

That we may sail
 Before thy gale,
 Nor work us so,
 Let oars rest inboard for awhile,
 Let pleasant chat the time beguile,
 Let anecdotes or "yarns be spun."
 As o'er thy waves we glide along.

But direct fate,
 Ordains it not,
 Such is our lot,
 For adverse breeze.
 Give's us no ease.
 Insatiate,
 With stern revenge, blows right ahead
 So we get safely harbor-ed
 For fortune favors us at best,
 By giving us a daytime's rest,

Old Boreas fails,
 Or rests a time
 Then in a line
 Our boats proceed,
 'Tis well indeed,
 Each foot curtains
 The lengthy road, that we do wend,
 Whilst every blade, with springing bend,
 Dips in the water—bright and clear,
 Bringing us nearer and more near.

The Rainy River
 I now can see,
 In my mind's eye,
 We reach'd its source,
 Where on its course,
 It flows through Lac des Bois, fine sheet,
 Which in its ownard route does meet,