

THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE VALLEY

So the long days went slowly drifting past;
It seemed that half my life must intervene
Before the morrow, when I said at last—

"One more day's journey and I win my
queen!"

I rested then, and, drifting, dreamed the more
Of all the happiness I was to claim,—
When suddenly from out the shadowed shore,
I heard a voice speak tenderly my name.

"Who calls?" I answered; no reply; and
long

I stilled my paddle blade and listened.
Then

Above the night wind's melancholy song
I heard distinctly that strange voice
again—

A woman's voice, that through the twilight
came

Like to a soul unborn—a song unsung.
I leaned and listened—yes, she spoke my
name,

And then I answered in the quaint French
tongue,