

From the bending willow branches,  
 From the hollows and the hillsides,  
 Through the lone Canadian forest,  
 Comes the melancholy music,  
 Oft repeated,—never changing,—  
 “All—is—vanity—vanity—vanity.”

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,  
 Sowing seed with hope of harvest,  
 In the orchard white with blossom,  
 In the early field of clover,  
 Comes the little brown-clad singer,  
 Flitting in and out of bushes,  
 Hiding well behind the fences,  
 Piping forth his song of sadness,—  
 “Poor—hu—manity—manity—manity.”

---

IN JUNE.

*The Canadian Rossignol on Mount Royal.*

E. W. THOMSON.

PRONE where maples widely spread  
 I watch the far blue overhead,  
 Where little fine-spun clouds arise  
 From naught to naught before my eyes ;  
 Within the shade a pleasant rout  
 Of dallying zephyrs steal about ;  
 Lazily as moves the day  
 Odours float and faint away  
 From roses yellow, red, and white,  
 That prank yon garden with delight ;