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Castle-Brae

Cambridge

December 1913

Wishing You a

Happy Christmas

& New Year!

From

Agnes S. Lewis

& Margaret D. Gibson

A Forest Idyll

I

A fern grew close to a forest cliff ;
And oh, it was fair to see !
It clung to a rock where the water dripped
From a brooklet wild and free,
That fell o'er a linn in its headlong race
Through bracken and briar at a lightning pace,
Till it flung its foam on the fern's sweet face,
And rushed to a far-off sea.

II

At last came a torrent of stones and mud,
On a morning dull and grey ;
For the brooklet rose in a raging flood,
And carried its banks away.
No more could the beautiful fern be seen,
Nor the sunbeam play 'mong its fronds so green ;
It was stored with treasures that once had been,
Deep, deep, in the miry clay.



III

And centuries passed with their frosts and blooms,
While the fern in its prison slept ;
Till a hammer struck on the rigid tomb,
And forth to the light it leapt ;
For its form was traced on the cold grey stone,
In lines more clear than as yet were known ;
And a prince of Science was proud to own
This gem that our Earth had kept.

IV

But oh ! when we rise from our silent graves,
In the strength of new-born powers,
Not chained to the soil, nor to rocks and caves,
Like the beauty of ferns and flowers ;
All warm in the glow of a Love divine,
No thought can fathom, no sun out-shine,
Shall we soar at will to the furthest line
Of the worlds that will soon be ours ?

AGNES SMITH LEWIS.

Nov. 9th, 1913.



