

POETRY.

WEST WIND.

THE years go by, though the days are long to a hungry heart,
I was feeling content last night before the wind arose,
A wind from the rainy West, tossing the wet, green boughs,
It called me and mocked me, it filled my soul with a thousand
woes.

O wind from over the sea, voice from a dear land lost,
Why need you seek me here, waking the old-time pain?
Sure my life is hard enough, there is not much joy to spare,
My heart must break or follow if you call me like that again!

E C T A T O R.

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O wind from across the wave, wet with the wild sea spray,
Were I but free, like you, I never would ask to roam
From the darling land you left, and the scent of the heath-
clad hills!
Did you come to break my heart, dear wind from the hills of
home?

WINIFRED PATTON.