

He left no sign, no word, no trace,
From whence he came, or what his race.

X.

Enthroned in glories of the dying day,
The setting sun still lingers on his way.
Effulgent orb, far sinking to his rest,
Low o'er the boundless regions of the west,
What heavenly light hath blazed around that sun,
In that high world, thro' which his course hath run !
His rays illumine where tropic summer glows,
And bear his radiance to the polar snows.
Now from the hills his golden beams decline,
Where mystic clouds their matchless hues combine.
Relucent waves of undulating light,
Lave sapphire thrones, all splendor to the sight.
Yet, Saguenay, thy cold, dark waters flow,
Silent, unfathomed, 'mong the rocks below ;
And evening sunlight, blazing o'er the deep,
Will reach no depths, where thy dread mysteries sleep.
On the vast cliffs, which gird thy sullen shores,
The mighty orb a flood of glory pours ;
And every beam, descending from on high,
Reflects below the halos of the sky.