BROWNING, R. HERVÉ RIEL (1692)

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE

PERE LALEMANT.

I lift the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.
These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade.
The Drift of Pinions. (Lane.)

SULLIVAN, ALAN

BREBEUF AND LALEMANT.

Came Jean Brebeuf from Rennes in Normandy
To preach the written word in Sainte Marie—
The Ajax of the Jesuit enterprise,
Huge, dominant and bold—augustly wise.

JOHNSON, PAULINE THE ARCHER.

Stripped to the waist, his copper coloured skin
Red from the smouldering heat of hate within,
Lean as a wolf in winter, fierce of mood—
As all wild things that hunt for foes, or food.
Flint and Feather (Musson, Toronto.)

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Should you ask me whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?