

And with the morn, the mist, and over all the bush
 a sense of buds! A twig, soft in our hands, gives dazzle
 to the brain, the sap is surely stirring round the roots. When
 will our eyes no longer follow outline, when will our fingers
 touch a flower?

Over the sheltered flats the snow fleas dance, but on
 the western hills patches of dark, black earth are widening
 round large trunks. The autumn mass of leaves is coming
 to the surface, the ice upon the marsh is wearing very thin.
 Dare we deny the spring? Where sleeps the frozen brook,
 the willow's puff is purest yellow, down the hollows dog-
 wood stems are red. Far in the pitch-pine woods the cones
 are clicking, against them soars the blue bird's wing.

EILEEN B. THOMPSON

THE VAGRANT

WHAT mattered it, that fortune passed him by
 With curious, knowing look!—as if to say:

“Here is a vagabond of dreams by day;
 A roysterer of the night with visions high;
 A babbler of the gods when wine is nigh;
 A spendthrift who would fling my gold away,
 And flout my wisdom of the world in play,
 And stake me for the pity of a sigh.”

He never knew, when fortune looked no more
 And left him—as not worth another thought—
 To trudge the roads and haunt the woods and clears,
 Sun-warmed and star-led through the vagrant years:
 From spring to fall, love yielded all he sought;
 And lo! when winter came he was not poor.

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL