

A WOODLAND SYMPHONY

By LINDA EDWARDS, age 13, Bladworth, Saskatchewan

Green mansions of majestic trees
 Filtering the sun to fall
 In quiet contentment
 On a sleeping fawn.
 All is so peaceful and quiet
 That you verily seem to be
 In a cathedral,
 But were not woods like these
 God's first temples?
 The white-throated sparrow's song is
 Not like a break in the silence
 But like a hymn blending in.
 A zephyr gently blows from a hidden
 vale
 Bringing the faint but lingering scent
 of violets
 To blend with that of spruce and
 pine.
 Near a mossy old log reclining in the
 sun
 Deceitfully beautiful mushrooms
 grow,
 Brilliant oranges, reds and yellows
 Some paling with age.
 Now dim mysterious isles of pines
 and firs
 Give way to a more open stance
 Where white birches, like graceful
 maidens swaying in the breeze,
 And whispering pretty secrets to the
 bubbling brook
 And where the soft-eyed doe doth
 drink,
 Ever watchful—
 A calm and mystic woodland pool,
 Cut by a leaping fish
 That dives to under-water caverns,
 And in his wake
 A cool spray of water dampens green
 carpets of velvet moss.
 A water spider scurries by
 And leaves the pool frowning as
 though angered

At the impudence of this tiny crea-
 ture.
 A duck glides silently beneath the
 overhanging willow
 Who balances as a dainty lady on tip
 toes to better see
 The everchanging patterns cast on
 the water, through the aspens.
 And in the evening
 Twilight creeps gently in
 Covering all with his dusky mantle,
 And through the pines
 The evening sunset sheds
 Its soft light on a hermit thrush
 Pouring forth silver chords of sound
 So wondrous that it cannot seem to
 be a mere bird's song
 But that of angels.
 A grouse drums forth his song of love
 And challenge,
 While from the lake
 A loon sends forth its awesome cry
 To echo and re-echo
 As the silver keeper of the night
 Slips above the pines
 And spreads its tranquil radiance
 over all.
 A spider spins her silken web
 Unmindful of the exquisite, velvet-
 winged moths that flutter by
 Till the magic silver light of dawn
 Awakens the thrush
 And the warbler and the lark
 To join in one spiraling song of joy
 While the water-lily unfolds her
 petals
 And the butterfly spreads his wings
 And the flowers all lift their dew-
 studded heads
 And it seems all the world joins in
 and sings
 This glorious movement of the never
 ceasing and never the same
 Woodland Symphony.

Spider Eggs

by Sam Beckie, age 11, Bladworth,
 Sask.

One day while playing ball I lifted
 up the first base and found under it
 a curious thing. There was a little
 tube made of grass, about an inch
 deep, and at the bottom was a spider,
 with what looked like a very small
 golf ball fastened to its stomach.

We took it into the school to in-

spect it under the magnifying glass.
 We split the sack and inside were
 tiny eggs. We later found in our refer-
 ence books that there were only a
 few spiders like this. We found that
 certain spiders spin silken sacks in
 which they carry their eggs until
 they can shift for themselves.

We are not definite yet what kind
 of spider we found. Both the Hunting
 and Wolfe spiders carry their eggs in
 this manner.