

A Soul's Resurrection.

'Twas Winter in my soul,
 And all was desolate!
 Unheeded oft, a ray of hope crept in
 From Master mind, bestowing dole,
 But, soon it died,—on threshold, guard, stood sin.
 Thus Winter reigned within my soul,
 And all was bleak!
 Despair had silenced hope, and with its fangs
 Incision made, and from its breath so foul,
 Distilled a hidden poison,—advent of many pangs.
 I struggled on, oblivious yet,
 And all was empty!
 Of gentle Spring, whose coming seemed delayed;
 While Winter's obsequies made moan and wept,
 A harbinger of Spring, my spirit swayed.

'Tis Spring time in my soul,
 And all is heather!
 All safe from Winter's blasts, the violets bloom;
 Verbenas red, heart's-ease, on virgin soil
 Upturn,—humility and love add their perfume.
 And, while the Seasons, yearly,
 Bring their message!
 Spring's coming seems to thrill my spirit o'er;
 Thy strain the winter's sears corroded gently,—
 By love allured, I feel thy touch no more.
 Of Love Divine, I'll sing,
 While change the Seasons!
 'Neath Eucharistic veil He dwells 'midst flowers;
 Held captive by Thy mystic charms, my King!
 Speak to my lonely heart in contrite hours.

MARY GERMAINE MCCARTHY.