



## The Last Sleep.

BY BERTA M. CLEVELAND.

Dykes in their last sweet green,  
Tides changing cold,  
Out of the north the Norland winds unfold;  
Sleep little heart beneath thy ivied screen!

So safe from every storm  
That beats the land!  
Earth holds, within her all-sustaining hand,  
Each life to yield again in perfect form.

Sleeps every lovely thing,  
Wrath and death reign!  
Yet life but sleeps to rouse and glow again,  
But thou, but thou, can'st waken with the spring?

Thy sleep earth did not bring,  
Men laid thee down;  
Even now, God-hands are wreathing thee a crown,  
To wear when breaks the everlasting spring.

