

si nous en voulons de gaité de coeur sacrifier notre double capital national.

Si l'histoire ne nous instruit; si nous ne reconnaissons avec gratitude les dons généreux du Dieu Tout-Puissant, sûrement nous aurons manqué à notre grande mission civilisatrice auprès des hommes de toutes les nations, nos frères. Car ne l'oublions pas: *Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*

THE PRODIGALS

EDGAR MCINNIS

This was our day, and now the day is over.
 The last of all our splendid wealth of hours
 Fades with the fading gold of the west—O lover,
 How we were spendthrift with this gold of ours!
 We squandered it on joys too frail to cherish—
 Spent song, forgotten laughter, roses sere,
 And love that dies with the sun; and now they perish,
 And we are beggars, and the night is here.

Oh, dawn on dawn will rise for us, but none
 Processional with pageant and with splendour
 Will summon back these hours of lost delight—
 Never cold moon nor strange and alien sun
 Will lose Time's hold, nor bid the night surrender
 The spoil on which the gates swing closed to-night.