

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 willow 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.