

THE LANDING.

The earliest tints of dawning day
Had scarcely touched the welkin gray,
When warlike Cartier gave command
A section of his men should land,
The others, as a trusty guard,
About the boats keep watch and ward.
October's sun rose huge and red ;
The haze, which Autumn's night had spread,
 Now quickly roll'd away ;
The blue-bird's, and the robin's song,
And squirrel's chatter, loud and long,
 Welcomed the god of day.
The wild vine showed its purple fruit ;
The golden-rod its brilliant suit ;
Whilst all along the river's edge,
The wild-fowl thronged the leafy sedge.