

THE MAYFLOWER

H. L. BREWSTER

Where in the woodland depths the snow,
Slow faltering, makes its last brave stand,
A frail, sweet blossom brings a smile
That wakes the wildflowers of the land.

Petalled and perfumed with delight,
The shy, first hostess of the spring,
A poem tenderer to the heart
Than bard has ever words to sing.

And so within this room to-day
These mayflowers have a wonder cast,
The spell, the radiance, that have filled
Ten thousand springtimes of the past.