

Literary Department.

A Spring Song.

Beneath the prisoning bark, below
The cruel chains of ice and snow,
A stirring, striving, restless thing
It wakes—the spirit of the spring.

Held down by forces of the air
Opposed and hindered everywhere,
A throbbing, longing, eager thing,
It wakes—the spirit of the spring.

Resistless are its energies ;
Through cold and storm it shall arise
To pulse new life along the limbs
To sing its resurrection hymn
The struggling, climbing, soaring thing
Unconquered spirit of the spring.

—*Innom.*