With a wild swarm of painted warriors fierce. Flocking, in light canoes, like wild fowl set On autumn journey to the south. He passed Up Severn's stream and o'er Toronto's lake. Whose mirrored shadows, opalescent, glowed With tremulous colour as the paddles dipped. And turned, disturbing all the magic scenes Of sylvan beauty in its depths profound. Still southwards down the rushing Trent he urged His frail canoe; at times through level lakes, Shooting, at times, down rapids. Quick the eve And firm the wrist to hold the steady course On the smooth current's crest. But where the stream, With glassy torrent, glides unruffled down And backwards swirls in foam against the rocks, Then, landing on the narrow rugged trail, O'er boulders wet and slippery with spray, And stooping 'neath the brushwood overhead, He, with his savage guides, their burdens bore Down the portage's weary steep, until The quiet water called them to embark. At length he reached a place 'twixt verdurous banks-The loveliest which Ontario's waters hold, Where Quinte's matchless bay unruffled smiles.

So passed his/busy life: unselfish toil His chief enjoyment. Many things he learned By frequent journeys with his savage friends, And in campaigns against their Indian foes. He first explored the lake which bears his name. First to his eyes the deep pellucid mere Of Horicon revealed its beauty. He learned from Indian hunters. All the North He mapped with rare precision. Known to him Was that great inland ocean whither flow The cheerless streams of drear Estotiland; Where Mistassini trails his sinuous coils. Of waters, circling deserts bare and frore, And yields again unto the chilling night The steely glitter of a million stars. Meantime, by often voyaging to France, He urged his infant country's pressing needs,

S Toronto's Lake: The name of Lake Toronto is given in the old French maps to Lake Simcoe.

Estotiland: The old name given to the interior of Labrador which drains into Hudson Bay.