

And glooming in the pines—all glowing tints
Of the upper rainbow, for the autumn hues
Of crimson, gold and scarlet were not yet.

Time fails ; nor is it now my task to tell
The labours and the anxious toil and want
Which threatened year by year to crush Quebec—
For so in Indian speech was called the Strait
Where mountains curb St. Lawrence waters in
Before the basin widens, and the name
Was given to the city. Champlain's care
Urged on the work, and his far-seeing eyes
Prepared for every danger. Still he strove
To learn the secrets of that glorious land
Of woods and waters, on whose threshold stood
His infant city ; now, by questionings close
Of friendly natives ; then, devoid of fear,
In bark canoe, with Indian guides, he dared
To trace Ottawa's⁷ rapid current, up
Almost to Lake Temiscamague, its source ;
Then, mounting to Nipissing's weary lake,
Swiftly he sped the rapid river down,
And reached that bay of wizard beauty, where
The frequent islets seem to float, so like,
In calms, the upper and the nether blue ;
Thence he explored Muskoka's rocky glens,
Threaded by crystal streamlets and adorned
With lakes of gleaming silver. West and south—
Still onward—to a lovely garden land,
Fair even in winter. On its farther verge
A bold escarpment overlooks a plain.—
And, on long summer days, the gladdened eye
Dwells on a scene of beauty stretched below
Still richer. Like a billowy sea of smiling green
The woodlands wave below, and, far off, sweep
To distant shores of mighty land-locked seas—
The bourne to which the spirits of the dead
Addressed of yore their journey lone ; nor reached
But after weary travel. Thence he turned
And dwelt a winter 'mong the guileful tribes
Of Hurons. Joining in their distant wars,
He traversed all the centre of our land

⁷ Ottawa : These Indian words were generally accented upon the penultimate syllable, as Toronto. In Niagara we throw back the Indian accent which pronounced Niagara.