

OF NOEL BRASSARD

DID the Sevogle see him flit,
A gray and haggard shape of woe?—
Or the headlong Nepisiguit,
Where the Basque sailor long ago
Wedded his Mohawk bride?

HE saw in the long solemn night
The giant lanterns of the sky
Streaming about the pole, to light
His haunted trail. Nay, Beausoleil,
Dark was your sunshine then!