

is not this the hour for her to remember, the hour for her to bow with reverence before all the great victims of the national honour? If not to-day, when then will our country honour the memory of her soldiers? What matters it if their bones are already whitened. the faithful servants who died long ago for France, have we loved them less than those so dear to our country who fell but yesterday?

Before entering upon the subject of this study, in order to make clear by what succession of errors and misfortunes Canada was lost, it will be well to remind the reader, in accordance with the latest historical researches, of what transpired in that land before the English conquest.

One point especially deserves attention. It is the rather obscure origin of the fatal quarrel which cost us our national colony. We know that the Seven Years' War had America for its cradle, but we may be ignorant of its origin: it is, however, a consolation to know that never was war more inevitable for France, never was our country more provoked, more menaced, and that in truth our adversaries abused the permission accorded them at Fontenoy when, saluting them, we said: "Gentlemen of England, strike first!"

### I.

Casting our eyes upon the old maps of North America drawn in the seventeenth century by the Delisles, we are struck with astonishment to see that two-thirds of the continent belonged to France. In a corner of the immense area comprehended between the arctic regions and the frontier of Mexico, we see, on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean and inside of a semi-circle described by the Alleghany or Apalachian Mountains, the little group of English colonies, the nucleus of the future United States; the rest, all the rest, save Florida still Spanish, belonged to our fathers, the compatriots of Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, and De la Salle.

*(To be continued.)*

## Red Pencil and Scissors.

### QUOTATIONS FROM CANADIAN POETS.

#### CANADA THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For the gifts the seasons yield,  
Gold that crowns the harvest field;  
For our homes at peace and free,  
Through the land from sea to sea;  
By no slave or tyrant trod,  
Canada gives thanks to God.

Of thine own we give Thee, Lord;  
Thine the gifts our fields afford,  
Wealth of wood and boundless plain,  
Harvests heaped with golden grain;  
Room for all, and homes that see  
Church and school and market free.

—C. P. Mulvany.

#### CANADA.

Then I see

This new and welded State of Canada  
Take her place on the nations' roll beneath  
A broad emblazoned banner of her own,  
Until she shines a light among the lands,  
With keels of commerce upon every main.

—J. Hunter Duvar.

#### CANADA.

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,  
Who stand'st among the nations now  
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow,—  
How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
The trust in greatness not thine own?  
Surely the lion's brood is strong  
To front the world alone!  
How long the indolence, ere thou dare  
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—  
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear  
A nation's franchise, nation's name?  
The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,  
These are thy manhood's heritage!  
Why rest, with babes and slaves? Seek higher  
The place of race and age.

—C. G. D. Roberts.

### CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS was born on January 10th, 1860, at the old parsonage of Douglas, a parish on the east side of the St. John River, only a few miles above Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. His father, the Rev. G. G. Roberts, had been appointed rector of the parish soon after his marriage with Emma W. Bliss, one of that Loyalist family which traces its descent through a line of lawyers back to the Rev. Daniel Bliss, Emerson's progenitor and the first pastor of Concord. In less than a year after the birth of their son, Mr. Roberts was transferred to Westcock, in Westmoreland County. Here, in that charmed land of wind and meadows and dykes and sea-faring folk, which has lent its enchantment of flying colour and bending grass to "In the Afternoon", "Tantramar Revisited", and many another bit of inspired realism,—

"the long strong wind, thro' the lonesome  
Golden afternoon"

blew rough and blithe under the youngster's hair. "Inspired realism", indeed, is only a makeshift term. There is a quality in these poems and their fellows, which touches everyday things, pasture lands and fishing boats and the common work of men, and ennoble them,—sets them in their higher and more subtle relations with the beauty and sweep and pathos of those shadows on the face of nature which man calls life and death.