

There as the wavelets swell
 At break of day,
 A message strange they tell
 Idly at play—

Burthen so free and far,
 So deep and wide,
 Lisped to the truant star
 Caught by the tide—

Message of Spring and Youth,
 Decay and Death ;
 Echoes of secret truth
 That the gay south wind saith
 Under its breath.

And e'en the birches slight
 Along the shore,
 That from the waters bright
 Their secrets store,

Speak their young modest mind
 With whispers soft,
 That an eavesdropping wind
 Carries aloft
 Unto me oft—

Bids me to list the song,
 Sung low and faint
 By winds that sigh along
 Sad in complaint ;

Plaint of a sorrow rare
 In whispered tone ;
 Murmurs and sighings their
 Meaning unknown ;
 Babbled by leaves and air
 And brooklets lone.

H. K. S.

Do they
 We take



newer
 thirst
 lakes a
 last ca
 Clari
 the gr
 last vi
 perhap
 are cle