

By R. HUTCHINS

It was a windy, moonlit night with the teeth of winter in its breath, and a skiff of new snow blown under the lunar sky. As I walked the streets of Fredericton my mind seemed strangely aflow, thoughts drifting in the echoless silence of night. Ah yes, I was the enamored troubador, the free spirit, wild and ready for the future. A sense of infinite peace brooded over the streets of this sleepy city. A melancholy monotone seemed to beat in my heart, in harmony with the rows of houses and stately Elm trees. A somber and breathless calm hung over the deepening eve and I began to drift, bringing fourth a swift unrolling panorama of dreams.

It is strange that I find this peace and solitude in the deep of night, when most are asleep and only the street lights remain to guide my path. Amongst the towering trees and snow capped houses the beauty of this city comes forth, its inspiring spectacle laid out like a thing at rest, accentuated now by the pristine freshness of winter.

I turned to gaze at the University poised on the hill, an august and Imperial institution in the kingdom of thought. The buildings are now silent but by day they are full of dreams, refinements and intense abstractions of students, searching for the maximum of attainable and communicable knowledge. The lights of campus shone down on the city like a long white brow, as calm as earliest morn, a beacon that can be seen for miles around. From above this institution one can see the moose, drowsed between the buildings like a great shining globe, whitened like sea foam, majestic in its appearance.

There is an intense feeling of communion with the night, and I continue to walk, now moving toward the river and the paths that follow its banks through the sleepy city. Upon arriving at the water's edge my mind once again begins to drift, the tranquil waters below turning alive and beckoning me to follow. The river shouts as ever its cry of joy over the vitality of life, like a spirited young child before the face of inscrutable nature. Although there is silence in the night, one can hear the continual droning of the water, as it passes through town, seemingly still but always moving in a destined voyage to the sea. I felt deeply touched by this spectacle before me, so many times I have walked by this river and now acknowledged its presence. Aloof to my surroundings, I seemed always in a hurry, pre-occupied with another world, more and more alienated from these basic and natural surroundings. I wonder to

The Edge Of

THE WILDERNESS.

We need the tonic of to wade sometimes in mars bittern and the meadow-he hear the booming of the sn the whispering sedge whe wilder and more solitary f nest, and the mink crawls v close to the ground.

At the same time that we explore and learn all thing that all things be mysteriou plorable, that land and sea wild, unsurveyed and unf because unfathomable.

We can never have enoug We must be refreshed by t inexhaustible vigor, vast a features, the seacoast with wilderness with its living ing trees, the thunderclou which lasts three weeks a freshets. We need to with limits transgressed, and s ing freely where we never

myself why it is with the setting of the sun that this world comes alive, and only now in this solitude can I truly appreciate the beauty of this city. I begin to think of Milton, Wordsworth, Thoreau and all other great writers who somehow found the depth in their world to bring forth its romantic qualities, I wonder too, if these great men walked at night, alone with their thoughts, their minds adrift like the river below. I would love to see with an eagle's glance through conventionalisms of our world and somehow find the power to assuage the thirst of my soul. As I continue my voyage these thoughts continue to swim in a sort of blurred mist before my eyes. It is the pervasive silence which wraps us in the mantle of content, yet in this environment silence leaves my mind aflow. I want to be in harmony with nature but only in night am I merged in a sentiment of unutterable sadness and compassion with my environment.

Nature seems to revel in unwanted contrasts and the whole exquisite night was mine☆ This vast unexplored land of



by Henry David Th