

PÈRE BROSSÉ.

HE had been with the Indians all the day,
But sat with us at eve,
Chatting and laughing in his genial way,
Till came the hour to leave ;
And then he rose, we with him, for we loved
Our good old parish priest,
Who all his lifetime in our midst had moved
At death-bed and at feast.

He raised his hand for silence, and each head
Was bowed as though in prayer,
Expectant of his blessing, but instead
He stood in silence there.
Thrice he essayed to speak, and thrice in vain,
And then his voice came back,
Vibrating in a deep, triumphal strain
That it was wont to lack.