

Far inland—there, with feasting, song, and tale
 They wore one winter out, till spring returned
 Too soon, to call them from their restful ease
 To the great task.

For now the hour had come,
 The birth-hour of a nation doomed to pass
 Through many wars and changes great, until,
 By God's mysterious providences blessed,
 The little seedling—planted now in faith,
 And through long weary years watered with tears
 And blood—deep-rooted, broad and strong, should spread
 A stately tree, its branches East and West
 From the stern surges of the Atlantic coast
 To that mysterious margin—dreamy bound,
 Of the great tranquil ocean, where lie hid
 The secrets of the sunset, and the sun
 Renews his strength to dawn on Eastern lands.

As through the curtain grey of ice and mist
 Brake Champlain, on his right emerged Cape Ray,
 Repellent with its walls of beetling cliffs,
 Their level summits clad with lingering snow,
 Brilliantly chill. To the left, clothed with black spruce,
 The frowning mountains of Cape Breton rose
 Steep from the ocean. Isle St. Paul lay close,
 Dense-wooded, scarce distinguished from the mass
 Of the larger mountains. ✓ Through this gateway grim
 He sailed into St. Lawrence' broadening gulf;
 Nor paused until the mighty buttressed peak
 Of Mount St. Anne, thrust through its robe of green
 And dyed with iron hues of ochrey red,
 Flamed in the sunrise. Percé Rock below,
 Like some Titanic ruin, lit by the sun,
 Whose rays streamed through the double arches, lay
 Its huge mass stretched along; its cloudy top
 Clamorous with sea fowl. On he sailed, and passed
 The coast of Honguedo,⁶ dark with pines,
 And high above the river flood, which washed
 Its craggy shores. Far north, the cruel teeth
 Of Manicougan's fateful reef just showed
 Through the long line of breakers. Short his stay
 At Tadoussac. With favouring wind and tide
 He stemmed the flowing current, till he reached

⁶ Honguedo: Name for Gaspé in the oldest maps.