

rings true that we are generally forced to put up with rhymed rhetoric instead—a miserable, makeshift substitute. For a multitude of cogent reasons “patriotic” poetry is the most difficult of all. Patriotism is as excellent in a citizen as it is dangerous for a poet: all the more honour to the poet who succeeds, like Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, Tennyson, Rossetti and Kipling; though some of these have failed occasionally, as nearly all others fail. No theme so noble has been slushed over with such floods of rhyming stuff and nonsense, except, perhaps, religion in the ordinary hymn. And the French, with their propensity for rhetoric, are fully as bad as we are. But Anglo-Canadians are worse off than French-Canadians, since, from the *Maple Leaf* down, we have enough rant and cant and twaddle to bray ourselves to death; while their *O Canada!* is really the song of a people. Yet, in other ways, French-Canadians have perpetrated such wretched stuff that it is particularly pleasant to find one more poet to number among the elect who can transmute golden deeds into golden words.

Dr. Beauchemin treats stirring subjects in his *Iberville, Québec* and *Louisbourg*. In *La Mer* we saw him as a poet of the sea, pure and simple. In *Iberville* he appears as a distinctively naval poet and a good one. He is quite at home on board, from keel to truck, and makes *Iberville* radiant as the “Happy Warrior” of a well-contested victory. In *Québec* he “looks before and after and sighs for what is not” in a reminiscent strain of poetic melancholy. But it is in *La Cloche de Louisbourg* that he soars into the full sweep of patriotic song