
THE TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

Through the Autumn woods I strayed,
Yellow leaves were falling fast,
Choking paths and open glade,
Whirling in the furious blast.

In the West the setting sun
'Twixt red cloudy bars was seen
Peering through the forest dun,
Robbed of all its sheltering green.

But the wild brook hurrying by,
Turbid with incessant rain,
Reckless shouted, "Free am I,
Till grim winter forge its chain."

"What!" I cried, "is Summer fled?
What! Shall Frost again be king?
Quick the happy days have sped;
Is there promise of the Spring?"

Hard beside an ancient oak,
(Stark its boughs and hoar with eld),
Thus methought the silence broke,
Thus my craven fears dispelled.

Yes; in mire my crown is flung,
With rough tears my bark is wet;
But, where once a leaflet hung,
See! e'en now the bud is set.

Bear with me the wintry stour,
What if icy tempests blow?
Hope forestals the vernal hour,
Hope disarms the grisly foe.

E. D. S.

FOUR GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.

Tenting—word to conjure with, that brings before one's mind the glint of white among the trees, recalls the sense of responsibilities forgotten, and of joys hitherto undreamed of.

Thus it was, dusters and brooms a thing of the past (to be thought of occasionally to make present pleasures more poignantly appreciated) that a camp was pitched in the heart of the woods, amid scenery of unsurpassed grandeur, and four congenial spirits entered upon eight weeks of delight.