

Madeleine Vercheres

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With tottering frames and footsteps, their
feeble labors lent
At the gathering of the harvest le bon Dieu
himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the
forts on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the flag
of King Louis flew;
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie
of Vercheres,
Like the calm that so often cometh ere the
hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the Sei-
gneur, sailing away
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down
at Quebec they lay,
But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden
Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when
home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless
the workmen grew,
For the months they seemed a hundred since
the last war-bugle blew.