

Shaping my soul with its impetuous stress.

When in its gaping channel deep withdrawn  
Its waves ran crying of the wilderness

And winds and stars and dawn,  
How I companioned them in speed sublime,  
Led out a vagrant on the hills of Time !

## VII

And when the orange flood came roaring in

From Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves,  
While red Minudie's flats were drowned with din

And rough Chignecto's front oppugned the waves,  
How blithely with the refluent foam I raced

2 Inland along the radiant chasm, exploring  
The green solemnity with boisterous haste ;

My pulse of joy outpouring  
To visit all the creeks that twist and shine  
From Beauséjour to utmost Tormentine.

## VIII

And after, when the tide was full, and stilled

3 A little while the seething and the hiss,  
And every tributary channel filled

To the brim with rosy streams that swelled to kiss