

VALLEY

THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE VALLEY

answer,
round me

height—
back,

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night in-

chill,
the east.

when
er tepee

men,—
on the

e pain,
life,—
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o be my

To look upon the beauty of her face,
The still closed eyes, the lips that knew
no breath;

To look, to learn,—to realize my place
Had been usurped by my one rival—
Death.

A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke
About my heart, and life shut out its light
Till through my anguish some one gently
spoke,

And said, "Twice did she call for thee
last night."

I started up—and bending o'er my dead,
Asked when did her sweet lips in silence
close.

"She called thy name—then passed away,"
they said,

"Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."

Among the lonely lakes I go no more,
For she who made their beauty is not
there;

The paleface rears his tepee on the shore
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.