

MILLE-ILES.

From the French of Octave Crémazie.

When Eve had from the tree of life
 With her fair hand plucked death,
 Upon the earth remorse appeared,
 As blight fell from its breath.

Archangels, then, upon their wings,
 Bore Eden, stilled, away
 And placed it in the heavens above,
 Where spheres eternal sway.

But, as they upward winged their flight,
 They let fall on their way
 Fair flowers from Eden's bowers divine,
 As signs of their brief stay.

And into the mighty river fell
 These flowers of varied hue.
 To form the beauteous Thousand Isles,
 A Paradise to the view

Octave Crémazie, author of "Le Drapeau de Carillon" and many other famous poems is one of the glories of French Canadian literature. A pathetic interest attaches to Crémazie's career as he died far from his beloved Canada, and his remains rest in the cemetery at Havre, France. For many years his burial place was neglected, but owing to the efforts of Mr. G. E. Desaulniers of Montreal, himself a distinguished *litterateur*, and other public spirited Canadians, an appropriate monument now marks the last resting place of one of Canada's finest poets. A fine monument to Crémazie's memory erected through the efforts of the late Louis Fréchette, the French Canadian poet laureat, and other admirers of the poet, stands on St. Louis Square, Montreal.

The above is a translation of a fragment from Crémazie's works, a complete edition of which has recently been issued in handsome form.