

## INVITATION

*C*OME ride the wooded hills with me  
For spring is in the air.  
New life is straining at the soil,  
The trees no more are bare,  
And there are kin of yours and mine  
Among the cabins there.

They live so near to us, yet so far.  
More than a mountain range  
Divides us, yet our blood is one.  
We are akin, yet strange.  
They are the children of the past,  
And we, of time and change.

We seek romance on distant shores,  
We scatter bounty far,  
We peer for signs of brother life  
Upon a baffling star,  
While need, romance and brotherhood  
Here at our threshold are.

So travel the dim road with me—  
New thoughts are stirring there.  
They have a need that we may fill,  
A treasure we may share.  
Their world is waking like the earth—  
God's spring is in the air.

—Amelia Josephine Burr