

THE SUMMER CABIN SPEAKS

JOSEPHINE H. PUGSLEY*

Sea wind and frost and sun,
Veils of gray fog and rain,
These made my sinews strong,
These 'gainst my heart have lain,
And to my lips the earth's dark wine
Was offered not in vain

Though they have borne the brunt
Of wild storms from the sea,
These trunks have sheltered well
Fern and anemone,
So when thou comest to me
For days of idleness
My walls shall circle thee
With strength and tenderness.

And here thou'lt see the grouse
Strut in the sunlit glade.
The clear-cut imprint in the moss
The shy deer's hoof has made,
The questing sea-gull wing
Down its wide fields of air,
Sand peeps fling skein of siver wings
Across the tide flats bare.

Be such thy comrades, then,
Whatever wind may blow,
Thy soul shall find deep peace
Beside my hearth fire's glow—
My hearth, whose stones have shared
All moods of sky and sea,
Impassive watched the wheeling stars,
And night's vast pageantry.

Quaff from my cup. Its balm
Heals weariness and pain.
Its essence? Strength of wind and sea,
Old faiths renewed again,
Glory of sun and moon and star,
Comfort of trees and rain.

*Mrs. A. W. Pugsley, of River Hebert, N. S.