

to memory. It should teach them that we cannot have spring without cold rains and cloudy skies. They will gradually learn to see that the song of birds and the bursting of flowers will surely follow cold days and cloudy skies. This miracle of awakening life comes every spring to us, and is so full of hope and gladness that who does not delight to see fall the gentle rain and be content with occasional sunshine, giving promise of nature's renewal?

THE RAIN SONG.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills!
A cloud of gray engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town—
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy,
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!

—Robert Loveman.

[Robert Loveman is a brilliant young Hebrew poet of Dalton, Georgia. For several years his verses have been appearing in many of the leading American and English magazines. He is the author of the following books of verse: "Poems," 1896; "A Book of Verses," 1900; "The Gates of Silence," 1903; "Songs from a Georgia Garden," 1904.]

THE EASTER LILY.

As soldiers lay and guarded well the tomb,
The night before the first glad Easter morn,
Birds came and sang such songs of melody
As sung the angels when our Lord was born.

And when the glorious sunrise tinged the sky,
The earth, so dark and rugged in the night,
Was changed about the tomb to tender green
And covered o'er with lilies pure and white.

And, whether we believe the tale or no,
We deem this lily dearest of the flowers,
Because it brings us thoughts of life from death
At this most blessed Easter time of ours.

—Sophia W. Brower.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
"The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow,
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
"The south wind, Katie; and corn will grow
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
"The east wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the east begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
"The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow."

—E. C. Stedman.

APRIL.

Good morning, sweet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip and a tear in your eye,
There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair
And bonnie blue violets clustering there.

The spring beauties wake for the girls and the boys,
And the earth groweth green without bustle or noise.
From tiny brown buds, now wrapped fold upon fold,
The loveliest garlands will soon be unrolled.

Ah! welcome! sweet April, whose feet on the hills
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o'er the rills,
The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garments is brodered with flowers.

[This little gem we find wandering about without
the name of the author. Can any of our readers
tell us who wrote it?]

School Possibilities in the Country.

All the weak schools are not in the country. All the schools in the country are not poor schools. The rural environment is quite as favourable to schools as the situation in the cities. The rural teachers are not generally incapable. They are commonly from good families, for the most part are well bred, and generally are very well trained. There are quite as many inherent disadvantages in the great graded schools as in the small ungraded ones. There is no reason known to me why we should not have as uniformly efficient schools in the country as in the cities, unless it is because the conservatism, which looms large in the former, and the disposition to mix schools with politics, are allowed to obstruct the policies which are necessary to the making of the best schools.—Andrew S. Draper.

Many Mormons are among this year's immigrants from the United States, and more are coming. It is quite possible that there will before long be as many Mormons in Alberta as in Utah.