

XII.

Yet would I strive to sing as best I may
Of him who landed first upon this shore ;
I fain would speak of hardy Cartier :
His ship the first St. Lawrence ever bore ;
His face the first pale-face the Indians
Had seen ; his deeds well merit utterance.

XIII.

Three centuries and half a century
Have sped their course since Cartier set sail
From France, intent upon discovery.
He oft had heard the wonder-stirring tale
Of distant lands possessed of mighty wealth ;
These now he would discover for himself.

XIV.

And westward sailing on his unknown way,
In course of time he met his due reward ;
And sailed this noble river on the day
Made holy to St. Lawrence. He implored
The blessing of the Saint upon his aim,
And called the gulf and river by his name.