



THE NEWFOUNDE ISLANDE.



N smother of fog and sheeted spray,
In valor of sun and swinging tide,
I've watched the ages slip away
Like cloud-drifts on a mountain-side ;

And I have wondered, year by year
What other guests the years will bring.
The million seals float down, the gulls
Swerve home, snow thick, on myriad wing.

The north tribes cross the packs, and war
With mine own quiet people. Clear
The cries of victory and death
Come to my hark'ning year by year.

I smell the council fires, I hear
My people singing at the feast,
*A thousand sails are crowding in
Full-bellied, from the breaking Fast.*

The last red-jasper arrow-head
Is carved — and broken. No song wakes
Across the "barrens." No red fires
Burn forest incense round the lakes.

The fierce north tribes and mine own folk
Are gone. Loud-mouthed around the feast
The white men curse and laugh ; their ships
Are pressing in from West and East.

So for a thousand years ! and then
On bay and stream old songs shall ring,
For God will twirl the old world back
And I'll be done with trafficking.

