

THE Micmac left no sculptured gods,
No temples made of stone;
In misty caves, in storm-tossed clouds,
Manitou dwelt alone.

But names remain on hill and plain
Of this once powerful race,
And in those liquid Micmac words
Their presence yet we trace

Where Aspatogon lifts her brow,
Unblushing, to the sea;
Where crashing ice-cakes dash and break
On lonely Scatarie;

Where turbid waters seethe and foam
Round Glooscap, Chebooktook;
On Tusket's Isles where sea-gulls rest,
And heron on Panuke;

The rushing tides in Pesiquid,
And Shubenacadie;
The level meads of Tantramar;
The falls of Konomee.

No Micmac now on Cobequid
Hunts moose or caribou;
And alien races change the names
Which first were named by you.

E. F.