

The Red Rose Maiden.

BY the Metabichouan Falls there sat
An Indian Princess fair ;
Red were her lips, dark were her eyes,
Glossy her long black hair.
A warrior passed the foaming Falls
Of the Algonquin tribe.
He said : " Sweet maiden fair as me
And bright as dewdrops on the corn
Come, be a warrior's bride."

" Come with me to my forest home,
Cried the Algonquin bold ;
" Of ermine, gold and wampum beads
I'll give thee wealth untold."
" Great Chief," she said, " that cannot be.
I love a warrior true :
He went to chase the moose and deer,
And I must wait to meet him here ;
I cannot go with you."

" Thou wilt not come," the chieftain said
" Oh, lovely star of morn ?
Then thou must be a wild red rose
And grow amongst the corn."
The warrior true came from the chase
To meet the maiden fair
Beside the Metabichouan Falls.
He heard the wind and loon's wild call ;
The maiden was not there.