

*In the
Glare
of the
Moon.*

Swiftly he sped on the cracking crust—
For five long months it had shrouded earth's charms;
The rime-glist'ning limbs of the dogwood thrust
Their new growth up like trunkless arms :
Up through the snow
From their prison below,
To gleam in the glare o' the north.

On the brink of the stream the ice moored fast
To the spider-roots of the peeling birch ;
In a dripping coat splashed the muskrat past :
O he's never safe from the trapper's search,
In house deadly damp,
With never a lamp
Save the glow of a fire-fly's wings.

But a light more red than the fire-fly's wings,
Gleamed through the trees in the hollow below ;
Faster the click of the snowshoes rings,
Louder the crack of the frozen snow.
O the fire burned bright
In the camp that night,
The heart of the trapper to cheer.

A sound came over the shimmering plain
From away where the timber is tall and straight ;
And an echo rose faintly and trembled again,
From the frozen sedge on the edge of the lake.
And far from the right
On the wings of the night
Came an answer through the trees.