

## A LEGEND OF THE LOON

To fetch the withy rushes—  
An old squaw stood aghast—  
Her toothless head was shaking—  
A sight the nerves to blast;  
With youthful bounds and gestures  
She to the camp returned,  
And wailing woke the braves, she spoke  
What she alone had learned.

The rude alarm thus given  
Called forth a howl of rage;  
And at the council gathered  
The chief men and their sage;  
And when all signs were garnered,  
Whereat the foe had flown,  
Each to his task went forth unmasked,  
With all but stifled groan.

In a rock tomb in Northland  
At once a grave was made;  
Great woods guarded their secret,—  
In life, so they were laid;  
There they were left to wither  
In Nature's crystal bower,  
Unsought, alone, in the vast unknown,  
To this day and this hour.