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## THE DOUBTING HEART.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Where are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead  
Perchance upon some bleak stormy shore.  
O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas  
They wait in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze,  
To bring them to their home once more.

Why must the flowers die?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
These many days;  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
O doubting heart!  
The stormy clouds on high,  
Veil the same sunny sky  
That soon, for spring is nigh,  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night:  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.