

# MANITA.

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THE saltry summer day was near its close,

The hush was deep and all around was still,  
Save for the hum of insects o'er the lake,  
Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will  
Which came as if to keep the woods awake.  
And now, 'ere night ~~regined~~ her sable sway, *regained*  
The full moon rose upon the shrouded earth,  
As if to drive the lingering shades away  
To give her gentle dawn a brighter birth.  
A lone cloud fringed with light stood up on high,  
Like some night guardian of the silent sky,  
Stars came out one by one as if to see,  
How like to Paradise the place could be.

'Twas at this hour an Indian maid  
Stood watching neath the ample shade  
Of a tall pine tree where the land  
Rose high above the pebbly strand  
Of Nah-ma Sah-gae-gun's <sup>(1)</sup> calm shore,  
Where Indian maids oft stood before;  
While standing there with native grace

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(1) Sturgeon Point.