

his lips, all that we can remember is that : 'De Yankee see me fore I see him, and he shoot me drough de neck.'"

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It is the privilege of the men of Châteauguay to remember that their region is haunted by the spirits of heroes.

"The dead still play their part"

sings the Canadian poet Sangster, and here the musing thought must for ever conjure up De Salaberry, McDonell, the 800 waiting behind their breastworks in the gloom of the woods, the touching scene of Captain Longtin and his Beauharnois men, and the stubborn onset of Daly against overwhelming odds. The meaning of it all is: that given a good cause, and the defence of our homes against wanton aggression, we can dare odds that otherwise would seem hopeless; that it is in the future, as in the past, the spirits of men, and not their material resources, which count for success; that we need only be brave and just, and ready to die, and our country can never be conquered; and that we shall always be able to preserve ourselves free in our course of development towards our own idea of a nation.

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