

God preserve our Queen and country  
From all flattering fools and knaves,  
Who would have the Queen a tyrant,  
And her noble people slaves.

While such minions, craven-hearted,  
 Pour base flatteries in her ear,  
 Her wronged subjects loyal-hearted,  
 Queen Victoria cannot hear.

Faithful millions to her calling  
 To reclaim them while she may,  
 To redeem her Empire falling  
 Through dissension to decay.

They appeal to Magna Charta,  
 Blotted with a people's tears,  
 Who have vainly sought for justice  
 Through long centuries of years.

Blame her not, our aged sovereign,  
 For this burning wrong and shame,  
 Rather blame the titled tyrants  
 Who misgovern in her name.

Let us hope the sun of justice  
 May dispel the gathering gloom,  
 Let us pray that gracious heaven  
 May avert the threatening doom.

Providence protect the people,  
 From dissension set them free,  
 Bless our aged, honor'd Sovereign,  
 Crown with joy her Jubilee.

---

### George Washington.

. Acrostic.

God's own anointed king was he,  
 Enthroned in hearts of millions free ;  
 Of nature's truly royal line,  
 Reigned he indeed by "right divine,"  
 George Washington's immortal name  
 Exalts Columbia's peerless fame.

While time shall last, age after age,  
 All history shall his praise proclaim,  
 Soldier, Statesman, Christian, Sage,  
 He won from heaven his highest fame.  
 In mind, in manners, modest, grave,  
 None more desired the paths of peace,  
 God to his hand the sceptre gave,  
 The sword, a Nation's life to save ;  
 Our Hero, bravest of the brave,  
 Ne'er shall his fame decrease.

January, 1889.



**My Father, died Sept. 16th, '79.**

Far from the dear old land that gave him birth,  
 Buried he lies in uncongenial earth,  
 While the broad Atlantic's restless waves  
 Roll between his cradle and his grave.

Early in life from fatherland exiled,  
 Never again to see his native isle,  
 Like millions of her children, doomed to toil,  
 To live and die far from her sacred soil.

O, noble spirit ! warm and generous heart !  
 'Tis hard, indeed, from such as he to part,  
 Ne'er shall we look upon his like again,  
 Who was indeed, one of the best of men.

Farewell, farewell, God grant your spirit rest,  
 Light lie the turf upon your honoured breast,  
 You go to meet those who have gone before,  
 To meet and greet them on the stiless shore.

O, reader, grant this one earnest request,  
 That you will kindly pray for his soul's rest,  
 And God will grant you faithful friends to pray  
 For your repose when you have passed away.

**Music.**

(To an Organist.)

Hail, gifted daughter of the art divine !  
 The glorious art of Music, that refines  
 And elevates the human heart and mind,  
 The gift of Heaven, how fitly given  
 To spirits such as thine.

" Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"  
 To cheer the mind by cruel care distressed,  
 And even the soul by every sin oppressed  
 May, for a while, forget her guile,  
 And taste of blissful rest.

'Tis said that sufferers on the bed of pain  
 When listening to the sacred, soothing strain,  
 Even if it be, not sacred, but profane,  
 Forget their grief, and find relief  
 And happiness again.

May the God of goodness long prolong thy days  
 To sound the organ to His holy praise,  
 And thy sweet voice in sacred song to raise,  
 And may He impart unto thy heart  
 His bounteous peace always.

**St. Bridget's at Renous.**

I am gazing on a picture to my memory ever dear  
 That reminds me of my boyhood's by-gone days,  
 That recalls the sterner struggles of my manhood's later years,  
 And those dear and valued friends now passed away.  
 'Tis the picture of a little church that stands upon the hill  
 And upon its chaste remembrance I muse,  
 And, as I recall the vanished past my soul is sadly thrilled  
 By this picture of St. Bridget's at Renous.

I see its slender spire pointing up to heaven's dome  
 With the sign of man's salvation raised on high,  
 Reminding every passer by of his eternal home,  
 Of happiness and hope beyond the sky;  
 What crowded congregations knelt within those sacred walls  
 And filled to overflowing all the pews,  
 What sunny, smiling Sabbath days fond memory recalls  
 At St. Bridget's little chapel at Renous !

I see the pure white altar with its dim, religious light,  
 Where the sacrifice was offered up to God,  
 Where the pictures paint the story of our Saviour's sacred life  
 And the weary way to Calvary He trod.  
 How He, the man of Sorrows, held this world as merely dross  
 And taught mankind a better world to choose,  
 The last great lesson of His life— His death upon the cross—  
 Were taught us in St. Bridget's at Renous.

Behold the little graveyard where repose the honor'd dead  
 Beneath those many tombstones tall and white  
 That stand like silent sentinels above each narrow bed  
 To remind us that their souls have taken flight ;  
 Upon those marble monuments that tell us where they lie,  
 Our friends beloved names we may peruse,  
 And breathe the passing tribute of a prayer and a sigh  
 For those dear, departed spirits of Renous.

Upon another eminence the presbytery stands,  
 While beneath, beside the wayside is the school  
 Where the teacher's law of love controlled the wild and wayward band  
 Who bowed beneath her strict but gentle rule ;  
 In life's rough school its vast and varied lessons we may learn  
 Where dullness and delay are not excused,  
 But we'll ne'er forget the lessons that in childhood we have learned  
 'Neath the shadow of St. Bridget's at Renous.

Roll on, thou rushing river, with thy wild and tossing tide,  
 Dear is thy murmuring music unto me.  
 Sing on thy song of requiem for those who sleep beside  
 Who often sang these joyous songs to thee !  
 The skeptic and the critic, too, may scoff at me and jeer  
 And their tribute to religion may refuse,  
 But my heart shall ever cherish as a sacred Souvenir  
 This picture of St. Bridget's at Renous.

"Wee Queen Maggie!"—deceased.

Acrostic.

Maggie, angel bright in Heaven,  
 Angelic wert thou on earth,  
 Glorious form to thee wert given,  
 Gentler, fairer ne'er had birth,  
 In life's morn' death closed thine eyes,  
 Early faded parents' prize.

When the cold grave closed above thee,  
 Happiness seemed to say farewell,  
 Even more than life they loved thee,  
 Life they loved not half so well,  
 Ah! may they to glory rise  
 Near their saint in paradise!

1879.

The Pope's Jubilee, '87.

Lion of the fold of Judah!  
 Leo, prophet, priest and king,  
 Vicar of the King of heaven,  
 From whose lips His mandates ring.

Chief pastor of the church unchanging,  
 Keeper of the heavenly keys,  
 Pilot of the barque of Peter  
 O'er the world's tempestuous seas.

Many hands have clasped the helm  
 Of this bright and gallant Barque,  
 Many storms have raged around it  
 In the bygone ages dark.

But this noble Barque still bounding  
 Sweeps the stormy waves of Time,  
 And her Captain's voice, still sounding,  
 Speaks the words of truth sublime.

Many ships of state have perished  
 On destruction's rocks obscure,  
 But the ship of Jesus saileth  
 For the port of Heaven sure.

Many thrones have risen, fallen,  
 Many sceptres passed away,  
 But the Rock-hewn throne, still standeth,  
 Peter's sceptre holdeth sway.

Many flags of many nations  
 In defeat have long been furled,  
 But the church's cross-crowned banner  
 Floats aloft o'er all the world.

### To My Brother, '83.

With the golden pen you gave me ere we parted at the train  
As a token of affection, (though the token gave me pain),  
Do I pen these lines unto you, brother in the distant West,  
While the wintry stars are shining, ere I lay me down to rest.

Then here's to you dear brother James wherever you may go,  
All to increase your happiness may choicest blessings flow.  
May every joy be yours my boy that heaven has in store,  
If I wished from now till next July I could not wish you more.

Here's to you a merry Christmas and a happy, glad New Year,  
With hogshheads of Jamaica rum and lots of "lager beer,"  
You "shust bet your boddom tollar" you'll hurrah for Uncle Sam,  
While the Eagle he will holler you "can sink me and be tam'd."

Here's the memory of George Washington who chipped that  
cherry tree,  
Likewise of "Massa Linkum" who set de darkies free,  
The Father of his country and her tried and trusted son,  
The former was too grave to lie, the latter lied *for fun!*

Here's to old Uncle Sam, himself, who ever fondly dreams  
Of making lots of boodle whate'er the Eagle screams:  
"Liberty!" the Eagle cries, "hard cash" cries Uncle Sam,  
"I or liberty to starve, my bird, is all a cussed sham."

Here's to that noble hunter lad, I'll call him "Bufflo Bill,"  
And all the other fellows, their names a volume fill,  
The Miramichines and the Yankee boys, the bondmen and the free,  
The renegades who ran away from dear old Miramichi.

So now dear "Yim" I'll finish my "rayther" comic rhyme,  
The hour is far past midnight, "dear krows" it's nearly time,  
My golden pen I will lay down, I'll say "good arternoon,"  
For I must be up this evening, by "the rising of the moon."

### To a Deceased Friend, Mary.

Acrostic.

May Heaven's queen, whose name you bear,  
And whom you've oft invoked in prayer,  
Receive, where all is pure and blest,  
Your soul to everlasting rest, Mary.

1883.

### Pius the Ninth. (Acrostic.)

Prophet and Priest and Deputy of Heaven,  
Illustrious for thy life and lengthy reign,  
Unnumbered years of life to thee be given,  
Soon be thy own restored to thee again.

### The Sorrows of Mary.

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Hail, crowned Queen of Sorrow, so loving, so pure,  
 What anguish of spirit you had to endure,  
 When first in the Temple with Jesus you stood,  
 When flowed for mankind the first drops of His Blood.

Then Simeon the holy, your sorrows foretold,—  
 How a sharp sword of sorrow should enter your soul ;  
 When far into Egypt with Jesus you fled  
 Till Herod, the slayer of children, was dead.

And when in the Temple you lost your soul's joy,  
 The Teacher of teachers, that beautiful Boy  
 On whose peerless forehead divinity shone,  
 O, Mother, what grief to have *lost such* a Son !

Again, when you met Him on Calvary's way,  
 O, who, dearest Mother, your sorrows can say ?  
 The wounds of His scourging, the thorns' cruel dart  
 Gave an answering pang to your virginal heart.

When nailed to the cross and exalted on high,  
 Thy Jesus, the just One, did languish and die,  
 Thy soul seemed to pass with His spirit away,  
 Thy sad heart was rent on that sorrowful day.

When the spear pierced His side what a sword pierced thy soul !  
 O, Mother of sorrows, who could thee console ?  
 None, none but the Father of mercy above,  
 Could comfort His Mary, His beautiful dove !

When Jesus was laid in the dark, silent tomb,  
 Thy sun light was darkened, thy sun set in gloom ;  
 O, Mother of Jesus, of mourners the chief,  
 By thy numberless sorrows sustain us in grief.

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### My Birthday, April 27th, '58.

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This is the day that I was born,  
 A sweet and smiling April morn,  
 God grant my life may be like this  
 In sweet, in secret, silent bliss  
 To serve Him as He lists, with love  
 On earth below, in heaven above.

April 27th, 1892.

### My Epitaph.

Acrostic.

My heart has always longed for truth,  
I always loved the good and true ;  
Childhood's days and my lost youth  
Have passed before my saddened view,  
And I am not what I would be,  
Each passing day and year finds me  
Longing to be and do what I should be and do.

Where virtue reigned there I revered,  
Her beauteous face to me endeared,  
E'en when I went myself astray,  
Loved I religion's blessed ray,  
And those who 'round her altars stood  
Ne'er seemed to me aught else but good.

### God's Gifts.

God's gifts are each man's dower,  
His life is not his own,  
Lives not by his own power,  
And lives he not alone.

By God's grace preach the pastors,  
God's songs the poet sings,  
God's genius lights the masters  
God's music only rings.

God's music sounds in heaven,  
His music trills on earth,  
To every creature given,  
His life, his joy, his mirth.

And though it be corrupted  
By sinful man's conceit,  
It still is heaven's music  
And shall be made complete.

By God the speaker speaketh,  
By God the singer sings,  
By God the poor and beggar  
Reign on the throne of kings.

### Autograph Album Verse.

To—

The dearest wish I have for you  
That any can address you,  
It is comprised in these dear words :  
May God the blessed One bless you.

**Father Morrissy.**

A CHRISTMAS GREETING 1885—ACROSTIC.

Father to the sick and needy, friend alike to rich and poor,  
 All find cheerful, generous welcome at your hospitable door.  
 The gratitude of all the people truly have you won,  
 Heaven bless you for the noble work of mercy you have done !  
 Every heart has known your kindness, well may those you have relieved  
 Raise their hands on high to bless you for the good they have received.

We may boast our noble Priesthood, we may point with honest pride,  
 In chaste, Christian exultations, to our Pastors true and tried,  
 Loving God first, holding His "well done" all other praise above,  
 Loving those entrusted to their care for His most blessed love.  
 In sunshine or in storm, in summer's heat or winter's cold,  
 At all hours, in all seasons, oft through sufferings untold,  
 Ministering unto His children in and out the Church's fold.

Many are the grateful hearts that fondly for your welfare pray,  
 O, how kindly they salute you on this blessed Christmas Day !  
 Reverently around your honored name this tribute I entwine,  
 Receive, dear, Reverend Father, this poor offering of mine.  
 If heart or brain or hand could frame aught worthy, Sir, of you,  
 Surely should I render honor to whom honor's richly due.  
 Christmas greeting Reuous sends you ! pray we all that you may see  
 Years on years of ministration by the noble Miranichi.

**Father Egan.**

LINES SUGGESTED BY A PHOTO OF THE VENERABLE FATHER EGAN.  
 WRITTEN AUGUST, 1886. HE DIED SEPT., 1887.

Venerated priest of God, hail ! patriarchal one,  
 Esteemed, beloved throughout the land, your work is nearly done ;  
 Revered where virtue is revered, renowned for manly grace,  
 Your splendid record illustrates the virtues of a race.

Royal Erin's gifted son, whose grand, historic sod  
 Enshrines the consecrated dust of countless saints of God,  
 Vowed you your lifetime early to the service of the Lord  
 Entering the holy Priesthood, going forth to preach His Word,  
 Relinquishing the dear home ties, you left your native land  
 Embarking on the ocean, bound for our western strand,  
 Never to see again, perchance, that sainted, sea-girt isle,  
 Devoted to the care of souls, a willing, free exile.

Faithful hearts were here before you on this wild and foreign shore  
 An hundred thousand welcomes to accord you o'er and o'er,  
 They, like you, had left their country, coming o'er the ocean wave,  
 Here in these primeval forests to found homes and find their graves,  
 Enduring all the hardships of the early pioneer,  
 Rewarded by the blessings of their "Soggarth" ever dear.

Missionary to our fathers, most of whom are now no more,—  
 In the peace of God they're sleeping, let us hope, for evermore—  
 Cherished link that fondly binds us to the dead and vanished Past,  
 Heaven still has left you to us, you, the greatest and the last !  
 Ah, may Heaven still preserve you, spare you to a people's tears,  
 Endeared by ties most holy, full of honors, full of years,  
 Long to sojourn here among us, Father whom all hearts revere.

Ever hallowed are the memories of your confreres gone before,  
 Glorious host of saintly workers in the toilsome days of yore,  
 And so shall you in benediction be remembered day by day,  
 Named as now with veneration when you shall have passed away.

### Three Pictures of Stillwater.

"Look first upon this picture and then upon that."

(As it was) I. — *Billy Shakespeare.*

Hail, Stillwater, city of bluffs  
 By the stagnant Lake St. Croix,  
 Hail, Stillwater, city of tongs,  
 From the graybeard to the boy ;  
 You laugh at Miramichi,  
 O, city of saloons,  
 But your own faults cannot see,  
 O, home of the bloated buffoon,  
 Youthful in years, (though old in crime;)   
 But young in fair Wisdom's way,  
 You're away behind the times  
 And hastening to decay !  
 Arise from your sluggard's sleep,  
 O, city of whiskey and debt,  
 Or you'll awake *some* day to weep  
 With a bitter but vain regret.

(As it is.) II.

Hail, Stillwater, beautiful city  
 By the beautiful Lake St. Croix,  
 Your sons are generous and gritty,  
 Your daughters a song of joy !  
 Hail, Stillwater, city of steeples  
 That point up to Heaven's blue dome,  
 Reminding your various peoples  
 Of their eternal home,  
 You are young in years and in crime,  
 But old in fair Wisdom's way,  
 You are marching abreast of the time  
 And surely shall carry the sway,  
 You're awake and you're watching too,  
 And you're getting fast out of debt,  
 To yourself, Stillwater, be true  
 And you may be an Athens yet.



(As I hope it will be.)

III.

Hail ! Stillwater, happy and great,  
 By the lovely Lake St. Croix,  
 Hail ! Queen of the North Star state,\*  
 In your glory there's no alloy.  
 Hail ! city of golden domes  
 That glow in the noon-day sun,  
 Hail ! happy and prosperous homes,  
 The victory you have won !  
 You have banished the cause of crime,  
 The gilded but Godless saloon,  
 You are far in advance of your time,  
 You have given your state a boom,  
 Your children are happy and healthy,  
 Your schools are first in the land,  
 Your people are sober and wealthy,  
 And your citizens all clasp hands,  
 For God, for country, for home,  
 For liberty, order and law,  
 Comes exile from Minnepaul† come,  
 See this city without a law.

Stillwater, July 25th, 1890.

\* Minnesota is called the " North Star State."

† " Minnepaul," the proposed name for the supposed united cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

M. W.

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**John Murdock. (Died '91.)**


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O'er him in his life's bright bloom,  
 In his manhood's morning,  
 Came the dark, the dreary gloom,  
 Closed the cold, the silent tomb,  
 Came the hour of mourning.

Although his life was very brief  
 It was bright with fairest promise,  
 And we mourn with deepest grief  
 For the loved friend taken from us.  
 Still, we know full well that he  
 Now so lowly lying  
 From life's cruel cares is free  
 And would not have us sighing,  
 But would have said in dying : —  
 Weep you not for me."

Parents, brothers, sisters gone,  
 They have beckoned him to come  
 To his rest beside them ;  
 He who feared not death's dark frown,  
 Gently, sadly lay him down  
 In the cold but kindly ground,  
 In the grave beside them.

### God in Nature.

Who grasped creation with a span?  
 What Master mind conceived its plan?  
 And gave this wondrous world to man?  
 For infidels tell us there is no God,  
 That mind is matter, and man a clod,  
 No more nor less than the senseless sod!

But if mind is matter and man no more,  
 In vain is his genius, in vain his lore,  
 In vain the universe he explores,  
 In vain his soul to the sublime soars.

In vain is religion, that law of love,  
 Law, liberty, justice, stand reproved,  
 And life is a lie, with no God above!

But when they argue "no God on high,"  
 The world around us confutes the lie,  
 For we see the work of an Infinite Hand  
 On earth, in heaven, by sea and land.

The sun, the moon and the starry sky,  
 This teeming earth that delights our eyes,  
 The thousands of objects on which we look

Are the open pages of Nature's book,  
 From which he who runs may easily read  
 The evidence of the christian creed.

The varied voices that greet our ears,  
 The matchless melody of the spheres,  
 The storms' wild rage and the thunders' roll,  
 (The lightning flashing from pole to pole,)  
 The torrent's roar and the sighing breeze,  
 The winds low murmur among the trees,  
 The sweet sad song of the dying years,  
 All nature's music, her sighs and tears,  
 The hymn of her harp as it proudly rings,  
 When the wild winds sweep o'er its countless strings,  
 The great, glad song that the seasons sing  
 As seed-time and harvest they joyfully bring,  
 All speak of heaven and heaven's King.

And man himself, who is lord of all,  
 Feels the deathless spirit within him call  
 For a better life and a brighter day,  
 Than he even could dream of were he but clay,  
 The good man's hope and the wretch's fear  
 When life is closing and death is near,  
 The still, sweet voice to the soul so dear,  
 All these things whisper us "God is here."

**Sir John Macdonald, '91.**

Dead with his harness on him,  
 The gallant, the good Sir John,  
 The grand old man, the statesman  
 Forth to his rest has gone!

The father of his country,  
 Old Scotland's noble son,  
 Has fought the good fight,  
 Has finished his course  
 With his work most nobly done.

His country mourns her hero  
 Crowned with honors and years,  
 Mourns for the mighty Chieftain  
 Dead 'mid a People's tears.

Canada mourns the statesman  
 Who gave her union and name,  
 Who lifted her up among nations  
 And crowned her with lasting fame.

Our citizens mourn for a father  
 Beloved by friend and foe,  
 Whose honest tears bedew the bier  
 Of the leader lying low.

O, Canada, honor your hero,  
 And mourning tributes bring,  
 And amid the gloom strew his honored tomb,  
 The tomb of your uncrowned king.

**My Uncle, John Keary.**

(Died at Bangor, U. S., of brain fever, many years ago.)

From the rock-bound coast of the State of Maine, where Atlantic  
 billows roll,  
 To the coast of California, to Pacific sands of gold,  
 From the flowery land of Florida to Arctic ice and snow,  
 From the fertile fields of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico,  
 Where the Mississippi's mighty-tide sweeps onward to the sea,  
 They have founded homes and found their graves—the sons of  
 Miramichi.

I sing of one who left his home his fortunes to pursue,  
 But to the land he left behind his heart was ever true,  
 Upon his handsome, boyish face the beauteous bloom of youth,  
 And in his clear and kindly eyes the look of honest truth,  
 His smile was sweet as a sunny morn, his laugh was gay and free,  
 He was beloved by all his friends, this man from Miramichi.

But fever fed on that bold form and blighted its bright bloom,  
 And now the grass of the State of Maine grows o'er his early tomb ;  
 Far from his own dear native land he laid him down to die,  
 On a couch prepared by stranger hands he breathed his farewell sigh,  
 His dying thoughts were with that home his eyes no more should see,  
 Down by the wild Atlantic foam, in far off Miramichi.

No father sat beside his bed to soften death's dark frown,  
 No mother soothed his aching head or smoothed his pillow down,  
 No brother caught his dying sigh or heard the words he said,  
 No sister stood with tear-dimmed eye o'er this beloved dead,  
 But friends there were beside his bed as fond as friends could be  
 Who wept his passing spirits flight into eternity.

The soft green grass of that friendly soil now shields his bonnie breast,  
 And the flowers of that lovely land adorn his place of rest,  
 The winds of heaven softly sigh above his peaceful grave,  
 While the Yankee flag, the stars and stripes above his tomb shall  
     wave,  
 Just as the union jack may wave its folds so fair and free  
 Above some gallant Yankee's grave in dear old Miramichi,  
 August, 1891.

#### Parnell. '91.

Low lies the mighty chief,  
 Poignant is Erin's grief  
 Mourning for Parnell dishonor'd and dead !  
 Mourning her double loss,  
 Clasp'ing her cruel cross  
 Close to the breast that for ages hath bled.

Wearing her thorny crown,  
 Bending in sorrow down  
 To weep her tears of deep grief o'er his grave,  
 Placing a floral wreath  
 O'er his form cold in death  
 Who to her service his great genius gave.

He who is stricken down  
 Placed on her head a crown,  
 Struck from her limbs many shackles and chains,  
 But with a traitor's art  
 Pierced he her gentle heart,  
 Staining her white brow with sorrow and shame.

Still, with a mother's love,  
 Weeping his grave above,  
 She shall remember the good he has done,  
 She shall forgive him all,  
 Viewing the sable pall  
 Shrouding the form and fame of her son.

### Liberty.

“ O, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name.”

—*M. Roland.*

“ The forests, with their myriad tongues, shouted of Liberty.”

—*Louffellow.*

O, Liberty ! God-given right  
 First bestowed on the Angels of Heaven,  
 Where Lucifer lost thy blest light  
 By the pride of his soul and was driven  
 From the brightness of heaven to hell,  
 An angel no longer, nor free,  
 From light into darkness he fell  
 Because he had sinned against thee,  
 O, beautiful Liberty.

Then God sent from heaven to earth  
 The beautiful goddess of Freedom,  
 When humanity first had its birth  
 In the beautiful bowers of Eden ;  
 But Adam transgressed God's commands  
 And ate of the fruit of the tree,  
 Hence Adam from Eden was bann'd  
 Because he had sinned against thee  
 O, beautiful Liberty.

For Jehovah had meted the bounds  
 That Freedom itself may not pass,  
 He had girded Creation around  
 With His power infinitely vast,  
 And He said to the angels above,  
 And repeated to mankind below ;—  
 “ In a certain bright sphere you may move,  
 “ But further you may not go,—  
 “ Obey and be blessed by My love,  
 “ Rebel and be cursed with My woe !”

O, Liberty ! gift of a God,  
 The moral is clear and strong ;  
 That Liberty is not a license  
 And man has no right to do wrong.  
 For the Master hath meted the bounds  
 That angel or man may not pass,  
 He has girded the Universe 'round  
 He hath formed the small blade of grass.

Therefore, no special pleader nor thinker  
 Can make that which is wrong appear right,  
 And neither rum-seller nor drinker  
 Shall be blest with sweet Liberty's light ;  
 For an infinite Being has measured  
 The limits that law may not pass,  
 And no human power can give license  
 To sell the forbidden glass.

Nov. 1891

### The Dead Prince.

"Darkness that cometh ere morn hath fled,  
 Boughs that wither ere fruits are sired,  
 Death bells instead of a bridal's pealings,"—*D. F. McCarthy.*

O, Life what is thy glittering gold,  
 What is thy pomp or palace splendid,  
 Too soon thy fleeting tale is told,  
 Too soon thy fitful dream is ended.

The hand of death strikes high and low,  
 In every rank and every station,  
 The slave must feel the fatal blow  
 And so must haughty heads of nations.

The peasant in his humble cot,  
 The prince within his splendid palace : —  
 It illustrates man's common lot,  
 For all must drink this bitter chalice.

One common fate awaits us all,  
 The hearts of each and all are human,  
 Life's shadows o'er the pathways fall  
 Of every man and every woman.

The human heart with woe will thrill  
 In breast of princess as of peasant,  
 Grim death lurks o'er our pathway still,  
 A spectre with us ever present.

But, death, you cannot kill true love  
 That spirit like the soul, immortal,  
 Born in the blessed realms above,  
 O, death ! you dare not cross *that* portal.

O, love, that lights the lowly cot  
 And warms the heart in lofty palace,  
 Like grief, you seek the soul unsought  
 And rob the heart of half its malice.

We mourn with this fair princess May,  
 Old England's lovely mourning daughter,  
 The grief that rends her heart to-day  
 Is shared by hearts beyond the waters.

But dry your tears fair princess May,  
 And cease to mourn great English nation,  
 Your cross may point a better way —  
 The crown is won by tribulation.

## In Memoriam—Davis P. and D. Palmer Howe.

“Our country, where is it?—where the wild play  
Of the sea wakens up from its dreaming the day,  
Where the sun on swift pinion arises to greet  
The fretful Atlantic that foams at his feet;  
On, on amid visions that thrill with delight  
Till the peerless Pacific unfolds to our sight.”

—D. Palmer Howe.

A dear old man of the dear old days,  
The genial and generous DAVIS P. HOWE.  
The kindly man of eccentric ways,  
Lies low at last, the turf on his brow.

But back through the mists of the vanished years  
That kindly face with its smile shall come,  
And call up in memory's eyes the tears  
For the vanished hand and the lips now dumb.

I never knew him but by his fame  
As a writer, editor, teacher true,  
As a household word that familiar name,  
As household words were those writings too,

But more than a word is that son's bright fame,  
Who sang some of Canada's sweetest songs,  
D. Palmer Howe from his country claims  
A crown, a wreath to that brow belongs.

O, Canada, land of the lake and stream,  
Of the field and forest, of frost and snow,  
Of the genial spring, when the poets dream,  
Of the gleaming summer and autumn's glow.

O, land where the storm in splendor breaks,  
Niagara's cataract wildly roars,  
Of the mighty mountains and misty lakes,  
Three oceans sweeping around thy shores.

What have you done for the dear, dead bards?  
Small need of praise have your singers won,  
They have soared and sung, like the sweet wild birds  
And drooped and died when their songs were done.

All still and silent the eloquent tongue,  
And the glorious muse of the great McGee,  
Whose genius a glory around thee flung,  
And spread thy sceptre from sea to sea.

But God shall remember the glorious song,  
He shall reward the brave duty done,  
He shall place the crown where it best belongs  
And give the guerdon most gloriously won.

Dear, lovely land of the maple leaf,  
 Of the rosy apple and the golden sheaf,  
 Thou art young in years and thy history brief,  
 But the day will come when thou shalt be chief,  
 When the nations around thee all bowed in grief  
 Shall hear thy loud "hazza!"  
 When thy sons shall be heard and thy songs shall be sung,  
 Beneath the world's banners wherever flung,  
 Thy songsters shall sing and thy wild harp be strung,  
 To the tune of "My Canada."

June, 1895.

MICHAEL WHELAN.

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**Cardinal Manning. '92,**


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"So when a great man dies,  
 For years beyond our ken,  
 The light he leaves behind him lies  
 Upon the paths of men."—*Longfellow.*

O, brilliant light that brightly shone  
 In church and state, O, stately star,  
 O, beacon light, thy gleam is gone,  
 That kindly light that shone afar.

O, priest of God, whose lovely life  
 A holy lustre o'er thee threw,  
 Who stilled the storm, who calmed the strife  
 That from dissensions grew,  
 O, spirit rare and tried and true.

O, bishop of the princely soul,  
 Whose sympathies no limits knew,  
 Who loved all men from pole to pole,  
 Christian or Pagan, Turk or Jew.

O, statesman, greater than the great  
 Who guide the Empire's mighty fate  
 Or hold its banners high,  
 Lost pillar of the church and state  
 Thy fame shall never die!

That fame is in the church of God.  
 The thorny path this martyr trod  
 Is strewn with roses now,  
 His feet with blessed peace are shod  
 And glory lights his brow.



### The Dear Little Daisy.

(Air.—“The dear little Shamrock.”)

There's a dear little flower that blooms in our land,  
 'Twas the Almighty Himself sure that sent it,  
 It spread like a smile from His infinite hand,  
 And with dew from high heaven He wet it,  
 It grows in the meadows and valleys of our land  
 And we call it the dear little daisy of Flowerland,  
 The dear little daisy, the sweet little daisy,  
 The dear little, sweet little daisy of Flowerland.

Like a beautiful virgin it blooms in the fields,  
 'Mid the buttercups and the sweet clover,  
 To none shall the daisy in loveliness yield,  
 For beauty 'tis famed the world over.  
 And it grows, etc.

With its heart of soft gold and its petals of snow,  
 Like a crown all our hillsides adorning,  
 It is called the “day's eye,” for, as everyone knows,  
 It opens its sweet eyes in the morning.  
 And it grows, etc.

### Sweet Newcastle Shore.

Farewell Song to Philip Cox, Esq., A. B., B. Science, 1892.

Farewell, farewell ! 'tis hard to part with one we loved so well,  
 Who twined himself about our hearts while he with us did dwell,  
 He goes to friends and faces dear where he has been before,  
 But he will not forget us here on sweet Newcastle shore,

He was a man of noble mood, who well fulfilled his part,  
 Who loved to sow the seeds of good in every human heart,  
 How much we miss his kindly face whom we meet here no more,  
 Another teacher takes his place on sweet Newcastle shore.

Hew swiftly speed the passing years ! we all have older grown,  
 Those vanished days recalled with tears have all too swiftly flown,  
 Those happy hours we'll not forget though they return no more,  
 In spirit they are with us yet on sweet Newcastle shore.

The kindly Address to him read, endorsed by one and all,  
 The loving words, so kindly said, shall hold his heart in thrall,  
 And all that could sweet solace lend to a heart with sorrow sear,  
 He owes to you, his faithful friends, on sweet Newcastle shore.

May God bless thee, my Miramichi, now and for evermore,  
 And on thy sons and daughters fair His choicest blessings pour ;  
 This farewell song I'll not prolong, I'll add but one word more,  
 God bless the dear ones far away from sweet Newcastle shore.

### June.

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All Nature seems in tune,  
 In leafy, lovely June,  
 And harmonizes with the heart of man,  
 Singing birds and humming bees  
 On the blossom, in the trees.  
 Are making all the melody they can.

O, our souls are filled with song,  
 As June walks with joy along  
 And crowns the creation with bloom ;  
 The flowers of sweet May  
 Have had their brilliant day  
 And are followed by the roses of June.

This sweet month is set apart  
 To the Saviour's Sacred Heart,  
 Though all the months and years are His own ;  
 To His Sacred Heart most dear,  
 Sweetest month of all the year,  
 Crowned with roses Juno sits upon her throne.

Her mornings' brilliant ray  
 Hath already passed away,  
 And is hastening to its perfect noon ;  
 Ah, we cannot let you pass  
 Like a smile across the grass,  
 Without a salutation, sweetest June.

All too soon you will depart,  
 June, the joy of every heart,  
 And leave all our spirits out of tune ;  
 When you go we'll say "good bye,"  
 With a murmur and a sigh,  
 But we'll meet you in a year, gentle June.

Placing leaves upon the trees,  
 Bringing flowerets to the bees,  
 And giving to the roses rich perfume ;  
 Ah, thank God you'll come again  
 With the sunshine and the rain,  
 With the richness and the roses of June.

And should you next return  
 With the flowers for our urns,  
 And no more with your rich sweetness we commune,  
 May His holy will be done  
 Who is Lord of rain and sun,  
 And who marshals all the year, queenly June.

June, 1892.

Rev. John Joseph O'Leary, P. P.,

Of Grand Falls, N. B., died June, 1892.

(Air. — "Shandon Bells.")

Words we would borrow to voice our sorrow  
 Since we have heard your deep funeral knell !  
 In deepest mourning our thoughts are turning  
 To days departed remembered well,  
 When first your preaching, your earnest teaching,  
 Your thoughts far reaching our spirits stirred,  
 As on God's altar you ne'er did falter,  
 But boldly preached his most holy word.

Sad hearts are thrilling, sad eyes are filling  
 With deepest sorrow, with tenderest tears,  
 For the priest who slumbers, whose days are numbered  
 By noble actions and not by years ;  
 We well remember the heart most tender  
 That ever rendered our pastor dear,  
 The noble nature, the friendly feature  
 That filled our spirits with lofty cheer.

With deep devotion, with fond emotion,  
 Across the ocean your spirit roamed,  
 To scenes endearing in holy Erin,  
 That lovely island, your native home,  
 But now you're sleeping, your flock are weeping,  
 Sad vigil keeping for Father John,  
 Whose modest merit, whose kindly spirit  
 Won deep affection from every one.

Your death deploring, its torrent roaring,  
 Sweeps our Niagara, your own Grand Falls,  
 Whose waters falling like voices calling,  
 In vain to you in death's slumbers call ;  
 Their mystic splendor, their music tender,  
 Their voice of thunder, are naught to thee,  
 Ah, the Bells of Shandon sound not more grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

With deep affection and recollection  
 You often sang those sweet "Shandon Bells,"  
 The while you wandered and deeply pondered  
 Amid our woodlands and native dells ;  
 Ah, no more you'll wander, or fondly ponder  
 Where sweeps in splendor your native Lee,  
 Peace to your slumbers where gently murmurs  
 In placid numbers, our Miramichi.

June, 1892.

**Margarita.** (Margaret.)

I take this wreath of song and gently place it on the deep,  
 Dark grave wherein my sister, Margarita, lies asleep,  
 In the old grave-yard at Nelson, where they laid her years ago,  
 Mid a father's sighs of sorrow and a mother's tears of woe.

Ere three brief but happy summers had passed o'er her golden head,  
 Like a lovely faded flower, she was laid amongst the dead ;  
 In that city of the silent lies her little grave unknown,  
 All forsaken, all forgotten and unmarked by any stone.

But her parents' hearts were buried in that little new-made grave,  
 And time alone could heal the wound that bitter parting gave,  
 But, though they mourned as those can mourn who lose their dearest one,  
 They murmured in their sorrow : " Heaven's holy will be done !"

All through life they ne'er forgot her, that sweet vision pure and fair  
 With the lovely form and features and the wreath of golden hair,  
 And their hearts were drawn to Heaven by their darling gone before,  
 And their spirits held communion with that bright, celestial shore.

O the holy grief of parents who have lost a lovely child !  
 'Tis a " sorrow's crown of sorrow" but a sorrow undefiled,  
 For they know their darling's happy in the mansions of the blest,  
 And wears a crown of glory in that holy place of rest.

Being mindful of the word of Him who taught in Galilee,  
 " Permit the little children, one and all, to come to me,  
 For of such is Heaven's kingdom, undefiled by stain of sin,  
 And unless your lives are like to theirs ye shall not enter in."  
 Sept., 1892.

**The Devil's Back.**

(Air—"Swinging in the Lane.")

Know all men whom it may concern, this is the " Devil's Back,"  
 The lumberman his " chuck" must earn who treads this dreary track,  
 The " Indian-devil" used to dwell within the woods around,  
 But since the Indians said farewell, the devil can't be found.

No council-fire blazes bright around the sylvan scene,  
 No birch canoe now glances light upon the bounding stream,  
 The " whooper's" dreadful yells exchanged for the owl's dull " toc-hoo,"  
 And where the Indian devil ranged now roars the caniboo.

To-day the sun is shining bright, the air is calm and still,  
 The snow lies like a mantle white o'er all the wooded hill,  
 The winds are hushed, the echoes mute along the silent shore,  
 The Indian-devil—ugly brute—shall trouble us no more.

But we sustain a deeper loss, we feel a keener pain,  
 For friends who have death's river crossed, who come not back again,  
 Their ruined homes, deserted farms, where plenty smiled before,  
 These sadden all the scenic charms that grace the silent shore.

But still we climb the "Devil's Back," although it's hard to do,  
 And still we follow in the track of the wild cariboo,  
 Take my advice, don't try it twice without a bridle chain,  
 For if you do you'll surely rue, you'll never smile again.

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### Clare Gowan.

(A romance of Renous River.)

"And her ghost was seen to glide  
 Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

—Moore.

#### PART I.

'Twas a beautiful day in the sweet month of May,  
 And the fresh, fragrant flowers were in bloom,  
 When the pupils poured out with glad, joyous shout  
 Through the door of the old schoolroom.

The air, sweet and cool, filled that old-fashioned school  
 With the order and sweetness of spring,  
 And the teacher, young Clare, lingered lovingly there  
 To list to the sweet birds sing.

She was beautiful Clare, of the long golden hair  
 And forehead so broad and white,  
 And eyes of deep blue, most tender and true,  
 That held in them heaven's own light.

Her lovely cheek glows with the blush of the rose,  
 Her lips as two rosebuds red,  
 The beautiful teeth that gleamed underneath  
 Lent a charm to each word she said.

Her marvellous voice made the hearer rejoice  
 In its cadences soft and slow,  
 Each eloquent word like the notes of a bird  
 Or as music melodious and low.

Arrayed all in white, like a vision of light,  
 The loveliest vision e'er seen,  
 Like a beautiful dove, or the goddess of Love,  
 She appeared like some fair, young queen.

She held in her hand her wand of command,  
 The teacher's much dreaded ferrule,  
 But she needed it not, and its use she forgot,  
 For love was the law of her school.

## PART II.

Like a sweet summer dream lay the calm, placid stream,  
 As she crossed it that morning bright,  
 Her light birch canoe o'er the bright waters flew  
 And danced in the golden sunlight.

But now dark clouds arise on the soft, spring skies  
 And obscure the bright light of the sun  
 As with a dark pall and the first rain drops fall  
 On the sward and the storm has begun.

The torrents pour down, the dark heavens frown,  
 And all now is darkness and gloom,  
 The lightning's bright flash and the thunder's loud crash  
 Seem to Clare like the call of doom.

But still she toils on till her task is quite done,  
 While the thunderstorm roars over head,  
 She lifts her sweet eyes to the threatening skies,  
 Through her heart runs a thrill of dread !

For a loud torrent roars past the sounding shores  
 That lie between Clare and her home,  
 The threatening tide looks darksome and wide  
 And the waters are crested with foam

O, what shall she do ? will that frail birch canoe  
 Ever live in those waters so dark ?  
 But young Clare is brave though her face is quite grave,  
 She puts forth in that frail little bark !

She has left that green shore to return there no more,  
 No more shall she teach that old school ;  
 By the tide swift and strong, she is carried along  
 Straight into the awful whirlpool !

But gallant young Clare, with the strength of despair,  
 Bravely struggles to reach the far shore,  
 Ah, vain is the strife, for that lovely young life,  
 The struggle too soon shall be o'er.

The canoe gives a bound and spins rapidly round,  
 Then trembles a space on the tide,  
 Then plunges straight down with a gurgling sound  
 And death claims its beautiful bride !

So perished young Clare of the long yellow hair,  
 Unaided, unseen and alone,  
 But her pure spirit brave from that dark watery grave,  
 Went up to the great white Throne,

### Mary, Our Queen.

(Air.—“God Save the Queen.”)

Hail to our gracious Queen,  
Hail to our glorious Queen,  
Mary, our Queen ;  
Lily of Palestine,  
Princess of David's line,  
Foretold by Word Divine,  
Virgin and Queen.

Mary was named of old  
Ere Prophet Bards foretold  
Predestined Queen ;  
She is the glorious Eve  
Who brought the world reprieve,  
Whom satan ne'er deceived,  
Victorious Queen !

She in lone Bethlehem's cave  
Birth to the Saviour gave,  
Mother and Queen ;  
Soon by His cross she stood  
While His Most Precious Blood,  
Streamed o'er the saving Rood,  
Martyr and Queen.

She heard His dying sighs,  
She saw His blessed eyes  
Beaming with love  
As He bequeathed her John,  
The well beloved one—  
“Mother, behold thy son  
Whom I approve.”

She saw her dear son die,  
She heard His parting cry ;  
“Father 'tis done !”  
Then, when the Lord was dead,  
Laid in His narrow bed,  
Mary with heart that bled  
Wept for her Son.

She by His cradle smiled,  
Watching her blessed child,  
Mother serene ;  
Now by His tomb she wept,  
Sorrowing vigil kept  
Where the Redeemer slept,  
Sorrowful Queen !

Soon her most blessed soul  
 Flew to its native goal,  
     Heaven's bright Queen ;  
 Jesus did crown her then,  
 With brightest diadem,  
 Of angels, saints and men  
     Most glorious Queen !

Ne'er shall her sceptre fail,  
 Ne'er shall her foe prevail,  
     Christ crowned her Queen ;  
 Ne'er shall her throne decay,  
 None dare dispute her sway,  
 Realms of eternal day  
     Own her as Queen !

### The Shamrock.

St. Patrick, 1892.

When Patrick preached to Erin's sons  
 The blessed word of God,  
 He plucked a little shamrock green  
     That grew upon the sod,  
 And from the three leaves on its stem  
 He proved, that happy day to them,  
     The mystery of mysteries,  
     One God in Persons three.

And this is why the Irish prize  
 The darling little gem,  
 The emblem of their native land  
     The shamrock is to them  
 Because it was the instrument  
 By Patrick used, by heaven sent  
     To illustrate the Mystery  
     Of the Most Holy Trinity.

Ah, well may Erin's sons revere  
 The memory of their saint,—  
 Well may they love the shamrock dear,  
     That modest little plant  
 That nestles fondly to thy breast  
 Thou sainted Island of the west !  
     Land of the shamrock, harp and cross,  
     That holy faith you have not lost,  
     Forever shall your faithful host  
     Bless Father, Son and Holy Ghost,



**Tennyson. (Impromptu.)**

Tennyson, Tennyson, tender and true,  
 Many the hearts that are mourning for you,  
 Many the mourners, with tear-swimming eyes  
 Who stand by the tomb where our Tennyson lies.

Low lies the laurel on Tennyson's brow,  
 Where's the one worthy of wearing it now?  
 Who shall succeed him who sang for us all  
 In his great love poem "Locksley Hall?"

In his fair "Princess" and lovely "May Queen,"  
 In his "Memoriam" and "Idyls serene?"  
 In his great "charge of the brave Light Brigade"  
 Laurels he won that are never to fade.

Tennyson's glory stands out all alone,  
 Carved not in marble, in bronze nor in stone,  
 But in the works of his hand, heart and brain  
 Lives the great Laureate, singing again.

At last he has yielded up sceptre and crown  
 And to the dark valley of death has gone down,  
 One shall succeed him well worthy to wear  
 The leaf of the laurel entwined in his hair.

For God is not wanting to His great designs,  
 He is not wanting in men nor in minds,  
 Freely He gave them and freely He gives,  
 One is scarce dead when another one lives.

For each has a mission to fill here below,  
 And singers should sing as the bright waters flow,  
 Others will follow, but none like to you  
 Tennyson, Tennyson, tender and true.

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**Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, '92**

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(Sonnet.)

He needs not the laudation  
 Of Pulpit, Press or Pen,  
 Whose honest reputation  
 Is in the minds of men.  
 Then strew the fairest flowers  
 Upon his honored tomb,  
 To chase the weary hours,  
 To light the dreary gloom.  
 The noble chief, Mackenzie  
 Now with Macdonald sleeps,  
 And Canada, our country,  
 For her dead statesmen weeps.

**A Pastoral,**

Or The Poor Man's Valentine.

PART I.

“The rich may boast of wealth secure”  
 While thousands lie in awe,  
 But happier is the peasant poor  
 Beneath his roof of straw.”— *Old Song.*

Let the rich and proud their wealth display,  
 Their vain and vulgar pride,  
 The poor are happier far than they,  
 Though poverty betide.

Though they have to toil for daily bread,  
 Bid wild ambition cease,  
 Kind Heaven around their hearths shall shed  
 Its everlasting peace.

They may wander in the meadows gay  
 And by the winding stream,  
 And life may be to them each day  
 A gentle Poet's Dream.

They breathe the forest fragrance sweet,  
 Borne on the gentle breeze,  
 Or seek the shady, still retreat,  
 Beneath the spreading trees.

They breathe the odor of the rose,  
 The scent of new mown hay,  
 Or pluck the ripe red fruit that grows  
 On the bush beside the way.

They listen to the carols clear,  
 Of the song-birds in the skies,  
 Or welcome robin-redbreast dear,  
 When to their door he flies.

And when the winter storm may rave  
 Around their cottage doors  
 They give the meed their fathers gave  
 To the traveller and the poor.

They kneel at the shrine where their fathers knelt,  
 They pray where those have prayed,  
 And feel the blessed peace those felt  
 Unto their souls conveyed.

Where the awful, mystic Sacrifice  
 Is offered up for all,  
 And the Lord, unseen by human eyes,  
 Comes at His servant's cull,

And gives His body and His blood  
 In the form of bread and wine,  
 To be their souls' most precious food  
 In the sacrament divine.

They deck their Lord's and Lady's shrine  
 With the rose and evergreen,  
 And sweet wreaths of prayers their tongues shall twine  
 For the glorious King and Queen.

They breathe the prayer dear Jesus taught  
 On the mount of Galilee,  
 And that rosebud prayer with graces fraught,  
 Sweet Mary's Rosary.

They bless the Lord for the gentle spring,  
 For summer breezes warm,  
 Fair Autumn that fruition brings  
 And winter's howling storm.

They bless Him for the rosy dawn  
 And for the golden noon,  
 And when the shades of night are drawn,  
 When shines the silver moon.

## PART II.

When Sol, the golden god of day  
 Sinks slowly to the west,  
 And casts a lingering, parting ray  
 Just as he goes to rest.

When Luna, lovely Queen of night  
 Arises in the east,  
 And by her soft and splendid light  
 She seems to whisper "Peace!"

Who has not felt the nameless charm  
 That o'er the landscape lies?  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er field and farm,  
 Breathed from the brooding skies?

Who has not felt the holy rest  
 That o'er the spirit falls?  
 The musings sweet, the visions blest  
 That hold the heart in thrall?

O, splendid sights that meets our eyes,  
 Sweet sounds that charm our ears,  
 You fill our hearts with happy sighs,  
 Our eyes with tender tears !

This mystic musing of the soul  
 The power of words defies,  
 The spirit leaves its native goal  
 And to its author flies.

And as we raise our reverent eyes  
 Unto the starry dome,  
 We feel our hearts to heaven arise,  
 For yonder is our home.

And when our barque of life long tossed  
 By many storms distressed,  
 Death's gloomy river shall have crossed  
 To seek the port of rest,

May Jesus grant, life's race being run,  
 Its burdens all laid down,  
 That we may win what saints have won :  
 The everlasting Crown.

### My Shamrock.

ST. PATRICK, 1893.

I wore a real shamrock on last St. Patrick's Day,  
 A shamrock from old Erin, dear Erin far away,  
 Ah, when the grave shall fold me how happy I should be  
 To know the lovely shamrocks were growing over me.

A friend had dug some shamrocks from Erin's sacred soil,  
 And brought them o'er the ocean with loving care and toil,  
 And here they have been tended by loving hearts and hands,  
 These lovely little emblems of the dear old land.

Though the shamrock loves to nestle close to dear old Erin's breast,  
 It grows up tall and slender in this our wilder west,  
 O, I love the little shamrock that speaks of faith in God,  
 Although I'm not a native of the dear old sod.

Although I have not seen it and never hope to see,  
 The lovely little Emerald that gleams upon the sea,  
 I love it for my father's sake, the dear land of his birth,  
 Next to my native Canada, the dearest spot on earth.

We should love all lands and emblems, for God has formed them all,  
 The shamrock of old Erin, the Scottish thistle tall,  
 Fair France's lovely lily, old England's blooming rose,  
 And the maple leaf, the emblem of our own dear land of snows.

## John Boyle O'Reilly, '92

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In Memoriam. (Air—"My gentle Harp.")

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Awake, my harp, thy sloth forsaking,  
 I sweep my hands across thy strings,  
 The sweetest notes I know awaking  
 For the singer who no longer sings.  
 His life's dear dream on earth is ended,  
 No more we hear his trumpet tones,  
 His voice is with the chorus blended  
 That swells around the great white Throne.

He sang for his dear mother, Erin,  
 For her he suffered nameless pain,  
 Each deep heart-wound her name endearing,  
 For her he ne'er shall sing again,  
 Except in those grand songs immortal  
 Which he had left her here behind,  
 Ere he had crossed the shining portal—  
 The tribute of his master-mind.

Likewise for thee, his second mother,  
 This prince of poets, man of men,  
 Who was to all thy sons a brother,  
 Who was to all mankind a friend—  
 He sang for thee thou Queen of nations  
 The peerless songs of liberty,  
 His songs were heard with approbation  
 Around the world, from sea to sea.

But O, he kept a sweeter measure  
 For thee, thou blessed Queen of love,  
 Who bore the world's Redeeming Treasure,  
 Who reignest in the courts above ;  
 To God his heart was early given,  
 For him he sang his sweetest song,  
 His choicest thoughts were those of heaven  
 And Him to whom the world belongs.

Peace to his rest beneath the banner  
 That floats above the fair and free,  
 Far from the world's disturbing clamor  
 He rests for all eternity.  
 Then deck his tomb with fairest flowers,  
 There let the everlastings bloom,  
 And let the nation's Poet's bower  
 Be built above O'Reilly's tomb.

### Sweet Sacred Heart.

“Son, give Me thy heart,”—*Our Divine Lord.*

(Air—“My Gentle Harp.”)

Dear Sacred Heart, so sweetly pleading  
 With sinful hearts to come to Thee,  
 Sweet Sacred Heart, so sorely bleeding  
 For sins of poor humanity.  
 We offer Thee this reparation,  
 For whom Thy Precious Blood did flow,  
 For those whose awful desecrations  
 Have filled that Sacred Heart with woe.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! deign to listen,  
 Look on their prayers, their sighs and tears,  
 Bright tears of Love and Sorrow glisten  
 In eyes that have not wept for years:  
 Vain are the words we fain would borrow  
 To speak the grief our hearts should feel,  
 The silent tear of secret sorrow  
 More fitly may that grief reveal.

Dear Heart of Christ, forever dwelling  
 In Thy eternal Home above,  
 And on Thy earthly Altars swelling  
 With blessed, boundless, burning Love,  
 Our hearts with tenderest thoughts are thrilling  
 Whene'er we turn, Sweet Heart to Thee,  
 Our eyes with tenderest tears are filling  
 When Thy Sweet Heart all pierced we see.

Sweet Son of God, we humbly offer  
 Our hearts, our souls, ourselves to Thee,  
 Have mercy on the sinful scollar,  
 The blind of heart who cannot see,  
 Save us dear Jesus, or we perish,  
 Hear a despairing seaman's cry,  
 O, let us Thy dear wishes cherish,  
 For Thee we live, for thee we die.

Hear the Sweet Heart of Mary pleading  
 To Thine offended Majesty,  
 To Thee the wretched captive leading,  
 Heart of the Holy Trinity!  
 Let her sweet prayers to Thee ascending  
 Call Thy divinest blessings down,  
 On human hearts like dew descending,  
 To be their everlasting crown.

Oct. 1892.

**Be Still, Sad Soul.**

Be still, sad soul and cease repining,  
 For this world was made for you,  
 For you God's blessed sun is shining,  
 For you the skies are painted blue.

For you the 'liquid flame' is flashing  
 From yonder storm cloud's murky pall,  
 For you the thunder loud is crashing,  
 For you the rain drops swiftly fall.

For you you lovely bow extending  
 The arching dome of Heaven spans,  
 Its seven hues and colors blending  
 Proclaim God's covenant with man.

For you you silver moon is rising,  
 For you the stars in beauty shine,  
 Those lovely orbs of your despising  
 Were formed by Hands that are divine.

For you those bright auroral curtains  
 Were flung across the starry sky,  
 Those lovely Lights, whose gleams uncertain  
 In glancing beauty shine and die.

For you the gentle breeze is blowing,  
 For you the limpid waters flow,  
 For you all vegetation growing,  
 For you the lovely roses blow.

For you the birds of air are flying,  
 For you those feathered songsters sing,  
 To tell you of His love undying  
 Who gave to them their airy wing.

For you the fish of seas are swimming,  
 For you the herds in pasture low,  
 For you the earth and air are brimming,  
 For you the seasons come and go.

For you these crystal flakes are falling,  
 Replacing summer's robe of green,  
 All Nature's voices to you calling,  
 Awake! behold the lovely scene!

Then raise your eyes from earth to heaven,  
 For you the skies in glory glow,  
 For you you heavenly home was given  
 When you have ceased to dwell below.

For you the gentle love of woman,  
 For you the stronger love of man,  
 For you the ties divine and human  
 That blessed you since your life began.

For you the love of God, surpassing  
 Far faintly all human love,  
 That Love divine all love compassing  
 On earth below, in heaven above.

Then cease, ingrateful soul, repining,  
 Your pilgrimage shall not be long,  
 Behold the cross in Heaven shining,  
 By that sign conquer and be strong.

### Sweet Christmas Bells, 1892.

(Air "Those Evening Bells.")

Ring out? ring out! sweet Christmas Bells,  
 For all this wide world's hills and dells;  
 How sweet the tale you now so tell;  
 "The birth of our Saviour, Sweet Christmas Bells."

Rejoice, O spirits of the blest,  
 Rejoice, O Virgins of the East,  
 Rejoice, ye shepherds of the field,  
 For thus the King of Angels is born  
 Upon this blessed Christmas morn!

Rejoice, O spirits of the blest,  
 Rejoice, sweet souls in exiled rest,  
 Rejoice, ye nations of the earth,  
 Salute your Saviour's august birth!"

All glory be to God on high,  
 "We bring you tidings of great joy,  
 The Christ is born in Bethlehem,  
 Peace on the earth, good will to men!"

This song the blessed angels sang,  
 As loud their harps with music rang,  
 While circling round on shining wing  
 The cradle of the new born King.

This song the saints and angels sing  
 Before the Throne of Heaven's King,  
 This song the bright immortals hear  
 Loud ringing through the rolling spheres.

This Christmas chant we wake again,  
 We sing once more the sweet refrain  
 That angels sang long years ago  
 To Heaven above, to Earth below.



On Earth below, in Heaven above,  
 All glory to the Lord of Love,  
 Shout ! Heaven and Earth's united voices :  
 " The Christ is born, Rejoice ! Rejoice ! "

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### The Last Night of the Year 1892.

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All hail ! most lovely Night, all hail ! departing Year,  
 The wintry moon shines bright, her radiance mild and clear  
 Upon the cross-crowned Church that tops the little hill,  
 The radiant, heavenly light fell soft and sweet and still !  
 Upon the lofty tower where swings the chapel-bell  
 The radiance of that hour in brooding silence fell,  
 Upon the graves and tombs, fair Luna cast her beams,  
 Half lighted, half in gloom, O, what a night for dreams !  
 The stars shone bright above in heaven's dark blue dome,  
 To tell us of God's love and of our future home ;  
 O, God ! what hand but Thine could paint a scene like this ?  
 So thrilling, so divine, so full of nameless bliss !

Farewell, O lovely night, farewell, departed Year !  
 That vision of delight, to memory ever dear,  
 Upon my mental sight shall long stand clear !

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### Home and Heaven.

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(Air—" Home, Sweet Home.")

" There's no place like Home."—*I. Howard Payne.*

" There's nothing bright but heaven."—*Thos. Moore.*

We may sing of our homes and our havens of rest,  
 But there's no place, my soul, like the home of the blest,  
 The home of the happy beyond the blue sky,  
 The home of Our Father in Heaven on high.  
 O, Heaven ! sweet home of the ransomed and free,  
 Be it ever so lovely there's no place like thee.

Poor exiles from Heaven, we labor in vain,  
 If that home of Our Father we strive not to gain,  
 Where the angels and saints for eternity sing  
 The praise of their Author, Redeemer and King.  
 O, Heaven, etc.

We gaze on the sun, on the moon and the stars,  
 And we sigh for that beautiful City afar,  
 And we pray to our Father in heaven above ;  
 " Receive us, O God, in the Home of Thy Love.  
 O, Heaven, etc.

**The Poet's Dream,**  
or The Old Elm Tree, 1893.

It was the close of a summer day, slow sank the setting sun,  
Unto his rest in the glowing west and the long June day was done ;  
That evening as I wandered forth down in a meadow gay,  
I sat me down upon the ground beneath an elm tree.

Its giant branches o'er my head were spreading far and wide,  
The babbling brook beneath my feet sped to the river side,  
The river winding by the bend, meandered far and free  
By field and farm and forest fair, beyond my elm tree.

And while I mused the moon arose in splendor calm and still  
And flooded with her lovely light the valley and the hill,  
On babbling brook, on winding stream, far as my eyes could see,  
She cast a lovely silver gleam beyond my elm tree.

And as I gazed upon the scene, the mead and moonlit stream,  
I fell into a sleep profound and dreamed a lovely dream ;  
This was the vision that I saw, the words she said to me,  
That lovely night in leafy June, beneath the elm tree.

A lovely lady seemed to stand, in robes of driven snow,  
A crown of roses in her hand, a crown upon her brow,  
A diadem and cross blazed on her breast, her girdle shone like gold,  
A ray of light encircled her in majesty untold.

A light far brighter than the sun's and milder than the moon's,  
A lovely odor breathed around, surpassing earth's perfumes ;  
The holy radiance seemed to cast its calmness over me,  
My soul was held as in a spell beneath that elm tree.

A smile was on the lovely lips though tears bedimmed her eyes,  
And when she essayed her sweet speech the words came forth in sighs,  
"Fear not, start not, young man" she said, "at thus beholding me,  
"I have a message for your soul beneath this elm tree."

"O, marvel not that Mary weeps for this unhappy world,  
When brazen Vice holds high her head, her banner base unfurled,  
O, marvel not that Mary sighs at the sad sights she sees,  
When lovely virtue droops and dies beneath your elm tree."

"Why do you murmur at your fate, why do you weep and pray  
That what you call your heavy cross from you may pass away,  
O, murmur not, but watch and wait and sing this song for me,  
And you shall yet be good and great far from this elm tree."

"I bid you sing the Psalm of Life as that Psalm should be sung,  
With all a poet's heart and soul, his lips and brain and tongue,  
O, let your song be clear and strong, and bold and firm and free  
As the winds that waft those lovely leaves from this fair elm tree."

" Let Prudence on your words attend, place Justice by your side,  
 Make Temperance your firmest friend, and Fortitude your bride,  
 So shall you sing the song of Faith and Hope and Charity,  
 And blessed Peace shall be your lot far from this elm tree."

" Awake, arise ! the dream is past, the battle has begun,  
 And by the holy help of God this battle shall be won,  
 Go forth, my son, and sing the songs that I shall teach to thee,  
 And God will bless your future fate beyond this elm tree."

I awoke, arose and gazed around on earth and air and sky,  
 While all around my sylvan seat sweet spirits seemed to sigh,  
 But ah ! I looked and longed in vain, no Mary could I see,  
 Ah, would to God she'd come again, beneath my elm tree.

### An Elegy.

In Memoriam —my deceased Father and Mother.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."—*Gray*.

(Air:—" Rock of Tallanore.")

I have stood amid the tombstones when the sunlight warm and tender  
 Fell in rays of golden glory on the grass above the dead,  
 I have stood again beside them when the moonlight's softer splendor  
 Lay in dreamy, brooding sadness on their cold and lowly bed.

When the sweet and gentle spring time all her crown of green was weaving,  
 And all the trees on all the hills put forth their thousand leaves,  
 When the burning sun of summer Nature's noble heart was grieving,  
 When the golden grain of autumn stood in pyramids of sheaves.

I have stood once more beside them when the autumn leaves were dying  
 And the autumn winds were sighing a sad requiem of rest ;  
 I have gazed upon their summit when the wintry snows were lying  
 Like a heaven-woven mantle drifted high above their breasts,

And I thought that not in marble nor in stone the heart remembers,  
 But by love that lasts forever and the prayer that oft ascends,  
 By the silent tear of sorrow far more fitly may we render  
 The true and tender tribute that we owe to our dead friends.

O, dear dead so softly sleeping where the stars are vigils keeping,  
 And the kindly heaven's weeping dewy tears above your tombs,  
 A sad lesson you are teaching, a sweet sermon you are preaching  
 As your spectre-hand outreaching beckon us amid the gloom.

That where you have gone we're going, that, though youth and health  
 be glowing,

Still the stream of life is flowing ever onward to the grave,  
That some thought we should be giving to the friends around us living,  
That our foes will need forgiving and our souls we have to save.

This the lesson you would teach us could you speak O silent teachers ;  
That we love our fellow creatures for our Saviour's blessed love,  
That we pray for those departed, that we help the weary-hearted,  
That, as we have joy imparted, we shall meet with joy above.

Dear dead fathers and dead mothers, dear dead sisters and dead brothers,  
You our own and those of others, for your rest we breathe a prayer,  
Dear departed sons and daughters who have crossed the shining waters,  
We pray God that as you sought Him you have found His mansions fair.

Living fathers, living mothers, living sisters, living brothers,  
You our own and those of others, of your conduct have a care,  
Living sons and living daughters, heed the lesson those have taught us,  
Heed the message they have brought us and prepare to meet them there.

Dead sweethearts, whose lives were blighted ere your tender vows were  
plighted,  
Or whose loves, perhaps, were slighted, by some cold and cruel heart,  
Let us hope that up in Heaven, where the hearts by sorrow riven  
Are mited and forgiven, you have found the better part.

Living sweethearts who have plighted vows from lips by true love lighted,  
You whose hands have been mited at God's holy altar here,  
You whose vows were heard in heaven, you whose trust was wisely given,  
You whose hearts have not been riven, to their sorrows give a tear.

O, sweet sunlight warm and tender, O, pale moonlight's softer splendor  
What a glory do you render to the forest and the field !  
Hail ! sweet springtide, time of sowing, ardent summer, time of growing,  
Mellow autumn, grandly glowing with the happy harvest yield,  
Hail ! wild winter old and hoary, with your snowy crown of glory,  
You complete the season's story and by you the volume's sealed.

Just so varied are life's turnings, sweetest springtide marks its morning,  
Soon its summer's sun is burning and we reach our life's noon-tide,  
Soon the autumn grain's filling, soon the autumn winds are chilling,  
Soon the winter frosts are killing and our lives have passed away !

In its many forms and features, in its varied voices, Nature  
Is a preacher, is a teacher to us all, my fellow-creatures,  
That we should our tribute bring ;

Hear it in the breezes blowing, hear it in the waters flowing,  
See it in the forest glowing, hear the forest echoes ring !  
Yes and though our eyes may glisten with bright tears for dear ones  
missing,  
If we hush our hearts to listen, we may hear God's angels sing.

Let us join, O man immortal ! standing on the shining portal of an ever-  
lasting spring,

Let us join with all creation in a shout of exultation,  
 In a song of acclamation, in a hymn of jubilation,  
 In one mighty peroration to the throne of God our King.

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**Man's Life.**

---

A poem dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. Patrick Bergin  
 of Blackville, who died Jan. 8th, 1893, aged 83 years.

---

An aged man, beloved, revered,  
 A patriarch he was in years,  
 Has closed his honor'd, long career,  
     His tale of life is told ;  
 'Mid dearth of sighs and sorrow's tears,  
 This heart, to kindness long endeared,  
     In death at last lies cold.

That noble heart so warm and true,  
 Whose genial depths were known to few,  
 Whose kindness every traveller knew  
     Who sat beside his hearth,  
 Where swiftly past the hours flew  
 As pictures sad or droll he drew  
     In sympathy or mirth.

No more we'll hear the old man tell  
 Those tales of times, remembered well  
 By him to whom we say farewell,  
     Of scenes, of days gone by ;  
 'Tis hard to say to him farewell,  
 This dear old man we loved so well  
     A last, a sad good-bye !

Cold blew the bitter winter blast,  
 The winter snows fell thick and fast  
 As to his grave the patriarch passed,  
     That grave so cold and chill !  
 In death's long sleep he lies at last  
     All calm and still.

The wintry sun shines coldly bright,  
 The wintry moon's serener light  
     Falls on his narrow bed ;  
 The winter snow lies pure and white  
     Above his aged head.

White was his life, as pure and fair  
 As that snow mantle lying there  
     Above this grand old man ;  
 White as his locks of hoary hair,  
 White as his brow, on which dull care  
     Had laid a heavy hand.

Light may the turf lie on his breast,  
 God grant his parted spirit rest,  
 This very dear old friend  
 Was a man of men the best  
 To his life's very end.

The life of man is like a day :  
 How brightly beams its morning ray,  
 How grandly glows its noon ;  
 How swiftly steal night's shadows gray,  
 The twilight and the gloom.

We mark the rising of the sun,  
 His morning course has but begun,  
 From east unto the west,  
 When, lo ! his race is nearly run,  
 The night is here, the day is done,  
 Sol swiftly sinks to rest.

Or like the swifflly rolling year,  
 Whose spring and summer, full of cheer,  
 Pass gently, gaily on ;  
 The autumn comes, the winter drear,  
 The year has passed and gone.

Or like a lovely blooming tree  
 On which the glowing fruit we see,  
 So ripe, so rich, so rare ;  
 We pluck the fruit, we leave the tree  
 With buds and branches bare.

Or like a fair and fruitful field  
 That with the happy harvest yield  
 In autumn grandly glows ;  
 Anon by winter's frosts congealed  
 It lies beneath the snows.

But unlike each and all of these,  
 The days, the years, the fields, the trees,  
 Man's life shall never cease ;  
 Beyond the circling suns and seas,  
 Beyond the dying centuries,  
 The just shall dwell in peace.

When heaven and earth together roll,  
 And both are withered as a scroll,  
 Man's body and immortal soul,  
 Surviving suns and spheres,  
 The justified in heaven shall dwell,  
 The reprobate shall live in hell  
 Throughout eternal years !

Mary Mellish  
 Archibald  
 Memorial

The World's Fair.—(5500 years.) '93.

An Historical Collad. — From Adam to Columbus.

"And God said: "Let there be light and light was made."

—Genesis.

The great Creator formed the light when went His fiat forth  
That it might shine throughout all time upon this fruitful earth ;  
The sun he made to rule the day, the moon to rule the night,  
The countless host of twinkling stars to give their lesser light ;  
He marshalled all the rolling years, the seasons one by one ;  
In order shall the planets roll, the days and hours run  
Until the final Trumpet Call proclaims that Time is done,  
But greatest of His earthly works, He formed His creature, Man,  
The noblest of His handiwork in this terrestrial plan.  
He culled him forth, He gave him life, He breathed in him a soul  
That he might love and worship God as ages onward roll,  
That he might be the glorious light to shine for evermore  
When sun and moon and stars shall pale, on the celestial shore.  
And down the ages as we pass from the primeval man,  
We see, as in a wizard's glass, the world before us stand ;  
From Adam's to the latest age we mark each mighty name,  
As, one by one, like other sons, their lights before us flame.

I. ADAM AND EVE.

We note the name of Adam first, the one whom God did call,  
We note his helpmate, gentle Eve, who helped him but to fall !  
Behold the lovely Paradise where our first parents dwell,  
Their perfect peace and happiness before from grace they fell.  
Behold the wily tempter coming hither to deceive,  
To whisper disobedience in the listening ears of Eve.  
Behold the fall, its consequence, the awful punishment,  
The blessing and the curse of God, the life-long banishment,  
An angel with a flaming sword is placed at every gate  
To see that they return no more, O, most unhappy fate !  
But God's great Mercy is not strained, He gives his only Son  
To save mankind and to undo the evil they have done ;  
"O, happy fault," the saints exclaimed, "which brought us such reprieve,"  
"A Jesus for an Adam and a Mary for an Eve !"

II. ENOCH, 1000 A. M.

"He walked with God in holy joy while yet his days were few,  
The deep, glad spirit of the boy to love and reverence grew,  
Whether the mighty stars to chat, the ancient hills he trod,  
Or sought the flowers by stream or fount, the patriarch "walked with God,"  
And calmly, sweetly, that pure life faded from earth away,  
No cloud it knew, no parting strife, no sorrowful decay,  
He bowed him not, like all beside, unto the spoilers' rod,  
But joined at once the glorified, where angels walk with God.  
So let us walk, the day will come to us that comes to all,  
We through the darkness must go home when sounds the trumpet call.

(The above stanza quoted from Mrs. Hemans.)

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## III. NOAH. THE DELUGE: 1650 A. M.

Full fifteen hundred years have rolled o'er this revolving world,  
 And soon Jehovah's anger dread shall on mankind be hurled,  
 The sons of God, the race of Seth and the base brood of Cain  
 Have intermixed and made the laws of the Creator vain,  
 So much that it repented Him Who made man on the earth,  
 And God in anger curses them and sends the Deluge forth,  
 For forty days and forty nights the rain in torrents falls  
 Until the Ark is lifted high above the mountains tall,  
 And man and beast and bird of air with one another vie  
 For refuge from their awful fate, where all are doomed to die,  
 Ah, God, behold the awful scene, list to the thundering sounds  
 As the wild waters of the Flood sweep 'round the world and 'round,  
 And nothing but the Ark is seen upon the mighty wave  
 That sweeps in awful majesty o'er mankind's common grave,  
 The Ark that holds another Adam whose progeny shall spring  
 Forth from that mighty mountain's base to make earth's echoes ring!

## IV. THE HEBREWS: —2000 to 1000 A. M.

Now till two thousand years have swept across the dial stone,  
 And Babel's Tower and fateful hour, like mists haze come and gone,  
 And Abraham, the called of God, comes forth and stands in view,  
 The father of a mighty Race—to-day's despised Jew!  
 Again five hundred years have passed across the sands of Time,  
 And Moses cometh, called of God, the lawgiver sublime,  
 And stands on Sinai's awful mount with the great God alone  
 And brings mankind the Decalogue on tablets made of stone:  
 Again five hundred years have swept like sunshine o'er the grass,  
 And Solomon the wise appears as in a wizard's glass,  
 For grandeur and for glory and for wisdom famed of all  
 Who ever rose or reigned or fell and passed beyond recall:  
 The next five hundred years we see the sceptre passed away  
 From Israel and from Judah too, the kingdom in decay,  
 And by the streams of Babelon, upon the willow trees,  
 The Hebrews hang their silent Harps, to woo the passing breeze,  
 Saying 'Zion's children shall not sing the sweet songs of the free,  
 But chant in cruel captors' ears their drear Captivity.'

## V. JESUS CHRIST: A. D. 1 to 33.

Again five hundred years of time have passed from earth away,  
 And full four thousand years have rolled o'er ruin and decay,  
 When Jesus Christ Himself appears, the Light of all the World,  
 And on Golgotha's gloomy heights His banner bright unfurls,  
 The blessed banner of the Cross that all mankind might see  
 The Light of Heaven streaming forth from tragic Calvary,  
 And here we pause and gaze around beneath this blessed light  
 And view the concourse of the World, as from some mountain height:  
 This Light shines back to Adam's birth, throughout the vanished years  
 Through all the doom and death and dearth that through that space appears  
 And lo! 'tis lit with stars of gold, this canopy of tears:  
 And forward, too, this blessed Light shines through the coming days  
 Till all the earth is lighted by its uncreated rays,  
 And earth and heaven join together in Christ's eternal praise,  
 O, blessed Light, it is by thee we read the World aright,  
 Without Thee all the world is dark, on earth there is no Light!





## IX. THE ANGLO-SAXONS:—ALFRED, A. D. 900.

A century and in England the Saxon Alfred reigns  
 And battles with his country's foes—the common foe—the Dane;  
 He does not drive them wholly forth, a residue remains  
 To trouble future English kings—on England's throne to reign,  
 But Alfred leaves his country a great commerce and good laws,  
 And the memory of the battles fought and won in England's cause,  
 And for a thousand years his name throughout Christendom rings,  
 For learning and for piety a model among kings.

## X. THE IRISH:—BRIAN BOIBI, A. D. 1014.

Another century and we stand on Clontarf's battle plain,  
 Where Ireland unfurls her flag against the savage Dane,  
 And brave old Brian gives his sons and grandsons to the field,  
 Who fight and bleed, as heroes should, and die but do not yield,  
 While, like another Moses, the saintly Brian prays  
 That the great God of hosts may be upon their side arrayed,  
 His prayer prevails, for that dread day ere sinks the setting sun,  
 The foe are flying from the field, the Irish arms have won!  
 A flying Northman passing by beholds the monarch there,  
 His hands upraised to heaven in the attitude of prayer,  
 The savage lifts his battle-axe, he smites the monarch down,  
 And Brian goes to meet his God, and to wear a martyr's crown.

## XI. THE CRUSADES:—RICHARD LION HEART, A. D. 1100 to 1300

Scarcely a century do we pass, the grim Crusaders rise  
 To battle 'neath the Cross of Christ—His Sepulchre the prize,  
 They preach, they fight, they bleed and die, and pass from earth away,  
 But Islam holds the sepulchre e'en to this very day;  
 But they have shown forth the Faith in colors clear and strong,  
 Those gallant soldiers of the cross, whom history loves to wrong  
 They fought that His dear sepulchre from Islam might be free,  
 Those heroes of the Eight Crusades—those Knights of Chivalry

## XII. MAGNA CHARTA:—STEPHEN LANGTON, A. D. 1215.

In those dark ages (so miscalled) men struggled to be free,  
 Old England led the vanguard with her Chart of Liberty,  
 Her priceless Chart of Freedom, more precious far than gold,  
 Won from the cruel coward John by barons fierce and bold,  
 O, hold it sacred, Englishmen, this Charter you have won,  
 This gift from feudal fathers unto their freeborn sons.

## XIII. THE SCOTCH:—BANNOCKBURN, A. D. 1314.

Behold the banners waving by Bonnie Bannockburn,  
 Behold the Scotch preparing for battle grim and stern,  
 Behold those heroes kneeling to God, but not to man,  
 Behold the royal Robert as he assumes command,  
 Behold the course of Wallace, the martyred hero, there,  
 Hear the great shout that at the sight with rapture rends the air,  
 Behold the tyrant Edward advances his mighty host,  
 Behold the horse and rider in those deep ditches tossed,  
 Behold the awful conflict, hear the Scots' loud huzza,  
 As vanquished Edward turns and flies from Scotland "far awa"  
 Behold the banners waving by bloody Bannockburn,  
 Behold the course of Wallace a conqueror return!

## XIV. PRINTING INVENTED :—JOHN GUTTENBERG, A. D. 1450.

And now we reach a period fraught with mighty good and ill,  
 The impress of whose deeds and thoughts is full upon us still,  
 A modest, mighty figure moves on the stage of Time,  
 Whose influence stands clearly out in Characters sublime,  
 The founder of the Printing Art, the friend of all mankind,  
 By means of which we reach the thoughts of every master-mind.

## XV. AMERICA : CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, A. D. 1500.

All hail ! great Christian hero, hail, sage and sailor brave,  
 The bearer of the Christ across to mighty ocean wave,  
 The finder of a hemisphere, the founder of a state,  
 Great with the growth of justice, big with the whole world's fate !  
 O, let us leave Old Europe's shore and follow in his path  
 As he sails o'er the stormy seas and dares the storm king's wrath  
 And plants upon our verdant shores the figure of the Cross,  
 That he might win those souls to God in heathen darkness lost.  
 Ah, high and holy was his aim and God-like his design,  
 When first on Isle San Salvador he placed the holy sign  
 And kneeling down upon the sands he wept for very joy,  
 Crying, " Holy, holy, holy Lord, we bless thee God most high,  
 We bless Thee holy Jesus Christ and in Thy sacred name,  
 To these, the Islands of the West we lay a christian claim,  
 We plant this cross upon the sands, we raise our Altar here  
 And offer Thee O, living God, our Sacrifice and tears !  
 And thou dear Virgin Mary, our Mother ever dear  
 The prayers of thy devoted sons, thou, too, didst deign to hear,  
 And when the night was gathering dark, when hope seemed almost gone,  
 Beside our frail and fragile barque, Thy peerless presence shone,  
 We saw thee walk the stormy seas beside thy blessed Son !  
 O, thank Him, Mary for us all, Whose head leaned on thy breast,  
 And ask him, dear " Sanctissima," to bless this mighty West !"

O, Genoa, the beautiful, O, Genoa the proud,  
 You gave the great Columbus birth, Spain gave him but a shroud,  
 And you O, prond America, have slighted e'en his name,  
 But this you cannot keep from him : — a world's applause and fame !  
 While time shall be, while mankind breathe, through all recorded time,  
 The name of the great Genoese shall bright and brighter shine,  
 And on Columbia's marble brow shall gleam like stars of gold,  
 And on Columbia's brightest page as age on age is roll'd,  
 Till mankind's mission is fulfilled, its troubled story told,  
 And the great Volume of the World is withered like a scroll.

D. 1450.  
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**The Lost Warship, "Victoria."**

"Toll for the brave,  
The brave that are no more." *Cowper.*

Mournfully the bells are tolling  
For the buried brave,  
Mournfully the waves are rolling  
O'er their sea-made grave ;  
Mournfully the winds are sweeping,  
All the land is filled with weeping  
For the voiceless victims sleeping  
Neath the sad sea-wave.

Brave Britannia's fathers, mothers  
Mourning for their gallant sons,  
Wives and sisters, sons and brothers  
Wailing for their lost loved ones ;  
Ah, the havoc and the slaughter !  
Well may Britain's sons and daughters  
Weep for those beneath the waters,  
Sleeping by those silent guns.

It was not on field of battle  
Where the cannon boom,  
It was not where muskets rattle  
That they met their doom ;  
But where waves of the blue ocean  
Bore them on with peaceful motion,  
That arose the wild commotion,  
Yawned their ocean tomb.

Yes, alas ! brave Tryon blundered  
He was but a man  
And while gallant Markham wondered  
At the wild command,  
Rushed the warships on each other,  
Rushed like brother on a brother,  
The recital makes us shudder,  
Pale with horror stand !

Deep into the vast "Victoria,"  
Crashed the "Camperdown,"  
And those two great ocean monsters  
At each other frowned !  
Ah, that moment, awful, thrilling,  
The "Victoria's" hull is filling,  
Soon the mighty ship is reeling,  
Madly going down !

Swiftly sinks the vast "Victoria"  
 With well nigh four hundred men !  
 Such a tale of sublime horror  
 May we never hear again ;  
 Boilers bursting, waters scalding  
 Drowning wretches screaming, calling,  
 Amid such sights and sounds appalling  
 Came the fearful end.

Why prolong this tale of sorrow  
 Which we all have learned too well ?  
 Vain the words I fain would borrow  
 This deep dirge to swell ;  
 O'er the grave where they are lying,  
 See, the white sea birds are flying,  
 And the winds and waves are sighing  
 Mournfully, farewell !

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### Senator Burns.

Departed namesake of the Scottish Bard,  
 You, too, have pass'd unto your last reward,  
 Your spirit, summoned, unto God returns,  
 Dear, honored namesake of the glorious Burns !

Well and wisely have you that name borne,  
 The white flower of a blameless life have worn,  
 Well have you acted your allotted part,  
 Of keenest intellect, of kindest heart.

God gives us many men of many minds,  
 And various duties unto each assigns,  
 Each man must work as God to him has given,  
 And life's great end and aim is none and heaven.

God gives to each one his peculiar gift,  
 The poet's poem and the tradesman's thrift,  
 He gives to each one his allotted part,  
 The statesman's wisdom and the artist's art.

Your country called you to the highest place,  
 Amid the swiftest you had won the race,  
 Amid the strongest you the fight have won  
 And reached the Senate with your work well done.

May God have called you to a higher crown,  
 A grander Senate may your soul have found,  
 Though place and profit the proud spirit spurns,  
 I place this tribute on the grave of Burns.

**The Bells of Heaven.**

When human hearts are happy,  
 When life looks bright and gay,  
 When smiles the blessed sunshine  
 Upon our paths each day ;  
 When speeds the chill December,  
 When comes the joyous June,  
 O, joyful hearts remember  
 Life's sweet bells are in tune.

When true love's course runs smoothly,  
 When loving hearts are true,  
 When far the green-eyed monster  
 Is kept from me and you ;  
 When eyes look up to heaven  
 To bless it for each boon,  
 How sweetly chimes the music,  
 The sweet bells are in tune.

But when the skies are frowning,  
 When loving hearts are cold,  
 When happiness is drowning  
 In misery untold ;  
 When hope beside the hearthstone  
 Sits like a crone and croons,  
 O, then sad hearts, remember  
 Sweet bells are out of tune.

But, hark ! the Bells are ringing  
 From heaven unto earth,  
 The joyful message bringing  
 Of the Redeemer's birth ;  
 O, listen, sad hearts riven,  
 To their celestial tune,  
 The blessed Bells of Heaven  
 Are never out of tune.

**Sonnet.**

To a girl with a Picture of a Rural Scene.

Dear Mollie :-

May your future home be like to this  
 May the birds sing sweetly on the branches beside it,  
 May the roses bloom in your garden and upon your  
 Cheeks all the day long ;  
 May no clouds appear in the blue dome above you,  
 May the song of the breeze, as it sighs through the trees,  
 Be, " Mollie, my darling, I love you."

### The Golden Silence.

Air—"The Lost Chord."

"Sweet speech is merely silver, but silence is pure gold,"  
The truest, tersest proverb that ever has been told ;  
For nothing but the shadow of thought through speaking flows,  
But the *soul* of deep emotion sweet Silence only knows.  
Ah, far from the loud world's riot my spirit yearns to be  
Where the spell of the Golden Silence is falling over me.

Great is the speaker's power and grand his thoughts may be,  
But the spell of the Golden Silence has sweeter charms for me ;  
O, dear is the golden silence unto the dreamer's soul  
When thoughts too deep for language across his spirit roll.  
O, far from the world's commotion my spirit longs to be  
When the spell of the Golden Silence is stealing over me.

Sweet is the twilight hour, when daylight dreaming dies,  
The magic of its power upon my spirit lies,  
Sweet is the sound of music that falls upon the ear,  
And the voices of loved ones singing are even yet more dear.  
But O, they are all discordance and afar I fain would be .  
When the spell of the Golden Silence is brooding over me.

As when in some vast cathedral the soul in silence prays,  
Afar from the outward riot, the world and its wicked ways ;  
And there before Christ's Altar, our spirits speak to Him  
Who dwells within His temples in the shadows deep and dim.  
O, far from the outward riot my soul delights to be  
When the spell of *such* Golden Silence falls sweetly over me.

### A Mother's Lament.

O, where is my bright little fairy,  
Where is my innocent dove,  
Where is my beautiful Mary,  
Where is she? Sweet little love !

Cold in the grave she is sleeping,  
O'er her the tall grasses wave,  
While here in the silence I'm weeping  
For my sweet little girl in the grave.

No more shall we wander together  
My sweet little darling, and sing,  
No more the sweet flowers we'll gather,  
No more the dear echoes shall ring.

Farewell to you Mary, my treasure,  
Farewell love for many a day,  
My life, love, has lost all its pleasure,  
Dark grief has filled up the full measure  
Since you, dearest heart, went away.

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## Lament of the Fair Geraldine.

Lines written after reading "The Chronicles of Windsor Castle," containing an account of the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, who was betrothed to the Earl of Surrey, but whose nuptials were forbidden by King Henry VIII.

The Duke of Richmond was also a suitor for the hand of the fair Geraldine.

O, Surrey we are parted sore,  
 Good-bye, my love, good-bye,  
 I long to lay my aching heart  
 Upon your breast and die, my love,  
 Upon your breast and die.

Brave Richmond he hath acted well,  
 As noble knights should do,  
 Unto his suit hath said farewell  
 And left my heart to you, my love,  
 And left my heart to you.

King Henry he hath parted us  
 By his vindictive will,  
 But O he cannot part our souls  
 And we are lovers still.

O, I will leave this English land  
 And sail to Erin's shore,  
 And when I reach that lovely strand  
 Perchance I'll weep no more.

I long to lay me down in death  
 Beneath the shamrocks green ;  
 I'll bless you with my parting breath,  
 Your faithful Geraldine, my love,  
 Your faithful Geraldine.

Ah, would to God that I were dead,  
 For death I daily sigh,  
 I long to lay my aching head  
 Upon your breast and die, my love,  
 Upon your breast and die.



**James Murdoch.**

In Memoriam, 1893.

I'd scorn to place a borrowed wreath  
 Upon the grave of any man,  
 But that which I, myself had formed  
 With my own heart and hand.

I'd scorn to place a borrowed wreath  
 Much more to place a stolen one,  
 This is my wreath of song I place  
 Upon the grave of your dear son.

I cannot say I knew him well,  
 But what I knew of him was good,  
 From what I saw I well could tell  
 He would do justice if he could.

He needs not praise from me nor blame,  
 'Tis not to praise him that I come,  
 'Tis but to give a tribute due  
 To kindly lips now dumb.

Those kindly lips spoke kindly words,  
 That indicate a kindly heart,  
 His tongue was not like pointed sword  
 To rend the quivering flesh apart.

A truly modest man was he,  
 As men of worth should always be,  
 And destined to a better fate  
 Than toiling here in misery.

God rest his soul, this kindly friend,  
 God bless his parents' loving hearts,  
 May God be with them to the end  
 And bid their griefs depart.

**Desires.**

I do not wish for honor,  
 I do not seek renown,  
 False fame, I frown upon her,  
 I ask the poet's crown.

I do not seek a patron,  
 I ask but to be free,  
 I do not mourn what I have not,  
 God's gift's enough for me.

Dame Fortune I should cheat her,  
 She shall not enter in,  
 My songs to me are sweeter  
 Than the wealth the worldlings win.

The poet's crown of glory,  
 By suffering made sweet,  
 The true unvarnished story  
 The Psalm of Life complete.

I'll sing as God shall show me  
 Of heaven and of earth,  
 I care not who may know me,  
 Or what may be their worth.

I'll ask for grace from Heaven  
 For light to sing aright  
 And when the call is given  
 I'll gladly say "good night."

Good night but not good bye, friends,  
 Good night but not good bye,  
 May Jesus Christ be with you,  
 At the moment when you die.

#### The Madonna and Child.

Gazing today on "Madonna and Child,"  
 Beautiful, innocent, modest and mild,  
 The question I ask "Is it worthy to be  
 Blest Light of the World, a true picture of Thee?  
 Some beautiful youth with his sunny locks curled  
 But not the sweet Face of the Light of the World.  
 Some beautiful maiden before me I see  
 But not the sweet Face of the Star of the Sea.  
 Jesus and Mary forgive the poor souls  
 Who painted those pictures for bread or for gold,  
 For passion or pride, or perhaps for their art,  
 But O they were lacking in genius or heart.  
 Ah, man cannot paint your sweet face divine,  
 For vanity holds him too long at her shrine.

No other faces like those faces shone,  
 Surpassing the sunset, surpassing the dawn,  
 Surpassing the noontide in splendor by far,  
 Surpassing aurora, surpassing the stars,  
 Surpassing in mildness the beautiful moon,  
 In richness and beauty the roses of June,  
 Surpassing the lily for purity sweet,  
 In those matchless faces God's beauties all meet.  
 No man's hand, nor angel's, could e'er hope to trace  
 Such heavenly purity, beauty and grace.  
 Ah, man cannot paint those sweet faces divine,  
 For vanity holds him too long at her shrine.

### Mollie Darling

"The smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge."

Mary had a noble nature,  
Sweet and gentle, pure and fair,  
Mary was a lovely creature,  
Fair of form and fair of feature,  
Sweet blue eyes and golden hair.

But my darling now is sleeping  
In the cold and silent grave,  
O'er her head the stars are weeping,  
Lonely, nightly vigils keeping  
For my Mary true and brave.

Ah, my love, I well remember  
When the leaves began to fall,  
When your dear eyes, dark and tender,  
Veiled from me their loving splendor,  
And your figure, light and slender  
Lay beneath the sable pall.

All my life in gloom was clouded  
When your gentle form was shrouded  
With white lilies on your breast,  
When you vanished from my vision  
Into that bright land elysian,  
Unto your eternal rest.

Often have we roamed together  
In the lovely long ago,  
In the radiant summer weather,  
Where the hawthorn bushes grow,  
In the lovely, smilt meadows,  
Where the elms cast their shadows  
And the murmuring waters flow.

Stood we by the smiling river  
In a sweet, ecstatic dream,  
Blessing God, the gracious giver,  
For our happiness supreme ;  
Sang we songs of sunny gladness,  
(Changed, alas ! to sighs of sadness)  
Floating down the shining stream.

Ah, my love, no more we'll wander  
Where the balsam of Gilead grew,  
Near the dear old homestead yonder,  
Happy hours no more we'll squander,  
By that bank no more we'll ponder  
While the doves around us flew.

Nevermore with laughter merry  
 Shall we wander far afield  
 Where the luscious fruits and berries,  
 Where the hazel nuts and cherries,  
 Gave us their delicious yield.

Nevermore as evening closes  
 Shall the odor of the roses  
 Growing in the garden fair,  
 Or the sweet scent of the clover  
 Greet us when the day is over,  
 Filling all the fragrant air.

Nevermore beside the hearthstone  
 Shall my Mollie darling sing,  
 Songs of hearts by sorrow riven,  
 Songs of love and sin forgiven,  
 Songs of mothers, home and heaven,  
 Songs that made the old house ring.

My sweet, singing bird is silent,  
 Her sweet voice no more I hear,  
 Ringing through the evening gloaming,  
 When my darling, tired roaming,  
 Sat and sang so sweet and clear.

Ah, no more my love I'll tease you,  
 Did you know I'd die to please you  
 Mary of the curling hair ?  
 Did you know my heart was aching,  
 Do you know that heart is breaking  
 In its silent, deep despair ?

Here beside her grave I'm sighing  
 Whose sweet spirit is with God ;  
 Little love who kissed me dying,  
 Little dove so lowly lying  
 Fast asleep beneath the sod !

Vainly now my heart is calling  
 To my Mary fond and true,  
 On her grave the snows are falling,  
 On my heart a chill appalling  
 That before it never knew.

Rest in peace, sweet Mollie darling,  
 We shall meet on earth no more.  
 O'er your grave the storm is snarling  
 And the snows in drifts are whirling  
 And my heart is sad and sore.

When the Spring returns with showers  
 To adorn your early tomb,

I shall strew it o'er with flowers,  
 Making it a lovely bower  
 Where to pass the weary hours,  
 How my darling's grave shall bloom!

I shall pray for your sweet spirit  
 To the gracious God above,  
 I shall imitate your merit,  
 In my inmost heart I'll wear it,  
 Mary, dear and gentle dove.

Farewell, Mary!—must I say it  
 To my priceless, peerless one?  
 But God's will, we must obey it,  
 Ah! my love would not gainsay it,  
 She would counsel me to pray it:  
 God's most holy will be done!

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Hon. Thos. F. Gillespie, M. P. P.

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O far away where the light of day dawns on the dreaming seas,  
 Where the shamrock grows, where the bright Lee flows by Shan'don to the  
 sea,  
 In that lovely land was born the man whose death we now deplore,  
 The genial grace of whose kindly face shall greet our eyes no more.

Brave, honest Tom to his rest has gone in the dear old mother, Earth,  
 He has laid him down to the sleep profound far from his place of birth;  
 While the ocean waves between his grave and his cradle grandly roll,  
 Singing requiem for this man of men, of the pure and upright soul.

What shall we say in his praise to day whose head is lying low,  
 Who was true as steel to the people's weal in the late and the long ago;  
 He fought the good fight, he kept the faith, while others went astray,  
 He has laid him down with a true man's crown which none shall take  
 away.

He spent his life in a noble strife with the country's bitter foes,  
 A modest man when the strife began, but a hero at its close;  
 He stood for Right when the bitter fight waged on the side of wrong,  
 He was quick to speak when the poor or weak were outraged by the  
 strong.

He has gone to rest! on his honor'd breast may the turf lie light and  
 green,  
 Let the roses bloom on his honor'd tomb, let the lilies there be seen;  
 Let his honor'd name, all free from blame be his county's honest pride,  
 "An honest man,"—so his record ran, and as such he lived and died.

**The Late Governor Boyd.**

"The work men do is not their test alone,  
The love they win is far the better part." *O'Reilly.*

"The work he did is not his test alone,  
The love he won is far the better part,"  
So should we say of him for whom we moan,  
For whom we stand aghast, with stricken hearts.

His long and great career is at an end,  
And Fame shall crown him with a wreath well won,  
But Love lies bleeding for the people's friend  
So sorely stricken ere his work was done.

No truer tribute could a people give  
To the great man so lately at their head  
Than that he in their hearts by love did live,  
And that by love therein he still survives though dead.

In vain the poets tune their lays or sing their saddest songs,  
Or orators proclaim the praise of him, the great one gone,  
Vain are the words we say, we cannot tell the void  
That is in all hearts to-day for our own John Boyd.

Fair womanhood's pure tears and childhood's gentle voice  
Lament the noble man who bade their hearts rejoice ;  
Ah, they shall mourn him most who his friendship have enjoyed,  
But all a friend have lost in the late John Boyd.

On this subject, sadly sweet, it seems sacrilege to dwell,  
Though with sympathy complete even stranger hearts might swell,  
Every heart with sorrow beats to the throbbing of the bells,  
A response their echoes meet as they toll his funeral knell,  
Crying out o'er tower and street : "farewell ! farewell !! farewell !!!"  
We are tolling for the hopes and the happiness destroyed,  
But blessing on the memory of the late John Boyd.

**St. Angela.**

Her hair was brown, with a gleam of gold  
And over her shoulders in ringlets rolled,  
Her forehead was broad and smooth and white,  
Her eyes were large and blue and bright  
And her face was filled with a holy light.  
All sweet as a saint's was her holy smile,  
All light and love and free from guile,  
Her lips were roses, her teeth were pearls,  
Oh, she was a rose from the garden of girls !  
Her swanlike neck was white as snow,  
And her voice was soft and sweet and low ;  
Its tones were clear as those of a bell

And upon the ear in music fell,  
 Her beautiful ears like sea-shells small,  
 And her form was slight and straight and tall,  
 Her robe was white and her girdle green,  
 And her step was light as a fairy queen's,  
 Ah, she was worthy a queen to be,  
 This wild white rose of Mirameliù,  
 But she coveted not an earthly crown  
 And her lovely life called blessings down,  
 Her look was that of a girl in love,  
 But her thoughts were all of the Lord above.  
 For Him she loved and for Him she sighed  
 And for the Bridegroom she loved she died !  
 Fairest flowers are soonest dead,  
 The brightest blossoms are earliest shed,  
 The sweetest odors are swiftest fled !  
 But it were better the grave should close  
 Above this beautiful, budding rose  
 Than that sorrow or shame should mar her life  
 As a child of fame, or neglected wife,  
 While her lovely memory, so sweet and pure  
 Among her people shall long endure,  
 Who laid her down to the long, last dream  
 By the beautiful banks of the bounding stream,  
 This fair, young creature with scarcely a flaw,  
 This child of Nature, sweet Angela.

### Napoleon I.

Suggested by a picture of the death scene at St. Helena.

Angel forms were hovering o'er him on that darkly dreadful night,  
 Those of Death, Despair and Darkness, those of Life and Love and Light,  
 And above the prostrate sleeper they prolonged the fearful fight,  
 Until Heaven's Hand released him and his spirit took its flight ;  
 There were angels by his bedside,—angels bright in human form,  
 There were lovely little children, sweet sad souls so pure and warm,  
 As the hero's soul departed on the wild wings of the storm !

Ah, Napoleon, brave Napoleon, it was fighting you should die  
 To the sound of booming thunder and storms loud lullaby !  
 It was meet your dying murmur was a smothered battle cry,  
 But most meet that little children by your bed were standing nigh  
 Who might waft your soul to heaven with a prayer and gentle sigh.

Ah, the Christ blessed little children ! they could conquer over you,  
 Whose hard heart, though long a traitor, unto truth was *sometimes* true.  
 Especially when Death dissolved the dark mists from your view ;  
 For, although you were a tyrant, your brave heart was human too,  
 And the doves therein might nestle while aloft your eagles flew.

## Canada.

Patriotic Song. Air—"Shandon Bells."

Soar high, my song, on poetic pinion,  
 God save our Sovereign, our gracious Queen,  
 God save the heads of our vast Dominion,  
 The Lord and Lady of Aberdeen.  
 Soar high, my soul, on sublimest pinion,  
 Beyond the clouds of the azure dome,  
 God bless our noble, our new Dominion,  
 God bless our country, God bless our home.

O, far away where the lovely lily,  
 The pure white emblem of innocence  
 Grows in the land of romantic beauty,  
 From the vine-clad hills of historic France,  
 Cartier and Champlain in ages olden  
 Came to our Canada's sea-washed shore,  
 Both filled with dreams of a region golden,  
 A dream to them, but a dream no more ;

From the land where blooms the fair type of beauty,  
 Old England's lovely and blushing rose,  
 Land of green meadows and hawthorn hedgerows,  
 Land where the beautiful Avon flows ;  
 The classic land of immortal Shakespeare,  
 Majestic Milton and Tennyson,  
 Came village Hamplens across the ocean  
 To fight the battles for freedom won.

From the brave land where the hardy thistle  
 Grows on old Scotland's historic hills,  
 Where through the heather the wild winds whistle  
 And the sweet songs of Sir Walter thrill ;  
 Heroic land of a Bruce and Wallace,  
 Romantic land of a Robert Burns,  
 Of John Macdonald, our country's leader  
 Whose memories live in historic urns.

From Erin, land of the lovely Shamrock,  
 Sweet modest type of the Trinity,  
 Land of green valleys and rushing rivers,  
 The emerald gem of the rolling sea ;  
 Land of the gifted and great O'Connell,  
 Land of the sweetest of singers, Moore,  
 Land of our own dear McGee the martyr,  
 All rich in pathos, of fame secure,

Came pioneers of this infant nation  
 In the dark days of the long ago,  
 Enduring famine and all privations,  
 Exposed to death from the savage foe ;



They stemmed the torrent, they sealed the mountain,  
 They felled the forest, they founded homes,  
 They worshipped God by the streams and fountains,  
 Beneath high heaven's blue, smiling dome.

They came, they saw and, like Caesar conquered,  
 They built great cities by lake and stream,  
 They found a forest they made a nation  
 And realised noble Champlain's dream.  
 From the green banks of the broad St. Lawrence,  
 Unto the far, swift Saskatchewan,  
 From wild Atlantic to calm Pacific,  
 From golden sunset to rosy dawn.

From fair Prince Edward, dear isle of beauty,  
 Our western Ireland, fair and free,  
 Whose shores are washed by the wide Atlantic,  
 Whose Liverpool is our Miramichi,  
 Whose hardy sons were our boon companions  
 In field and forest, by lake and stream,  
 Who love their law with a love romantic,  
 Whose simple songs are a poet's dream.

From fertile valleys of Nova Scotia,  
 The lovely land of Evangeline,  
 Whose sweet, sad song makes the land romantic  
 And puts to blush false Romance's queens :  
 From the fair vales of our own New Brunswick  
 The land of noble Madame Latour,  
 Whose deeds heroic shall be remembered  
 Long as the love of the good endures.

To Stadacona — On:bee historic,  
 (Crowned by her rock-founded citadel,  
 Where gallant Montcalm and Wolfe heroic  
 In battle fought and in battle fell ;  
 To Ville Marie, on the Royal Mountain,  
 Where stands the City of Montreal  
 A gem of beauty, of flashing fountains -  
 Whose sunkissed waters in music fall :

Unto the banks of the dark " Utawa,"  
 Where stands the City of Ottawa,  
 The capital of this vast dominion,  
 Our seat of statecraft of wit and law :  
 Still further on to where great Toronto  
 Stands by the shores of Ontario,  
 Where stood unbroken primeval forests  
 Scarcely one hundred short years ago.

To the great West, where the rolling prairies  
 Unfold before us like seas of gold,  
 Their noble wheat fields, as if the fairies

Had blessed this region with wealth untold ;  
 Beyond the mountains, where fair Columbia  
 Sits on her throne by the ocean strand,  
 From East to West on the wings of fancy  
 We have traversed most of this lovely land

Now bring the Rose and the lovely Lily,  
 The hardy Thistle and Shamrock true,  
 The Maple Leaf and the Pine's green branches  
 The Clover sweet and the Violet blue,  
 And bind them all in a bonnie Bouquet  
 And lay it down on our Country's Shrine,  
 Our fair young Canada our Queen of Beauty,  
 Reign in our hearts by your right divine.

### Renous River Valley.

Remember Renous River valley,  
 The scene of our school-going days,  
 Of many a riot and rally,  
 Dear theme of our loving praise ;  
 When on the dear, dead past I ponder,  
 By turns I am grieved and amused  
 And of the dear valley grow fonder,  
 The beautiful vale of Renous.

Chorus--O, remember the beautiful river  
 And on its dear memories muse,  
 God bless it forever and ever,  
 The beautiful vale of Renous.

Remember the beautiful meadows,  
 The stately and tall elm trees  
 Where off in the sweet summer shadows  
 We heard the dear hum of the bees ;  
 Remember dear class-mates so clever,  
 Life's sunshine in shadow is fused,  
 We have parted, it may be forever,  
 By the beautiful banks of Renous.

Remember the school by the wayside,  
 It stood on the brow of the hill,  
 Though the scholars are scattered far from it  
 The old school is standing there still ;  
 It was there that we learned our first lessons,  
 It was there the old books we perused,  
 It was there we got many a dressing  
 In that little old school at Renous.

Remember the teachers who taught us,  
 The most of them now in the grave,  
 We laughed at the wisdom they brought us,  
 The beautiful counsels they gave ;

The most of their teaching and thrumming  
 But tended our minds to confuse,  
 They gave us the devil's own drumming  
 In those little old schools of Renous.

They taught us to read, write and cipher,  
 To work by the great "rule of three,"  
 O, boys, how we all had to "hyper"  
 When stung by the big "Spelling Bee;"  
 Our antics would anger the master  
 God help the poor fellow accused,  
 Our hearts and our pulses beat faster  
 When the ruler came down at Renous!

But now they are dead we forgive them,  
 They worked for the best I am sure,  
 And we who succeed, who outlive them,  
 Have many worse follies to cure;  
 Though cruel they still were kind-hearted,  
 Their foibles then freely excuse  
 With a sigh for the faithful departed  
 From the beautiful vale of Renous.

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**Daniel O'Connell.**

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(Lines suggested by a picture of the great Liberator.)

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I see before me a handsome hero  
 Standing beneath a wide spreading tree,  
 And as he gazes far into the future,  
 What in that wonder-land does he see?

As there he stands in his splendid beauty,  
 The gaze of his dreaming eyes far away,  
 Does he dream of Love or of Fame or Duty,  
 Of home or Heaven? O, who shall say!

Blue are his eyes as the skies above him,  
 Dark is his clustering, curling hair,  
 Ah, wonder not that the whole world loved him,  
 This handsome hero so brave and fair.

Blue is the mantle that falls around him,  
 Folding his form of majestic grace,  
 White as the snow is the hound beside him,  
 Gazing up to his master's face.

Behind him rise his own Kerry mountains,  
 His home lies low in the lovely vale,  
 His ears are charmed by the murmuring fountains,  
 But his soul is sad at his country's wail.

For the weeping genius of lovely Erin  
 Followed ever her hero young,  
 He hears her cry o'er the hills despairing,  
 And his brave heart is with anguish wrung.

His arms across his broad breast are folded,  
 His bright, blue eyes are belimmed by tears,  
 For his country's thralldom who could behold it  
 Unmoved,—that thralldom of long, long years.

Ah, 'tis a picture of young O'Connell,  
 Old Erin's chief and her uncrowned king,  
 Her Emancipator, her Liberator,  
 Whose glorious praises she loves to sing.

He was a giant in mind and stature,  
 And from the serener heights looked down,  
 He was a king by the right of nature,  
 And he won his country's most glorious crown.

This great apostle of Agitation,  
 The world of his day profoundly stirred,  
 This hero—chief of a gallant nation,  
 His weapons Truth and her golden word.

Much did he win for his stricken nation,  
 Much he accomplished for God and man,  
 But still the brand of base degradation  
 Is raised to mark his beloved land.

O, silent tongue in far off Clonsnerin,  
 Thy long, sad silence is Erin's loss,  
 For her anguished prayers still ascend to heaven  
 For patience to bear her most cruel cross.

That her heaven-born rights may to her be given,  
 That her ship of State, by the storm long driven,  
 May find a safer, serener haven,  
 No longer tempest tost.

#### Impromptu Lines,

Written after reading Banim's novel—"Peter of the Castle."

With Rosa's flowers on her breast  
 Fair Ellen rests within the grave,  
 Sweet be her sleep, her dreamless rest,  
 This pure heart fond and true and brave :  
 This broken-hearted one who loved  
 The man whom Rosalie shall marry.  
 How strange, how sad, her fate has proved  
 Beside whose grave we may not tarry,  
 But while our hearts with sadness swell,  
 We murmur : " Ellen fair, farewell !"

**Beyond the Bars.**

Air—"Banna's Banks."

The sun went down one summer's eve  
 In lovely meadow-vale,  
 The odor of the new-mown hay  
 Was wafted on the gale ;  
 A youth and maiden wandered forth  
 Beneath the silent stars,  
 They talked and laughed, life's wine they quaffed  
 Beside the meadow bars.

The sun arose one sweet Spring morn  
 Above the silent seas,  
 The odor of old ocean's brine  
 Came inland on the breeze ;  
 With white sails spread a ship set sail  
 For foreign ports afar,  
 And Willie bade his love farewell  
 And crossed the harbor bar.

While Willie sailed the salt, salt seas  
 For ports in foreign lands  
 Sweet Mary kept her silent watch  
 Beside the ocean strand ;  
 At length he reached that foreign port  
 A jovial Jack O'tar.  
 And stood amid his comrades wild  
 Before a whiskey bar.

For days and weeks, for months and years  
 The sailor boy did roam,  
 While Mary watched with many tears  
 Within her cottage home ;  
 At length he came, but oh, how changed,  
 His handsome face how marred,  
 With fettered hands, alas ! he stands  
 Before the judgment bar.

The crime against the lad is proved,  
 His bright career is o'er,  
 And Willie, brave and well-beloved,  
 Shall sail the seas no more ;  
 His sentence passed, he lies at last  
 Where many wretches are,  
 Sweet Mary weeps while Willie sleeps  
 Behind those prison bars.

O, run the bane, the curse of youth,  
 Of manhood and of age,  
 That sways us from the living truth,  
 Bids lawless passions rage ;  
 Sweet Mary died, her spirit hied  
 To its home beyond the stars,  
 Now Willie weeps where Mary sleeps  
 Beyond the meadow bars.

## The Colleen's Curse.

I have loved you well and long  
 With a passion deep and strong,  
 Though that love and that passion ye have spurned,  
 All my wishes warm and true,  
 Had gone out, my love, to you,  
 Had gone out to you unwilling to return.

But now they shall return,  
 While deep my curse shall burn,  
 On the head where my blessings used to fall :  
 In my heart where love did dwell,  
 Rages fierce the fire of hell  
 And the baffled love that loud for vengeance calls.

Ah, why did I trust you so :  
 O, you monster don't you know  
 That my truth is far truer than your own ?  
 How dare you leave me here  
 With your laughter and your sneers,  
 To shed such bitter tears  
 Draw the groan ?

Ah, your passions unto mine  
 Were as water unto wine,  
 Or as gentle dews of Heaven unto rain,  
 To love *me* may be bliss,  
 But I do assure you this,  
 That to love *you* is the bitterest of pain.  
 And when from you I shall part  
 With a sad and breaking heart,  
 I hope we shall never meet again.

Farewell, a long farewell,  
 It was heaven, it is hell.  
 To linger any longer by your side,  
 I shall say good-bye and go  
 Far away to hide my woe,  
 Since you say I am not fit to be your bride,  
 If you say I was untrue,  
 False unto myself or you,  
 If you say it or have said it, you have *lied*.

O, good bye, a last good-bye,  
 You have left me here to die,  
 But I'll meet you at the awful Judgment Day,  
 And before the Judgment seat,  
 My sad story I'll repeat  
 And hear what my traitor has to say.

**Rev. Father Bannon,**

---

(Deceased.) Air—"Tara's Halls."

The heart that once within those walls  
 The soul of sweetness shed,  
 Now lies beneath the grave's dark pall  
 Amongst the silent dead ;  
 He sleeps with friends of former days,  
 His bright career is o'er,  
 The Voice of God shall speak his praise  
 When time shall be no more.

No more we meet that presence bright,  
 Our hearts with sorrow swell,  
 For he has said his last "good night,"  
 And we our last farewell ;  
 From death's long sleep again he'll wake,  
 'Tis Faith assurance gives,  
 This thought from Death its victory takes,  
 This thought that still he lives.

---

**Late Rev. Wm. Lawlor, of Chatham.**

The genius-gifted teacher, the bright young priest is dead !  
 The student, the brilliant preacher, the grass is o'er his head.  
 The soul has left the body to its cold and lowly bed.

Above that hillock yonder where he the loved one lies  
 The winds at will shall wander, and friends bereaved shall sigh,  
 And pausing there shall wonder that one so young should die.

But murmur not, bereaved ones, nor wonder while you weep  
 That God should call the shepherds so early from the sheep,  
 For know you not those shepherds themselves must sometime sleep.

And who shall dare to tell us that any die too soon  
 When God is pleased to call them at morning, night or noon,  
 For death is life's beginning, a blessing and a boon.

Then rather be you thankful that he is called away  
 From the great Master's Vineyard so early in the day,  
 That he may rest in Heaven while others watch and pray.

---

**A Reverie. (Impromptu.)**

O, sad and pensive is my heart  
 As thus I sit and dream of thee,  
 Where is thy home, what is thy part ?  
 I ask and thou shalt answer me.  
 The spirit's answer sweet is given :  
 " My part is bliss, my home is heaven."

### The Philosopher's Stone.

(Lines written after reading "Hypatia," by Chas. Kingsley.)

Ah, vain philosophy of man  
 And vain his learning too,  
 Who strives the vanished past to scan  
 With purely human view!  
 How can he hope with mortal eyes  
 To view aright the Ages past,  
 When men, the wisest of the wise,  
 Have viewed the scene aghast!  
 'Tis only he who reads aright  
 Can ever hope to see the light.  
 "And by what light?" the skeptic asks,  
 Would Whelan have us read,  
 We who have bent us to the task  
 In thought and word and deed,  
 We who have learned the ancient lore, the later and the last,—  
 This unlearned one, what light has he  
 To offer such learned men as we.  
 I answer: "There's a light indeed  
 That shines for you as well as me,  
 Without whose ray in vain you read,  
 The truth you'll never see,  
 It is the light of holy Faith  
 The lacking which you're dark as death."  
 It is not Plato's voice so wise  
 Homer's nor Virgil's songs,  
 Nor Soerates, Demosthenes,  
 Nor any of the throng, —  
 For, having studied *all* the schools  
 The wisest man is but a fool  
 Until he hears the Lord aright,  
 Then all is clear, then all is light.  
 Go learn, then, not from Pagan lore  
 Nor Christian lore profane,  
 Whose pages, cursed with mythic store,  
 Is but the student's bane,  
 But go and learn, in light of Love,  
 True wisdom from the Secr above,  
 Go, sages, take a friend's advice,  
 Go, hear the still, sweet voice of Christ.



## Lament of Sir William Wallace.

(Air—"Afton Water.")

Note.—The incidents related in this poem are founded on the facts and fancies recorded in the splendid story of "The Scottish Chief."—M. W.

O, Scotland, my country, aente is my pain,  
My home is in ruins, my Marion is slain ;  
The Southron, the spoiler, has taken my all  
And loudly for vengeance my widowed heart calls.

By my lone mountain dwelling I saw her sweet form,  
While the tempest was swelling and loud roared the storm ;  
I called to my Marion to come back to me,  
Back to her lone Wallace and lost Ellerslie.

"O, Marion, my darling, fear not those alarms,  
Return to thy Wallace and rest in his arms,"  
But alas ! her sweet spirit fled far through the air,  
And Wallace was left to his grief and despair.

"Rest, Marion, my darling, in Heaven, thy home,  
While Wallace shall wander, a soldier shall roam ;  
His fond heart is broken, his soul mourns for thee,  
His beautiful lost one and lone Ellerslie."

O, Scotland, my country I weep for thy woe,  
My loss and thy sorrow too feenly I know ;  
O, countrymen, come at my lone bugle call  
And swiftly before us the Southron shall fall.

For I swear by the throne of the Master on high  
To live for my country or for her to die ;  
No more shall my lost home its lost master see  
Until Wallace be dead or his country be free.

He blew a loud blast on his vast bugle horn  
That sounded afar on the breezes of morn,  
The clans gathered round him on lone Ellerslie  
And Wallace went forth and his country was free.

Sept., 1894.

## Sir John Thompson.

He is gone who seemed so great,  
 Gone but nothing can bereave him  
 Of the force he made his own,  
 Being here, and we believe him  
 Something far advanced in state,  
 And that he wears a truer crown  
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.

He is gone who seemed so great,  
 And great he was beyond the seeming,  
 He who led this mighty state,  
 All its promise vast redeeming ;  
 He has gone beyond our dreaming,  
 Where the smiles of God are beaming,  
 Where His blessed lights are streaming,  
 Where the greater glory gleaming,  
 Falls in splendor over all,  
 He has passed beyond recall.

Happy he in living, dying,  
 Who has won applause of all ;  
 O'er the Leader, lowly lying,  
 Friends and foes alike are vying  
 To see who shall his praise recall,  
 " Good Sir John," " great Sir John,"  
 " Dear Sir John," alike are due him  
 Whose sweet memory shall live on,  
 Beloved, revered by all who knew him,  
 He our own, our very own,  
 Native born and native grown,  
 Reared beside our own hearthstone,  
 Ah, what wonder we make mean  
 And that our soulful sighs pursue him.

Bitterly his country mourns  
 For her son so swiftly stricken,  
 Many crosses she has borne,  
 But of *this* blow she did not reckon ;  
 Every pulse with pain is quickened  
 All her soul with sorrow sickens  
 As the shadows o'er her thicken  
 And the phantom figures beckon  
 From the sad, the silent bourne  
 Whither death her son hath taken  
 To the sleep that knows no waking  
 Till the final Trumpet Call ;  
 And her faithful heart is breaking,  
 And the tears in fountains rise  
 From that heart to those dear eyes,  
 Sacred, sad, though silent tears

That shall flow for him for years,  
 On his tomb in torrents fall  
 Who has passed beyond recall.

Slowly toll the mournful bells,  
 Sadly sound the funeral knells,  
 O'er his country's hills and dells,  
     Breathing out farewells ;  
 But a sadder sound prevails,  
 Borne upon the country gales,  
 'Tis his country's voice that wails ;  
     " My brave son, farewell !"  
 All my heart my hero mourns,  
 All my heart for Thompson yearns,  
 All my spirit for him burns,  
 All my joy to sorrow turns  
     As I sigh " farewell !"  
 His is one more memory blest  
 Lay him down to his last rest.

On his mournful mother's breast  
     Whom he served so well,  
 While I turn to God above  
 Who my faithful friend shall prove,  
 He shall measure my deep love  
     Who in Heaven dwells,  
 And while I in sorrow sigh  
 That my best beloved should die,  
 Glory be to God on high  
     Who doeth all things well.  
 Slowly, sadly lay him down  
 To the final sleep profound,  
 Who has worn his country's crown,  
     With a pure, unsullied glory ;  
 Amid a Nation's nameless grief,  
 Lay him with the dear old Chief —  
 Whose record, brilliant, bright, but brief,  
 Shall live in Canada's fair story.

Dec. 1894.

SONNET.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

This lovely lady, Scotland's queen,  
 The fairest Europe yet had seen,  
 Who blossomed fairest of her flowers  
     On Scotia's bonnie hills,  
 Was destined in an evil hour  
 To fall, the prey of brutal power,  
     And pine in England's dungeon cells ;  
 To perish on a scaffold lone,  
 The heiress to a triple throne.

### Beaubair's Isle.

Air: "Dixon's Isle."

O, hear the whistle sounding, my friends we must away,  
 Along the track 'tis bounding, the train is under way,  
 And as we leave Newcastle shore, the time we shall beguile  
 By singing songs of days of yore and lonely Beaubair's Isle.

Ah, there it stands, that bit of land, while waters round it flow,  
 Upon its silent surface still the stately forests grow,  
 What memories crowd around the scene, what chronicles are piled  
 Upon the dusty tomb of time on lonely Beaubair's Isle.

Our histories record the fact that in the long ago  
 One thousand souls dwelt on that isle—can we believe it so?  
 One thousand hearts beat happy there, a thousand faces smiled  
 When France's flag flew free and fair on bonnie Beaubair's Isle.

But pestilence came down on them, smote sore on every side,  
 Till most of those one thousand there in desolation died,  
 Ah, let us hope those suffering souls were free from every guile  
 When summoned to the throne of God from lonely Beaubair's Isle.

When later on the sword of flame swept o'er this lovely land  
 When Death and Desolation came and stood on every hand,  
 Ah, who shall tell what scenes befel the lonely hearts exiled  
 Who perished there in dark despair, on lonely Beaubair's Isle.

Upon that lonely little isle our governor was born,  
 Whose honor'd name, endeared to fame, his country's page adorns,  
 When we recall this pleasing fact, how can we choose but smile,  
 To think that John James Fraser was born on Beaubair's Isle.

And later on what deeds were done when Harley there held sway  
 When building ships to sail soft seas was the order of the day;  
 No sound of axe or adze is heard, of anger, saw or file,  
 No fair white flag— are floating now from Beaubair's lonely Isle.

The ancient buildings scattering there are tumbling to decay,  
 The ancient glory of the place forever passed away,  
 While all around the empty ground the face of Progress smiles  
 With blessings on the dead old days on bonnie Beaubair's Isle.

And days may come when these are gone, when wondering eyes  
 Shall see,

The airship and the flying machine sail over Miramichi,  
 When at the slowness of the trains the aeronaut shrill smile  
 And scarcely note the poor remains on lonely Beaubair's Isle.

This prophet-song I'll not prolong, nor sing of ages dumb,  
 But rather ring the glorious change of ages yet to come;

The palsy that we now regret is only for a while  
And brighter days shall bless thee yet thou lonely Beaubair's Isle.

But come what may in future day, will sing of duty done  
By one and all when we recall, our country's noble sons ;  
And may the future age erect a grand memorial pile  
To the memory of our Governor on bonnie Beaubair's Isle.

April, 1895.

### Beaubair's Point Graveyard.

“ Each in his narrow cell forever laid  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”—*Cray.*

On the morning of the 28th of May, 1895, I saw for the first time the far-famed old graveyard at Beaubair's Point, commonly called “ Wilson's Point,” and referred to by the distinguished scholar and scientist, Dr. Philip Cox, as the “ Westminster Abbey of Miramichi.”

I went down expecting to find a graveyard in ruins, of course, but still easily distinguishable from any other object by its many monuments and wide extent. What was my surprise at beholding nothing but a bit of the densest forest, with a few tombstones and wooden enclosures scattered here and there through the wood, struggling for existence, so to speak, among the trees, or straggling on the ground, rotten and decayed, moss covered and falling to pieces, with here and there the faint traces of a mound flattened and hollowed by the tramp of ages !

Reader, imagine if you can a woodman, felling trees in a forest close beside the tombstones standing, slanting, or lying flat on the ground around him, and you have some faint idea of the Westminster Abbey of Miramichi.

The stumps of trees so close to the tombstones that I laid my notebook on the former while I deciphered the inscriptions on the latter, inscriptions over a century old, mostly in the old-time “ copperplate ” and print-script character ; the light and heavy tracing, even the curving of the letters, the flourishes, still perfectly legible, even to the characteristic style of the man who chiselled the inscription, his mode of writing, of forming letters, of flourishing, even the tremor of his hand as you would see it on parchment.

What a study those old-time tombstones are ! What a mixture of ignorance and of art, of elegance and inelegance, of sentiment and poetic feeling, of grandeur and simplicity ; the beautifully formed capital, the finely formed curves, contrasting strangely with the primitive and childlike mode of spelling and placing the letters above the lines, or the words below, as the case seemed to the sculptor to require.

As I entered the solemn sanctuary of the departed, this sad and silent city of the dead, I was reminded of the dying words of the patriot, Robert Emmet : —

“ Let my memory rest in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. Then, but not till then, let my epitaph be written.”

But more than all, the grand and resounding periods of Gray's magnificent and immortal Elegy kept thundering in my ears :—

" Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
Hand that the rod of empires might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless heart,  
The little tyrants of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still, erected high,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supplied,  
And many a holy text around she strews  
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

It would be useless to emphasize any of the above stanzas, for all of them would seem to be amply illustrated in this old time graveyard. Of the village Hampdens, or the "mute, inglorious Miltons," resting there, the writer is not prepared to speak, every graveyard contains, or is supposed to, its quota of them. Even Gray himself was only guessing at the possibility or probability of such a thing.

But of "this neglected spot," the "frail memorials," the "uncouth rhymes" and "shapeless sculpture," the "unlettered muse," and the "rustic moralist" there was ample evidence on every hand.

Scarcely were the thoughts suggested by the foregoing stanzas finished in my mind, when I beheld the following inscription on an old freestone slab, round topped and moss-grown, slanting toward two stumps of trees cut possibly twenty-five years ago :

*In Memory of*

STEPHEN ESTES.

Who departed this Life May 26, 1813.

Forbear, dear friends, wipe of your tear<sup>s</sup>  
I must lie here till Christ appears  
As I am now so must you be  
Prepare for death and follow m<sup>e</sup>.

The lettering, the spelling, the reversed N, the inverted g, the side letters placed above the word for want of room, are all literally as I found them. I hope I shall not be accused of irreverence if I append here the answer which some irreverent wit or wag is said to have written to the above lines :

"To follow you I am not content,  
Until I know which way you went."

However the wag, was a little too waggish, as the lines simply mean that the reader is to prepare for death and follow the dead one *to the grave* only, that is, make his last resting place either beside him or somewhere else on the earth, and does not mean that he is to follow him into eternity, for God alone can give permission to do that. It illustrates, however, the apt manner in which the words of the wisest may be twisted and turned into ridicule, it being, it is said, only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. But I am not here to moralize or theologize, but to narrate what I saw in this silent city.

But that is not the most ancient of the monuments by any means. One of the first things to attract attention on entering the little clearing, where, 'tis said, a church stood some fifty years ago, is a neat wood paling, painted white, inclosing two freestone slabs, on the larger of which was inscribed ;

*In Memory of*

JOHN NEWMAN, HE DIED JULY THE 2nd, 1797, AGED 63 YEARS.

On the smaller was inscribed the name of Mrs. Newman, who died in 1807.

On a stone chiselled so as to resemble two monuments, side by side, were the following inscriptions ;—

On the left, facing the reader ; W. M. M. M., and on the right ; — Here lies the body of ELIZABETH MORE, who died, December, 1805, aged 96 years.

On another stone, close beside that of Stephen Estes, was the following ;—

*Sacred to the Memory of*

WILLIAM AND MARY ANNE MARTIN,

who departed this life 9th June, 1810,

“ Now dear friends pray, cease your tears,  
For here we rest till Christ appears,  
Who in glorious  
Majesty will come  
To sentence each one to their doom.”

Near the entrance to this ‘dark valley of death,’ on a slab the top of which only could be seen, the rest being buried in the tomb, the top itself imbedded in an ant hill, was the following ;—

*Here Lies the Body of*

RODERRICK PEABODY,

died May 20, 1805. The rest I did not decipher.

Some tombs were inclosed by vertical palings, others with rough boards nailed horizontally, and so densely overgrown with trees that it was impossible to penetrate the gloom that surrounded them, or to solve the deep, dark mystery as to who slept beneath.

To the north the forest was so dense that I could not and did not penetrate further into this gloomy receptacle of the dead, and if there be monuments and graves in that dense forest I failed to find them.

As I retired from this last resting place of the forefathers of many of the families of Miramichi, the shrill whistle of Sinclair's mill was shrieking the hour of noon, while the Angelus bell at Nelson was proclaiming the same fact.

Arriving at Mr. Vye's I was informed that I had not found the most ancient of the monuments, there having been one 110, and another 117 years old. I was also informed that some vandal from Newcastle had carried off a tombstone and placed it as a footstool for his stove, perhaps to attract customers or the lovers of the curious to his shop or office.

Returning after dinner, by the kind assistance of Mr. Joseph Vye and his daughter, Miss Eveline, I found the following additional tombs and inscriptions :—

On a slab lying flat on the tomb, ornamented with two hearts, this inscription ;—

*In Memory of*  
JOSEPH SANDERSON,

died 6th June, 1797, aged 55 years.

Another close beside inscribed : —

THOMAS GILLISH,

son of William Gillish, died 20th November, 1790, aged 12 years.

Another :—

*Here Lies the Body of*  
JOHN STUART,

Died December 17, 1805, aged 87 years.

Another : —

*Here Lies*

EBENEZER WHITNEY, SR.,

who departed this life 15th August, 1810, aged 65 years.

From one stone, lying flat, Mr. Vye scraped the moss, and revealed the following :—

ANNIE FORSYTH, DIED NOVEMBER , 1791.

But last and best of all I came across the tomb of the late Judge Davidson, which bore the following inscription, on a large freestone lying flat upon the tomb :—

*Sacred to the Memory of*

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, ESQ.,

Representative for the County of Northumberland, Province of New



Brunswick, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas ; Contracted for masts for His Majesty's Navy. He died on the 17th June, 1790, aged 50 years.

The balance of the inscription I did not obtain. So ended my visit to "The Westminster Abbey of Miramichi," a visit which has filled my mind with strange memories and conflicting emotions. Those old monuments, moss grown, and that old road, grass-grown, traversed so oft by the old "residents" (as they are called in the vernacular,) "in life's morning murch when their bosoms were young," of them long since gone to their last silent rest, furnish ample food for reflection, alike for the dreamer, the romancist, the realist, the philosopher and the doctor of divinity.

"Our lives are rivers, gliding free,  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea  
The silent grave.

"There all are equal, side by side,  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

"Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave."

### In Memoriam. The Shades of Miramichi,

#### I.

It was the morn of a sweet Spring day,  
The twenty-eighth of the month of May,  
When I went down thy shrine to see,  
Thy Abbey old, my Miramichi ;  
Walled by wide air, roofed by the trees,  
Stirred scarcely by the passing breeze,  
Sol hid his head behind the clouds  
That veiled his face like leaden shrouds.

I stood upon that sacred ground !  
Amid the stillness there profound  
The sounds of the busy life around  
Fell on my half attentive ear ;  
The railway whistle, loud and clear.  
The throbbing of the busy mill ;  
Anon its whistle loud and shrill,  
The clarion note that calls to toil,  
To life with all its wild turmoil.

While here how softly sleep the dead !  
The trees, the tombs, above each head,  
Here life and death, growth and decay,  
Fit place to ponder, pause and pray.  
From Nelson church tower swings the bell  
That seems to sound a funeral knell,

Clearly it clangs upon the air,  
The angelus that calls to prayer.

Ah, Gray, my Gray, how changed the scene  
From what thy dreaming soul had seen  
In that old churchyard far away,  
Made famous by the name of Gray,  
There curfew tolled the day's death knell,  
Here softly sounds the noon-day bell.

There lowing herds wound o'er the lea,  
No herds nor flocks here do I see ;  
Your landscape faded on the sight,  
The landscape here is fair and bright ;  
Save that the sun in clouds is rolled,  
The full noon splendor I behold.

No beetle here wheels droning flight,  
But June bugs hum the livelong night,  
No moping owl to moon complains,  
No ruined towers where owl may reign

Forgive the pun, but humor seems  
Unconsciously to come in gleams,  
And light the grave and ruined pile  
With semblance of a saddened smile.

Ah, reader, far be it from me  
To mock at such solemnity,  
To mock, dear Gray, what saddened thee ;  
My soul is sad, my humor's ray  
Like sunlight on a dark, dull day.

Bright folly flashes, fades and dies  
And then "the voice of nature cries,"  
That where I stand is holy ground,  
That "ghaists and witches," may abound.

The night loomed darkly as Gray gazed  
Upon those mouldering mounds upraised,  
All still and sacred was the hour,  
The moon rose o'er the ivied tower ;  
Here is not night, but broad noon-day,  
Apollo casts a clouded ray,  
No mounds are here, but trodden tombs,  
Half hidden by the forest glooms !

My ploughman hies him to the field  
To sow the seed for future yield,  
Gray's ploughman homeward hied his way  
And left the world to glorious Gray ;  
Who, musing on the saddened scene,

Where life is not, where death has been,  
His sad, prophetic, poet soul  
Proclaimed the thoughts that o'er him stole.

In song that each succeeding age  
Ranks second to the sacred page,  
The song that wukes poetic fire  
And thrills the soul with wild desire  
To sing as only Gray has sung  
Of those o'er whom old earth has flung  
Its mantle green o'er ashes gray  
Until the final Judgment Day.

## II.

But futile though this highborn hope  
To cope with Gray, or polished Pope,  
One comfort to my heart remains  
That they ne'er reached the sublime strains  
That Israel's sweet singer sang  
As loud his harp in anguish rang  
When wailing o'er his hated sins  
The Heart of God king David wins.

Nor Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Moore,  
Can equal bards prophetic, pure,  
And what are Burns's base desires  
To "rapt Isaiah's" heaven-born fires?  
What earthly bard could equal Thine  
Inspired page, dear Lord divine?  
Their best but echoes of Thy page  
O, God, that sang for every age.

Not even Dante, gloomy, grand,  
Could such wild wealth of words command  
Of song and sermon, psalm and hymn,  
Of wisdom vast, of ruin grim,  
Or hold such blessed promise high  
To those who here for heaven sigh,  
To those who live, to those who die,  
As that brave Book, of every clime,  
And from eternal years, through time,  
Until eternal years again  
Shall dawn upon the sons of men.

O, holy hope, O, blessed trust,  
Though man may die and lie in dust,  
Though grandeur rot and gold shall rust,  
One joy remains unto the just  
That ne'er shall pass away.

Ah, God, what human tongue shall say  
The glories of that wondrous day,  
When closed shall be earth's fitful years

And Christ with his bright cross appears?  
 When oped and closed shall be all tombs,  
 And He the Judge pronounces dooms?

What matters it what words were said  
 Or sung by living o'er the dead?  
 If they be not the words of prayer  
 Their sound but as the empty air;  
 The only words worth hearing then,  
 The sweetest to the sons of men,  
 Will be, "Well done my faithful ones,  
 My will was done, the crown is won,  
 Come, blessed of My Father, come  
 And share with Me My heavenly home."

Ah, would to God the human ear,  
 No other sound than those should hear,  
 And would that I could finish here;  
 But faith and truth compel the rest,  
 And what is true is always best.  
 To those who, from the pathway strayed,  
 Upon the Lord's left hand arrayed,  
 The great, just Judge shall turn and say,  
 "Away from Me, accursed, away,  
 Who followed but your base desires  
 You shall be damned in ceaseless fires,  
 You scorned Me for the Evil One,  
 And you shall wear the crown you've won,  
 Depart from Me, perdition's sons,  
 I know you not, begone, begone!"

Then ope the gates to let them in,  
 The good man and the man of sin,  
 The first in Heaven, the last in Hell  
 Throughout eternal years shall dwell.

III.

Rest on, unknown, unhonor'd dead,  
 It matters not, your earthly bed,  
 If that dear soul in bliss abide  
 For which the gentle Just One died.

Farewell, dear friends, farewell, my foes,  
 I know you not, God only knows,  
 Farewell, dear Burns, dear Moore and Gray,  
 We mayhap meet "some other day;"  
 Farewell, dear scene that brought me here,  
 My soul is sad with unshed tears,  
 "As you are now so shall I be,"  
 Farewell, dear shades of Miramichi.

**St. Raphael's, Blackville.**

I stood in that lovely temple  
 One sultry summer day ;  
 I had wandered there to rest me  
 From the festive scene and gay,  
 And I found the little children  
 All merrily at play.

The prattle of childish voices  
 The patter of childish feet  
 And the ripple of childish laughter  
 Made a melody most sweet.

It would seem that the Heart of Jesus  
 Had called those children there  
 In order that He might bless them  
 In His holy house of prayer.

As they ran and played together  
 His holy Altar around,  
 Unconscious, dear little loved ones,  
 That the place was holy ground.

And as they gazed on the pictures  
 Or touched them with their hands  
 One would think of the words of Jesus,  
 His dear divine command :

“ Suffer the little children  
 To come, dear hearts, to Me,  
 For of such is My heavenly kingdom,  
 From sin and sorrow free.”

A home in His Heart in Heaven  
 The little hearts have found,  
 And pure as the snow undriven,  
 They stand His Throne around.

And the bell for the blessed Chalice  
 The little hands shall ring,  
 And a song to the Heart of Jesus  
 The little lips shall sing.

You would seem to hear Him saying :  
 “ I bless those children dear,  
 I bless the good priest and the people  
 Who have built Me a temple here.”

God bless the dear little children  
 Who played that evening there,  
 God bless the good priest and the people  
 Who reared that temple fair.

July 9th, 1895.

**In Memoriam—Captain Thomas Quigley.**

ACROSTIC.

Called from those he dearly loved  
 A manly man has passed away,  
 Passed, let us hope, to God above,  
 To home and heaven's eternal day ;  
 Ah, gallant sailor take your rest,  
 In death's long sleep the last and best,  
 No storms disturb your gallant breast.  
 Farewell.

The helm no more his hand shall hold,  
 His voice no more shall give command,  
 On mainmast high this seaman bold  
 May take no more his dizzy stand,  
 And friends shall grasp his hand no more,  
 Save on that stormless, sunny shore.  
 Farewell.

Quiet and modest, tried and true,  
 Unmoved, undaunted still stood he,  
 It mattered not what wind it blew,  
 Gaily he met it, fair and free,  
 Life's storms are o'er, life's ocean past,  
 Eternally your anchor's cast  
 Your ship is safe in port at last.  
 Farewell.  
 Farewell.

**Una of Kildare.**

Lines suggested by the story, "Light and Shade.

When first I saw my Una  
 She was only a little child,  
 With eyes like those of a frightened fawn,  
 And gold hair, flying wild ;  
 But now she's become a woman,  
 Her face is far more fair,  
 Her heart seems far less human,  
 My wild rose of Kildare.

The priceless heart of Una  
 She has given it all to me,  
 And when June brings its roses  
 Our wedding is to be ;  
 I still claim my right to tease her  
 And tangle her golden hair,  
 But she knows I would die to please her  
 My wild rose of Kildare.

The autumn has changed to winter,  
 With its storm and cold and gloom,  
 And Spring and Summer are far away  
 When sweet, wild roses bloom :  
 My sweet, wild rose has fallen,  
 My soul is in despair,  
 And broken the heart of Strathallen  
 For Una of Kildare.

Thy matchless form, my Una,  
 Is nowhere to be seen,  
 In mansion or in cottage,  
 On lawn or village green ;  
 For down where the snow-white chapel  
 Lifts high its cross in air,  
 Beneath the tender shamrocks  
 Lies Una of Kildare.

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### ERRATA.

(The page and corrected words only are given.)

Page 5, *Memorian*, *centenarian* ; page 7, *won* ; page 10, *sinless* shore ; page 11, *remembrances*, *their* ; page 25, *huzza* ; page 26, *sat*, *apes* ; page 37, *met* ; page 43, *trees* ; page 44, *Tollamore*, *hands* ; page 45, *noonday* ; page 48, *terrestrial*, *suns*, *Hemans* ; page 50, *thos* ; page 51, *course* ; page 52, *upon, the* ; page 59, *fares* ; page 64, *fitting, even* ; page 66, *land* ; page 69, *Glasnevin* ; page 75, the first stanza is a quotation ; page 76, *wintery* gales ; page 78, *easily* ; page 79, *hands, breast, supply, to contain, stanzas* ; page 80, *theologize*.

NOTE :—Instead of censure for those few errors of the type, the publisher, Mr. W. C. Anslow, deserves great credit and thanks for the excellent manner in which he has performed his part of this work, and I do most cordially and sincerely thank him for the same.

THANKS :—I also desire to thank most cordially my many patrons for the prompt and kindly manner in which they have subscribed for this volume, which I dedicate to them as a token of my lasting gratitude and esteem.

MICHAEL WHELAN.

Miramichi, N. B., August, 1895.

Mary Mellish  
 Archibald  
 Memorial

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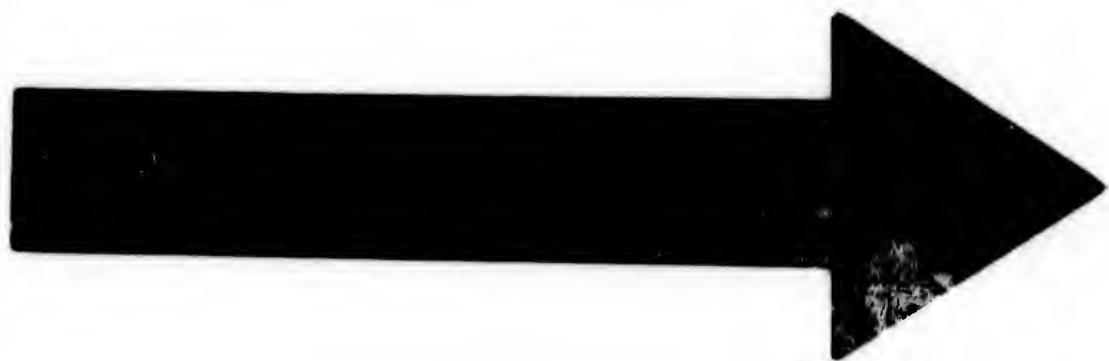
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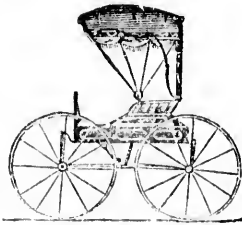
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