

hear my chapel bell ring ; it will announce my death. If you do not believe it, you can come and ascertain the fact for yourselves. But I ask of you not to touch my body. To-morrow you will go to Ile aux Coudres to fetch Father Compain to enshroud me and perform the rites of sepulture. You will find him waiting at the end of that island. Do not fear to embark whatever may be the weather. I answer for the safety of those who set out on this journey. ' "

Tradition says that at twelve o'clock the chapel-bell tolled, and when those who had heard the poor Father's remarkable prediction hastened to the chapel, they found Father de la Brosse stretched motionless on the ground, his face bowed down on his clasped hands which rested on the lowest altar step. The great and good and saintly missionary was dead.

The legend of Father de la Brosse's death has been beautifully embodied in verse by Professor Caven of the Prince of Wales' College, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. His poem is entitled " The Bell of Death—A Legend of Tadousac and Ile aux Coudres : "

Fierce blew the strong south-eastern gale,
The sea in mountains rolled,
A starless sky hung wildly tossed,
The midnight hour had tolled.

Is that a sea—is this an hour,
With sky so wildly black;
To launch a bark so frail as that,
Ye men of Tadousac?

Strong though your arms, brave though your hearts,
As arms and hearts can be,
That tiny skiff can never live
In such a storm-swept sea.