

Spring.

I know that there's green on the birch and the willow—
Let me look from my prison of snow ;
I am sure that the sun is a gleam on the billow—
Then forth to the flowers I'll go.

Oh! solemn old spruce on the verge of the mountain!
Rejoice, and be glad with the rest!
Know ye not that the ice is away from the fountain?
And the robin is building her nest?

The little brook laughing along o'er the ledges
Is singing the song of the free,
And the bittern's lone cry, at night, in the sedges
Has a cadence of rapture for me.

There are daffodils down by the bend of the river ;
At evening the little folk call
From the pond in the swamp, where the reeds are
aquiver—
Athrill with the joy of it all.

Oh! breezes that steal from the mystical sweetness,
Far off in the realms of the blue,
Ye bring to the heart all the crowning completeness,
With the tidings that Springtime is true.

HERBERT L. BREWSTER.