

The smiling fields may well sing lusty praise  
And commerce raise a lasting loud acclaim ;  
For was't not he who found a wilderness,  
To make it radiant with a harvest-bloom ?

The light is fading, yet we still may see,  
On western wall where twilight magnifies,  
Grouped round the gravings of the brave Champlain  
And Malo's mariner, the forms of those  
Whose's life's devotion solved a country's fate.  
The heroes of the past ! Their spirits near  
Are with us still, as float within the courts  
And corridors the silver accents sweet  
Of motherland, the sounds they loved so well :  
A living music echoes through the nooks  
They knew ; the sounds of louder joy approach :  
The dream takes sudden wing, and ere we know,  
The spirits near have laughter in their song  
That wakes us to the life this side of death.