

Departed spirit! see the change thy noble efforts
 bring:
 Bustling cities, smiling plains where art and
 science ring
 The clarion notes of Freedom's air beneath Can-
 adian skies;
 Jehovah's temples most sublime in solemn gran-
 deur rise,
 And Charity's institutions, too, this noble coun-
 try span,
 Kind Heaven smiles propitious at the shrine of
 good St-Anne;
 The priest of God and holy nuns, those doves of
 Christ on earth,
 All bless thy memory, Cartier, and the land that
 gave thee birth;
 For, in thy footprints followed well the best
 blood of thy race.
 Here saintly Marguerite Bourgeois found her
 last loved resting place;
 Madame De La Peltrie, De Maisonneuve, the
 great, the good Champlain,
 Have left a record on the page of bright immor-
 tal fame;
 We speak not of the priesthood now, who gave
 their blood, their life,
 To propagate the germ of peace in midst of sa-
 vage strife;
 A requiem to their sacred dust is sung by many
 streams
 From Gaspé's bleak to Western hills where last
 the sunlight beams.
 Oh! Frenchmen, who dare say to you: "You
 are intruders here,"
 For justice by priority can read your title clear:
 The old, old enmity was raised when you pro-
 posed just now
 A statue of the Virgin Queen upon the moun-
 tain brow:
 Tower of David, come one day! and glorify it
 yet;
 Grant Ville Marie, thy glowing shrine a favored
 Bernadette.
 From off the waters of this land, its cities, towns
 and plains
 The tide of time shall never efface old France's
 Celtic names.
 Here to-night, for Ireland's sake, allow me,
 friends, to say
 We hold you clasped in memory dear since fever-
 stricken day,
 And cold the Irish heart will be ere it can once
 forget
 The sainted names of Baillargeon, of Casault
 and Bourget:
 When the Irish orphan struggled with its mo-
 ther's lifeless breast
 The daughters of French Canada that infant
 form caressed;
 Such charity is required where all perfections
 dwell,
 But, Irish lips now fain would speak the love
 they feel so well:
 Oh, Canada! French Canada! thy children are
 renowned
 In every land, from every tongue their credit
 does redound,
 Thy orators and statesmen, thy bards and scho-
 lars fine,

Thy artists famed and athletes do each resplen-
 dent shine;
 And thy genius so transcendent to heavenly joy
 gives birth,
 When Albani, thy nightgale, does carol to the
 earth;
 The exalted soul of Cartier such changes sees
 to-day
 Where he did seek a passage to the shores of far
 Cathay.
 Yes, build him up a monument and let the
 sculptor's skill
 Now manifest the order of a grateful people's
 will,
 And while on earth he's honored oh! may his
 spirit rest,
 Who oped for God to mankind this land by na-
 ture blest.

P. J. LEITCH.

LECTURE POUR TOUS.

TRAIT DE L'ENFANCE DE LEON XIII

C'était au printemps de 1817. Le ciel
 bleu et sans nuages de l'heureuse Italie
 brillait d'un nouvel éclat; le soleil dans
 toute sa gloire se jouait sur les vagues
 roulantes de la Méditerranée, il envelop-
 pait d'un voile d'or les arêtes dentelées
 des roches de l'Apennin, et ses rayons de
 feu pénétraient jusque dans les humides
 ravins de la montagne solitaire.

Une voiture élégante et légère, attelée
 de deux coursiers rapides, parcourait la
 route qui conduit d'Anagni à Carpinetto.
 Dans cette voiture était assis, à côté de
 son gouverneur, un enfant de sept ans,
 Vincent *Joachim Pecci*, dont les regards
 ardents embrassaient le magnifique pay-
 sage. Cet enfant paraissait frère et pres-
 que trop grand. Les boucles gracieuses
 de ses cheveux bruns se jouaient autour
 d'un visage intéressant, aux lignes accen-
 tuées. A la pâleur de son teint, on pou-
 vait deviner qu'il relevait de maladie, et
 qu'il avait dû garder longtemps la cham-
 bre. "Que tout cela est beau!" dit-il
 en joignant les mains avec une sorte de
 recueillement, et sa poitrine affaiblie as-