

He plunged alone into the shades of night.
And more than one affirmed to having seen him,
—The village women crossed themselves in fright—
Kneeling in darkness by the unblessed graves.

One day they found him frozen stiff; his hand
Had in its weakness on the road let fall
An ancient rusted gun,—his old-time weapon,
His friend in the brave days,—his war companion,
His latest comrade and his supreme hope.

They dug into the black and hardened soil,
And laid in that new grave, and side by side,
The old French musket and the old-time rebel.

The people cherish yet this sad remembrance;
And when the sunset gold fades into grey,
The passer through St. Michel de Bellechasse,
Belated at his sport with rod or gun,
Fearing to see some sheeted spectre rise,
Turns trembling from the fatal spot away.

So these five peasants had for burial place,
Five little mounds where cattle seek their food!
Deserved it,—yes—perhaps! Yet men will say
They were in truth five heroes after all!

I bow, no doubt, to the decree that struck them,
Yet, when by chance I pass along that road,
—Not asking God if I be right or wrong—
I pause—uncovered—near those lowly graves!

G. W. WICKSTEED.

This story is true. Dr. Fréchette gives the names of the five, viz: Marguerite Racine,—Laurent Racine,—Félicité Doré—Pierre Cadrain,—Jean Baptiste Racine, father of Laurent;— and that of the Bishop of Quebec, who pronounced the Anathema,—Monseigneur Briand.