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The Iris.

The blackest earth ! It seems so strange,
That out of it should be revealed,
A truth of deepest, widest range,
To many human hearts concealed.

Thou beauteous flower of many hues
'Tis wonderful thy secret sense
That helps thee thus thy tints to choose—
A sign of love's magnificence.

In thy soft petals I can see
A revelation all divine,
A revelation dear to me,
Bearing upon this life of mine.

Oh ! In the darkness of my day
Be mine to feel the Spirit's might,
That through this tenement of clay
May be revealed diviner light !

Farrar Stewart Kinley, '06.