

your adoration? The miracle strikes your eye; but where is the intellect to vivify your mind? Where is to be found in you that national element, that holy tabernacle, which the breath of the foreigner defiles and overthrows?

Oh! adorers of the miracle, who would believe that you are a *mystery*, when you scarce believe it yourselves? Who would believe that your women bear as a germ the breath of the new world? Forerunners in the desert, you go to see the miracle, to burn incense before it, as if your mission and your faith must see before you could believe.

From what time does the mystery see the miracle through the magnifying prism, when from its position the things of the present moment show their future proportions? Is the mystery a mystery for itself? Alas! Yes. In the present state of the world, tangible truth has more disciples than pure truth.

The ill understood incitement of national inspiration has driven the lovers of their nation to a foreign country, to stand beside success, when it has said to them: "labour and suffer *here*." Suffering is the real mother of great works. Could the present era ever have existed but for the sufferings of Calvary?

All the vital forces of the country are necessary to the country. The crime of treason to country, does not merely consist in labouring for its ruin, but also in abandoning it, and in carrying elsewhere what the country has given as a trust to each of its children. In this country where even in the most populous localities, the population is thinly scattered, not only does the necessity for emigration not exist, but the very contrary is felt. The land calls loudly for those who leave and abandon it. Its voice recalls them even when they are far off. This maternal voice is not an illusion, it is a reality. It is a reality which follows the ingrate every moment, which pains him with love, with grief, with tears, with a tenderness which it alone can express. Upon a foreign soil this voice speaks to the children, to the grandchildren of the fugitive; it follows his race for ages through the numerous generations which he bestows on other lands; it speaks in tones of endearment to them, as if their fathers had not been guilty of cowardice and moral treason. It is under the inspiration of this voice that our pen moves, that it traces, however feebly, the emotions with which it is animated.

Guided by the voice of the mystery, our fathers came into these distant countries, and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, are still to be found their traces and their children: Indefatigable pioneers, they watered with their sweat and blood the lands on which the miracle was to take place. New Magi, they knew what their sons are still ignorant of; that sacrifice is duty.