

sashed, knee-booted, with rings in their ears, and wide hats on their heads, and a song in their mouths, breaking a jamb, or steering a crib, or raft, down the rapids. And the *voyageur* also, who brought furs out of the North down the great lakes, came home again to Pontiac, singing in his *patois*—

“ Nous avons passé le bois,
Nous somm's à la rive ! ”

Or, as he went forth—

“ Le dieu du jour s'avance ;
Amis, les vents sont doux ;
Bercés par l'espérance,
Partons, embarquons-nous.
A-a-a-a-a-a-a ! ”

And, as we know, it was summer when Valmond came to Pontiac. The river-drivers were just beginning to return, and by-and-by the flax swingeing would begin in the little secluded valley by the river; and one would see, near and far, the bright sickle flashing across the gold and green area; and all the pleasant furniture of summer set forth in pride,