

THE FEAST OF THE VIRGINS.

I will plunge and sink in the sullen river,
Ere I will be wife to the fierce Red Cloud!"

"Wiwâstè," he said, and his voice was low,
"Let it be as you will, for Wakâwa's tongue
Has spoken no promise;—his lips are slow,
And the love of a father is deep and strong.
Be happy, Micûnksee"; the flames are gone,—
They flash no more in the Northern sky.
See the smile on the face of the watching moon;
No more will the fatal red arrows fly;
For the singing shafts of my warriors sped
To the bad spirit's bosom and laid him dead,
And his blood on the snow of the North lies red.
Go,—sleep in the robe that you won to-day,
And dream of your hunter—the brave Chaskè."

Light was her heart as she turned away;
It sang like the lark in the skies of May.
The round moon laughed, but a lone red star,³⁰
As she turned to the teepee and entered in,
Fell flashing and swift in the sky afar,
Like the polished point of a javelin.
Nor chief nor daughter the shadow saw
Of the crouching listener—Hârpstinà.

Wiwâstè, wrapped in her robe and sleep
Heard not the storm-sprites wail and weep,
As they rode on the winds in the frosty air;
But she heard the voice of her hunter fair;
For a shadowy spirit with fairy fingers
The curtains drew from the land of dreams;