

THE VENGEANCE

BEHIND you, worse than Death can do!
As dust upon the stream is spilled,
The wreckage of your kin shall strew
The shores of the world. The land they tilled,
A politician's prize of war.

SMALL choice, Brassard! Your folk are
sown
To the four winds; to men henceforth
From Baton Rouge to Blomidon,
Labrador and the unpeopled North,
"Acadian" is an exile's name.