

## SPRING AND DEATH.

Under the ice and the snow on the ground,  
Spring lies there hidden from sight and from sound ;  
Neither the piteous wails of the wind,  
Seeking the rest that he never can find,  
Seem to arouse her or summon her forth.  
Meanwhile the Winter—great bird of the north—  
Shelters and guards her with mother-like care,  
Spreading his snowy white wings over her.  
Nor will he hence till the mandate be given,  
“Rise, rise up, O Spring, draw earth nigh unto heaven!”

Think not, O man, that thy loved ones are dead,  
When in the cold and damp ground they are laid.  
Though thou art parted from them for a while,  
Yet they *live*, hallowed and blest with God's smile.  
Shielded, protected, they dwell overmore  
Happier than ever they could be before.  
Were there no heaven, there could be no love.  
Trust, then, thy dear ones are resting above.  
And, as the Spring greets the Earth year by year,  
So will man meet those he sought and loved here.