

## PIERRE GODEY'S STORY.

**P**ACED the shores of the great Northern Gulf  
In autumn, when, beneath the harvest sun,  
The fruitful grainfields oowed their golden stalks  
To the sharp sickle; or, with sheaves lay strewn  
Like some great battle-field, where, after fray,  
A nation's dead lie graveless. In the woods,  
The leaves were dying, but, in dying, shone  
Like saints transfigured. From the balmy south  
A languid breeze scarce stirred the turquoise lakes,  
Teeming with myriad birds, which filled the air  
With distant clamor and the whirr of wings,  
As, in huge flocks, they wheeled and swam before  
The Micmac hunters' stealthy, swift canoe.  
A lodge, 'mid the dark pines crowning the cliff,  
Sent from its fire a pillar of blue smoke,