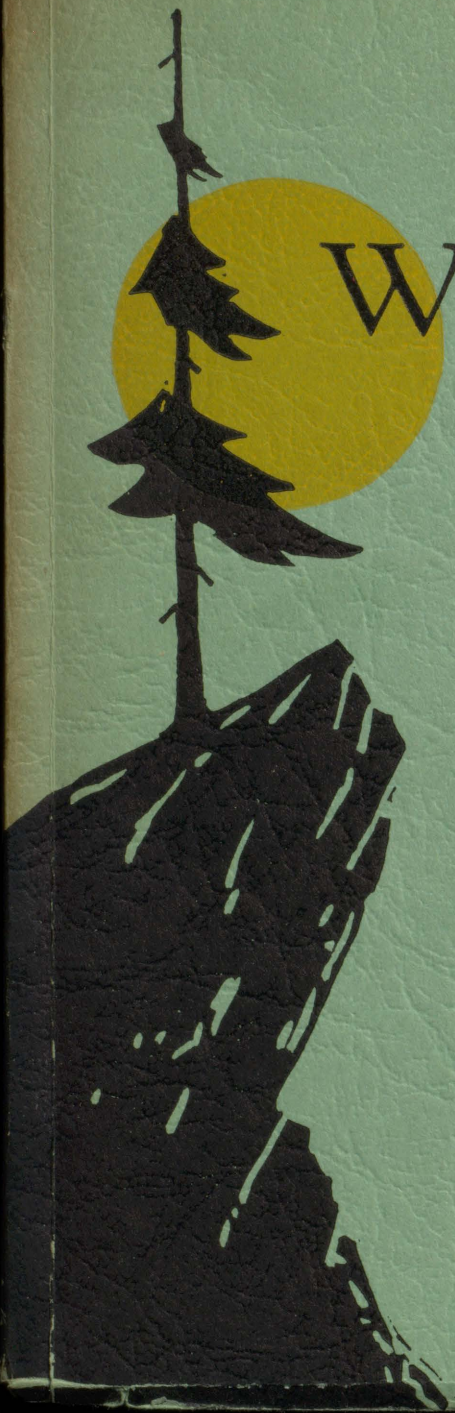
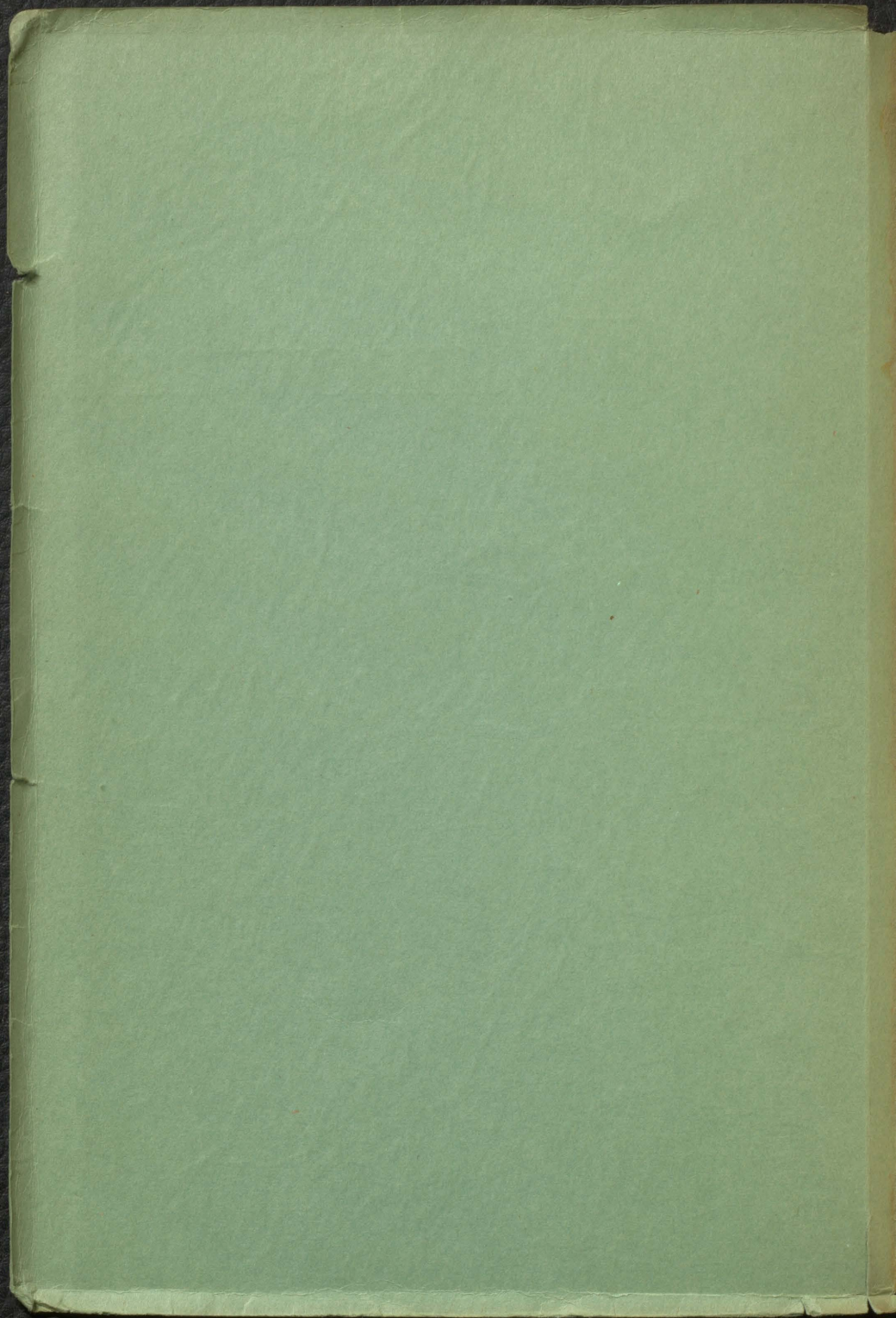


Winnowaia





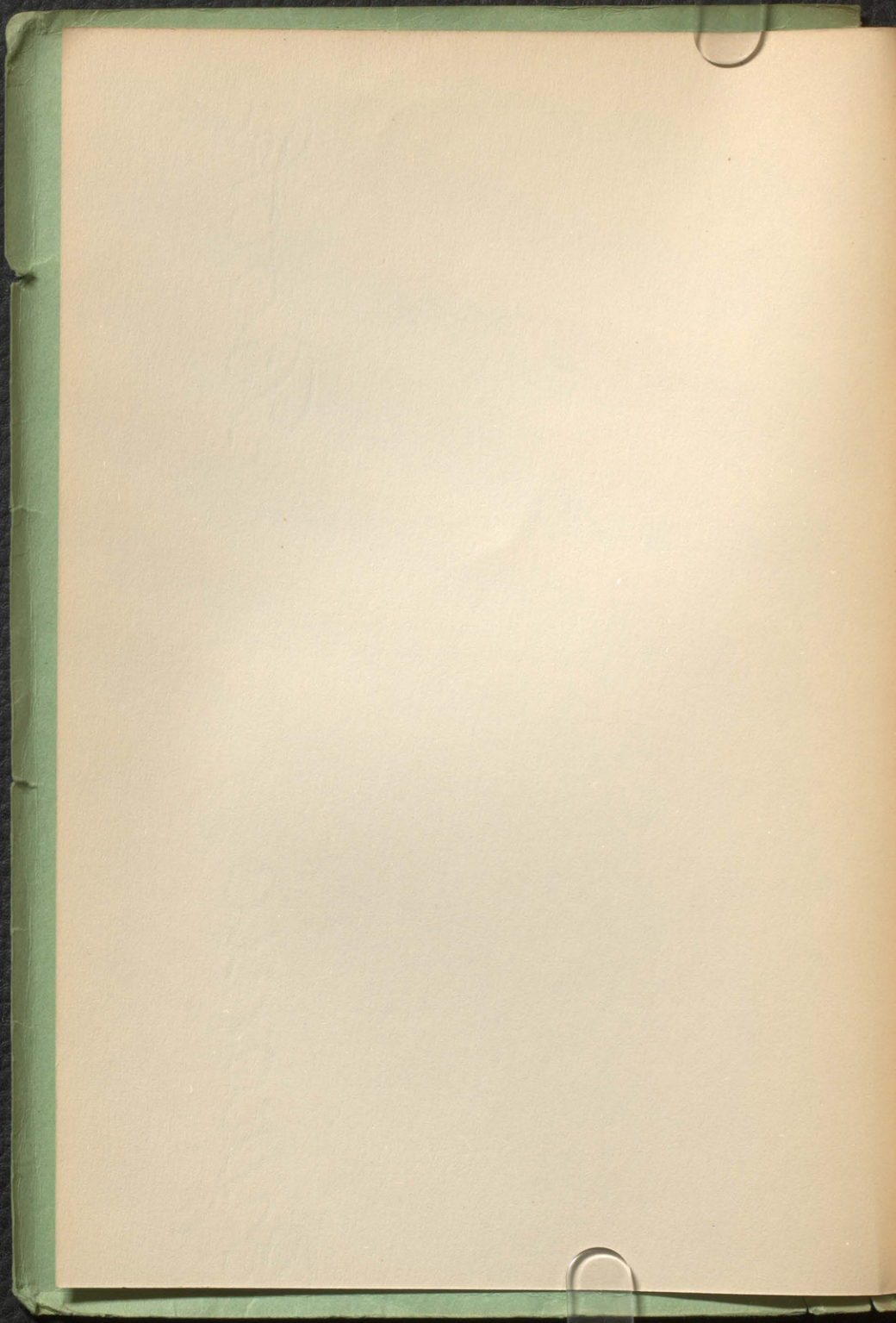
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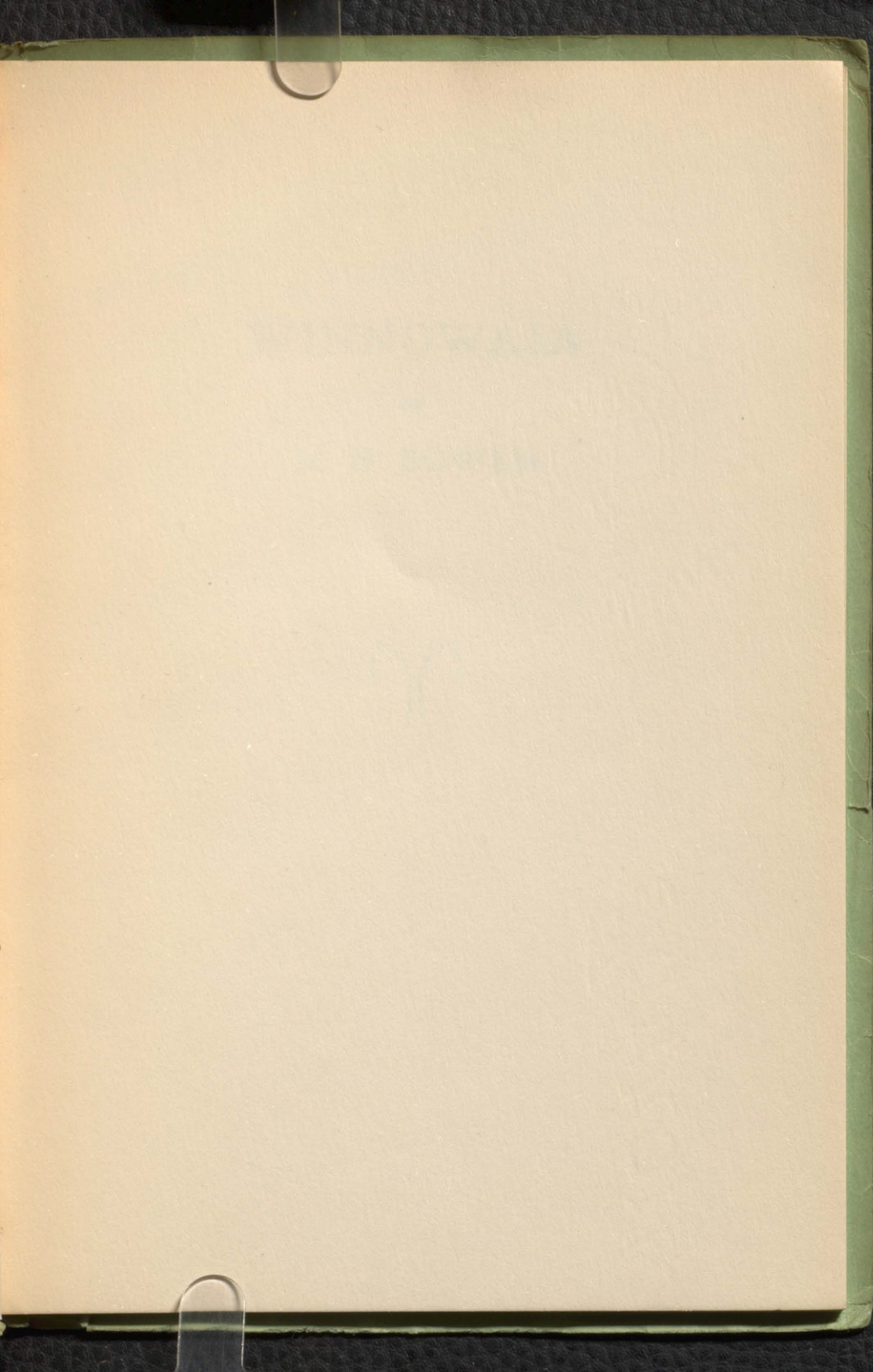
Ralph B. Gustafson
with love
from.

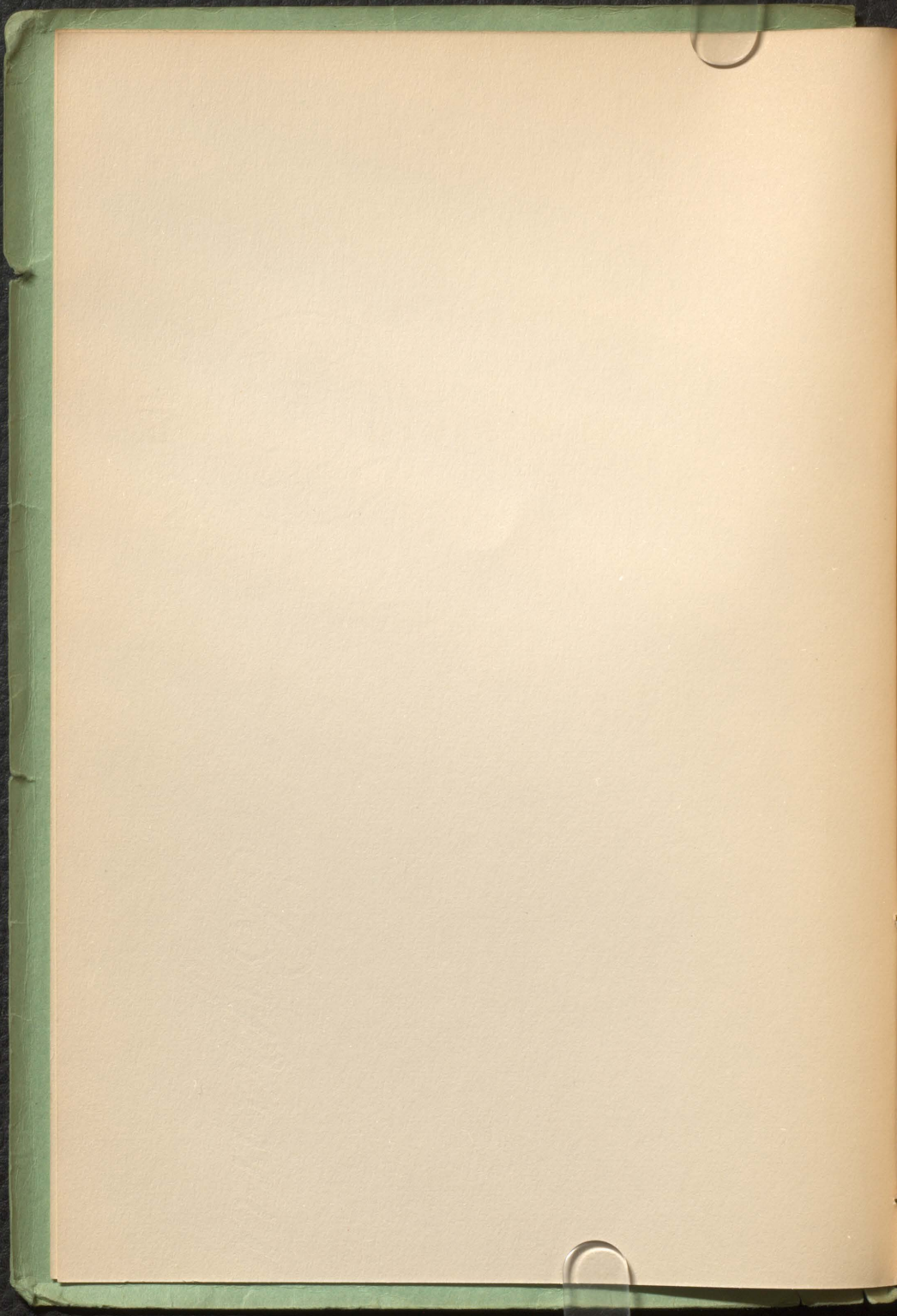
Mimi Hallorwell Bowen.

Nov. 1935.

With best Christmas wishes.







WINNOWAIA

BY

M. H. BOWEN



WYNNOWAY

M. S. BOWEN

WINNOWAIA

WILKINSON

WINNOWAIA

a tale of
Vision and Sacrifice,
is dedicated to

EVA MATHESON WHITE

my friend and close colleague
in patriotic work during the Great War; who understood
the Spirit of the Eastern Townships
and the Ideals by which its
people live.

M.H.B.

WINDY WALKER

THE
LIFE OF
WINDY WALKER

BY
WINDY WALKER

THE
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THE
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WINDY WALKER

FOREWORD

Through the early history of Canada runs a strong vein of tradition. Indeed, the boundaries of both tradition and history often cross each other and are merged together, until it is difficult to see where the point of demarcation lies. In fact, what was once considered as tradition is, often, upon proper investigation, found to be reality, while those stories which had long been regarded as actual facts are relegated to the misty regions of tradition. But both history and tradition afford a rich mine of material for the fiction-writer and the poet, and the reader of these works thus inspired, comes to believe with Rostand that "Même quand il a tort, le poète a raison", and that the imaginative writer and the poet are the only ones who pierce to the real heart of the matter, and extract the subtle essence for the reader. The writers of French Canada have long sought their inspiration in their own folk-lore, history and tradition, but English-speaking Canadians, having a smaller body of traditional stories and folk-lore, have not often availed themselves of the interesting material that exists. English-speaking Canadians are, therefore, indebted to the author of "Winnowaia" for preserving for them a beautiful and romantic story of their own Eastern Townships, the basic facts of which are well authenticated in history, and around which the poet's imagination has been allowed to play with delicate illumination until an engrossing tale, part history and part tradition, becomes reality itself.

FRANK OLIVER CALL.

*Bishop's College,
Lennoxville, Que.*

CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term and a discussion of its history. The author then proceeds to a detailed examination of the various aspects of the problem, including its causes, its effects, and its possible solutions. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is intended for a general audience. It is a valuable contribution to the literature on the subject and is highly recommended for all those interested in the field.

CHAPTER II

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the various aspects of the problem, including its causes, its effects, and its possible solutions.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Abenakis, or St. Francis Indians, though nominally Christians for three generations, were thorough savages. In their fierce raids upon the New England settlements prior to 1759, they perpetrated horrible atrocities, torturing, scalping men, women and children and carrying away captives after burning the settlers' homes. It was decided to send a force to end this state of things.

It is of interest to know that some years previous to this, history records that a boy and girl from different families had been captured by the Indians in one of their raids. These children were brought up by the Abenakis who became attached to them and had them carefully educated in the French language and Roman Catholic faith. When grown up they were united in marriage and their descendants became prosperous, inheriting much of the Indians' property.

An expedition was sent under Major Rodgers, the celebrated ranger, to punish these invaders and destroy their village at the mouth of the St. Francis. In this attack about 200 Indians of all ages were killed, prisoners taken, captives freed and the village burned. The sight of hundreds of English scalps, waving in the wind on poles, added to the fierceness of the attackers. Treasure was carried off, probably from the church, where gifts of value from the devout in France were often placed.

Later at Big Forks, Rodgers sent a small party in advance to carry the booty to New England, but they, finding its weight impeded them, buried it "in a safe place", legend says in "the gorge of the Magog." It has never been discovered.

Rodgers retreated up the St. Francis followed by the Indians. Reaching Big Forks (now Sherbrooke) he sent men to Little Forks (Lennoxville) to light fires to deceive the enemy and disposed his rangers on the height looking down the river, hidden in the thick trees.

Expecting the English to be at Little Forks as the scouts reported, the Abenakis came on boldly by canoe, part of their force remaining on the north bank and following up the river to Big Forks.

A stretch of two miles enabled Rodgers to see the approaching canoes, and count the paddles, thus obtaining the number of savages. A ranger was assigned to each and when the signal to fire was given after one half of the canoes had turned the point, the shots took deadly effect, almost every occupant of the canoes being killed or wounded. The Indians on the north shore forded the river and attacked from the interval below the mouth of the Magog while the English replied from the wooded heights. The Indians, defeated, with many killed or wounded, withdrew and Rodgers proceeding to Little Forks, broke up his force into parties to seek New England by different routes.

The historical background for the poem "Winnowaia" may be found in Parkman Vol. XIII, Thompson's History of Vermont and Mrs. Day's History of the Eastern Townships which includes the account of the ambush and fight given to Jesse Pennoyer, Esq., Government Land Surveyor, by the Abenakis Indian, Captain St. Francis, then Chief of the tribe. He, as a lad of about sixteen, was present at the fight at Big Forks (Sherbrooke) accompanying his father who was in command of the body of Indians and was killed. Captain St. Francis' son (grandson of the Chief, who was in command of the pursuing force of Indians) was well known to John Hallowell, Esq., of Sherbrooke, the father of the author, and related to him the

story of the ambush and fight as he had received it from his father. The fact that Indian arrowheads were picked up in numbers in the early days where Sheriff Bowen's house stands and on the heights in its vicinity, also in the interval to the Magog River and along its shore where tradition places the fight, *and not elsewhere*, corroborates the story which was never doubted by the first settlers in Sherbrooke.

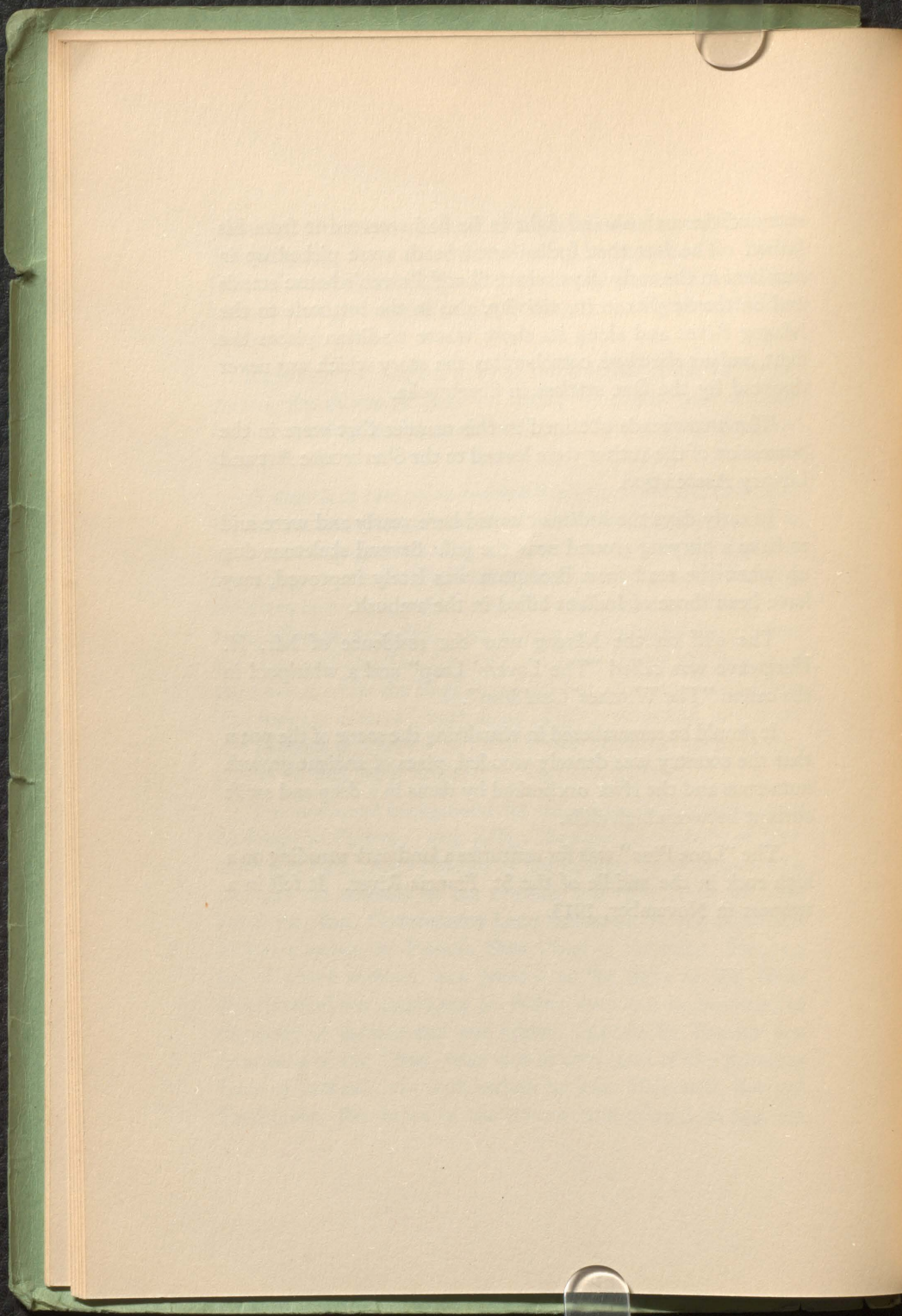
The arrowheads obtained in this manner that were in the possession of the author were loaned to the Sherbrooke Art and Library Association.

In early days the Indians camped here yearly and were said to have a burying ground near the jail. Several skeletons dug up when the road from Brompton was lately improved, may have been those of Indians killed in the ambush.

The cliff on the Magog near the residence of Mr. H. Hargreave was called "The Lovers' Leap" and a whirlpool in the cañon "The Witches' Cauldron".

It should be remembered in visualizing the scene of the poem that the country was densely wooded, pines of ancient growth numerous and the river unchecked by dams in a deep and swift current between high cliffs.

The "Lone Pine" was for centuries a landmark standing on a high rock in the middle of the St. Francis River. It fell in a tempest in November, 1913.



WINNOWAIA

(Vision)

(Expanse)

(A legend of the St. Francis and Magog Rivers
and The Lovers' Leap)

PROLOGUE

Born with the soul of a star, thought wings like a bird
Fearlessly rising and homing through unknown space,—
Music of nature unfettered her childhood had heard,—
Exquisite vistas of spirit had given her grace.
Lake unto forest and forest to river proclaim,—
Loud the reverberant cañon flings up to the hill
Hers,—the beloved,—the one immemorial name;—
Hers,—who was part of the wild and is one with it still—
Winnowaia !

THE AMBUSH

Silence, asleep in the hills ! The resilient hush
Thrilled to the drifting red leaves and the breath of the wood
Pungent with fern and dank weed. In the stream the thin rush
Sliding dry whisperings up from the shade where it stood.
All the rich gold of the year poured in heaps on the ground,
Festooned from desolate branches, defying green pines
With furious flaming of colour,—as vital as sound
Struck from deep heavens. The shores' curving lines,
Where the St. Francis flowed down between forests, went out
Sinuous, dim in the distance,—a serpent tide, scaled
With pitiless orange from sunset and blood from the rout
Of the Indians caught in the ambush. Attack that had failed,
Lapsed, and the war-whoop was silent. The White men
withdrew,
Only the embers of vengeance, adrift, dimly red,
Died, where canoes going downward, whose freight the stream
knew,
Floated like broken winged birds in a tryst with the dead.

Wept the Lone Pine to the Rock, at the sight of the blood !
"Something is gone and must go in the days that shall be !"
Answered the Rock to the Pine from its place in the flood,
"Woe, for the life that is dear to the Rock and the Tree !"

SONG OF THE ROCK AND THE LONE PINE

Cometh the night like wings on hill and stream !
Afar, behold sweet loveliness a-gleam !
Where are the things that wearied with the light?—
Gone in soft darkness from the gladdened sight
Into the presence of a silver dream.
Like a veiled star, too perfect to be bright—
Now, in the purple shadow, cometh night.

Hush!—for the dusk is giving rest to pain.
Hush!—for sweet silence cometh once again.
Shall we repine when evening shadows creep,
Or in remembrance faithful vigil keep ?
Love is eternal!—Loving,—not in vain !
Night bringeth stars in heaven and in the deep,
Lighting the way when Love shall fall asleep.

* * * * *

Hushed were the voices—the valley lay silent and still;
Shadow swept over the red, where the sunset had been,
Scent laden breezes crept down from the sheltering hill
Weaving grey mists of forgetfulness over the scene.

THE MEETING

Withdrawn, the white men passed the Magog, struck
Into the forest, bearing wounded men;
Hiding in some deep cranny, treasure reft
From Indian church and village—not again
To see the Forks. The dead, from glassy eyes,
Gazed skyward from the wood, or helpless tossed
Down in the current.

Left amid the slain
John Stirling woke to agony and thirst,
His side pierced by an arrow and his strength
Drained with the blood, remembering the fight
That surged along the heights to Magog's stream;
How he had torn the arrow out and rolled
Into a small ravine, where bushy growth
Concealed him and the fight passed on.

He knew
Morning had dawned and all the air was sweet
With bird songs, dew and woodland scents. No sign
Remained of that fierce passion-lust to kill
That stained fair nature ! Only arrow heads
In years to come, along those stately heights
Would show where this had been.

Could he escape ?
Would some dark warrior, creeping through the wood
Come on his trail,—the scalping knife the end,—
Or torture and the stake ?

As he thus thought
Into the living silence of the wood
Stole a pure voice, so liquid soft, it seemed
Part of the silence and not breaking it;—
For Winnowaia, —singing as she moved,
Came to her wounded people of the wood.

WINNOWAIA'S SONG TO THE WILD

*"Lift up your head sweet fern, nor be afraid!
Gone dreadful rain.
Heal each bruised leaf and every branch low laid,
Dear sun, again.
O, fire of Love, give these the power to live
Within your rays,
And let poor silent hearts a warm pulse give
To all these ways."*

She ceased and suddenly came on the place
Where hid the wounded man:—parting the boughs
Looked on his face.

Lost in amaze he lay:—
The words were English, but, an Indian maid
Framed in the verdure stood in sunlit space.
He saw a slender girl, white robed,—the skins
Beaded and wrought in colour; on her feet
Were moccasins whose quill embroidery showed
In rich design, the daughter of a Chief.

Long braids of gold-brown hair, an oval face
Held,—as a ring, a jewel of great worth.
Her sweetness filled his eyes, that dwelt on hers,
Lost in soft depths, deep fringed by lashes dark.
Her small brown hands held back the crowding boughs
Eager to clasp her; her red lips apart
Breathed pity's fragrant comfort and she seemed
The vital spirit of the forest, clothed
In perfect flesh to help his utter need.
He could not move and seeing his distress
She spoke.

“O do not be afraid, for I
Am Winnowaia.—I have found you here
And you are mine. No man will dare to take
Your life from me, for I am Queen of Life
In all this land! The living things are mine
And understand that I can see their souls.
I see beyond all things, and therefore, I
Am Winnowaia!

What my father says
The Chief, Black Hawk, the warriors will obey,
But, when I speak—even my father hears!
See, I will bind your wounds.”

She stooped and raised
His fainting head, brought water from the brook,
Bathed the stark wound and bound it with a strip
Torn from his clothing. He, this moment passed,
Thirst quenched—found strength for thanks then lapsed again
Unconscious;—fever touched his lips and set
Him babbling of his mother and his home.

She, listening, rose and seeking other help,
Returned with braves, who, sullen, lifted up
The man and bore him to the wigwam raised
Deep in the forest. Dark their eyes with hate;
Low mutterings came of torture, but a word
From Winnowaia stayed them, as a dog
Turns at his master's voice from eager chase.
She was to them a life apart. Her mind—
He, the Great Spirit, touched before her birth.
They heard her talk with Him—with beast and bird,
For all the wild things knew and feared her not.
She could foresee the storm,—feel every change
Of nature ere the event—knew every path,
In skill of track and wood excelled the best.
Her touch had nature's healing and they sensed
If she were angered that her will had power
To blast them where they stood. The Great War Chief,
Black Hawk, was powerful and strong to lead,
But greater force came to him from the girl
His daughter, only child of that white maid,
Torn from her far New England home and brought
Here to his tribe. The Black Coat married them;
The girl was born and when her mother died,
In care of the Good Sisters in Quebec
Spent time and learned their gentle lore to blend
With Indian ways and all her mother's strength
Of English faith and knowledge. So she grew
White-souled—far-visioned.—One in some strange way
With nature.

Now they reached the camp and passed
In peace within the lodge where stood the squaw,
Her nurse Natuakami, and to her hands
She gave the wounded man.

“Still Water ! See
He wants for nothing, safe within thy care !
I go to listen to the Magog’s Song.”
“I like it not, my child !—I like it not !”
Cried old Natuakami. “The songs are sad,
There is not one that does not speak of death,
In all of those, you say are sung to you.
I pray you, listen not !”

The answer came,
“I go to wrap the Magog’s silver mists
About my soul. Still Water, stay me not !”
She reached the rugged cliff beside the bend;
Beneath the tall pine growing on its crest
She rested listening as the River sang.

THE MAGOG

"This is eternal,"—she thought, "this tumultuous stream,
Sharp as a warrior's weapon,—a white, twisting blade
Cutting thick forest and rock, in a channel, to gleam
Like deadly steel in the gash its strong onset has made."

Rising, she clasped the great tree and swung out to look down
Where the white waste of swift water rushed into the cleft;—
What was the force that impelled it beneath the rock's frown,
Dashing the calm into fragments, the placid lakes left?

"Listen ! It calls me," she said, "to its flood in the dark,
Woos my smooth body to float in the long wave that curves
At the cliff's base, to the rocks that lie hidden and stark,
Wrapped in foam veils, like a cover that glimmers and swerves.
Swift as a storm from the mountains the torrent's wild flow
Calls me forever.—There comes a chill shiver of fear,
Showing the way soul and body are some day to go,
Answering then the cold death that is beckoning here.
Something awakes with the life I have saved and I cry
Must it take wings and be gone like the birds that depart?
Is it a treasure to keep though my body may die?—
What of my heart in that hour? O, what of my heart?"

* * * * *

Loosing the rough bark of the friendly pine
She left the high tree-covered cliff—returned
To find the wigwam where the Englishman
Lay in the rising fever of his wounds,
Watched by Still Water. Quiet held the camp,—
Black Hawk, the Chief, a war path followed far
Upon the greater river and the lakes.

TWO LIVES

Through many moons they nursed the wounded man.
His strength returned—and with the Indian maid
He followed winter paths and searched the wild
For food, learned all the tribe's keen arts of war,
Of chase and trap;—endured the silent hate
Felt by the red men, Winnowaia held
In check by taking all his services,
His presence hers by right—her prisoner.
So the long months passed by;—the intimate talk
Deepened to many thoughts that moved the soul.
Books of the settlements—the white man's ways,
God and the Manitou. They touched beliefs—
And ever young emotion fed its springs
To deeper force as mind spoke unto mind.
She brought to him the graceful wit of France,
Learned in Quebec, the tales of blessèd saints,
The ways of Holy Church,—all, in her mind,
Mingled with Indian spirits of the wild,
With all great nature and her mother's faith
In duty, honour and in prayer to God.
He told her of his English heritage,
Its laws—its freedom and its King. His eyes
Shone with the love he bore these things, and she
Felt that a part of her that understood
Thrilled as he spoke.

The spring at last awoke,
Life and its glory moved—Black Hawk, the Chief,
Returned and coldly met the stranger, found
There in his wigwam, feeling in his heart
Deep anger surge against this enemy,
One of the band that sacked the little town
Where the Abenakis had made their homes.
That massacre was ever in his mind
And in the tribe's.—The memory of his wife
Kept back his vengeance and restrained the braves.

The leafy tunnels of the Magog's stream
About the narrows,—the high banks where trees,
Bearing the weight of centuries, stood out
Leading the sturdy forest ranks—saw pass
The birch canoes that sought the upper lakes.
John Stirling, with the tribe in careful watch
Waited for chance of safe escape. None came,
And still the Indian mood to deeper gloom
Grew rapidly, as lightning in the clouds
Is felt before the storm breaks furiously.

The two that floated in the light canoe
Where Winnowaia's paddle kissed the lake
Sensed this and were afraid.

They drifted long
Beneath the mountains on the surface clear
And she, close bending to the water, sighed,
"I hear Lake Spirits talking in the depths.
I hear the spirits always, as I go
About this world; they speak of many things,
Lovely and sad,—of things so far away
My people do not see them, nor can you.—
I hear a song !"

"What is it ?" questioned he,
"I sing it as I hear," she said and sang.

THE LAKE'S SONG

*"Water that is pure—water that is still
Mirrors the far sky and the steadfast hill.
Water that is deep sees the world go by,
But hides away the blue of the great sky.
Once, in my heart,—down deep and far,
I held the burning soul of a bright star."*

"Know you the meaning ?" wistfully he said,
"O Winnowaia !" bending, touched her hand.
"I know my soul perceives a shining star."

"The lake holds hers forever," she replied,
And sent the paddle deeper in the lake.

"You must escape !" she told him, "For the braves
Are ripe with lust to kill. It must be soon.

I left, some moons ago, an old canoe
Well hid within that tree-hung cove. I will
You leave the lodge and travelling up the stream
Take it and seek your home. I will provide
Weapons and food—your swiftly moving feet
The water will not show."

"The braves will track
Me, as the wolf the doe, before I reach
The cache of food within the cedar grove,"
He answered gloomily.

"They will not start
Upon your trail! I promise," and she gazed
With steady eyes into his own, as if
She saw the danger met and thrust aside.

"They shall not follow you!—My spirit says,
But seek another and a darker path,
From which they will not swerve. Who turns aside
From it leaves his beloved."

He answered her
"In doing this, I shall leave one I love."

"Yet not most cherished—for your English race
Holds that for you I feel,—" her voice was sad.

Soon the canoes surrounded them and on
They glided by the river's devious ways
To run the Magog and attain the camp
Again and take once more the daily round
Beneath increasing strain.

THE PARTING

One night the Chief

In great uneasiness had called the girl
Apart and spoken with deep gravity;

“This is your tribe, my daughter ! This your place !
No enemy should link his life with yours.
Blood is between you—all the helpless slain
Cry out for vengeance. Stand aside, I pray:
We deal as ancient custom bids us deal.”

“Not so !” she said, “My father, he is mine !”

“I do not answer you with words—but deeds,—”
He spoke with anger. “Your keen sight is blind,—
If he escape—a thing which cannot be
But through sky people—you will give your word,
That English word your mother never broke,
You will not go with him !”

She lifted up
Her hand to heaven, stood facing him, her eyes
Stars in their light—

“I promise ! I remain
Here in this place, my home for evermore !”

“Good !” said the Chief, “I hear !”

And threw his robe
About him as he went within the lodge.
But her good nurse, Still Water, lingering near,
Drew close and laid her old and wrinkled hand
Upon her chin,—upturned the oval face,
Looked in her eyes and said,

“Behind those words
There is not honey—but a thing I fear
And know not what it is. I fear for you !”

“Fear not,” said Winnowaia, “You have nursed
The daughter of a Chief who knows no fear !
Remember this, if ever your good heart
Should turn to water. I shall know no fear.”

She left and seeking her companion, took
The path where on the Magog’s bank the pine
Surveyed the upper and the lower stream.
They sat upon the moss, well hid by boughs
Green leafed and sweet. About them springing plants,
The roaring water sounding in their ears;
The fresh and pungent scent of dampened herbs
Crushed into perfume, rising in the air;
The lonely, silver stars a-light in heaven—
She said,

“I sing to you a parting song—
One that my mother taught me long ago,—
Before you leave me, going on that trail
That leads towards the south to find the sun
That rises and is strong. I say farewell !”
Her thrilling voice seemed blended with the stream
In one pure harmony. With awe, he knew
That somehow it would sing forevermore
In that great sound that from the cañon came
Resonant, vibrant, with a meaning held
From ears unworthy.

Winnowaia sang

WINNOWAIA'S SONG

A thousand stars are in the sky,
A thousand in the sea;
Their glory folds the quivering earth
In shining ecstasy.
There is no answer in my soul
To radiant sea and sky—
Because for me all light has set—
Good Night! Good Bye!

My Heart flings wide the Gates of Death—
It dies to-night for me,
Although earth-bound it cannot slip
Into Eternity—
Yet if your Heart to mine shall call—
Death's agony gone by—
It yet shall wake—until that hour—
Good Night! Good Bye!

"You break my heart," he said, "and must I go?"

"Indeed you must," her soft voice answered him.
"The Spirits tell me and I think the Saints,
That thus it has been willed. You leave this place
In early morn. I shall be waiting here
And watch you take the trail to reach the lakes:
They shall not follow,—no—nor think of it!"

"I do not understand," he said, "but what
You wish, I do. If God wills, I return.

I cannot thank you—would my mother could;
She will, with prayer, if I return to her.
I kiss your hand in homage for I think
You are the purest and the sweetest soul
On this side heaven. I bid you then good-bye!
Good-bye, gold hair," he touched the shining braids,
"Deep eyes of truth and heart of tenderness—
I kneel and touch the hem of your white robe."—

"Good-bye," she said, and gave him both her hands,
"We shall not meet at dawn for I must take
The steps I planned to keep wolves from your track.
Life is a little thing—remember that;
But Love and Life can conquer even Death!"

She stood and gazed at him, with such a strength
Of purpose in her bearing, that she seemed
Indeed a princess in her royal place;
A white and slender figure, lifted up
Against the darkened verdure of the trees.

The night drew down and he, alight with hope
Of home and friends—prepared—and took his path
Along the river bank, while she remained
To greet the sunrise on the lonely cliff.

In years to come, when he had reached his home,
That picture often sprang to vivid life
Within his consciousness and sent his heart
In longing memory back across the miles.

WINNOWAIA'S VISION

She sang a hymn of greeting as the light
Flung its gold promise to the waiting clouds.

“Come from thy throne, O sun, and give solace to me,
Who art thy child and the child of this wonderful earth.
Show me the gold of that path that the sky children see
Shining and certain, where roses of morning have birth.
I, who am one with pure water—to freshness akin,
Sister to all the swift life moving now in its deep,
Must give the strength of a woman, my being within,
Into those depths where there lingers the silence of sleep.—

Mother of Christ—in this moment, I will not to take
Life, to throw madly away in its freshness and bloom
In wanton haste—but to venture for love's holy sake—
All, in this hazard, that brings either safety or doom.
Shine glowing purpose in glory ! There can be no star
Other than this for my guiding—the soul of all things
Must be life offered for others—a-near and a-far;—
Vision and joy of fulfilment supremely it brings.

Now to my father, the River, I consecrate life !
Now to my mother, the Forest, I offer my breath !
Red men and white are my brothers in pitiful strife;
Willing their good, I shall win it by life or by death.
Woodland, who nurtured me—springs I caressed,
Mountains and all little hills my companions—deep lake,
Showing white thoughts in the lilies that rock on your breast,
Give me your counsel to show me the path I must take.—

I, who have climbed the long trail, find the stars at the end,
Only their glory, in all this cold vastness of night.
Would I could pluck them to guide where my feet must descend
Into the desolate dark where there glimmers no light.
Strong is my soul in this hour ! For this I was born,—
Now shall the spirit see far that is set on the hills !—
Fade and dissolve in the distance the grey mists forlorn;
Wonders of power and beauty the future fulfills.
Comes to my land and my people a glorious day;
Vision and promise I follow—my heart is a flame !
Life—it is nothing to offer—it passes away—
But the great soul of the future is one with my name
Winnowaia !”

SACRIFICE

"Now he is gone afar !" she said, "No more
My eyes behold that face which gave me light;
Only my heart remembers—and I pray
Great Spirit guide him—Memphremagog waits,
A shining pathway to his people. Now
My father and the braves, my plan must hold
From following his trail, until too late
For capture and sure death. Long moons ago,
In youthful play, at sport with fish and bird,
I dived and floated on this river's breast
In joy and safety. Now, I will to leap
Into its darkest chasm, where my cry,
(As one who goes to save a threatened life,)
Shall fill their ears and weave a cloud before
Their minds, that would be quick upon his trail
Unless the love they bear me, calls to them
And blinds their eyes. If the sky people aid,
I shall swim through the channel and escape.
They will not know he lives, for I shall mourn
And pass my time in peace, here—always here.—
But something beautiful has gone from life—
Perhaps I find it, in this way I take !"—
She whispered to the thunder of the flood—
"The daughter of a Chief can know no fear."
She ceased and the dark cañon echoed back
Her voice and with the sound came rustling feet
Along the height.

She said, "The time has come !
Now will I act the play that is the truth;
For his life is in danger, mine the strength
That springs to save.—How near the warriors are !—
I pray, I may win through the rapid's knives—
The cauldron's choking grip,—and keep my life—
But his, I know, is given into my hands.
This is the only way—to-day I stand
Between his heart and death."

The cedars moved
Behind her as she spoke—she listened, tense;
The bushes parted and Black Hawk moved out
Upon the cliff—she did not seem to hear,
But, bending to look down, gave such a cry
Of terror and dismay—that he stood, held
A moment in amaze. Her voice rang out
Insistent, clear in warning—

"Do not climb !
Take care ! You are too near the edge—wait—wait !
I come to you.—Hold fast,—that tree is strong !"
Her voice rose to a shriek.—She sprang and held
The old tree trunk and bent above the edge
Grasping to smaller growths—and swinging out,
Crying as one in anguish who beholds
All that she loves hang in deep jeopardy.
Downward she crept—the trembling mosses slipt,
The little bushes crushed beneath her feet,
So certain elsewhere in their gentle tread,—
Crying again—

“O wait ! I come ! I come !
Hold for a moment, I will help you hold !”

* * * * *

She sprang from the safe niche upon the rock
Out to the boiling current and was swept
Into the cañon's iron-ribbed despair.

Black Hawk beheld her body cleave the foam,
Rising, as though to overtake a form
Already borne from view beyond the cliffs—
Then, in the rushing water, swept from sight.—
Swift as the hawk darts onward in its flight,
The Chief swung down between the crowding trees
To gain the river's level,—reached the edge—
Piercing the shadows with keen gaze—alert
To rescue those swept by resistless strength,
Where gliding waves concealed the jagged rock
And sucking current drew to hidden depths,—
But saw them not.

With haste the following braves
Searched the long shores in silence, fearfully,
But never finding those for whom they sought;—
Waded the sunlit shallows—clove the heart
Of tree-hung pools' dark depths of mystery,
Watched the St. Francis take the Magog's rush
Into calm tides, but never caught the gleam
Of that white form in any sliding wave,
Or rainbow foam, nor saw her beckoning hand
Hail them from dripping rock or rush-edged shore.
Natuakami, her nurse went many days
Along the heights, refusing aid and food.
She said,

"Now, in my soul, Still Water rests
Forever, and I know, in truth, my name.
No light shall pierce my sorrow and no wave
Shall touch this stillness where her head has lain.
My breast is cold,—for she—my child has gone
Into the silence—I go also ! Now
My full years claim me !" Thus indeed she passed
After few days.

At last the search was stayed—

They said,

"Lo, the Great Spirit, many moons
Lent us His child—Behold, He takes again
His gift to be with spirits that she knew !"

Thus hearing, Black Hawk took the height to live
Again the hour when Winnowaia dared
The hazard of the leap to depths below.
He pondered, as he stood with folded arms
And said,

"She died the daughter of a Chief,
And as a Chief should die ! So ! It is good !"
And raising his bowed head, held up his hand,
"My daughter rest !—I keep this in my heart,
Where all good lives !"

Then turning, left the place
To silence born of whispering great trees
And solemn undertone of water floods.

So Winnowaia passed—Earth Spirits knew,
Vision had found fulfilment in life given—
Love had revealed itself in sacrifice.

* * * * *

VOICES

This is the song of the Forest sent down through the years,
Wistfully whispering—sighing like spirits in pain.
Heard through the laughter of leaves like the falling of tears,
Seeking forever, lost beauty and calling in vain.

SONG OF THE FOREST

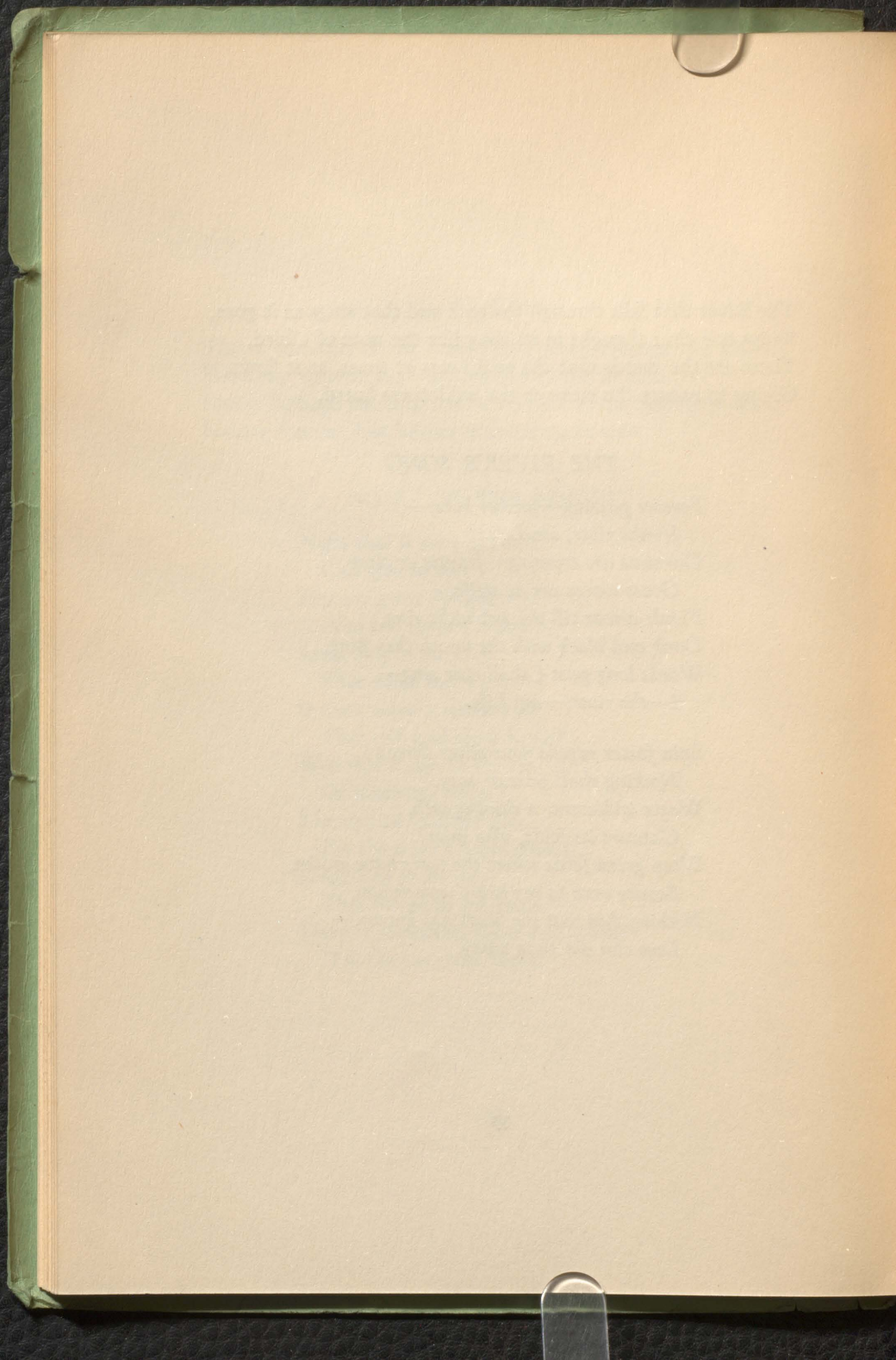
*Night that is dark and still
Can give no rest
Like my green thickets cool
And leaf strewn breast!—
Long, long is the way
That white feet roam!—
Is there never a sunlit aisle
That will lead them home?
Was that a sigh in the air,—
Or fluttering leaves?
The rippled laughter goes,
For the wood's heart grieves;
Long, long is the way
That the white feet roam!—
There is something silent that breaks
'Till the feet come home.*

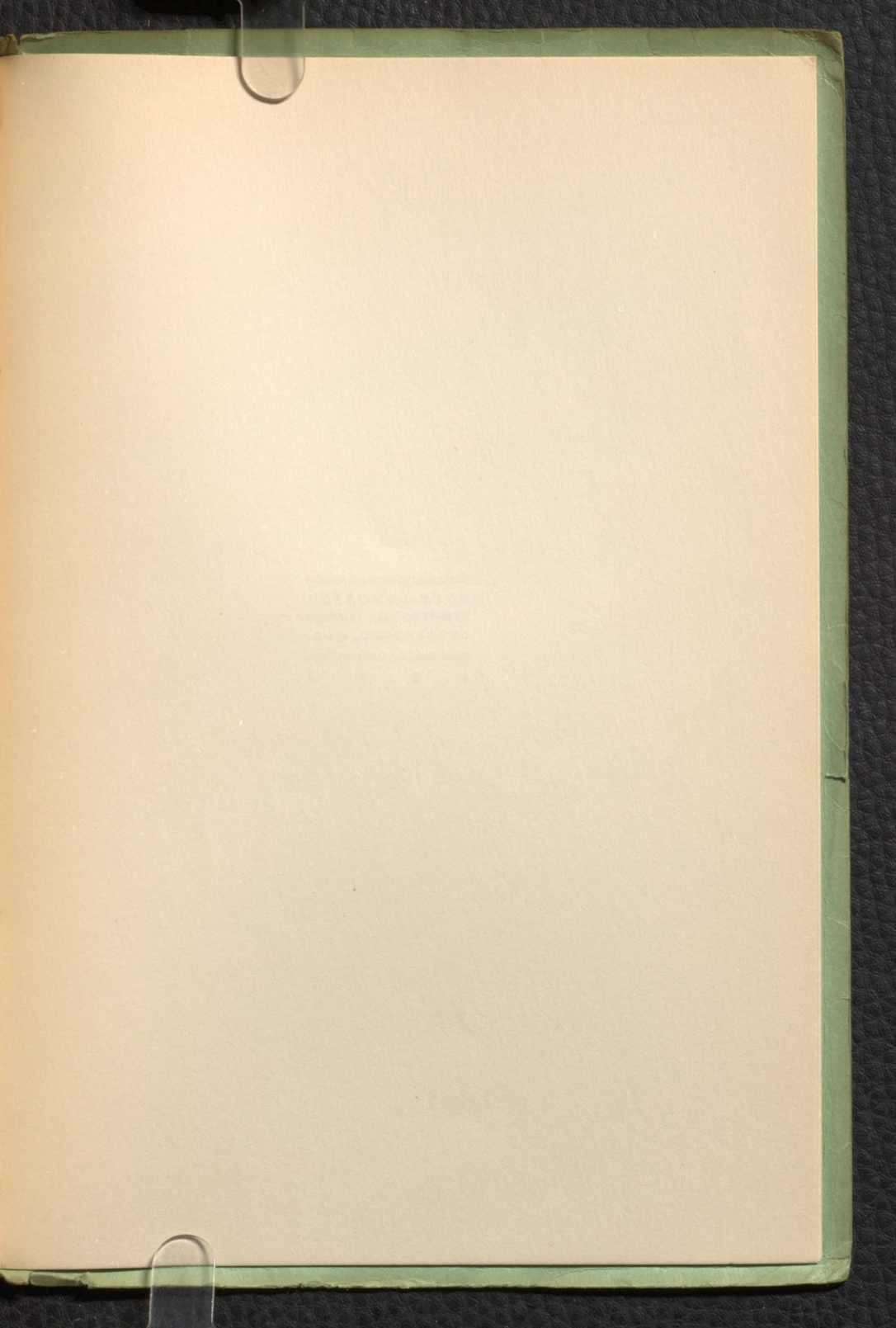
The River that falls through the rock and that sings as it goes,
Keeps one clear thought in its song like the note of a bird,
These are the words that the soul hears at times, as it flows,
Giving to nature the message the wilderness heard.

THE RIVER'S SONG

*Forever passing—forever here,—
I—the river, am Life!
Currents are crossing—frantic or clear
Great waves are at strife,
Floods a-roar till the wet rocks ring,
Dark and black with the wrath they fling,
Words long past I shall ever sing—
I—the river,—am Life.*

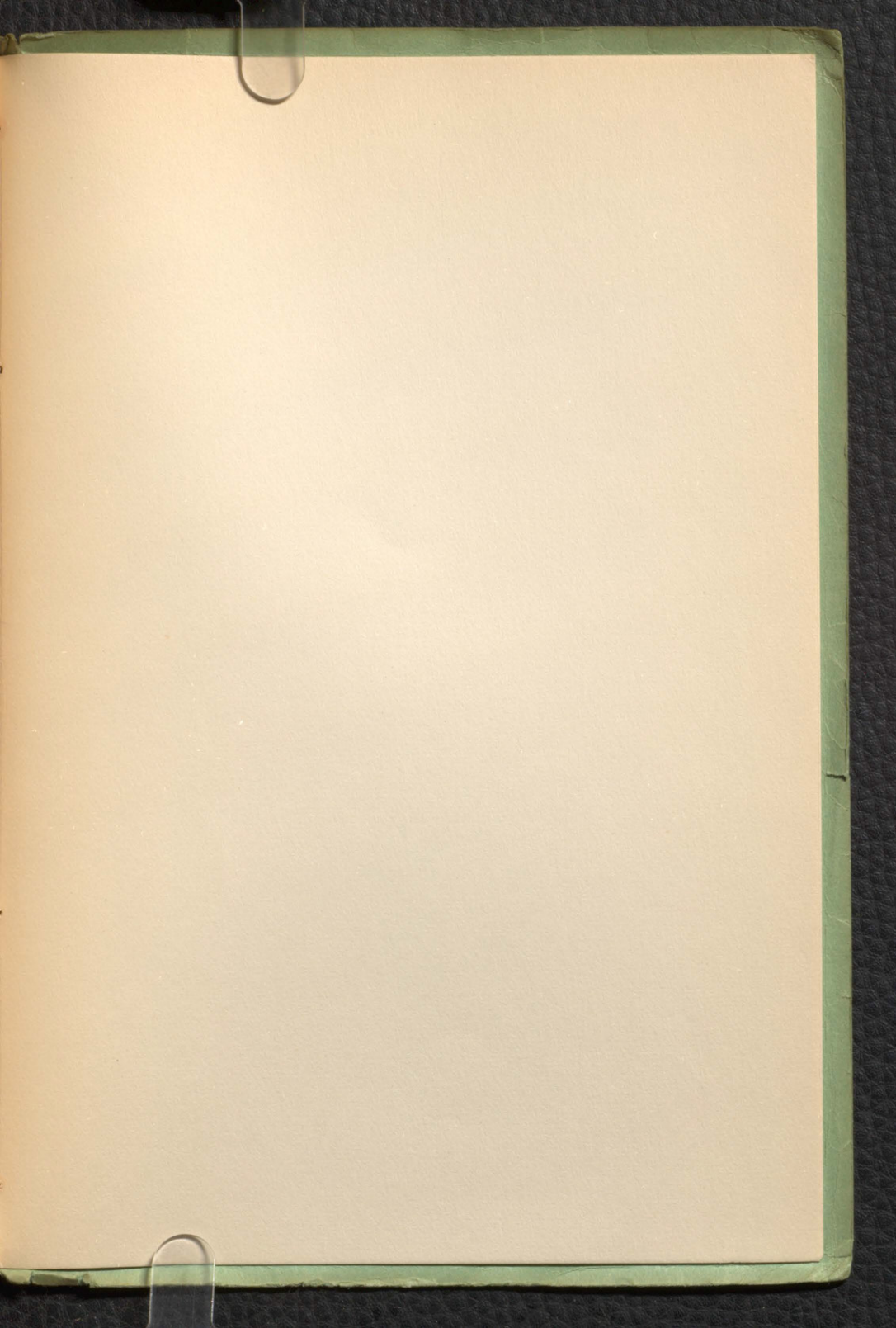
*Spin faster rapids your silver thread!
Nothing shall pass or stay.
Weave iridescent, a shining web,
Capture its folds, who may?
Weep green ferns where the tears have grown,
Beauty once to my heart was shown,
Nothing dies that the heart has known—
Love can not pass away.*

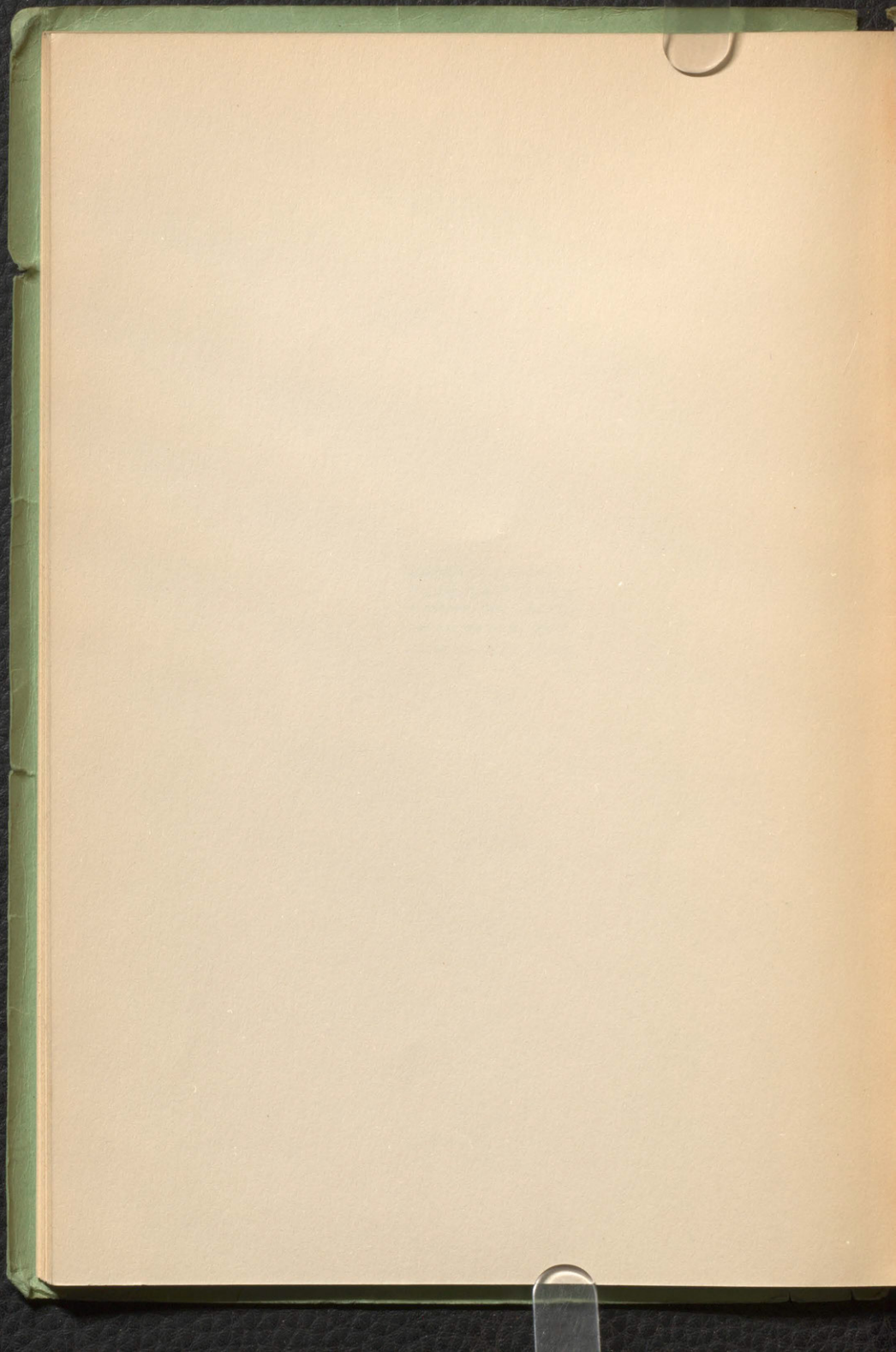


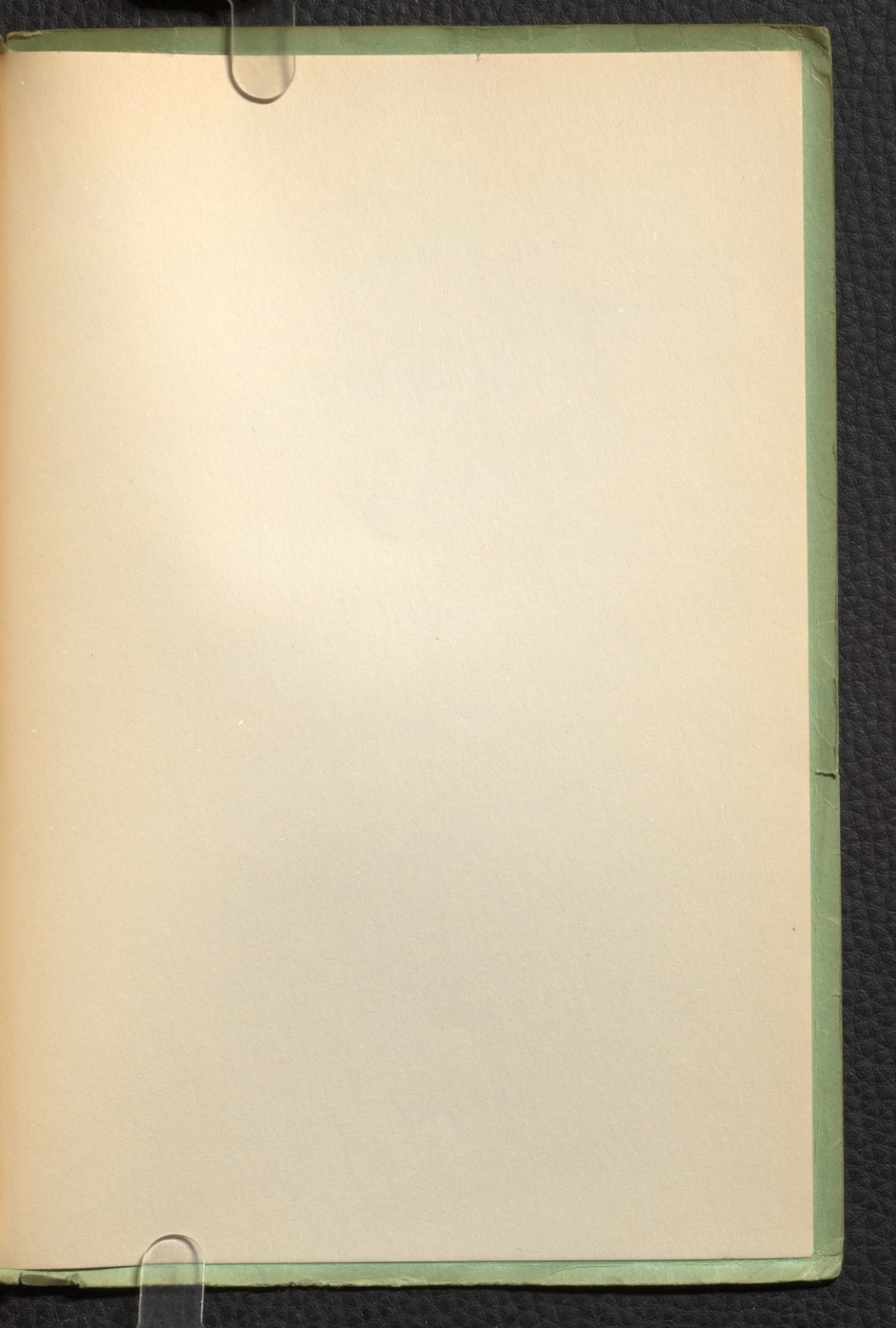


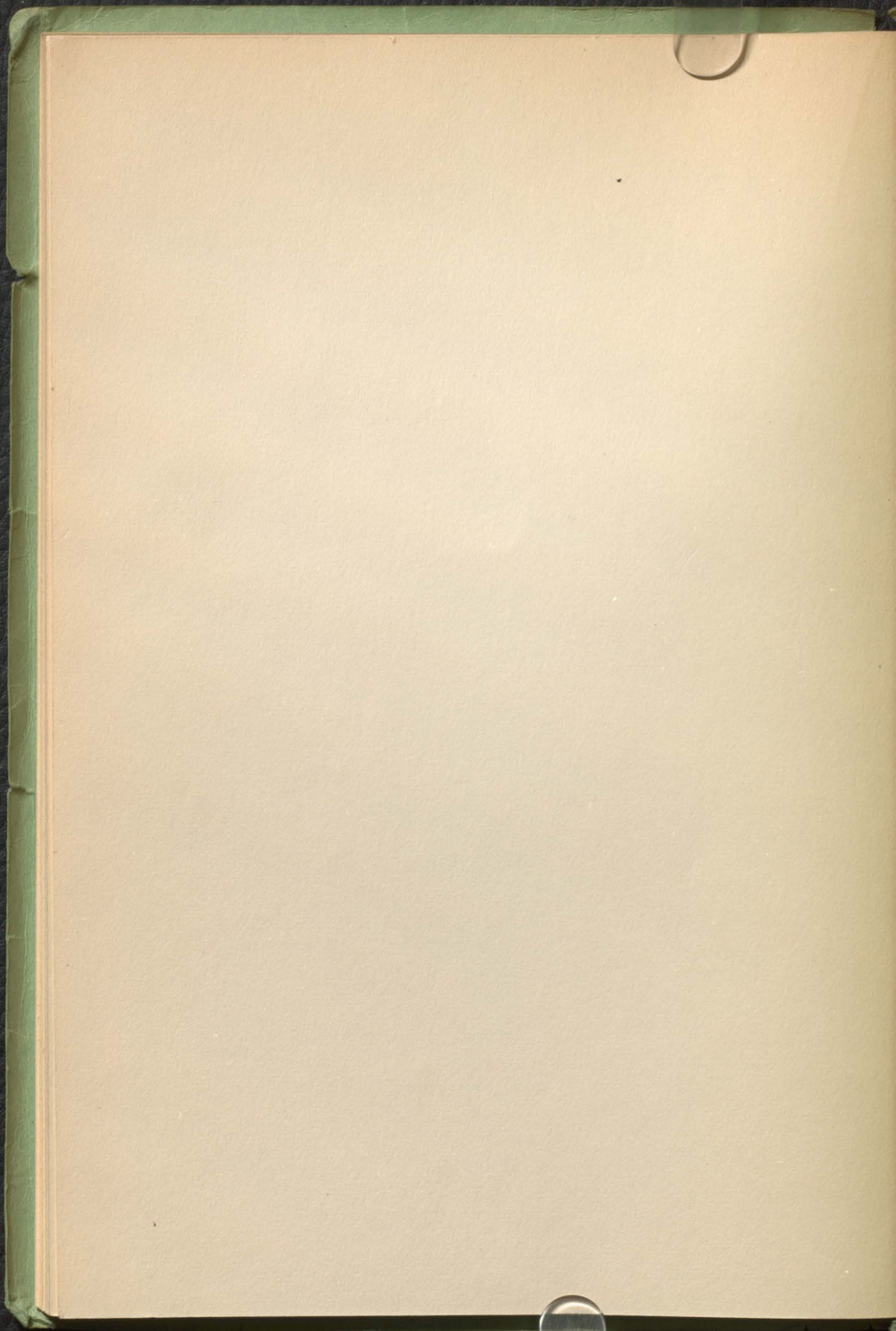
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