

## NIGHT WIND.

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Through the gray silence of the deepening  
night

A lonely, ghostly wind went wailing by ;  
The dead leaves moaned and trembled at its  
touch,  
I heard their shivering cry.

Across the darkening earth that sad wind  
stole,

From dreary spaces set beyond our fears,  
From far lone spaces, hidden haunts of grief,  
The graves of hope, the founts of bitter  
tears.

All earth-regret was in that ghostly sound,  
The sadness of all lonely things that die,  
The pain of life, the loneliness of death,  
I shivered as that moaning wind went by.

WINIFRED PATTON.

68 Wembury road, Highgate.

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