

The cliffs and crags and mountains high
Lend dignity and charm ;
The things that lift one nearer Heaven
Are in that dear old farm.

Though cherished memories of youth
No pencil can portray,
The nooks and corners of the farm
Are with me all the way.

WM. STRONG.



To Spring.

We wait the magic of thy touch,
Thou fairest of the seasons four ;
Thy charming smile doth me bewitch,
As o'er dead nature thou dost pour
The liquid breath that life doth give,
And bids the dry and withered "Live."

We love to think that thou art here—
Gloom and despair give place to joy,
Thy promise leaves no room for fear ;
Thy gold is free from all alloy ;
The resurrection power is given,
And earth is placed next door to Heaven.

The silent birds break forth in song,
The flowers spring up around thy feet ;
We've waited for thy coming long ;
Now rested nature doth thee greet,
Our hopes to full fruition rise—
We bask beneath the brightest skies.