

These in abundance, every hand picks up,
And when our toil is o'er, on these we sup.

The Furrier now, the Fox and Mart gives o'er,
To trap the Otter, rubbing* on the shore.
The Rein-deer stag, now lean and timid grown,
In dark recesses, silent feeds alone.
The Willow's tender leaf, and various plants,
He fails to find not, in those dreary haunts:
His fearful Hind, now shuns the Wolf's dire wiles,
And seeks her safety on the neighb'ring Isles;
Whether in Lakes,† or near the Ocean's shore;
Cleaving the liquid wave, she ventures o'er.

Now

* When an Otter has done fishing, he goes on shore to rub himself; traps are placed there to catch him.

† Lakes of various sizes are very numerous in every part of Labrador, and most of the large ones have islands in them. Deer generally calve upon a small island, to preserve their young from the wolves.