

DEPARTMENTS

Literary

"MOON OF SNOWSHOES"

It is the Moon of Snowshoes
Down off the northern hill
Through the fringe of ragged pine trees
Comes the snow wind driving shrill.

It is the Moon of Snowshoes
The lakes are iced acrost,
And the trees in the gaunt, black forests
Snap sharply in the frost.

It is the Moon of Snowshoes
Where the seal and the muskox lie
The dance of departed spirits
Waves across the sky.

It is the Moon of Snowshoes
And shiver the lumber crew,
For through the dark and the wind drift
Comes the howl of the loup garou.

It is the Moon of Snowshoes
The fire is bright and warm,
Come gather round the hearthstone
And warm ye from the storm.

G. V. V. L., '10.