

## OF NOEL BRASSARD

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**A**T night two figures, digging late  
For safety, had brought to a close  
Their pious work ; the graveyard gate  
Creaked on its hinges ; the moon rose ;  
And the white valley held its breath.

**A**H, Beausoleil, before you now  
The wilderness ; and by your side  
The shadowy Walker of the Snow,  
To journey with you, stride for stride,  
On many a drifted valley floor !