

Marie Jacquelin.

Memoir et Fidelis.

When France her sons and daughters sent,
New Empire's seeds to sow,
There went the faithful Jesuit,
The ardent Huguenot;

Adventurers and gentlemen,
Traders and sailors bold,
Followed the flag for God and King,
Or e'en for gain and gold.

One, fearless, Marie Jacquelin,
Sought Acadie's far shore;
Summoned, she sailed wide seas across,
To wed the gay LaTour.

In her his cause found champion bold,
As fortune e'er decreed;
Eager and fit—head, heart and hand,
She wrought in hour of need.

In France with Kings and Courtiers,
And merchants of Rochelle,
With Puritans of Boston town,
Nobly she strove and well.

In last resort, her liege lord gone,
She made a gallant stand,
To hold her fort, to save her cause,
And stay proud D'Aunay's hand.

Her little band of Huguenots,
She rallied day and night,
And amid blood and battle-smoke,
She fought her last brave fight.