

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,  
They search for that poor form so deeply pent.