

## LXXXIV.

To every noble purpose true,  
His was the vision, splendid—  
Which Heaven o'er his dreaming threw,  
And in his spirit blended—  
To gaze upon imagined bliss,  
When man to man, a brother,  
Should clasp the hand, and give the kiss  
Of Peace to one another !

## LXXXV.

When feud and faction far should flee,  
And strifes of races vanish,  
And Truth, triumphant, proud and free,  
The ghoulds of Hate should banish !  
When grand, the glorious light should shine—  
A new Transfiguration—  
Of Him, whose glances are divine  
On our Canadian nation !

## LXXXVI.

Rest ! Vivian, rest, at length is thine—  
Thy fate to me be given,  
To muse beneath Canadian pine,  
Within the smiles of Heaven !  
To walk the stainless path of God,  
And gather Virtue's flowers,  
Then, sleep beneath Canadian sod,  
In Chateau Richer's bowers !

JAMES JOSEPH GAHAN.

QUEBEC, 31st March, 1880.