

Now is the hour—

It seems as if, of yore, I stemmed the tide,
The lone wild Indian for my guide and guard ;
Methinks I see his melancholy brow,
And hear again the low breathed sigh that burst
From his pent heart—a sigh he blushed to own,
When his swart cheek grew redder than its wont.
For he was one who mourned his people's fall,
And oft he would have wept, could Indian shed
The tear which brings relief to weaker hearts.
But he, the proud and stern—the wild untaught—
Had never learned to weep.

He told me tales—

When I had wooed him into softest mood,—
Of what had been by Indian arms achieved,
When all these rivers vast—these mighty lakes—
Were the red hunters' heritage. His eye
Grew lustrous, and his sinevy frame
Grew taller when he told how oft his sires
Had battled for the cherished land where slept
Their buried fathers ; and his heaving chest
Spoke to my spirit of those tameless bands,
Who, in the olden time, held wassail here !
Who, round the glaring fire, to music rude,
Danced the dread dance of death. But when some
thought

That brought the present to his anguished view,
Would strike upon his heart, his eye grew sad—
His glowing eloquence was hushed, and he
The toil-worn voyageur was once again.

Oft have we sped,

“ O'er the glad waters ” in his shell-like bark,
Woven with patient and untiring skill,
From the lithe tendrils of the birch's rind,
And watched the fast receding shores grow dim
In the mild twilight—listening to the dash
Of the dark river on its shelving bed,
When, downwards sweeping, o'er the rapid tide,
The light canoe dashed o'er the heaving wave,
Scarce heavier than its foam !

Now have we passed

The rapids, in their wild tumultuous rush,
And once again upon the stirless lake
Our boat reposes —. Brief the time of rest,
Already is it passed—and storm and calm—
The lake one moment, and the next, the rush
Of the proud river, in its madman-glee,
Careering o'er the fretting rocks, which lie
In its fleet path—each reigns awhile.
One little passing hour, till fancy yields
Her pinion to reality !

Again I stand

On the sky-towering mount—the verdant plains,
The swelling waters, and the forest trees,
Lie spread before me, as one giant leaf
From Nature's glorious book—the city's towers,
With glittering spires reflecting back the ray
Of the young moonbeam. A holy stillness reigns

On the delicious scene, and heaven looks down
In smiles of beauty on the sleeping world.

Methinks mine eye

Can trace the windings of the river's path,
And far on the horizon verge descri
The white sail of some ship from other lands,
Swelling in even's breeze, and hurrying on
Unto the wished-for haven ! Her decks, perchance,
Are crowded with a hundred wanderers, wooed
Unto our fair and fertile shores, with tales
Of their magnificence—the teeming wealth
Poured out from Nature's ever bounteous lap.
If it be so, I send upon the breeze
A cordial welcome, from one friendly heart
That fain would see unnumbered homes arise
Amid our boundless wastes.

Yon winged ship

Hath sped, unwavering, on her destined course ;
And oft, at night, the wailing winds careered
Amid her cordage, and her planks replied,
In dreary cadence, to the tempest's howl ;
But, to the quivering needle true, she swept
O'er all the trackless wilderness of waves ;
And many an aching eye, now strained to view
The nearing city, hath of late reposed
On naught but sea and sky—yet faith hath kept
Their spirits fearless, and their hopes hath fed—
And now they reap the fruits of their fond trust :
The breaking dawn shall see them tread the soil
On which their dreams repose !
Theirs is no joyous lot—though not all sad,
For hope is theirs ! 'Twere vain to tell
To him who hath not felt the burning tear
That sears the rose upon the exile's cheek—
The agony of him who ne'er again
May see the “ spot where he was born,” or scan
The “ old familiar faces ” that he loved.
The thoughts that crowd the caverns of the heart,
Linking the future to the hallowed past,
Are snapped asunder as a brittle reed,
And the lone wanderer, in his sorrow, deems
That he, wherever he may roam, must be
A lonely one in crowds. And when the bark
Is slowly gliding o'er the noiseless deep,
The far-off hills into their ether changing,
His heart grows sick, and he would gladly brave
All human ills, so he might sleep at last
Beside his father's grave.

Yet “ time will soothe

The wayward spirit,” and the hopes which fill
The eager spirit of the emigrant,
Will, in his bosom, take the place of love.
A few brief weeks careering o'er the deep,
And the pent spirit longs again to see
The green and laughing earth—and when, at last,
The vessel rides upon our mimic sea,
And proud St. Lawrence, with its tree-crown'd shores,
Its verdant islands, and its frowning steeps,
Its rock-girt cities, and its iron towers,