

REFLECTIONS.

On the Death of Mrs. Cornelius Ryan
Who Died at Montreal, May 24, 1901.

The heart that feels for others' woes,
The hand that soothes another's pain,
The friend that's staunch 'mid glowering
foes
Eternal gratitude shall gain.

And in my short and sad career,
No friend has been more kind and
true,

There's none of them I hold more dear
Than your good family and you.

'Twas but four days five years ago
In the beginning of the fall
I walked with one I chanced to know
Along the streets of Montreal.

He led my feet o'er many a road
Till, in the street called Sanguinet
We halted at your blest abode,—
That day I never shall forget.

An Irish welcome greeted me
As e'er your native hills among
The Stranger in Sweet Tipperary
Is sure to meet from old and young.

And, here let me a tribute pay
To Erin's Isle across the sea;
And, though myself, I cannot say
Much Irish blood there flows in me;

I've found among that Island's sons
And daughters in my native land
Such love as I've received from none
Other, of open heart and hand.

"Roman" and Protestant alike
Orangeman and Hibernian.
From Baptist Fred to Catholic Mike
As I have journeyed through this
land.

The Scotch too, I must not forget
Their many virtues to record;
I've often seen their eyelids wet
At Misery's lightest whispered word.

And English, of the better sort—
Not Lords and Aristocracy
Who make the world their prey and
sport,
But simple folk like you and me

Dear reader, who another's rights
Will stand up bravely and maintain,
And will not quench the Christian
Light

In love of power and greed of gain.

But I digress—and back once more
I come where Friendship's chain so
bright

That binds me to St. Lawrence Shore
Has parted with a link to-night.

Around the hearth where Warren
talked

And even little Dickie sang,
When home returning from a walk
The cheerful bell for supper rang.

Where jest and laugh and song went
round
And filled the cup with Pleasure's
foam—

The rare good cheer that's seldom
found
Outside a hearty Irish home.

No more I see your smiling face
Or take from you the cup of tea,—
No more the festive board you grace
With heart from care and sorrow
free.

No more I see the spacious aisles
And gorgeous halls of Notre Dame;
No more for me St. Lawrence smiles
Or rise the monuments of Fame.

To Nelson and to Chenier
And patriots to their country true
Who marched in proud and grand
array
Beside their leader, Papineau.

St. Eustache rises on my sight,
Odell town echoes back each groan
Of those who battled for the right
And shook with thunderbolts the
throne.

Here rest the martyrs of a cause
Of which their sons have reaped the
fruit
In larger freedom, better laws
When they had laid the axe to the
root.

The chain remains, but garnished o'er
With gilt and flowers fair to see,
But, still in within its inmost core
'Tis just the same, at least to me.

The yoke is but a feather weight;
But let those kneel who will not
stand,
And what'er be the will of Fate
I stand for my own native land.

But memories cluster thick and fast
Compressed within so short a time,
Of which you are the first and last
That I record in this poor rhyme.

And once again I bid adieu
To scenes that hold my heart in
thrall

And loving friends, the tried and true
Along the streets of Montreal.

THE EDITOR.

July 5, 1901.

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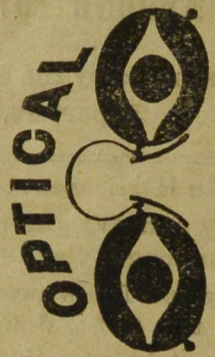
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