

What matters it that the darkness has come ! Night may be ours, or day ; darkness or light ; the gloom of midnight or the dance of noon. Friendship is ever with us, recking not of change. Upright and firm it stands, whate'er betides.

Do I not see its steadfastness in a vision ? I see a wondrous calm, a happy day, a wealth of sun, and a tree standing upright towards the blue. And now, the blackest night, a rage of wind, a horrid tossing of the smaller growths, and, standing upright still, the Tree of Les Erables !

A. M. G.