

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father,
I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from
its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-
yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased
from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy;