

PIERRE GODEY'S STORY.

PACED the shores of the great Northern Gulf
In autumn, when, beneath the harvest sun,
The fruitful grainfields bowed 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,