

the shore-lark sang; the prairie hen and plover
 their broods unharmed reared; the antelope
 at times a prize to the Indian's arrow fell;
 the wolf at all hours prowled in search of prey;
 but not a trace of man, save when the chase
 brought savage hunters from the river's marge,
 the beautiful wooded vales of the Qu'Appelle,
 Saskatchewan, and streams subsidiary.

The Indian's doom should touch your heart. I've seen
 types disappear before. But kindnesses
 in dying races, as on dying men
 should wait, and Canada may well be proud,
 and England, too, of that just spirit which
 has ruled her councils; these are things the gods
 do not forget. But lo! the sun full-orbed
 comes on apace. We must not further pause."

The reins she shook which flash'd like lightning bands,
 and forward rushed those coursers wild, and wheels
 of fire, and soon the snowy peaks of hills
 so high, our horse's feet might well
 have touch'd the topmost, were empurpled. Cones
 which rose at frequent intervals grew pink,
 and red, while clefts and chasms fathom-deep,
 gloomed dark and dreadful. The eagle was awake
 and wheel'd with sail-broad pinions wide in search
 of quarry; back and wings to us seem'd like
 the bronze of antique armour worn by knights
 of old, on which flames out the light of fire