

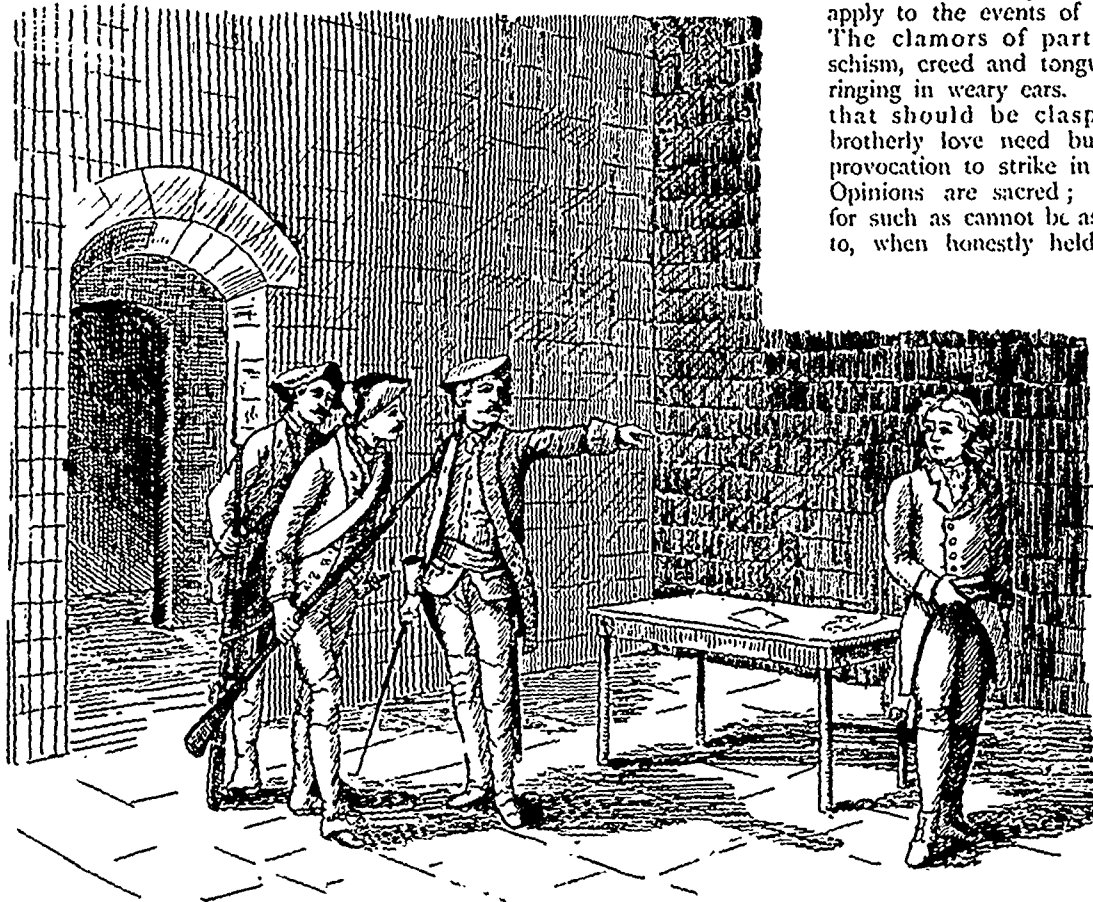
giveness, and trust the future will not avenge my death upon them in such pain and sorrow as have come to me, and mine, and you. The martyr may not choose his mode of exit from this world; if his cause be just, he need fear no stain on his memory by reason of it; therefore, waste no idle tears on me, who am but the one chosen by fate to die that you might go free. To you I commit my dear ones, and charge you by all you hold sacred, should misfortune befall them, that you will make their future your special care, and, as you do to them, may God so reward you. I die for my country, and look to my countrymen to vindicate my memory in the struggle I have made for her liberty. The present hour is dark with defeat, and sorrow, and death. The future is bright with hope, in that I see the principles for which we fought embodied in a constitution which shall be no less a blessing to you and your children than to those who now despise our aspirations, and quench them in our blood. I see you, my beloved compatriots, swelling from a handful of down-trodden vassals into a great and powerful nationality, guarding as your life your language, your religion, and your laws. A glorious destiny awaits you, and demands but your ability to grasp it and compel the now triumphant Star of England's Empire to do your sovereign will when you shall choose to make it known in the unmistakable voice of a free, united, and determined people. *Vive la Liberté!* Farewell!"

He saluted the crowd of now thoroughly excited men, who were only kept under control by the overwhelming

show of military strength, turned to embrace Father Lebeau, and say farewell to the few personal friends standing near by. The further harrowing details were rapidly carried out, and the lofty soul of Raoul de Bien-ville was released from its perishable dwelling-place to find its affinity among the myriads of like noble and exalted spirits who have lived, suffered, and died, in the form of men in this world; of whom the world may not have been worthy, but whose presence for a time therein served to enrich it and inspire others to revere, if not to emulate, their aims and aspirations.

Ideas are strangely powerful. Men have died for them and will yet bravely die, but woe to those at whose door the responsibility of their death shall lie. The seed of the church, watered by the martyrs' blood, has grown into the mighty forest. The world's judicial murders for opinion's sake have but more deeply rooted the ideas for which they were committed in the minds of men. Ideas live! That for which Raoul died has become a passion with his countrymen, burning into and transforming their very being. Will it enoble and inspire them with lofty ideals and wide views of their future in the land of their birth, which those of another faith and tongue are no less proud to claim as their native land? Or will nursing and brooding over it but develop it into a morbid growth that shall strive to eat out the heart of the body politic, and devour whatever is not of its own tainted life? The surgeon's knife is the last remedy for a diseased limb: were it not the wiser part to prevent disease than apply such radical

cure? The lessons to be learned from the past forcibly apply to the events of to-day. The clamors of party and schism, creed and tongue, are ringing in weary ears. Hands that should be clasped in brotherly love need but little provocation to strike in anger. Opinions are sacred; respect for such as cannot be assented to, when honestly held, shall



EARLY AWAKENED BY THE COMMOTION.