



shrived by the Priest, within the Church where oft they had
adored,

With solemn fervour they partake the Supper of the Lord;
And now those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have
passed,

And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.

Unskilled to steer the frail canoe, or stem the rushing tide,

On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide;

Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barques below

A rapid of Utāwas' flood—the turbulent Long Sault.

