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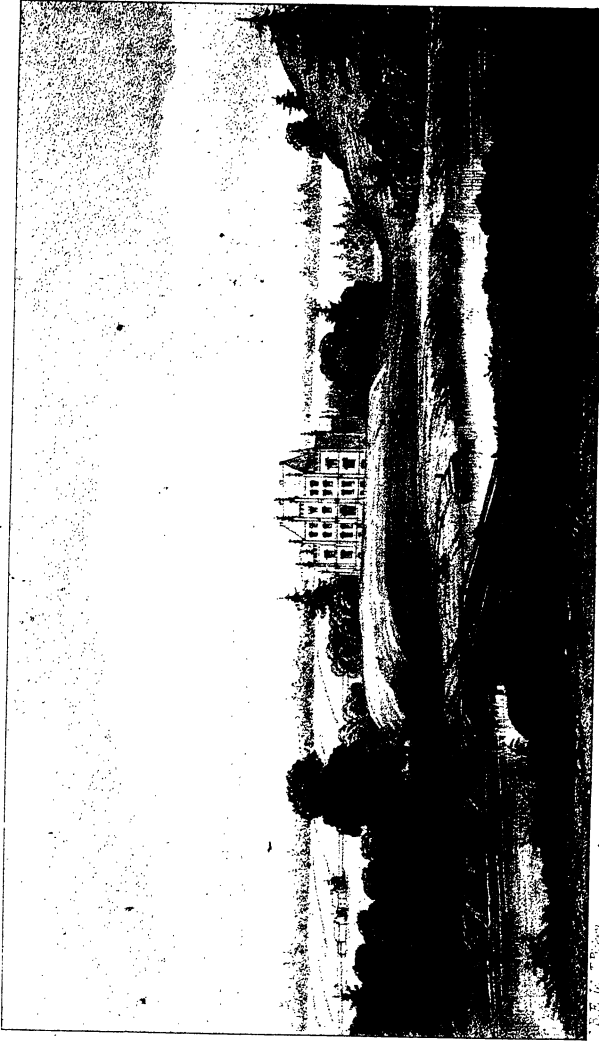
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Day March 19 1904

BOSTON COLLEGE, BOSTON, MASS.

SONGS OF THE WILDERNESS:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF POEMS,

WRITTEN IN SOME DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE TERRITORY
OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
AND IN THE WILDS OF CANADA, ON THE ROUTE TO THAT TERRITORY,
IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1844:

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME

Illustrative Notes.

BY

GEORGE J. MOUNTAIN, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

PUBLISHED, (IN THE EVENT OF ANY PROFITS ACCRUING,) FOR THE
BENEFIT OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, AT LENNOXVILLE,
IN LOWER CANADA.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

LONDON:

FRANCIS & JOHN RIVINGTON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE.

1846.

96626

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Reserve

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE objects of the visit to Prince Rupert's Land, which furnished occasion to these poems, with some particulars of the journey, and some descriptive sketches, as well as some details of information respecting the country, the moral and religious condition of its inhabitants, and the Missions of the Church established for their benefit, appear in three letters from the Author to the Secretary of the *Church Missionary Society*, recently published by that body under the title of a *Journal*¹, of which they form a

¹ Journal of the Bishop of Montreal, during a visit to the Church Missionary Society's North-west America Mission Hatchard, London.

kind of abstract. If the poems should in any quarter excite sufficient interest to prompt a desire for information which can throw fuller light upon the various scenes and incidents to which they refer, those letters will precisely form the proper accompaniment to the present publication ; and there are few things in the world which the Author of the poems can more ardently desire, than to draw attention to the statements contained in the letters, and to the appeal to the religious sympathies of England, with which the last of them is closed.

It was in furtherance of the objects of that appeal, that the profits of the present publication, if any should accrue, were originally designed to be applied. The Author had intended that, in the event of their so far exceeding the expectations which he could reasonably frame, as to make them at all worth offering towards a fund for the endowment of a Bishopric in the

Territory, they should be placed at the disposal of the authorities who will be charged with the duty of forwarding this object ; the extreme importance of which, sufficiently evident upon the very face of the question, is a point urged with some earnestness, upon special grounds, in the journal already mentioned. And in the more probable event of their failing to reach the mark here contemplated, although they should afford some surplus after the expenses of publication, it had been his purpose to devote them to a minor object, still within the same territory.

The *Church Missionary Society*, however, having seen good to follow up a suggestion thrown out by himself, that the proceeds of his *Journal* should go towards the fund for establishing the Bishopric, and matters having been put in due train, with promising appearances of success, for effecting that object, he now feels

that having, already, to whatever feeble extent, been permitted to become instrumental in promoting it, both by his advocacy and by the fruits of his authorship, he cannot resist the pressing claims upon him which are nearer home. The state of his own Diocese may be known to those who are alive to the interests of the Colonial Church, by means of the publications of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts²; and he can hardly believe that there is a single Colonial Diocese in the empire, in which the need of help is more severely felt.

The object, then, to which he now dedicates the profits of this publication, is the College newly opened under a charter obtained from

² He ventures to refer, in particular, to his own Journal, published by the Society in 1844, with the heading, *Church in Canada, No. 2*. Rivingtons, London. See, specially, pp. 54, 55, and 73—76.

the Provincial Legislature, by the name of BISHOP'S COLLEGE, at LENNOXVILLE, in Lower Canada, and mainly designed as a nursery for clergymen in the diocese. A few words may be here permitted respecting the prospects and the wants of this Institution. The College, which is presided over by the Rev. Jasper Nicolls, M.A., Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and the supreme control over which is vested by the charter in the hands of the Bishop, has been built chiefly by means of contributions within the Diocese; and has been endowed, by friends of the Church in Canada, with lands which, at some distant day, are likely to be of considerable value. The Societies *for the Propagation of the Gospel* and *for Promoting Christian Knowledge* (the former of which allows £300 a-year for students in training for the holy ministry at the College, divided at this moment into seven exhibitions,) have each given £1000 towards the endowment;

and a munificent donation to the Diocese from a private individual in England, has been appropriated to the same purpose of endowing the College. The clergyman upon the spot, an indefatigable friend of the undertaking, has made prospective arrangements to establish a certain number of permanent divinity scholarships. A good beginning has thus, by the Divine blessing, been made, and abundant credit is also due to those who have taken the charge in hand. But the buildings are unfinished ; the means of finishing them are found to run short ; the object, eminently important in such an institution, of providing a College chapel, which, with no other than modest pretensions, shall yet familiarize to the alumni of the College, a correct and pleasing model of ecclesiastical architecture, is not within the compass of any resources now at command ; and, in order to eke out the salaries of the Teachers, the gentleman who con-

ducts the grammar-school, which forms a subordinate feature of the undertaking, and has opened with the most promising appearances, is also charged with a professorship in the College, which cannot, under such an arrangement, be rendered effective; add to which, that the hope of procuring a charter from the Crown for the privilege of conferring degrees, is indefinitely delayed from inability to provide for the charges attending the execution of such an instrument³.

³ I do not feel satisfied to let this statement of the provisions made in the Diocese for Theological education, go forth to the world, without a passing tribute to a friend, although he has ceased to be connected with them, the Rev. S. S. Wood, M.A., of the University of Cambridge, Rector of Three Rivers. It was in that place, under the direction of M. Wood, that the aspirants to the ministry in the Diocese of Quebec pursued their studies before the opening of the Collegiate Institution at Lennoxville; and he will always be remembered by them as an elegant scholar, a sound divine, and a fatherly guide. The fruits of his care will, I trust, by the Divine blessing, be seen, in conjunction with those proceeding from the high advantages which, I am thankful to say, that the College students are now enjoying.

These particulars are stated, in the hope that they may meet the eye of some of those liberal English Christians who feel for the spiritual wants of the colonies, and whom God has blessed with the means of doing good ; and that, whether in the shape of books for the College library, or of pecuniary contributions, such individuals may be moved to do something better for the undertaking than the success of these poor efforts in poetry can promise ⁴.

With reference to the calculations of this

⁴ Donations of money or books for the College will be thankfully received by the Rev. J. H. B. Mountain, ~~Blomington~~ Blomington, St. Neot's ; Rev. G. R. Mountain, Havant ; Rev. H. Howarth, Rectory, St. George, Hanover-square ; Rev. H. S. Slight, ~~Christ Church~~ College, Oxford ; T. H. Green, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford. Subscriptions and Donations may also be paid to Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand. Although all the wants of the College are sufficiently pressing, that which is most immediately urgent, is the supply of another Professor, to whom it is proposed to assign an extremely moderate stipend ; but the means of making any provision of the kind do not exist.

x Corpus Christi

success, I cannot avoid—(for however agreeably it may throw a veil over the appearance of egotistical obtrusiveness, I must discard the inconvenient *third person*)—I cannot avoid feeling very strongly that it is much more upon the attraction which may possibly be found in the nature of my journey, and the local peculiarity of my subjects,—and, let me hope, upon the religious interests with which they are associated,—that I must rest my dependence, than upon the power and charm of the poetry itself. I speak this in no affected humility ; although, without affectation, I might well be allowed to speak with diffidence respecting my hopes of an experiment, hitherto untried on my own part, before the public ; but I speak from the very decided consciousness, that my poetry is not of a school or a stamp to suit the prevailing taste of the times. There are many things common, of course, to the poetry of different periods, but some special characteristics found in the poetry

of our own day (so far as I am acquainted with it, in which point I must confess myself, from the nature of my occupations and pursuits, very greatly behind most persons who read at all) are such as run counter, in many particulars, to my own tastes and to my own predilections—perhaps I should say, my own prejudices. To these, however, in poetry above all things, I feel it to be impossible to do violence with any sort of happy effect. Neither in the structure and cadence of verse, the observance of the rules of versification, or the discretion taken to relax them, the taste exercised in the choice of words and phrases, the imitation in this point, if any where it occur, of our more antiquated poets, the turn of thought, the features of imagery, the tone and colouring of meditative pictures, or the expansion, generally, of ideas conceived in the mind, can I venture to think that I resemble those writers who appear to render the spirit and fancy of

the age. I shall not undertake here to write a dissertation upon the constituent properties of poetry, or the legitimate sources of that gratification which it is fitted to afford through the medium of the faculties bestowed upon man ; much less shall I presume to indicate what may possibly appear to my judgment to be assignable to the list of fashionable faults in some of our hodiernal publications of this nature ; it is rather in the way of apology for myself that I wish to speak, than in the assumption of the task of critic—the apology of one who has indeed written religious poetry in later years, but whose habits of poetry were formed only in youth, and moulded then, perhaps, in an old-fashioned way. Apology, it must be confessed, is, in ^{one}~~an~~ sense, the vainest thing in the world ; for the public are only concerned with the actual quality of the article which is offered to them, and not with the circumstances by which that quality may

have been affected. But, in one point at least, I wish to prepare my readers for what they may expect from me. They will find nothing of what I am tempted to call an ambitious display of *mind* and *intellectuality*⁵. I have seen it pointed out in the remarks interspersed in

⁵ The word itself is a sample of an ill-omened class of additions to the language. We are fast gaining the new and ostentatiously familiar use of such words as *individuality*, *finality*, *actuality*, &c. ; and the licence of coinage, which is not quite *sumpta pudenter* in such as *finality*, *conventionality*, *objectivity*, &c. &c. ; and as the first step to the adoption of *substantives* of this category is often the formation of a new *adjective*, we need not despair of soon seeing the language enriched by the accession of such nouns as *conversationality*, *educationality*, and others of affinity, in their formation, with these, together with the farther improvement of their respective plurals. Whatever I may venture to think of some characteristics attaching to a portion of our modern poetry, I should still esteem the authorship of the least to be commended among these, far preferable to that of a great deal of the prose of clever tourists and others, such as the critics of second-rate periodicals extol as *graphic* and *racy*. If there can be any thing really nauseating in mere literature, it does appear to me, from the slight and occasional glances which I get of them, to be found in these publications and these criticisms.

some collection of poetry for the use of schools, as a detraction from the merit of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, that he probably never wrote a line (I do not remember the words, but they were to the effect here stated) which was not upon the first inspection fully intelligible. If it be a recommendation of poetry to flatter the reader by demands upon his sagacity, and his powers of thought to penetrate the lurking enigmas of the writer, I believe that he may lay this book down ; for not only can I promise him no such entertainment, but in some few instances where I have thought a verse or two to be obscure, I have, for that very reason, altered them, and made them simple and perspicuous. Upon a similar principle, I have afforded some explanations in my notes which may appear in many eyes as quite beneath that trouble.

Once more. I send forth these poems with

many things to be found in them *me quoque qui feci iudice digna lini*; but these I must leave to the chance of escape in some quarters, and to the indulgence of those who may detect them in others. My *cause*, I hope, will stand me in such stead as to enable me to shine with a lustre not my own. And my present experiment, if its result should be in any measure encouraging, may prompt me, with the Divine permission, to collect and arrange for publication some scattered pieces of poetry of older dates, for the furtherance of other objects within my diocese ⁶.

The history of the present volume is this. I entered the Hudson's Bay territory without one

⁶ The case of the Church of England in the diocese of Quebec, is a case not only of difficulty and depression, but of hardship. I might call it a long accumulation of hardships. And at this moment, the destruction of two of our chapels in Quebec, by the late awful conflagrations, has been added to the catalogue of our wants and distresses.

thought of writing verses. But in travelling, weeks after weeks, in a canoe through the wilderness, it is not easy to fill up the whole summer's day by reading, conversation, roughly noting the incidents of the way, or simply gazing about upon the scenery through which you pass : and the perfect wildness of your life for the time, together with the character of the objects which surround you, cannot do otherwise than suggest many contemplations of a poetic cast. *While, then, I was thus musing, the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with my tongue* in the accents which follow. With the exception of five stanzas in the *Lost Child*, and some verbal alterations here and there, much too few and too slight to be worth mentioning, the poems were all composed upon the journey ; now lounging in the canoe ; now lying awake, for some short portion of the night, under my tent ; now sitting upon a stone or a fallen tree, while the people were carrying their loads

across a *portage* ; and first drawing, perhaps, my veil round my neck, to protect my face and ears from the mosquitoes,—in such a situation specially apt to be annoying. The books which I could carry, on account of the necessity of bringing my baggage into a reduced compass, were exceedingly few and very small ; and the classical mottos, quotations, or allusions⁷, with which I have left the volume garnished, are mere common scraps of schoolboy, or, at best, college recollections—(for many a long year has passed by since I have held familiar converse with the authors from which they are

⁷ In the imitation, or rather translation, which will be found in the eighth stanza of *The Lost Child*, of that beautiful passage in the Georgics which describes the wailing of the nightingale, I had forgotten the context, and it will be seen how much of the propriety of the original I have in consequence lost ; for I cannot affirm for the poor Indians my belief that their lamentations for their lost offspring were uttered in *Orphean* strains ; and it can hardly be considered as a compensation, that, as bereaved PARENTS, their case was nearer than that of Orpheus to the case of the nightingale.

taken)—not always found, upon subsequent examination of the passages where they occur, to stand there in the happiest conjunction, with reference to my own subjects. They must be taken, in these instances, as *adaptations*, and applied in their detached and naked force ; but I have let them all stand, believing that they may help to give some attraction to my book, and having its attractiveness greatly at heart. Upon this point I may be allowed, perhaps, to quote from myself, in a little publication issued at Quebec:—"I make no apology for having interwoven any appropriate and perhaps sufficiently obvious quotation, even from the lighter class of poetry, which a memory not wholly unretentive of some earlier acquirements may, at the moment, have suggested, and which may be fitted to enliven the attention of hearers or of readers. On the contrary, I am not sorry for an opportunity of pointing out how unfounded is the prejudice which may possibly

in some quarters exist against such a practice. St. Paul quoted the heathen poets, and among them a writer of comedy, to his purpose. (Acts xvii. 28. 1 Cor. xv. 33. Tit. i. 12.) The objection, in fact, belongs to a *class* of prejudices which, where they are conscientiously entertained, are entitled to be treated with consideration, but which it is very undesirable to cultivate. *Hades* and *Tartarus* are features in the fabulous and monstrous mythology of the heathen, but the *names* are transferred in the New Testament to the awful realities of revelation."

In the plan of the poems, a perfect sameness will be found to prevail; it being no other, in every instance, than, having seized upon the poetical idea presented by some passing object, to follow it first in a merely poetical way, and follow it on to that religious application which must naturally suggest itself to every mind

impressed with the supreme importance of revealed truth. It would be great and most groundless presumption to suppose that these poems afford any remarkable exception to the discouraging opinion upon the subject of sacred poetry put forth by Dr. Johnson in his Life of Watts⁸; but they, among others, may serve to furnish an example how ordinary poetical feelings and conceptions may be bent to a compliance with the direction, that *whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.*

With reference, however, to that opinion, generally, it is my own very decided conviction, that subjects directly religious, and drawn immediately from the Bible, are *peculiarly susceptible* of sublimity, pathos, and poetic interest and effect, and that a tone of religious feeling

⁸ "But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well."

will shed a new fervour and light over all which a poetic mind can prompt.

The first canto of *The Lost Child* will be found to be a poem complete in itself; and, in any case, it would have been to very little purpose to withhold the *livraison* till the other cantos shall be written of which I have sketched out the plan (although the second is designed to have direct reference to the territory itself and its native population)—for it is doubtful whether that task will ever be accomplished—probable that it will not. In the exercise of my ordinary duties, which comprehend some very serious additions to the charge of a diocese in itself demanding the most constant, watchful, and solicitous attention, my lot is not so cast as to leave many moments for poetical recreation. It is now upwards of a year since I returned from the territory; and far from having been able to add to the *one stanza* of the second canto, which I composed upon my journey, it

is only, as I can truly say, by forced efforts that I have been enabled to prepare the present volume for the press. The length of this Preface, (which, indeed, is too long, and too full of the author,) and the descriptive details into which I feel ashamed of having been, in a manner, *entrapped*, in the notes subjoined to some of the poems, may seem inconsistent with such a statement. With reference, however, to the former, the saying of an ancient author will be remembered, respecting one of his letters, that it was long, but that he had not had time to make it shorter. For the poems themselves, their author will bless God, if, independently of the direct object connected with their publication, he can hope that they will, in any instance, verify the auguries expressed in the well-known but appropriate couplet of good old Herbert—

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

LIST OF PLATES.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
CANOE	PAGE 29
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ERRATA.

☞ It is recommended that *the book should not be read without attention to the following Errata*,—some of the errors which, from its publication at a distance, have crept into its leaves, being accidentally such as to make the correction of them *absolutely essential* to the sense or the good effect of the passages where they occur.

Page ix of the *Preface*, in the Foot note, *for* J. M. Wood, *read* Mr. Wood.

Page x Do. do., *for* Bloxham *read* Blonham and *for* Christ Church, *read* Corpus Christi.

Page xiii Do., fifth line from the bottom, *for* in our sense, *read* in one sense.

Page 8, Notes on Lake of the dead, in the Foot note, *for* Dog Lakes, *read* Dog Lake.

Page 13, fourth line, *for* Fragrant the columbine, *read* Frequent the columbine.

Page 18, third line, *for* Sweet children, *read* Swart children.

Page 31, first line 6th Stanza, *for* newly froze, *read* newly loose.

Page 48, twelfth line, *for* from Europe *read* for Europe.

Page 97, fourth line of sonnet, *for* skimming light, *read* shimmering* light.

Page 106, end of seventh line, *for* strong, *read* stray.

Page 111, sixth line, *for* O! heavenly lore, *read* Or heavenly lore.

Page 119, fourth line, *for* With laughter forced, *read* Loud in forced laugh.

Page 132, in the foot note, *for* Grange, German, *grange*, *read* Grange G. [Gallicé] *grange*.

Page 143, second line, *for* gentle features, *read* gentler features; and last line but two, *for* some bent create, *read* some vent create.

The two concluding Stanzas of the *Lost Child* in the MS. have, by some accident. been omitted in printing the book. They are here supplied.

LV.

'Tis true thou hast a towering hope within,
Thou art a gifted creature of thy God:
But ah! this withering principle of Sin
Shews but the more and brings the heavier rod.
Soon will thy little pilgrimage be trod
Soon thy mixed history have its earthly close;
Thy wondrous body sleep beneath the sod,
Thy wondrous soul—has that no wants and those
Such wants as wondrous means to meet must interpose?

* A word which I do not find in the dictionaries, but which is used by Sir Walter Scott.

Behold them ready—see the table spread
 The servants sent to bid each honored guest :
 What if the proud disdain their Master's bread,
 With interests busy, with engagements pressed ?
 Call in the halt, the blind, the poor distressed :
 They come, but room remains—scour, then, for more
 Hedge and highway—it is the Lord's behest :
 That host shall not a friendless feast deplore
 That God can outcasts LOST, to hope and Heaven restore.
 See Luke xiv., 16, &c.

The following corrections in *punctuation, &c.*, will also be found materially to help the sense.

- P. 34, 3d line, *for* embrace ; *read* embrace,
 Do., 2d line of Stanza xv, *for* prostrate lie: *read* prostrate lie :
 P. 41, last line but two, *for* In want—who shiver, *read* In want
 who shiver.
 P. 43, 4th line, *for* travelling beast. *read* travelling beast,—
 P. 74, last line but one (in the foot note,) *for* engraving, which
 gives, *read* engraving which gives, &c. N.B. The two
 engravings of the Indian cradle ought to have been
 placed in conjunction with this Sonnet No. III., and the
engraving which gives a front view is mentioned in the
 note as distinguished from the *other engraving which
 gives a side view*.
 P. 123, *for* Waiting worse changes yet. But where is she, *read*
 Waiting worse changes yet—but where is she.
 P. 134, 2d line, *for* domestic life *read* domestic life ! and first
 line of Stanza XLI., *for* One farther step, behold *read*
 One farther step—behold
 P. 136, last line but one *for* temper fine, *read* temper fine :
 P. 137, last line but two, *for* power unconscious ; how began,
read power unconscious, how began
 P. 143, *For* child of dust, with pride elate, *read* child of dust
 with pride elate :

In the Engraving of the Canoe, the number of *Canoe-men*,
 instead of *twelve* as there exhibited, ought to have been repre-
 sented as *fourteen*, as described in the poem.

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LA.

Liv

It r

S

Anc

E

It m

T

Le Lac des Morts.

Res obscura quidem est ignobilitate virorum
. vidi præsens stagnumque lacumque.

OV. MET.

LAKE of the dead, I find not why
This name is thine, from tale or song :
Living are none who meet the eye
Morn after morn, these wilds along.

It may be, in an earlier day
Some Indian strife disturb'd the scene ;
And man's red blood, of man the prey,
Mix'd with thine azure waves serene.

It may be that with maddening yells
These wood-clad shores and isles have rung,

And chiefs whose name no legend tells ¹,
 Dead in thy rocky depths were flung.

Perchance more late some hardy crew,
 Charged with the northern hunter's spoils,
 Freight to far cities yearly due,
 Closed in thy breast their earthly toils.

Oft did their bell-toned chorus sound
 In strains received from Norman sires :
 Oft did the forests glare around
 In witness of their nightly fires.

Through many a whirling flood they sent
 Fearless and prompt their bark-built boat ;
 Anon their single canvass bent
 Glad idly in free space to float.

¹ illachrymabiles
 Urgentur ignotique, longâ
 Nocte carent quia vate sacro.

Too venturesome once—if thence thy name
Fair Lake—and have such chances been?
— Ah! let each lowly cross proclaim
Along this lengthening journey seen.

Lake of the dead—thy shores beside
In evening gloom now gathering fast,
No shadowy forms or phantoms glide,
No shrieks unearthly swell the blast:

Yet if beneath thy lonely waves
The bones of sinful man be spread,
Thou, like old Ocean's hidden caves,
Shalt yield thy long-forgotten dead.

Proud piles where ancient monarchs sleep,
Rude graves, rich tombs with sculpture choice,
The battle-field, the stream, the deep,
To stir their dead, shall hear a voice.

ARISE!—the trumpet rends the air—
 The books are spread, prepared the throne :
 The Angel lifts his hand to swear
 That time shall be no longer known.

Forth from their holds the myriads come
 Nation on nation, tribe on tribe :
 To tell them or to take their sum
 O who could find an earthly scribe ?

Lake of the dead—There is a lake
 Where men in second death expire :
 No hope they own, no respite take ;
 It is, great God ! a lake of fire.

O Sin, envenom'd curse of sin,
 Fast cleaving to our helpless race,
 Flight from that curse what hope to win ?
 What means a holy God to face ?

O

He

Lc

I

Or

Or

S

31,

Re

O there are means—eternal love
Has found a ransom for the lost ;
He who in glory sits above
Himself has paid the bloody cost.

Look to your victim and revive ;
Look to your Lord and hear Him tell,
I who was dead am now alive ;
I hold the keys of death and hell.

On Him, on Him your hope be cast ;
On Him, the heart-struck sinner's friend ;
On Him, the first, on Him the last,
Him the beginning, Him the end !

See Rev. xx. 13. 1 Cor. xv. 52. Rev. xx. 12. Matt. xxv.
31, 32. Rev. x. 5. Isa. xxxiii. 18. Rev. xx. 15 ; xxi. 8.
Rev. i. 18 ; xxii. 13.

Notes

ON

THE LAKE OF THE DEAD.

THE strictures of Dr. Johnson upon one of the Epitaphs of Pope, on account of its defect of information, left to be gained from other sources,—the poet “whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them,” being forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help,—may be extended to poems of other kinds: but the author of this volume believes that his subjects are usually intelligible without any supple-

mentary explanation. A few particulars of information, however, may here and there be stated, which may seem to add something to their interest, and which are not found, so far as his recollection serves him, in the journal mentioned in the Preface. He speaks from recollection only, the original letters which form the journal having been sent off, as fast as they were written, to England.

The Lake of the Dead is not laid down, or not under that name, in any of the maps which I have seen ; nor mentioned, so far as I am aware, in any book. Maps and books, indeed, will readily be understood to pass without notice a multitude of lesser lakes, forming part of the extended chain of waters through which the route of the traveller is carried, and which exhibit every variety, from Lakes Superior, Huron, and Winnipeg, which may be called fresh-water inland seas, down to the clear pond

embosomed in wooded hills which bears the name of Cold Lake²,—or, among rivers, from the magnificent Ottawa to obscure and skulking streams, where you seem to be stealing your way along, as if to hide from pursuit, which barely afford passage for the canoe. The more experienced voyageurs have names for them all, although it does not invariably happen that they are agreed which is which. The Lake of the Dead, however, was not the subject of any such difference among our people. It is a fine sheet of water studded with islets, and, according to the account of our guide, about a dozen miles in length, by

² The Lake of the Dead, however, appears to be nearly of the same class with others which are found upon the maps, such as Dog Lake, Lake of the Thousand Islands, Ridge, Sturgeon, and Cross Lakes, the latter of which are in its own neighbourhood. I find that in my *homeward* journal, I have suggested a doubt whether this Lake is not to be identified with that which is laid down in Arrowsmith's maps as Ridge Lake, but I cannot perfectly reconcile this conjecture with other portions of the notes of my route.

perhaps rather more than half as many in breadth. A spot is pointed out in the portage at one of its extremities, in a thick wood, composed, in part, of straight and noble pines, where a man is said to have been killed by the fall of a tree; but the name of the lake, though ambiguous in point of number, in English, cannot, in the original French, be traced to this circumstance, since in this language it is in the plural (for which reason I have headed the stanzas with the French title). The portage is also called the *Portage des Morts*, but, with little doubt, after the Lake.

We passed many whole days on the journey without getting a glimpse even of a solitary savage gliding by in his little canoe, or of a straggling half-naked family peeping out of the opening of the conical tent of bark-covered poles, among the trees; but in this part of the

route we were five days and a half without encountering a single human being.

Respecting the quondam *brigades* of canoes which passed by this route laden with peltries, and the song of the voyageurs, I may refer to *The toils of the Voyageur* in this volume; and respecting the crosses erected to mark the graves of persons drowned on the way, to the journal above noticed.

The Rose of the Wilderness.

(Gathered in crossing a portage on the River Winnipeg.)

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
My Father made them all.

WHAT doest thou here, fair rose, on rocky shore
Opening thy pure and scented breast to blush
In these rude wilds, where, with eternal roar,
Of thundering Winnipeg the waters rush ?

Were, at this spot, his foam and fury less,
Could travellers (few, in sooth, and far between)
Still in his stream their onward journey press,
No hand had found thee and no eye had seen.

Nor thou alone—on many a tufted ledge,
Gay floweret, shrub or tree with blossom
white,
Stud the dark woods or fringe the water's edge,
Greeting the curious eye with gladsome sight.

Not here of softer climes the gorgeous boast,
Forests with broad festoons luxuriant hung,
In Yucatàn or Guatimàla's coast,
Or brilliant flowers on earth profusely flung :

Yet such as Nature to a northern land,
(Screen'd/by its site from many a splendid
harm,)
More modest gives, and with more measuring
hand,
These are not wanting nor without their charm.

Earliest the tryllium, and the bloody plant
Which seems to wound the gathering hand, are
seen ;

Pink kalmia gems the swamp ; on rocky slant
 Thick harebells blow ; meek violet decks the green.

The Virgin's slipper now is made our prize ;
~~Fragrant~~^{Frequent} the columbine with drooping head ;
 Iris ; lobelia ; bindweed's tenderest dyes,
 Pale pendent lily, or erect and red.

The Queen of Lilies too, whose crown of gold,
 Fragrant in milk-white cup imbedded deep,
 More curious shows than Solomon's of old,
 On reedy waters slow delights to sleep.

These but a part—for sundry more than these,
 E'en in these wilds, a passing pluck invite :
 Nor will I labour here, of blossom'd trees
 Or lowlier shrubs, a student's list to write.

Yet thee I name, first blown and farthest found,
 Slim mespilus,—thee, rowan, sweet to view ;
 Cherry of spicy scent and bosom round,
 With grape-like clusters graced in season due.

Remnants of Paradise—and thou, fair rose,
Loveliest of all, albeit a simple flower,
Thrown freely here,—how trebly prized by those
Who in you find a Father's gracious power!

It shames me not—I choose a common theme ;
I weave it in no mystic web refined ;
My willing thoughts I yield to Nature's stream ;
I mingle in the feelings of mankind.

Call them not mean nor trite, these obvious
things :

Say whence it is that, in the lengthen'd course
Of ages, lay like lay re-echoed rings,
Save that its charm has inexhausted force.

The changeful seasons bring their train of
thought ;

The bloom of spring ; the harvest's golden glow ;
The fading year with pensive musings fraught ;
With fancies dim, rude storm or driving snow.

Lo! where the sun in glory sinks—or where
The clear cold moon flings on some silent lake,
Or through deep-shadowing pines, her streamers
fair—

Such scenes, such pictures, what can trivial⁴
make?

Stray through the peaceful fields; roam on and tread
The heath, the mountain-wilds, the rocks: stand
still,

And gaze upon the deep⁵; lift up your head,
Trace the starr'd vault of night and take your
fill:

⁴ This word and the word *present* in the end of a line four stanzas further on, are intended to be accepted in their proper and original force; the former being equivalent to that which describes a common *road-side* object, and the latter to one of our modern uses of the same word *present* in its reduplicated form, represent. See the *Mask of Comus*, &c. &c.

⁵ The contemplation of the deep appears among the ancients to have had its peculiar but still various attractions in very different moods of the human mind; for example, in the dark

O you will feel what men have felt before ;
 The chords are touch'd, which, in the human
 breast,
 Responsive note still render o'er and o'er ;
 Nor be they there fastidiously repress'd.

Let them lead on to God—by number, He
 By weight, by measure all things form'd at first ;
 By Him the day returns, by Him the sea
 Flows and flows back, the flowers and foliage
 burst.

Rose of the wilderness—an emblem choice
 Be thou, the Rose of Sharon to present :

and revengeful broodings of bitter disappointment, in the
 Homeric description of Achilles :

*Δακρύσας ἐτάρων ἄφαρ ἔζητο νόσφε λιασθείς,
 Θῆν' ἔφ' ἀλός πολιῆς, ὀρόων ἐπὶ οἴροπα πόντον*

and the romantic sort of abandonment to tenderness of passion
 which is pictured by Theocritus :

*Ἄλλ' ὑπὸ τῷ πέτρῳ τῷ ἄσομαι ἀγκὰς ἔχων τυ
 Σύννομα μᾶλ' ἰσορῶν, τὰν Σικελὰν ἐς ἄλα.*

O could this desert as the rose rejoice,
 Spread sacred bloom, and breathe immortal
 scent !

O could the broken tribes, in spots apart
 Of these far woods who plant their shifting home,
 The Shepherd of their souls receive in heart,
 Own his blest voice, and owning cease to roam !

And God be thank'd ! the process is begun ;
 Wide in the soil the seeds of blessing lurk ;
 Wide will the leavening efficacy run
 Through the crude mass, and do it's destined work.

See on the margin of the ruddy stream ⁶
 (So named) where meads in boundless level
 spread,
 Men of mix'd race — (who thence of good would
 dream ?)
 The stock once sprung from many a lawless bed :

⁶ The seat of the Red River Settlement.

See now with these in every social tie
 And Christian bond,—oh, sight to glad the mind !
 Sweet^{est} children of the woods with lustrous eye
 And old Europa's paler sons combined.

Greek, Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free,
 Unknown in Christ—himself is all in all !
 Come on, blest hour, when by a sure decree
 Falls the last fragment of dividing wall.

O faithful labour of a little band⁷,
 In all these happier fruits how prime your
 share !

High-favour'd Zion of our parent land
 Still stretch, and wider still, thy fostering care.

Thy workmen here for shame have little cause :
 Powerful through faith and prevalent in love,

⁷ The Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in the Territory.

Doubly they give the roving Indian laws,
Guide him for earth, and mould him for above.

They train his docile child with wise control ;
The arts of life they teach with patient toil ;
And, emblem of their labours for his soul,
Prompt him to build, to graze, to till the soil.

Strong be the structure which their pains upraise,
Believers built on Christ the corner-stone !
Full be their folds, to God's eternal praise,
Rich be the harvest which their hands have
sown !

Yes, stedfast brethren, he whose feeble pen
Has traced these lines, to others now ⁸ returns
Bound to himself by closer claim, and men
Not few, whose zeal his fervent tribute earns ⁹.

⁸ These lines were finished at the Red River Settlement.

⁹ The Clergy of the Church of England in Lower Canada chiefly Missionaries of the Incorporated Society for the Pro-

There lies his constant task ;—yourselves, per-
chance,

He sees below no more ; yet oft to you,
Oft to your charge well-pleased will memory glance,
And all be yours his humble prayer can do

pagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the early nurse, and the bountiful, persevering protectress of the Colonial Churches. Some account of their labours and privations may be found in my journals of 1840 and 1843, published by the Society, and sold by Rivingtons, Hatchard, and Burns, particularly in pp. 13, 23, 47, and 76, of the latter.

See Job xxviii. 25. Isa. xl. 12. 26. Wisd. xi. 20. Isa. xxv. 1. Cant. ii. 1. 1 Pet. ii. 25. John x. 4. Matt. xiii. 33. Col. iii. 11. Eph. ii. 14. 2 Tim. ii. 15. Eph. ii. 20, and 1 Pet. ii. 5. John iv. 35, and Matt. ix. 38.

Notes

ON

THE ROSE OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE plants of larger and smaller growth, which are mentioned by name in the preceding poem, are all found in one portion or other of the route to the Red River, commencing from the banks of the St. Lawrence, and almost all of them are very widely diffused over that extent of country. The *tryllium* (in some of its varieties) and the *sanguinaria* appear in profusion about Quebec, in the former part of May, while the woods, in that locality, are still leafless,

and there is scarcely an approach to verdure in the fields. The *harebell*, an exceedingly common plant, ornaments the rocks in abundance and remarkable luxuriance in many parts of the route. I measured the stalk of one of these flowers, protruding itself through a cluster of other plants, which was, within half an inch, as long as the stick of an ordinary umbrella ; and they have sometimes six or eight bells on one stalk. The *Lady's slipper*, both of the purplish and the more ordinary kind, is found in the woods in Canada, but it is not a very common plant. The English name must originally, I apprehend, have been *Our Lady's slipper*, (as, by a not very dissimilar process of formation, we have the term *Lady Day*,) for the French call the flower *le sabot de la Sainte Vierge* ; and the translation is by no means happy ; for the blossom, which has but a disputable resemblance to a slipper, and especially to that of a lady, very closely resembles in form the *wooden*

sabot worn often by the peasantry in muddy roads, and derived from their progenitors in France. The wild *columbine*, which is spread over all the North American continent, has a red and yellow blossom. The *Iris* is of the common kind. The bright *scarlet lobelia* is found, but found rarely, near Quebec, and I met with specimens between the Ottawa and Lake Huron. The *convolvulus* is of the most delicate pink and white, in alternate bars. A pale lily of a kind of straw-colour, with pendant blossoms hanging here and there from the plant in a curve, is found in the meadows of the Quebec District, and, no doubt, higher up the country. The erect and red lily, which I have also mentioned, blows alone at the top of a single stem, and I have heard it called the *trumpet lily*. It is frequently seen upon the islets in the Lake of the Woods, and for a long way before reaching and after leaving that Lake. The glorious white water-lily, of which

we found many specimens about the size of a small peony, grows often in close conjunction, though not in intermixture, with the common yellow flower of the same kind. I might possibly have been tempted to qualify in some measure the language of the fourth and fifth stanzas, if I had witnessed, when I wrote them, the extraordinary abundance of the yellow Lady's slipper, (*cypridium flavescens*,) mingled with other flowers of some show, in the prairie near the Lower Fort at the Red River, and more particularly the profusion of wild roses and white water-lilies, which I saw on my return. The roses, upon our upward route, were barely beginning to show themselves, and the water-lilies had not appeared at all. But there is one particular spot, which we passed in coming down in the first week in August, where the combination of these two flowers produced almost the effect of a fairy scene. It is situated in immediate contiguity to the

height of land which divides the waters falling into the Ottawa from those falling into Lake Nipissin, and thence, by French River, into Lake Huron. We were pursuing our way upon a little sluggish stream, not wider than a large ditch; the guide had put out all our other men, except one, to proceed on foot, in order to lessen the draught of water: my chaplain remained with me in the canoe, and we could speedily have filled it, while we went along, with the roses and water-lilies which we gathered on both sides, *as we sat*; the former not only fringing the water, but, actually, as well as the latter, growing in it. There was also growing plentifully in the water, a large kind of blue orchis. On our left hand, the thick shrubs and bushes which delight in proximity to the water, softened down, with their full and rounded foliage, into one dense mass of verdure, formed, in a manner, the bank of the stream, receding, in a slope, to a rising

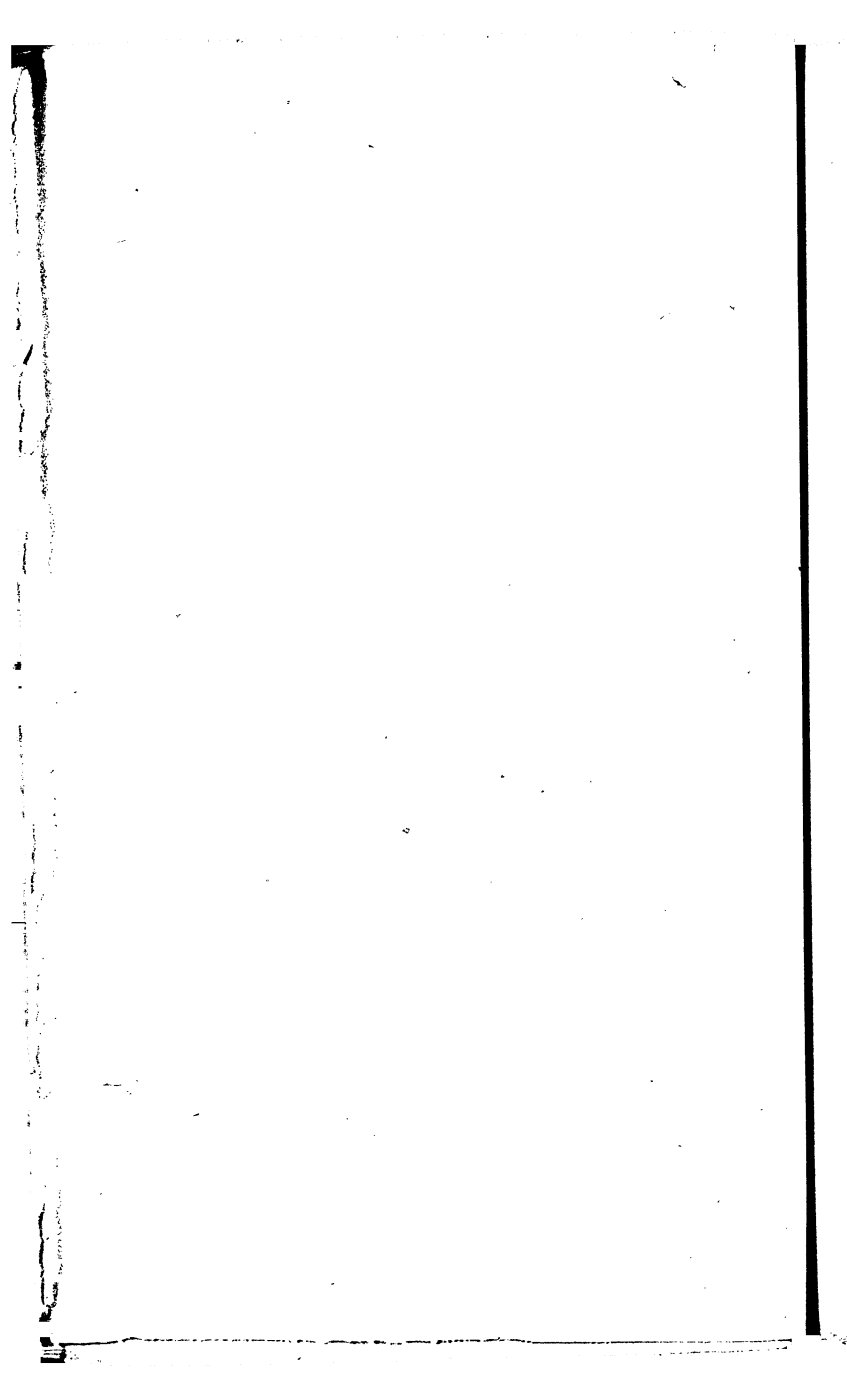
ground, which was covered by a growth of larch-trees—this soft mass of bushes was gemmed all over with roses, producing an effect which no art could ever match. From the right margin, after a small space of level swamp, the ground swells into a moderate and broken eminence, scattered over with large pines, and covered with heather-like shrubs. The stream was mean enough, and the whole landscape was of a somewhat confined character; but the scene, in a bright and beautiful day, was really enchanting, and the lavish decoration of the wilderness, a refreshment in itself to the spirit of man, was like the loveliness of all that mercy which sweetens the troubled pilgrimage of life.

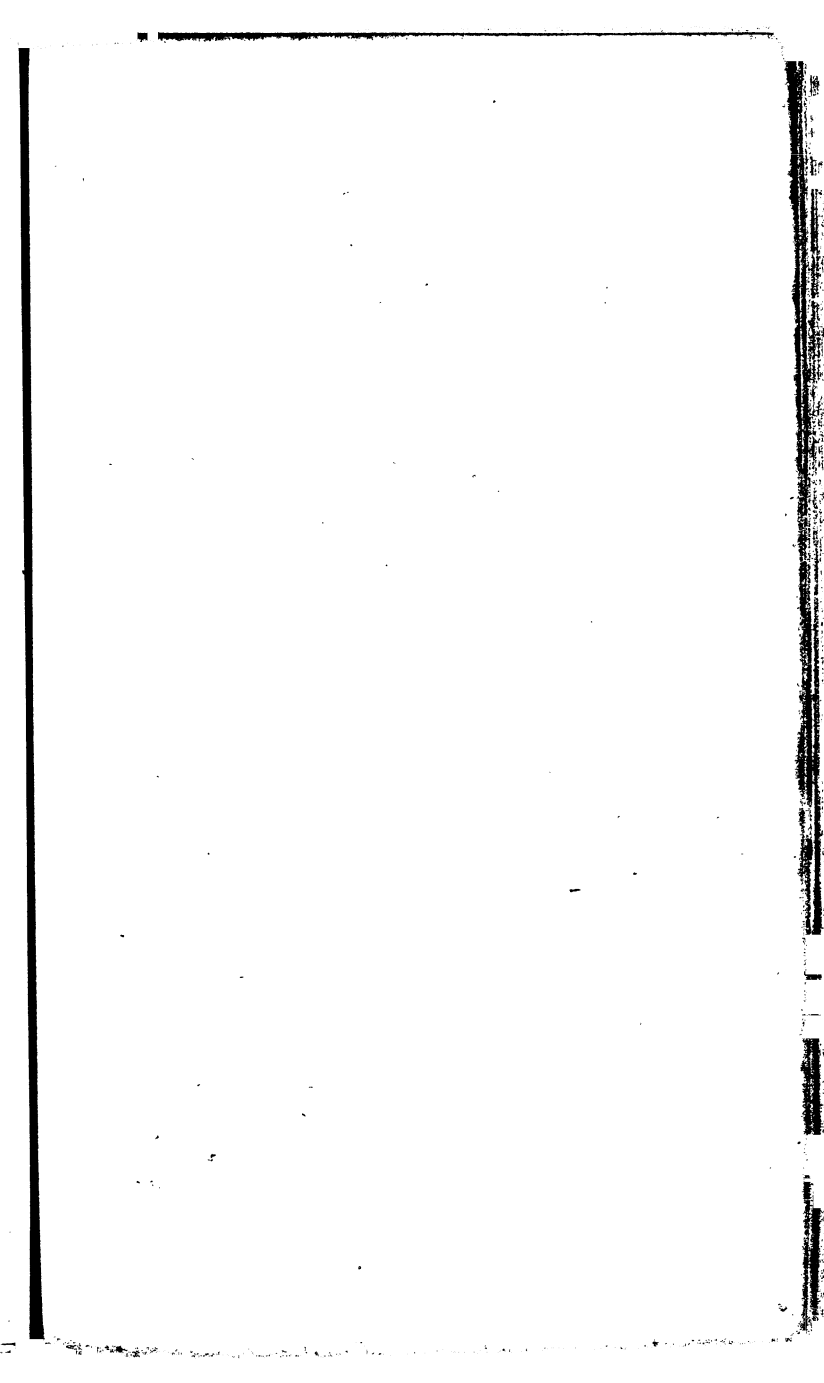
The *mespilus* is called by the French Canadians, who eat the berry, it is needless to say very incorrectly, the *poirier sauvage*. It is exceedingly common in Canada. The rowan, or

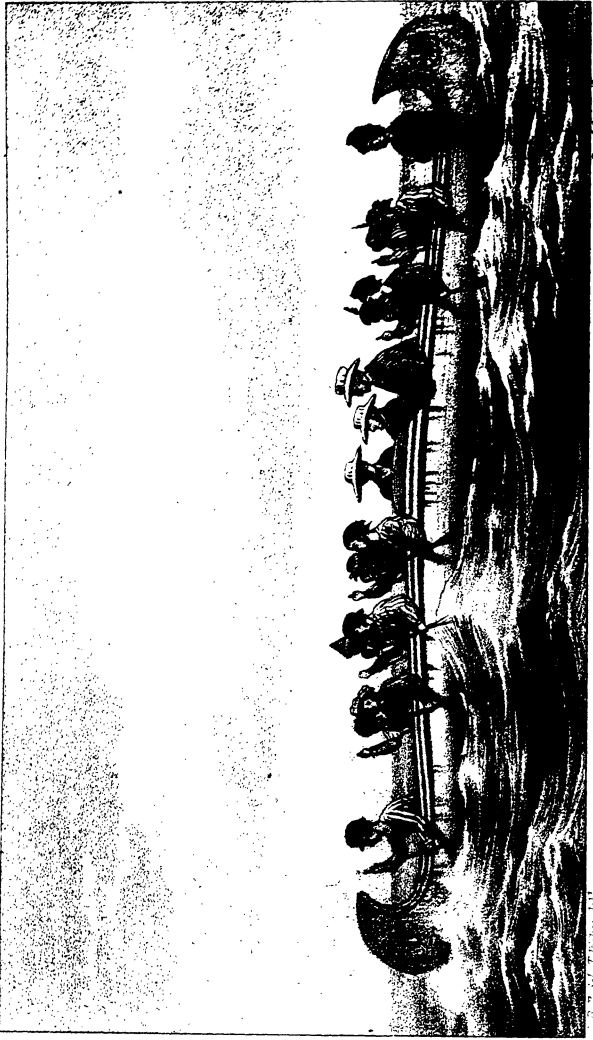
mountain-ash, is among the prime ornaments of the Canadian forest ; elegant in form, beautiful in its delicate leaves and branches, very handsome in flower, and quite brilliant in its profuse flat clusters of scarlet berries, which long continue to enliven even the months of winter. The choke-cherry is also very ornamental, particularly when it grows as a large shrub, in which case it often assumes, when it has free scope, a very ample and rounded form. Its dropping clusters of flowers, when they have passed into fruit, give the name to the plant, among the French, of *cérise à grappes*.

I should have been glad, for the sake of many of my hoped-for readers, to have given the botanic names and scientific classification of some dried flowers which I gathered on the route ; but my part here is

— quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.







The Coils of the Voyageur.

Tu nive Lucanâ dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
Cœnem ego ; tu pisces hiberno ex æquore verris.

Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

I.

WHAT song is this which on the water rings,
Rousing the lonely post ?—it's flag ascends :
Forth from the sharp stockade the movement
brings
Its guardian blithe, with motley train of friends.

*N.B. The number of Canoe-men ought to have been represented as fourteen, in the engraving, instead of twelve
See the second Stanza.*

II.

See that light skiff of bark whose paddles red
Flash with each wave they break, beneath the
sun ;
Six are on either side ; one at the head
Wields the stout guide ; the practised steersman
one.

III.

Laborious crew ! long ere that sun arose,
Lingering in heaven through June's extended
day,
Their toils began ; nor will they find their close,
Signal of nature, with his setting ray.

IV.

Up at the twilight call, they strike the tent
Of those they serve, the long canoe they load ;
To urge it now each vigorous arm is bent
With strokes accordant, on it's destined road.

V.

But who, not witness, can the toils divine
 That wait them here? the straining nerve to
 force,
 By pole, by paddle, lifting hand, or line,
 Full up reluctant streams, their conquering
 course?

VI.

Chill streams from winter's chain but newly ^{loose} ~~free~~,
 When issues through the wilds the foremost band,
 Yet plunging there, (so men grow hard by use,)
 Patient they tug, or wait the word and stand.

VII.

First ranged in one, the force will yet divide ;
 Once of that lake the passage they achieve
 In vastness spread, of western world the pride,
 Two lesser skiffs the parted load receive.

VIII.

And now, where narrow'd banks their way embrace,
 Swept through when floods of Spring impetuous
 broke,
 Pines press on pines, till, in some tangling place,
 Huge carcasses and bare the passage choke :

IX.

Not so their ready energy will fail.
 They grapple with the foe : now out, now in,
 With lever heave, with sounding axe assail,
 Or shove by strength, and soon fair egress win.

X.

The scene is changed—on broad expanse they steer,
 Wing'd with white sail¹, or down swift current
 glide :
 Soon will the rumbling fall salute their ear—
 Lo ! its white crest or spiral smoke descried !

¹ ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία πορθμῖς.—EURIP. HIPPOL.

XI.

Proud barriers of the stream!—all else is free.

The thicket-men may pierce, may climb the rock,
Wade through the swamp,—of lowlier falls, we see,
Stout hearts and skilful hands will risk the
shock :

XII.

Stand here—sweep round—for thoroughfare is
none :

Little it needs that, as in lordly grounds
Or crowded mart, the traced refusal run—
From Him who made the wilds this warning
sounds.

XIII.

'Tis here, or when continuous stream they lack,
Fresh toils are for the busy crew prepared :
Prompt they unload, and quick by every back
Burthen on burthen, heap on heap is shared.

XIV.

Borne on their shoulders that which bore them all,
Poles, paddles, tent-staves: round their naked
heads
Broad thongs embrace, behind them, tapering small,
Equipments, clothes, utensils, food, and beds.

XV.

Barefoot through mire, o'er rocks, their way they trace
O'er trunks from angry winds which prostrate lie;
Oft under burning sun; yet, as in race,
Back for repeated load their footsteps fly.

XVI.

Scarcè are they launch'd, the self-same toils return,
Falls following falls²—but now the day is past;
Some chosen spot the leaders sage discern,
Where wearied bones may respite have at last.

² This is most remarkably the case in parts of the River Winnipeg.

XVII.

Yet stay—for work remains—part now uplift
The traveller's lodge who shelter'd couch re-
quires ;
Part drag, from distance, firewood, fall'n, or drift,
Or standing hew ; part light the separate fires ;

XVIII.

Part dress the separate meals ; a skilful few
The wounds survey of their inverted boat,
Each resinous seam with burning brand renew,
So all may on the morrow safely float.

XIX.

At length, in single blanket roll'd, they lie,
Mother of all ! upon thy bosom bare :
What if in torrents burst this ominous sky ?—
Creep, rogues, beneath your boat, and shiver
there.

XX.

Ah ! speak not thus, ye who, by Heaven's high will,
In arms of affluence and refinement nursed,
Are of one mould with them, one nature still,—
One blood, one stock, one sinful stock at first :

XXI.

Ye to whose weight these men, if shallow spot
Forbid close access to the full canoe,
Lend their free backs unask'd, and grudge it not,
Forsooth, to save from wet your daintier shoe².

XXII.

Yes—they are free, those backs—foul slavery's yoke,
Praise be to God ! those shoulders have not
known ;
Their task is season'd still with song or joke,
And careless—ah ! too careless—hearts they own.

² In an interesting communication from the Bishop of New

XXIII.

Whate'er they are, some kindness is their due ;
Some courtesy the claim of all mankind ;
Some thankfulness a debt for service true :
God holds abhorr'd the high disdainful mind.

XXIV.

"'Twas not that men should minister to me ;
I came to minister," the Saviour cries :
The Son of Man to set the prisoners free—
To ransom souls a willing victim dies.

Zealand, published in one of the late Quarterly Papers of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, there is rather an amusing account of a dutiful wife among the native converts, who, being herself unincumbered with any *chaussure* at all, performed the office here described for her husband, he having been newly equipped, from head to foot, in European costume.

XXV

Poor for our sakes, that we might rich be made,
In guise of service, fashion'd as a man,
Humbled in heart, He to the death obey'd—
O what a death!—to work the wondrous plan.

XXVI.

Learn, then, at least, like Him to condescend
To men of lowly place: in season meet,
To do kind office for an humbler friend,
As school'd by One who wash'd His followers'
feet.

XXVII.

'Tis not all dignities to render cheap
I seek,—all grades to place on equal ground;
All fences of the social scheme to sweep
From earth; all ranks and orders to confound:

XXVIII.

Oh! no—I seek not this—for happier land
Far, in my thoughts, is that where high and low
In mutual love yet measured distance stand,
Than where, all mix'd, the shapeless masses
grow.

XXIX.

Fear to whom fear, to whom is honour due
Still honour yield—the fabric nicely ranged
In parts proportional, of seemly view,
Were ill for looser edifice exchanged.

XXX.

From steps subordinate, from fix'd respects
More care of courtesy and order springs:
Men slide unconscious down to coarse neglects
Who scoff at form or state, and jeer at kings.

XXXI.

Watch it, my friends,—(for I with you have friends
By worthier claim than earth's distinctions form,
Bound to my heart, and men whose contact mends
Each mind on which they stamp their impress
warm,)

XXXII.

Columbia's children, prize, if so you will,
Your social plan, as ours to us is dear:
Yet think at least that incidental ill
May cleave to good, and guard your country.
here.

XXXIII.

I speak not, chosen friends, for such as you—
But licence may of freedom choke the breath;
Man needs restraint; that each should rashly do
In his own eyes what seemeth good, is death.

XXXIV.

More closely to thy mark, my song, return :

The summer toils are sharp, but ended soon
Of those I sung but now, and haply earn
For them, for wives, for children, many a boon :

XXXV.

And freemen they—but think of those who bow
Beneath their burthens forced ; beneath the
lash
Toil worse than beasts (oh ! blush, Columbia, now,
And haste the stigma from thy stars to dash).

XXXVI.

Or think of those—they teem in many a soil
In want, who shiver, in affliction pine ;
Who at th' unhealthy loom incessant toil,
Or delve, with darker souls ; in darksome mine.

XXXVII.

Ill was it done, and long reproach shall lie,
England ! against thy legislative halls,
Thou shouldst those children to thy Church
deny,
That she might nurse them in her sacred walls !

XXXVIII.

O family of man ! how large the mass
Of suffering bodies, minds with misery drunk ;
Creatures whose squalid forms we loath to pass ;
Beings crush'd flat by power, in baseness sunk !

XXXIX.

Think, ye who daily feed òn sumptuous fare,
Array'd in garments choice and finely spun,
With all your polish'd arts, your dainties rare,
Your labour'd comforts,—you and they are one.

XL.

“From thine own flesh,” beware thou, “hide thee
not:”

Tremble to spurn, or pass them, like the Priest,
Unheeded in their ills—they may not rot,
Laid at your gate, nor need your travelling
beast,—

XLI.

They are not far—men thirst and hunger still ;
Strangers are houseless, sick on pallets grieve ;
Prisoners are sad, and nakedness is chill—
The world will find you subjects to relieve.

XLII.

One price was paid for all—and if, below,
In penury some, and some in plenty live,
Swell none with pride, but this just lesson know,
GOD GIVES TO YOU THAT YOU FOR HIM MAY GIVE.

XLIII.

Wait but the doom—that day will level all :
Quickly He comes whose eye impartial looks
On every heart ; the dead, both great and small,
Abide their sentence from the written books.

XLIV.

Like to my subject have I made my song,
Careless its windings following where they led ;
What tones might to th' incipient strain belong,
Not nicely kept—but on its close we tread.

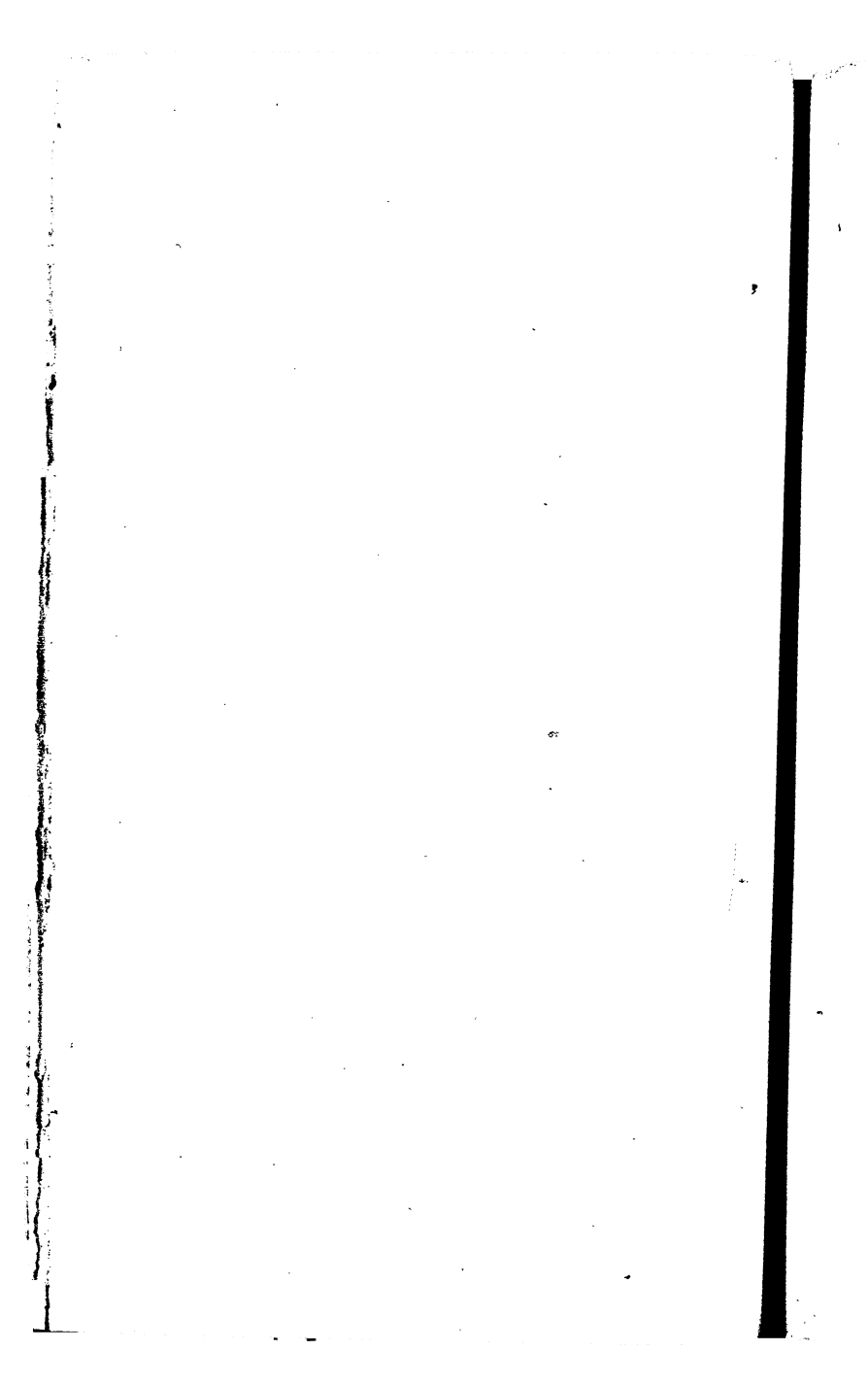
XLV.

E'en so life's pilgrimage itself is pass'd,
Now smooth, now rough, now languishing, now
brisk,
Now barr'd, now opening fair ; it ends at last
History of hope and dread, of change and risk.

XLVI.

O Ruler of this rolling world ! in all
Its devious wilderness our way protect ;
Still let our errors for thy mercy call,
Still every move we make thy grace direct !

See Matt. xx. 28. 2 Cor. viii. 9. Phl. ii. 8. Rom. xii. 16.
John xiii. 10. Rom. xiii. 7. Judges xvii. 6. Isa. li. 21. Luke
xvi. 19, *et seq.* Isa. lviii. 7. Luke x. 31. 34. Matt. xxv.
35, 36. Rev. xii. 20. 1 Cor. vi. 20.



3

Notes

TO

THE TOILS OF THE VOYAGEUR.

THE Voyageurs are a class of men who have been described by different travellers ; and some notice of them, with special mention of our own crew, will be found in the journal to which I have more than once had occasion already to refer. They have formed a picturesque feature, (although not one upon which the mind can properly permit itself to dwell with any remarkable complacency,) in the population of Canada,—a feature which pos-

sibly at no very distant time will be obliterated. Under the domination of France, the furs constituted the staple commodity of the North American possessions, and the loss of the country is noticed by Madame de Pompadour in these words: *Ainsi ces fiers insulaires se sont emparés de NOS MANCHONS, et toutes les neiges du Canada: grand bien leur fassent!* The fur-trade was still carried on through Canada by the British; the great depôt of the canoes being at Lachine, and the shipments ~~from~~^{for} Europe being made at Montreal, till the junction of the North-West Company, established in that city, with the ancient English corporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which it merged. The peltries are now sent direct from Hudson's Bay, and the furs from the regions thence named, which we use in Canada, come to us from England. The older voyageurs look back, as veteran warriors to the days of departed glory, upon the times when

from thirty to forty canoes went up annually, in *brigades*, to Prince Rupert's Land, and returned with their cargo of furs. The canoes are now scarcely employed by the Company for any other purpose, besides that of the annual official visit of the Governor to the territory, than to maintain this line of communication, and to carry up the persons engaged, from year to year, in different capacities, together with some few supplies. Even a couple or so of canoes in company, are still dignified among the voyageurs by the name of *the brigade*.

The honours of the Voyageur having declined, he has almost discarded some distinctions of costume which marked him to the eye, and of which, among the Canadian Indians themselves, who are thus employed, little more than the traces can be said to linger. I think also, that even within my own memory, his very song has lost something of its wonted

spirit and power, and, if the term can be applied, execution. Yet the same old Norman airs, in the same characteristic tones, are still sung, and still serve conspicuously to brace up again the vigour of the arm, whether in the demand for augmented effort, or in the languor creeping on from fatigue: above all, the song is raised with animation on approaching or leaving any post, just as the drivers of hired or public conveyances receive an impulse, soon felt in the vehicle, from the desire to produce effect in a town. Those who have heard favourable specimens of Voyageur-singing, will, I think, recognize the aptitude of the epithet *bell-toned*, which I have applied to it in the first poem of this volume; and the effect, altogether, uniting with the rushing sound of the paddles, and conspiring with the character of the craft, and the nature of the surrounding scene, has not a little of poetry and romance about it. From the indistinct manner in which the songs are sung,

and the somewhat slouching pronunciation of many of the words, it is not always easy to catch their precise import. Some of them are not unlike our own nursery rhymes. I did not make it my business to procure any of them entire, but I have retained the following scraps:—

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant
Avec son beau fusil d'argent

.
Visa le noir, tua le blanc, &c. &c.

And in the same way there is often interposed, perhaps between each line, some nonsensical *refrain*: e. g. *En roulant ma boule*. Others are such songs as men, in the perversion of their talents, have in all ages composed, as if their fellow-mortals were by nature too dull in the pursuit of carnal and voluptuous enjoyment, for the purpose of stimulating the love of pleasure, and imparting new zest to convivial indulgence. The *refrain* of one of the songs is this:

Le bon vin m'endort
Et l'Amour me réveille.

They are sung, however, apparently more as vehicles for the air than any thing else ; and the men often catch them up from the leader, slurring the words together, as mere sounds without meaning. Any thing profane or licentious, would, of course, have been summarily stopped ; but as there was no call for such an exercise of authority as this, it would have been beginning at the wrong end to attempt the spiritual improvement of the voyageur by putting any check upon his music.

The arrival of a canoe with travellers is a great event at one of the widely-severed posts, and a rare interruption of the monotony of existence which there prevails. The factor, or trader in charge, often a most respectable person, has, at the ordinary posts, no companion

whatever of his own stamp; the small establishment consisting of menials, labourers, and work-people employed in different ways, who are Indians, half-breeds, Canadians, or Europeans, just as it may happen, with every shade and gradation of distinctive complexion and costume. There are also at certain seasons a number of the wild Indians as hangers-on about the place.

The *Guide* is a person who, although not independently of the will of the traveller, is charged with the whole conduct of the journey. Whoever has had the good fortune to be served in this capacity by the Iroquois, Jacques Kariwagairon¹, of Kaughnawaugha, who was picked for me in pursuance of the kind directions

¹ So spelt in the list of the crew in English, which was given to my chaplain: but there is an unrestrained latitude in the spelling of Indian names by Europeans, and naturally a great difference between English and French spelling. Different ears catch the very same sounds in a different way.

given by Sir George Simpson, will remember an original to match the picture of the *stout guide*, and will acknowledge his other and complete qualifications for the task.

Among the expedients to which our people had recourse, as described in the ninth stanza, to pass through obstructed places in the lesser rivers, one which is not there mentioned, is to jump out and stand upon the trunks of trees, keeping them down so that the canoe can pass over them.

It is an idea which I have found by no means uncommon, that the canoes having no keel, it is not the practice to sail in them. But they not only sail, but sail near the wind. I shall not soon forget the sail which we had, then in our two canoes, up the Lake of the Woods, when, after fighting our way through the beds of tall reeds at its entrance, we sprang

on, as it were, like greyhounds slipped from the leash, and bounded through the splashing waves, which reflected the bright heavens over our heads,—each crew eyeing the other at some distance,—inclosed in the silent solitude of the forests, and rapidly nearing a low white sandy islet directly ahead, garnished picturesquely with a few small pines and shrubby trees. (Stanza x.)

A little above the *Terre jaune* fall (a beautiful spot, where the traveller should mount the eminence adjoining, and indulge himself with the view up and down the river), in the narrowest part of the River Winnipeg, the guide having put his men ashore to drag the canoe by the towing-line, against the rapids, they had to scramble up a rock rising so perpendicularly from the water, that the first man, struggling till he reached a root, and pushed up from below by the others, contrived to gain the sum-

mit, and they then helped each other from above in succession. Two others reached a narrow ledge or shelf, about half-way up, where they lay flat down upon their stomachs, and worked themselves along in that position. (Stanza XI.)

Whoever has witnessed the shooting of some rapids (which the French call *sauter*), such as can be just ventured upon with safety for the purpose, and especially if he has, by consent of the guide, made the experiment of remaining in the canoe when the baggage and the greater part of the crew are sent by land to meet it, will comprehend that they may be allowed the name of *lowlier falls*. *Pensez-vous sauter, Jacques? Jacques, allez-vous sauter?* were questions often addressed to our guide by the less experienced men. They were all aware that Jacques knew perfectly what he was about. (Stanza XI.)

The canoe-men are very often bare-footed, and almost invariably so on their return, when the weather is hotter, except perhaps where their treading is particularly calculated to wound their feet. (Stanza xv.)

Any serious repair of the canoe (since the work can be done only by daylight) creates a considerable delay. We lost nearly a whole day at one end of Cross Lake, and half a day upon the Ottawa, in this manner, upon our return. In the former instance, the damaged canoe was new-bottomed with bark, and the interior bands or flat hoops of cedar were all replaced. But an examination, and some slight renewal of the gum, generally takes place at the close of every day. (Stanza xviii.)

With reference to the close of Stanza xxxv. it is well known, that in the American national

colours, each State is represented by a *star*, and also that a certain number of the States are distinguished in popular phraseology as the *Slave States*.

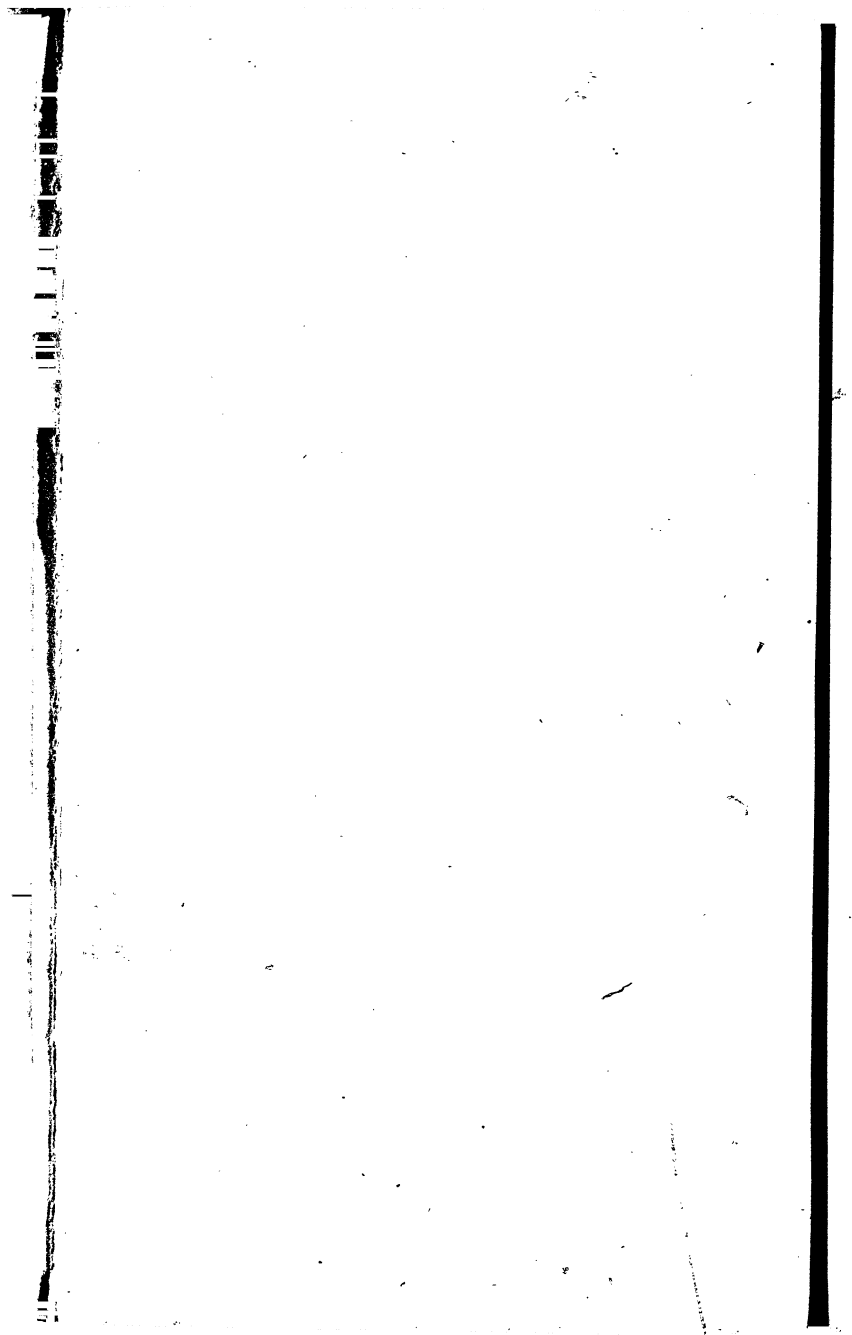
On the Rainbow at the Kakabeka Falls, near
the Mountain-portage, Kamenistiquoia River.

Ἐν νέφει στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

DUMB thunder shakes the wilds—a rising smoke,
A hastening stream the curious search provoke :
Lo ! Kakabèka's yawning chasm is seen
Scoop'd in rude form, the rifted rocks between :
Smooth to the verge flows ample river deep,
There driven at once to make the awful leap :
Shot raging down, its torrents, huge and full,
Each other cross : soon all, as whitest wool,
Is lost in depths of boiling froth below :
Upwards dense mists and circling vapours go
In showers again to fall : his glory bright
The sun sheds full on these ; with pure delight

Promise and pledge of God, the bow is shown
When showers and sunshine meet, and then alone ;
So on the soul if grace and mercy shine,
Must sorrowing heart with heavenly ray combine ;
Promise and pledge of better things are seal'd
In Christ, than in the rainbow are reveal'd ;
Sure mercies sworn by God, but hid to those
Whose soul no want and no compunction knows :
Blessed are they that mourn ! to them belongs
Joy on their heads, with everlasting songs.

See Isa. lv. 3. Heb. vi. 17. Matt. v. 4. Isa. xxv. 10.



Note

ON

THE KAKABEKA RAINBOW.

WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of these lines in other respects, I venture to say that the description of the falls and rainbow, as viewed about five o'clock on a bright afternoon in the end of July, is closely accurate and faithful. The cataract, always excepting Niagara, which stands alone and supreme, is by far the grandest and most striking which I have ever seen.

The summit of the fall exhibits, in a remarkable manner, what is observable in many of the streams of Canada, where they break over stones or rocks, that appearance which is described in an exquisite simile by the hand of Scott—a master-hand, indeed, in portraying, with effect in every touch, at once the poetry and the vivid reality of the face of nature :

Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.

I should guess the fall to be not less than two hundred feet high. The gentleman who travelled with me as my chaplain, first called my attention to a tremulousness in the whole atmosphere as we approached the fall, to which allusion is made in the first line.

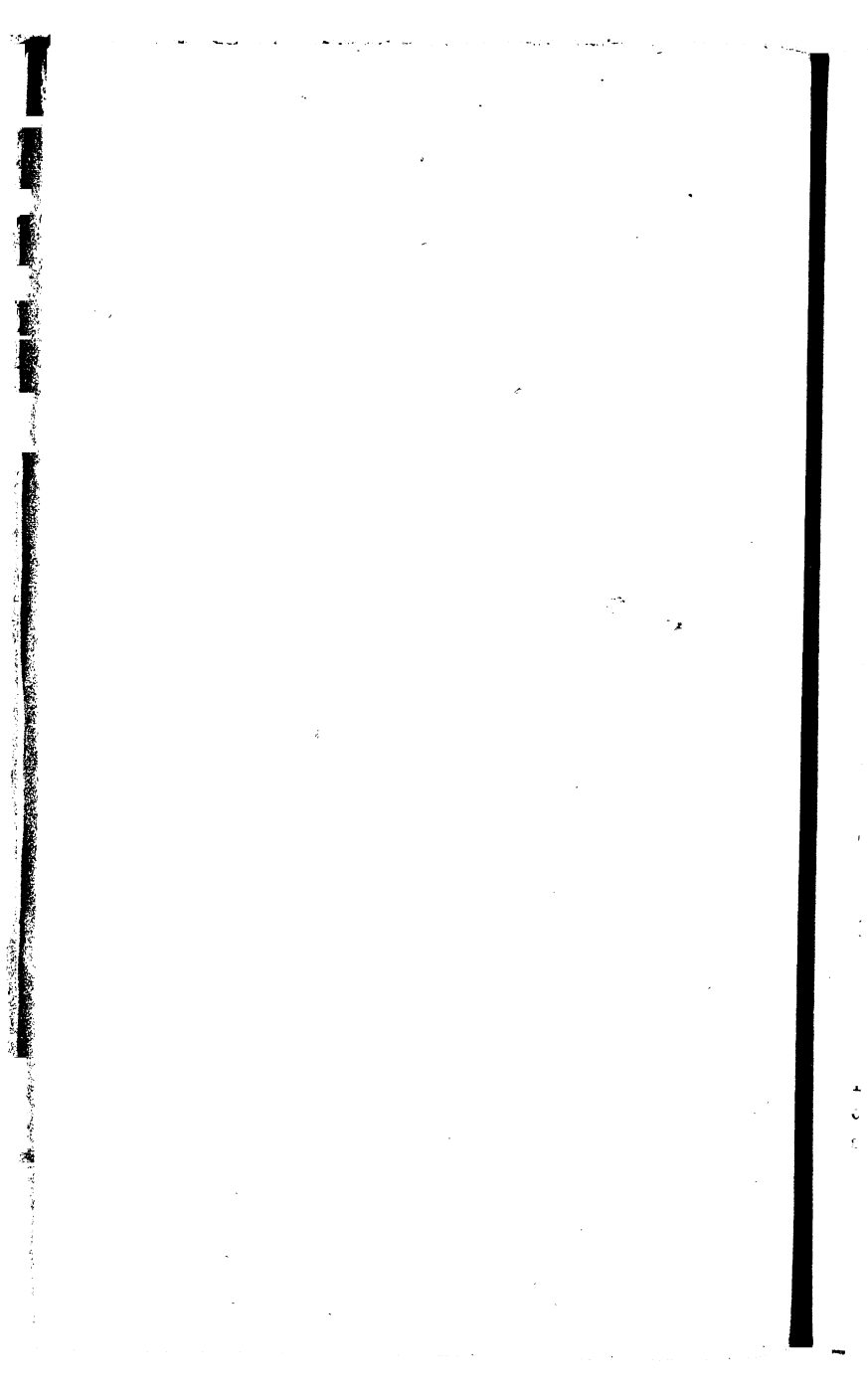
The line from Homer which has been adopted as the motto for these verses, must be regarded as affording a remarkable example of the traditional relics of Divine truth among the

heathen, conveyed, in this instance, almost in the very words of Scripture, I do *set my bow in the cloud*, and it shall be for a *token* of a covenant between me and *all the earth*. Τέρας, indeed, is distinguished from σημεῖον, the word used in this verse by the Septuagint (correspondently to which, with closer exactness than in the use of the word *token*, *signum*, and *signe*, are found in the Latin and French Bibles, and *sign* in the Bishops' and Douay English Bibles).—See Schleusner and Parkhurst. The former, however, gives one authority, although not that which he prefers, which so states the distinction as to make τέρας a σημεῖον *exhibited in the heavens*, and which, therefore, identifies the force of the Scriptural and the Homeric expressions here in question. Homer, indeed, does not expressly call the rainbow the sign of a *covenant*, nor, on the other hand, is it necessary to regard the phenomenon appointed for

the sign of the covenant as a *sign* in the sense of something *preternatural*.

Ogilby, Pope, and Cowper, all render *τέρας* by the word *sign*; and I see it mentioned in the notes of Pope's translation, that Madame Dacier points out the similarity between the passage in Genesis and the line here under notice.

Sonnets.



I.

On observing the manœuvres of the Waterfowl
for the escape of their young.

Th' instinctive charge of young through every race
Of living things, how beautiful to see,
How wonderful to watch!—how well we trace
In all that range the ample woods, or flee
To rocky den, or build on airy tree,
And soar in open firmament above,
Or up the sedgy waters flutter free¹,—
Wisdom and plan, omnipotence and love!

¹ This may remind some readers of the subjoined lines from Lucretius, which the author, some considerable time after the composition of this sonnet, lit upon accidentally, in looking for something else. They refer, however, not to the love of young,

I sing no eagle proud, no tender dove;
 Poor waterfowl! not less thy care is seen,
 Artful in safer nook thy brood to shove,
 And court pursuit thyself, their heads to screen.
 Weak man! such sight the heaven-taught lesson
 brings,
 To seek the shelter of Eternal Wings.

See Deut. xxxii. 11. Ps. xci. 4, *et passim*. Luke xiii. 34.

but to the impulse owned by all living creatures to provide themselves with mates.

Denique per maria et monteis fluviosque rapaceis
 Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virenteis
 Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem, &c.

II.

The Indian's Grave.

BRIGHT are the heavens, the narrow bay serene ;
 No sound is heard within the shelter'd place,
 Save some sweet whisper of the pines²,—nor seen
 Of restless man or of his works a trace :
 I stray, through bushes low, a little space :
 Unlook'd for sight their parted leaves disclose :
 Restless no more, lo ! one of Indian race—
 His bones beneath that roof of bark repose.

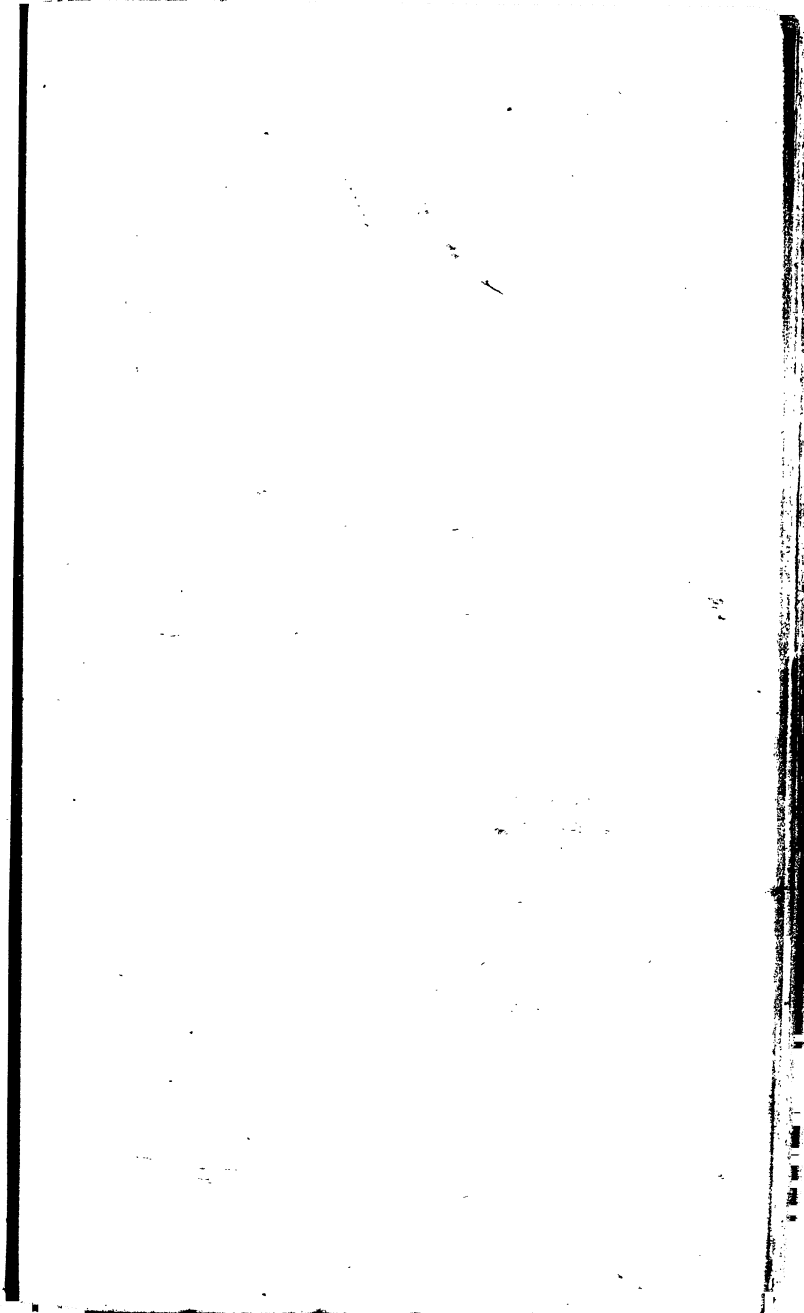
Poor savage ! in such bark through deepening
 snows,
 Once didst thou dwell—in this through rivers
 move ;

² Ἄδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἃ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τίηνα,
 "A ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεσται.

Frail house, frail skiff, frail man ! Of him who
knows

His Master's will, not thine the doom shall prove :
What will be yours, ye powerful, wealthy, wise,
By whom the heathen unregarded dies ?

See Luke xiii. 47.





THE CRADLEBOARD

III.

To a Child hung in an Indian Cradle³,

ON THE CHURCH-YARD FENCE AT ONE OF THE RED
 RIVER CHURCHES, WHILE THE MOTHER WAS CON-
 FIRMED.

. . . λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλίᾳ . . .

 κέλομαι, εὐδὲ βρέφος.

SIMONIDES.

SWATHED in that frame-work quaint, contented rest
 Ev'n on the rail, my child, as thou art hung :
 Soon to thy mother's heart shalt thou be press'd,
 Soon on her back in old dependence slung :

³ Popularly, but not very properly, so called. It is not a rock-
 ing receptacle, but simply a kind of ornamented bag, into which
 the child is put, up to the neck, lacing in front, and attached to
 thin flat boards behind, which rest upon the shoulders of the
 mother, the child's face being outward. The annexed engravings
 from the drawings of a valued friend, taken from a specimen

On Nile's proud stream, in lodgment worse was
flung,

—And harder severance from maternal arms,
He from Egyptian breasts who pity wrung,

Reserved avenger of his people's harms :
As his, thy sister stands to watch alarms :

Contented rest—One who in manger lay,
Than thou or Amram's son had holier charms :

To Him, poor Indian, thou hast found the way :
Thy mother goes, within His house of prayer,
Blest rite with hundreds of her race to share.

which I brought from the Red River, among the presents there made to me, will give a better idea of it than the description. The lacing, however, is not left open before, as represented in the engraving, which gives a front view, the bag being closed, in the case of the living subject, up to the throat.

IV.

Rainy Lake Riber.*(Rivière du Lac de la Pluie.)*

Si enim, mi Domine, pro hoc corpore ignobili et corruptibili, tam magna et innumera beneficia præstas à cœlo et ab aère, à terrâ et mari, à luce et tenebris, à calore et umbrâ, rore et imbre, ventis et pluviis, volucris et piscibus, bestiis et arboribus, et multiplicitate herbarum et germinum terræ, et cunctarum creaturarum tuarum ministerio nobis successive per sua tempora ministrantium, ut alleves fastidium nostrum, qualia quæso et quam magna et innumerabilia erunt illa bona quæ præparasti diligentibus te in illâ cœlesti patriâ ubi te videbimus facie ad faciem.

S. AUGUSTINI SOLILOQ.

— non si malè nunc, et olim
Sic erit.

WELL hast thou earn'd the title, goodly stream,
Thou borrowest from thy parent Lake of Rain,
If we this livelong day must sample deem,
Still mark'd by ceaseless torrents pour'd amain.

Though "all appliances and means" are vain
 To screen us now, and wide the welkin lowers,
 Murmur we not ⁴—it will be fair again—
 The God gives sunshine too, who gives the
 showers:
 Nor is this rain the least of Nature's powers,
 Whence He our hearts with food and gladness
 fills,
 And grain and herbage, trees, and fruits, and
 flowers,
 Subserve our pleasures or relieve our ills.
 Lord, on our souls rain righteousness enlarged!
 Return not void, ye showers with blessing charged!

See Acts xiv. 17. Hos. x. 12. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

⁴ St. Bernard, in his meditations, enumerates among the sins of which he has to repent, his discontents upon the subject of the weather: *Cum aër pluriâ vel nimio frigore aut calore turbatus fuit, contra Deum inique murmuravi.*

V.

Rainy Lake Fort.

SAME DAY AT NIGHT. CONFIRMATION OF ONE
FEMALE AT THE FORT.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros—

I SANG the rain, and said it would be fair :

Lo! while the sun, though still with visage
veil'd,

Descends apace, the clouds their volleys spare ;

The wood-built fort is seen, the smoke is hail'd
Portending good : with dripping garments trail'd,

A sheltering roof we find, a hearth-fire bright ;
And now, with sober evening cup regaled ⁵,

Own how well-timed our harbour for the night :

⁵ the cups

That cheer but not inebriate.

But chiefly that we bring the holy rite
To thee, meek sister in the faith, and add
Thy name to theirs, who, for the Christian fight,
Seal'd late their earlier vows,—our heart is glad.
Alone thou mad'st thy vow—with thee in prayer
Twice two or three were join'd, and CHRIST was
there.

See Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

VI.

On seeing a Wolf come down through the
Woods to the water's edge.

SAY did the scent of flesh thy feet allure,

Gaunt wolf?—go back, no prey for thee is here:

Track through the woods, thy craving want to cure,

Poor harmless hares, or chase the statelier deer :

Ev'n wert thou close, this crew would little fear :

Rather would'st thou fear us. No cause have we,

As Horace sung of yore, in danger near

From Sabine wolf, to marvel we are free.

But must they, those poor brutes, thy victims be ?

Ah ! through creation's length and breadth, the
curse

Flows like the general flood ; and birds, we see,

Most blithe and sweet, with grubs their nest-
lings nurse :

And man is wolf to man. Dawn, happier day ;
Oh! quickly dawn, when wolf with lamb shall
play.

See Isa. xi. 6, and lxxv. 25.

I see it mentioned in the rough notes of my journal, that this
wolf first drew our attention by the utterance of something
between a bark and a howl.

VII.

On a Saint's Day.

YES, holy martyr of thy Lord, and true,—

The Church, to *Him* who bids her people pray,
And Him alone, yet in her service due,

And offering pure, remembers thee this day :
And I, in these vast solitudes away

From all observance, will not thee forget.

O that my cup to drink, my life to pay,

(If needful so,) as thine this heart were set !

That wish, at least, it owns ; and we are met

So far : but hope from living guides I gain,
By many a step, to mount the ladder yet.

Ah ! one most dear across th' Atlantic main,
Remember'd on this day which gave thee birth,
All but thyself believe thee saint on earth.

See Matt. xx. 22.

VIII.

Return to Thunder Bay.

(Baie des Tonnières.)

TWICE, Bay of Thunder, thee I visit now ;
 Noiseless the heavens, the while, and fair are
 found.

Thine aspect is not fierce ; yet towering brow
 Of rock and wood-clad steep thy bosom bound ;
 Heaved in unwonted form lie islets round.

Loosed through this door upon the mighty lake,
 Once more we feel within Canadian ground

Rupertia's wilds farewell !—the leave we take
 Is link'd with thoughts which oft will blandly
 wake :

Much comfort have we had with brethren true,

Much with their flocks ; nor can we cease to make,
Kind lords of traffic, mention meet of you.
What debts, as guest, on service of my Lord,
From thence to Gaspé's Gulph could I record !

IX.

A Birth-day Reflection.

Utpote commemorans scelerum commissa meorum ⁶.

MEDIT. ST. BERNARD.

WHILE prosperous here on inland waters wide,
 Far, far, but yet with homeward face I float,
 Some friends whose hearts no distance can divide,
 Ev'n now, perchance, my natal day may note :

⁶ Some of the Meditations of St. Bernard are interspersed with hexameter, or hexameter and pentameter lines, or occasionally with Leonine verses. They are, as I presume, quotations, but I do not profess to know from whence they are taken. The expression of sentiment in the line here quoted, may seem to some readers very strong ; but if it was not too strong for St. Bernard, the Author does not feel it to be too strong for himself ; nor, indeed, can it be considered stronger than the language of our confessions in the Liturgy, especially in the Communion-office, which every devout Christian worshipper, viewing himself and his own doings as before God, sincerely and feelingly applies to his own case.

O! never or from them or me remote,
Bless them, my God; but should their partial
thought

Mislead this foolish heart, my antidote
Thyself shalt be, to judge it as I ought.

O yes; I see myself a thing of nought,
View'd in those eyes which cannot sin endure;
By sufferance spared, by blood of sprinkling bought,
Sinning in youth, in holy things impure.

O years ill fill'd!—yet, to redeem the time,
Thy grace bestow, and bid me upward climb!

See Habak. i. 13. Heb. xii. 24. Ps. xxv. 7. Exod. xxviii. 38.
Eph. v. 16.

X.

Sunday Morning on Lake Superior.

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me ;
 for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the
 house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude
 that kept holy-day.

PSALM xlii. 4.

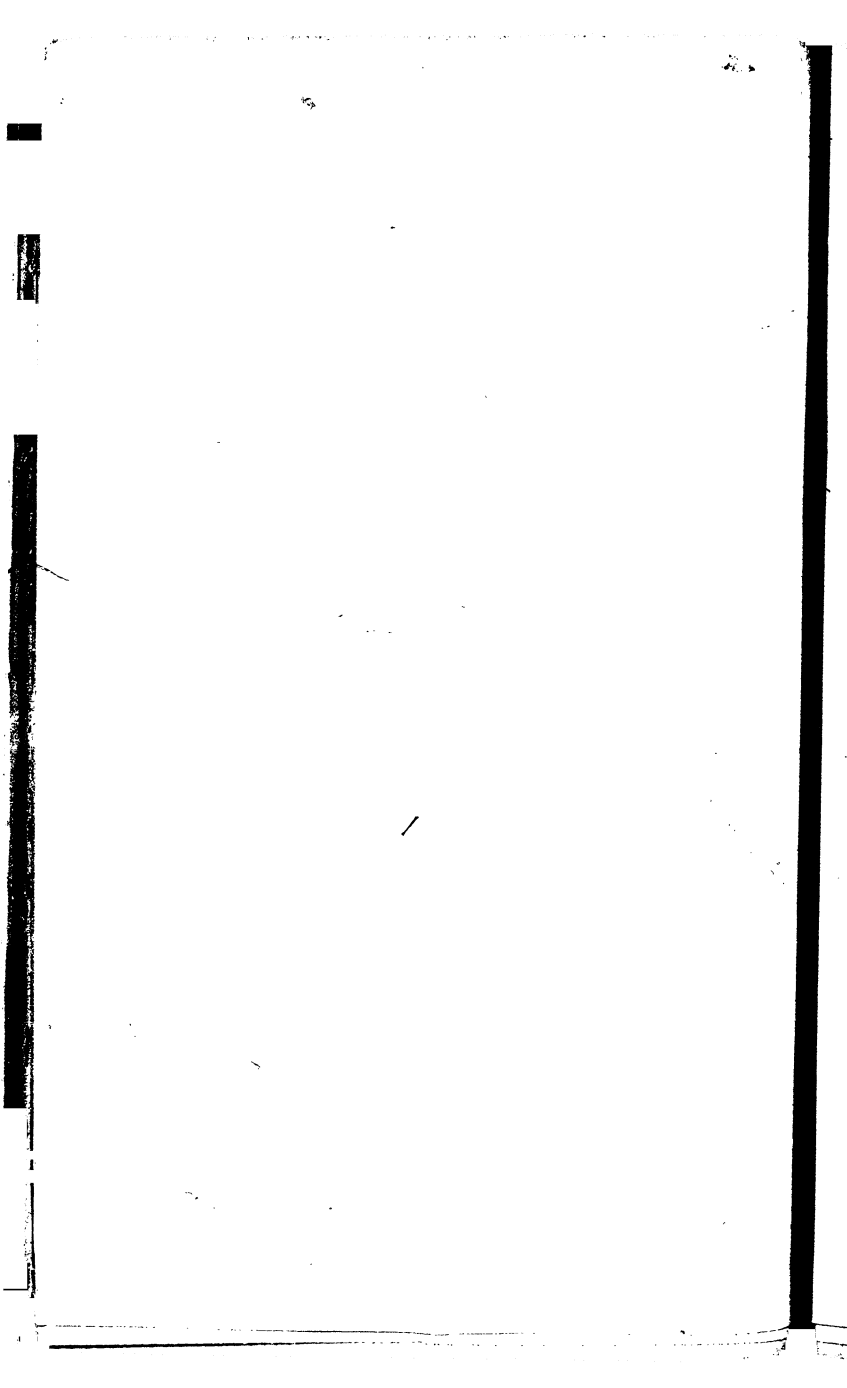
How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts !
 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord.

PSALM lxxxiv. 1, 2.

MEAGRE observance that we make, and lame,
 With tasks inverted, of Jehovah's day !
 We at whose hands our fellow-men should claim
 The Sabbath's work, are mutes to them ; and
 they
 Who else should rest,—(alas ! to praise or pray,
 Our help their different faith forbids to ask !)—
 Since this our long-drawn journey cannot stay,
 Still ply, as through the week, their wonted task :

We may not kneel ; with books in hand we bask
Beneath the sun, and roll on surges rude,
Culling the leaves ; nor can the sadness mask
Which will, ill-timed, on thankful thoughts intrude :

Yet bless us, Lord, and bless the distant Word
Preach'd to our flocks, and be those suppliant
heard !



N o t e
ON
SONNET X.

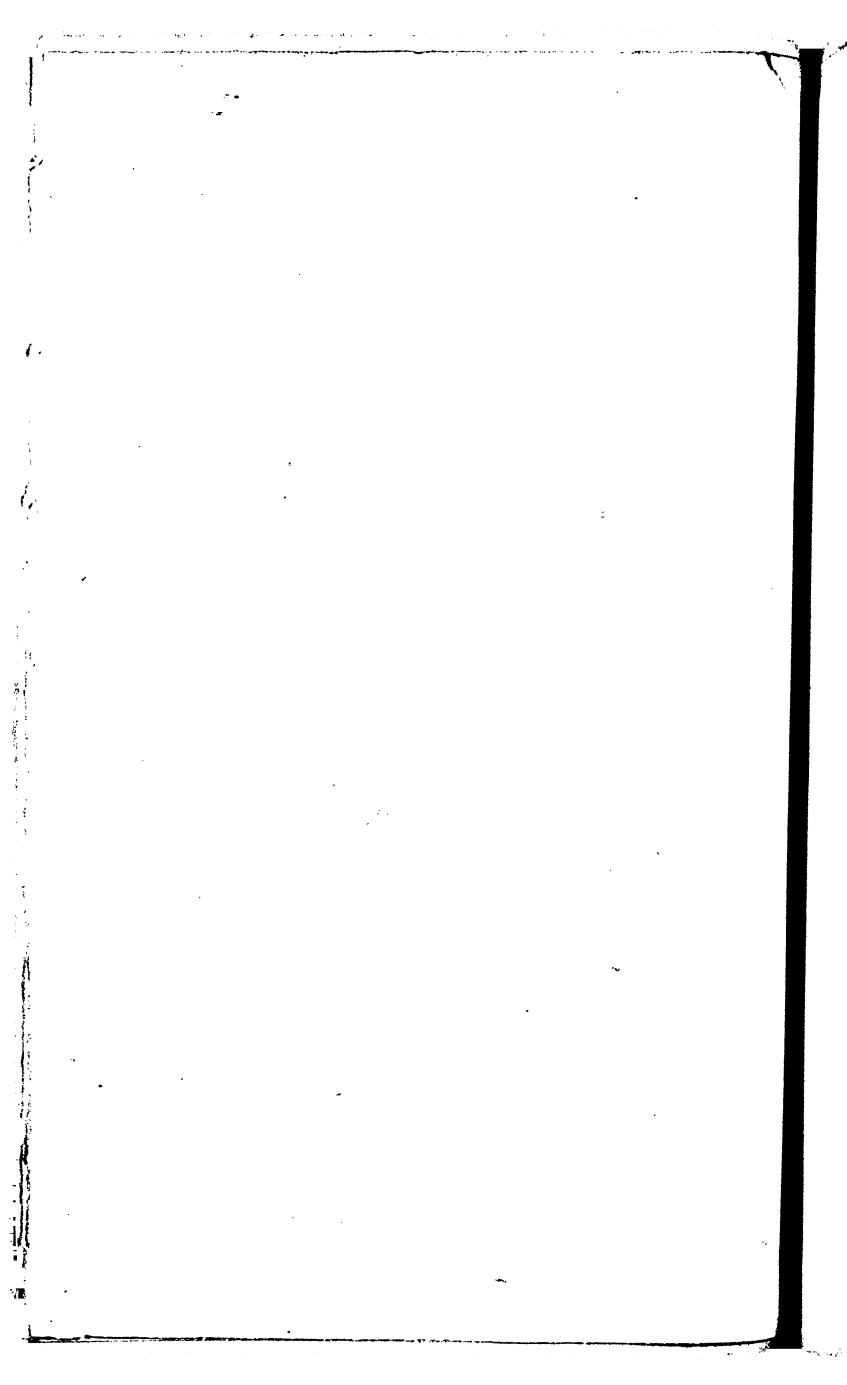
WE did not lie by on Sundays, except when it occurred, upon three occasions, that we fell in with one of the posts, and even then we made advantage of some part of the day to prosecute our voyage. This arrangement, which was not without its pain to my feelings, was considered to be *a work of necessity*; for, independently of my having particular reasons for not prolonging my absence from the diocese, it had been so strongly represented to me that I must not

attempt to cross Lake Superior on my return, after August, on account of the commencement of the windy season⁷ about the close of that month, as to induce me, conceiving that I had not a day to lose, to alter some public appointments of duty at Quebec, in order to set out a week earlier than the time which I had originally fixed. On Lake Superior itself, it is specially necessary, at *all* seasons, not to lose any favourable weather for proceeding,—the liability of detention, in the case of travellers by canoe, being very great. With, perhaps, this exception, I could undertake the journey, if I had to *repeat* it, without infringing on the repose of the Sabbath.

The canoe-men, who were all Romanists, were given to understand that they had the

⁷ A young gentleman, who left Quebec after my return, to proceed, in the Company's service, to the territory, was *two months* in reaching Fort William, about half the journey to the Red River.

option of attending our services, when the circumstances under which we performed them left it practicable; but there was only one among them who ever availed himself of this invitation. He did so at one of the posts. Had they wished it, the service would have been performed to them in French.



XI.

Ebening of the same Sunday on the Shores of
Lake Superior.

The Tabernacle of Witness.

THE Sabbath sinks beneath the shades of night ;
— Yet, ere it pass, within our canvass screen
Once more we turn to Heaven, with ampler rite,
This waste and howling wilderness the scene.
O how unlike our mouldy temple mean,
Where three are met to lift their hearts and
hands,
On blankets spread for beds, with chest between,
On which their single candle flickering stands.
O how unlike the place where Israel's bands
By thousands pour'd, in wilderness of yore !

The curtain'd shrine, unknown in other lands,
The golden light, the ark which witness bore!
Yet more our grace, if Christ, our ark, imparts
In sober'd truth some witness to our hearts.

See Numb. xvii. 7, &c. Acts vii. 44. Deut. xxxii. 10. Rom. viii. 16. 1 John v. 10.

XII.

An incident in ascending French River.

GLEAMING through clouds, the low and western sun
Of river-side lights up the rocky face ;
See there, as by magician's lantern, run
Canoe, men, paddles, all, in mimic race ;
Instant our men accept the challenged chace ;
With shout, with bended back, with splashing
hand,
Urge their light vessel to redoubled pace,
And keep the equal strife, till where the land
Recedes, their rival drops. The rugged band,
Perchance, may picture in their harmless sport
Full many a scene where loftier figures stand
In scheming world, gay circle, princely court.
Men, to a proverb, shadows vain pursue,
For nothing strive, and false confound with true.

XIII.

On losing a Pencil in French River.

(*Rivière des Français.*)

AH! river named of France, let reason judge,
My silver-mounted implement to thee,
If I am greatly blameable to grudge,
Seized, swallow'd, as by ocean, plunderer free ;
My only pencil left,—unhappy me!
Far off, like misadventure chanced before,
And then I lost a gift of love ; but see
What thou hast done by robbing me once more.
Unfurnish'd—but my trifling now is o'er—
I think of her whose hand the token gave,
When last I left my native Albion's shore,
In happiest hope since yielded to the grave.
Full many a hundred lines her gift has traced ;
Not all, I dare to hope, are wholly waste.

XIV.

To the Fire-fly.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertæ
 Celata virtus.

FIRE-FLY, thou art a pretty, pleasing thing :

In evening's dusk, we catch, and thickening
 night,

Now here, now there, by closed or opening wing,

In grass and bushes wild, thy skimming light :
 It meets, it shuns, it meets again the sight ;

And *this* we note, with emblematic aim,
 In stillness thou art dark, in motion bright.

We, men and Christians, are not we the same ?
 Ev'n pagan poet knew that virtue's name
 But ill to hidden excellence applies ;

Akin to buried sloth, in fault and shame,

Talent or energy which dormant lies.

Let us—O we have higher, holier mark!—

Beware the light within us be not dark.

See Matt. vi. 23.

XV.

Mosquitoes.

AMONG the plagues on earth which God has sent
 Of lighter torment, is the plague of flies :
 Not as of Egypt once the punishment ^s,
 Yet such, sometimes, as feeble patience tries.

^s We do not read, however, that in this plague, which, like the others, (see Bryant's Egyptian Plagues,) had its pointed meaning, independently of its simple effect as a judgment, the sting of the insects formed an addition to it.

The three kinds of stinging insects which we encountered are called by the French Canadians *marangouins*, ^{mosquitoes} ~~mosquitos~~, and *brulots*; the *first*, and not the ^{houslegue} ~~mosquitos~~, being our mosquitoes. The two latter are extremely small black flies, one of them almost imperceptible, which draw the blood. We frequently had our tent prepared for us by the agitation, in all parts of it, of a smoking brand, before going to bed.

It is but a few years since a fief or other property was advertised for sale in the Canadian papers, under the very uninviting title of *La Marangouinière*.

My moral is, I hope, less equivocal than that which concludes

Where wild America in vastness lies,

Three diverse hordes the swamps and woods
infest.

Banded or singly these make man their prize :

Quick by their subtle dart is blood express'd
Or tumour raised. By tiny foe distress'd,
Travellers in forest rude, with veil are fain
To arm the face : men there whose dwellings rest
Crouch in thick smoke ; like help their cattle
gain⁹.

O wise in trials great, in troubles small,

Who know to find mementos of the fall !

Gay's fable of the man and the flea ; the insect being there made to declare, in repression of human arrogance and self-elation, "that men were made for fleas to eat."

⁹ I have been assured, that the cattle, in situations where this protection is provided for them, come lowing to the house to have the fire renewed, if it happens to fail. It is necessary, sometimes, that they should stand in a thick smoke to be milked.

XVI.

The Lumberers.

On finding the traces of the lumber-men at the portage of *Le Paresseux*, above the little cave called *La Porte d'Enfer*, in the *Petite Rivière* falling into the main branch of the Mattawan.

AND have you penetrated up to this,
Ye enterprising souls, for lucre's sake !
These wilds not wild enough your feet to miss !
These solitudes your echoing axe must wake !
Lo ! now the leap your plunder cannot take
Of these white falls ; and, choking all the place,
The square-hewn masts a heap'd confusion make.
So severed, so disorder'd, oft the race
Following the lumberer's task ; and we may trace,
Alas ! their picture in this tumbled wood,

Strown all irregular upon the face

Of human life, and mark'd by little good.

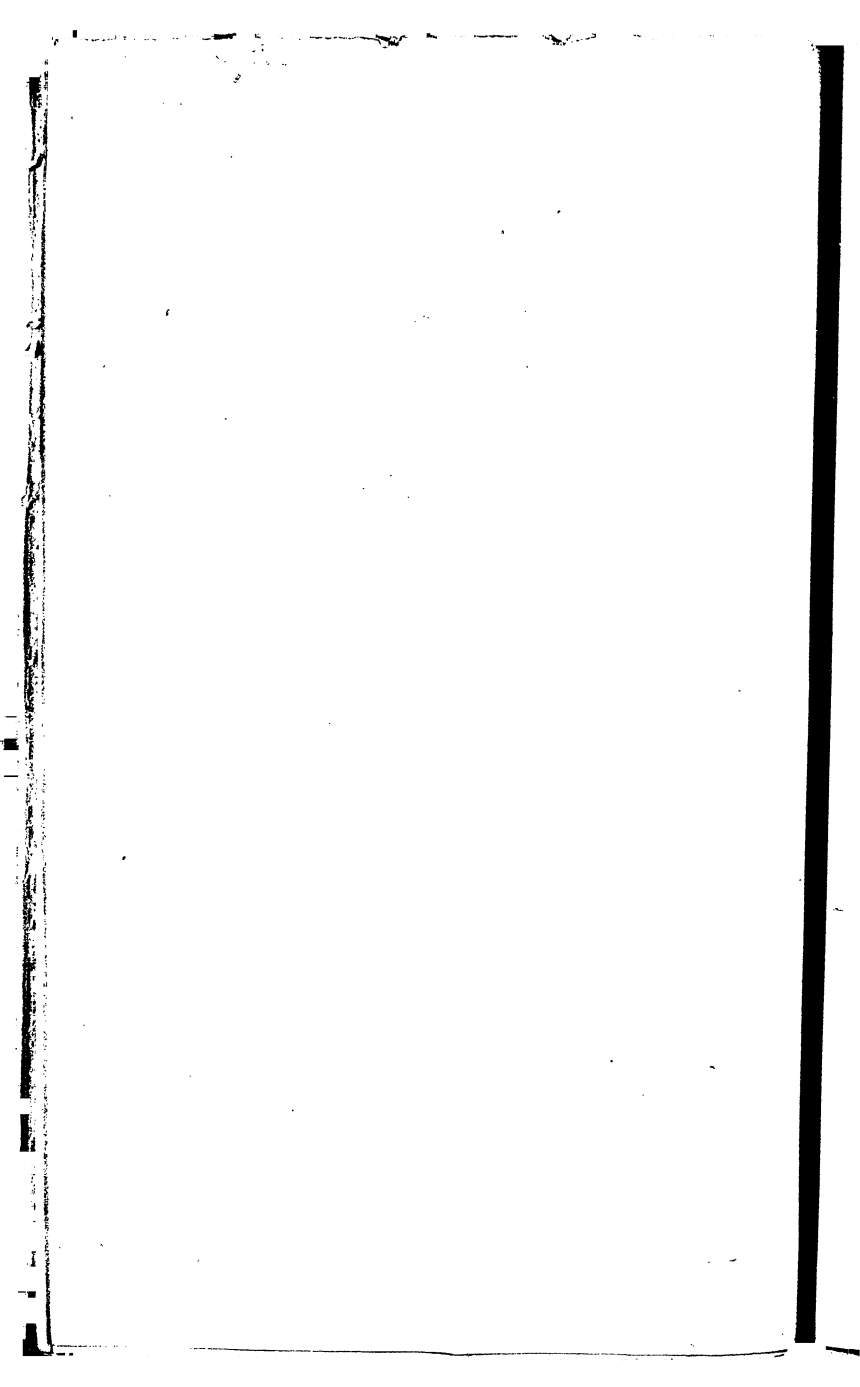
Yet good will come : they pierce the desert's heart,

And fill of pioneers the useful part.

The Lost Child :

A POEM.

CANTO I.



The Lost Child.

CANTO I.

I.

Of all that men with zeal and ardour chace,
Pour'd here and there on life's promiscuous
ground,
Some points are won by smooth and easy race,
Some hedged by hindrance hard and sore are
found.
With wish'd success not every wight is crown'd.
Sagacious minds their means will nicely choose:
What ill their powers can master will go round ;
What force can fairly do will not refuse,
Not spend their strength in vain, nor meet
advantage lose.

II.

So in his simple toils the Indian guide
Through western wilds who shapes the tra-
veller's way ;
In downward rapids, where he can, to slide
His swift canoe, right glad in heart and gay,
Will meet them upward too without dismay ;
Yet, if occasion minister, will shun :
Now off, through unsuspected passage str^{2y}~~ing~~ ;
Now up dividing branch obliquely run,
That so more smoothly may, and soon, his
course be done.

III.

Down Winnipeg's full flood, with labour small,
Onward you sweep, and speed that cannot
slack ;
(Save many a bar, I trow, from thundering fall,)
Far other task awaits your journey back :



G

A

N

Alike, if so you may, decline attack
Of fall or swelling flood, and wiser find
Far here or there a space, some devious track :
Lo ! at this reedy spot, the woods behind,
A narrower, weaker stream is known to skulk
and wind.

IV.

Pursue the thread,—a pleasing rural calm
Hangs o'er the scene, as when from busy strife,
Grandeur, and worldly glare, men find it balm
To steal to humbler and sequester'd life.
All yet is wild : be sure no gardener's knife
Has trimm'd these shrubs ; no sheep have
cropp'd the grass :
No cottage smoke will rise,—no spinning wife
Peep forth ; with milk-pail charged no village
lass :
In stillness all the way and solitude you pass.

V.

And yet, though all be wild, we seem to meet
Here wandering on, a wildness more subdued ;
And, in the features of the far retreat,
Tho' all be waste, a gentler solitude :
Some rocks there are and falls, but not so rude :
The pause relieves your mind when off you look
From objects huge and vastness still renew'd,
On landscape more confined and quiet nook,
On willowy streamlet soft, or clear fast-flowing
brook.

VI.

One spot we reach,—a space by broken hills
Shut in,—from whence, with interrupted course.
O'erhung by boughs, in rushing whiten'd rills,
Winds forth the stream, not without murmur
hoarse.

The forest footpath here we seek perforce ;
But first of flatten'd rocks a threshold view,
With clefts, we almost think they had their source
In human art, in such proportion due
Their narrow'd walls are cut, so parallel and
true.

VII.

Loitering, I mused awhile, (since transport here
Of vessel with her load demands a space,)
For when the name had struck my heedful ear,
Stamp'd on these rocks which shrubs and wild-
flowers grace,
Its rude tradition I had striven to trace:
They have a tale that in still deeper cleft
(Since clefts abound within the dangerous place)
A child who fell, long vainly sought, was left
By wandering parents wailed, all hopelessly
bereft.

VIII.

So Hylas, Hylas¹, rang through every glade ;
 Hylas, the lost of foolish fable old :
 So pours at eve beneath the poplar shade
 Sad nightingale her sorrows uncontroll'd :
 Her unfledged young, by clown to pity cold
 Torn from her breast, with plaint prolong'd she
 weeps².

Ill-omen'd all the place the Indians hold,
 And live remembrance still the story keeps :
 No native passing through, or sojourns there, or
 sleeps.

¹ His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
 Clamâssent : ut littus, Hyla, omne sonaret.

² Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
 Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes, detraxit ; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet.

IX.

Hence THE LOST CHILD is title of the spot,
 (So tells of voyageurs a toil-worn man
 Who Arctic scenes has view'd³), and well I wot
 To found on this of lengthen'd lay the plan,
 And lead to lofty thoughts what thus began:—
 Of heavenly lore, may much incongruous seem
 To those who would the task severely scan;
 And fond conceit such project they may deem;
 Yet so my thoughts were drawn, and I pursue
 my theme.

X.

Forgive the mean attempt, and bless it too;
 And O! if aught of slender gift, and weak.

³ Antoine St. Denis, one of my steersmen, who had accompanied Captain Franklin to the Arctic regions in 1825. He is also my authority for what is said in the last line of the preceding stanza. *Jamais je n'ai connu aucun sauvage qui ait voulu camper dans l'endroit.* The place, in itself, is very favourable for such a purpose.

Thy wisdom has bestow'd,—whate'er I do,
 My God, thy glory let me only seek :
 High truths more trifling theme was made to
 speak,
 The sofa, erst by one of honour'd name :
 Him, in warm love, in faith subdued and meek,
 Fain would I follow,—strains like his to frame
 My hand more rude forbears, and simple skill,
 to claim.

XI.

LOST CHILD of Adam !—ah ! LOST CHILD of God,
 From *Him*, the Father of the skies, astray ;
 Fall'n under sin, and with thy kindred sod
 Ordain'd, when thou hast done thy little day
 Again to mix ; and then the gulph assay,
 All unexplored beyond—mark'd from thy birth
 By weakness, want, and error—growing grey
 In lusts, and strifes, and slavish cares of earth,
 Who shall thy helper be, vain thing, what art
 thou worth ?

XII.

There in the pit thou liest ; thou canst not climb,
Nor from thy base confinement seek to rise,
Sunk, as of yore, by dark fraternal crime,
The patriarch's child who bless'd his father's
eyes ;
Yet he, to passing Midianites a prize,
Falls now, for weight of silver duly told :
And see, of Egypt's lordly men and wise
First is he rank'd, a slave but lately sold ;
Once more a father's arms that best-loved son
enfold.

XIII.

For thee, what hand is for thy rescue stretch'd ;
What price to gain thy service will be paid ?
Whence of a father's love shall hope be fetch'd,
Or high deliverance in thy prospect laid ?

XIII. Job v. 1. Ps. lxxxix. 6.

Call, if to answer thee can one be stay'd ;
Turn to the saints, if they can succour yield ;
Sons of the mighty, can you lend your aid ?
Angels of heaven, by you can this be heal'd ?
Ah ! no—we search in vain creation's bound-
less field.

XIV.

Creation fails: but who from Edom now
With garments dyed from Bozrah hither speeds,
Travelling in strength which bids resistance bow ?
Say who—for clad He comes in glorious weeds.
'Tis I,—in righteousness whose language pleads,
Mighty to save, and single Saviour known.
Ask not from whence his garment freshly bleeds,
As who the purple wine-press treads ; alone
He fights, nor help from man his high achieve-
ments own.

XV.

In vain her warlike towers shall Bozrah boast ;
Edom in vain her flaunting banners rear ;
With sure defeat th' Avenger sweeps the host ;
Israel of God, thy foes are pictured here !
It comes—of his redeem'd the glorious year—
Not surer once the doom'd destruction fell
On Zion's self, for which He pour'd the tear,
Than still from foe to foe his conquests swell,
Till trampled lie for aye the powers of death
and hell.

XVI.

Yet with mad scorn He struggled here below ;
With rending pang and foul dishonour fought ;
Such cup He drank—for God had will'd it so—
And victory by his own dear blood was bought :

XV. Isa. lxiii. 4. 6.

XVI. Mark xiv. 36. Acts iii. 15. Heb. ii. 14. Luke xix. 10.
John xi. 52.

Like Joseph, too, (as holy seer had taught,)

For Him was counted down the silver cost :
 Him Death embraced who life for sinners wrought,
 The pit, WHO CAME TO SEEK AND SAVE THE LOST,
 GOD'S CHILDREN gathering back in varied wan-
 derings toss'd.

XVII.

Well may you wonder, mortals, at the work

Jehovah works ; but wondering, O beware
 No disbelief or thought disdainful lurk

Within your breasts—to perish else prepare :
 What God has done shall man to question dare ?

With cavils greet, and reasonings falsely wise ?
 Will you, like hapless falconer, gaze in air,
 Scanning the way which some loose fancy flies,
 Beneath your heedless feet while yawning
 danger lies ?

XVIII.

We do not bid you shut fair Reason's eye ;
We do not seek to keep your senses blind ;
We do not say you must not calmly try
If things be so—no, such is not our mind,
Your heaven-born souls in fetters base to bind ;
But search, when searching, deeply as you need ;
First of those souls the wants insatiate find,
Insatiate else, and thence be shaped your creed,
That Gospel words are truth, and Christ is joy
indeed.

XIX.

This wonder spurn'd, will then your wonder cease ?
Your doubting speculations disappear ?
No clouds on your horizon now increase ?
Is Providence all plain, all mystery clear ?

War, slavery, dearth and plague, lust, rage and fear,
Evil in moral shape or natural found,
Whence did they come? why is it suffer'd here;
'Mid loveliest scenes foul mischief should abound,
This glorious world we tread be felt a cursed
ground?

XX.

O think of all the human hearts that grieve
With festering wrongs; count all the bitter sighs,
Outlets of woe, which human bosoms heave;
Hear all the shrieks which pierce the pitying
skies;
Mark what fierce pleasure glares in fiendish eyes;
The eyes of man made for affections kind,
With cutting stripes his fellow to chastise;
See Him in tortures skill'd, intent in mind
Fresh writhings to procure, new sense of pain
to find¹.

¹ Examples will occur but too readily to the mind of every

XXI.

Stand where the world may some wide prospect
stretch,

And muse upon the scenes enacted there :

In yon throng'd town how many a batter'd wretch
~~with~~ ^{Loud in} ~~laughter~~ ^{laughter} forced by art's coarse efforts fair,

Toils, spider-like, her victims to ensnare ;

Herself, to sell where'er the hire is paid,

Strolls through promiscuous streets with blazon'd
air :

Ah ! she the victim once—some simple maid—

Loved, flatter'd, won, despised, to want and
shame betray'd.

reader, supplied both by general and ecclesiastical history ; but there is one in the latter, mentioned by Bingham in the fifth book of his *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, which is peculiarly in point. Speaking of the exemption of Presbyters as well as Bishops, by a special privilege granted in the Theodosian code, from examination, as witnesses in court, by scourging or torture, he refers to Synesius, *who mentions several new sorts of torture which Andronicus, the tyrannical prefect of Ptolemais, invented, beyond what the law directed.*

XXII.

So some dishonour'd fall : pronounce the doom ;
 Punish the crime ; throw first the stone, who-
 e'er
 Is spotless found. What, all make vacant room ?
 Left is the solitary convict here ?
 Ye favour'd souls, are not your bosoms clear,
 Whom smooth proprieties, encircling, chain ?
 Sleek citizen, starch Pharisee severe,
 Follower of harmless sport, of decent gain,
 Refuse ye, one by one, God's challenge to sus-
 tain ?

XXIII.

Sail on, contented crowd,—on let them sail :
 For heaven full sure they steer : unblemish'd
 fame
 Is theirs, right worthy men, how should they fail ?
 Yet is there not a test for virtue's claim ?²

XXII. John viii. 4—11.

² There is nothing good without the chiefest good ; for where

Live they to God? love they his glorious name?

Or greet Him rather with evasive shifts,
And sufferance cold—nay, with fastidious shame?
While all the largeness of his daily gifts

The more their pamper'd hearts in wantonness
uplifts.

XXIV.

O motley world! death joins the dance of pride³

Unseen, and shakes, unheard, his ghastly bones:

the knowledge of the eternal and unchangeable truth is wanting,
there is but false virtue even in the best manners.

S. AUG. apud BEVERIDGE, Art. 13.

XXIV. Gen. iv. 10.

³ This will be perceived to be an allusion to the *Dance of Death* (otherwise called the *Dance of Macaber*, from the name of an old German author, who wrote a poem with the same title, and in illustration of the same subject), which was formerly painted upon the walls of convents, and other buildings, and is known to have employed the pencil of Holbein and the graving-tool of Hollar. It consisted of a long train or procession of persons of all ranks, from the Pope and Emperor downwards, each individual having a grotesque figure of Death, in some antic attitude, for a partner. It was common, at one time, in England, in different parts of which some relics of it are, or were till lately, to be seen.

Requiem with revel blends ; by dungeon's side
Tall palace towers : here burst distressful groans
From lazar-walls, there trill theatric tones,
Fashion and beggary, pomp and famine meet ;
Crime in all shapes the mingling tumult owns ;
Foul oaths, insane debauch, trade's endless
cheat,
And blood's accusing cry which tells a brother's
feat.

XXV.

Is here no call for help, no sign of harm ?
No staring proof of man's disorder'd state ?
Can waken'd conscience look without alarm
On dim eternity, or find in fate
Or reeling chance, as some perversely prate,
Comfort at last ? or is it thus you hope
To stay the soul in nature's stern debate ;
With those rough billows give her strength to
cope
Which close upon us once, and never, never ope ?

XXVI.

Where is she now ?—the parted corpse you see :

O what a change !—all senseless, stiff, and cold,
Waiting worse changes yet ^{-but} ~~But~~ where is she

Who prompted late the moving, pliant mould ?
So mad you cannot be, so blindly bold,

To deem that, hence when she has taken wing
Her being all is closed, her history told,

Mere evanescent froth, evaporate thing !

Ah! no—in death she lives, and thence of
death the sting.

XXVII.

Sin is the sting : if those be found below

Who have not sinn'd, all happy speed be theirs!

XXVI. Wisdom ii. 3. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

* The following distich, describing these changes, is found in
the Meditations of St. Bernard :—

Post hominem, vermis ; post vermem, fœtor et horror :

Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

XXVII. 1 Cor. xv. 45. 22. 2 Cor. v. 14. Heb. ii. 9.

How they are here we might desire to know ;
 We only say they are not Adam's heirs ;
 Blessing to them no second Adam bears ;
 They may dispense with Christ ; but you who
 own
 That you have sinn'd, that sin with judgment
 pairs,
 Say, in your souls will no relief be known
 That ONE has died for ALL, and can for all
 atone ?

XXVIII.

God is a holy God. The fairest star
 Which shines, the moon which hangs in heaven
 serene,
 Fall from their pureness and perfection far
 View'd in those eyes—and how shall man be
 clean ?
 In old mythology the pictures seen,
 Stern Nemesis pursuing deeds ill done ;

XXVIII. Job xxv. 4, 5. Gen. xli. 25. 32.

Minos with colleagues dark,—what do they mean?
 Fierce Furies driving Clytemnestra's son?
 Still guilty nature speaks; the doubled dream
 is one ⁵.

XXIX.

Man seeks in vain by blind device to sooth
 The worm within, which restless nature feels:
 See myriads crush'd, believing so to smooth
 Their after-state, by eastern idol's wheels.
 Ah! where his rites in part the Christian steals
 From pagan source ⁶, with spotted faith obscure,

⁵ This will be understood simply as a licence taken to adapt the words to the case, and will not be supposed to convey the idea that these distorted ethnical conceptions were actual inspirations from above.

⁶ It would be by no means without benefit, if men, in this reading age, were to make themselves more acquainted with the prodigious extent to which Christian Rome has borrowed from Pagan Rome the ceremonies of worship, and the religious observances and practices of her people. Middleton's Letter from Rome is well known. Many striking details of this nature, ap-

See many a conscience sore which mammon heals;
 Ills of departed souls which priests can cure;
 Feign'd fires which offer'd mass can make the
 less endure.

XXX.

Carrying while here, and calculating too
 In fruits beyond, the consciousness of sin,

pear, among more modern works, in Blunt's *Vestiges of Ancient Manners in Italy*.

It has been pointed out by different writers, that the doctrine of a Purgatory is at least held in common with the heathen mythologists, whose views upon the subject are exhibited in a familiar passage of Virgil :—

*Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum
 Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
 Suspensæ ad ventos : aliis sub gurgite vasto
 Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.
 Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum
 Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus :
 Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
 Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
 Ætherium sensum, atque auræ simplicis ignem.*

XXX. Heb. ix. 22.

Still something strange man deems there is to do
 Or suffer, ere repose his soul can win :
 Gifts he will fetch and strain'd inventions spin ;
 Lash, starve himself, or lay brute victims low :
 Yet did dumb sacrifice from God begin,
 Ordain'd the truth eternal to foreshow,
 That sin unwash'd by blood remission cannot
 know.

XXXI.

O victim first and last—O spotless Lamb,
 Ere yet in space the globe's foundations lay,
 Slain in th' omniscient mind of God, I AM,
 With whom a thousand years are as a day :
 O once ordain'd, and, once for all, to pay—
 (Unlike the sacrifice which priests repeat)—

XXXI. 1 Pet. i. 19. Rev. xiii. 8. Exod. iii. 14. John viii. 58.
 2 Pet. iii. 8. Heb. vii. 27 ; ix. 25—28 ; x. 1, 2. 12. 14. 1 John
 ii. 2. John xix. 30. I cannot avoid thinking, that there is some-
 thing very marked, and not without a prospective meaning, in
 the iteration and reiteration of the Apostolic statements in the
 Epistle to the Hebrews, to which the references are here given.

Of all the world to take the sins away,
Offering sufficient, satisfaction meet⁷,
The work was FINISH'D then—receive us at thy
feet.

XXXII.

God's attributes intact, inviolate, each
Must stand, in this essentially the same,
Far as his mercy and compassion reach,
Not less his purity and justice claim,
Infinite all; on none can shade of blame,
On none can breath of imperfection pass:
Sins which with men may wear some easy name
Taint the whole soul—make breach with God
—alas!
With blinded eyes we judge, and feel with
hearts of brass.

⁷ Prayer of Consecration in the Communion office.

XXXIII.

To sin her wages Truth stands pledged to give,
 If justice yield her claim, God's rule must cease;
 Love interposes—let the sinner live—
 God's full prerogatives shall not decrease;
 Mercy with truth shall meet, with justice peace.
 On me be all the debt these prisoners owe;
 Mine be the task these culprits to release;
 My throne I leave, my glory I forego;
 In me behold, as man, the family below.

XXXIV.

Forgiveness from offence, from want relief
 Of bounteous hand, from suffering, pity flows;
 The field of generous sympathies, to grief,
 To ills on ills, its whole existence owes;
 None can he own who sees no human woes;
 Great from permitted evil hence the gain:

XXXIII. Rom. vi. 23. Ps. lxxxv. 10.

So, in their heavenly exercise, repose
 On guilt, on helplessness, on loss and pain,
 God's attributes of grace in all their radiant
 train.

XXXV.

And has not He, if evidence you ask,
 Piled proof on proof, his structure to secure ?
 Ply o'er the page of prophecy your task,
 Mark of the Nazarene the portrait sure :
 See peel'd and scatter'd Israel still endure ;
 See them, of truths they gladly would efface
 The guardians made, to stamp the writing pure ;
 Follow the fate of kingdom, people, place,
 And patient, side by side, with doom predicted
 trace.

XXXV. Isa. xviii. 2. The word *peeled* here signifies *pillaged*.
 See the notes at the end of the book.

XXXVI.

Search, sift the tale, how wondrous works of old
Were wrought by hands of feeble men, and few;
How these in maintenance of FACTS were bold
To die,—of FACTS which proved their system
true :
See from what source its small beginnings drew
The spreading stream which yet will flood the
world ;
From seed of martyr-blood how Churches grew ;
How hosts unarm'd the battle backward hurl'd ;
The cross alone they bore for banner, wide un-
furl'd.

XXXVII.

Survey the fruits : if men who bear her name
To holy faith have done dishonour strange

XXXVI. Isa. xi. 9. Hab. ii. 14.

XXXVII. Matt. xiii. 30.

By manners vile, by persecution's flame,
 By rite adulterous or unlicensed change,
 These only show the shocks which still derange,
 From early harm, the vast and swift machine :
 Till once the wheat is gather'd for the grange⁸
 In close commixture will the tares be seen :
 God's book foreshows the ills and paints each
 brood unclean.

XXXVIII.

Survey the fruits—it is not thus throughout—
 Happy and holy fruits may well be view'd :

XXXVIII. 2 Cor. x. 5.

⁸ It is perhaps hardly necessary, in order to justify here the use of the word *grange*, to point out its original correspondence with the modern sense of the same word in French. It is given as follows by the old lexicographer Minshew :—"Grange, *Grange*; Italian, *grangie*; ex Lat. *grana, orum, quod ibi grana reponantur* a house or building not only where corne is laid up, as barnes be, but also where there be stables for horses, stales for oxen and other cattell, sties for hogges, and other things necessarie for husbandrie."

O hence alone might vanish every doubt,
Each high imagination fall subdued.
In Christian lands are thousands unrenow'd
In vigorous faith and holiness of heart :
But has no greater blessing there accrued
In social system, manners, useful art,
Than monstrous Pagan creed or Moslem lies
impart ?

XXXIX.

Look closer yet : full many a mark well known
I pass, as help for orphan, sick, or blind ;
As mitigated war ; as general tone
Of soften'd thoughts, whose first pure source
we find
In Christian Faith—(and choose of happiest kind
Paynim or Turk, yet, bold for her behoof,
We say that Christians farthest fall'n behind
Their standard high, compared will help our
proof)—
But leave this wider gaze : lift we the Christian
roof.

XL.

O beautiful the tint which Faith will shed
On all the landscape of domestic life!
Subdue the wayward child, the hoary head
A crown of glory make; the gentle wife
In rudest trials guide; unholy strife
Or chilling scorn exchange for love and peace;
Ills which in smooth or coarser form are rife,
Hard selfishness or petulant caprice,
With gradual hand weed out, and mischief bid
to cease.

XLI.

One farther step, behold that headlong youth
Glorying in sin, to profligacy sold:
He turns—he melts—he clasps eternal truth:
O will he now that prize exchange for gold?
Or mark some pilgrim meek, who, once enroll'd,
With heart retentive of baptismal seal,

Of weakness ware, keeps close within the fold :

Think you from him you shall his treasure
steal ?

Ah, no ! 'tis *his*, to babes what wisdom can
reveal !

XLII.

I speak not here of heaven-sent sudden throes,

Infusions palpable to sense allied,

Too freely mix'd and minister'd by those

Who think no stimulant is ill applied :

No ; broad indeed the borders which divide

Things gross by animal perception learn'd

From that blest Spirit whose aërial tide

Sweeps through the soul untrack'd and un-
discern'd,

But stirs a movement there, and leaves the
creature turn'd.

XLIII.

He, then, whom sense of many sins has taught
 To love a Saviour by the world despised,
 Feels that no baseless shadow he has caught,
 Follow'd no fable cunningly devised :
 In whom he has believed, and whom has prized
 He knows ; and bears the witness in his breast.
 Glad news embraced, his heart evangelized,
 Loaded, he finds relief, and weary, rest ;
 A witness to the world, his faith in life ex-
 press'd.

XLIV.

Ask him—from heaven he wants no other sign ;
 Prove him—with all the rubs of carnal will
 His soul preserves ethereal temper fine ;
 With all the remnants of infection ⁹ still,

XLIII. Luke vii. 47. 2 Pet. i. 16. 2 Tim. i. 12. 1 John
 v. 10.

XLIV. 2 John 4. 3 John 4. Heb. ii. 3.

⁹ Ninth Article of Religion.

To walk in truth, he has a heavenly skill.

And thus, if proof on proof your faith protect
In reason's eye—if all your heart it fill,
Once yielded up—escape can you expect,
Who such salvation high shall greet with vile
neglect ?

XLV.

And yet all this is strange, exceeding strange,—

Ay, is it not ?—if through th' extended plan,
I ask again, of works divine you range,

Where is the speck not wonderful to man ?
Yourself consider ; tell me, if you can,

How mind on matter acts, and both conspire ;
How works the power unconscious, how began,

Which still, as hand unseen that draws the
wire,

The form corporeal prompts to do the soul's
desire ?

XLVI.

Ev'n while you read these lines, to follow seek
Each process, ere the mind their meaning catch;
These strokes, in varied combination, speak
Thoughts which a glance will instantaneous
snatch ;
Yet, stroke by stroke, they are contrived to match
Sounds which combined make words,—those
sounds combined
Striking the outward ear, a door unlatch,
And pass mysterious meaning to the mind,
Receptacle of all, which knows their worth to
find.

XLVII.

Step after step,—the speaking organs first
Moved diverse, thus or thus, in countless ways,

XLVII. 1 Cor. xiv. 10.

All on the air with calculation burst ;
Each separate jar a separate force conveys ;
Each jar, the hearing organ owns, obeys ;
But now the eye usurps the task to teach ;
Concerted signs of sound the hand portrays ;
The wondrous web of sight these pictures reach ;
Through this fresh channel flows the stream of
thought and speech.

XLVIII.

Of all this series in its complex parts,
Corporeal engine, mechanism of thought,
Memory at hand to prompt the mental arts,
By which the message of the sense is caught ;
Of all the harmonies so nicely wrought,
Nature of light and properties of air,
With moving or recipient organ brought,
To meet in action, by creating care,
Say if of all thy soul, in reading, was aware.

XLIX.

Ere fellow-mind which here embodied stands
 Could pass, as by an easy leap, to yours,
 Say if you were observant, while your hands
 Turn'd leaf by leaf, of what that skill procures
 Which work'd at first, and working yét endures,
 In balance all creation knows to keep,
 Each change, each alternation still ensures,
 Rolls the high heavens, and bids the insect
 creep ¹,
 For grasp of human thought too high, too wide,
 too deep.

XLIX. John v. 17.

¹ This expression is borrowed from an author but little entitled to our respect and approbation, being no other than J. J. Rousseau, one of whose works I turned over more than a quarter of a century ago, and I have carried ever since in my memory the following beautiful words which it contains : *Providence éternelle ! qui fais râmpier l'insecte et rouler les cieux.*

A similar passage has been pointed out to me, while engaged in preparing my MS. for the press, in a very different kind of production (the Christian Year) :—

Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
 To light up worlds and wake an insect's mirth.

L.

Yourselves a wonder to yourself,—the world,
One depth of wonders which you cannot sound,
Far from your foolish heart the thought be hurl'd,
That for your Maker you should match be
found :

To God belong the things in secret bound—
The things reveal'd to you. With rash conceit
Will you explore beyond your narrow round ?
Dreaming of plan more probable and meet,
Suffer surprise of death, and lose your last
retreat ?

LI.

Much you have learnt and in your memory
stored ;
Much thought, observed ; but does your mind
recall

How larger far a field lies unexplored ²,
 How large is that man cannot know at all?
 Corruption's heir, the body, since the fall,
 Clogs and sinks down the many-musing mind.
 To guess at things on earth our skill is small;
 The things before us hardly do we find;
 But, oh! the things of heaven what mortal has
 divined?

LII.

Some lapses of the saints your mind perplex,—
 Think you that these are sanctions to be frail?
 What learns the seaman from recorded wrecks?
 Is it within the self-same track to sail?
 Scenes of a younger world in darkness veil
 Your views of God; whence but from holy
 page

² Si vous croyez savoir beaucoup de choses et y être assez habile, songez que vous en ignorez infiniment plus que vous n'en savez.

Were thoughts imbibed which taught you so to
—hail
The gentle features of its mellow'd age?
Did Gospel love begin from earthly scribe or
sage?

LIII.

Turn not its sacred edge against itself:
Ah! see some child of dust, with pride elate:
He skims the contents of the learned shelf;
Follows or frames some sounding theory great,
And looks with philosophic smile sedate,
All condescending, on the Christian's creed:
Since men for homage must some bent create;
Unware, the while, of all his proper need;
Poor, wretched, naked, blind, and impotent
indeed!

LIV.

Thing form'd, wilt thou the hand that form'd
thee judge?

Vile clay, wilt thou above the potter speak?
Ephemeral worm, wilt thou thy patience grudge
To hear of help which needs thy nature weak?
Forsooth, unfit for thee a temper meek,
For thou hast towering objects to be won:
Soar, then, and frame for thine adventurous freak
Thy waxen wings; go near the glorious sun:
Alas! they melt, they fail, they sink,—thou art
undone.

LIV. Rom. ix. 20, 21. Isa. lxiv. 8.

* For the two concluding stanzas omitted here
by mistake, see the Errata between the Pre-
face & the Contents.

Notes

TO

THE LOST CHILD.

THE spot which is called L'ENFANT PERDU is one through which we passed, in a détour made in the ascent of the river Winnipeg, for the purpose of escaping some of the portages. This détour lies between the Cap Lake (Lac du Bonnet) and the Barrière Portage, (at which place we encamped for the night upon a most diminutive islet of rock, between two roaring falls.)—Stanzas II. and III.

About a day's journey beyond this place of

our encampment, as we approached the post at the *Rat (Musk-rat)* portage, we availed ourselves of the help of a poor Indian woman to find "the unsuspected passage," particularly in my view in stanza II., an obscure access through the bushes, of which our guide himself had only an imperfect recollection, to stiller waters, our recourse to which enabled us to avoid some portion of the rapids called LES DALLES. This poor creature, with her four children, accompanied us the greater part of the day, in her little canoe, to pick up such scraps of food as our people gave them for assisting to carry the baggage across the portages.

The expressions which occur in the seventh line of stanza v. would convey a false picture, if they were to suggest the idea of sublime *mountain* scenery. In this the whole journey is deficient. With the two exceptions, *first*, of the rock-crested heights which partly enclose

Thunder Bay and those connected with them, which suddenly lift their narrow ridgy backs above the woods, a short way up the Kame-nistiquoia, or Fort William River ; and, *secondly*, of the bold and striking bluffs, called *Les Ecores*, towards the other extremity of the lake, there are no heights which can be said to be of an imposing altitude ; and these are more so from their abruptness than from their pretensions in the general scale of mountainous elevation. The ideas of *vastness* and *hugeness*, therefore, are rather to be referred to the prodigious expanse of the greater lakes ; to the majestic rivers, as the Ottawa and Winnipeg, pouring their waters through the depths of interminable forests, and ever and anon broken into foaming rapids or cataracts ; and to the rude piles and masses of rock which in many places form the banks of the rivers or shores of the lakes, or of which the multitudinous islets are composed ; to all which might be added the boundless level

stretch of the prairies, of which some sample begins to be seen at the Red River. We had recently turned our backs upon Lake Winnipeg, which is three hundred miles in length, and had been ascending the main branch of the river of the same name, when we turned into the little stream which leads to *L'Enfant Perdu*.

If I might be permitted to hope that the perusal of this poem would, by the blessing of God, suggest to any misguided or bewildered soul, a serious and devout inquiry into the claims of Divine truth, and a desire to be directed to any of the best human helps (I would name those of a sufficiently popular kind) in the points on which I have touched in stanzas xxxv. and xxxvi., I would venture, though not in every single instance, from my own familiar recollection of their contents, to recommend, among others, Bishop Newton

and Faber on the Prophecies ; Keith's Evidence of Prophecy ; Paley's Evidences, and Horæ Paulinæ ; Douglas's Criterion of True and False Miracles ; and Campbell on Miracles. The remarkable misrepresentations of Gibbon, in his indication of the causes for the rapid extension of Christianity, have been exposed by Kett in a manner which can hardly fail to produce its effect.

In the study of works upon prophecy, a reasonable mind will be perfectly prepared to encounter some mistaken applications, and many differences, here and there, of interpretation. These are incident to the nature of the subject. But the portion of prophecy fulfilled already, and in process of fulfilment, in a manner which I believe that no unprejudiced person, who makes himself master of the subject, can possibly doubt, constitutes alone an irresistible evidence, and enables us

fully to understand and appreciate the saying of the Apostle, that "*we have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.*"

With reference to what is said in stanzas xxxviii. and xxxix., I cannot avoid pointing out the strange, and what I should call extravagant, conclusions of a writer having a name among poets which mine can little expect to ~~approach~~, *La Martine*, in his *Souvenirs pendant un Voyage en Orient*. He is so carried away by whatever strikes his imagination through the senses, as to seem often quite in raptures with the Turks, and in one place he actually says, "I love this people, for they are the people of prayer." Yet, in other parts of his work, he records horrors and atrocities perpetrated by certain emirs and other worthies, without violating the public sentiment of the country, to

which the very worst and most degraded state of Christian society can exhibit no parallel.

STANZA XXXV. (fifth line.)

The word *peeled* here signifies *pillaged*, and should properly be written *pilled*, being formed from the French verb *piller*, and being distinguished by lexicographers from *peel*, to decorticate, which is from the French *peler*,—and this, with its kindred words in that language, from the Latin *pellis*, which again is stated to be from the Greek $\phi\epsilon\lambda\lambda\acute{o}\varsigma$, thus bringing us back, as in a circle, to the idea of the bark of a tree. To *skin*, therefore, or to remove the coating of hair or fur, would seem to be the proximate force of the latter (*peel*). From the affinity of the sense of *pilled*, or pillaged, with that of *peeled*, or decorticated, appearing in the *literal* compared with the *metaphorical* sense of the word *strip*, as well as from the confusion in old

writers between the orthography of the two,—*peel* being, as here in the text from Isaiah, written for *pill*, (which Dr. Johnson censures as incorrect,) and both words being spelt alike *pill* in Minshew's Guide into the Tongues (1634), where no such word as *peel* is found,—it might appear as if the two verbs, if not one and the same, were at least cognate words. But *pilus* and *pilare* afford the root of *piller*, *pill*, and *pillage*, as well as of the verb *poll*, and the nouns *poll* and *poller*; and *pilus* is referred for its origin to $\pi\acute{\iota}\lambda\omicron\varsigma$.

The evidences of an unsettled orthography appear in the spelling of these words in our authorized translation. (Cf. Gen. xxx. 37, 38. Isa. xviii. 2. Ezek. xxix. 18. and Tobit xi. 13.) Were it not for the occurrence of the word *peeled*, in our modern sense, in the text of Ezekiel, the spelling of the two words here in question would seem to have been pre-

cisely reversed since the date of the translation.

In the *Bishops' Bible* (black-letter edit. 1583) the word is *pilled*, as in the later translation, in Genesis and Tobit, instead of *peeled*, as we should now write it. In the two other passages the original word is differently rendered.

For a very learned explanation of the chapter of Isaiah in which the word occurs, which has given occasion for this note, see the Notes of Bp. Horsley, *Biblical Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 140. London, 1820.

THE END.

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