

My right hand had mechanically drawn the hunting knife; a veil of blood seemed drawn before my eyes, and through this veil I saw Aninia who prayed; I perceived the famished wolves and the immense plain of snow.

It was then that one of the animals approached the sleigh, making a terrible bound to introduce himself, but my knife reached him in full breast, and he fell rolling over the side.

Aninia fainted and fell over her maid, who had long been insensible.

"Well aimed," cried the old Kosko, with a reanimated voice; "spare your powder, use only your knife and the butt of your gun! I see already the cabin! Sustain the combat a few instants longer and we are saved!"

At this moment the bloody mist fell from my eyes and I returned to reason. Kosko whipped the horses without mercy; the poor animals made one more effort, they appeared to foresee that it was the last service that they should render to their masters and they wished to put forth all their remaining strength.

I had replaced, in the meantime, my pistol in the pocket of my coat, and stood ready knife in hand.

*(To be continued.)*

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ON THE RECEIPT OF TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

I.

My thanks are yours. Where'er I am  
The Laureate's spirit, anguish tossed,  
For one so loved, so early lost,  
Recurrerth "in Memoriam."

II.

When the big tear-drop dims the eye,  
When freezing sorrow chills the heart,  
That cords by friendship twined must part,  
All sundered, save in memory——:

III.

Memory of lost and loved, the last  
Slow fading twilight of the grave,  
Faint echo of the stranded wave,  
Thin phantom of the buried past!

IV.

Let other mottoes gild the shrine,  
To virtue raised, whose home is earth;  
Love of lost friends, of nobler birth,  
Be "In Memoriam" ever thine!

O. M.