

Dans l'osbe glorieux des souvenirs épars,
L'illustre sépulture ouverte par la bombe,
De gradins en gradins montant de toutes parts,
Mont sacré par le sang des victoires, surplombe.

La France et l'Angleterre inclinent leurs drapeaux
Devant le promontoire où la gloire repose,
Et l'ange de la paix couronne les tombeaux
Des palmes de l'honneur et de l'apothéose.

—Nérée Beauchemin.

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FINAL PAGEANT.

The shouting of the populace has died away; all is still.

Nearly seventy years in passing by have brought us to another scene. There floats up out of the distance a full-throated rythmical song and, as its volume swells, there appear, regiment by regiment, marching shoulder to shoulder, two great and victorious armies.

Beneath their floating standards they file on in a great parade of honour.

The present is joining hands with the past to the glorifying of a splendid future.

The heroes whose lives were given here in the past, that this song might be sung to-day, stand rank by rank before us in all the bravery of uniform and military pomp.

The great and significant unison of voices is singing—

“Ton histoire est une épopée,
Des plus brillants exploits.
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,
Protègera nos foyers et nos droits.”

We are looking down the vista of years now. There is Jacques Cartier with the up-lifted cross, pioneer of a land

“qui sait porter l'épée,
qui sait porter la croix.”

There, the noble minded and devoted Champlain who has realized that pioneer's great ideal and has set firm the foundation of a Christian colony; the little band of those whose self sacrifice, whose constant prayer and unremitting toil have taught so profound a lesson and relieved such countless suffering; the *religieuses de Québec*; the hero Dollard with his hero followers; the great Bishop without whose steadfast faith and firm hand Canada would not be what she is; Saint-Lusson, with the pomp of temporal and spiritual power; the courageous and proud spirited Frontenac; all are wrested for a moment from the jealous years, and that apotheosis of loyalty, obedience and courage, that great muster of warriors, whose spirit has passed into the life of this country are now singing with the rest,

“Le cri vainqueur:
Pour le Christ et le Roi.”

GENERAL SALUTE.

DIEU SAUVE LE ROI.

GOD SAVE THE KING.