

and it is with a few stanzas of this moving poem in their ears that I would fain commend him finally to those who will, I most sincerely hope, soon form part of his growing audience. I need hardly add that his love for what was best in the hero-age of French Canada is not at all inconsistent with loyalty to that other Crown which has always been the great guarantor of French-Canadian liberties. And is it not matter for rejoicing that the fight for Canada was well enough fought out by both sides to make each respect the prowess of the other? And is it not also well that each should know now where it can find a worthy fellow-soldier in the hour of need? Besides, I am inclined to think that, should this occasion come, Dr. Beauchemin would be the first to call his compatriots with a stirring "Vive le Roi!"

LA CLOCHE DE LOUISBOURG

Cette vieille cloche d'église
Qu'une gloire en larmes encor
Blasonne, brode et fleurdelise
Rutile à nos yeux comme l'or.

C'est une pieuse relique :
On peut la baiser à genoux ;
Elle est française et catholique,
Comme les cloches de chez nous.

Elle fut bénite. Elle est ointe.
Souvent, dans l'antique beffroi,
Aux Fêtes-Dieu sa voix est jointe
Au canon des vaisseaux du Roy.