

Minitonas.

Twilight shades are falling, falling,
Softly grey, o'er hill and valley.
Round the little group of tepees,
Silence, grim and deep is brooding ;
Nothing on his realm intruding,
Save the sighs of whispering pine trees.
On the top of Minitonas
One lone whip-poor-will is calling.

Soon a maid comes creeping, creeping,
From the Chief's (her father's), tepee
Stealing from the village, ever
Moving upward from the hollow ;
Fleet, lest one should see and follow,
One who swore that never, never,
Should she wed the pale-face trapper,
For whose sake, this tryst, she's keeping.

Soon the summit, gaining, gaining,
Of the lone hill, Minitonas ;
Hill of ghosts, where none dare venture,
Save a love-sick maid, dissembling,
For her love, her fears, yet trembling,
Lest some sprite mar her adventure.
Naught she hears, save her heart's beating
And the pine trees, low complaining.

Down the trail comes riding, riding,
One, whose eyes are blue as sapphires ;
Jim, the trapper, fondly dreaming
Of a girl whose dusky tresses,
Oft' have felt his fond caresses ;
From whose dark eyes, lovelight gleaming,
Sweetly thrilled his very being
In his heart for aye, abiding.