



*Hope is like a Harebell
trembling from its birth...*

THE dawn-wind sighs through the trees, and a blackbird, waking,
Sings in a dream to me of dreams and the dying Spring,
Calls from the darkened heart of the wood over light leaves shaking,
Calls from deep hollows of Night where the grey dews cling.

Soul of the dawn! Dear Voice—O fount pellucid and golden!
Triumph and Hope and Despair meet in your magical flow,
Better than all things seen, and best of the unbeholden,
Song of the strange things known that we shall not know.

Yours not the silent months, the splendid burden of Summer,
Dark with the pomp of leaves, and heavy with flowers full blown.
Spring and the Dawn are your kingdoms, O Spring's first comer;
Lordship and largesse of youth, they are all your own.

Song of songs, and Joy of joys, and Sorrow of sorrows,
Now in a distant forest of dream, and now in mine ear,
Who would take thought of eld or the shadow of songless morrows?
Who would say, 'Youth is past,' while you keep faith with the year?
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.



To a Bunch of Lilac

By Theo Marzials

"Dit-nisi la fleur, je te dirai la femme"

Is it the April springing,
Or the bird in the breeze above?
My throat is full of singing,
My heart is full of love.

O heart, are you not yet broken?
O dream, so done with and dead,
Is life's one word not spoken,
And the rede of it all not read?

No hope in the whole world over!
No hope in the infinite blue!
Yet I sing and laugh out like a lover—
Oh, who is it, April—who?

And the glad young year is springing;
And the birds, and the breeze above,
And the shrill tree-tops, are singing—
And I am singing—of love.

HOPE.

(Aged Seven.)

SHE wore a gown of russet-brown,
Her hair was touched with gold;
Her sea-gray eyes, like the changing skies,
A secret seemed to hold.

Hope was her name, and it became
More part of her each hour;
It filled her face with a tender grace
Like sunlight on a flower.



A HOPE CAROL

A night was near, a day was near,
Between a day and night
I heard sweet voices calling clear,
Calling me:
I heard a whirr of wing on wing,
But could not see the sight;
I long to see my birds that sing,
I long to see.

Below the stars, beyond the moon,
Between the night and day
I heard a rising falling tune
Calling me:
I long to see the pipes and strings
Whereon such minstrels play;
I long to see each face that sings,
I long to see.

To-day or may be not to-day,
To-night or not to-night,
All voices that command or pray
Calling me,
Shall kindle in my soul such fire
And in my eyes such light
That I shall see that heart's desire
I long to see.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



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