

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

Long ere the rosy sun-up
The camp with life was filled,
And at the fire roasted
The meat but one day killed;
And when each brave had taken,
Was marshalled for the trail;
With swinging stride fast on they glide
In agonized travail.

We follow three days' sunsets
They witnessed on the track;
Pursued, the weary raiders
Grew hungry from their lack;
No sign of an encounter,
No glimpses of a foe,
They careless grew and the tale to you
Its sequel now doth show.

The night was dark, chilly the dawn,
The embers smouldered low,
When from the gloating tree-trunks
They crept upon the foe;
All evening spied they round them,
Silent upon the sward;
The dogs e'en slept, and the camp was kept
By sleepers all off guard.