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Forest-Lore Series

I—The Finding of My War-Club.

[INTRODUCTORY]

THE night as I remember it was clear, though stray, fleecy clouds sometimes mellowed the moonlight which their presence could not wholly obscure; and, as each passed over after his fellows, and the moon broke out in full brilliance before another came, the fast-gathering dew-drops on every twig and grass-blade were lit up into innumerable diamonds, until there seemed a radiant pathway that led from my very feet upward toward the sombre orb of night. It was a vision of glory worthy of being marked by an ebenezer-stone, and a stone there was, but you must wait—for thereby hangs a tale.

As I walked along, enjoying that ever-shifting ladder of light, a host of crickets near at hand kept earth and air a-ringing with one continuous chirr, each black-coated worshipper pausing in modest deference as I approached, to take up the tune at the opening of the next bar as soon as my receding footsteps left him free to place his whole mind upon his song, and sing the praises of his King