



THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearly blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow ;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell ?