

FROM
NORTH TO SOUTH.

TWO nights ago we plowed the snow,
And the rails rang sharp with cold;
The snowflakes danced in the head-
light's glow,
Like the northern elves of old.

Two nights ago we pierced the frost
Of a mist that never cleared;
Above, the wind in the frozen wires
Sang tremulous wild and weird.

Only two nights, and the South's warm
breath
Makes winter an ill long past;
By the Southern seas and palmetto trees
We are breathing, my love, at last!

We sit where the gray moss, drooping,
flings
A veil o'er the high noon hours,
And a warm wet wind the odor brings
Of innumerable orange flowers.

The bright mists shift to the blue sky's
rift,
The seagulls tilt and soar;
Brown pelicans brush the low waves' lift,
In their flight along the shore.

We give no thought to the frozen North,
With its ice-fields keen and fine;
Our snows are those of the orange blows
And the moonflowers' satin shine.

Glory of light and the winds' warm drift,
And living's a sheer delight!
The sun goes out in a shadow swift.
From the wings of a Southern night.

And my love and I pull a lazy oar
The isle and land between,
While a fish leaps out of a trail of light
And a phosphorescent sheen.

Low in the east the full moon hangs,
Near to our feet the sea;
And the passion held by a Southern night
Folds dose round you and me.

The violet's purple and perfumed stars
Breathe sweet the night air through;
Low from the wall a drowsy rose
Droops in the falling dew.

And we lounge along by the old sea-wall,
Uncaring for night or day,
For a summer swept and a joy complete
Doth live in our hearts always.

L. C. WOOD.

