

league above, and thence made his way about three leagues farther. Here they found him. He had dug a circular excavation in the snow, and was kneeling in it on the earth. His head was bare, his eyes opened and turned upwards and his hands clasped on his breast. His hat and his snowshoes lay at his side. The body was leaning slightly forward, resting against the bank of snow before it, and frozen to the hardness of marble. Thus in an act of kindness and charity, died the first martyr of the Canadian mission.

THE DEATH OF DE NOUË.¹

BY W. O. RAYMOND, JR.

Around him lay the snow, the untravelled wild,
With endless rifts piled up in white array,
Swirled in a dim confusion ; through the sky
Chill blinding flakes fell fast, while far and near
Swift gathering darkness half obscured the view.
On either hand the barren wilderness
Stretched far away. The ice clad pine trees tall,
Like hoary watchman, who in castle halls
All grimly guard the winding entrances,
Stood sentinel o'er all the forest waste.
No howl of wolf, no growl of ravenous bear,
Or warring shout of fiendish Iroquois
Rang through the air. All sound of life was still,
And life itself crushed in the stern embrace
Of savage winter's cold and deadening hand.
Only the icebound rill, the glassy lake,
The frozen tree, bursting with strident sound,
Mixed with the wind and formed a music drear
To echo o'er the land a dirge of death.
Did he hear these ? His thoughts were far away,
Not near that circle where, in narrow space,
He knelt surrounded by the drifting snow,
Hands clasped in prayer, head bared and eyes upraised.
The wind might rage, the stormy tempest blow,
He felt them not ; before him bright there shone
Angelic forms, and heavenly music played,
Grand organ pealed, and in a roseate glow
Again the sculptured arch, the nave, appeared,

¹ DeNouë was the first martyr of the Canadian Mission. See preceding article.