**On the Way to the Mission**

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| They dogged him all one afternoon, Through the bright snow, Two whitemen servants of greed; He knew that they were there, But he turned not his head; | 5 |
| He was an Indian trapper; He planted his snow-shoes firmly, He dragged the long toboggan Without rest.  The three figures drifted | 10 |
| Like shadows in the mind of a seer; The snow-shoes were whisperers On the threshold of awe; The toboggan made the sound of wings, A wood-pigeon sloping to her nest. | 15 |
| The Indian’s face was calm. He strode with the sorrow of fore-knowledge, But his eyes were jewels of content Set in circles of peace.  They would have shot him; | 20 |
| But momently in the deep forest, They saw something flit by his side: Their hearts stopped with fear. Then the moon rose. They would have left him to the spirit, | 25 |
| But they saw the long toboggan Rounded well with furs, With many a silver fox-skin, With the pelts of mink and of otter. They were the servants of greed; | 30 |
| When the moon grew brighter And the spruces were dark with sleep, They shot him. When he fell on a shield of moonlight One of his arms clung to his burden; | 35 |
| The snow was not melted: The spirit passed away.  Then the servants of greed Tore off the cover to count their gains; They shuddered away into the shadows, | 40 |
| Hearing each the loud heart of the other. Silence was born.  There in the tender moonlight,      As sweet as they were in life, Glimmered the ivory features, | 45 |
| Of the Indian’s wife.  In the manner of Montagnais women      Her hair was rolled with braid; Under her waxen fingers      A crucifix was laid. | 50 |
| He was drawing her down to the Mission,      To bury her there in spring, When the bloodroot comes and the windflower      To silver everything.  But as a gift of plunder | 55 |
| Side by side were they laid, The moon went on to her setting      And covered them with shade. |  |