

Westfield Woods.

In dewy banks the May buds lie ;
The ragged vine trails up the hill,
The spruce and fir dark arms entwine
O'er clefts where shadows linger chill.

The yellow seal 'twixt lily leaves
Shoots up its long and thick green stalk,
Wind flowers whiten mossy dells
Whilst you and I in reverence walk.

Faint rustling of dead leaves repeat
Whispers of the last year's glory ;
Not yet the petals of the rose,—
No asters tell the harvest story.

The hare-bell keeps its tender grace
Of swaying blue till later on ;
Twin flowers hold their fairy bells
Of sea-shell pink till June has gone.

Alders hang out their russet green,—
White poplars sway their red-capped flowers
Before their rounded leaves are seen.
May clouds have brought refreshing showers

Which start the buds on maple trees,
Whilst gnarled and twisted ashen arms
Unfurl their solemn purple balls,
Dark index of the later charms.