

Here worked Cyrille and Pierre, day after day—
Each did his best, and each one's best was more
Than you or I would do for their day's pay,
Or could do were it multiplied a score.
To-day, says Pierre, in merry, mocking style,
“How would you like, Cyrille, to dine in hell?
After a winter spent on this bleak pile,
A little heat would suit a fellow well!”
Scarce had the words escaped his laughing lips,
When the vast pile began to forward heave;
Back each man bounds, but Pierre—poor Pierre! he slips—
The grinding logs their huge bulk o'er him weave!
Down, down they swept a grinding avalanche,
Watched from the bank by teamsters filled with fear;
Well might their cheeks with terror quickly blanch,
To see the fate of lately laughing Pierre!
Silence at last, a silence deep as death;
Then to their task the men all grimly bent,
From morning till the evening darkeneth,
Their search for that poor form so deeply pent.