

TSOQALEM

And as he rides he softly sings
The magic Song of Sleep,
The while he deftly baits and flings
His Tackle in the Deep.

Not every Bait the same to him,
Nor every Line as thin—
Oh! he had Baits for every Whim,
And Lines for every Sin;
For many are the Fish that swim
The Seas he fishes in!

And so to-night he had his Wish
Who had not long to wait;
Nor did he loose the briny Leash
Which hooked him to his Fate . . .
Tsoqalem—was the Salmon-fish,
And Hunger—was the Bait!

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Tsoqalem plunged into the shade
Of woods, where he could see