

A LEGEND OF HALLOWE'EN.

IN the drear, grey north, where pine trees sift  
The stinging blast of the nor'-west drift,  
There dwells in a sheltered, leafy lair,  
The grizzled ghost of a cinnamon bear.

O ill indeed for the voyageur  
Whose path is crossed by the cinnamon bear;  
For once a year—on Hallowe'en—  
His bleaching bones may still be seen.

A trapper passed through a willowy dell,  
Where puffy, snow-white ptarmigan dwell,  
Till the King of the North shall his clasp unfold  
Of the rocks and the streams and the forests old.

The trapper paused : in his path was a sight  
That turned every hair of his head snow white;  
'Twas the skelton of the cinnamon bear  
Hugging the ghost of a northern hare!

In the frost-bound north 'tis a legend old ;  
But the strangest part has not been told,  
For the trapper still lives ; whom all may know  
By his waving hair of whitest snow.

*Oct., 1893.*