

worthier the success that never came than his wife. Thrice every day she stood by the gunners on the *terre pleine*, and sent the contents of a cannon to the enemy. Never woman kept a cooler head, a truer and more tender heart than she amid sufferings indescribable.

On the night of the 21st a bomb burnt the magazine of the "*Célèbre*," and, blowing up, she fired two of her sister ships.

The next night the citadel went up in smoke, and, the night after, the barracks. All that would burn within the walls was catching fire. Even there, at the mouth of the casemates or bomb-proof underground cellar-like places, crowded with women, children, and wounded men, the wood piles, hastily thrown together to prevent the enemy's shot finding easy entrance, caught fire, and threatened with suffocation all within. Shelter now there was none from the storm of shot and shell that, guided by the light of the burning buildings, poured in from every British battery.

Yet, even then, Drucourt rallied his men, and the day dawned on a still untaken town. But the end

none doubted. On the night of the 25th six hundred sailors rowed silently into the harbour and seized the two remaining battleships.

Next day the Admiral went ashore to arrange with Amherst a joint attack. And, again, as in '45, before he left to carry out the programme, a white flag from the west gate brought offers of surrender.

Once more, then, and finally, the terror of these northern seas fell into English hands and the Red Cross flew where men had gazed with pride on the fleur-de-lis.

On the 18th of August the news reached England, and, two years later, lest France should ever again get footing here, sappers and miners were sent to raze to the ground the blood-soaked walls.

Now, a hundred and fifty years later, Louisbourg, lost for long to any but a few fishermen and an odd enthusiast, has arisen, two miles north-east of the old town's site, to share, as the shipping port of the Dominion Coal Company, the general prosperity in peaceful industry of this now again well-known and wealthy little island of Cape Breton.

CANADA.

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

—A. C.