

R.H.M.

16 FATHER JOGUES AT THE LAKE OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

Its wondrous beauty with pure crystal blent
To win the guerdon of "Saint Sacrament :"
But, going, kens not that a day is nigh,
When grander vision will salute his eye,
The vision promised to the soul renowned
Who walks in Paradise a martyr crowned :
His bark is waiting for Quebec at noon,
Urbs Zion mystica will claim him soon.

