

"Qu'Appelle ? Qu'Appelle ?" No answer, and the night
Seemed stiller for the sound, till round me fell
The far-off echoes from the far-off height—
"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 increased,
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 tepee 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.

To look upon the beauty of her face,
The still closed eyes, the lips that knew no breath;
To look, to learn, —to realize my place
Had been usurped by my one rival—Death.
A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke
About my heart, and life shut out its light
Till through my anguish some one gently spoke,
And said, "Twice did she call for thee last night."
I started up—and bending o'er my dead,
Asked when did her sweet lips in silence close,
"She called thy name—then passed away," they said,
"Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."

Among the lonely lakes I go no more,
For she who made their beauty is not there;
The paleface rears his tepee on the shore
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.
Full many years have vanished since, but still
The voyageurs beside the campfire tell
How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill,
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.
The paleface loves the haunted lakes they say,
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread
Before his vision; but to me the day,
The night, the hour, the seasons all are dead.
I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell
Why white men named the valley The Qu'Appelle.