

More Joshua than Moses he, 'twas given to his
hand
To lead Acadia, ere he died, within the promised
land.
To us, a lifetime father fond—the purest of his
joys,
To mark successive honors crown his old St. Jo-
seph's boys.
This comfort's left our hearts bereft: the College
of his love
Is guided now by one he prized all other men
above;
Le roi est mort, our king of yore, but when his
spirit saw
His heir succeed, I know he smiled and murmured,
Vive le Roy!

Peace to our dead, Alumni now of Life's own train-
ing school,
Where we, as undergraduates, must still observe
the rule.
Ah, through Life's college each may pass with
honor if he please,
And win from God, its President, the crown of fair
degrees.