

But now white cloudlets float in peace at will,  
The mute air list'ning to the tiny rill,  
That, cautious, ventures from a tinkling nook  
To join the water of a pearly brook,  
Which, singing, joyous in its beauty went  
To lend its crystal to Saint Sacrament.

Thus roaming, pensive, on the Indian trail,  
He heard the echo of the loon's lone wail,  
Saw chatting squirrels climb from branch to branch,  
Or bird-like, daring on the air to launch ;  
While 'mid the thicket rose the antlered deer,  
His soft eye flashing with a needless fear,  
And from the eyrie, 'mong the crags on high,  
Through dizzy tree-tops came the eagle's cry ;  
Again, emerging from the sombre shade,  
He seeks the sunlight of the grassy glade,  
Where, by the margin, he now clearly views  
The Indians toiling at the bark canoes,  
Broad scan the waters of the sleeping lake,  
And mark the mountains where they softly break  
In serried order 'gainst the azure sky,  
Or veil their summits from the wishful eye.

At last a third day to its end has run,  
And, with the rising of the morrow's sun,  
Embarking, thankful, they glide smoothly forth  
O'er calm Saint Sacrament and journey north.  
Thus first a Black Robe his lithe paddle laves  
Beneath the surface of these crystal waves,  
Sails past the border of each verdant isle,  
Or seeks the shelter of some cliff's tall pile ;  
And all the windings of the lake explores  
Free-ranging safely to its farthest shores.

Thus fared they onward till the day was done,  
And purple glories from the setting sun,  
Flashed through the gorges of the mountain chain,  
While, 'midst the gloaming of the haze, they strain