

the poet, of Havre-Saint-Pierre, of people who succeeded in building a real country in a very difficult climate and under very harsh conditions. And the North Shore is now in full bloom.

I am thinking here of a fellow like Louis-Ange Santerre who has written about the North Shore. And also of a man like Leméac, and Jeannine Boisclair who have managed to make their way to areas where roads still have to be built, even in my own riding where, in some places, television has yet to come: still, the people who live there want to build. Instead of having the Canada we dream of, we spend our time discussing and recalling the battle of the Plains of Abraham. We need the will to change, but are we capable of making those changes happen? I say we do, Mr. Speaker, and the young of our generation are ready to act.

But it is up to the government to take the initial step that will allow the young, and the not so young, to fulfil themselves. We should stop going around in circles, and get to work without further ado and lay the cornerstone. At this point, I want to congratulate the Leader of the Official Opposition who, coming from the western plains, learned French, not only enough to speak it, but to master its meaning, and that is wonderful. The same applies to the Leader of the New Democratic Party who speaks French. That is what Quebeckers must understand. It is a matter of having our rights respected, while recognizing at the same time that others are making real efforts. Despite painful situations, there is obviously good will on the other side. And if that is possible at 40 or 50 years of age, I say to myself: Great guns! It is possible to achieve at 15 and 18 years of age, within a really good system of education, that will enable us to understand each other, to meet, to communicate! That is the greatest problem in this country: a lack of communication.

Once again, addressing my Quebec fellow citizens, I ask them to really look at the changes that have taken place in this country in the last 20 years. I ask them to ponder, in all honesty, on the extent to which the system has been good to us, to see how much more interesting it is for a Francophone, whether he be from Quebec or Acadia, to stay within Canada and make the most of his rights, because true equality lies in equal rights and not in numerical equality. That is what must be realized and the young, like to the old, must weigh the possibilities involved.

Think of a fellow like Gilles Vigneault who, instead of living his poetry, lives off it saying, "Human beings are people of my race". Yet, he is of among the first to want a fence around Quebec. That is what the people of Quebec should understand, that the people who would fence them in on a parcel of land are the very ones who sing of brotherhood, freedom, equality and sharing. I denounce that fact and I ask Quebeckers to reconsider the matter.

I know, Mr. Speaker, that the time allotted to me is limited but I still have a few minutes left. At the very end of my comments I would ask our friends from English Canada on both sides of the House to come and meet Quebeckers, more

often immediately after May 20. Do not hesitate to come to Quebec because it is also your home. I think that it is time that you cross the Ottawa River and that you really try to hold a dialogue. It is far from being too late, because Quebeckers are ready to listen and most of them have a practical attitude and are ready to walk together with English-speaking Canadians, they are ready to co-operate with our Montagnais and the Inuit, they are ready to build this country, but they will never give up their rights. In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, I will read a marvelous poem written by Félix-Antoine Savard, the author of "Menaud, maître draveur", the father of our authentic poets who enabled the French Canadian culture to be recognized outside Quebec throughout Canada and even in Europe. The poem entitled "Hymne à mon pays" reads as follows:

HEUREUX les peuples épaulés sur le Nord!
 Ô Polaire, Souverain diamant immobile!
 Somptueuses aurores boréales
 qui présagez les soleils du matin,
 voici que notre avenir à nous s'est levé.
 Que s'élève aussi
 notre hymne viril et fraternel!
 Je t'aime, ô mon Pays, épaulé sur le Nord.
 Et de vous, je prendrai conseil,
 ô puissante et belle nature,
 plaines, fleuves et montagnes,
 riches solitudes inexploitées encore,
 terres des forêts, des minéraux et des blés,
 patrie des nids d'amour
 dans les roseaux de la toundra!
 Pacifiques trésors de mon pays,
 de vous je prendrai conseil.
 Et j'écouterai l'appel
 de l'immense et jeune
 liberté.
 Et désormais, à mon frère,
 de quelque race ou langue qu'il soit,
 je dirai:
 Viens avec moi!
 Ce pays par Dieu nous fut donné.
 Viens! nous travaillerons
 ensemble, côte à côte,
 et nos cœurs rapprochés
 battront d'accord,
 au rythme des merveilles.
 Ohé! voilà que l'avenir
 aux innombrables soleils,
 voilà que notre avenir à nous
 s'est levé!
 Et pour toujours, nous oublierons
 les vieilles, funestes querelles
 qui empoisonnaient nos cœurs.
 Et désormais,
 dans les chemins de droiture et de justice,
 nous marcherons ensemble,
 dans la paix d'un pays
 sans haines ni rancunes.
 Et nous écouterons l'appel
 d'un Canada
 riche et jeune encore.
 Oh! oui! très heureux,
 les peuples épaulés sur le Nord,
 et marchant
 fixés sur l'imperturbable étoile