

O CONFIDENCE

O Confidence, the master key
 To all we have, to all we see,
 Let me—my life—be on thy throne.
 Where's there a better building stone?
 O Confidence, hold fast to me.

The bond of trade, and of the free
 The tie; the soul of charity,
 Of love, and more; all this thine own,
 O Confidence.

As ships ride safely in the lee,
 So too live they that live in thee;
 And so too they need never moan
 The fate, the moss, of rolling stone.
 So enter me most heartily,
 O Confidence.

—Hinks Allen.



AT THE CORN-BAKE

WE sat about on the grassy bank. The corn had been roasted and eaten, and now as the fire slowly flickered and died down to a ghastly light, a silence fell upon the party of young people gathered there on the hillside and we all turned our gaze upon the twinkling lights of the little town nestled in the valley below.

Of course the girls wanted a ghost story, they always do at such times, and many ghost stories, good, bad or indifferent were told. One young man had sat in attentive silence, and on being asked for his story replied that he had never had any experience with ghosts, but that he could tell us a tale of superstition, which, although few of us would believe it, was true to its minutest detail, and forthwith he began to relate this, to me, most marvelous incident.

“It was two years ago this summer that I was camping and hunting in the Rockies and the party, consisting of myself, two friends and a guide, had met with considerable good fortune in the way of game. We were well up among the mountain fastnesses and for two days had seen no trace of human beings other than ourselves.