

THE AWAKENING.

Deep underneath her mantle bleak,
Nature, the Titan, lies ;
Her limbs are numb,
Her voices dumb,
And closed her sleep-filled eyes.

One arctic hush enwraps in gloom
The lonely northern land ;
And grim
And dim,
And hushed in death,
Her lakes and rivers stand.

But not eternal is Love's death,
And not forever blind,
And numb,
And dumb ;
Her streams shall flow,
Her cerements unwind.

Down through the desolate forest deeps,
The Spring shall flush again ;
Earth's bugles blow,
Her ice and snow
Melt into wind and rain.

And life and youth will once more stir,
And soar to azure dream ;
And all earth's urn,
Of age, outburn
In one long red sunbeam.

For Nature knows not death, though bleak,
She sleeps in shrouded snows ;—
Love wakes and whispers,
The dull ear of earth
Listens and yearns,
And lo, her crocus blows.

OVER THE WOOD THE SUN BURNS.

Over the wood the sun burns,
Over the wood and the snow ;
As southward and sunward the year turns,
Glad in its azure glow.

Under the winter my heart sings,
Under the chill and the snow ;
As forth on my fancy my heart wings
To the days of laughter and glow.