

DYING IN SPRING.

"Bright skies are o'er thee shining,
 Soft breezes fan thy brow;
 Yet thou, the lov'd art pining,
 With secret sorrow now.
 Fair flowers are springing round thee,
 In forest, field, and lower;
 But Spring's bright hues have found thee,
 Thyself a fading flower.

Where hearts have been the lightest,
 Thine own has been most light;
 Where smiles have shone the brightest,
 Thine own has shone most bright.

But now a cloud lies o'er thee,
 Thy young cheeks bloom hath flown,
 And life may not restore thee,
 The joys which thou hast known.

Not now thy footstep boundeth,
 Among the opening flowers;
 Not now thy sweet voice soundeth,
 As oft, in former hours.
 Thy soul is sadly sighing,
 Thy lov'd harp lies unstrung,
 And thou, in Spring art dying.
 Our beautiful and young."

The flow of sad sweet thought, and musical verse, in these lines, may well entitle them to the name of melody. The contrasts between the season's bright skies, and balmy airs, and fair flowers,—between the gay companionship, and gay habits of former years.—and the faded cheek, the burthened heart, the neglected harp, of the present, are touched with a masterly hand.

Another quotation may be allowed here, in reference to the same season; the allusions are timely, at the present period of our Nova Scotia year, and the verses bear their own recommendation.

LONGINGS AFTER SPRING.

"I long for Spring,—enchancing Spring,
 Her sunshine and soft airs,—
 That bless the fevered brow, and bring
 Sweet thoughts, to soothe our cares.
 I long for all her dear delights,
 Her bright green forest bowers;
 Her world of cheerful sounds, and sights,
 Her song-birds and her flowers.

Even while the brumal king maintains
 His reign of death and gloom,
 How much of solid good remains
 To mitigate his doom.
 Sweet then, to taste the well-earned cheer
 When Day's dull toil is o'er,
 And sit among Our Own, and hear,
 The elemental roar.

Then, when the snow drifts o'er the moor,
 And drowns the traveller's cry,
 The charities of poor to poor
 Go sweetly up on high.
 Then, while the mighty winds accord
 With Mind's eternal Lyre,
 Our trembling hearts confess the Lord,
 Who touched our lips with fire.

Yet give me Spring, inspiring Spring,
 The season of our trust,—
 That comes like heavenly hope, to bring,
 New life to slumbering dust;
 Restore, from Winter's stormy shocks,
 The singing of the birds,
 The bleating of the yeasted flocks,
 The lowing of the herds.

I long to see the ice give way,
 The streams begin to flow;—
 And some benignant, vernal day,
 Disperse the latest snow.
 I long to see yon lake resume
 Its breeze-kiss'd azure crest,
 And hear the lonely wild fowl boom
 Along its moon-lit breast.

Oh, I remember one still night,
 That bless'd the world of yore,—
 A fair maid with an eye of light,
 Was with me on that shore.
 I look upon the same calm brow,
 But sweeter feelings throng,—
 She, wedded, sits beside me now,
 And smiles upon my song.

The Robin has returned again,
 And rests his wearied wing,
 But makes no music in the glen,
 Where he was wont to sing.
 The Black-bird chaunts no jocund strain;
 The tiny wild-wood throng,
 Still of the searching blast complain,
 But wake no joyful song.

The ploughman cheering on his team,
 At morning's golden prime,—
 The milk-maid singing of her dream,
 At tranquil evening time,—
 The shrill frog piping from the pool,—
 The swallow's twittering cry,—
 The teacher's pleasant walk from school,
 Require a kinder sky.