

And two together went down on a skate,
And one little wight, by an oversight,
Was left on the mountain-top to his fate ;
And by morning light,
In a woeful plight
Was the poor little Brownie thus belate.

And him I found in the early morn,
And so was told of the antics bold
That ended in his being left forlorn,
" Away from the fold
And the eerie wold,"
Said the poor little wight, " I was left to mourn."

But whilst he talked with me, a sound came borne on the frosty morning breeze, a weird, uncanny sound, " the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." My little Brown Man pricked up his ear, listened, heard it again, waved his elfish, tasselled cap, and vanished in the bare, wintry woods of Mount Royal.