

While far and near, the kaweens clanging shrill  
 In spattering flocks cry out incessantly  
 Word of denial in Algonquin tongue,  
 The spirit taught them as the legends say ;  
 An Indian maid wooed by a chief unloved :  
 'No! no! indeed! *Ka-Ka-ween!*' cried in grief  
 Until she died, drowned in Ontario,  
 Where these wild birds caught her despairing cry,  
 And still repeat it as they swim or fly  
 In screaming thousands o'er her watery grave,  
 From sharp mid winter till return of spring—  
 And then fly screaming it to Arctic seas.  
 Upon the bushes, trees, and on the wing,  
 The maddening black birds formed a noisy choir—  
 While thrush and oriole and robin pipe  
 In softer strains their vernal roundelay  
 Heard in the pauses.

'Twas a morn to feel  
 The heavens unladen, and on earth poured down  
 The treasures of the inner world, where are  
 Things in their essences. The flood of life  
 That sometimes overflows its bounds, and fills  
 The earth with loveliness, supernal, rare ;  
 As sunrise fills with light the ambient air,  
 This morning seemed to make all things anew,  
 Restouched afresh, by the Creator's hand  
 With brightness as of Eden. He who made  
 The earth so beautiful and Heaven so near,  
 Each touching other with harmonic chords,  
 Like music in the night, by wind harps played,  
 Reveals at times, to pure of heart and eye,  
 Just for a moment of ecstatic vision,  
 A moment and no more—the abyss of light  
 Behind the veil ; gives us to feel the breath  
 Of angels on our face and airs that fan  
 The tree of life and flowers of Paradise.

Beneath the lake's steep banks of marl and clay,  
 Furrowed with winter frosts and summer rains.  
 With many a boulder fast embedded— stretched  
 Long beaches of grey sand, earth's ancient rocks—  
 The grinding of a thousand æons past.  
 God's mills are winds and waves, and heat and frost,  
 That change all things to other—old to new—  
 And new to newer, that are still the old ;  
 Returning on their circuits ever more,  
 Slow it may be as cycles of the stars,  
 But sure as God's great purposes, that work  
 Unceasingly all change for sake of man.

A group of fishers stood upon the beach,  
 Strong hardy men with neck and face and hands  
 Tanned to a brownness—else as fair of skin  
 As any born of purest English race.  
 Their shapely boat was laden with their neta  
 Ready to launch into the lake that swarmed  
 With shoals and myriads of the silvery fish  
 Migrating slowly round the sinuous shores.  
 The fishers' voices mingled with the morn  
 In cheerful talk or song, and by and by  
 Sent up a cheer—nay three—to greet the day  
 Which was Victoria's, and a holiday.