

previous. Cartier now carries off the Agouhanna himself, whose complaint forms the chief burden of the poem. He died there, and thus was never brought back. "Colliers d'ésurgui" are wampum belts.

EPICEDIUM.

JOHN TALON-LESPÉRANCE—"LACLÈDE."

LIKE a wail on the desolate sea-shore, that cold wild gust of December
 Makes moan round the gable at midnight, the last of the year ;
 And, like the grin of a ghost, the light of a smouldering ember
 Flits in my empty face, and mocks me with visions of cheer.

O where are the dreams that we dreamed? and where the delirious
 follies

We loved when the butterflies flittered in the warmth and fragrance
 of May?

And where are the vows that we made—those clusters of fiery hollies,
 Brightest and fairest to see on the very eve of decay?

The young man croons at his work, the maiden sings in the bower,
 And the air pulsates with the throbs of a cosmic, infinite love ;
 But the feet are cold that have met in the sunset's sensuous hour,
 And the red leaves cover the trysting seat in the grove.

The old man crosses his hands, and droops his head in the shadows ;
 The goodwife stops at her wheel, for her eyes are heavy and dim ;
 But O, on the fringe of the wood, and out on the billowy meadows,
 The great gold light is floating in a celestial dream.

The odour of lilacs still clings to the leaves of the family missal,
 And the date of our bridal is there—I remember 'twas writ in my
 blood ;

Ah me! yet 'tis only this morning that I heard the cardinal's whistle,
 Up in the sumach that sheltered her grave, and where the hydrangea
 stood.

Yes, and the rains of the autumn fall chill on the purple slope, where
 together

The bones of my babes are enlaced in the roots of that funeral tree ;
 But still when I look out for them, in the buoyant crystalline weather,
 Their sweet white faces are radiant and smile upon me.