

MANITA.

THE sultry summer day was near its close,
A ruddy glow still lingered in the west,
As the red sun 'ere sinking to repose
Spread wide his last rays o'er the lake's calm breast,
The tall oaks list'ning on the shaded shore
To lisp'ing wavelets that now kissed their feet,
Threw deeper, longer, shadows than before.
As if they might the moonbeams sooner greet.
Each distant object now far fainter grew
And dim, and shadowy in the less'ning light,
While the lone crane that to its covert flew
Scarcely stirred the calm air in its lazy flight,
The hush was deep and all around was still,
Save for the hum of insects o'er the lake,
Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will
Which came as if to keep the woods awake.
And now, 'ere night ~~regained~~ *regained* her sable sway,
The full moon rose upon the shrouded earth,
As if to drive the lingering shades away
To give her gentle dawn a brighter birth.
A lone cloud fringed with light stood up on high,
Like some night guardian of the silent sky,
Stars came out one by one as if to see,
How like to Paradise the place could be.

'Twas at this hour an Indian maid
Stood watching neath the ample shade
Of a tall pine tree where the land
Rose high above the pebbly strand
Of Nah-ma Sah-gae-gun's ⁽¹⁾ calm shore,
Where Indian maids oft stood before;
While standing there with native grace

(1) Sturgeon Point.