

## BY THE SEA.

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Over the hill-tops comes a wild wind rushing,  
Fills the dancing heather-bells with glee,  
Above the sunlit-lit waters the gulls' white  
wings are gleaming,

Waves and wind are dancing on the sea.

Fling behind you sorrow, you whose hearts are  
riven,

Come where God Himself will make you whole,  
Let the gladsome breezes blow upon your faces,  
Bringing health and joy to heart and soul.

Far in crowded cities stunted men are toiling,  
Here is God's own country free and fair ;  
Come and share its gladness, you who toil and  
suffer,

Let the pure wind sweep away your care.

Waves and wind are calling, joyous in the sun-  
light,

Life laughs back in answer, glad and free,  
The wind of all delight on bright wings rushing,  
Flies adown the heather to the sea.

WINIFRED MARY PATTON.