

When women, no lovelier now than then,  
 Had to do the deeds of undaunted men,  
 And had higher aims for each true warm heart  
 Than study of fashion's or toilet's art.

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It was in those towers—the southern one—  
 Sister Margaret Bourgeoys, that sainted nun  
 Sat patiently teaching, day after day,  
 How to find Jesus—the blessed way,  
 Mid the daughters swarth of the forest dell,  
 Who first from her of a God heard tell ;  
 And learned the virtues that woman should grace  
 Whatever, might be her rank, or her race.

Here, too, in the chapel tower buried deep,  
 An Indian *brave* and his grand-child sleep,  
 True model of womanly virtues—she—  
 Acquired at Margaret Bourgeoys' knee ;  
 He, won unto Christ from his own dark creed,  
 From the trammels fierce of his childhood freed,  
 Lowly humbled his savage Huron pride  
 And amid the pale faces lived and died.

With each added year grows our city fair ;  
 Churches rich, lofty, and spacious square,  
 Villas and mansions of stately pride,  
 Embellish it now on every side ;  
 Buildings—old landmarks—vanish each day,  
 For stately successors to quick make way ;  
*But we pray from change, time may long leave free  
 The ancient towers of Ville Marie !*