

As snow on the crest of a hill is white,
Her wonderful craft had a pallid gleam ;
And so we two on that mystical night
Shot on like forms in a waking dream ;

And never a word she spake to me,
In their waxen lids her eyes were veiled,
But the thrust of her blade was steady and free,
As over the river we swiftly sailed.

So side by side, till a moonbeam shone
Like a bar of silver athwart the bay,
And the ghostly visitant paddled on
To its verge, and faded like mist away.

I felt that the vision I saw was true
By the face of the troubled swirling deep,
And dreamt, as I lay in the White Canoe,
Of my cruise with the " Spirit of Silent Sleep."

