

the gale; it hurls great blizzards through the woods, and rising upwards sways the pines and makes their branches gnarl. The snow whirls cease, the winds blow empty, large, and move more wildly in the bush. Now freed, the moon rides swift mid black blue clouds, and down among the cedar boughs the ice grip breaks its bonds. This roar is call of water; it sounds of far off seas.

Yet water tarries, and the daylight, spreading, shows a bush thick topped with snow. The sun upon its breast is yellow bright, it melts the upper crystals, still they freeze again and lie as crust. At noon on lakes, or pools which face the south, there shines a gleam of melting ice, but only till the west indraws its light. The dusk congeals, and where the black lines began to show is frozen winter deep.

Day follows day of blast and sunshine, storms that sweeping over plains of melting snow, smell raw from distant waters, hours which gild the cherry birch. Gray mists lie low on the horizon faint flushed with mauve and pink. They presage snow or else the wind will tear their veil and leave the blueness free. Past many woods the ground is honeycombed, the oaks' last leaves are torn by gusts of sleet.

No longer are our feelings blind with cold. We hate the storms that hold us back to winter, impatiently we watch the wet, black trees. The nights are full of restlessness. As weeks pass by the stars shine down on forests big with portent, bent as for a heavy birth. All woods are still, but round each curve of bays there lurks a whistling cry of waiting, sleep is over, life is madly in the soul. The trail leads north; above the blaze we see the unfamiliar owl mid gloom of branches; in his toot bodes shrill the unquiet hour. How can we stay the fierce exultance? Following, following what we know not, over lakes and woods where great firs still sough wintrily, wild impulse leads us on, and though we cannot track its haunt the air is in our veins as liberty, the thrill of dark, freed space.