

Where once the creak of cart was heard
 And dying pilgrim's wail.
 But summer's rain and farmer's plow
 Can change but can not quite destroy
 That landmark both to pain and joy—
 A monument to faith.



**The
 Elements**

—**Jean
 Austin**



TO WALK in the snow,
 The wind, and the rain,
 To ache with the cold
 And enjoy the pain,
 To feel the fog
 In soft caress—
 These things, to me,
 Are happiness.

THE needle-sharp hurt
 Of driving sleet,
 The pleasant risk
 Of an icy street,
 The glowing tang
 Of autumn air—
 They make me wish
 To do and dare.

TO BURN in the heat
 Of a scorching sun,
 To work, to feel,
 To walk and run,
 To lie inert
 On solid sod—
 They're elemental;
 They show me God.