

THE INSATIABLE

The she-wolf lies crouched in the shadow
Where the moonlight's spread in chopped figures,
Geometrical sections, disordered,
Weird aggregate of angle proposing ;
Her jaws gaping wide in tense waiting,
Knowing well that the bramble's pathways
All converge near her lair in the ending,
No escape for the wanderer biding ;
With gums in redolent round hillocks,
Out of which rise fangs that are jagged,
Short and tall, humble and monumental,
And a gleam in irregular whiteness,
Some glow with the pearl tint of newness,
Some, yellowed, are marked with hoar sepsis,
With her gullet abysmal, e'en soundless,
In its vortex suggesting oblivion ;
And the snarl, formed in lip upturning,
Tells of greed cock-sure of its victim.
Thus the she-wolf lies crouched in the shadow,
And her fangs are a gleam in the moonlight.

CHARLES SLOAN REID.

PHILOSOPHY

I found her strolling where the lily leaps
To catch the kiss of sunshine at the morn,
Where merging streams, of nature's unity,
In diapasons sweet and soothing, prate,
Where leaf and stone a common story tell
Of glint and gleam thro' countless ages stored,
Where throaty songster stirs the scented air
In carols, liting themes of creature praise—
With bosom bared, as snowy pillows soft,
And lips abloom, inviting kisses sweet,
Eyes flashing lights from fair Aurora gleaned,
With cheek and nostrils turned entrancingly.
I clasped her hand, and felt a thrill of joy,
As off we sped in unrestricted ways.
The day was long, the sunshine bathed the fields,
The fragrant breath of flowers swept the moor;
We laughed, we sang, nor heeded how the time passed,
Nor entertained one thought of yesterday,
Nor lodged a fear for far tomorrow's pains—
The mead, the dance, the song was all in all.

CHARLES SLOAN REID.