

## THE QUEEN AND THE SLAVE.

She was the Queen of that garden of flowers,  
And he was a slave from the north.  
Long had he loved her in silence ; at last  
His passion one day burst forth.

“ Futile your love ; for I am the Queen,  
And you—you are only a child !  
No, no, poor boy ; not even a kiss ! ”  
And the Queen leaned back and smiled,—

Leaned back in the grass till her jewelled arm  
On the scales of a coiled snake press'd ;  
Quick as a flash the forked fangs smote  
Right into her queenly breast.

The slave bent over his Queen and said :  
“ Now, I thank the gods for this ;  
For only my lips on your wounded breast  
Can save you, by one long kiss.”

Then close to the passionate youth she crept,  
And tenderly gazed in his eyes :  
“ Ah ! never, poor boy, for you surely know  
Who tastes of the poison dies.