

Their laughter echoes thro' the woods and all is mirth and joy.
 Aubrey had strayed far from the rest, and like a curious child,
 Unconscious of the passing hours, he wandered through the wild,
 Nor thought how far his feet had strayed, until the sun's last ray
 Glared like a watch fire in the West, and passed in gloom away,
 Then stricken with a sudden dread he turned and backward ran,
 He shouted loud, the forest mocked the lost and lonely man.
 Help! help, he cries for help in vain, who in the midnight dark
 Is swept into the seething sea, from the swift flying bark;
 And Aubrey in the pathless wood, dark silent as the grave,
 Seemed lost as one who hopeless sinks beneath the boisterous wave.
 Small hope for him whose feet had strayed in that Acadian land,
 No white man for a hundred years again might touch its strand,
 The wolf upon the wanderer's corse its hunger there might sate.
 A few white bones alone would tell his dread and mournful fate.
 While thoughts like these perplexed his mind despairing down he lay,
 And darkness spread its sable plumes like a raven's o'er the day,
 And dark despair with constant voice still whisper'd in his ear,
 "There is no hope but death for those who rashly wander here."
 But looking up as captive looks from out his prison bars,
 Dotting the darkening sky above he saw the glittering stars,
 And brightening o'er the broad expanse of Heaven's lofty dome,
 They cheered his eyes and calmed his soul with happy thoughts of home,
 For often in his youth he watched from his chamber window high,
 That constellation, seven, starred, climbing the northern sky;
 The Galaxy a golden stream flowing through fields of gloom,
 Like the pathway of the blessed souls to their home beyond the tomb:
 Tho' lost and lone the sky seemed still familiar as of yore,
 And watching it he sank to sleep beneath the forest hoar.

Brightly the morning sun arose and lit up wood and glen,
 As Aubrey woke from joyous dreams to misery again,
 Hungry and faint he ranged the wild, but vainly sought the shore;
 And vainly paused with listening ear to hear the wild waves roar,
 The forest brought no sound to him except the dreary sigh
 Which came forth from its topmost boughs as the sudden breeze went by.
 At length with looks of joy and hope the weary wanderer stood
 Beside a tiny little stream that murmured through the wood—
 He drank its tide, he bathed his brow, he bent in prayer his knee,
 And said "Heaven makes this stream my guide—'twill lead me to the sea."

At last he stands upon the shore and strains his eyes in vain,
 Across a sea which seems as wide and boundless as the main—
 This is indeed another sea and not the narrow bay
 In which the fleet he vainly seeks secure at anchor lay;
 'Tis Fundy's waves which darkly roll before the lost one now,
 And as he looks his cheek grows pale and anguish clouds his brow,
 Alas! he cries in bitter grief "what hope is left for me,"
 "Must I but perish by the shore of this strange restless sea?"

Seventeen long weary days have passed and Aubrey wanders still,
 His food the shellfish from the shore, his drink the sparkling rill,
 Lean visaged and like tottering age bent down by weight of care;
 For he has lived in these sad days a life-time of despair.
 His steps are feeble now and slow, his eyes begin to fail,
 From weary watching day by day to see a friendly sail,
 On the horizon once he deemed he saw that blessed sight,
 'Twas but a sea gull's wing that skimmed the blue wave in its flight;
 And sudden joy was changed to grief and cheerfulness to care,
 For promised blessings unfulfilled but deepen man's despair.
 Hunger and pain have done their work, his race is nearly run,
 And hope dies daily in his breast with every setting sun.
 Down on the beach he sank at length and gazed upon the sand,