

MAY.

Swallows round the eaves are flying
Heralds of the new-born Spring,
Gentle breezes soft replying
Hush their murmuring.

All her wealth of love bestowing,
May bedecks the earth again ;
And a gentle warmth is glowing
In the hearts of men.

Leave dull winter's dreams behind thee,
Be Spring's charm around thee flung,
Let the trees and flowers remind thee
Thou mayst yet be young.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

