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so proficient that it took part in the musical programme of the festivities held in Montreal to honour the Prince of Wales.

Calixa's youth was spent in these surroundings. Rhythm and harmony are part and parcel of his life. All day long, the slow swing of the heavy hammer beats its measured pace into his consciousness. Then, his eyes gaze upon the magic sight of the 3 massive mountains that jut out boldly in the distance: Mount Royal, Mount Saint-Bruno and Beloeil Mountain. For the budding artist, was this not an inspiring lesson in harmony? Then in the evening, his keen memory, as sensitive as soft wax was vividly impressed by rich orchestral tones.

Thus our national bard of the future became a musician, and a real one. Music engrosses his mind, it pierces his very soul and transports him to realms unknown. He wants to externalize everything he has stored up in his young brain. Haunted by rhythm, he makes himself cymbals with frying pans. Did not the composer of the Marseillaise feel the same urge in his childhood when at the age of six, deaf to any amount of noise, he would beat the cymbals of ambulating musicians for hours on end?

Our 2 heroes began their musical careers on percussion instruments, kettledrums and cymbals. It is not surprising that in later years, their names allied to their compositions should have resounded so strikingly in the annals of history. Young Calixa was soon to adopt another instrument, and the story is told that even as a child he would get up during the night and pour his heart out on the piano.