

de la deuxième qualité

$$\frac{863 \times 12700}{1466} = 7476\frac{1}{2}.$$

Réponse.—On doit prendre de la première qualité 52 hectolitres 24 litres ; de la deuxième 74 hectolitres 76 litres.

G. B.-L.

TRIBUNE LIBRE.

JACQUES CARTIER.

(Read at a concert given under the auspices of the French Catholic Teachers of the city of Montreal, Thursday, January 24th, 1889.)

There are meetings, where old memories rise
glorious and sublime
From the tomb of former ages to the light of
present time,
And the dear associations of a dead and buried
past
Will a myriad recollections with their gloom or
glory cast
A spell upon the present, to affect the human
heart
By a ray of joyful pleasure, or by sorrow's bitter
dart.
The meeting, which is honored by your presence
here to-night,
Brings prolific indications on the wings of me-
mory bright,
As sons of sires departed of the grand old pio-
neers,
Whose names grow ever brighter through the
cycle of the years ;
'Tis yours the right to picture, to show the wide
degree
Between dark Hochelaga and the light of Ville
Marie.
Though bigotry and ignorance go carping at
your race,
And deem it usurpation when you fill honor's
place,
Your signal magnanimity can smile at such de-
mean,
'Tis you who stand pre-eminent in light of his-
tory seen.
Now, Learning's beacon glistens in strong efful-
gence here,
Where the gloom of savage vengeance filled a
forest vast and drear,
The tomahawk, the spear and bow, the camp
and council fire,
The war-dance and the scalping-knife told each
a tale of ire ;
The dusky warriors taught their sons from Na-
ture's solemn voice,
No word divine had e'er proclaimed the Chris-
tian's happy choice,
A heathen darkness spread its pall o'er hut and
palisade,

And Hochelaga little knew the wonders God had
made.
Behold ! in splendor beaming, gleams an orien-
tal star
In shining still it brightens, to show its advent
from afar ;
Look ! look old Donnacona right o'er St-Malo
bay,
Upon the shores of gifted France its lustre
seems to sway,
A form by its brilliancy in sailor garb is seen ;
He mounts a stately vessel's side, it is *La Grand
Hermine*.
Her prow is to the setting sun, her sails are now
unfurled,
Out she glides o'er billowy foam to greet a dis-
tant world.
Far o'er the crested wave she steers for father-
land and God,
If e'er she strikes a foreign strand the cross
shall bless its sod,
And in the name of Christ and king, that sailor
of renown
Will deck salvation's emblem with his country's
arms and crown ;
Each seaman of that little fleet, as he draws
forth his lance,
Will cheer the great Jacques Cartier, true son of
glorious France.
But, let us not forestall the goal of that proud
swelling sail,
Whose gallant pennant gaily ways to occidental
gale ;
She still in beauty onward rides, nor heeds the
storm-king's roar,
Through for Belle Isle and Bay Chaleur she
hails famed Gaspé's shore,
Where first the little seed was cast by saintly
Cartier's hand
That soon took root and multiplied throughout
this fair young land.
The children of the forest loved the standard
placed to view,
And longed to hear the story of the white child's
Mankou ;
With Christian zeal Jacques Cartier sighed for
this unlettered race,
And fain would break the fetters off by force of
saving grace :
A chieftain's sons he captive took back to his
own dear soil
To rouse his brethren's order in the cause he
now would toil
The rivers, vineyards, heard his tale through-
out dear sunny France
Whose noble sons and daughters, now westward
would advance
To spread the light, and teach the word that
sets from bondage free,
And makes the savage wigwam ring with Chris-
tian jubilee.
When summer winds unlocked again old Win-
ter's icy chain
Jacques Cartier with his daring band recrossed
the raging main,
Nor stayed his course till he did reach where we
are met to-night,
And heard the Indian hunter sing on Hoche-
laga's site ;