

"I shall go," said he, "unto Montreal
Though each tree were an Iroquois!"
And the God of the dauntless hearkened his call,
The God of the martyred ones saw.
Now the great city smiles where the grim forest loomed,
And the red man boweth the knee;
And the Cross which was trampled in triumph hath
bloomed
From mountain to uttermost sea.

THE HUNTSMAN.

'Twas in the lone, uncultured wilds
Of far Assiniboia,
Ere commerce took its giant stride
From east to western sea.
From grasp of lordly tyranny
Came brave and sturdy band;
The sons of sires who framed the old,
To build the fair, new land.

The red men tracked the hunter's path
Through miles of gloomy wood;
And now, with whoop and fiendish yell,
Before their victim stood.
With rifle shot he kept his ground,
And held the foe at bay;
Yet, what avail his single strength!
Ten times his number they.

He leaped upon a rocky ledge
Which overhung the wave;