

No marked-ed change—yet 'tis a lovely sight—  
A pretty picture—in a brilliant light—

We'll leave thee now. Pine Portage greets our  
Tall noble trees are waving there before, [eye  
And starry gems in heaven's canopy  
Are gleaming on its near and farther shore,  
The breeze blows fair, oh ! grant it may retain,  
One breath of luck to waft us o'er the main—  
Of Lac des Bois vast inland liquid sheet,  
And favor'd breezes may our wishes meet.

Good faith ! the breeze blows well ; spread wings  
Let us not marth' excitement of the race, [and run,  
No unskill'd hand shall guide our good boat on,  
So let the fleetest follow us in chase.  
Crowd on your canvass ! crowd, and trim it well,  
'Tis here that all the seamanship will tell,  
'Tis here the yatcht'smen, amateurs in part,  
Will shew their knowledge of a seaman's art.

And stronger yet the airy fluid blows  
We guide her where the breezes blow the best,  
So ; speeding fast our little vessel goes,  
Leaving behind so many of the rest,  
Whilst on our beam but one of them I see,  
That keeps her way beside us on the lee.  
She too before the close of day did learn,  
The shape and color of her rival's stern.

The dull dark clouds betoken'd wind or rain,  
Still on we kept nor slacken'd ought our pace,  
'Till night's dark advent, "brought us to" again,  
Ending the while, our emulative race,  
And camp fires burn'd, and jokes were quickly  
Amongst each other in our merriment [sent,