

And so his work grew strong. He ever loved  
 The Ocean, and upon her rocking breast  
 She bore him always safely; never harm  
 Befel him there. He loved our country most,  
 And when God called him, there he laid his head  
 In peace upon her bosom. And his work  
 Still prospered—till there came an evil time  
 When bigot counsels sapped the strength of France,  
 And drove to exile many a faithful heart  
 And stalwart arm; and faith grew faint, and fraud  
 And peculation smirched the lily flag,  
 And avarice and greed stalked through the land.  
 Then died the love of duty. In its place  
 Arose the point of honour. Poor exchange!  
 For honour is self-centred—duty lives  
 From man to God. So all the West was lost  
 To France. But Champlain's work survives; for still,  
 Though from Cape Diamond's lofty peak no more  
 Floats the White Flag, his dear-loved mother tongue  
 Still flourishes, pervading all the land  
 He travelled; and his faith still lives—devout,  
 Yet tolerant here, as in the happy days  
 Before the fatal revocation knelled  
 The waning power of France; and still survive  
 The laws and customs of the France he knew.

*Sans peur et sans reproche*—thou, blest of God!  
 Thy name still dwells unsullied. Never spot  
 Of greed, or cowardice, or lust, or hate  
 Stained thy white scutcheon. Swiftly sped thy soul  
 Up the dread circles, where the healing flames  
 Purge out the lingering dross and make man pure  
 To bear the garments of the searching light  
 In courts of heavenly glory. Worthy, thou,  
 To be a nation's founder! and may we  
 Be not unworthy of thee! May thy faith  
 In our Dominion's fortunes, and thy truth  
 And love of duty guide us on our course.  
 So shall our country flourish—thine as ours—  
 So long—no longer.

S. E. DAWSON.

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