

*In the
Glare
of the
Moon.* He struggles in vain in the treacherous snow ;
His snowshoes are buried deep ; God's love !
Must he die alone like a hunted doe ;—
Eyes gleaming below, stars shining above ;—
Eyes like coals
In their socket holes,
Gleaming red in the gloom.

O Father who noteth the sparrow's flight,
Canst Thou hear unmoved those sickening sounds ?
Such a cranching of bones, and the ravenous fight,
And the fetid breath of the foul fiend's hounds.
Horrible howls,
Reeking jowls ;
O God, canst Thou see unmoved !

The King of the North unloosed his seal
Of the woods and the rocks and the plains ;
Rang through the wilderness peal on peal
The red-sashed trapper's evening strains.
O their hearts are light
With the gladsome sight
Of heavily-laden boats.

The shadows crept across the stream,
And the moon rose full and deadly pale ;
One lonely, shattered, trembling beam,
Pierc'd the sombre depths of a pine-clad vale ;—
Scattered bones in the light,
And a skull bleaching white ;
Is he missed ?—God of all only knows.

Sarnia, Dec., 1895.