

THE AWAKENING.

My heart lay dead and silent, not a moan dis-
turbed its rest
When a day of rain and shining brought a glad
wind from the West,
A wind all tears and laughter, a wind all wild
with Spring—
The dead heart in my bosom leapt like a living
thing!

O heart so bruised and weary lie quiet in my
breast!
The peace of death is better than grieving and
unrest;
Have you so soon forgotten the pain that living
brings?
Is agony less bitter because a wild bird sings?

The roads are bright with sunshine, the hedge-
rows white with May,
There's scent of apple blossom, and birds sing
all the day.
Spring laughs and lures and triumphs as in
earth's first dawn;
My heart has flown to greet her—my bitter
peace is gone.

WINIFRED PATTON.