

Onte, when dissolved was winter's snow, A violet in doubt Looked timidly about; Then, feeling vernal breezes blow, She ventured out. "Ah! Spring has come at last," said she; "No more in earth encased, I soon shall be embraced By some stray April wind, and he My lips shall taste." Woe's me‡ Old Boreas from the north Came roaring coldly by; I heard a pitcous cry— The violet that had ventured forth Came but to die. A BEAR'S PRISONER.

THE VIOLET.

I traveled half a mile down the can-yon, looking in every place where water could possibly be, but always finding nothing but dry sand and rocks, and was growing somewhat disheartened when I heard a sound, two sounds, which gladdened my whole heart. Two rifle shots came echoing through the forest, the signal which my com-panions or myself were to give if by either water was discovered. Pointing my rifle heavenward I fired one shot, the nswering signal, and immediately began to look around for some way or means by which I could get out of the canyon and join my friends. But I now saw what in my anxiety I had not noticed before, that it was not as easy to get out as it was to get in, for the sides of the canyon at this particular joint, although not over twenty feet high, were smooth and perpendicular, and formed almost entirely of solid rock.