

The trapper stopped : his shadow merged
With the boding gloom in the ravine's head ;
Merciful God ! how the warm blood surged
Through a heart that thrilled with a sickening dread ;
Was the merciless pack
Of the waste on his track ?—
'Twas the wail of a new-born breeze.

*In the
Glare
of the
Moon.*

The snow cracked again 'neath his steady swing,
But a few more rods, and his camp was made—
But hark !—kind Heaven what means that ring
From the ridge to the left ! A hemlock glade
Where shadows crept dark
Gave back the bark
Of the gathering, starving pack.

O King of the North, spare us all we beseech,
Such a fate in the waste, with the moon shining
down ;

A wild, mad race with no goal to reach—
In the rear gleaming eyes, dripping fangs, bodies
brown,
Of the panting pack
On the new-made track ;
And the ever-increasing howl.

One moment he paused—and the race began.
Under the trees in the ravine below
No light came through : his shoe as he ran
Caught in the crust : he fell in the snow—
And the curst discord
Of the gaunt, starved horde,
Rang in his ears like a knell.