

MEMORY GEMS.

I hear from many a little throat
 A warble, interrupted, long;
 I hear the robin's flute-like note,
 The bluebird's slenderer song.
 Brown meadows and the russet hill,
 Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
 And thickets by the glimmering rill
 Are all alive with birds.
 —William Cullen Bryant.

The willow's whistling lashes wrung
 By the wild winds of March,
 With sallow leaflets lightly strung
 Are swaying by the tufted larch,
 The elms have robed their slender spray
 With full-blown flowers and embryo leaf;
 Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
 Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.
 Holmes.—

I heard the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn from the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I brought not home the river and sky —
 He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.
 —Emerson.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
 The linnet and thrush say, "I love, I love."
 In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
 What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song,
 But green boughs and blossoms, and sunny, warm weather
 And singing and loving all come back together.
 —Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Leaf from leaf Christ knows,
 Himself the Lily and the Rose.
 Sheep from sheep Christ tells,
 Himself the Shepherd, no one else.
 Star and star he names,
 Himself outblazing all their flames.
 Dove by dove, he calls
 To set each on the golden walls.
 Drop by drop, he counts
 The flood of ocean as it mounts.
 Grain by grain, his hand
 Numbers the innumerable sand.
 Lord, I lift to thee
 In peace what is and what shall be.
 Lord, in peace I trust
 To thee all spirits and all dust.
 —Christina G. Rossetti.

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And, cruel in sport, as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough on the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
 My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit?
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it?"

He brings cool dew in his little bill
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost, like Him."

"Amen," I said to the beautiful myth,
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
 Who suffer, like Him, in the good they do."
 J. G. WHITTIER.

AN APRIL DAY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
 Their garnered fulness down,
 All day a soft gray mist has wrapped
 Hill, valley, grove and town.
 There has not been a sound today
 To break the charm of nature,
 Or motion, I might almost say,
 Of life, or living creature;
 Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
 Or cattle faintly lowing,
 I could have half believed I heard
 The leaves and blossoms growing.
 I stood to hear, I love it well,
 The rain's continuous sound.
 Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
 Down straight into the ground.
 For leafy thickness is not yet
 Earth's naked breast to screen,
 Though every dripping branch is set
 With shoots of tender green.