

Prefumptuous man, to thwart thy Maker's will !
 Equal's the guilt life to prevent or kill.

There, on thy banks, *Saint Charles*, rich meadows vie,
 In vivid green, to ease the dazzled eye.

The slow meand'ring stream that tardy moves,
 Dispenses fatness through the meads and groves :
 Whilst rushing floods that downward eager drive,
 The meadows of their needful dews deprive.
 So, in life's course, who with wise caution treads,
 Tho' slow, yet sure his influence widely spreads :
 Whilst him who headstrong, thoughtless whirls away,
 Of cheated views, useless, becomes a prey.

Here milch-kine lowing leave the grazing field,
 And glad to man their milky homage yield ;
 The feather'd game oft feel the leaden death,
 And in the spaniels jaws resign their breath.
 Thence, further left, as I incline my eyes,
 Thy cottages, *Lorette*, to view arise ;
 Here, of the copper-tribes, an half tam'd race,
 As villagers take up their resting place ;
 Here fix'd, their household gods lay peaceful down,
 To learn the manners of the polish'd town.
 Next *Charlebourg*, blest in a bounteous soil,
 Where plenteous harvests pay the lab'ror's toil.
 Thy beauties, *Beauport*, open on mine eyes,
 There fertile fields and breezy lawns arise ;
 Far as *Montmorenci*, thy pleasing stream,
 Romantic as a love-sick virgin's dream.
 Beyond the vales, still stretching on my view,
 Hills, behind hills, my aching eyes pursue.
 'Till, in surrounding skies, I lose my way,
 Where the long landscape fading dies away.

Now