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TRAVAIL.

The sunshine falls from out the open heaven
Like golden rain, on maple, beech and pine:
Its radiant presence as a mystic leaven
Transforms to living bread and mellow wine
The noxious vapors and the clammy soil,
And the sweet groves are gladdened and made strong:
Their silken vestures woven without toil,
While low, soft flutings blend with full-voiced song.
Yet, like the imprisoned sea which ceaseless grieves,
There ever come deep meanings and far sighs,
And voiceful pain from wind-stirred tree and wood,
Heaven's light implores from out the netted leaves
The winged freedom of its native skies:
The whole creation waits the Holy Rood.

Theodore H. Rand,

London, Eng.