

THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE VALLEY

"Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?" No answer
and the night

Seemed stiller for the sound, till round
fell

The far-off echoes from the far-off heights

"Qu'Appelle?" my voice came back

"Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?"

This—and no more; I called aloud until

I shuddered as the gloom of night
creased,

And, like a pallid spectre wan and chill,

The moon arose in silence from the east

I dare not linger on the moment when

My boat I beached beside her tent
door;

I heard the wail of women and of men,—

I saw the death-fires lighted on the
shore.

No language tells the torture or the pain,

The bitterness that flooded all my life,—

When I was led to look on her again,

That queen of women pledged to be my
wife.