

WHOEVER has from toil and stress
Put into ports of idleness,
And watched the gleaming thistledown
Wheel in the soft air lazily blown ;
Or leaning on the shady rail,
Beneath the poplars, silver pale,
Eyed in the shallow amber pools
The black perch voyaging in schools ;
Or heard the fisherman outpour
His strange and questionable lore,
While the cream-blossomed basswood-trees
Boomed like an organ with the bees ;
Or by blind fancy held aloof
Has startled with prosaic hoof,
Beneath the willows in the shade,
The wooing of a pretty maid ;
And traced the sharp or genial air
Of human nature everywhere :
Might find perchance the wandered fire,
Around St. Joseph's sparkling spire ;
And wearied with the fume and strife,
The complex joys and ills of life,
Might for an hour his worry staunch,
In pleasant Viger by the Blanche.