

Gleamed to mid-heaven, and on the earth the tinge  
Seemed like spilled blood. The village groups in awe  
Were gazing at the sight, when, suddenly,  
The hunter, with the carcass of a deer  
Slung o'er his shoulders, from the girdling woods  
Came with slow, laboring foot. The sunset streamed  
Broadly upon him. As if turned to stone,  
He stopped—the carcass fell—and with strained eyes  
And mouth agape he looked before—around—  
Beneath—shuddered, and then, with thrilling cry,  
Sunk on the earth. The foam stood on his lip,  
Mingled with blood drawn by his gnashing teeth.  
The villagers drew round, and gazed with dread  
Upon his writhing features. With a start  
Then sprang he to his feet and muttered—"blood!  
Blood! blood! all blood! the very sky and earth  
Gives witness of the dead. Ha! hide thy throat,  
Spouting its red hot gushes on my brow!  
I do defy thee, ha! ha! ha! I stand  
To battle with thee," drawing from its sheath  
His keen, bright hunting-knife. "Away! away!  
Or the lone camp-fire blow I strike again."  
His eyes were spots of fire; his long black hair  
Seemed knotting with the agony impressed  
On brow and cheek, but as the last dread words  
Fell from his tongue, he started and looked round.  
The maniac wildness vanished from his face,  
And searching inquiry and deep alarm  
Succeeded; subtle grew his serpent-eye,  
And, lifting up the deer, he muttered low  
Of sudden pains, and quickly left the spot.

Again—'t was such a glorious day as this.  
The village children, I amongst the rest,  
Went nutting in the woods. In merriest mood  
We shook the hickory's ivory balls beneath,  
And left a circle of green shells around  
The mossy roots. Now mocking in our glee  
The harsh, brief trumpet of the restless jay,  
Tossing amidst the thickets his plumed head,  
And fluttering his blue wings; now up the oak  
Gazing, led thither by the shrieking yelps  
Of the pet spaniel, shivering with delight  
And dancing as on wires, until we saw  
The squirrel's silvery fur amidst the leaves,  
We toyed along; till came we to the edge  
Of the dread glade. Upon the soft, sweet air  
We heard a voice; now bubbling amidst leaves,  
Now choked, now lifted almost to a scream.  
It seemed as though the broken accents tried  
To frame a prayer but could not. Back we pressed,  
Back from the sounds. But one bold, reckless boy  
Trode with a cautious, oft arrested step,  
And face where curiosity o'er fear

Had triumphed, and upon the grassy glade  
He saw the hunter prostrate; dashing now  
His head upon the earth, and now with hands  
Tight folded, stealing timid looks toward Heaven.  
But quickly dropping them, whilst those dread sounds  
Came from his writhing form. He saw and fled.

One eve—one winter eve—upon the ice  
Of a small lake, whose narrow foot wound in  
Beside the glade, we glided fleet with skates,  
Until dark night. The rich Auroral fires,  
Those lightnings of the frost, were kindled up;  
Now skirting the horizon with bright tints,  
Now shooting high, until a crimson arch  
Bent across heaven. The reddened ice gleamed back  
The radiance, and the snow in ghastly hues  
Glared midst the forests. Whilst that splendid arch  
Was brightest from the glade, wild screams outpealed  
With groans and horrid laughter. Fear gave wings,  
And to the sparkling hearth-fires of our homes  
We hurried. Wild at midnight roared the storm.  
The snow beat heavily on the window-panes,  
And the sleet tinkled. From the neighboring woods  
We heard the keen hiss of the yellow pine  
And the stern surging of the hemlock boughs  
Fierce struggling with the blast. The wolf was out,  
For now and then we heard his mournful howl  
Blent with the forest-voices. Morning came,  
With breathless atmosphere and brilliant sun.  
The chopper, hastening to his hill-side lot  
In his rude wood-sled, as his oxen stumped  
Across the glade, saw, at the forest edge,  
Wolves fiercely battling. Wrathful snarls he heard  
And gnashing teeth; and quickly speeding back  
He led a hasty-summoned village group,  
Each with his rifle, to the spot. A shower  
Of deadly bullets piled the wolves around,  
Or drove them to the forests. When the heaps  
Of shaggy limbs, thick spotted with fierce eyes,  
Had ceased their writhings, toward them stole the group.  
The fragments of a human form were strewn  
In the wild midst; white bones were here and there  
Scattered among long strips of gory flesh  
And shreds of garments. Near them was a hound  
Mangled and crushed into a shapeless heap.  
A face, half peeled from brow to chin, was seen  
Amidst the fragments. Gazing with deep awe,  
The simple villagers those features knew,  
And looking at each other, whispering low,  
And calling up each scene that made the life  
Of the rude hunter such dark mystery,  
They broke a grave within the frozen earth,  
Gathered, in shuddering silence, the remains,  
And left the blood-stained to his last repose.

## D I S T R U S T . — A S O N N E T .

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH.

A REVERENT worshiper, oh, Truth! of thee,  
I bow, with foot unsandaled, wheresoe'er  
Thy voice may whisper, "holy ground is here."  
Amid uncertain paths, thy light may be  
Dim to my wavering feet; yet unto me,  
Intently waiting, once again, more clear,  
More tranquil, doth thy holy light appear,

As minding me how dreary earth were left,  
A dark, bewildering waste, of thee bereft.  
Should not thy temple be transparent, Truth?  
Should not thy undimmed altar-fires arise  
Brightest in human hearts? In our first youth  
Unchecked we worship there, with fearless eyes!  
Thou art not exiled thence, oh, spirit of the skies!